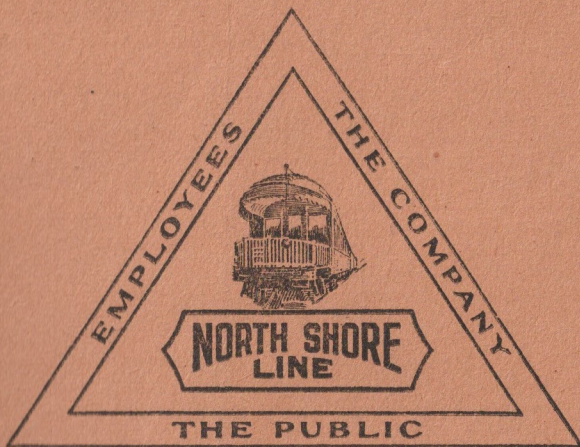


THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

JUNE, 1926

W.B.C.



"The Road of Service"

Skokie Valley Line Boon to Golfers

GOLFERS, and those who play at it, and their name is legion, will find the new Skokie Valley Route of the North Shore Line a great convenience. There are more golf courses within reach of the new line than any other similar length of railroad in the country.

We haven't had a chance to count them all yet, but there must be at least eight or ten that we can think of that can be reached easily over the Skokie Valley Route. That does not include as many more that can be reached from the Shore Line Route.

The golf clubs accessible to the new line are Northwestern, Wilmette, Glenview, North Shore, Sunset Ridge, Illinois Golf, Briar-gate, Knollwood, and Spring Lake. There may be some others for they spring up like mushrooms.

The veteran, Joe Davis, editor of the Chicago Golfer, says the new line is the subject of conversation in every locker room and that the clubs which are some distance away from a station are making arrangements to provide bus service between the stations and the clubhouses.

That would be a simple arrangement. The average golfer refuses to walk unless on the links and then he does a whole lot of unnecessary walking by not taking a direct route from the tee to the cup.

That's MacPherson

"What sort of man is this MacPherson that has lately moved into the neighborhood?"

"Weel, I'll tell ye. I was ower at his hoose to pay him a visit last night and he got oot the bottle tae gie me a dram. I was haudin' the glass an' he was pour-

in' oot the whiskey. I said 'stop' an' he stopped. That's the kind o' a man he is."

Identified

They were seated in the dining car on the Badger Limited bound for Milwaukee.

"Notice that Scotsman?" she remarked to her escort as her eyes turned in the direction of a man seated at another table across the aisle.

"I see a man," replied her escort, "but I don't know that he's a Scotsman. What makes you think he is?"

"He licked his glasses after eating his grapefruit."

They Wouldn't Stretch

He dropped his cane on an elevated platform and made several vain attempts to pick it up. A sympathetic platform man came along, picked the cane up and handed it to him with the cheerful remark: "What's the matter, a touch of lumbago?"

"No, it isn't lumbago," remarked the stranger. "I bought these suspenders in Scotland and they refuse to give."

Dangerous Slot Machine

A lung tester was recently set up on the main street of Edinburgh. You dropped a penny in the slot, blew into a tube and it measured your lung capacity, and if you could blow hard enough to force the hand clear around the dial you got your penny back. The first morning after the tester was set up on the Edinburgh thoroughfare eight Scotchmen were found dead on the sidewalk beside it.

Mother: How did you lose your teeth, son?

Son: Shifting gears on a lolly pop.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
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LUKE GRANT, Editor 1325 Chicago Trust Building

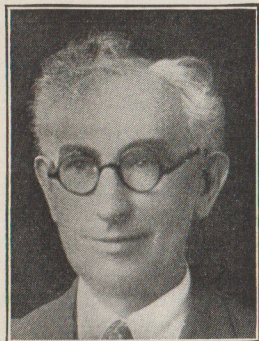
Vol. IX

Chicago, June, 1926



No. 7

Editorial Comment



Luke Grant

WITH a brand new railroad just opened through the Skokie Valley, the best of its kind that has yet been built, our first thought when we sat down at our trusty typewriter was to confine our monthly broadcast to our own affairs. But we changed our mind.

* * *

SECOND thoughts are always the best, anyway, and besides we feel that we are under obligations to save the country. Shakespeare, or some other of the minor poets, once remarked "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The head that wears

a crown—and there are fewer of them than in Shakespeare's time—has an easy job compared with the modern world saver. He can take his crown off and hang it over the bedpost before lying down, but the conscientious world-saver has no way of shirking his duty.

* * *

THERE are so many stirring events going on in this old world of ours that we feel we just have to stick our oar in and tell our statesmen and the people in general what they ought to do. They won't do what we tell them, but that really doesn't matter. When we have pointed out to them the error of their ways we feel we have done our duty. We're not a law enforcement officer but merely a voice in the wilderness. And sometimes we think we are so deep in the wilderness that the voice doesn't count for anything, anyway. But we have to raise it just the same, for this column has to be filled up.

LAST month we made some comments on the British strike which some of our readers seemed to like. If we had the space we might comment on it more intelligently this month in the light of what has happened. It wasn't a "general" strike, for there were more volunteers who offered their services to the government than there were places to fill. We have always felt that is what would happen. The labor leaders soon realized that they had made a mistake and called the strike off unconditionally. It was a rather costly experience to the country, but the lesson was valuable. It proved the futility of the "one big union" idea. Before us as we write is a copy of a newspaper issued in Liverpool during the strike. It is an ordinary mimeographed sheet, most of the news items being condensed to a single line. But the paragraphs are illuminating and show that many union workers refused to obey the strike order. The "one big union" idea has received a jolt and the "general" strike is still a wild, impracticable dream.

* * *

THE coal strike, which was the direct cause of the industrial upheaval, remains unsettled. In view of certain legislation being urged in our own country in connection with farm relief, the British situation is interesting. Under the last agreement between the coal miners and owners it was provided that after operating expenses had been paid the net proceeds in the various mining districts should be pooled and divided on the basis of 88 per cent to the miners and 12 per cent to the owners. It was provided, however, that if the net proceeds were not sufficient to maintain a fixed minimum wage for the miners, the difference should be made up out of the owners' 12 per cent. The plan did not work successfully in some districts, as wages consumed all the proceeds and the owners refused to operate at a loss. The government stepped in and offered a subsidy for nine months. When the subsidy period expired the strike took place. In many of the mining districts the industry could have gone along under the agreement, but as the miners insisted on the minimum wage being national, the profitable properties had to carry the burden of the unprofitable ones and the scheme broke down. The trouble there, as in our own bituminous coal fields, is that the productive capacity was much greater than the consumption and the attempt was made to upset economic law by government ukase. And the end is not yet.

* * *

IN our own country we see an attempt being made to adopt a somewhat similar plan to aid the farmers. Will it work? Several bills are pending in Congress, differing only in matters of detail and administration, to have the government appropriate funds to uphold prices

of farm products. It may be true that the farmer is not receiving remunerative prices for some of his products, but are the methods of relief proposed correct ones? Many of the farmers themselves do not think so and do not want subsidies. But it would appear that a majority of them do and if the proposed legislation is enacted into law and the government goes into the price-fixing business, where is it going to stop? If government price-fixing is good for the farmer, why not apply it to the coal miner, the clothing worker, and others? What effect is it going to have on the majority of the people of the country who are not engaged in agriculture? It will raise the prices of food products, wages and salaries will have to be increased in proportion, which means an increase in the price of the manufactured articles the farmer has to buy, and so on. It would put our old friend the "vicious circle" in operation with a vengeance and the last plight of the farmer might be worse than the first.

* * *

THERE is another angle to the proposed legislation. The present condition of the farmer is due in large measure to the price inflations during the war period. The high prices guaranteed by government during the war encouraged the farmer to greater production of the crops which were most profitable. Land values were inflated because of the greater returns. When deflation set in after the war the farmer was hit hard, but so were merchants and manufacturers. The latter had to take their losses and adjust their businesses to meet the changed conditions. Now if the farmer is to be given a subsidy and government aid to uphold prices for his surplus products, will that not encourage him to increase the surplus? Why should he try to adjust his business to meet the changed economic conditions? If the consumption of farm products has fallen off, will a government subsidy and increased prices for the surplus increase consumption? To the man on the fence it doesn't look like a solution of the problem. The tendency would be to encourage inefficient methods of production. But it looks very much as if the experiment were to be tried in some form or other.

* * *

WE are a great people for trying experiments in legislation, anyway. A few years ago we experimented with an amendment to the Constitution. The amendment was adopted in the regular orderly way provided by the Constitution itself. The law which gave the amendment effect didn't prove popular with a lot of the people, so we are proposing to take a referendum to see whether it should be enforced. That isn't exactly what the proponents of the referendum say it is, but that is what it means. There is a way provided for the re-

peal of such amendments, but it isn't an easy way, so those who do not like the present law propose to take a roundabout way to render it ineffective. Thus, to paraphrase Hamlet, does politics make cowards of us all? A stranger from Mars would get a good "kick" out of the way we do some things.

* * *

WHILE discussing economic questions, a few paragraphs on the North Shore Line and what it is doing to add to the wealth of the country and the prosperity of the people will not be amiss. So many are inclined to look on public service corporations like railroads as being operated for the private gain of those who own stock in them, that they cannot see how they enrich communities and individuals who have no direct financial interest in them. The North Shore Line is only a small railroad, yet in the ten years that it has been operated under the present management it has distributed \$21,000,000 in wages, more than \$2,000,000 in taxes and nearly \$5,000,000 in dividends on capital stock and interest on bonds. It has added about \$22,000,000 of new capital to the investment in property, on which it pays interest to the investors. Practically all of that great sum of money has been paid to persons living in the various communities along the line, who in turn have spent it in trade with merchants, landlords, and others. This has added to the general prosperity of these communities.

