

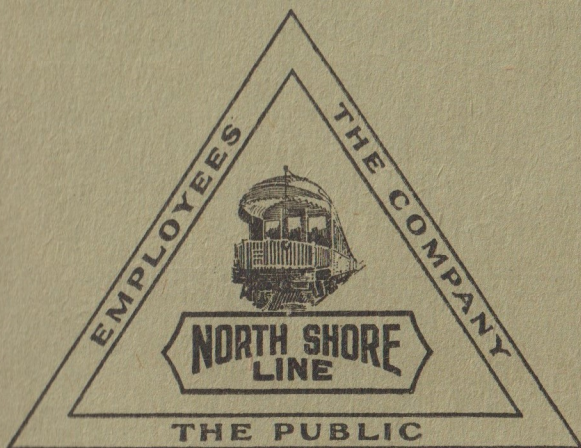
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# THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

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MAY, 1926

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*"The Road of Service"*



Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following spring supplies;  
They fall successive, and successive rise.

—Pope.



# The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by*  
*Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad Company*  
**LUKE GRANT, Editor** **1325 Chicago Trust Building**

**Vol. IX**

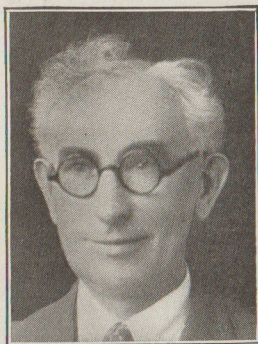
**Chicago, May, 1926**



**No. 6**

## *Editorial Comment*

*Come, Gentle Spring! Ethereal Mildness! Come.*



**Luke Grant**

**I**SN'T it glorious to feel the warmth of the sun again after all these months of frost and snow? This is the season to take a trip along the North Shore Line, "when spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil."

\* \* \*

**S**OMEONE once said something to the effect that all things come to him who waits. His philosophy was all wrong, at least in this day and age. If you want to get things you've got to go after them. But, anyway, it applies to Spring. We waited long and it seems to be here.

\* \* \*

**F**UNNY the effect which Spring has on us mortals. The lords of creation show symptoms of longing to get out in the open. They yawn and stretch at their desks, and in their homes they dig out their golf clubs, handle them lovingly and dream of making a round in par—which they never will. The deadlier of the species are affected in a different way by the spring fever. They dig out brooms and dusters, vacuum cleaners and other instruments of torture and proceed to turn the house upside down. Their conversation is not on holes they have made in par, but on tints, shades and wall paper and other foolish things. They ruin the peace and quiet of the home for a week or two and when order has again been restored there isn't any appreciable difference in the appearance of the place. It's a mild form of insanity which develops



in the female with the appearance of the first violet and the best treatment is to let it run its course.

\* \* \*

NOW with us men folks it's different. With our superior knowledge we try to interpret the real meaning of Spring. It is Nature's season for re-creation. The life that has lain dormant all winter has a rebirth, or a re-creation. So with us men. We have no time to bother with such ordinary things as housecleaning and other trifles which engage the time and attention of the women folks. Our minds are on loftier things. Within us is created a desire to lower our last year's best golf score by at least five strokes. The very thought of it is inspiring. True the chances are against our satisfying our desires in that particular direction, but it is a noble ambition, anyway. Hope springs eternal in the golfer's breast and after he has chased the pellet all over the course, finding hitherto unexplored places in the rough, he totals up his score and cheerfully remarks that there isn't much life in the turf yet, but he'll do better next time. The golfer is a confirmed optimist. We knew one who always looked in the cup first for his lost ball. Of course, it *might* be there. Such optimism is really delightful.

\* \* \*

BUT there are more serious things than Spring and golf demanding our attention. For a few issues we haven't done much in the way of saving the world and just look at the mess it is getting into. A month ago our country was torn apart on the wet and dry issue. That issue has been forced off the front page and almost out of the newspapers. The net result, as far as we can see, is that after all the clamor the wets are just a little wetter and the dries a little drier than when the shindy started. The rest of us who refused to get excited over the issue one way or the other are still in the same position, so every one ought to feel happy about it. Maybe the telegraph companies profited a little by carrying the exciting news of the debates all over the country and a few persons got their names in print who never could have done it otherwise. Such persons no doubt think it was all worth while.

\* \* \*

THEY seem to be having a merry time over in "Merrie England." At the time this is being written the general strike has been in force for three days. Before we reach our readers the thing may be all over with, so it is hardly safe to make any predictions about the outcome. It seems to us, however, that Premier Baldwin wasn't far off when he said it was a question of the survival of the government or an alternative government. If that actually is the issue, we have a notion that parliament will survive. Old Mother Britannia has had lots of



trials and tribulations since she first began to rule the waves, but somehow she has always muddled through. It is the first time, however, that she has ever been faced with a "general strike." Industrial leaders and writers have talked and written a good deal about a "general strike" in the last quarter century, but no one has ever seen one. The present upheaval in Great Britain appears to be the closest approach to it that we have ever seen and how "general" it is, or may become, is still doubtful. Some of us have contended that a strike never could be made "general" because of the many conflicting interests of all the people who constitute a nation. The British situation therefore, is the most interesting development in modern history.

\* \* \*

**A**LTHOUGH the cause of the present British strike is rather obscure, as is always the case when sympathetic strikes are called, the conditions which led up to it might be traced to the time when machinery was first introduced in manufacturing. The direct cause, or the spark which started the conflagration, was the expiration of the government subsidy of the coal mining industry, a sop thrown to the miners and mine owners last summer to avert a threatened strike at that time. The subsidy was a temporary expedient, intended to gain time to allow of a commission making a study of the entire situation and submitting recommendations. The investigation was made, the recommendations submitted and received by both sides in the true British fashion, that is with hostility or indifference toward any suggestion of changing the things that are. The average Briton, whether workman or employer, is slow to adopt anything that hasn't been tried before. He is the most self-satisfied individual in all the world and will cling to tradition with all the tenacity of his bulldog. That is the main cause of the present industrial trouble.

\* \* \*

**W**HETHER the toryism of the employers or the radicalism of the workers is the more to blame for the present clash, it is difficult to say. The latter is the direct result of the former. The British employer is less liberal than the American employer. The latter accepts high wages and a high standard of living as a matter of course and relies on increased production to insure him his profits and to hold his position in a competitive market. Not so with the British manufacturer. He is satisfied with his present methods of production and feels that every increase in wages to his workmen means a loss of profits to himself, which it undoubtedly is. The result of this policy has been that the British workman never has been paid wages in any way comparable with the wages paid in this country for a similar degree of skill. Another result of the policy has been that the workers denied



what they felt they ought to have, resorted to the legislative route to seek redress. They elected their representatives to parliament and forced through various kinds of remedial legislation, which has been a palliative but not a corrective. The doles for unemployment is an example. The doles may serve to relieve distress among the unemployed but they will not create work. The tendency of such legislation is to increase unemployment and it has a demoralizing effect on the workers themselves. And that is only one of the ways in which the British workers have attempted to upset economic laws by legislation.

\* \* \*

WHEN the use of steam power was first discovered and machinery introduced in manufacturing, the British workers thought it meant starvation for them. They burned factories and wrecked machinery. That was a long time ago. Such things would not be possible today, but there still remains in the average British mind a trace of the spirit which prompted the destruction of machinery. What later became known as the "ca canny," or go easy spirit, still prevails in lessened degree. The thought still exists in the mind of the workman that if he does too much work today there will not be enough for him to do tomorrow, so he "nurses his job." British employers are more to blame for that condition than are the workers. Where piece work obtains, employers have not hesitated to cut prices to prevent fast workers making high wages. That policy has been largely abandoned by employers in this country, who realize that the more the workman earns the more profit for the employer because of the increased production. The British workman as an individual is as highly skilled and efficient as any in the world. That is shown by the success he usually attains in this country when free from the hidebound traditions which surrounded him in his native land. The low production per capita in Great Britain compared with the United States, is not due to the inefficiency of the workman, but to the system which obtains in that country.

\* \* \*

IT would not be true to say that Great Britain has stood still while other countries have marched forward, but it is true that its economic system has not kept pace with the times. The Briton is a born free trader and will proudly point to the fact that the nation gained its world supremacy under a free trade policy. That unquestionably is true, but world conditions today are entirely different from what they were when Britain gained world leadership as a manufacturing nation. It was to her interest to be a free trade country when she had no real competition in the manufacturing field. She always did and always will have to import the bulk of her foodstuffs and pay for them



with the export of her manufactures. When she cannot produce as economically as other countries she cannot hold her markets. But the situation is even worse than losing foreign markets. She cannot compete even in the home market. There are American manufacturers who are today sending their products to Great Britain and selling them at lower prices than the home-manufactured products are being sold. At the same time the American manufacturers are paying wages almost twice that paid British workmen. The answer is the greater efficiency of the American manufacturing plant, but the free trade policy of Great Britain also is an important factor. The result is unemployment in Great Britain and government does to the unemployed.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS the present industrial war will open the eyes of the nation, employers and workers alike. Coal production has always been a basic industry in Great Britain and when it cannot support itself, and miners and mine owners have to receive a government subsidy, there must be something fundamentally wrong in the economic system. The miners cannot be blamed for resisting an attempt to cut their wages and increase their working hours as the mine owners proposed. Probably the mine owners could not afford to maintain the old wages without a subsidy, but so far as we have read, they have made little effort to improve the methods of production. They have shown little interest in the methods used in the United States of converting coal into electrical energy and utilizing it to greater advantage at infinitely lower cost. They are still pursuing the practices of a generation ago, mining coal in the old way, transporting it in the old way and burning it for domestic use in the open fireplaces of their ancestors. The natural topography of the country and the proximity of the coal fields to the manufacturing centers make the conversion of coal into electricity and its transmission in the form of power to the factory so much easier than it is in this country that there is no comparison. The application of American methods of production would do much more for mining and manufacturing in Great Britain than government subsidies and doles for the unemployed.

