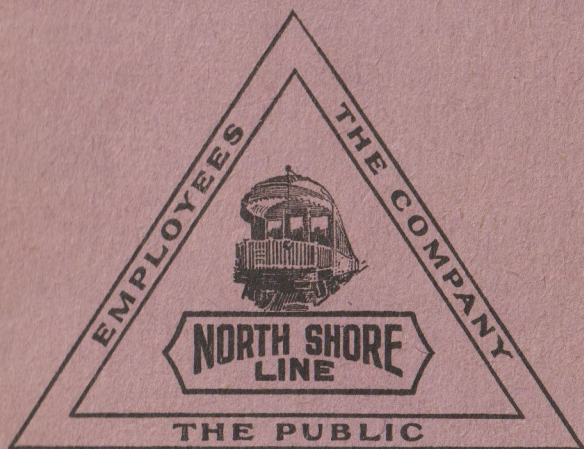


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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JULY, 1926



"The Road of Service"

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that. They practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life.—R. L. S.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
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LUKE GRANT, Editor 1325 Chicago Trust Building

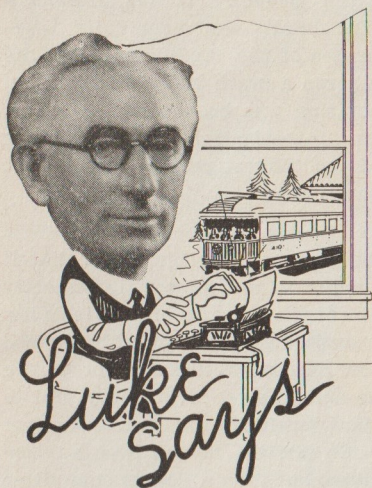
Vol. IX

Chicago, July, 1926



No. 8

Editorial Comment



ISN'T this the funny old world, though? Honestly as we read history in the making as recorded more or less faithfully in the daily press, we sometimes think that everyone has gone crazy.

* * *

MAYBE that is too narrow a view to take. We could think of one or two honorable exceptions, at least one, but we're not going to mention any names. Which makes us think of a rather narrow-minded Scotsman who had a fairly good opinion of himself, quite an unusual thing. Meeting an acquaintance one day the latter remarked: "I understand you think that no one but yourself and

the minister are going to be saved." "Sometimes I ha'e my doots about the minister," was the unblushing reply.

* * *

WELL, we never claimed to be the only world-saver, although we admit we're good. Didn't we tell the esteemed Senate last month what we thought about the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill and other measures of the kind? And didn't the esteemed Senate knock the everlasting daylights out of it and then adjourn? We're thankful

to the Senate on both counts, especially the latter. It might have done more harm than it did. While it was in session it didn't do everything that our esteemed President asked, but it did listen to his pleas for economy. It decided that seats in the Senate were costing too much and expenses had to be curtailed. That is, it decided that candidates for the Senate shouldn't spend so much of their own money to get in. Once in they can spend all they want of the taxpayer's money, but as Kipling would say, "That is another story."

* * *

DO you remember a previous "investigation" of the cost of Senate seats? It was quite a while ago and they ousted a Senator on the ground that he had bought a legislature. It was decided that the country should never have such another "scandal," so a great reform wave was started for the enactment of the seventeenth amendment to the Constitution. Well, the amendment was passed providing for the election of Senators by direct vote of the "peepul." It was an amendment, but was it an improvement? For details read your daily newspaper. Evidently it added to the expenses of the candidates. But the expense money under the new plan is given a much wider distribution, which is something. The field of operation was broadened. Anyway, the situation is one which calls for an "investigation" and if there is anything that the Senate enjoys it is to "investigate" something or somebody, it doesn't matter much what or who.

* * *

REALLY the funny thing about the present investigation is that it began with the seventeenth amendment and almost immediately switched to the eighteenth. That is one of the beauties of Senate investigations. They may begin with one subject and end up with several. The latest investigation started to show how much it cost to procure a nomination for Senator in Pennsylvania in the recent primary and in a few days it was telling the country how much the Anti-Saloon League had paid to bring about prohibition. So far, we haven't seen any explanation of the switch in the programme, but then a Senate committee doesn't have to explain. It hasn't even been intimated that any Anti-Saloon League money was spent in the Pennsylvania primary. If the case were being tried in a court and one side tried to introduce such testimony, can't you see half a dozen lawyers jumping to their feet and shouting "object?" And if the court gave them a chance to state their objection before sustaining it, it would be on the ground that such testimony was "immaterial, irrelevant and incompetent." But as we have said, a Senate committee is a law unto itself, so when an inquiry is started on the cost of a nomination in Pennsylvania we learn all about the expenditures of the Anti-Saloon League.

THERE is a possibility, of course, that the latter is more interesting. It seems to be one of the functions of the Senate to keep the people amused during a recess and in that it succeeds fairly well. The investigating committee has told an anxious country that the Anti-Saloon League has spent \$35,000,000 in thirty-five years. Isn't it awful? The "wet" newspapers spill barrels of printer's ink, which is the newspaper way of shedding crocodile tears, telling the world of the terrible cost of prohibition. The "dry" newspapers point out that \$35,000,000 in thirty-five years is one million a year, or about one cent a year per capita and that prohibition is mighty cheap at the price. You can take your choice but for goodness sake don't take the matter too seriously. The investigating committee itself doesn't. It just aims to supply you with light reading matter for the hot weather season and deserves to be encouraged.

* * *

WE are having a little investigation right in our home town on the recent primary. Can't afford to let Philadelphia have all the publicity. From what we read in the newspapers the methods pursued in Chicago are more simple than the Pennsylvania method and just as effective. Here we let the people vote the way they wish, then our judges and clerks of election get tired and sleepy and forget to count the ballots. Of course, they make "guesses" and their friends do not lose anything in the guessing contest. The newspapers say the votes were "stolen," but that isn't true. The votes were there all right, only a lot of them weren't given to the candidates for whom they were cast. They were given to the candidates whom the tellers thought needed them most. We don't recommend the system, but it has its advantages over the way they do things in Pennsylvania. They don't buy the votes in Chicago; they just take them and give them to their friends. It's cheaper than the Pennsylvania method. All of which leads us to the conclusion that the reformers who insisted on having direct primary laws were mistaken, as reformers so often are. But after all the fact that we "investigate" such things is proof that the country hasn't lost its social conscience entirely, and with all its faults we love it still.

* * *

THERE is a moral which might be drawn from all these primary election investigations of which we read daily. The people are shocked at the way the election machinery works. That machinery is owned and controlled by the government, that is state and local governments. Suppose the same kind of machinery owned and operated all industry. Wouldn't that be a pretty kettle of fish? And there are a great many reformers who clamor for government ownership

and operation of everything on earth. If we had government ownership of business is there any reason for believing it would be handled any better than is the election machinery? It would have the same class of managers. We have always entertained an old-fashioned notion that a man who cannot handle his own business successfully, isn't the best man to pick to handle the business of others. The more we see of government ownership and operation, the less we like it. Some of its advocates maintain that were it adopted on a national scale the system of itself would develop efficient management. But what would become of the rest of us during the process of development?

* * *

SECRETARY MELLON is conceded to be one of the foremost financial experts in the country. Commenting recently on the popular clamor to have the national government develop and control hydro-electric power and similar projects, Uncle Andy made a few wise remarks as follows: "The government operation of railroads in this country was our largest experiment in this line, and a comparison of public and private operation in that field justifies my faith in private enterprise. Canadian and European experience is the same. To get the government out of business, whether it be in banks, utilities or monopolies, has become one of the most essential steps to permanent fiscal restoration of Europe, and I am loath to have the United States embark upon enterprises not strictly governmental in their nature. The fact that a government can furnish capital at a lower rate of interest is illusory, if there be taken into account that the public project pays no tax and therefore does not bear its share of the cost of government. It seems to me that if the project is one that can pay its own way, private capital can be found. If it cannot pay its own way, then we should consider whether all the taxpayers throughout the United States should be taxed for the benefit of a part of the country." That sounds to us like sound logic.

* * *

IN that connection Professor James Mavor of the University of Toronto has written an interesting book entitled "Niagara in Politics," which tells a story of governmental inefficiency in connection with hydro-electric development. According to this authority the Hydro-electric Commission has done everything that private companies have been accused of doing in this country, and has escaped criticism because he says "any person who ventures to criticize is denounced as an enemy of the people, as an agent of profiteers or of the interest of capital or what not." That's just the way we do in this country. The working of the system is described as follows: "Those consumers

that have the greatest political or voting strength enjoy the lowest rates, irrespective of the cost of the service to them. Commercial lighting consumers, the next in importance numerically in voting strength, have the next lowest rates, while the retail industrial users, who comprise only one-fortieth of the total number, pay the highest rates." Professor Mavor contrasts the industrial development of Ontario and New York on the opposite sides of Niagara Falls, and finds it vigorous on the American side but completely absent on the Canadian side. American companies at Niagara Falls transmit power longer distances and sell it cheaper to American cities than the government-owned plant does to Ontario cities. That's government ownership and operation.

* * *

OUR distinguished contemporary, Roger W. Babson, is writing a series of articles being published in *Forbes Magazine* commenting on the steadily increasing burden of state taxation. He points out that while President Coolidge has been preaching economy and the government has reduced the national debt more than four billions of dollars in five years, state and local governments have increased their debts about seven billions. The national government has reduced its expenses about two billions of dollars a year and state governments have raised their expenses about twice that amount. That doesn't help the taxpayer and is causing grave concern to industry. Mr. Babson says that the attention of voters should be called to the fact that the issuance of state and municipal bonds must of necessity mean increased taxes. That is true, but bonds issued for public improvements may add wealth that more than offsets the increased taxes. It isn't bond issues that constitute the greatest cause of increased taxes. It's the cost of government, the creation of new bureaus, the enactment of new laws of which there are about a million too many now. If the people insist on having the government do things for them they must expect to foot the bills.