* * *

IN a recent article in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, George W. Hinman pointed out some pertinent facts in connection with the building of the new Skokie Valley line. In discussing the question of whether such an enterprise as the new railroad could be classed as productive, and whether it benefited others than the actual owners, Mr. Hinman writes:

* * *

THE popular question is: What do such enterprises "produce for the people?" They offer dividends and interest and profits for "coupon clippers" and capitalists who "live by owning," but what do they offer to others?

The writer drove along the line of the new interurban railway. He found a farmer, near the new tracks, who was preparing to move away. He has sold his farm for \$200,000. His farm was worth \$20,000 before the railway came—100 acres at \$200 an acre. So the railway before being opened has produced \$180,000 net profit for the farmer.

* * *

THE writer found several other farmers who had sold for \$1,500 to \$2,000 an acre the same land that they had bought for one-fifth of these prices. Without doubt, if the writer had interviewed more farm-

ers, he would have more stories of the same sort to tell here. As it is, he has merely suggested the beginning of the new production—the creation of new incomes and values—brought to pass by the new inter-urban railroad.

What has followed the production of the new fortunes for the farmers in question? In some cases, merely new subdivisions of the real estate. In many cases, however, the production of new homes for Chicago families who regard the production of homes for themselves as the most desirable sort of production just now.

* * *

HUNDREDS of these homes are being produced in the form of bungalows, or fair-sized houses where the new railway stations have been established. The production of thousands more is already planned.

It is a dull mind that cannot foresee the enormous amount of home values and real estate values that is to come as a consequence of the new transportation line within the next five years.

But is this all real production—production of American wealth, the kind of production that figures in the calculations of a nation's welfare? Of course it is.

Real estate, improved and unimproved, city and country, is figured as nearly half the wealth that has been piled up in the United States up to date. The total value is somewhere around \$150,000,000,000. Therefore, whatever has brought to pass the \$150,000,000,000, whatever is adding to the \$150,000,000,000, must be counted as productive enterprise in the best sense of the words.

* * *

A RAILROAD that makes it possible to produce homes for families as well as fortunes for farmers, must pass as productive.

But why all this argument to prove something which seems fairly plain? Because, in the first place, it is only at the beginning of a business enterprise like this electric railroad that its real work and accomplishments can be understood. Once established, the road comes to be regarded as a matter of course, as something that always has been there, and therefore as in no way responsible for the creation of the homes, villages, cities and industries along its line.

Because, in the second place, the men who put in the ten millions in this case, for example, will be denounced as drones in the hive of American industry. Although without their enterprise hundreds of millions that will figure in the nation's wealth ten years hence never would come to pass, these same men will be reproached with being "non-producers" and "parasites."

FOR these reasons, the facts are made clear while still fresh. In some way, the truth should be popularized that the man who hoes beans or hills of potatoes is not the sole and only producer of the things we live by. There are others!

* * *

HAVING done our duty, with the assistance of Mr. Hinman, we are going to call it a day and sign off until next month.

Chicago-Milwaukee Trains Now Run on Skokie Valley Route

*Running Time Reduced and Direct Through
Service Provided for Libertyville
and Mundelein*

MAKING a new record for rapid construction work the Skokie Valley Route of the North Shore Line was opened to regular traffic on June 5, less than one year from the date on which the first ground was broken.

The opening marked the most important development in suburban transportation that has taken place in the Chicago metropolitan area in many years. A vast section in the far-famed Skokie Valley, the choicest spot in northern Illinois for country homes, which was largely inaccessible in the past, has been brought within a few minutes' ride of the great metropolis of the west.

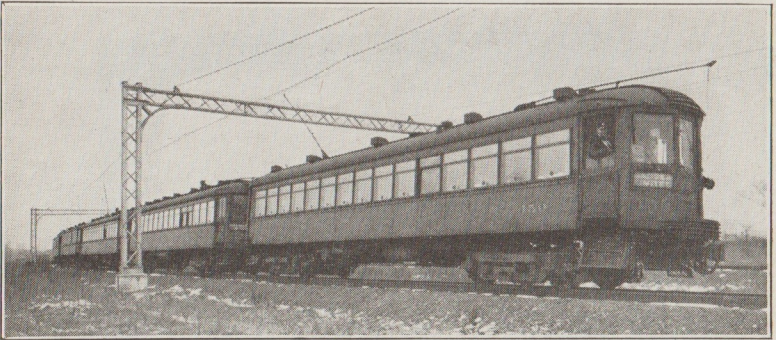
Opportunity for suburban development is not the only public benefit which the opening of the new railroad has brought. Chicago and Milwaukee, the two great cities on Lake Michigan, which have enjoyed the fast and frequent service of the North Shore Line for several years, have been brought closer together through the opening of the new route. Racine and Kenosha, two of the bus-

iest industrial cities in Wisconsin, have been moved nearer Chicago, for today distance is measured by minutes rather than by miles.

At the west end of the line the hustling villages of Libertyville and Mundelein have a transportation service that they have looked forward to for years. They are now within easy reach of Chicago with a train every hour in both directions giving them a direct service.

The cities served by the Shore Line Route of the North Shore Line also benefit by the opening of the new railroad, although they are not directly served by it. Routing of most of the Chicago-Milwaukee trains through the Skokie Valley relieves the congestion on the tracks along the shore and makes it possible to give these suburbs a more frequent service than they enjoyed before. A new Limited service between Chicago and Waukegan has been installed with the opening of the new line, and an Express service between Chicago and Highwood.

Trains in the new Chicago-Waukegan Limited service make only



The Badger Limited on New Skokie Valley Route

Limited stops, which means one stop in each city. This gives Waukegan a faster service than it had before and a train every half hour. The Highwood Express trains run every half hour and make all Express stops. This gives the cities along the lake from Evanston to Highwood four trains an hour in both directions, with an additional nine northbound and seven southbound Chicago-Milwaukee trains daily, which are still routed over the old line.

The foregoing summary gives an idea of what the Skokie Valley Route means to the communities served by the North Shore Line. To provide this service the North Shore Line expended approximately \$10,000,000 on right of way and construction.

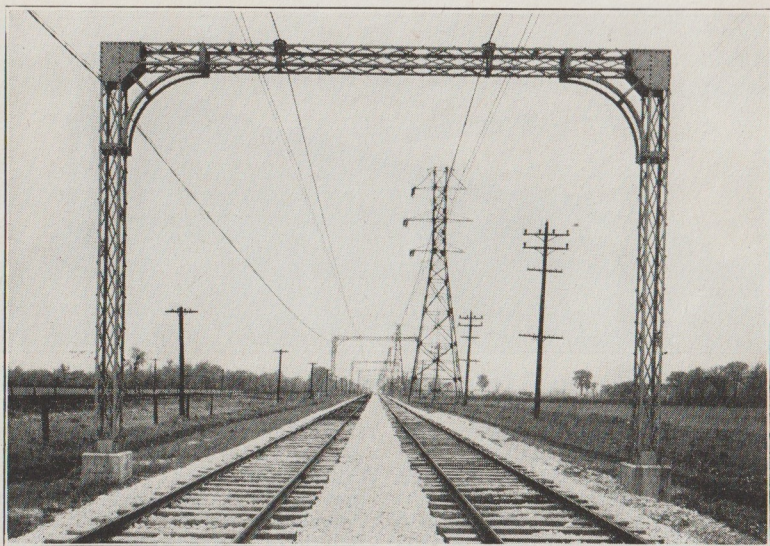
The first section of the line running from a connection with the tracks of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company at Howard street and extending westward to Dempster street in Niles Center, was completed and placed in operation on March 28, 1925. It was opened in eleven months after work was started. Since the opening of the first section it has been operated exclusively by the Rapid Transit Company as a part of its system.

Work on the second section from

Dempster street north through the Skokie Valley to Lake Bluff, a distance of nineteen miles, was begun in June, 1925, and has been completed within a year. The length of the new railroad from Howard street to its connection with the Libertyville Branch west of Lake Bluff is twenty-four miles all double-tracked, making a total with the necessary yards and rebuilding of the West Line from Lake Bluff to North Chicago of approximately 58 miles of single track.

In the construction of the new line every type of the modern high-speed electrified railroad may be seen. From its junction with the Rapid Transit Lines at Howard street the new line goes under Chicago avenue and the tracks of the Northwestern steam railroad in a subway. It continues west in an open cut running under Ridge avenue and a number of other through streets. Coming up to the surface near Asbury avenue the railroad gradually rises on a solid fill embankment and on open steel structure and crosses the drainage canal and McCormick boulevard on a viaduct 960 feet in length and 35 feet in height at the highest point.

In a distance of about three



Stretch of Straight Track on Skokie Valley Route

miles from Howard street to the point near Hamlin avenue where the new line reaches the surface four different types of construction are seen—subway, depressed tracks in open cut, elevated tracks on dirt embankment and open steel trestle work.

In the construction of the line more than 1,000,000 cubic yards of dirt had to be moved, most of it having to be hauled from a distance of several miles.