\* \* \*

THE dominant idea in the British business world has always been the lowest wages that could be enforced. If wages could be kept low enough and prices high enough, fair profits could be made without introducing innovations in the way of production. The British manufacturer is not yet sold on the idea that volume production, high wages and low prices go together. The American manufacturer is. The latter is content with a closer margin of profit, realizing that increased output and quick turnover mean greater aggregate profits

at the end of the year. There is little likelihood of the present strike in Great Britain changing the form of government. The British people in centuries gone by have at times paid a heavy price to rid themselves of dictators. They are not likely now to permit four million to dictate to forty million. But there is a likelihood that the strike will arouse the nation to a realization of the economic danger facing it by following policies which are obsolete today. If the strikes does that, in the long run the tremendous cost may be justified.

\* \* \*

## Many Artists for Great Music Festival at Northwestern Gym

One of the outstanding musical events of the year will be held at Northwestern University Gymnasium, from May 24 to June 1, inclusive, with the 18th Music Festival of the Chicago North Shore Festival Association, which is increasing in interest and magnitude each year.

The best talent available has been secured for this Festival, which is under the direction of Peter Christian Lutkin, world famous musician. Doctor Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra continue to form the artistic background of the programs and have prepared selections of orchestral music that will live long in the memory of music lovers who appreciate the finest rendition of the compositions of old and new masters. Dr. Stock will be assisted at the baton by John W. Beattie.

The attractive list of soloists includes old favorites as well as new candidates for favor. The following artists will be heard during the Festival: Marie Sundelius, Giovanni Martinelli and Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera; Alma Peterson, Marie Morrissey, Vernon Williams, Mark Love, Mabel Garrison, Boris Saslawsky, Dusolini Giannini, singers; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, and Sylvia Lent, violinist.

This list has been chosen with great care and will make noteworthy additions to the long roll of notable artists who have appeared before Festival audiences in the past.

Other attractions which will enhance the programs are the Festival chorus of 600 singers and children's chorus of 1,500 voices. For the fifth year in succession the Orchestral Prize Competition will take place. This venture has proven its worth by bringing into orchestral circulation a considerable number of worthy compositions which otherwise would probably have remained in oblivion. The judges select five works from the many compositions sent it. These are played at one of the Festival concerts and the judges then select the winning number for the prize of \$1,000.

Concerts begin at 8:15 o'clock in the evening. One special matinee will be given—on Saturday, May 29, at 2:15 P. M. Course tickets for the entire series of concerts can be secured at reduced rates. Single ticket prices range from 50c to \$3.50.

Patrons of the North Shore Line can take trains to Davis Street Station, Evanston, which is only a short distance from Northwestern University Gymnasium.

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Rum and Radio drive men crazy—news headline. It used to be wine and women, but perhaps the radio is louder.



# Gold Medal Camp Furniture In Demand in All Countries

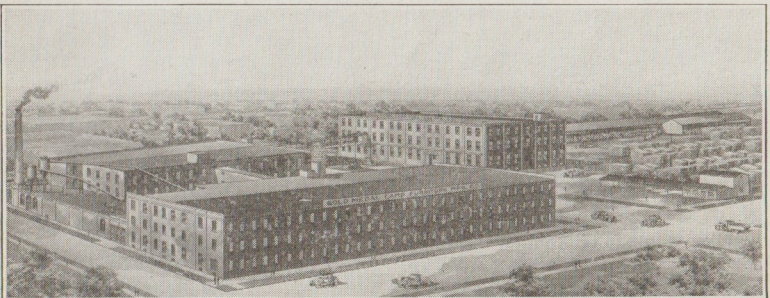
*Racine Plant Is Largest in the World  
Devoted to Exclusive Manufacture of  
Folding Furniture for Camp Outfits*

**A**MERICANS are an outdoors loving people. The habit began with the early settler and it has grown stronger with each generation. It is still growing by leaps and bounds and the coming summer will see more outdoor life than ever before. Next year will see more of it than this year and the habit will grow stronger year by year as opportunity arises to satisfy the urge for outdoor life which is implanted in every human breast.

The people of America are the most favored in the world in the way of being able to gratify the natural craving for the open spaces. This country has the open spaces and it has the means of transportation to reach them. It is an all-the-year-around open air resort. When the summer heat becomes oppressive we can trek to the north and enjoy outdoor life

amidst the cool lakes and forests. When the cold becomes disagreeable we can turn to the south with its perpetual sunshine and flowers and continue to enjoy outdoor life. Our wonderful transportation system makes possible such migrations in the matter of a few hours and our standards of living and national prosperity enable a larger number of our people to enjoy these advantages than is the case in any other country in the world.

When the hardy pioneers crossed this continent in covered wagons their enjoyment of outdoor life was greatly lessened by the hardships and dangers which beset them. They knew nothing of the comforts which the campers of today enjoy. Pitching camp in the days of the covered wagon was a man-size job. Today it is child's play by comparison.



**View of Plant of Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing  
Company, Racine, Wis.**





**Gold Medal Furniture on a North Shore Porch**

American inventive genius, which has given this country the best transportation system in the world, which has created the greatest industrial centers and the largest and most economical manufacturing units on earth, has also applied itself to supplying comforts for the camp. The advanced standards of living, which make the American home the most comfortable in the world, have been applied to the camp, eliminating the hardships and discomforts endured by the outdoor enthusiasts of a generation ago.

Nowhere in the country, or in the world for that matter, has the art of making the camp comfortable, been developed to a higher degree than in the city of Racine, on the North Shore Line. In that city thirty-four years ago the Gold Medal Camp Furniture

Manufacturing Company incorporated and began the manufacture of folding furniture. Today its products are known all over the world, for more than one-third of the output of the large plant is required to satisfy the demands of its export trade.

There has been nothing phenomenal in the growth of the company. Its growth has been steady year by year, keeping pace, or perhaps leading by a few paces, the normal development of the outdoor life of the country. The demand for folding furniture for outdoor use is steadily increasing.

As the season for camping is close at hand in this part of the country, and as we are honoring the Boy Scout movement this month and doing everything to encourage outdoor activities, we selected the plant of the Gold Medal





**Country Clubs Use Gold Medal Camp Furniture**

Company as a subject for a little story of industries located on the North Shore Line.

On reaching the plant we were welcomed by the officers of the company and shown through the place by C. H. Peck, secretary, who is in charge of export sales and traffic manager.

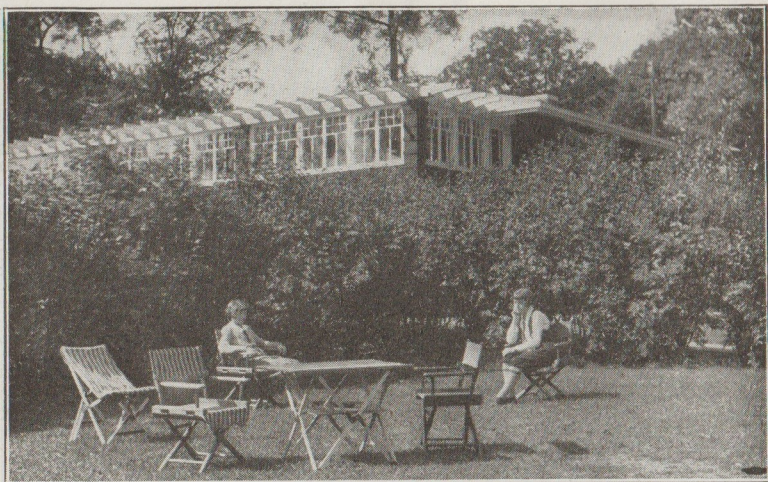
Never having been on an extensive camping outing ourself, we saw a great many things in that factory that were new to us, although no doubt familiar to the confirmed camper. For instance, the combination bathtub and dressing tables for babies was something we had not seen before. After the baby has had his bath he is laid on the dressing table which has a detachable cover with rows of small pockets along the sides to hold pins, wash cloths,

powder puffs and other things needed by his majesty, and made ready to receive company. The dressing table and bathtub are folded up and stowed away in a small carton, the whole weighing about 12 pounds. And that dressing table, we were told, is just a by-product.

That, by the way, is one of the interesting things we noticed in the big plant, we mean so many by-products. A large part of the output of the company is making cots which require the largest pieces of lumber. Then the waste material and lumber are utilized in making smaller articles like chairs, camp-stools and a great variety of camp conveniences.

An example of how the company takes advantage of opportunities as they arise to develop a





**They're Pretty But They Look Lonesome**

special article is seen in an incident that was related by Mr. Peck in a casual way. Movie actors are big customers of the company, as so many scenes are laid in camps and outdoors. Last year Harold Lloyd had occasion to make use of a small size camp outfit in a picture and placed an order for it with the company. In filling the order the idea occurred that there might be a market for such outfits for children, so a number were made and labeled "Junior Sets." There was an immediate demand for the sets and the company standardized the "Junior Sets" and made them a part of its regular output.