* * *

THE amount of taxes being paid by the people of the United States is rather staggering when analyzed. The total income of the people of this country in 1924 was sixty-three and one-half billions of dollars. Taxes, national, state and municipal, took eight billions. That means that one-eighth of the income of the people went for taxes. In 1903 the tax bill was one-fifteenth of the income. It isn't any wonder, therefore, that the people complain of their tax bills. At the same time they cry for laws to regulate this, that and the other business, steadily increasing the cost of government.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE says there is cause for concern in the situation. In a recent talk he said: "From 1921 to 1925 the federal government reduced expenditures more than two billions of dollars. The same period showed an increase of more than four billions of dollars in state, county, municipal, and other expenditures. In 1921, when the cost of all government in this country was approximately nine and one-half billions of dollars, federal expenditures constituted nearly 60 per cent of the total. In 1925 the cost of all government increased to more than eleven and one-half billions, of which only 27 per cent is represented by federal expenditures. There is cause for concern in this situation. It is fraught with grave consequences to the public welfare. The federal government has decreased its cost by practising the homely virtue of thrift. This has not been an easy task. It has required co-operative effort and sacrifice in every direction. If the interests of the people demanded this action on the part of the federal government, surely they would seem to demand action with regard to the increase in these other local government costs. The limit is close at hand when further expansion in the costs of government will bring the danger of stagnation and financial depression."

* * *

IT is time for this station to sign off. Usually we broadcast our monthly message from the home broadcasting studio where we are free from interruption. This month we tried it from the office studio and it isn't a success. There's a lot of static. Between the telephone, visitors and one thing and another we have had at least fifty interruptions. If it's disconnected blame it on anything except the announcer. Maybe we'll do better next month and maybe we'll do worse.

Marvels of Heredity

Phyllida—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?

Phillip—I suppose it's hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half women!

Wanderers

Adam and Eve had just been turned out of the Garden of Eden.

"Here's where we start the trouble for the entire human race," said he.

"Yes; we are confronted with the original housing problem."

There's the Question

She—It's always the woman who pays and pays.

He—That's so, but who gives her the money?

Scientific Salesmanship

Canvasser—Does your husband play golf?

Lady—Yes.

Canvasser—Then, I'm sure you will be interested in this set of 38 volumes I am selling; it will help you to while away many a lonely hour.

Remarkable Service Performed By North Shore and "L" Lines

More Than 200,000 Persons Carried to Mundelein and Back in One Day Over New Railroad Without an Accident

IN THE hardest test ever given an electric railroad the North Shore Line in conjunction with the Chicago Rapid Transit Company again demonstrated its efficiency and its capacity to serve the public on June 24, the closing day of the International Eucharistic Congress.

Operating trains two minutes apart over the new Skokie Valley Route from 4 o'clock in the morning of June 24 until after midnight, the road carried approximately 200,000 men, women and children to Mundelein and home again without a single accident to a passenger and without a wheel leaving a rail.

This performance was a record in railroad work. The distance from Chicago to Mundelein is about 40 miles. In regular service the running time of trains from Adams and Wabash in the heart of the Loop, to Mundelein, is 73 minutes. On the big day, June 24, running schedules were set aside. The first consideration was safety of the passengers, and train crews were instructed to keep trains moving, but not to run faster than they could with perfect safety. The average time made was about two and one-half hours, a considerable part of the time being consumed in loading and unloading.

The number of passengers carried over the North Shore Line on that day will never be known ex-

actly for the reason that trains carrying outbound passengers were arriving at Mundelein after the homeward movement set in, and seeing the immense jam awaiting to board trains, many of the late comers held their seats and returned to the city without getting off.

That condition would not have arisen except for the violent thunderstorm which broke in the midst of the ceremonies. Pelted by the rain and hail, thousands rushed to the railroad terminal in an effort to get aboard returning trains. At the same time the incoming trains were discharging their thousands. The result was a jam of humanity such as perhaps never was seen at a railroad terminal. That no serious accidents occurred seemed almost miraculous. For a few minutes during the storm the pressure of humanity against the outer fence threatened to break it down. Officials of the company directing the movement of trains from an overhead bridge realized the danger, and by use of megaphones tried to calm the crowds. Had the outer barricade given way nothing could have prevented the multitude surging through the inner stockade and onto the third rail in the terminal.

During the melee the scene was indescribable. Priests in their clerical habilaments exhorted the crowds on the outer rim to be

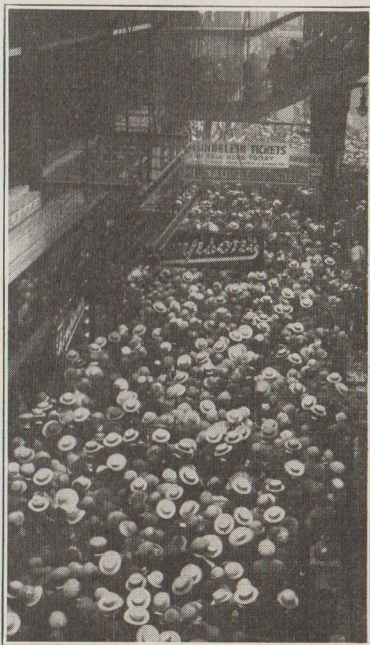


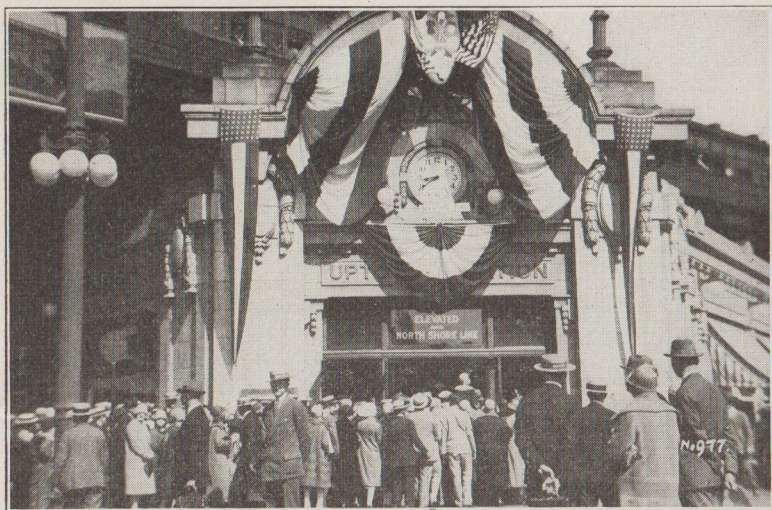
Crowd Scene at Mundelein Station of the North Shore Line on Closing Day of International Eucharistic Congress, June 24, 1926

calm and to think of those who were being jammed against the fence unable to extricate themselves. Six hundred Chicago policemen did yeoman service in the emergency and five hundred soldiers of the 132nd Infantry battled with the surging mob to save it from itself. Those who witnessed the scene are not likely to forget it. Yet the amazing fact stands out that no one was seriously injured. There were many cases of fainting from exhaustion, especially among the women, but the probability of that had been foreseen and the hospital facilities provided by the company in advance were sufficient to take care of every case which needed attention.

The hospital unit began keeping a record until the number exceeded five hundred cases. No

Scene at Adams and Wabash station of Rapid Transit Lines on morning of June 24. Trains for Mundelein were being sent out two minutes apart.





Scene at Uptown Station, Wilson and Broadway, on morning of June 24. The large station was filled and thousands crowded the sidewalks eager to get trains for Mundelein.

accurate check was made after that, although the doctors and nurses estimated that more than a thousand cases had been given medical aid.

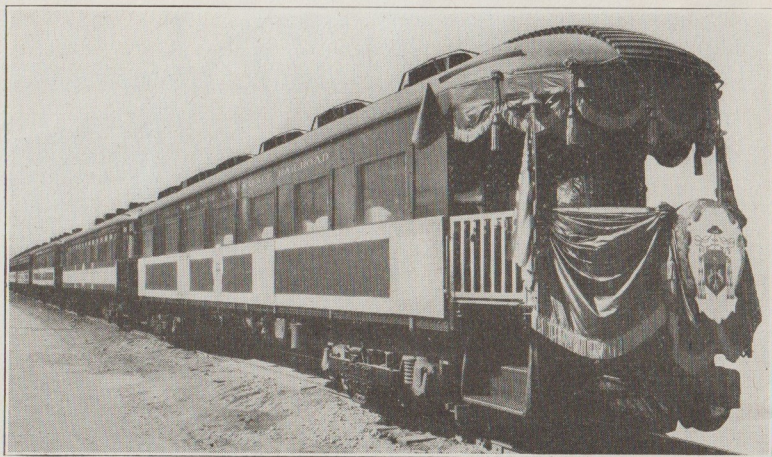
The tense situation changed when the rain ceased. The sun came and the temper of the panicky crowd immediately changed. For the first time the multitude seemed to sense that the railroad was doing everything that was humanly possible. Trains were being filled and moved out with clock-like precision and regularity. As many as eight trains were being loaded at the same time and they were being moved out at less than one-minute intervals. Even then it took several hours to move that vast multitude, but it was moved safely and in record-breaking time.

It is difficult for the average mind to grasp the magnitude of such a movement. Police and army officers experienced in such

work made statements in the public press that they had never seen a situation as well handled from a transportation point of view.

The movement from Chicago toward Mundelein started at 4 o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour the crowds gathered at the "L" stations exceeded the capacity of the platforms. At a few of the stations it was necessary to place city police at the foot of the stairways to hold the crowds in check. The early morning rush was unexpected. The advance sale of tickets was not nearly as large as had been estimated and the transportation officials felt they would be able to handle the situation without a great deal of difficulty.