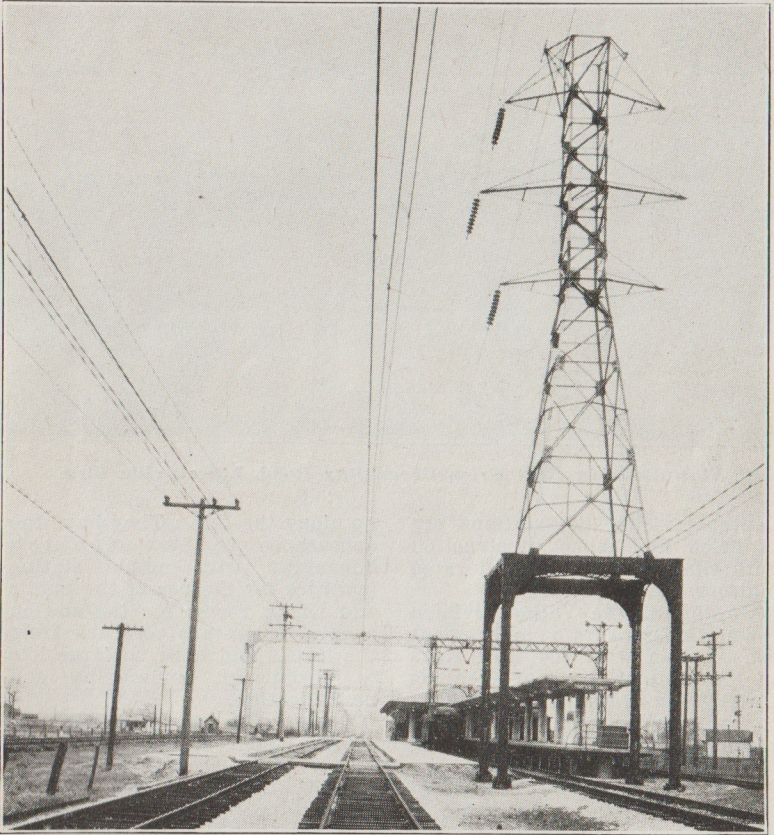
At the beginning of the construction work on the Niles Center division it was necessary to construct a large sewer to drain surface water. This sewer extends from a point west of Ridge avenue to the drainage canal. At the deepest point the roadbed is below the level of Lake Michigan, making it necessary to install a pumping system to pump the surface water into the sewer.

In building the new line, every method known in the engineering

world was adopted to make the road the best that could be built. The main idea of the builders was to have a railroad that could be operated at high speed with safety and comfort combined. As far as possible grade crossing interference has been eliminated by going under or over important thoroughfares in subways and viaducts,

The privately-owned right of way is 150 feet in width, allowing for further tracks in the future as traffic conditions may warrant. There are comparatively few curves on the entire line and where they could not be avoided they are built on a wide radius, allowing for operation at a high rate of speed.

All overhead construction is of the catenary type, which largely eliminates the possibility of trolley shoes jumping the trolley wire when a train is moving at a high rate of speed.



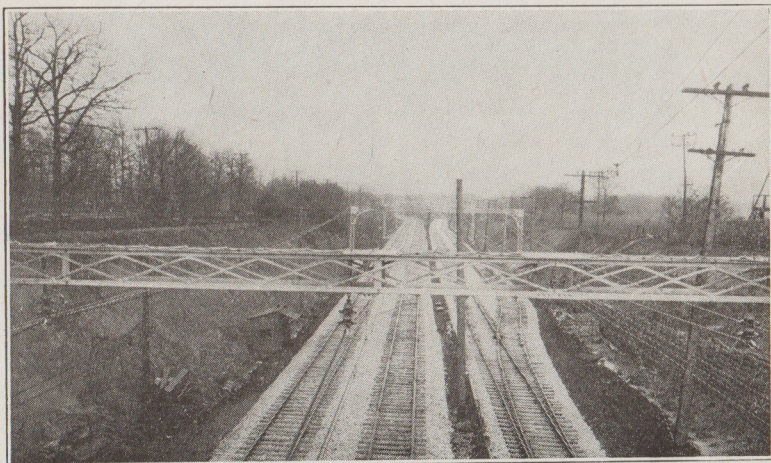
Dempster Street, Niles Center, Showing Transmission Tower of Public Service Company Raised to let Rapid Transit Trains into Terminal

Electric energy for the new line is supplied through six automatic substations which have all the latest improvements known to the electric engineering profession. The third rail contact system is used on the east end of the Niles Center division where the tracks are elevated or depressed and the overhead catenary construction where the tracks are on the surface.

The roadbed is stone-ballasted, all the way upward of 100,000 cubic yards of ballasting having been used.

The rails are 100-lb and 80-lb. in weight and they are laid on ties that have been treated with creosote.

There are seventeen passenger stations on the line from Howard Street to the junction with the Libertyville Branch. On the Niles



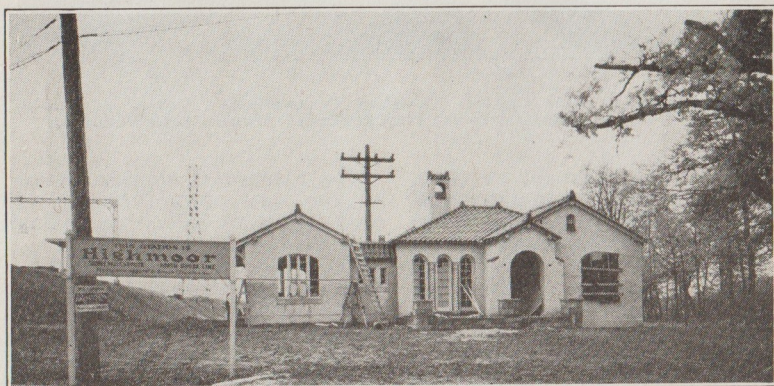
View Looking East From Green Bay Road, Libertyville Line

Center division the stations are of brick and stone construction with tiled roofs and the elevated platforms are cement.

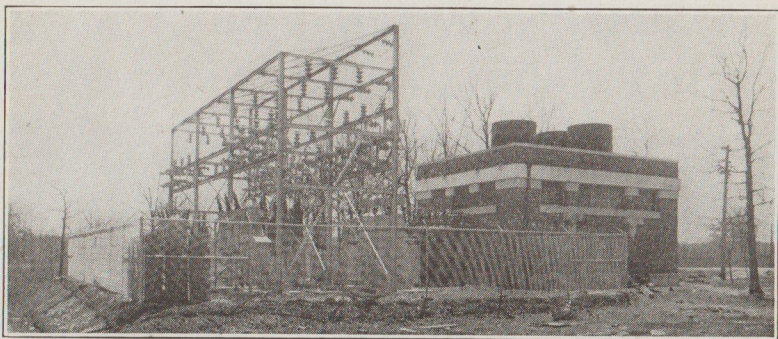
On the Skokie Valley division the stations are frame and cement construction with red tiled roofs in the Spanish style of architecture. They are built with a view to conforming with the type of residences that are rapidly going

up along the line. They have the appearance of neat Spanish bungalows with ample station facilities for the use of the public and living rooms for the station agents. They are set back from the tracks and built on large lots to permit of landscaping and beautification.

One of the important features of the construction work is the



Type of Spanish Architecture Stations, Skokie Valley Route



Type of Automatic Substation, Skokie Valley Route

system of interlocking plants. There are three interlocking plants on the new line, one 24-lever mechanical plant at Dempster Street, one 31-lever electric plant at Skokie with 400,000 feet of wire and one 55-lever plant at South Upton with 700,000 feet of wire.

The opening of the Skokie Valley Route reduces materially the running time of trains between Chicago and Milwaukee in addition to providing a direct ser-

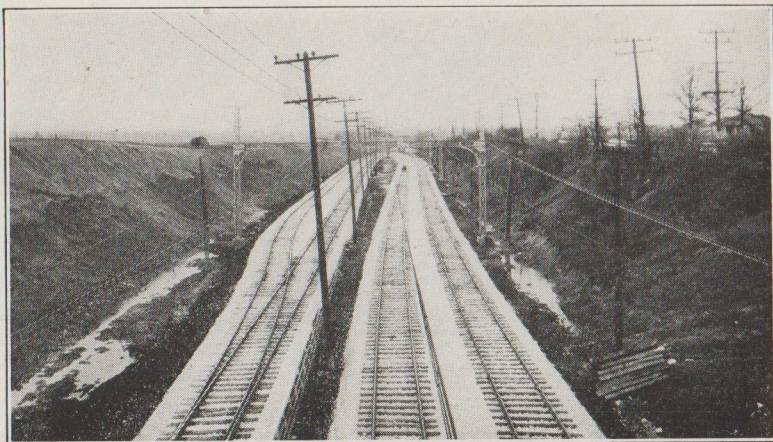
vice from Chicago to Libertyville and Mundelein.

All non-stop Chicago-Milwaukee trains are routed over the Skokie Valley Line and the running time has been reduced to a flat two hours from Adams and Wabash in the Loop to Sixth and Sycamore streets in the business heart of Milwaukee. On the other through trains making stops at North Chicago, Waukegan, Kenosha and Racine the running time is two hours and five minutes.

The running time of trains from



View at Upton "Y" Skokie Valley Route



View West From Green Bay Road, Libertyville Line

the Loop to Libertyville over the new line is one hour and eight minutes and one hour and thirteen minutes to Mundelein. An hourly service has been installed to Libertyville and Mundelein from 5:15 A. M. to 10:15 P. M., the trains making all necessary stops at stations along the Skokie Valley.

The opening of the new line was accomplished without a hitch. The first non-stop train to travel up the Skokie Valley was the Badger Limited and it arrived at North Chicago on the second. In fact all trains made schedule time on the first day the line was opened and rode as smoothly as they would have done on an old railroad. That is a high tribute to the construction engineers and the quality of their work.

On June 24, the line will be subjected to the hardest test ever given a new railroad when hundreds of thousands will be carried over it to the closing exercises of the great Eucharistic Congress at Mundelein. Everything has been

done to insure the safe handling of the crowds and there is no doubt that the North Shore Line will acquit itself creditably on that occasion as it has in the past.

The territory served by the Skokie Valley Route is the most picturesque in this section of the state. Landscapes which would inspire painters and poets are unfolded in endless beauty as the swift-moving trains rush through the valley.

That the territory opened for settlement is appreciated by thousands of Chicago citizens who wish to establish homes out where the air is pure, is seen in the fact that no fewer than seventy-two subdivisions have been opened on the line from Dempster street to Lake Bluff. What a year or two ago was pasture land soon will be the site of thriving communities and the strict zoning rules adopted by the subdividers will preserve the natural beauty of the territory for all time.

Home, School and Workshop Combined at Allendale Farm

*Unique Educational Institution for Boys at
Lake Villa, Ill., Doing Great Work in
Building Good American Citizens*

NEAR Lake Villa, Illinois, on the edge of one of the beautiful lakes which abound in that picturesque section, stands an educational institution that is unique.