The idea of utilizing everything is well exemplified in the first room that the visitor enters in looking through the plant. That is the room where the lumber is sawed up into sizes and goes through the various shapers and planers.

As we entered the room we noticed the entire absence of sawdust, shavings and waste materials

common in places of the kind. We noticed that each machine was equipped with blow-pipes but thought little of it as we knew that Wisconsin has strict laws with relation to safe-guarding the health of factory workers. We supposed the sole purpose of blow-pipes was to keep the air free of dust for the protection of the employees.

Later in our journey through the plant we reached the boiler room and saw how the sawdust and shavings were disposed of. They were blown into the boilers and utilized to keep up the steam. The company requires only a little coal to keep the plant in operation, the sawdust and shavings supplying practically all the fuel for power purposes.

The lumber used by the Gold Medal Company is all rock elm, grown in northern Wisconsin. It must be air-dried and seasoned, so that it is four years from the time it is cut until it is used in the finished product. It is sawed out of the logs in the forest and sea-





**A Gold Medal Furnished Camp on North Shore**

soned a year before being shipped to the plant. It is stored in the yards of the company for three more years, as kiln-dried lumber is not fitted for outdoor use.

Among the articles which interested us were the folding bathtubs. They are full-size and can be set up in a few seconds. They are made of rubberized canvas, the height of the frame being so arranged that the bottom of the tub rests on the floor, or on the ground as the case may be. We were told they are quite durable and will last a long time provided care is used to put the cold water in first in case that hot water also is used in bathing. The company also makes smaller sized bathtubs for children. The bathtubs when folded up occupy very little space and can be laid away in a small carton.

Another interesting article is the roll-top table. One style of the table is covered with imitation leather, another style is bare wood. The tops are detachable. They can be taken off in a few seconds, the legs folded up and the whole

thing packed away in incredibly little space.

The bathing beach equipment made by the company is one of its most popular and attractive products. One style of beach chair has a canopy over it.

It is an improved type of the ordinary reclining chair with arm and foot rests. It can be carried to the beach under the arm of the bather, set up on the sand, adjusted to any position desired, and the awning pulled down to protect the eyes from the sun.

Gold Medal furniture, as has been said, is known all over the world. Explorers use it in their outfits. The Roosevelt boys in their recent hunting trip in the Orient to procure specimens for the Field Museum, carried Gold Medal camping outfits.

Most of the railroads of the country, like the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, use Gold Medal chairs on their observation platforms. The observation cars on the North Shore Line carry Gold Medal chairs.

The Gold Medal plant at Racine

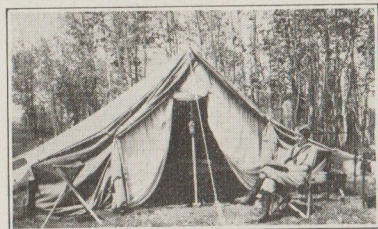




**A Gold Medal Porch Chair**

is the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of folding furniture. There are some larger plants which manufacture folding furniture as a sideline, but the Gold Medal Company sticks entirely to the business which it originated in 1892. It manufactures ten different styles of cots and its trade mark is recognized and accepted everywhere as a standard of quality.

We were interested in learning that Great Britain is a good customer of the Gold Medal Company, although there are several firms in England engaged in similar manufacture. They are unable to com-



**Out in the Woods**

pete with the Racine plant on prices, although price has not been the factor on which the trade has been built up. The large business which the company does today has been built up on the quality rather than the selling price of its products, although its big plant is organized for large scale production at the lowest possible cost.

The officers of the company are C. C. Gittings, president; W. R. Gittings, general manager; W. L. Gittings, sales manager, and C. H. Peck, secretary.

The idea of folding furniture that would be durable and at the same time light in weight was conceived by W. G. Gittings who started the company and managed the business until his death in 1918. There have been many changes in styles and designs in the thirty-four years that the company has operated, but the original folding cot has continued throughout as the principal product of the Gold Medal Company.

### **Sure Did**

A minister whose hobby was collecting butterflies was escorting a party of women on a walk through the woods. They came to a stream where sat a fisherman.

The fisherman observed the minister's butterfly net, and not understanding, inquired:

"Catching minnows, mister?"

"Sir, I'm a fisher of men," replied the minister.

"Well," remarked the fisherman, glancing at the girls, "you got the proper bait, all right."

### **The Same—Almost!**

Nutt—My dog was a valuable animal. I got \$10,000 for him.

Nitt—What? Not \$10,000 for that dog?

Nutt—Well, just the same thing. I traded him for two \$5,000 cats!



## Vacations By Motor Coach

WITH the advent of spring comes thoughts of summer and dreams of the many pleasure jaunts made possible by the outdoor season.

This might seem like an obvious attempt to rush the season, but it is never too early to plan; and as much of the joy of the trip depends upon its correct planning, we feel we would be doing an injustice to our patrons and friends if we did not acquaint them with the many opportunities offered by the North Shore Line Motor Coach

Department for de luxe tours to the many resorts and natural beauty spots within a few hours ride of Chicago.

The special chartered service afforded by the use of North Shore Line motor coaches to party groups of any size is undoubtedly one of the most convenient and inexpensive ways of making an outing.

Whether the trip be to the Indiana Dunes, the Wisconsin Dells, Starved Rock or some secluded place away from the beaten trail,



**Lincoln's Tomb at Springfield, Ill. A Favorite Shrine for Outing Parties.**  
Charter a North Shore Line Motor Coach and Make the Trip.

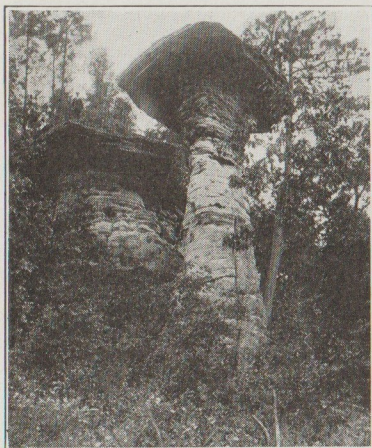


where you want to enjoy a quiet picnic undisturbed, with a selected group of friends—our coach operators are always at your service. They will go wherever you wish!

Since the inauguration of motor coach service four years ago the North Shore Line has built up an extensive business in connection with its rail lines. The service has proved immensely popular, and with its rapid growth there has developed an increasing de-



**Devil's Anvil, Dells of Wisconsin**



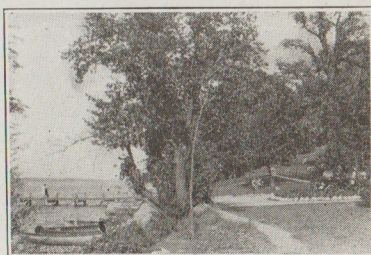
**Table Rock, Dells of Wisconsin**

mand for special service involving the charter of motor coaches for party trips.

During the late spring and summer months this service is especially in demand for full-day and week-end trips. Patrons find in using this special service they can enjoy all the advantages of private limousine travel without the worries of the road. The luxuriant and easy riding coaches enable one to get a full measure of enjoyment out of the trip. The uniformed driver is as courteously attentive as a private chauffeur.

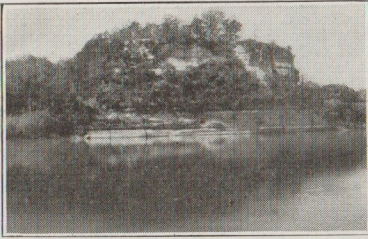
One of the favorite all-day trips is that which goes regularly every Friday, Saturday and Sunday morning during the summer to Lake Geneva, returning the same day. This tour starts early in the morning from the Adams and Wabash station, Chicago. The route follows smooth concrete roads through the beautiful north shore suburban territory, returning by a different route so that there is no repetition of scenery. The trip is so arranged as to allow four to five hours at Lake Geneva, giving ample time to enjoy the numerous attractions the resort offers.

However, there is no spot on the continent inaccessible to North Shore Line motor coaches. No trip is too long, no place too dis-



**A Glimpse of Lake Geneva**





**Starved Rock, Illinois**

tant for this branch of our service. Our coaches are becoming the popular means of conveyance to points which our rail line does not touch.

The Motor Coach Department caters especially to the party group. Chartered service holds a distinct advantage over other means of transportation inasmuch as it enables the entire group to be together throughout the journey. There is no scrambling for seats. Every passenger has one reserved both coming and going. The scenery enroute can be enjoyed to the full.

So this year when planning vacation tours or pleasure trips it

would save a lot of time and worry to call in our Motor Coach Department representatives. Let them counsel you in making the arrangements. Moderate rates make this service particularly inviting. Make your outing trips this year in your own private car by chartering a North Shore Line motor coach!

By special arrangement with the North Shore Line Traffic Department, transportation experts will help plan tours for party groups. They will make all necessary arrangements, including hotel and other accommodations if so desired. They will also be glad to offer suggestions as to where to go on little pleasure jaunts to favorite outing spots. Any information on this service can be obtained by writing or calling at the Traffic Department, Room 602, 79 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, or Room 408 Security Building, Milwaukee.



**Two Carloads of Candy Wrappers, Shipped by North Shore Line from Milwaukee to Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago**



## An Outsider's Opinion of the North Shore Line

# BUSINESS

# CHICAGO HERALD EXAMINER

\*\* THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1926.

21

## Courtesy, Service and Efficiency on North Shore Electric Line Please Forbes

By B. C. Forbes.