As afterward proved to be the case, a majority waited until the last minute to get their tickets and then swarmed the stations like bees. A train every two minutes had been scheduled, but in the



Rear end view of Cardinals Special which carried Cardinal Bonzano, papal legate and visiting cardinals to Mundelein on afternoon of June 23, 1926. Train was draped and decorated in the national and papal colors.

heaviest of the rush they were being sent out on an even shorter interval than that and they were crowded to the limit. Including the shuttle service being operated between Lake Bluff and Mundelein, it was estimated that by 10 o'clock, six hours after the movement started, Rapid Transit and North Shore trains had discharged about 125,000 passengers at the gates of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary at Mundelein.

But it was long after noon before the stream of outgoing passengers ceased. Trains which had made one trip returned for another load. All trains made at least two round trips and a number of them made three.

To get some idea of the immensity of the transportation problem, a total of 410 trains of 2,608 cars were run into the Mundelein terminal during the day. Of course the trains had to be run out again, so the number of train movements in the terminal numbered 820.

The first train carrying passengers from Chicago arrived at Mundelein at 5:35 A. M. The last train left the terminal at 11:15 P. M. A few trains carrying employees did not get out until after midnight, but it may be said the movement in the Mundelein terminal practically was confined to eighteen hours.

Except for a delay of 11 minutes caused by lightning striking a high tension line there was no interruption to the service. The damage caused by the lightning was repaired in exactly 11 minutes and the power restored. Even that short delay caused trains to dam up along the line for miles and thousands in that milling, panicky crowd in the train loading stockade and outside the fences still believe that the trains were stalled for hours. But the number of trains which entered and left the terminal in a period of eighteen hours tell the story. In eighteen hours there are 1,080 minutes and in that time 820



Front End View of Cardinals Special on North Shore Line

trains moved in and out. Figure it out for yourself and it will be seen it could not have been done if there had been any serious delay. In fact, it is the wonder of the transportation world how it was done at all. It was an example of railroad efficiency that stands without a parallel.

This tremendously important work could never have been accomplished without a great deal of careful planning, or without the co-operation of every employe on the North Shore Line and the Rapid Transit Lines.

The planning for the big day began almost a year ago. The task was not one in which the company had any thought of making profit. In fact, the aim was to give the service at as little financial loss as possible. That it would result in some loss was accepted as a foregone conclusion,

because the investment in temporary facilities that could be used only on that one occasion was a heavy one.

At the Mundelein terminal, for example, six special sidings with a capacity of 52 cars had to be put in. Five immense loading platforms had to be constructed, three of which were 420 feet in length and 24 feet in width. These platforms made possible the loading and unloading of eight trains at one time. An overhead bridge had to be built over the tracks for directing the movement of trains. Stockades had to be built to prevent passengers rushing on to the station platforms faster than it was possible to move them. Provisions had to be made to serve sandwiches to the crowds and hospital facilities had to be provided.

Those are only a few of the

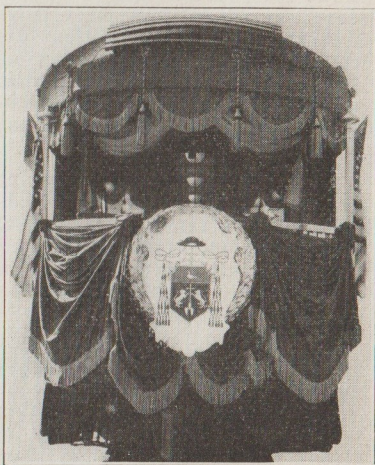


Interior View of Cardinals' Special, Showing Decorations

high spots involving large expenditures for facilities that have only scrap value after the one day of service. But the company felt that it had a duty to furnish transportation for such an extraordinary event and it did everything possible to supply the demand.

That Cardinal Mundelein and other church dignitaries appreciated the efforts of the North Shore Line and the Rapid Transit Lines to serve the pilgrims was shown by the praise bestowed on the companies and the patronage given the lines. The North Shore Line was made the official route for the papal legate and the nine visiting cardinals from Chicago to Mundelein.

This special train, the handsomest ever operated over the



Observation Platform on Cardinals' Special

line, was run from the Uptown Station at Wilson Avenue to Mundelein on the afternoon of June 23. It was the first of the many special trains which carried priests and members of Catholic societies to Mundelein.

The Cardinals' Special was appropriately draped and decorated for the occasion with the national and papal colors. The decorations caused exclamations of surprise and delight from Cardinal Bonzano and the other visiting cardinals. The New World, official Catholic publication, said of it:

"The extreme kindness and thoughtfulness of the management of the North Shore Line in providing for the trip to Mundelein a Cardinals' Special which rivaled the New York Central special train, was the subject of much favorable comment and appreciation of the Catholic people of Chicago. The uniform kindness and courtesy, sometimes under trying circumstances, exhibited by the men in charge of the trains during their long hours of labor, was commented on by many."

All the newspapers of Chicago, Milwaukee and intermediate cities commented favorably on the manner in which the North Shore and Rapid Transit Lines accomplished

the tremendous task imposed upon them.

Lieut. Flynn, in charge of the Chicago police in Mundelein, in a statement to the newspapers said: "It was the most remarkable handling of a crowd that the world has ever seen. It was the greatest movement of people ever witnessed, and it was accomplished in a way that will become a tradition in the handling of great throngs."

The Chicago Journal of June 24 said: "A miracle of transportation has been achieved. No such crowd ever centered in Chicago."

No doubt there were many in that vast throng who did not take quite as rosy a view as did the public officials and newspapers, who appreciated the enormity of the problem confronting the transportation companies. Thousands were inconvenienced, but that was unavoidable.

The fact stands out that a vast multitude of more than 200,000 were carried a distance of forty miles and back again within twenty-four hours without a single accident to a passenger. That was the record made by the North Shore Line and the Rapid Transit Lines and it is one in which any railroad company might take pride.

His Happiest Day

A man met a friend who was about to be married. "Let me congratulate you, old man," he said. "Permit me to say that I feel sure you will always look back on this day as the happiest in your life."

"Thank you, old chap," said his friend. "But it's tomorrow that I'm to be married."

"Yes," answered the other, "I know that."

Father: "Every time you are bad, I get another gray hair."

Son: "Well, you must have been a corker. Look at grandpa."

His Luck

Two men who had been married about the same time met after some months. One asked the other how he liked married life.

"Fine," was the reply. "My wife's a perfect angel."

Said the other: "You always did get all the luck. I've still got mine."

The Romance of Sheridan Road

By JOE DILLABOUGH

ISN'T it a bit comforting to know that Chicago and Lake Michigan's north shore Sheridan Road—named in honor of Gen. Phil, once a Chicagoan—has been given the benefit of holy sacrament? And, this is not written irreverently for there is a fact behind it.

'Twas away back in the crude and roaring sixties that a group of prophets, scanning the advancing physical aspects of the young town of Chicago, whose motto (1837) "Urbs in Horto," had been taken by the people to tell the world that their's was a city in the garden, decided that a magnificent driveway (gravel, of course, in those times), north and south, should be the order of the day. Of course the road conception was of a much later period—the sixties, as indicated.

"Well, annyhow," as Bobby Gaylor, an old-time monologist used to say when introducing his chatter, these gentlemen with an inspired vision got up and went to it, attaboy fashion. This and that interest was consulted and the program led to a survey of virgin and other tracts which embraced a necropolis — Calvary cemetery, the eastern edge of which skirted the waters of the lake. So, therefore, these good highway protagonists betook themselves to the then presiding Archbishop of the See of Chicago and presented their case to the Prelate. Obviously, they couldn't detour into the lake because there had been no thought of reclamation in those days, and in the course of their saccharine oratory in the reception room of the Archbishopal palace they suggested that His Grace donate a strip of his graveyard for their purpose.

An idea suggesting an upheaval, as will be seen.

Did His Grace resent?

He did—vi et armis!

The project thereupon lagged and then slumped, falling prone, claspings "with extended arms the funeral mold," so to speak. But it didn't die. There was a resurrection in 1887 when the idea again took wing, piloted by the North Shore Improvement association. Again the promoters bibbed and tuckered, nifty examples from the fashion plates of the period, as became a delegation visiting a Prelate, descended upon the Archbishopal palace, at that time presided over by the late Archbishop Patrick A. Feehan. Their formidable appearance and stately approach, with the late Volney W. Foster, of Evanston, in the vanguard, so overawed the swarthy, piratical-looking and bewhiskered Tom Danger, doorman, that they at once gained admittance and an audience with His Grace, to whom was related the story of their project and, with it, renewal of the modest request for a slice of Calvary cemetery.

Did they get it?

They did!

And more, for they got a strip 100 feet in width as a gift and accompanying it a baptismal blessing to boot!

Thus it was that Sheridan Road, first tentatively christened Sheridan Drive in about 1889, got its real start—not a paper one—with a piece of consecrated ground; consecrated, too, with authority reaching all the way back to St. Peter and The Rock.

The ups and downs and ins and outs of the great undertaking which was to link Chicago and Milwaukee, together with the in-

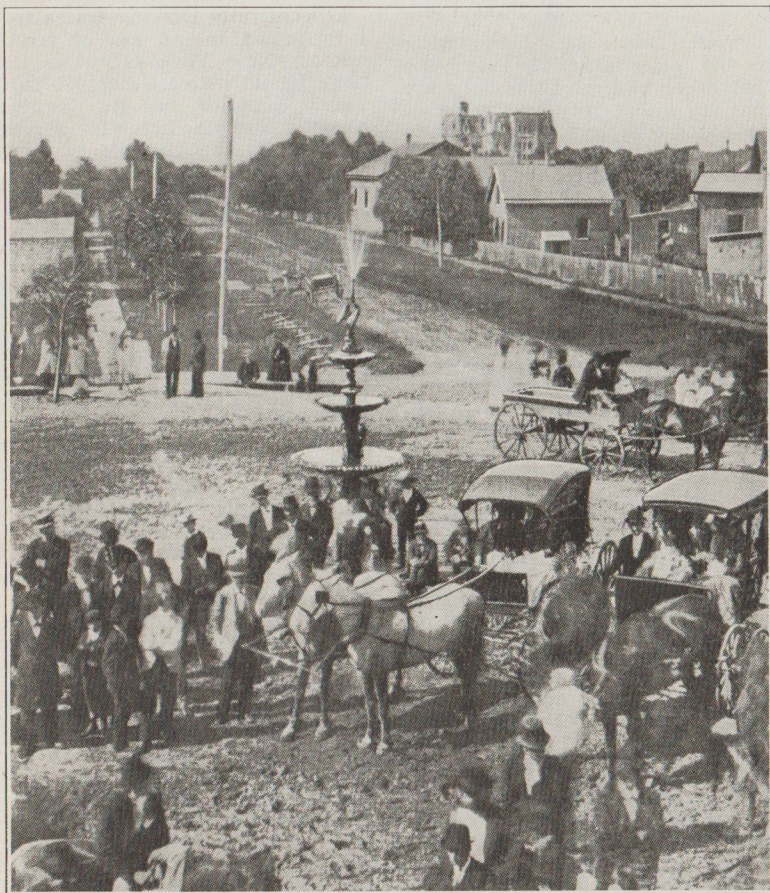
ter-urban communities, has had its tortuous way through the courts and, by contrast, its easy sailing in other directions; its defeats, thrills and romance.