Allendale Farm is the outgrowth of a big idea. It is a standing proof of Emerson's dictum that an institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. The shadow is that of Edward L. Bradley, originator of the school who has directed its destinies for upward of thirty years, and who has seen his idea bring forth fruit in greater abundance and of better quality than even he anticipated.

The big idea behind Allendale Farm is an abiding faith in the American boy. The school is really a protest against the institutional form of education. At Allendale the boy is given an opportunity to develop in a natural way. He is given the utmost freedom to follow the natural bent of his inclinations, with due regard to the right of others. Initiative and individuality in the boy are encouraged instead of being crushed as is so often the case in educational institutions. He is taught to do right because it is right, rather than through fear of punishment should he do wrong. And given the right environment and encouragement, the boy almost invariably will choose to do the right thing. That is the idea of Mr. Bradley, famili-

arly known as "Captain." That is the idea he has followed throughout his life work among boys and the Bradley Club of Chicago, the Alumni Association of Allendale, is convincing proof that the idea is a sound one.

The spirit behind the teaching at Allendale Farm is well expressed in the lines of our favorite poet Burns when he says:

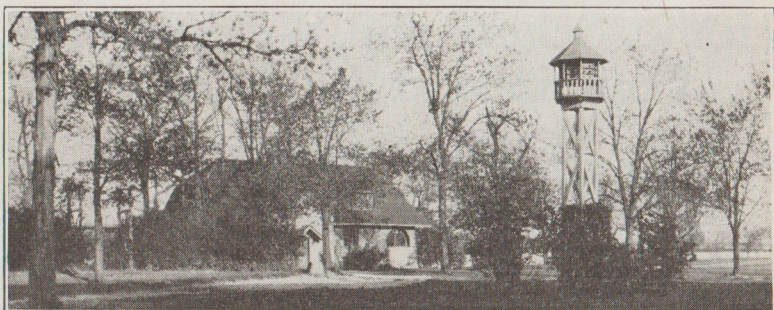
The fear 'o hell 's the hangman's
whip,

To haud the wretch in order;
But whaur ye feel your honor
grip,

Let that aye be your border.

Boys at Allendale do the right thing because they are taught to feel where "honor grips."

On a recent visit to Allendale Farm before we began our rounds of the institution, we had a few minutes of entertaining chat with Captain Bradley. He disclosed the whole philosophy of his teaching in a single phrase or two. In telling us something of the beginning of his work among boys and his study of various institutions he said: "When a child wanted an extra glass of water he held up one finger, or he would hold up two fingers if he wished more bread. Absolute silence was the rule. That made my blood boil and the deeper I went into the subject the more I became convinced that the system was wrong. The more I studied the various systems the madder I got, so I



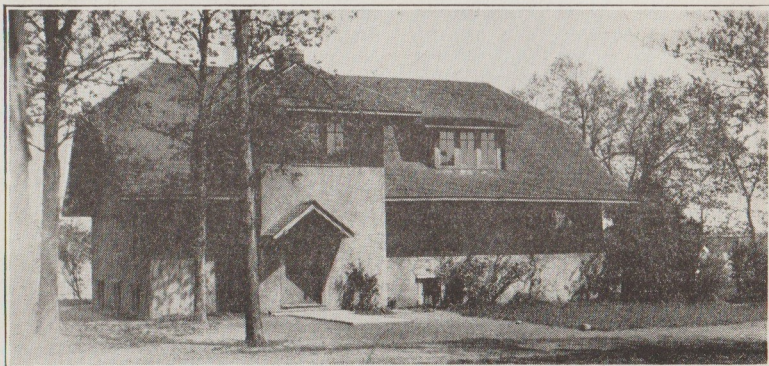
View of Cottage Allendale Farm, Lake Villa, Ill.

tried something different and you can see the results for yourself."

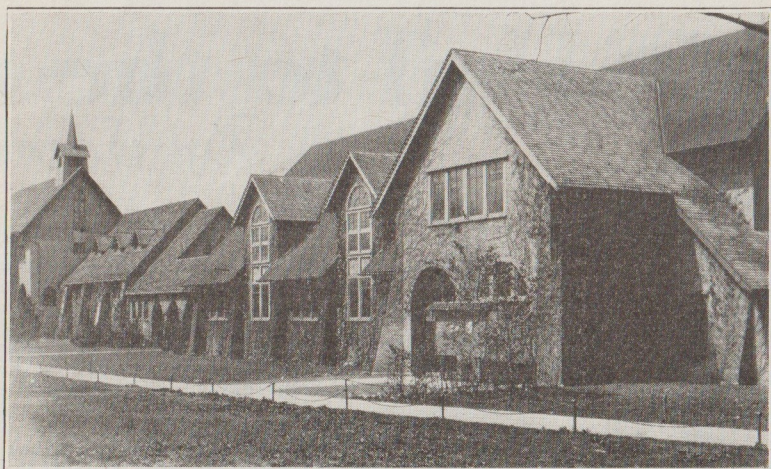
The results are quite apparent as the visitor goes through the various buildings. There are 100 boys attending the school at the present time and they are housed in seven detached cottages, each cottage being under the charge of a house mother. Mr. Bradley's aim is to provide additional cottages as circumstances will permit, so that not more than twelve boys will be housed in one cottage. At present sixteen boys are assigned to one cottage, but even that number does not seem large, for the cottages are spacious and homelike. There is a large living

room with a fine fireplace in each cottage, most of them have radios installed, they are plainly but comfortably furnished and a kindly mother watches her brood of boys with a tenderness that many of them never experienced until they went to Allendale Farm.

Our American public school system is perhaps the best in the world. We used to feel, personally, that if it had a weak spot, it was in the fact that there was not enough direct connection between the classroom and the workshop. This in recent years, at least in Chicago, has been largely overcome by the splendid system of manual training for boys and



Administration Building Allendale Farm



Chapel, Gymnasium and School Buildings Allendale Farm

domestic science classes for girls, and it has been brought about without sacrificing any of the advantages which come from a cultural education.

The educational standards at Allendale Farm are as high as those in our public schools. The teachers on the average are paid higher salaries than are the teachers in our public schools in Chicago. The boys at Allendale range from the fifth to the ninth grade, so that the student completes a grammar school course and one year of high school. Through arrangements with the high school in the vicinity, the boys from Allendale may live at the farm and go to high school for three years, so that he graduates from Allendale Farm with a high school education.

In our rounds of the school we noticed some of the boys engaged in household duties, for that is a part of their education. They help in the kitchen, wait on table, make up beds and do everything else that has to be done, besides at-

tending to the live stock and working a 261-acre farm under the direction of one farm manager. They do their work as though they enjoyed it, as they really do, for there is a wonderful store of energy and animal spirits in the American boy when it is given vent as it is at Allendale in the way the boy himself wishes.

It is an interesting sight to watch children at play in one of the wonderful playgrounds for which Chicago is famed all over the world.

While hundreds are enjoying the slides, swings and other contrivances provided in these playgrounds, under the guidance of a trained playground director, one may see a few small shavers digging holes in a vacant lot and evidently enjoying it more than the slides and swings. We suppose that there must be direction in play, as there must be in work, but somehow we always sympathize with the boy who wants to "direct" his own play.

That is what the Allendale boy

Hail to the American Boy!

By Samuel H. Moore

¶ Youth is the period of building in habits, hopes and faiths, and it provides the opportunity to do something and to become somebody.

¶ Boys' Week is America's week—the parades, entertainments, drills and other activities arranged in the boys' honor are ocular demonstrations of the "stuff" in American manhood.

¶ It is hoped that the men of America, by the institution of Boys' Week, have been reminded of their boyhood days and of how vital a thing life is to a growing boy.

¶ Home training plays the most important role in creating the best type of boyhood and in moulding character, particularly from birth to the age of six or seven.

¶ From seven to fourteen the teacher awakens interest, kindles enthusiasm and stimulates within the youth a spirit of love and pursuit of knowledge.

¶ From fourteen to the age of maturity is the period which presents peculiar temptations and dangers—in many cases the home influence slackens, the school days are over and the youth at this point is most likely to be ensnared.

¶ The question of the training and care of our youth—more especially of "our boys"—during the adolescent period, presents a problem of serious concern to mothers and fathers—particularly to fathers.

¶ Every father should make companions of his boys, and men who have no boys can easily find opportunity to interest themselves in boys who have no fathers—it is just a matter of acquiring a good habit.

¶ Every man knows that any boy who is allowed to feel the influence of a good, clean boys' club, scout organization or other intelligently administered play or character-building organization, rarely, if ever, fails to develop into a distinct asset to the community.

¶ "Scratch the green rind of sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come."

¶ So it is with the teaching of youth, which makes impressions on the mind and heart that are to last forever.

¶ Men are but boys grown up, but with the advantage of training that should make passions the servants of their will.

¶ The chief difference between men is energy, will, purpose, and determination, and dependent upon the degree with which we use these advantages, we either back-slide, stand still or progress.

¶ Get the habit of being progressive and the practice of taking an intense interest in the welfare of "our boys" will develop into a regular daily routine in the lives of every American man.

¶ The Boy Scouts of America provide the accredited environment for every American boy.

¶ Outside the home, your boy is secure, if he is under the influence of the fundamentals behind the Scout movement.

¶ Your boy—my boy—everybody's boy, should be a Scout.

¶ Your country awaits the decision of American fathers.





Art Class at Work on Bank of Cedar Lake, Allendale Farm

may largely do. Of course, there must be some discipline, and no doubt there is, but it didn't appear to us to be over-emphasized. The boys we met were alert and respectful, but they gave the impression of being so because they wished to be, rather than through fear of discipline. Fine, healthy sturdy chaps they are, too, but then they hardly could be otherwise in such an environment.

As we watched the boys wash dishes, wait on the table and perform other household duties, the thought occurred that in these days of woman's rights and kitchenette apartments, these boys later would make ideal husbands.