TALK of Florida's developments and of Florida's boom in real estate values, I have been visiting a large section near Chicago, Skokie Valley, where land has jumped from \$150 or \$500 an acre to as high as \$50 and \$100 a front foot. Transportation has done it.



B. C. Forbes.

THERE is now being opened! by the Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad, what is perhaps the best-equipped suburban line in America, an enterprise equally notable for its mechanical excellence and for what might be called its human excellence, meaning its unique cultivation of human relationships, of public good will. The company has had as many as five

mayors among its employees at the same time! All its workers are encouraged to live in the communities served by the company. No hotel is more anxious to do favors, to render little services to its patrons.

"Why shouldn't we be as ready to be obliging to our customers as any department store or bank or hotel?" President Britton I. Budd asked me. "We have something to sell and salesmanship, to be worthy of the name, means service, a maximum of service. Why shouldn't we be as willing as anybody else to get, say, a couple of theater tickets or railway tickets for our patrons?"

That from the head of a traction company! Changed days, surely.

I NEVER had a faster or smoother ride in my life than that on this company's line between Chicago and Milwaukee. We beat the time of the Twentieth Century. And on the way we dined sumptuously. Also, this traction company provides an observation car.

It doesn't sit back and wait for business to come to it. It employs a force of hustling salesmen to drum up both freight and passenger business. It is at this moment busy spending something like \$150,000 on purely temporary facilities to take care of one day's business, the million who are expected to attend the Eucharistic Congress at Mundelein, on the company's line. Its cars will be called upon to move perhaps one-third of this total. Not a penny of profit is looked for. But a superhuman performance on this eventful day will add incalculably to the company's good name.

DOES all this extraordinary effort to please the public pay? Let the figures talk, the figures covering the ten years' operation under the Insull-Budd management:

	1916	1925
Operating revenue	\$1,157,191	\$3,850,165
Operating expense	714,887	5,966,936
Net revenue from operation	442,304	1,870,203
Operating income	376,266	1,461,948
Non-operating inc.	6,208	151,673
Gross income	382,474	1,613,621

Fixed charges	237,906	832,991
Net income	144,478	780,630

COURTESY, service, sentiment have paid. Will other traction companies, railroad companies and all other classes of corporations please take note?

Of course, there has been efficiency. The blue-ribbon award in this electric railway world is the Charles A. Coffin medal "for the electric railway company within the United States which, during the year, has made a distinguished contribution to the development of electric transportation for the convenience and welfare of the public and the benefit of the industry."

This company holds that medal.

HERE'S a suggestion to companies and executives who are not meeting with a maximum of success in their relations with their own work people or with the public: Write and ask President Budd for detailed information regarding his company's principles, policies and practices.

(Copyright, 1926, by B. C. Forbes.)

B. C. Forbes, editor and publisher of Forbes Magazine and a noted financial writer made a recent trip over the North Shore Line. The article reproduced above from the Chicago Herald and Examiner tells what he thinks about it.



# Camp Roosevelt All Ready

By F. L. Beals, Major, U. S. Army

Arrangements have been completed for the North Shore Line to handle the training contingents for Camp Roosevelt, the Chicago Board of Education's educational training camp for boys which is being held on the Fort Sheridan Military Reservation this coming summer.

While it is true that a large percentage of the boys attending this Camp are from Chicago, boys from other communities are admitted, in fact, many boys from all along the North Shore are already enrolled for attendance.

Workmen are already on the grounds preparing the mess hall and kitchens and installing all of the other necessary facilities.

The camp site on the north area of the Fort Sheridan Military Reservation is without doubt one of the best camp sites in the Middle West. The camp last summer was more than usually popular and camp officials feel that this was partially due to the efficient manner in which the boys were taken to and from the camp on the North Shore Line, and the ease with which the parents could reach the camp from Chicago and points adjacent thereto.

It is anticipated that there will be a record attendance this summer and those boys from the North Shore who contemplate making application should do so at the very earliest possible date. So far, Highland Park of the North Shore towns leads in the number registered.

Fort Sheridan will be the largest training center in the Middle West this summer as three other large camps will be held on other

parts of the reservation. These will not in any way conflict with the Camp Roosevelt program, but will add interest to its general surroundings.

A unique feature of the camp is that its Summer School will be wholly a camp school—a large assembly tent surrounded by class tents will afford ample school facilities. The staff of teachers from the Chicago school system is already complete, and will begin to function on June 28th, the date on which the camp opens.

The Junior Camp Division for boys 12 to 14 is filling up rapidly and there is opportunity for only a few more of these younger boys to enroll.

The course in horsemanship will be conducted on the camp area, the horses being housed in tents on the west end of the reservation. The athletic and swimming programs are already complete. A new rifle range is being installed for the exclusive use of Camp Roosevelt boys. Altogether, no more varied and interesting program is offered in any camp than that at Camp Roosevelt.

Information may be secured from the Board of Education, 460 South State Street, Chicago.

## New Station Opened at Winnetka

**H**AVE you noticed the artistic new station of the North Shore Line at Winnetka?

It was formally opened to the public on April 19 and the opening was the occasion for a mild celebration in the village.





**Artistic New North Shore Line Station, Winnetka, Ill.**

The appreciation of the residents of Winnetka was expressed by John S. Miller, president of the Village Board, and by Miss Ruth Matz, president of the Winnetka Woman's Club.

At Elm street, where the new station is located, the buildings are of English type architecture and the residents wished to have the new station conform to its surroundings. The North Shore Line changed its original plans and

built a station of which the citizens of Winnetka are proud.

Several hundred men and women attended the opening celebration and Miss Matz purchased the first ticket sold. In accepting the facilities of the new station on behalf of the citizens of Winnetka, President Miller said it always was a pleasure to co-operate with officials of the North Shore Line as they are ever ready to work for the benefit of the communities they serve.

## Letters of Commendation

**E**MPLOYEES of the North Shore Line have dedicated themselves to the service of the public. They are devoting their efforts to building up patronage and creating better public relations through rendering courteous and efficient transportation service. They are at all times concerned with the passenger's welfare and comfort. Patron satisfaction is the ultimate point which they work to attain.

Patrons of the North Shore Line have always been generous in their appreciation of the efforts of the personnel to please them. The traveling public is responsible in no minor degree for the brand of service given by the North Shore Line. They have made suggestions which have improved the service. They have shown themselves willing at all times to commend the efforts of the employees. Briefly—they have co-operated with the



management in bringing the railroad to its present high standing.

The following are a few of the letters received from patrons during the past month in which they show their appreciation of the service given by our employees:

### **Conductor's Efficiency Wins Praise of Milwaukeean**

The efficiency of our trainmen has often been commented upon by patrons. The writer of this letter is another who has found North Shore Line employees are ready to do their part in helping make the journey more pleasant. He writes as follows:

I wish to take this opportunity to commend the courtesy, efficiency and cheerfulness of your Conductor, O. H. Burghardt. I got on a Milwaukee Limited train about 9:06 one morning recently. The train was crowded and there was an unusual number of women aboard. Mr. Burghardt announced the stations clearly. When we arrived in the loop he made it a point to see that all passengers understood the transfers to the different railroad stations. He also took down handbags and packages out of the racks for the ladies and informed them as to just which elevated train to take to get to their destinations and courteously helped them from the train.

I have travelled for twenty-five years and I don't think I ever met a trainman who handled himself with greater tact and with more credit to his Company and himself. I heard several favorable comments regarding him.

Very truly yours,  
H. P. CONWAY.

Conductor Burghardt has been commended before for just such admirable qualities, Mr. Conway. He has proven himself a real employee of the "Road of Service." Such exemplary actions make a journey via North Shore Line something to be remembered.

### **Courteous Treatment By Claim Department Lauded**

A. Corman, General Manager of the National Radio Company, Chicago, wrote the following letter to Britton I. Budd, President:

I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the most courteous treatment accorded me by both your Medical and Claim Departments, especial credit being due Dr. Fisher, Chief Surgeon, and Mr. True, Claim Department.

From all previous pictures presented to me regarding treatment of claimants by some public service corporations, it was said that they used the old "drag them in and knock them down" business methods. Either these methods have been changed or your Company's policy differs from that of other companies. If it is a change in policy allow me to assure you that it is working out in excellent shape and that you are keeping up with the general progressive methods adopted by all good business houses which value the customer's good will.

I know that I appreciate expressions from our customers telling of satisfaction with certain company policies, and therefore, am writing this letter of appreciation with the idea in mind that you also welcome such expressions from your patrons.

This letter is not prompted by any liberal settlement on the



part of your Claim Department, but is an unbiased expression of appreciation.

Thank you, Mr. Corman, for your appreciative thoughts. We value the good will of our patrons greatly, and always try to retain their patronage and confidence.

### **Misses Train, but Keeps Appointment**

Many little elements combine to make service. In fact, one doesn't know just how many parts there are until some incident comes up which requires special treatment. In this note of appreciation, which was received by J. W. Simons, Superintendent of Transportation, from W. J. Griswold of the Sentinel Company, Milwaukee, tells of one of these unusual incidents and the service it brought out. He writes:

I want to express my appreciation of your wonderful service rendered through the Station Master of your Milwaukee terminal on Saturday, April 24.

I had an appointment to meet a gentleman on the 12 o'clock train to Chicago. I missed the train by about three minutes. I met the station master at the gate and told him my trouble. He volunteered to get a message to the gentleman on the train stating that I was following on the 12:40 train. This message was received in due time and we kept our appointment in Chicago.