This brings to mind the fuss, Mr. Foster—since designated as the father of Sheridan Road—and his associates had with the evangelical and peppery theologian

who, as Elijah the Second, founded the industrial, politico—religious community of Zion City.

Blarney, cajolery, threats of court action with condemnation and all of the rest of the devices in the Foster et al box of tricks only brought forth objections from John Alexander Dowie.

He would have no such piece of



Fountain Square, Evanston, as it looked July 4, 1876, when the fountain was dedicated. Picture furnished through courtesy of J. Seymour Curry, Secretary Evanston Historical Society.

worldly vanity as a dolled up highway pass his divine portals. Nor would he permit Sheridan Road to enter through them. Furthermore, he bedeviled Mr. Foster, Alexander Clark and George Wilcox—Evanstonians—and R. J. Douglas, of Waukegan and others by laying the clammy hand on an apostolic curse upon them for their effrontery. He decreed their personal devastation.

"Well, Dowie has taken wing to his celestial Zion City like that other biblical Elijah (except that he didn't fly) and some of my hated colleagues who sought to negotiate with him also have gone to the same place but I'm still standing by," said Mr. Douglas the other day. He's a spiffy old gentleman, at that, he approaches the decade which embraces the mellow eighties.

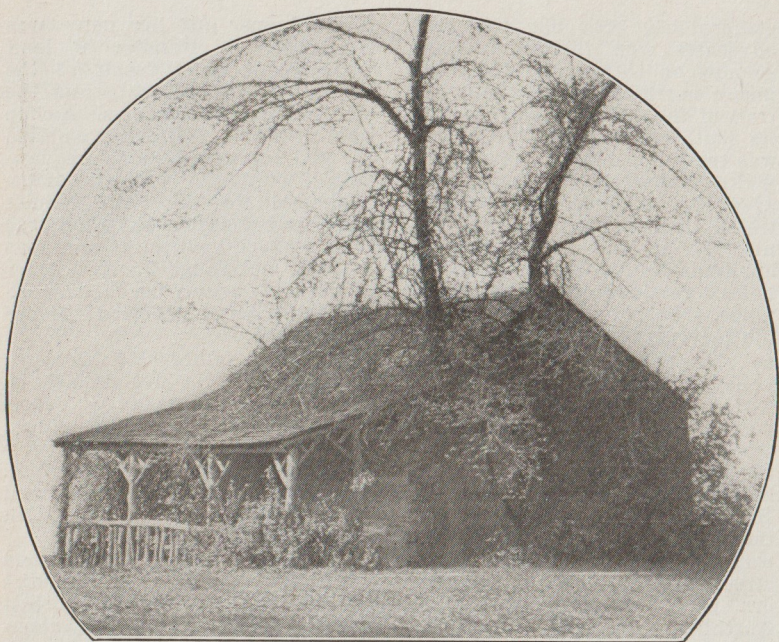
And, by the way, as we detour for a moment from Sheridan Road as it threads its way through bowered uplands and glorious ravines with their enchanting mysteries skirting Lake Michigan, it is recalled that Mr. Douglas long ago was bitten by an electric road or trolley bug. He fussed somewhat with a little local jerkwater Toonerville project for Waukegan designed to run between the town's cemetery and Clayton street. This brings to mind the real incubation—to borrow a word from a hennery—of what has since become the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad, whose other names are the North Shore Line and "The Road of Service."

Well, to get back to Mr. Douglas and his fellows whose foresight in electric railway planning led to the incorporation of their little local line. This promised so well that the Bluff City Electric Railway eventually was projected somewhere around 1896 and from

that grew the present pretentious North Shore Line, now sharing honors with Sheridan Road, its parallel gasoline frescoed brother-in-law.

So, Sheridan Road has been built within gun shot of the lake and dreams come true. The communities through which it takes its picturesque way have their gloriously wooded bluffs and vales—a beautifully curving frame for a far-famed inland sea of fresh water. New York city has its Long Island with its dampish salt water marshes on its border. Also, it has its Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson, but one can see across that stream. There's the difference.

And, what of the towns along Sheridan Road as served by the dustless and smokeless North Shore Line, one, in a way, the complement of the other? There's romance in the story along every foot of the territory which, not so many decades gone by, was the happy terrestrial home of the Red men, among whom appeared the Jesuit missionaries and explorers through whose activities was formed an empire to be occupied by the white races. Chicago's story is too well known to be set down here so we'll trek northward to its tributary towns whose magical transformation dates from the beginning of the Sheridan Road and electric transportation projects, both of which highways have banished shabby habitations. In their places along these respective routes, we now have the modern home, cloistered in woods, with architectural variation pleasing to the eye. They have their Queen Ann fronts, of course, but the traveler by auto on the drive or in up-to-the-minute electric coaches or the motor busses of the North Shore Line tapping it at different points, note that the homes lining these routes



Oldest house in Cook County about to celebrate hundredth anniversary. Built by John Dewes, who died in 1838. The house is now the property of the Glenview Country Club.

haven't any Mary Ann backs. That goes big with one's eye and speaks an avalanche of words for the refinement and good taste of the folks along the way.

We spoke of there being no need of dwelling on Chicago. That goes for Evanston, too—Evanston as proud as Lucifer and hard to match. By the way, Evanston had a scrappy time of it when the Sheridan Road plan was taken up there by Mr. Foster and his friends. At this period construction work at Fort Sheridan was under way. The advocates of the big drive collected quite a group of enterprising men and, loading them into a fleet of tally-ho coaches, piloted them through to Lake Bluff. The route, in part, was through some timber through

which were trails and it was not easy going for the big coaches, as is remembered by the person who writes these lines.

"Well, anyhow, again a jagged snag was struck when the Foster party looked over the prospect in Evanston. A man named O'Leary had a coal yard and a pier backed against it for, in those days, boats unloaded cargoes in the classic city. In 1894 that highbrow town ceased to be a port and where the pier stood in the water there is now made land. It was thought O'Leary should concede that a nice, paved driveway would look prettier than a coal yard. But not so with O'Leary, for in his yard was his daily bread. There was court action or something of the kind,

compromise, etc., but the road advocates won their point and so now on to some of the other places northward where once the trail of the Green Bay road, with its southern terminus in Chicago, was traversed by the Indians and white trappers. As recently as 1860 that diagonal wooded trail which then had attained the dignity of a mud road, with its hundreds of crazy grades and pitch holes, retained its Green Bay name.

That God forsaken "highway," as also that up the Desplaines valley from Chicago—Elston Road—were made use of in the early period by the white settlers, of whom there were only a few, the trappers, the Indians and the half-breeds. Andreas, in his History of Chicago, recalls that the Elston Road was "a crooked wagon track leading from Kinzie street through Jefferson, the western part of Niles and through Northfield towards Deerfield." There that old trail remains today as a tortuous city street. Then, too, there was the Milwaukee Road which has become Milwaukee avenue and which continued northward through Wheeling, where the wheeling wasn't good; Half Day and Libertyville, now tapped by the recently completed Skokie branch of the North Shore Line. Mundelein is the present terminus of the Skokie branch which was prepared to qualify for exceptional service during the week of the Eucharistic congress and for which Mundelein and St. Mary's was designed to become so wonderful a setting.

The Waukegan Road was another pioneer trail. Today it is a perfectly paved highway and runs through Glenview and other towns to the northward.

Let's take a moment's rest at Wilmette. In 1829 Uncle Sam fell enamored of a pretty Pottowat-

tomie flapper and her name was Archange. A transfer of land came about as a result of the Prairie du Chien treaty and the land comprised 1280 acres. A chap named Aleck McDaniel married the girl and thus became a squawman. Ouilmette was the name suggested for the little hamlet when its population was a hundred men, women, youngsters and dogs in 1858, and Judge Blodgett, later of the Cook county bench, suggested that it be Angelicized. Hence Wilmette.

In 1852 a fellow sold 150 acres of land there for five dollars, so look around you today as opportunity knocks. By 1890 values had increased so that twenty-five foot lots went for \$20 a front foot. That about tells the story of land values in that day and generation up that way and beyond.

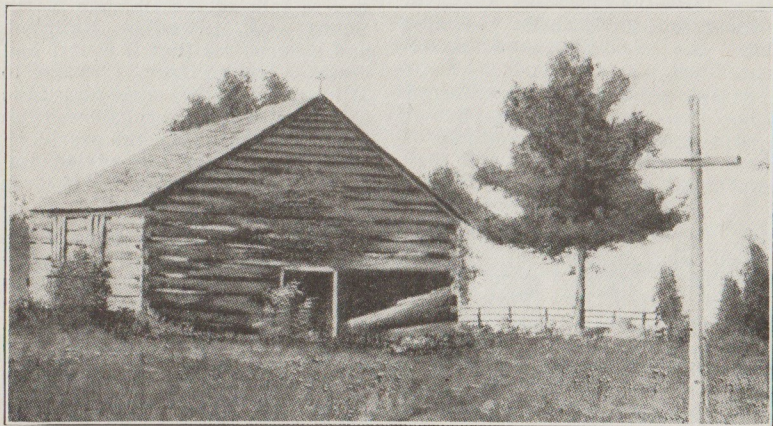
Lake Bluff wasn't established until 1875, when the Methodist Church organization established camp meetings there, but about that time a large group of well-to-do St. Louis people made it their summer retreat. J. B. Hobbs, of Evanston, founded the town.