The Allendale boys are proud of their farm accomplishments. Last year they won 116 ribbons for their cattle, hogs, sheep and other live stock. The farm has 22 head of Holstein cows, all pure bred, 45 sheep, 5 ponies and a lot of hogs, chickens, ducks and geese. One boy expressed a desire to go into the chicken-raising business and he was provided with space for his chicken houses and yard and is making good.

We asked how the boys found time to work the farm and pursue their school studies. Mr. Bradley said they began work on the farm at 6 o'clock in the morning and put in one hour before breakfast. They return to their farm work again after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Life isn't all work at Allendale, however. The boys have an excellent gymnasium and a basketball team that last year won 38 games out of 40 games played. They have all kinds of aquatic sports summer and winter, for the school is on the edge of Cedar Lake.

Allendale Farm is the outgrowth of a summer camp for boys, started by Mr. Bradley in 1894 at Fox Lake. The following year the camp was located at Cedar Lake, which marked the beginning of Allendale as a summer work. Mr. Bradley succeeded in interesting others in his idea of giving the boy a chance and in 1897 the present school was founded as a permanent institution. It began with a class of 12 boys and 3 adults on forty acres of leased land. For several years the boys



Raising Chickens, Allendale Farm

in residence have numbered 100 and the adults 25. The farm has been extended to 261 acres. The property is held in trust by the Allendale Association of Chicago.

The school is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, as it has no endowment, nor does it receive any financial support from the state. It is operated on what is known as "The Boy Plan,"

under which individuals may provide all, or any part of the \$400 a year that is necessary for the support and education of any particular boy. There are a number of big-hearted business men in Chicago who are supporting one or more boys and we believe the investment is well worth while.

The boys at Allendale come from many countries. The ma-



Boys Band, Allendale Farm



A Graduating Class, Allendale Farm

jority are American boys, but there are some German, Swedish, English, Scotch, Austrian, Bohemian, Danish, Hungarian, Armenian, Assyrian and Korean. It is a perfect league of nations and entirely free from racial prejudice.

Many of the boys through force of circumstances have been deprived of the home advantages and

parental care to which every boy is entitled, and it is to supply that home atmosphere that Allendale Farm is conducted and maintained. Its Alumni Association, known as the Bradley Club, has a membership of 1,150, many of them men who are holding responsible positions in the business world.

There is no other institution just like it anywhere, which seems a pity. Mr. Bradley was a pioneer in the "cottage" idea of a school as distinguished from the large institution, and that idea has since been copied by others. But where it is unique is that no other school for boys so nearly approaches providing a real home atmosphere. Here the boy receives an individualized love and care, so essential in the formative period of his life, as well as an education.

The boy problem is the most important in our social life. Allendale points the way to the solution. It is well worth a visit and we are sure that those who pay it such a visit will leave with renewed faith in the American boy, the hope of our republic.



A Happy Family

Letters of Commendation

WHAT everyone says is likely to have some truth in it. Of course there are exceptions to that general rule as in the case of the Scotch lassie who thought she might hasten matters a little by giving her sweetheart a prod. She asked: "Dae ye ken what they're a' sayin' Jock?"

"No, what are they sayin'?"

"They're a' sayin' we're gaen tae be married."

"We'll cheat them, lassie."

Well, they all say that North Shore Line service is the best there is, so it must be true. It isn't hard for us to believe it, but we are going to print a few letters from others who seem to think as we do.

Young Peoples' Club Enjoys Dunes Outing

We have said before that chartering a North Shore Line motor coach is the one certain way to insure a successful group outing trip. The following letter seems to bear out our statement:

When the Young Peoples' Service League of the Church of the Advent, Episcopal, Chicago, decided to hold a day's outing at the Indiana Dunes on May 16, the problem of transporting the party of 32 members who had signified their intentions of making the journey, was quickly and easily solved when one of the group suggested a North Shore Line motor coach, adding, to clinch his argument, "You can't beat their service."

And so it was, when the day arrived, that a motor coach loaded comfortably with the merry group and enough rations to ade-

quately supply the needs of an army camp for at least a week, started early in the morning from Logan and Francisco boulevards, Chicago, for Tremont, where they intended to encamp for the day and enjoy the numerous scenic and recreational advantages that the region offers. Arriving there 2½ hours later, after a short stopover en route at Gary, where the "gang" added several dollars to the profits of a soda fountain and candy stand of the Hoosier city, the party unloaded and prepared for the most enjoyable day's outing they have ever experienced.

Neither were they disappointed. The day developed to be the most summerlike of the year. The thermometer registered between 85 and 90 degrees, but the cool lake breezes tempered the heat and partly alleviated the torture that would have resulted from sunburn and "Old Sol" had been allowed to reign supreme.

What ensued during the day was, as Octavus Roy Cohen might say, "Nobody's business but our own." Suffice to say that we indulged in enough exercise to make us greatly fatigued, and the contemplation of the comfortable motor coach trip back to Chicago was indeed a pleasant one.

But what I have been wanting to say since the beginning of this letter is that the North Shore Line made 32 strong friends and boosters for itself after that trip. The motor coach, under the expert guidance of Operator Ray Hanson, who, from the beginning was accepted as one of the group, proved that your service

"can't be beat" for group outings. In fact, some of the most enjoyable moments of the Dunes trip were experienced while aboard the coach. The careful driving of Ray set an example for other drivers to follow. His congeniality is not very often encountered in men engaged in serving the public.

Another trip will probably develop later in the season, and when it does you may rest assured that a North Shore Line motor coach will be the only means of transportation that will satisfy the Club.

Sincerely yours,
EMILIE HOFFMAN,
 Secretary.

The North Shore Line is ready any time to help you enjoy your group outings. The moderate rates in effect in the Motor Coach Department enhances this opportunity. Any group can enjoy themselves as much as the writer of this letter says her Club did by simply getting in touch with our Traffic Department.

Agent Returns Purse; Everybody Happy

North Shore Line personnel have often been commended for their honesty in returning articles and valuables lost on our property. Another letter testifying to this characteristic of our employees was received recently. It was addressed to J. W. Simons, Superintendent of Transportation, and follows:

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you because I wish you to know of an incident which occurred on May 5, which I will remember a lifetime.

It proved to me that there are a few honest people in the world yet. One of them is Miss Elizabeth Tews, agent at the Fort

Sheridan station, who has been employed by the North Shore Line for many years, and is respected by all the people with whom she comes in contact.

On the morning I previously mentioned I lost a pocketbook containing \$50 cash and a ring. This happened between 12 and 1 o'clock. Miss Tews was going off duty at this time and saw the pocketbook. Her train was coming so she did not have time to examine it immediately, but she took it with her and delivered it personally to the Lost and Found Department in Greenwood next morning.

I discovered my loss next day in Glencoe, where I had stayed overnight, when about to purchase a ticket to North Chicago. When I started to pay for the ticket I found myself without any money.

My friends tell me that I was fortunate to lose the pocketbook in a North Shore Line station, especially where Miss Tews was on duty, for then it was sure that I would recover it.

I want it known that I appreciate Miss Tews' courtesy and honesty and I hope she gets credit for it for she certainly deserves it.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) **JOSEPHINE DRAKE.**

Honesty is the policy of North Shore Line employees. The old adage of "finders keepers, losers seekers" does not apply on the North Shore Line.

Baseball Manager Commends Conductor

The writer of this letter, who is manager of the Kenosha Twin Sixes, one of the North Shore's star baseball teams, proves that he is a good rooter for teamwork, whether it be the transportation

game or a baseball game. He writes:

In my opinion your slogan "The Road of Service" should be changed to "The Road of Courteous Service."

Last week going into Chicago with a party of friends to attend the ball game at Cubs Park, we were fortunate enough to be passengers in the coach of which L. J. Goldenstein was conductor. His courteous service and replies to our many queries as to the best way to reach the park is just another instance of training and selected personalities of your personnel.

Very truly yours,
HARRY MYERS.

North Shore Line employes are always glad to lend a helping hand to our patrons, and any information they can pass on is given with pleasure. And when it comes to information why the boys are just chock full of it. Just ask them and see!

Chicagoan Notes and Praises Courtesy

One can't help noticing the efficient and courteous manner in which North Shore Line employes go about their work. The first indication of it comes with the buying of the ticket. Then the patron finds it among the trainmen. In fact it seems to permeate the atmosphere all through the journey. The following letter better explains just what we are trying to say. The writer is a member of the firm of August Gross Piano Company, Chicago. He says:

I am writing in reference to my experience, in company with Mrs. Gross, on a North Shore Line train between Chicago and Milwaukee recently.

I was considerably impressed with the efficient manner in which the conductor of the car

in which we were riding handled his duties. It was quite noticeable to any observing passenger.

If I am not mistaken it is the custom to announce the approaching station but once. This man called each station never less than twice and spoke very clearly in order that those who did not catch it the first time got it the second if they were interested in doing so. Upon approaching Milwaukee a woman accompanied by a young child asked the conductor to direct her to a certain street in Milwaukee and he spared no pains in making it clear to her. After arriving in Milwaukee he went so far as to tell her what street car to take, as she appeared in meager circumstances and unable to engage a taxi. The woman stated that she had intended to take a cab to the address she sought, but that after his instructions she thought she could save the cost of doing so. I consider this splendid work on the part of your employe, whom I learned upon arriving in Milwaukee was Mr. Burghardt.

Yours truly,

W. A. GROSS.

It's just another instance of the interest our employes take in our patrons, Mr. Gross. It is such little personal services that make the traveling public appreciate the North Shore Line.

Prairie Club Now a North Shore Booster

When the Prairie Club of Chicago, an organization to promote outdoor recreation, decides to take a long trip to some distant point too far to hike all the way, the members frequently call upon the North Shore Line to supply the transportation service. Such was the case recently when they went to Indiana. Here's what they have

to say regarding the service rendered them:

I am writing to express my very sincere appreciation of the excellent service furnished my party last Sunday to Oak Hill, Indiana, by your motor coach department.