Intelligent employes such as this Milwaukee Station Master proved to be should not be overlooked.

If we were pointing out a moral in this communication we might say it would be: "You don't know what you're missing 'till you've missed a North Shore Line Train."

### **Motor Coaches Take Orphans to Circus**

Greatest of all treats for the children is the chance to see the circus when it comes to town. Thus when the children of the Lake Bluff Orphanage boarded two North Shore Line Motor Coaches for a trip to the "greatest show on earth," it was the beginning of a perfect day for them. The writers of this letter, who are members of the concern of Lyons and Rouse, Mundelein real estate dealers, tell about the trip in this manner:

On behalf of the Lake Bluff Orphanage we want to thank you for your kindness in donating the services of two North Shore Line Motor Coaches to transport the children of this institution to the Sells-Floto Circus at Chicago. Mr. Ellsworth Wilcox and myself took the children to the Coliseum for an outing and made application through Joseph C. Reuse of Libertyville to charter these two busses. We were not greatly surprised when Mr. Reuse phoned and said: "The motor coaches will be ready any time and there will be no charge."

Living as we do in Mundelein and having occasion to use the North Shore Line and coming in contact with its employes, we naturally know the great spirit in which you do things. This is typical, we believe, of the greatest electric railroad in existence.

We also want you to know that the two drivers were very courteous and helped the children. They did everything possible to make the entire trip one of pleasure and everyone had a good time.

Rest assured that we will not forget your kindness, nor will the little tots at the orphanage.



We want you to know that our offices in Mundelein will always be open to you and your organization.

Yours sincerely,  
**R. J. LYONS,**  
**E. WILCOX.**

The pleasure was all ours, gentlemen. And it isn't hard to imagine that the combination of the circus and North Shore Line service made an enjoyable day's entertainment for all concerned.

### **Masons Commend "Special" Conductor for Courtesy**

Harmony Lodge No. 142, A. F. & A. M., of Milwaukee, made a trip to Chicago recently via a special on the North Shore Line. This appreciative letter resulted:

When you sent us to Chicago last Wednesday by special train, you placed us in the care of one Mr. Erickson, a young man who by his acts and painstaking care of your passengers won many friends for himself and your service. He seemed to be everywhere at all times looking after everybody's comfort. It is but fitting that you should know about this young man and be congratulated for having that type of employee. He surely made the whole trip more pleasant, agreeable and long to be remembered.

Such men are positive proof of the fine treatment accorded your employees by the Company for which they are working.

Respectfully,

Harmony Lodge, No. 142,  
 A. F. & A. M., by order of  
**MAURICE VanENGE, M. M.**  
**C. G. MEISEL, Secretary.**

Keeping harmony in "Harmony Lodge" is easy, when North Shore Line service is used on group outings.

### **Write Thanks for Service Given Crippled Children**

This letter was received from the secretary of the Waukegan Kiwanis Club. It tells a story in itself:

At our meeting, Monday, April 19, the club offered a vote of thanks for the assistance given us in entertaining the crippled children with a trip to the circus on April 16.

It is a wonderful sight to see these children who are handicapped in life enjoy themselves. Words cannot express the feeling when you look in their faces and appreciate the enjoyment they are having. Most of these children have seldom if ever had a chance for a ride in an automobile and no doubt would find it impossible to see a circus unless others were big hearted enough to assist them.

The club appreciates your help in this activity and wish to thank you and your employees.

Yours very truly,  
**WAUKEGAN KIWANIS CLUB,**  
**Walter Wood, Secretary.**

Comment of any kind on this letter would be superfluous.

### **Another Version**

"Yes, you're right," said the lover of dogs. "Dogs do have understanding. There's a legend about a Scotchman who told his wife that he'd decided to give his collie away. The dog heard him, ran away and never returned."

"It came to me differently," said his companion. "The dog heard the conversation, curled up in the corner and died of shame."

"Died of shame?"

"That's it. He realized that anything a Scotchman would give away must be utterly worthless."



## With the Bulletin Family

**W**ITH the sun shining on both sides of the street at the same time, the Family thoughts seem to turn to the BULLETIN annual outing. At least several contribs refer to it and inquire whether we are to have such an outing this year.

So our contribs may all begin getting ready, we make the announcement that there will be a Family Outing in 1926. That was decided at our last outing in August, 1925. You may recall that the motion was adopted unanimously.

### July Month Suggested

We have thought of holding our outing earlier this season, say some time in July. We are open for suggestions on the subject, however, both as to the day of the week and the month. Our own preference is for Saturday, but we won't be arbitrary about that. We are not strong for referendums as a general policy but in this case we would like to meet the wishes of as many of our contribs as possible, so let's hear from you.

Now another suggestion. We had thought of holding the outing at Lake Geneva, going by rail to Kenosha and across the country by motor coach. That was merely a tentative idea and we abandoned it after taking a recent trip to Round Lake, Ill. When we saw Round Lake and ate a chicken dinner at Renehan's Avon Park Summer Resort, we at once decided that it was the spot for the BULLETIN Family Outing.

### Renehan's Summer Resort

There are several reasons why this particular spot appealed to

us. George P. Renehan, owner of the place, is a real fellow. He is a sportsman, hunter and fisherman, and all that sort of thing. The lobby of his hotel looks like a corner of a museum with a wonderful collection of specimens of his prowess with the rifle and fishing rod. He has hunted and fished all over Florida and many other states. He can tell fish stories and prove their accuracy both by the art of the photographer and the taxidermist. That is one reason for our choice.

Another reason is that Mr. Renehan knows how to cook and serve a chicken dinner. Not that it necessarily must be a chicken dinner for the Family Outing, but he can serve any other kind as well. That is reason number two.

### Round Lake Beautiful

The place itself is one of those beautiful small lakes which are so abundant in that part of Illinois. It provides everything one wishes in the way of aquatic sports, including fishing. It has an excellent swimming beach, so members of the Family may, if they wish, include bathing suits in their baggage.

We might give you a lot of other reasons why Renehan's Resort at Round Lake would be an ideal spot for the Family Outing. It is easy of access. Maybe if we choose that place we can go by rail to Libertyville over the new Skokie Valley Route and from there to the lake by motor coach. Or, should the Family wish it, we could go all the way by motor coach, but we are suggesting the rail trip so that our contribs may have an opportunity to see the new railroad.



### Easy of Access

There is another advantage. Our Outing necessarily will be confined to an afternoon and we don't wish to spend all our time in travel. We would rather have an extra hour or two to play around the lake. By going on the railroad to Libertyville and to Round Lake by motor coach, we could make the trip in about an hour and one-half. We haven't consulted the Transportation Department on that time schedule, but we think it would be about the time we have given. Now what could be sweeter than that?

We will have time to hear from all contribs and get their suggestions. If you wish to leave the arrangements in the hands of the foster father of the Family, well and good. We'll do the best we can do to make it a pleasant party but we'll be glad to hear suggestions. And we must know some time in advance who to expect so we may provide the proper accommodations. Now think it over and let's hear from you.

### Every Contrib Invited

You understand that any one who has ever contributed a letter to this column is a member of the Family. You understand also that the Family will be the guests of the North Shore Line, with the editor of the BULLETIN thrown in, whether as an asset or a liability it may be hard to tell. But in either case he'll be there. Now let's hear from you.

Having got that off our chest we will turn this column over to our contribs, beginning, as usual, with the ladies.

Here is one from a Milwaukee contrib who has not been heard from in many months:

**Dear Mr. Grant and Bulletin Family:**

I had just finished reading the attached joke about the Scottish farmer when the postman brought me the April BULLETIN and it

again brought to my mind that I had been receiving this excellent little magazine for a long period for "naething." Have been one of the very worst delinquents of all the BULLETIN Family.

However negligent I have been, I have enjoyed the BULLETIN as much as always and have kept in close touch with the Family by reading their numerous good letters. Well, this much can be said for old Rip—he woke up in the end—so here I am.

Hope our good editor will have some one page Mr. Spring, and that a report of his findings will be published in the May issue of the BULLETIN.

With best wishes to all and many thanks to you Mr. Grant for your patient consideration of me, I am

Most sincerely,  
Mrs. Daisy D. Callow.

Glad to have you with us again, Mrs. Callow. Hardly necessary to page Mr. Spring, as he seems to have arrived, although late. Trouble is that he doesn't operate on a North Shore Line schedule, so we could be sure of his being always on time.

It's something of a jump from Milwaukee to Miami, but our women contribs are widely scattered. This one comes from the land of sunshine and flowers, and, at this season, we suspect, mosquitoes. However, she writes:

**My dear Mr. Grant:**

So you've been right here in Miami and didn't even look us up. After studying your photos, I know I saw you going down Flagler street. Remember that tall cop on the corner of Miami avenue who stopped you and I overheard him say something about holding up traffic and he remarked about you never having seen a high building before? He thought you hailed from Georgia. If I had just been positive that was you, we would have grabbed you by the arm and marched you right over to the Miami Biltmore for dinner.

You are right, traffic is a fright and now that the season is over it's no better, for the town is full of people who are already taking advantage of the summer hotel rates.

In spite of the awful reports up north of Coral Gables going into the hands of receivers, etc., we are a pretty busy bunch down here and



we are trying to bring up Miami standards. The trouble with our fast growing city is that it has grown too fast for its own good and now adjustments are being made that will benefit us all. We have been here over a year and like it very much.