You don't find the name of John Dewes on Bronze tablets proclaiming that he did anything in particular hereabouts. Out on Milwaukee avenue there stands an old house or two reminiscent of the toll gate days and here and there in Cook county there may be another or an old crumbling barn or something, but there's a house out the north shore way that will celebrate its one hundredth birthday in a couple of years.

It was built and occupied by John Dewes and John wasn't a tavern keeper, either. It would appear from the reading of early history of Chicago that everybody whose name and story was worth preserving was a tavern keeper, that he sold whisky for fifty cents

a gallon (or was it a barrel?) and that he was a fiddler, too. John was a sort of a gentleman farmer a hundred years ago and he built a log house on land purchased from Antoine Ouilmette. There were 400 acres and today that land is a part of the Glenview golf course served by the motor coaches of the North Shore Line. John paid fifty cents an acre for his farm. In 1834 John built another home on the farm—this time one of brick and it was looked upon as a great

and the north shore territory, it might interest your readers to quote from an advertisement that appeared in the "Little Fort Porcupine"—a Waukegan newspaper—of November 5, 1845. The advertisement of the J. J. and E. M. Dennis Brothers told of their competition with Walker & Brink, which was conducting a tri-weekly stage service between Chicago and Milwaukee. Each concern operated four-horse post coaches and stage sleighs. Under favorable going the trip was made in about a day



Marquette Church, First House of Worship in Highland Park. Occupied Site on What Is Now Sheridan Road.

mansion. In 1897 the Glenview Golf club acquired the acres, together with the two houses, both of which are standing today as monuments to the Dewes family, the head of which died in 1838. He was an Englishman from Lancashire. Presented herewith is a picture of the log cabin as it stands in one of the most beautiful sections in the country. The golf players are very proud of their acquisition.

In closing this sketchy story of the early days of Sheridan Road

and a half. Today trains of the North Shore Line make the trip from the Loop to Milwaukee in two hours flat. Some progress in transportation.

Economy

Dentist—Yes, it will have to come out.

Hector—And what is the charge for extr-action?

Dentist—Seven-and-six.

Hector—Ech! Hoo much wad it be tae juist loosen it?

Catskill Mountains and North Shore Line

By JOHN F. WEEDON
(Peoples Gas Club News)

We have often remarked that the North Shore Line is the most talked of electric railroad in the country on account of its superior service. The following story reprinted from the Peoples Gas Club News bears out our contention.—Editor.

ICHABOD CRANE and Rip Van Winkle were intimate friends of mine years before I ever saw the Statue of Liberty, and the legends of the Catskills, woven in threads of gold, form a purple haze in the background of my childhood.

I was quite grown-up before I ever saw the Catskills, but I found they had lost nothing of their story book charm, and they charm me yet.

So when I left New York on the Twentieth Century a few weeks ago, in spite of a somewhat chilly breeze, I spent the entire time from New York to Albany in the rear of the observation car getting an eyeful of those delectable mountains.

The only other person on the back platform was a gentleman, evidently a New Yorker. I never start a conversation with an Easterner; as I have said, the day was chilly and I had no mind to get frozen, but when we got opposite West Point he began to discourse on the history of the countryside, and as I professed entire ignorance on the subject he waxed warm and eloquent, and I had the pleasure of hearing many stories well told, and with a fair degree of accuracy.

Then, as we saw the second section of the train winding around curves three or four miles in the rear of us, the conversation drifted to the development of railroad traveling and convenience.

He was a man who had traveled much, in all parts of this country and in various countries of the globe. He commended to my notice the railroad station in Bombay—the most magnificent in the world—spoke about Shepherds' Hotel, Cairo, Algiers, Cape Town and other oddments of geography.

Then shifting suddenly he began to talk of the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad, and assured me that if ever I had occasion to go from Chicago to Milwaukee to be sure and take this road, which he considered the best of its kind in the world. I thanked him for his advice and said I would follow it, if ever the opportunity offered.

I did not tell him I used the road to and from work every day of my life. To do so, I felt, would have spoiled his picture. But I did ask him if he were a stockholder, and found he was not.

Distance, sometimes, supplies an object with a halo which is less obvious at close quarters, but even the twice-a-day users of the North Shore road are never blind to the fact that they are unusually fortunate in having this particular service at their command.

Figures are not usually romantic, but the revenue per mile of this road for the year 1916 as compared with the revenue per mile for 1925, certainly do stimulate the imagination. In 1916 the figure was \$12,688—in 1925 it has risen to \$63,251. Only ten years' growth, and just look at it!

And are we not lucky that this road, numbered with the best in the world, is at our own door, and not in Egypt or the Antipodes.

Letters of Commendation

THE North Shore Line won new laurels for service by the manner in which it handled the great multitude which attended the closing exercises of the International Eucharistic Congress at Mundelein on June 24. This great accomplishment was performed by the North Shore Line in conjunction with the Chicago Rapid Transit Company and set a new record in transportation.

Between the hours of 4 o'clock in the morning and 11 o'clock at night 410 trains were run in and out of the terminal at Mundelein. They carried more than 200,000 persons to Mundelein and back again and not a single accident occurred on the railroad. Such a feat could not have been performed except for the hearty co-operation of the employees. Many of the employees worked continuously for twenty-four hours, realizing that it was a public duty that had been imposed on the companies.

It was not profitable business for the companies, nor was it business that was solicited by them. The people had to be moved to Mundelein and the companies were asked to carry them. The heavy burden fell on the Rapid Transit Company and the North Shore Line, the number carried by the steam railroads being insignificant by comparison.

Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line and the Rapid Transit Company, sent the following letter to each employee congratulating them on their performance:

Britton I. Budd Thanks Employees

I wish to convey my personal thanks to all our employees and extend my congratulations on the successful manner in which they performed the important duty assigned to our companies on Thursday, June 24, 1926.

Present estimates show that between 200,000 and 250,000 persons were carried by our railroads to Mundelein on the closing day of the International Eucharistic Congress without serious accident of any kind. That was a most remarkable accomplishment, for I do not know any instance where a single railroad company was ever called upon to move such a mass of people so great a distance in such a short space of time.

The manner in which our organization performed this great public service has brought forth the highest praise and commendation from the Catholic Church authorities, from the press and the public. It was a task that was without profit to our companies. It was a duty imposed upon us, and it was in that spirit that every employee applied himself to the task and acquitted himself so creditably.

The splendid results attained were due to careful planning and to the co-operation of all our employees. Without that co-operation it would not have been possible to accomplish a task of such magnitude and to do it in a manner which evoked the admiration of all who saw it.

This fine spirit of co-operation I sincerely appreciate and wish

to thank each one for his share in the work.

Yours very truly,
BRITTON I. BUDD,
President.

Praise from Community Club, Watertown, Wis.

THE following letter comes from the Inter-Fraternal Community Service of Watertown, Wis., composed of lodges of Masons, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus and Catholic Knights of Wisconsin:

Having read of the wonderful service you rendered during the Eucharistic Congress recently held in Chicago, the same being the lines of service to a community, we the Inter-Fraternal Community Service of Watertown, Wis., whose purpose is to do good to a community, wish to compliment you on your good work and in these few words try to show our appreciation of your efforts.

Inter-Fraternal Community
Service.

R. V. Harte, Secretary.

Here's a Way to Give a "Different" Party

THE Traffic Department is in receipt of the following letter from a Kenilworth customer who gave his young son a party which pleased everyone:

I phoned you some time ago and advised you of a "different" sort of party I wanted to arrange for my 13 year-old son who wanted to entertain his graduating class. I have a country place at Powers Lake, Wis., and thought a day at the lake would be great fun for the kids. But the problem of getting them there gave me some concern.

Forty children would take

six or seven automobiles and it would be almost impossible for six cars to stay together on such a trip, not to mention the disagreeable feature of dust for the last five cars, so that idea was abandoned.

For less than \$2 a head, covering 120 mile trip over beautiful country roads, passing lakes, farms and interesting country we made the trip, in your motor coach.

Your driver, a fine, courteous chap, handled the driving perfectly and to my amazement made the trip in almost the same time an automobile would ordinarily do it. The children had a wonderful time. They were all together, "raised the roof," and had the time of their lives. My family will make further use of your coaches for country parties.

Sincerely yours,

William T. Sprenger.

There is an idea in that letter for others. A country party is just the thing at this time of year and North Shore Line Motor Coaches give the kind of transportation that you will enjoy.

Wistaria Girls' Club Praises Coach Driver

The following letter comes from Gil Bergslien, president of the Macraft Underwriters Agency:

In connection with the chartering of the special motor coach for the Wistaria Girls Club of Logan Square, Chapter 560, Order of the Eastern Star on June 19 and 20th, we wish to extend our sincere thanks for the excellent and courteous service rendered us by your operator, Mr. George Burden.

We cannot say too much in praise and feel that we would not do justice to our sense of

appreciation if we did not take this means of so advising you.

We hope to avail ourselves of your service again before the season is over.

Sincerely yours,
Wistaria Girls Club,
G. Bergslein.

When the club wishes to have another outing they will find the North Shore Line ready to provide the same satisfactory transportation service.

Kindness Shown Invalid Is Greatly Appreciated

HERE is a little story of real human interest. The editor of the BULLETIN received a letter from a lady in Racine stating that her father, a helpless invalid in Chicago was in the habit of making an annual visit to her each July 4. This year it happened to be on July 5. Heretofore he had been taken to a railroad station in a taxicab and to the train in a wheel chair. But he has been reading the BULLETIN so much and hearing from his daughter's family so much about the North Shore Line that he determined to make the trip over the line.