Your coaches are splendid—truly "parlor coaches" in their comfortable seats and easy-riding springs.

We were especially pleased with the driver assigned us, for he handled the coach in such an experienced and efficient manner on that crowded Dunes Highway that all of us felt we were perfectly safe in his hands. I am sorry that in my hurry to leave the coach at 67th Street and Stony Island Avenue, where parking is difficult, I was unable to express my thanks to him in person and wish you would do so for me.

Again thanking you and your Company for its efficient management of my small party, and with pleasant anticipation of again enjoying your service for my Prairie Club Fourth of July weekend party to Sawyer, Michigan, in conjunction with the South Shore Line as arranged with your Mr. Peterson and R. O. McIntosh, I remain,

Very truly yours,
(Miss) **THIRZA RIGGS.**

We can assure you that the North Shore Line has as much pleasure in serving you as you had in using the service. And we're ready to repeat the order any time it suits your convenience, Miss Riggs.

Motor Coach Service Pleases Girl Scouts

North Shore Line motor coach service continues to increase in popularity and is steadily becoming more in demand for special

party trips. The latest evidence to this effect is shown in a recent trip to Chicago made by a group of Highland Park girl scouts. This letter was received by Charles W. Zornig, Motor Coach Supervisor, from Miss Elizabeth Doty, captain of the girl scouts. She says:

Just a note to express my great thanks for all you did for the Girl Scouts last Saturday, May 1. Everything was very nice and the drivers were more than accommodating.

I appreciate the service given us. The whole trip was delightful and we all had lots of fun.

On behalf of the Girl Scouts of Highland Park please accept my hearty thanks.

The motor coach operators who were in charge during this trip were Charles Fuchs, Lyman Dean and John Jappas.

Waukegan Teachers Commend Service

A group of students from the Waukegan Township Secondary Schools recently made a trip over the North Shore Line. This letter to R. S. Amis, General Agent, Passenger Department, resulted:

Miss Higley and I wish to thank you for the service extended to our group of students by the North Shore Line on Monday, May 17. The trainmen were most careful and courteous, and their attention was certainly appreciated.

Respectfully yours,
OLIVE E. HANSON.

Brief but well put. We're always glad to hear from our patrons.

Isn't It True?

"Weel, Jock, an' hoo is the world treatin' you?"

"Verra seldom, Tam, verra seldom."

With the Bulletin Family

THE great date has been set. The BULLETIN FAMILY OUTING will be held Saturday afternoon, July 31. Put a mark on your calendar.

We took a solemn referendum on the subject and the date agreed upon was the unanimous choice of those voting. Maybe we ought to tell you how the referendum was taken. It's a mighty good way to do such things and a little unusual.

Took a Referendum

We looked at the calendar and noticed that there are five Saturdays in July. We decided that the fifth Saturday would be a good date for the Family Outing. So we decided to hold a referendum. First we asked Luke Grant how July 31 suited him and he said it was all right. Then we asked the editor of the BULLETIN what he thought about it and he favored July 31. Naturally we agreed with the choice, which made it unanimous.

Wasn't that an easy way to get a unanimous vote? Do you know we have seen some referendums held that did not produce as satisfactory results, and that's no joke.

Now for the arrangements. They were agreed upon in practically the same way and by the same vote. Of course, they are subject to change, but they will probably stand, although another referendum can be held in a few seconds if necessary.

The Time and Place

The Family will gather at the North Shore Line station at Adams and Wabash in time to get aboard a special train leaving at 1 o'clock P. M. Chicago time, which

means 12 o'clock standard time. The special train will proceed over the Skokie Valley Route to Mundelein, where it will be met by motor coaches. The Family will then be taken around St. Mary of the Lake at Mundelein and proceed by motor coaches from that point to Round Lake.

On reaching Round Lake the Family can do what it darn well pleases for a few hours. Anyone who wishes to fish can do so. If any one cares to go swimming, the lake is there and the water's fine. Those who like Don Mike wish to sleep under a shade tree may do so undisturbed, although we can hardly imagine anyone wishing to do that. Life is too short to waste time in soul-stupifying slumber on such an occasion. What we mean is that everyone may enjoy himself or herself in any way he or she chooses.

The Annual Dinner

Not having consulted George P. Renehan at this time, we will not set a definite hour for dinner, but that is a simple matter. The dinner will be in Mr. Renehan's hotel and we can assure you in advance that it will be satisfactory. We'll probably hold it about 6 o'clock, but that can be arranged to suit Mr. Renehan's convenience, as we do not wish to interfere with his regular summer guests.

No Speeches Allowed

There will be no speeches. That ought to please everyone. It will be pretty hard to keep the editor and a few others quiet, but we are determined that no one is going to be compelled to listen to a speech. Speeches are worse than alleged poetry and usually it is

pretty bad. We're just going to have a good time, that's all.

After dinner, when we get ready, the return trip will be made by motor coaches to Lake Bluff and North Chicago where those northbound can get a Milwaukee train and those southbound a train for Chicago or maybe stay on the motor coaches to Evanston if they prefer.

Are You Coming?

That seems to cover the arrangements fairly well and in closing we wish to ask those intending to go on the outing to notify us as soon as possible, so that the necessary transportation facilities can be provided. There will be another issue of the BULLETIN before the date set, but it may be well to let us know as long in advance as possible.

All contributors to this column are invited. The married ones are expected to bring their wives and husbands and the single ones their sweethearts. The editor will chaperon the party and he is safe, reasonably sane, and conservative.

Having settled everything on the Family Outing in a manner entirely satisfactory to ourself, we will turn this column over to the contribs.

With pleasure we start the column with our State street milliner, Helen Gainsburg, who is some correspondent. In her best style she writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Here I is honey, (not personal, includes Family) Yo' all ain't aims to hold no picnie widout me.

Naw suh man, yo' kaint agitate nothing no how, widout I'se dere. When dat chicken is eats, dis lil white chile aims to be dere to regales herself wid some of dat eulorium.

Whuff, Lawd Gosh! dat Mr. George Renehan kin pride himself on tellin' fish stories, but I figgers he better not give me no fish to eats fur I'se bin called a poor fish all my born days an' I ain't aims

to do no cannibal stunt and eats myself.

Dat Round Lake sounds to'able, and I likes de watuh, so Mr. Foster Pa, I raises no objections to dat place.

Dat ain't nuthin', but I'se scairt when you say dere is a museum in dat man's hotel lobby. Yo' sho dat man, when he meets up wid dis chile, will not gratify his cravings fo' a new specimen?

Maybe yo' noticed R. H. L. sho is putting on de Ritz wid his "Line contribs." Ain't no use his gettin' uppity count hises pitchers in de paper. So fur cain't see where we needs to worry. Your pitcher in de BULLETIN sho is more beautifuller den his hul equipment of funny faces.

I congranulates yo'. Yo' looks like a million dollars to de Family; but Lawd man, how do we looks to you? Hopes I aint de sole foolishhest one—or does I hab company?

I'se afraid my subscription isn't paid fur, so please, Mister Pa, does I gits to come to de party? I also craves to beg de honor of settin' next to de Honorable Foster Pa. Does I gits de handpainted invitation?

Must I 'pologize to Octavus Roy? Hardly flatter myself that he would recognize the steal.

Where do you get that racket that spring is here? Try again next June. "Come gentle spring"—"ethereal mildness"—very poetic, but not practical this year. "Come" is the correct command.

Ha, discovered! So you are the man who led the congregation in prayer meeting for more rain and snow.

Once upon a time, when I lived on the Nile, my poor friend Antony spelled his name as writen; but in my last contribution you changed the spelling to Anthony. Is that how we moderns spell it?

Cannot close without writing that I still consider the North Shore Line the one and only.

Kindest wishes to you and family.

Sincerely,

Helen Gainsburg.

You surely cop the place of honor since you think it that. But how are we to know you? Better wear a pink carnation, or is that the flower that is commonly used for purposes of identification? The Powder Puff Kids

are going to sit on the other side. Anyway, we surely hope you will be there.

We stand corrected on that Anthony spelling, although we didn't notice that the printer had changed it until you called it to our attention. The modern way of spelling it, we believe, is Tony; at least that seems to be the way they spell it in Cicero. Tony and Cleo.

We are glad to welcome into the fold a new woman correspondent from Winnetka, who writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

The waitress here just brought in the May issue of the BULLETIN, which reminded me that I have been going to write to you for months, but haven't managed, somehow.

I wonder if my name could possibly be put down on your list of subscribers, as I want to make sure of getting my copy regularly. I have just received word to be at the station to meet my mother tomorrow morning, who is coming all the way from Glasgow, Scotland; so you will have another interested reader before long.

The North Shore Line is the first of the wonders of Chicago to be brought to my mother's notice, and I know she will enjoy both the service and the comfort of your trains.

So wishing you every success and only wishing I did not have to wait one whole month until the June issue, but hoping to get it by mail, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Annie Foy.

You are going to get your copy by mail, Miss Foy, at least we are going to see that it is sent you. We appreciate your starting your mother on the right road as soon as she landed in Chicago. We hope she will acquire the habit and we are sure the service she will get on the North Shore Line will prove to be much better than anything she ever had in Glasgow.

Another new woman contributor writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I am writing to beg your pardon for never having contributed anything to the BULLETIN after having received it for so long a time, but I am so old, sick and ornery it seemed to me I should be exempt from writing.

It is contemptible to receive something for nothing, so I write to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness in sending me the BULLETIN. I enjoy reading it from the first to the last page. I wish you and the road for which the BULLETIN stands every success.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. K. Carroll.

Glad to hear from you, Mrs. Carroll, but you must not feel that you are really obligated to write just because you receive the BULLETIN. We like to hear from our readers, especially the women folks, but we wish them to join the Family because they like it, rather than from a sense of obligation. We have the finest bunch of contributors in the world and they write because they like the BULLETIN, or the editor, or the road, or something.