If you come to Miami again and don't drop in to see us, well, I don't know what we'll do, but if you come we'll take a day off and ask a million questions about dear old Chicago with its fifteen inches of snow. We crave news from home. Wish you'd publish a weekly BULLETIN, a month is too long to wait.

What I am really writing about aside from scolding you, is to ask you to please change our address so we won't fail to get our next BULLETIN. We must keep tab on you. We are glad you caught so many ducks the day you went fishing. What kind of bait did you use?

A little nurse from Chicago is visiting us. She is from St. Luke's and everytime she says "St. Luke" do you know of whom we think? Best regards from us all.

Mrs. O. C. Reimer,  
Miami, Fla.

Too bad you hesitated that time about grabbing us by the arm, or the neck, and dragging us to the Miami Biltmore for dinner. Even had you made a mistake the fellow you grabbed probably wouldn't have objected. But you were right about it. Never having seen a skyscraper before, we just naturally had to stop and look at one. But really, we didn't think anyone would notice us obstructing traffic. The people down there are so confounded easy going that they don't mind being delayed at a street crossing. If anyone in Florida hurried, we suppose they would drive him out of the state. And the people eat just as regularly as they do in Chicago.

A new Chicago woman contrib sends the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Sweet gentle spring is covering us all up in a white blanket and it makes me peevish. I expect to move Tuesday and blankets in general are hampering, 'tho they do have their uses.

By the way, don't go to Florida again, it makes us lonesome as well as jealous. Please note change in address as I do not wish to miss my copy.

Mrs. M. E. Gauss.

We'll see that the necessary change of address is made, Mrs. Gauss, and at the same time welcome you to the Family fireside.

Another new Chicago woman contrib writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Could you possibly squeeze my name in on that list of "Privileged North Shore Bulletinites?" I thoroughly enjoy every part of those issues and would love to have them to keep for my own.

Marie Markmann.

We'd squeeze your name onto that list, Miss Markmann, if we had to smash it. In fact squeezing—no, it isn't our specialty—but circumstances alter cases. Anyway, you'll get a BULLETIN of your very own and we hope to hear from you again.

This one comes from a new woman contrib in Lake Villa. She writes:

Since acquiring an issue of your NORTH SHORE BULLETIN some time ago, have been greatly interested in said publication and would like to subscribe for same if such a thing is possible.

Am frequently a passenger on your busses between here and Waukegan and in this manner have managed to obtain several issues but this is not the most satisfactory way, as I have also missed several issues.

Thanking you in advance for this information and assuring you that same will be greatly appreciated, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Mrs. T. J. Tronson.

Subscribing for the BULLETIN, Mrs. Tronson, is not only "possible" but easy. All you have to do is ask for it. That is the reason why we have so many Scotch contribs. It doesn't cost anything to subscribe, except, of course, one letter to this column from men and two from women. Your sub-



scription is paid for six months and we will be glad to have you become a "regular" and write every month or two. We have raised the price to women contribs because we like their letters.

Having taken care of all our women contribs whose letters have been received up to this date, we must give the men folks a chance. Although Loophound doesn't deserve much at our hands, having neglected his duty quite shamefully, we are going to put him back in his old place at the top of the column, or at least after the ladies. Being a married man he will understand why he is placed after the women folks. One reason why we give him preference is that he never strikes town without calling on us. We enjoy seeing him almost as much as hearing from him. Get that one, Loop. He writes from Philadelphia as follows:

Dear Bulletin:

Just before leaving Milwaukee the other day I had the pleasure of a few minutes chat with Mr. Finnell, your genial Assistant Superintendent. He read me the riot act for not contributing more regularly, so here goes. I don't want to get in wrong with the folks who are responsible for those comfortable North Shore trains.

Was in Milwaukee during the Big Snow a few weeks ago and saw North Shore trains operating on schedule while other lines weren't turning a wheel. It wasn't all in the snow fighting equipment either—mental equipment was equally responsible for the North Shore's "business as usual." Incidentally that was some snow storm—reminded me of the late Mr. Peeble's description of Wisconsin's climate—nine months winter and three months darn cold weather.

Am glad to get back in the east for a while again—the hard coal country has returned to normalcy again almost, after the six months' suspension, but then so are other mining sections—Herrin for instance. Just read where they shot up the main street again and missed all but six of the pedestrians. Somehow

"I'm not a carin'  
To go to Herrin."

Have received two copies of the last BULLETIN—that's fine. I also received a copy of the Tribune's Line Book for 1925. That's a pretty good book too—don't you think?

Some weeks ago I had to make it from Fort Worth to Dallas in a hurry and remembered that there was an electric line connecting the two cities—the Texas Northern I believe. Anyway, it's a mighty fine road and won the Coffin Award the year after the North Shore showed the way and as I purchased my ticket I noticed a copy of the Award posted near the Cashier's window. It was countersigned by Mr. Budd as President of the Committee so it was evidently authentic. The Texas Northern is not as long or probably not as fast as the North Shore Line, but it is just as wide.

During the week I spent in Texas there was some fellow broke jail and got away. Can you imagine anyone going to that much trouble in Texas when all one has to do to get a pardon nowadays is to ask Maw Ferguson. Texas is a great state nevertheless, and as one electric sign tells it they have the blackest soil and the whitest people in the world.

Note that Senator McKinley of Illinois was defeated in the primaries recently. Personally I regret his political eclipse. I know that this column discourages discussions of matters political but it peeves me to see any one lose out when his defeat tickles broadcasters like Borah and Reed (Mo.) Heard the former discuss the World Court over the radio one night. His family doctor must have been in a hurry to go somewhere the day he vaccinated the Senator and used a Victrola needle by mistake.

The Missus and the children are looking ahead to the BULLETIN Family reunion this summer and will be there if said outing materializes. Regards to the Family.

Yours,

Loophound.

The reason for some of Senator Borah's talks on the World Court and occasionally on other subjects has always been something of a mystery to us. You seem to have hit on the explanation. Weren't you the one who suggested that his name was spelled incorrectly and that it really ought to spell



Boryah? He does that when he talks on the World Court.

From Wilmington, N. C., or rather on the stationery of one of the hotels in that burg, comes a letter from our own Jim Ham. As the said letter is without date, we can't recall whether we received it before or after the one printed last month, which was written on the Broadway Limited headed for New York.

Anyway, Jim's letters are always welcome, and as we used to say in the newspaper office, "it's news until it is printed." He writes his observations as follows:

Dear Luke:

Somebody was askin' Sam the name of his Georgia mule and Sam sez, sezee, "does you mean his name or w'at I calls him?"

I been messin' 'round this south country for nigh a month this trip and am enroute north from Florida at present. Talkin' about what's named laziness and listlessness—but that ain't what I calls 'im, I figger its an inherent luxury insisted upon by some in parts of the hospitable southland and I'm nigh prone to the conclusion it brings a happy existence though maybe carried too far in spots. Ferinst I done established the fact that should trains "evah" attempt to leave a town on time they'd just naturally go out approximately

empty, too much effort bein' required to git to the station on time. You aint nevah heard tell o' no laziness a tall, however, till you-all's been to Southport, N. C., a coastal curiosity 'bout fifteen miles from the charming town of Wilmington. Why even the fish have deserted Southport's waters, 'cause folks is too dern lazy fer fishin' and the fish found theirselvess a dyin' for want o' exercise.

But that ain't sayin' nothin' on the subject o' laziness. Some hundred or so yeahs ago a seafarin' body discovered Southport and squatted (sort of instinctively as 'twere) and the beach frontage has been handed down to a succeeding generation. So Sam Shrew, a no 'count white trash, by this process acquired some twenty-two hundred feet of this frontage. Now, Sam, true to a racial tradition was utterly unacquainted with work, and as the years rolled by found his credit at the lone store in his hamlet—a food emporium with the longest list of proprietors in the country—slowly but surely dwindling until the last Florida boom which percolated via grapevine gossip along the entire Atlantic seaboard. So Sam sits hisself down and starts to figger land values by way of increasing his credit and reaches the conclusion he's due for three years of further luxury, 'cause so far in 1926 he's netted \$2,200 as follows:

Sam had made up his mind some years ago that if ever a critter came along wantin' his land he'd immediately boost the price from two bits to at least a dollar a foot, but now he's decided to place it on



What Befell the Editor According to Jim Ham



a more reasonable and sensible basis. Sam has decided to insist on not less than two dollars per front foot—a clear profit of \$2,200 for this year.

Could spill a good story 'bout Florida and my observations down there and how northbound I mingled with three car-loads of coach passengers to collect the other side of the story, but have already crowded your space and patience, hence, with profound and heartiest regards to you and the Family,

Sincerely and cordially,

Jim Ham.

P. S. Luke, your fishin' story in March BULLETIN. A guy from Stuart was tellin' me a bird named Grant got on the end of a line with a big one resulting in something like the attached.

Jim Ham.

It must have been some other Grant, Jim, as we didn't go after any big ones. We confined our efforts to black bass and they only run up to about ten or twelve pounds. We saw a picture the other day, however, of a man who landed a 12-foot hammer-head shark in the St. Lucie inlet, so there are big ones down there. He told us that it took him over an hour to land the shark after he had put a couple of bullets through his back.

This one comes from one of the world's most famous fishermen, Harry Lyons. Being in Chicago for a short time, he dropped into the editorial sanctum and left the following invitation on our desk:

Editor North Shore Bulletin:

Being in Chicago, I hasten to pay a year's subscription in advance by addressing to you these few heartfelt words: "Duck-stew" de luxe, a la River Forest, Florida, will be served you next February aboard the good launch "Josephine F." And I promise that my son, who will have ere then fully recovered the use of his left arm, shall not use the hand attached thereto, nor his good right hand, in emptying "odds and ends" into said delectable stew. Fair enough?