So his daughter wrote to ask if some extra help could be arranged so that he might gratify his wishes. She said they would have no difficulty in getting the invalid up to the elevated platform at 63rd and Dorchester if the train crew would help in getting him on the train and help him off at Racine.

We wrote the lady stating that everything possible would be done to make the trip pleasant and comfortable. Then we notified the superintendent of transportation, who issued orders to the train crew, dispatcher and supervisor.

The rest of the story is told in

the following letter from the lady in Racine.

Dear Sir:

Last week I wrote you about my father, an invalid, wishing to make the trip from Chicago to Racine on your North Shore Line.

Now I wish to thank, through you, the conductor on the fourth car of the 2:33 P. M. train July 5, for his kindness and help in getting him here.

We had not the slightest trouble and had a very enjoyable trip which delighted my father from the moment we started.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. C. S. Stockham.

The thing which makes the North Shore Line so popular with the traveling public is its "humaneness," if such a word is permissible. Of course, any transportation company would render assistance under such circumstances, but on the North Shore Line it is done in a way which conveys to the recipient the impression that it is a pleasure and a privilege to serve him. It is no sham or pretense on the part of train crews, either. They really take pleasure in doing such little human things in the course of the day's work. Conductor Ford was in charge of the particular train and he will be pleased to know that his kindness to a helpless human being was greatly appreciated.

Agent Thanked for Restoring Pocketbook

The following letter from a representative of the Santa Fe Railroad in Detroit tells its own story:

My daughter attended the congress at Mundelein and had the misfortune to lose her pocketbook. Fortunately for her it was found by your agent at

Lake Forest, Mr. Paul Kilkelly, who very kindly mailed it to her in Chicago.

Will you kindly convey my thanks to him, also see that his superior hears about it.

Sincerely yours,

P. J. Raftis.

It was fortunate that the pocketbook was found by a North Shore Line employe. We imagine that a number of pocketbooks were lost at Mundelein that day and they were not restored to their owners, either.

With the Bulletin Family

WE'RE all set for the great Family Outing. It will take place Saturday afternoon, July 31, in accordance with previous announcements.

That's the time. Now the place is Round Lake, Ill., taking in St. Mary of the Lake at Mundelein as a side trip on the way.

Having decided the time and the place the next thing is the girl. No, that isn't right; a girl isn't a thing. Well, anyway, you know what we mean, and there'll be lots of girls there. In fact, we have had more responses from women contris up to the time this is being written than we have had from the men. But that's to be expected.

George P. Renehan has promised to be there with the chicken dinner. He says 6 o'clock will suit him all right. That suits the rest of us. You remember last year Jim Ham and Loophound disturbed the party by keeping up a continuous duet of "when do we eat?" So that no such disgraceful conduct may be witnessed this year, we are announcing that the dinner hour will be 6 o'clock (standard time).

One detail we forgot to mention in last month's BULLETIN. This isn't any formal affair, so don't expect any engraved or hand-painted invitations. Every

contributor is welcome, but no personal invitations are being sent out. Of course, when someone writes to get information, we reply to the letter, but no special invitations go.

We told you there wouldn't be any speeches. That still is our idea of a successful party, but we may have to relent on that. If the Family wishes to listen to speeches—well, there will be plenty there to make them.

Arthur Gay has offered to sing. Don Mike is ready to perform on a saxophone, and if he does—well, we have told you before about our lifelong ambition to kill a saxophone player. This may be our opportunity. We didn't accept Arthur Gay's offer, but after thinking how close Renehan's place is to the lake and how easy it would be to throw anyone in, we may decide to give him a chance.

You remember "Just Billy" from Racine? We haven't heard from her in a dog's age. Hope she will be with us again this year.

There are a lot of others, too. As we have said, no special invitations are being issued, so if you are a contrib just come along.

That seems to be about all that need be said on the subject. The special train will leave Adams and Wabash at 1 o'clock Chicago

time, which means 12 o'clock in other and slower places. Keep the hour in mind and be on time, because we cannot have the train stand on the tracks. If we did the transportation fellows would come along and consign the Family to the nether regions for tying up traffic. We'll be there ten minutes ahead of time to meet you all.

Oh, we might say that from present indications there will be about fifty in the party, but there are still a good many scattering precincts to hear from. It wouldn't surprise us if we had sixty or seventy or even more, but we'll take care of everyone, so don't worry.

Having said all that seems to be necessary on that subject we'll give the Family a chance, giving the women, as usual, the top of the column.

Our devoted Powder Puff Kids from Milwaukee have joined the regulars and we're tickled pink to think they will be with us on the Family Outing. They write:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Received your last BULLETIN in perfect health and are sorry Jim Ham is not coming to the outing. Can't he come because of business conditions or is he afraid we are going to have a party with him dangling from a tree? We are very dangerous because we're blood thirsty farmerettes from the great open spaces, where men are men and sometimes women.

So you can identify us we are going to wear a spray of poison ivy and sweet peas.

We wrote before that there would be two, but there will be three of us because Mrs. Grundy says we need a chaperone on the train.

Better not tear our dad up or call him down because if you do the North Shore Railroad would lose one of its biggest boosters.

The date set for the picnic suits us just fine. We won't swim, fish or lie in the shade. We're going to do something else. Don't die worrying about what we're going to do.

Here's hoping you and the Family live long and we never die.

The Powder Puff Kids.

Well, Kids, we like that idea of the spray of poison ivy. It's original. We doubt whether we can recognize poison ivy but we'll be on the lookout for the sweet peas. Wear your "hardy annual" smile—we mean from year to year, and we'll easily pick you out.

We are glad to introduce two new members of the Family from Racine, the Misses Sciffy and Scotty. They promise to become quite an addition after they get better acquainted.

They write as follows:

Dear Luke:

We're two little girls—whose vocation is commuting on the North Shore to Milwaukee, and whose avocation is attending classes at Marquette University in our leisure moments. Intrigued by the kindly light (lead, kindly light) in your eye, we are moved to take our portable in lap and tell you all the things we like about the North Shore. We're quite the rabid boosters—we're keen about the whole line—conductors, motormen, the ice water, and the Bulletin.

Speaking of conductors, may we nominate Mr. Harry Colley for the Hall of Fame? He's our idea of a good conductor—he has unfailing good humor and a smile that won't wear off.

We fear that if we were to do nothing but praise you, the strain on the hat band would be altogether too great. Therefore, we wish to inquire, where do you get the execrable poetry that appears regularly on the back cover of the Bulletin? Let's give Eddie Guest and his ilk a rest, and try using some of the work of the poet-laureate that you profess to disdain.

Any time you are in need of bright ideas, just call on us; we will be glad to comply. (No, you may not have our telephone number).

Yours for a bigger and better Bulletin and trains on time.

Sciffy and Scotty.

Now, Misses Sciffy and Scotty, we ask you if you think it nice to make such remarks about our poetry selections on the back cover when so many keep the

BULLETINS just to preserve the poems. And the most "unkindest cut of all" was to accuse us of printing Eddie Guest's poems when you must know we never did, nor have we any intention of doing so. We may have made a mistake, however. You see, most of the selections have been taken from a book compiled by a man who is no mean poet himself, who considered them classics. We shouldn't have trusted to his judgment, so we are asking you to make some selections for us, but keep away, please, from Bertton Braley and Eddie Guest.

A Chicago woman contrib breaks into the Family with the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Have been receiving the BULLETIN for quite some time and have enjoyed it immensely. I noticed that Mr. Gay desires a little information regarding "friendship." Perhaps the following poem is what he has reference to:

"Remember well and bear in mind
A truthful friend is hard to find,
And when you find one who is true,
Change not the old one for the new."

If this is what he wants, am glad to have been of service to him.

As I would like to meet the Family will appreciate it if you will put me on the list for the "Outing." Hope I am not too late.

Thanking you in advance for this courtesy, I am,

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Schmalholz.

You're on the list, Miss Schmalholz, and we will be glad to meet you. Thank you for the lines. We don't know whether they are what Mr. Gay had in mind or not, but if he is looking for a "truthful" friend he need not expect to meet him on the Family Outing. If anyone dares tell the truth of what he thinks of the editor, for instance, he'll get thrown out on his ear. We just have to be liars to keep peace in the Family.

Here is one from a new Chicago woman contrib. She writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

We are always pleased to receive the North Shore Bulletin. We receive two on the same day addressed one to my husband and one to myself. Now I can read it before my husband gets a chance, so you can send the other one to someone else who is scrambling to get a copy.

My husband is part Scotch and he wants me to ask you what the entire expense of the Bulletin Family Outing will be for two people. He said he would like to make that trip very much if you would let us know in time.

Of course, it is a little late in the day to butt in and I don't know if you would call us one of the family or not.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Sincerely,
Mrs. Rose Bonifield.

Glad to hear from you, Mrs. Bonifield, and admit you to the Family circle. We think there must be quite a part of your husband Scotch—say about two-thirds—since he asks what the expense will be. The Scotch part of him should rejoice that there will be no expense, as the contribs will be the guests of the North Shore Line on that day. So come along and get acquainted.

Another Chicago woman contrib from whom we have not heard in many months writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Almost six months have elapsed since I last wrote to the Bulletin. I am truly ashamed to admit the fact. On the face of it, it makes me appear as though I had no sense of appreciation, while in reality I have keenly enjoyed every issue of the Bulletin, always coming to the end of the copy with a feeling of regret, wishing there was a little more. I hope you will pardon my silence. The hardest punishment you could mete out to me for not writing would be to deprive me of the pleasure of attending the Bulletin Family Outing. After reading and hearing all about the Outing last year, I vowed that

nothing short of an earthquake would keep me away, not even a good game of golf. I met a Scotchman the other day who said he hadn't played golf for twenty years because he lost his ball.

Am anxiously awaiting the big day of the Outing.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Booster.