We have two letters from the esteemed Powder Puff Kids of Milwaukee, who were missing from the last issue for reasons which are explained in the latest letter. They write:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Sorry you didn't receive our last letter so it could have appeared in the May issue of the BULLETIN. The letter was written on time, but our Dad carried it in his pocket for two weeks and he would not have mailed it yet if we hadn't noticed it. Please tear it up.

As to the Family Outing you are going to hold, we'd prefer any Saturday in July. We'll leave the date to our foster father to select. We intend going, so you can be sure there'll be two at least to have a good time.

If any of the Milwaukee correspondents are going via the North Shore Line, perhaps we could arrange to take the same train. If this is not possible, please send us

information as to how and where we are to meet the Family.

Hoping the Family comes out in full force, we remain as ever,

The Powder Puff Kids.

Well, Kids, we're not going to tear that letter up. We'd rather tear your Dad up for forgetting to mail it. Should we tear him up, or call him down? Anyway, change your mail carrier because fathers are so unreliable in that respect. We are tickled to think you are to be with us at the Family Outing and will be glad to notify you of the arrangements.

Our ever faithful correspondent, Mrs. Clark of Detroit, is with us this month with the following:

My Dear Mr. Grant:

So you've raised the price of the BULLETIN, have you? That is, the ladies have to write two letters to one for the men. Well, no matter what price you charge, it is worth it; and, of course, no one can object to this boost in price. I'm sure we are all glad to pay it. I am, I know.

The editorial on the great strike in England was very helpful to me. I understand it a great deal better than I did, and I want to thank you for it. I think it so necessary to understand such things, and yet to follow it in the daily press seems such a stupendous job—to me, at least. The BULLETIN editorials are always so up-to-date and so easy to read and understand.

I wish I might be able to say that I was to attend the outing this year, but I guess I can't be there. I know the Family will have a fine time and that it will be as fine a success as last year's outing.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

We are sorry to think you can't be with us on the Family Outing, Mrs. Clark. We haven't forgotten that you were the first woman contrib to the BULLETIN and that you have stuck like a sister all these years.

An Evanston woman correspondent writes:

My Dear Mr. Grant:

Your advertisements of the new Skokie Valley Route emphasize

beauty as well as efficiency. Can not Mr. Budd do something to save the charming triangular plot of ground at the Howard Street station? I do not see why it would not be a logical location for a city park. It is the only bit of green between the Loop and Evanston, and it does seem a shame to have it go for apartments and stores. I realize it must be very valuable property, but so are all the other parks in the city.

I teach music one day a week in Lake Forest. Always enjoy the ride up there and the BULLETIN which I read on the way.

Sincerely yours,

Julia Marshall.

We are fortunate this month in having with us a number of new contribs as well as a lot of the regulars. The Family keeps growing each month which causes us to rejoice. We thank the regulars and welcome the newcomers to the Family fireside.

Our most prolific and dutiful poet, philosopher and friend, Jim Ham, offers the following:

Dear Luke:

May edition lit yesterday and, per usual, I turned to the family first; and right away got all wet with sorrow upon realizin' the fact that Jim Ham'll not be able to pester you all at the 1926 outing, and thinkin' 'bout worry and the likes prompts the following, which maybe you'll pardon under the circumstances:

IT'S YOU

What's the matter when things

Get all gummed up with strife?

What's that which oft times brings Gloom into your cheerful life?

What's that which stifles cheer

And 'd have you wail and grieve, Saturating your thoughts with fear

Until you'd almost believe

There's naught but ill to live for,

And things which once were bright

Hold naught but woe in store

For you in a sorry plight?

What says the sunshine's all been shed

And the birds all ceased their song?

While budding flowers drooped and dead

Proclaim it will not be long

Ere all that was or e'er could be To make for joy or peace

Has vanished 'til you most can see
The world about to cease

Now, really, what's the answer
To all this fret and stew?
This gnawing, throbbing cancer
Which consumes so much of you?
Is it not the you that's in you
That's causing all this woe?
It is not the you that's in you
Which makes you take on so?

So analyze yourself a bit
Give your mind a mental bath,
Then gloomy thoughts'll forthwith
flit
And you'll tread a happier path.
Jim Ham.

You're right, Jim Ham, a happy
mind

And an active working liver,
Will make you think you drive a
Stutz

When the damned thing's but a
flivver.

After copying that stuff, Jim,
we unconsciously dropped into
your style. We beg your pardon
for encroaching on your preserves.
We trust you may be able to
change your plans so you can
be with us at the Family Outing.
Without you we feel it would be
less successful and your absence
would be a great disappointment
to many contribs. Your contemporary,
Loophound, says he'll be
with us if he breaks a leg.

Here's a new one from Munde-
lein. Now that the Skokie Val-
ley Route is open which puts Mun-
delein only a few minutes away,
we hope he will pull a chair up
to the fireside and stay a while.
He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

For some time we have been
riding the North Shore Line and
it has been our profound pleasure
to gaze upon a full rack of North
Shore Bulletins once in awhile, and
we usually find that the Bulletin
rack is on the opposite end of the
car from where we sit, and, as you
know the North Shore line is con-
tinually thronged with people, you
must realize what effort we have
to go through to go from one end
of the car to the other to get a
Bulletin. Of course, we realize
that you would say it was worth

the effort, but nevertheless we feel
that if the Bulletin came to us via
Uncle Sam's prompt delivery ser-
vice we believe that we could really
appreciate it.

Of course, it is our understand-
ing that the Bulletin is "FREE,"
hence our asking for it. I want
you to know that we are not like
the fellow who stood up in the con-
vention at Florida and yelled "WE
WANT LAND" and according to
your version he had several acres
delivered upon the fourth request.

Rest assured that in reciproca-
tion for your kindness for mailing
us the Bulletin and saving us tre-
mendous effort, we will try to keep
you advised of the happenings in
the thriving metropolis known as
Mundelein, the terminal of the
North Shore Line.

Most Sincerely,
Dick Lyons.

Your name goes on the mailing
list, Dick, but that looks like a
dirty dig when you say that if
you got the BULLETIN by mail
you believe you could appreciate
it. Of course, if you say so we'll
go out there and read it to you.
That's the kind of editor we are.

From El Paso, Texas, comes the
following from our former Zion
correspondent Whiz Bang, who
has been missing from the column
for several months:

Dear Luke:

Don't think that I have forgotten
you. The reason I have not writ-
ten is that I just did not have time.
If you consider that I have been in
seventeen states, including Florida
and Oregon, you will admit I was
kept busy. However, I am on my
way now to Florida and when I
get there I'll never leave again. I
have seen California and all inter-
mediate states, but there is no
place like Florida.

I have missed the BULLETIN
and would appreciate it very much
if you will mail it to my temporary
address in El Paso. I want the
last four issues if possible.

It is my intention to visit Chi-
cago again in August, but I am not
sure about that now.

Wishing all the luck to the North
Shore Line and the BULLETIN, I
remain,

Whiz Bang.

We are glad to hear from you
again after your long absence.

Maybe you can hurry that Chicago visit a little and join us on the Family Outing.

Many months ago, maybe it is years, for the time passes quickly, we used to hear from C. G. Tracy of St. Paul. We are glad to welcome him back to the fireside and to learn that he has been a constant reader if not a constant contributor.

He writes:

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know my copy of the Bulletin (North Shore, of course), is reaching me at my new address, and being read through with interest, as usual. The editorials are still representative of true Americanism, and the one on the British strike situation was more enlightening than any I have seen. Also, your jokes are still funny. Have you heard the one about the youth who was left a large sum of money, accumulated by a friend who was bell-hop in Scotland?

I recently read the article by B. C. Forbes in his "Business Today" column, relative to the opening of your new line, and was glad you had noted it and reprinted same in The Bulletin. It should interest North Shore patrons, and I hope will be seen by many who are too far away to be patrons.

Regretting that you can't extend your line up through this territory, so I could ride on it oftener,

Yours very truly,

C. G. Tracy.

Yes, Mr. Tracy, we heard that one about the bell-hop but never learned the exact amount he left. Maybe you can tell us.

Our noted Chicago contrib, O'Slat, offers the following:

Dear Editor Grant:

A pretty young lady accosted me on the street the other day. Her beautiful face was sadly wrinkled with a look of anxiety. At first she seemed to be afraid of coming right up and speaking to me—as if she hated to do it without first being introduced. She must have decided it would be all right under the circumstances, for after a moment's hesitation she approached and gently putting her hand on my arm said: Sorry, sir,

to trouble you; but I'm lost and thought you might be able to set me right."

It took me a moment to recover from the sudden shock of her presence, then finding my tongue again I replied: "Sorry to hear you speak such distressing words. I shall consider it a favor to help you. Where do you wish to go?" She sighed softly before answering. "I was heading for Chicago," she said, "but seem to have lost my bearings. Could you tell me how far away it is?"

For a second I thought she was trying to spoof me, but there still lingered that worried expression, and I decided that she was really serious. "Why, my dear lady," I replied, bringing to the front my best blue book etiquette, "you're in Chicago right now!"

Immediately her face brightened and after thanking me she turned to go. "Wait!" we called after her, "please tell me your name. I'd so like to see you again." She stopped for just a moment. Her eyelids fluttered and I noticed she blushed prettily. "Ah," she sighed, "you've known me for a good many years. I'm merely making my annual pilgrimage to renew acquaintances. I like Chicago and I'm thinking of staying here for a few months. I know you'll recognize me as soon as I tell you my name. I am Miss Summer."

Just then a pleasantly warming breeze came up from the southland, and Miss Summer started dancing lightly down the street. As she gradually faded into the distance she kept turning around and waving her hand at me until at last she disappeared over the horizon. And I—poor, optimistic mortal—went home and shook the mothballs out of my last year's bathing suit, never stopping to consider how fickle ladies sometimes are.