This is written May 4, and within a few days I will again be in the land of flowers, finny denizens of the water, fur-bearers and fun, to-wit: Florida. It is such a superior state, Luke, that when you retire

from regulating the affairs of this mundane sphere in the Bulletin, accept a stupenduous but well-earned pension, and decide to spin out the remaining years of a hard-worked life, I hope you decide to live in River Forest, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lucie River, where without care, without work but with all that aids old age, you can await the call to join those of the McKay clan now running heaven.

Sincerely,

Harry Lyons,  
ex-Kenilworth Correspondent.

Are there any McKays in heaven? You may have heard the one on the Scot who upon entering the pearly gates looked around and couldn't find any of his countrymen. He complained to St. Peter about it, saying he liked to be among his own kind.

"Aren't there any Scotsmen here?" he asked.

"Lots of them," answered St. Peter. "You see that house over on the top of the hill? Well, the Scots are all over there playing golf. They are the only people in heaven that the Lord can trust out of his sight."

It is quite a long time since we heard from our old correspondent, John Auld. Were it not that we might be considered guilty of the serious sin of perpetrating a pun, we might say that he is an "Auld Freen." Anyway, he writes:

Dear Friend Luke:

For several months back I have known that my time was overdue to send you my annual subscription for the BULLETIN, and very often I had a clear conviction of the truth of the old saying that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser." At other times I thought you would discontinue sending me the BULLETIN, but your generosity exceeds my negligence and it came regularly, for which I thank you.

I had fully intended being at your picnic last summer to meet some of the literary giants like Jim Ham, Loophound, Weedon and other scions of a noble ancestry that can twang the Scotch that sounds like music to my ears, but unfortunately I had to leave Chi-



cago that morning on the North Shore train at 5 o'clock for Milwaukee. From there I took a bus by the name of Nashotah for Cambridge and that was one of the most enjoyable trips I ever had. It reminded me so much of going over the hills and dales of Scotland. I was certainly surprised at the smoothness and speed that bus could make. Burns said that "pleasures are like poppies spread" but he never rode in the Nashotah to Cambridge.

Some time ago I think I read in one BULLETIN that you had some sort of objection to anything that savored of poetry. Now I am sending you an acrostic I wrote some time ago on the North Shore Line and if you can find anything in it bearing the semblance of poetry you will have added considerably to your credit balance in my opinion.

Thanking you for past favors, I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN AULD.

Weel, John, the acrostic isna sae terribly bad, but as Harry Lauder says, it isna sae guid, either, min' ye, sae we dinna think we'll print it. Ye're richt aboot it's nae bein' poetry, but we dinna ken juist what it is. It's nae prose, either, rather a mixture o' prose and poetry. Try it ower again, sticking tae straught prose, an' we're sure ye can improve it.

Our Chicago contrib, Horatius O'Slat, offers this comment on things in general as his contribution for this issue:

Dear Editor Grant:

With the passing of May day and its annual threat of radical uprisings—which for obvious reasons always fail to materialize—the so-called civilized world settles back with a sigh of relief and begins to regain its natural pace in the business of accomplishment.

Moving men having replenished their always filled purse by creating the urge among apartment dwellers to move to other locations are mapping out new campaigns which will terminate about October 1 with other families migrating to certain neighborhoods where the advantages are better—at least they look so from a distance. And the farther the distance the better they look, for verily, the propa-

ganda of the moving man is mighty in its power!

Unrest of the laboring man has brought about another near crisis in world history. The British strike situation which threatens to become general as these lines are written furnishes fertile ground for the seed of Sovietism which is being planted by discontented know-nothings. This same seed, lo and behold, develops into a crop of weeds which does naught but choke world progress for awhile until clear thinking gentlemen armed with the hoe of economics get on the job and uproot the weed crop, and give the prosperity plants better chance to grow to a full harvest.

Whiskers, seeming to be the outstanding emblem of the bolshevik party, it behooves one to liken them to weeds and pleasantly contemplate the result should they be uprooted, thereby releasing the energy wasted in growing them to be diverted into other channels, perhaps into the developing of brains. There is no doubt that an exaggerated hirsute growth on one's physiognomy might cause one to be an antagonist of humanity. Were this writer to be hindered with such an encumbrance when eating, he would likewise be inclined to radicalism. Frankly I would rather have soup on my vest than on my beard!

And leaving this thought for posterity to remember, if posterity gets the same enjoyment out of a bowl of soup as moderns do, I shall proceed to cease.

Sincerely,

J. Horatius O'Slat.

We agree with you, O'Slat. We never did like a man with whiskers. He always appears to us as one who is trying to hide something. One can hardly help having bolshevist feelings by looking at a full grown set, to say nothing of wearing them.

Our new Milwaukee correspondent, who is a naval architect, writes again this month as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

As I have been regularly and duly initiated into the BULLETIN Family I suppose I have to make good and keep up the reputation of the clachan.

As far as I am aware no McKenzie has ever been accused of



treason, and you have no need to fear that yours truly will ever be guilty of travelling any other way than by the North Shore Line.

As far as being a regular contributor to the Family column, I am afraid I will make a poor fist of it, as I am not much of a correspondent, but will try to do my best.

As for my name, I am one of the line of Ian McCoiniach, from Invernesshire, and not only that but my Grandmother was a Grant from Kingussie, so you see I feel I am a regular member of the family.

I trust you will pardon me for any errors in my Gaelic spelling, as I just got a mere smattering of it from my father.

I enclose herewith a wee sprig of white heather for your bonnet. I just want to bring to your attention an incident that happened to me on the North Shore Line in January. I got on the train at Mitchell Street in Milwaukee, southbound for Chicago, that leaves the Terminal at 9 A. M. It was about 15 below zero. When I got in the car every seat was taken. Needless to say I did not relish standing up all the way to Chicago, but the thoughtful conductor, piled two suitcases in a corner at one end of the car and moved some baggage so a seat was improvised for me as far as Racine, when some passengers getting off, I was enabled to get a regular seat. If this had happened on any other road, the conductor would just have let me stand. I have seen numerous incidents of this nature happen on your road and I just want to mention it, as you have the most thoughtful conductors and trainmen, I have seen anywhere. That same night coming home, we had a regular sleet storm, and we were an hour coming out of Chicago on the elevated tracks. In fact I doubted if we would reach Milwaukee that night, but we did even if we were 40 minutes late. Most trains would have stayed where they were, but not the North Shore. You certainly provide wonderful service.

I appreciate reading the BULLETIN, and hope to receive a copy regularly,

Yours sincerely till we meet again,

Ian L. McKenzie.

You'll get a copy regularly unless the government fails to deliver it and it doesn't do that often, everything considered. As

our forefathers hailed from somewhere in the neighborhood of Kingussie, we may be related, but if so we'll never blame you for it.

We cannot recall that we ever had a correspondent in Indianapolis, so we are glad to fill that vacancy. The Hoosier capital seems to be about the only city of importance that we haven't heard from at some time since this column was started.

The new correspondent writes:

Dear Luke:

This has been forthcoming for the past four months, that is to say since I received my first copy of the BULLETIN. I have never seen anyone from Indianapolis included in the Family, so we take pride in "bustin'" the record.

I have never had the pleasure of riding on the North Shore Line, but I have spent several hours watching the splendid trains coming in and going out of the Loop district. I am very much interested in electric railways. Indianapolis has the world's largest electric passenger and freight terminals, with many fine up-to-date steel cars, but no 5-car trains equal to the North Shore Line.

I enjoy the editorials and interesting articles on the north shore industries. Being a stockholder I want to keep posted and the BULLETIN sure does it. If I can be of any service down here to the North Shore Line or the Family, I will be delighted.

Sincerely yours,

Wilbourne B. Cox.

You already have been of some service, Mr. Cox, by writing the foregoing letter and you can be of still greater service to the Family by repeating occasionally.

Our old contrib, Mr. Mustard of Milwaukee, writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

How the time speeds along. Just like the North Shore train. Here it is two weeks since I called on you in your "sanctum" and found you busy getting out the mailing list for the Skokie Valley Country-side booklet. That is a beautiful sample of the printers art and Nature's own handiwork. I can easily



appreciate this piece of literature as I get over a good deal of this territory during the course of my work.

I had expected to keep my promise made to you regarding my trip to South Bend that day over the sister road, the South Shore, but have had very little time to myself since then. However, I might say that while the trip is not new to me, having lived in South Bend during my early lifetime, and having gone forth and back often since, I had but once before rode on this line in its early career when it was about like our own North Shore Line in its early days.

I can appreciate the work being done to improve its roadbed and rolling stock and no doubt we will soon have a competitor for public favor in this road, but as it serves an entirely different community and no doubt will make better connections with our road it will be an ideal trip between here and South Bend. I have travelled this territory almost annually and in the days when Gary, East Chicago, and all its surroundings were vast wildernesses of Sand Dunes and "nothing but" so I cannot but marvel at the work that has taken place in that section, and now that transportation will soon be on a North Shore scale it is to be expected that improvements will continue.

I spent a very pleasant two days in South Bend visiting with my relatives and got back to Milwaukee and ready for the work ahead of me Monday, April 12th well pleased with my experiences.

Thanking you for courtesy shown me in your office.