Glad to have you with us again, Miss Booster, and hope to see you at the Family Outing. There isn't going to be any earthquake. Jim Ham writes that he can't come, and he was the nearest approach to an earthquake that we had last year.

A new Chicago woman contrib enters the Family Circle with the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

For years I have wanted to write and say something deserving about the North Shore Line, but somehow the time just flies and here it is now pretty nearly 17 years since I first rode from Evanston to Milwaukee. But the road was under different management then, I remember. And how you have improved it! It is wonderful, really.

I have gone hundreds of times between Evanston and Milwaukee and Winnetka, Hubbard Woods and Evanston and as far as real comfort is concerned, the North Shore Line can't be beat. I have tried others, for instance the one running between Detroit and Jackson, Mich.

And now, Mr. Grant, I just got the BULLETIN today from my daughter and I was glad to see that your big family is going to have an Outing. Is there any chance of me being allowed to go along? Of course, I really don't belong to the Family, but I sure feel as if I always had.

And another thing, I am going to ask for is this, may I have the BULLETIN sent to me? So many times I was going to ask you to send it to me and at last I got that far. So here is hoping to receive it and wishing you all kinds of good luck and a good time at the outing, (if anything should happen so I can't go) I remain as I have for years, a Booster for the North Shore Line,

Mrs. Vivian Haynes.

We are having your name

placed on the mailing list, Mrs. Haynes, and we feel that your years of traveling on the North Shore Line and boosting for it entitles you to a place in the Family Circle. So you come along on the Family Outing.

From Zion comes a new woman contrib who writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I will start my few words with a little story called, "Her Reply."

He had but recently met an elderly maiden lady in a nearby town. On his return home he wrote, asking her to marry him and requesting an answer by telegraph. On receiving the letter, the lady rushed to the telegraph office.

"How much does it cost to send a telegram?" she demanded. "Twenty-five cents for ten words," answered the operator. This was the telegram her suitor received: "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes."

I know you like "Scotch stories" the best, but maybe this will do, for this time.

When anyone asks us if we know where the best electric line in the United States is, we always say, yes, yes, yes, etc.

We surely do enjoy riding on your line and believe there is no better anywhere and we mean every word of it. We always want our company to take a ride on it and they also declare, that it is the best line they have ever been on.

As ever, your friend,

Mrs. E. E. Brunkhorst.

Well, Mrs. Brunkhorst, the elderly maiden lady you speak of was bound to get her money's worth. But how about her suitor? We'll bet that was the costliest telegram he ever received.

Another new woman contrib from Wilmette insists that we quit picking on the Scotch. She says she isn't Scotch herself, which accounts for her protest.

She writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

May I break into your family with a protest? Why pick on the Scotch with all the jokes? Now don't get the impression that I am Scotch, for I am not. I am a per-

fectly good American but it does seem to me as if the poor Scotch people get the brunt of all the jokes in the North Shore Bulletin. I know that the Scots are famed for being thrifty but goodness knows that is a quality that some of the Americans could practice to much better advantage than they do.

Will you please put my name on your mailing list for I have to depend on finding a Bulletin in the train when I think a new issue is due.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret E. Pickard.

You have broken in, Miss Pickard and we are glad to have you with us. But do not waste any sympathy on the poor Scotch. They are the greatest advertising experts in the world and enjoy having the rest of the world laugh. Did you ever hear of a French, or Italian, or Swede or German joke? Of course not, and they're all larger countries than Scotland. The Scots are so proud of their nationality that they make the whole world take notice of it. They don't worry about the jokes.

Long ago our noted correspondent, Loophound, dubbed another correspondent an "annual event" because he contributed about one letter a year. Loophound himself is in danger of earning the title he bestowed on Michigander, for he himself has been anything but punctual in recent months. We understand some of the North Shore Line fellows in Milwaukee shamed him into writing this time. In any case we are glad to have him with us.

Dear Bulletin:

Back in Milwaukee again and almost too tired to do anything but write you a letter—that, of course, is recreation—particularly when describing the new Skokie Route. Wanted to experience the thrill of the new fast schedules and couldn't wait over until morning, as much as I'd like to visit in Chicago. A wonderful city is old Chicago—new hotels, towering skyscrapers and

wonderful driveways. No town in the country compares with the Chicago of today, and it's so different and original. In other cities you will find the jailbirds in jail and the officers on the street, but in Chicago they lock up the sheriff and let the crooks run wild. Nor can one censure them for serving drinks to their guests in the jail house at four bits a shot—these young fellows crave service. They don't linger long in a place which lacks special attractions.

But getting back to the new Skokie Route, coming up we clocked miles in 50 seconds which means just 72 miles an hour and those new cars rode as smooth as sealskin. I wonder if the North Shore hasn't finally reached its limit in improving its service.

Believe I know what you meant in May by your "We enjoy seeing you almost as much as hearing from you." Either I don't write enough or talk too much, probably the latter, yes? Well, Luke, I can't help being so liberal with my conversation—you see I am only half Scotch.

Hope Jim Ham finds his way to the outing on the 31st and a lot of others who I know only through the column besides last year's group. Tell Mr Zobel I have purchased a brand new deck of cards for the occasion. They are honest though—the North Shore's own brand.

Yours,

Loophound.

It's all right supplying yourself with playing cards, especially a North Shore Line deck, but there'll be no gambling on the Family Outing. It's sinful and against the law. Our state's attorney says so. Besides you are too good a poker player. Of course you can take a seat under a tree and play solitaire if you wish. Anyway, be there.

We can't see that a man who lives in Philadelphia has much ground for throwing stones at Chicago. The difference between the two cities as far as we can see is that down in the City of Brotherly Love they buy votes at quite a high price, while here we just take them and hand them out to friends. The newspapers say we "steal" the votes, but that's too

strong a word. We just assume that the voter didn't know what he was doing when he marked his ballot, so we help him out by counting his vote for a friend. The Philadelphia system seems the better for the voter and the Chicago plan is the better for the right candidate.

The only and original Jim Ham contributes the following:

Dear Luke:

Fascinated I watched a sculptor at his work transforming a rough, rugged and homely bit of granite into a thing of animate beauty and thought wondered and pondered and chased itself as if to mould or chisel a definite object lesson.

Are we not all to a marked degree sculptors of our own particular destiny? Do we not so mould or unmould our thoughts as to bring peace or worry to ourselves to be reflected by those with whom we come in contact? By chiseling or smoothing off the rough edges have we not found that generally there's an underlying something in most characters widening the fact that the veneer of hate, malice, jealousy and greed is but one-ply on the surface of most folk? Isn't it a shame, however, some of us cannot seem to reconcile ourselves to this fact?

Atlantic City? Yes, recently; in fact I spent a month there a week ago. No, they haven't spoiled the glorious Atlantic though its shore waters have a tireless job in battling pollution but they'll win—Nature always does; which makes one wonder at times.

June BULLETIN just lit and first and most important I hastened to note our 1926 funfest is set for July 31, destination Round Lake. At least I will be with you in spirit if not in fact.

'Tis good to note growth in our Family circle and perusal of some of the gems makes me feel doubly sorry at being so far removed from the circle.

I just know you gang will have a jolly good outing this time and will look forward to reading full details in later editions.

Best wishes to everybody.

Jim Ham.

We'll miss you, Jim. Too bad you can't be with us, but we're still hoping.

Here is a new one from Cincinnati. He writes:

Editor:

The attached card gives my new address in Cincinnati, and if ever you are in this town would like to have you call and see us.

You have been sending me two BULLETINS and I will be pleased and thankful if you will continue to send me one, for I like to read it, especially the saving of the world. If there were a few millions more of the mind of you and I the police and all officers, court officials, judges, lawyers, could take a long vacation without worrying about getting back on the job.

Yes, the North Shore Line is all right, and I rode on it.

Wishing you continued prosperity and long life, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

E. N. Shank.

That's the trouble, Mr. Shank. You see, everyone isn't like us. That's the reason why we tell them every month what they ought to do.

From our old Milwaukee contrib comes the following:

Dear Editor:

I don't expect to break into the "big news," two issues in succession, but the May BULLETIN caught me just as I was leaving for a ten-day trip by auto where the North Shore Line fails to penetrate, namely, the Wisconsin peninsula, where the finest cherries come from and it was my good luck to see them in full blossom at their best and it was a fine sight.

I took this May BULLETIN with me and at the first night stop put in the evening at the hotel reading it from front to back, including Wilbur Nesbit's poem on the back page. I had the pleasure last fall of being in an audience where he was the principal speaker at the banquet and enjoyed his talk, also original recitations very much. Get him on the program again or better yet, into the BULLETIN Family.

Am glad to see some of the old-timers in this issue, also some new ones, but best of all, the "Chief's own" contribution in regard to the outing. This brings me to the reason for two letters in a row in addition to the post cards. I am heartily in favor of that Outing at any time, July preferred. Time

and place no object, as the occasion will be our pleasure, I am sure.

I have not had time to try out the new Skokie Valley Route. Had hoped to be a "first tripper" but was away at work that day. No doubt you will have a big mail this month from the Family so will sign off and let others have the "Air."

Spicily yours,

Mr. Mustard.

You'll try the new Skokie Valley Route on the Family Outing if not before, Mr. Mustard. Of course, you're going to be there as usual.

It is some time since we heard from the Grand-dad of the Family, Mr. Miller of Canton, Ohio, but the idea of the Family Outing has brought him to life, although he has been pretty ill for several months.

Dear Mr. Grant:

I have been reading the BULLETIN regularly and reading it all through with pleasure. I particularly enjoyed the May number in which you discussed the labor troubles in Britain. You have the right perspective of the main cause of the trouble.

Since the close of the late war the whole world has been interested to know what the trouble was and what the outcome would be. I note your explanation enlightened some of your readers, for they say so in the June number. Like yourself, I was born and grew up there and I know the character of the people. The rights of the people are always viewed from a class standpoint and I can vouch for the truth of all you said.