And I, never possessing the faculty of quick thinking, thought later that I should have mentioned to the young lady that if she had only used the North Shore Line she would not have been lost. She could have been in our midst much sooner by jumping a fast flyer on the high speed electrified railroad. But as I said before, the shock of meeting her in such an unconventional manner left me speechless.

Sincerely,

J. Horatius O'Slat.

Speaking for ourself, O'Slat, we should be glad to meet her in any manner, conventional or other-

wise. We have met two or three whom we mistook for her, shed 'em and caught cold. Now we have decided to wear an overcoat the year around.

From a noted Chicago correspondent comes the following:

Dear Editor Grant:

I feel like the proverbial prodigal son, having committed the unpardonable crime of overlooking the deadline. However, being left out of the May issue is punishment enough and so I beg your sympathy.

I, too, have heard the alluring song of Florida. In fact, on June 19, I am going down there for a couple of weeks. And I'm going to get any of the big ones that escaped your line while fishing the Florida waters.

I am quite interested in your Bulletin family outing plans. I was not eligible last year, but I will be there this year. I too, have been encamped along the shores of Round Lake, and stand ready to agree with anything you may say in favor of the old pond and also Renchan's. The family can indulge in light fishing practice and the hardy ones can go swimming. The lazy ones can join me in going to sleep in the shade of the trees that abound all around the lake.

On again looking over the May Bulletin, I must perforce swell with pride. My name was in after all, thanks to Ed Bangs.

Not having anything of real importance to add to the above, this station is signing off. Stand by for further broadcasts, from

Don Mike.

We are glad to know you are to be with us on the Family Outing, also that you are going after some of the big ones down in Florida. You should have no trouble in finding some that got away from us, there are so many of them.

Another Chicago regular writes as follows:

My dear Mr. Grant:

Perhaps you didn't know it, but you have other admirers among the children of your "North Shore Bulletin" family members than just the interesting kiddies that belong

to Loophound, which is by the way of introducing Mary Janet Smith.

Mary Janet's dad is one of your readers, and from what she says he knows all of your stories by heart. And when Mary Janet became humor and feature editor of "210 Gossip," semi-monthly paper of her seventh grade room at the Eugene Field grammar school, Chicago, she decided to get to the source of dad's funnybone ticklers, discovering a good many of them right there in "The Bulletin," with the result that you are credited with a great deal more circulation for your interesting output of Scotch jokes than maybe you know about.

So much then for the grandchildren. Now, this child of yours says that whatever Papa Grant decides about the family outing will be o. k. with him.

See you then.

Edward A. Bangs.

Will be glad to see you at the party, Ed. Bring the girl along and keep Don Mike company under a shade tree.

A new Chicago contributor joins the Family with the following by way of introduction:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Although I have been an interested reader of the BULLETIN for some time I never before got to the point of writing you to express my appreciation of its contents. However, I can't refrain any longer.

The dissertations of yourself and several of your contribs on the Scotch in the last issue woke me up. While not Scotch myself, though a near neighbor across the North Sea, I have a tender feeling for them, many of my best friends being Scots.

It strikes me that you are the only column conductor, if I may call you that, who gives his publication away to his contribs, and you are Scotch at that. I can understand why so many contribs are Scotch, but you surely are an anachronism.

As to your proposed Family Outing, you expect to be thrown in, either as an asset or liability you say. When it comes to family outings isn't it more likely that someone may get thrown out, at least before the finale? However, I hope it may not be you, that you may be able to continue editing the

BULLETIN and watching over the Family.

In closing just a word for the North Shore Line. Have never yet been able to make any side trips, so far having confined myself to the Chicago-Waukegan runs, but the experience I have had prompts me to say that service never was better on any road, nor courtesy on the part of the employees more unflinching.

Sincerely,

J. P. Sabroe.

When we spoke about the editor being "thrown in" at the outing, we had Round Lake in mind. There won't be any one thrown out.

It would seem that the Scots will not be downed. Just listen to the following from our ex-Kenilworth correspondent:

Friend Grant:

It is not necessary to be born in Scotland to thoroughly share the belief expressed by Sir Harry Lauder in that wondrous line; "No other land 's so bonny." Ancestry is quite sufficient to develop in a heart a full measure of love for Scotland.

William McKay, my grandfather, was a Dumfries physician, who came to Canada in the '40's, and who lost his life in a Canadian blizzard while during the storm to visit a patient in an outlying farm. Janet McKay, his wife, is still my ideal of a Scotch lady, with her quaint black lace cap, her dainty ways, and her delicious Scotch accent. 'Twas Grandma McKay who filled my young mind full of Scotch stories, ballads and respect for Scotch heroes. I can still close my eyes and hear her sing: "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Deen, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?" and, Luke, while that song may be and probably is still popular in Scotland, I have NEVER heard anyone else sing it.

Bruce, Wallace, Burns, and Sir Walter Scott, Bonny Prince Charlie, MacGregor—I heard of them all from my sweet diminutive grandmother, who delighted in my rapt interest, and who loved Scotland with undying affection. I do not recollect her ever "boasting," but I know she convinced me that to have Scotch blood in one's veins was to have certain standards and principles to live up to.

Did it ever occur to you, Luke,

how widely scattered are the sons of Scotland, yet how loyal to the homeland is each and every one of them—and how proud they are to be called "Scotch?" No race stands out more prominently for qualities of patriotic love of country. In Alaska in 1889 our cannery manager was Scotch; in Honolulu in 1894-5, I boarded at a hostelry conducted by a Scot; in Stuart, Florida, where I am now located, there are many from "the land of cakes." Where can one go on this mundane sphere and not find Scotchmen? Nowhere. And they may be canny, Luke, but they are hospitable, generous and clean.

So, more power to the Scotch editor of the North Shore Bulletin, whose quaint philosophy, and willingness to regulate this world's affairs, with special reference to America, keep us in interesting "leeterature" at least once a month. May your pen never lack ink.

Sincerely,

Harry Lyons.

Well, Harry, your letters from Kenilworth years ago gave you an entree to the Family circle, but, of course, if you feel that you have to back up your claims, there is no objection. And you back them up pretty well, too.

Our Indianapolis correspondent, who is comparatively a stranger in the Family column, writes:

Dear Friend Luke:

How comes this sudden outburst of generosity. I received my regular copy of the BULLETIN at the office today and also one at home. Not being married there is no one to fight with me about reading it first, or I would take the extra BULLETIN as a part of the North Shore Line service. Be careful in stopping the BULLETIN at home that you don't deprive us of the one at the office. That would be a tragedy. We look forward each month for it.

We notice that you are all steamed up for a Family Outing, in July. And what wonderful reason for selecting Round Lake for the spot. We feel sure that after such an elaborate stew you and Harry Lyons mixed up, it would be above suspicion to doubt the quality of the chicken dinner you ate. Anyhow we will trust to you in making the arrangements. I think the first Saturday after the Fourth would be excellent. We couldn't

count it complete without you though.

With all due respects to ye editor and Family we cease. Have the Powder Puff Kids died?

Yours for service,

Wilbourne B. Cox.

Your suggestion of the first Saturday after the Fourth is a good one. That would be the fifth, wouldn't it, and that is the day we are planning to hold it, that is the fifth Saturday. Will be glad to have you with us if you can make it.

A new Chicago contrib offers the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Several days ago in the Edison restaurant I saw you talking with men of eminence at the "special" tables and I grabbed the arm of a fellow draftsman and said: "There's Luke Grant," with due reverence, you may be sure. Of course, there is no need to say that he knew you, as practically everyone does now.

I feel timid to think I have the audacity to ever hope to compete with such literary geniuses as Loophound, Jim Ham and other Bulletinites for a place in the BULLETIN.

I am sorry to have to confess that I ride the North Shore trains but twice a year on an average. However, when I reach the heights of success I'll promise to ride oftener.

Being in the same building may I come up and shake hands with you sometime?

Power Station Alec.

Come right up, Alec, and get acquainted. We're always glad to meet a contrib.

A former Chicago correspondent from whom we have not heard in many months writes from Wauwatosa, Wis., as follows:

Dear Luke:

The other day I picked up a copy of the BULLETIN and gleaning through received an awful shock. What caused it? Your picture showing you in knickers down in the "land of sunshine," empty pocketbooks and disillusioned people—Florida. Thought for a minute you had forsaken the North

Shore and had become a real estate salesman. Having been in Florida you know what a real estate salesman wears.

Have roamed the country for the past year, seventeen states and 47,000 miles on the speedometer, preaching the gospel of highway advertising. Arrived in Florida Feb. 1 having left Chicago the day of 10 below zero. Went to the C. & E. I. ticket office to purchase a ticket to bring the missus down to Jacksonville and on the passenger agent's desk was a picture of a North Shore Line motor coach. This was the opening wedge and the means of my becoming acquainted with M. M. Frost, formerly employed by the North Shore Line. Incidentally he said "Say hello to Luke." Tried to convey his message by a personal call to the private sanctum but was told you were out.

About three years ago you and I were going to chase the elusive pill some afternoon, but somehow we were unable to agree on a date. Some day I am going to bring the war clubs to Chicago and see if we can find time to play.

Sincerely,

R. O. Zobel.

We are glad to have you back with us, Mr. Zobel. As for that golf game we must confess that we have played little in the last two or three years. Kind of soured on the game. We have started going to a physical culture joint to get exercise instead of the golf links, but if you show up with your bag of sticks, we'll go with you and do battle as best we can. As to that picture in the knickers, we brought them along thinking we would play golf and went out only twice. But then we gave the natives a treat with that suit which speaks loudly for itself. Write again.

Bound to Make Him Sore

"Mother," said little Bobby, bursting into the house all out of breath, "there's going to be the deuce to pay down at the grocer's. His wife has got a baby girl and he's had a "Boy wanted" sign in the window for a week."

LINES TO A TREE

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a Tree.

A Tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A Tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A Tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
And intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.