I am yours very truly,  
Mr. Mustard.

You are right, Mr. Mustard, about that South Shore Line. It may not be quite up to our own North Shore Line yet, but it soon will be.

Our old and faithful correspondent in Canton, Ohio, was in something of a dilemma and wrote us hurriedly as follows:

My Dear Mr. Grant:

I am often asked about places and people in Scotland and can generally answer or explain in some way, but on this one I am stuck. Who was "Blind Harry?" When did he live? What is he known for, accomplishments, etc.?"

I have often seen his name referred to but never in a way that I could draw any conclusions about him. It seems to me you referred to him once.

Dr. McMaster, president of Mount Union College is one of the most learned scholars in Ohio, who as a youngster spent a year in Glasgow University. He is a great Burns man and I am going to bring you and him together some day in some way. He would make a fine contrib for the BULLETIN and it would be fine to have it go to college through him. He asked me for the information about Blind Harry.

Kindly let me hear from you as early as possible. With kindest regards I remain,

Yours sincerely,  
Wm. G. Miller.

We believe our letter gave you all the information you wish about "Blind Harry," and we are glad to think we were able to help you out, Mr. Miller. It is always a pleasure to look up stuff of that kind. When we received your letter we were just a little bit stumped as you were. We remembered that "Blind Harry" was one of the last and most famous of Scottish minstrels who glorified the name of William Wallace, but we didn't remember how long after the time of Wallace he lived and wrote. Looking it up in the evening helped our memory and added a trifle to our scant store of knowledge, as well as helping out a worthy contrib.

Here is one from a new Chicago correspondent:

Dear Luke:

I don't want you to get the impression that I am an old man but rather that I have done a lot of travelling in my days and I am certainly pleased with the service whenever I get on a North Shore Line train from Chicago to Milwaukee.

Just want you to know that I consider your service the "ultra ultra" of the electric way to travel and thought that I would pay you folks this compliment for I feel that you are deserving of it.

As I am a regular commuter would appreciate it if you will place me on your mailing list to



receive a copy of the BULLETIN each month at my home.

Yours very truly,

F. J. Loeffler.

Your name goes on the mailing list forthwith and we hope to hear from you from time to time.

A new Milwaukee contrib writes as follows:

Dear Sir:

Please put my name on your mailing list for the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I have just finished reading your March number and find it very interesting.

As for service—wonderful. 'Nuff said.

Thanking you in advance, I am

Yours respectfully,

W. J. Kaye.

Pull up a chair to the fireside and make yourself at home, Mr. Kaye. The tone of your letter shows that you are a stranger. After a while you will become better acquainted.

One of our regulars, Edward A. Bangs, offers the following as his stint for the May issue:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Thank you for restoring the decorations on the editorial page in such a way that the adults who observed critically the observation car formerly pictured can no longer do so, by asking "where-did-he-get-that-car?" And thanks, too, for that correction as made beneath that April contribution of mine. In fact, in school, ten word tests of "who said this" or "who said that," etc., always got my goat, and in this case a certain amount of reliance was put in your love and admiration for Scotch—so much, in fact, that you might overlook historic inaccuracies. However, there's to be no sulking, for it rather proves, doesn't it, that our editor watches, knows, and does, a good deal more than we, his readers, give him credit for, and the road gives him cash for.

And thanks, too, for publishing Mr. Louis A. Maier's invitation to Jim Ham, the Loop Hound, and myself, to join the Hegira to the Coliseum when the Out-Door Life Exposition is featured. Will surely hunt him at booths 61, 62, 63, and 64, where we'll try to pass judgment upon whether or not his photograph in "Langlade Clip-

pings" would injure its circulation. As we don't subscribe, it won't make much difference, for it's all in the family, anyway, isn't it? This being one family where popularity doesn't depend entirely on looks.

Regards to F. H. Schmidt of Milwaukee (suit you, Mr. Schmidt?) and Don Mike, whom we hear over the radio, and to yourself,

Edward A. Bangs.

The BULLETIN travels far and we pick up new contribs in some rather out-of-the-way places. Here is one from Inverness, British Columbia, from a new contributor who writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Although I live far away from the North Shore Line and cannot hope to ride on its trains or to enjoy the courtesy of its officials and employes, I should like to say how much I appreciate the BULLETIN and how interesting I find its editorials and how amusing the letters from some members of the Family.

I wish to thank you for sending it to me for I own such a very small share of the company that I could hardly expect it.

If all companies were as human as the North Shore Line we should not grumble about them not having souls to be saved, or bodies to be kicked, but rather should wish to pat them on the back and have no doubts as to their salvation.

Wishing you all prosperity and a long life of your delightful publication and your own editorship, believe me,

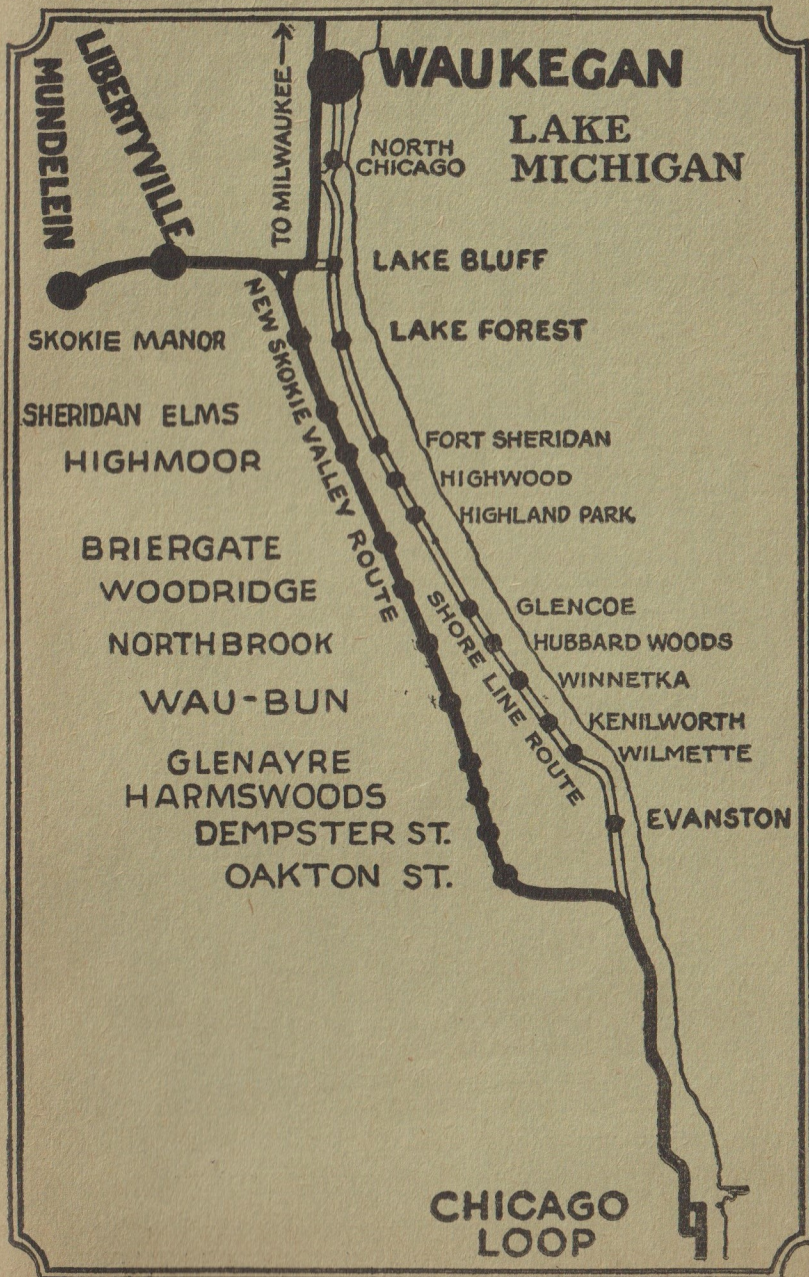
Yours Truly,

Earnest G. Thatcher.

Glad to welcome you to the Family fireside, Mr. Thatcher. You are wrong in thinking that because you are only a small stockholder you do not count. As you say the North Shore Line is a human sort of railroad and it has democratic ways, so that the small shareholder is just as much appreciated as the large one. In fact, the company would much prefer a hundred persons owning one share of stock each, to one person owning a hundred shares. Write again, as we will always be glad to hear from you.



# New Skokie Valley Route Stations





# LAUGH LITTLE FELLOW

**L**AUGH, little fellow, laugh and sing  
And just be glad for everything!  
Be glad for morning and for night,  
For sun and stars that laugh with light,  
For trees that chuckle in the breeze,  
For singing birds and humming bees—  
Be one with them, and laugh along  
And weave their gladness in your song.

Let nothing but the twinkle-tears  
Come to your eyes these happy years,  
When you are free of task and toil  
And all the frets that come to spoil  
The hours of folk whose feet have paced  
The road along which all must haste—  
Laugh, little fellow, for it drives  
The shadows out of other lives.

Go romping care-free as you will  
Across the meadow, up the hill,  
And shout your message far away  
For all the world to join your play.  
This is the time for laughter; now,  
When time has not set on your brow  
The finger-prints that come with care  
And leave abiding wrinkles there.

Laugh, little fellow, laugh and sing  
And coax the joy from everything;  
Take gladness at its fullest worth  
And make each hour an hour of mirth,  
So that when on the downward slope  
Of life the radiant sky of hope  
Will bend above you all the way  
And make you happy, as today.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.