The workers there always claimed they gave the best that was in them, but from a restricted viewpoint. The same opinion was held in America and other countries until late years, but the introduction of machines to turn out products in large quantities has shown that increased production benefits the workers themselves as much as the rest of the people.

We in America have seen the fallacy of the idea of restricting output and it is to be hoped that the British labor delegation's report will have the effect of waking up the British workers.

I note there is going to be an Outing for the contribs on July 31. I would like to attend, as I enjoyed the last one so much and can see the many faces still. In fact, I expect to go but I will have to improve considerably. I have felt myself going down hill for some time. The long winter nearly gathered me in and I am still under a doctor's care.

However, I may last quite a while yet, as I am stronger now than when I began life over three-quarters of a century ago. That being the case, why shouldn't I live as long again? You can explain that to me when we meet, which we will if I am well.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. G. Miller.

Well, Mr. Miller, we hope you may improve enough to be with us on the Outing. It adds to the enthusiasm of the party when they see a man nearly 80 years of age travel all the way from Canton, Ohio, just because he likes the BULLETIN. We cannot imagine any finer commendation than that.

Here is a new Chicago contrib who thinks we are behind the times, and maybe he's right about it. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Riding out to Winnetka Sunday, I read with interest and appreciation your BULLETIN for June, and I congratulate you on printing a bright, readable book.

You very properly say, "Second thoughts are always the best anyway," and, therefore, I think you will be interested in thinking a little farther along the general lines of this agricultural difficulty we have in the Middlewest more particularly.

In developing your thoughts along this line, I believe there are some aspects of the question that have not occurred to you, and if you have the time and care to drop in to my office, I should enjoy meeting you and discussing this question with you a little bit.

An editor cannot afford to be unfashionable in his viewpoint of a question by being behind the general trend of thought. He can afford to be unfashionable by being a few steps ahead of it. The general thought on this question of

the farm situation is changing very, very rapidly.

Very truly yours,

A. R. Simpson, Treasurer,
American Farm Bureau Federation.

We'd rather be right than fashionable, Mr. Simpson, but maybe we're neither. However, we notice that our esteemed Senate seems as far behind the times as we are. We notice also that at least one of our big Chicago dailies is now taking your side of the question, but we'll be hanged if we don't think it is doing so to increase its farm circulation rather than because it believes its position is economically sound.

From Milwaukee comes the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

The June issue of the BULLETIN just reached my desk and, as usual, caused me to call a recess in order to glance through it and read the editorial pages. Its arrival also reminded me of the fact that possibly my subscription has about expired and I hasten to renew, lest my name be stricken from the roll of those who enjoy the BULLETIN month after month.

There is no periodical more welcome on my desk than the BULLETIN. After reading it one feels revived and refreshed with an added assurance that the world is not "going to the dogs" just yet, and if it needs saving, Luke Grant will do the saving.

Here's to the continued success of the BULLETIN, to increasing prosperity of the North Shore Line and its patrons, and to continued monthly arrival of the BULLETIN.

Sincerely,

E. F. Geske.
Phoenix Hosiery Co.

We're going to keep on saving the world at all hazards. One really can't be called a failure until he quits trying and we're not going to quit.

The last time we heard from Arthur Gay he was on his way to the effete East, but he didn't stay long. Didn't like the atmosphere and is back with us again.

He writes:

Dear Family:

As the trainman wrote to his superior's request to be brief in reporting a derailment: "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan." That's me. Left Bean Town and came back to the Windy City. Talked with ye ed about the Family Outing and hope I can be there.

May and June Bulletins read with much interest. Am going to locate for some time in Michigan, will Michigander please take note. Say, Miss Gainsburg, if Uncle Luke led in prayer for rain and snow he surely has had his prayers answered. Miss Gainsburg refers to R. H. L. getting ritzy. He can't. He just copies what we originate. I'd rather a thousand times make this "Line" than his.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to threaten those who fail to write once a year that they will be dropped from the Family. Jumbo, me lad, last call. Lock the wife in the pantry if she tries to stop you. Your rule requiring the ladies to write two letters is a good one. They always want to have the last word, anyway.

Harry Lyons sure does love his ancestors. All of us haven't been favored with Scotch ancestors, but I love to read Ralph Connors, most of whose heroes are Scotch. And by the way, is the gentleman who wrote "Red Hair and Blue Sea" still a member of the Family?" We haven't heard from him in a long time.

Must close but will see you July 31.

Arthur F. Gay.

Yes, Arthur, the man who wrote "Red Hair and Blue Sea" is still a member of the Family, but is probably too busy writing for a living to do much writing for fun. His book has been published in England under the title of "Palmyra's Pirates," we believe. He writes us a line or two when he thinks about it, which is not very often.

Our noted Chicago correspondent, Ed Bangs, gives timely warning that he will be with us on July 31. He writes:

My Dear Mr. Grant:

Just to say that your general instructions to the family, as per

page 25 and 26 of June number, and the ones to me, as per page 31, have been noted, and that we'll be there; so reserve seats for two.

See you then, the first Saturday after the fourth, as suggested by Wilbourne B. Cox, and adopted by your referendum committee.

Edward A. Bangs.

Plenty of seats in the balcony, Ed. No waiting. Just come along and bring her with you.

Here is one from a new contrib in Peoria. Let's see, wasn't that town famous for something or other a few years ago?

He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I have not received my June edition of the North Shore Bulletin. If this has already been issued, I wish you would see that my copy reaches me. Perhaps you have already sent me the BULLETIN and it has got lost in the mail.

I thank you for this courtesy as I very much enjoy reading your publication.

Yours very truly,

R. Bernard Robinson.

It would be too bad, Mr. Robinson, to deprive you of the pleasure of reading the BULLETIN. Modesty keeps us from saying that it is well worth reading, but anyway, we have sent you another copy.

This one comes from Dallas, Texas. The writer of it used to be in New Jersey, and wondered why his BULLETIN wasn't forwarded. Uncle Sam doesn't do business that way. If you are not there when the BULLETIN arrives your Uncle Sam sends it back to this office and collects return postage.

He writes:

Dear Editor:

A week ago I received a friend from Chicago and was sure glad to receive him as Chicago is only a few miles from my home town. I always welcome a friend.

Now this friend is no one else but the North Shore Bulletin, and not having received a BULLETIN for the past three months, felt

lost; now I have received all three and I wish to thank you very kindly for them.

I have let one of the Chicago boys read two of them. He has been here for the past ten years and I could see he enjoyed reading of the things going on in and around Chicago.

Dallas is a nice city but I wish I were back in Chicago again. I am hoping some day to go back again.

So thanking you again for your BULLETIN and hoping to receive it monthly, I remain a friend.

Harry Wishow.

All right, Mr. Wishow, we'll send it to you, but should you change your address again you had better send us a post card with the new address.

A new Chicago contrib writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Will you please have my address changed on your mailing list.

For your information I might state I am a North Shore Booster and have been for several years past. My business takes me to Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee several times a month and my first thought is always North Shore. I particularly enjoy the North Shore special steaks and I do not think your dining car service is surpassed by any steam road.

Yours truly,

G. A. Dinsmore.

Our dining car service isn't equaled on any road, Mr. Dinsmore. At least that's the way we look at it. Your enjoyment of those special steaks proves you are a connoisseur, or as we once heard a speaker say who had a weakness for using expensive words that he couldn't pronounce, a "connoozer."

This one comes from Madison, Wis. We are always glad to find a reader interested enough to notify us promptly when he misses one issue. He writes:

Dear Sir:

Although I am not able to travel on the North Shore Line very often, I am greatly interested in your company and your publication the BULLETIN is the best means I have of learning what you are do-

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ing. I have not received either the May or June issue of the BULLETIN, and as I have not changed my place of residence some error has very likely been made on your mailing list. I am requesting that you return my name to your list in order that I may follow the progressive work of the road as I have in the past.

Very truly yours,
Oliver Wynn.

Your name is still on the list, Oliver, so it was probably your Uncle Sam who fell down on the job.

This one comes from Cudahy, Wis., and we are glad to welcome him into the BULLETIN family. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

For several years I have received occasional copies of the BULLETIN and have read each issue from "kiver to kiver" with a great deal of interest and pleasure, interest in your able editorials and pleasure in the anecdotes of our kilted brotherhood and letters of the Family, together with news of the line over which it has been my pleasure to ride a few times.

May I ask the courtesy of being placed on your mailing list so that the BULLETIN will come to me regularly. Your kindness in so doing will be greatly appreciated by a brother Scot, (my great granddad came over from Edinburgh).

Very truly yours,
S. S. McDuffie.

Glad to put your name on the mailing list, Mr. McDuffie. Did your great grand-dad spell his name with the two superfluous letters at the end? Lay on, Macduff.

A Milwaukee contrib who hasn't been heard from in some months comes to bat with the following:

Dear Family:

As far as I am concerned I'll be with you on July 31. However, I'll have to speak to the boss about getting off on that day, but I think that he'll let me go seeing that the affair is being run by the North Shore Line. How are the chances of meeting the Family half-way? I suppose I'll have to come down to the Loop.

By the way one of our contribs was harping on "Bonny Scotland" in the last issue. I supposed that only Americans of German descent remembered the Fatherland. I've never been in sympathy with that attitude. America for Americans. The habit of looking back across the ocean and sighing for the good old days is distasteful to me.

Having got rid of that steam off my chest I won't be so mean at the Family Outing.

Yours,
Von.

Well, Von, we're afraid you didn't read that contrib very closely or you would have found that it was his grandmother who came from Scotland. Also when you grow older and marry and all that sort of thing, and the preacher will ask you to love and honor your wife, etc., he'll never ask you to hate your mother.

Here is one from a new Chicago contrib who writes:

Dear Sir:

The other night I was visiting a friend of mine, Stewart Smith, who works with a florist at 63rd and Kimbark. He asked me if I would like to read some Scotch jokes and being a Scot I said I surely would, so he produced the North Shore Bulletin, No. 7.

I enjoyed the jokes and looked over the rest of the pages which contained some very interesting matter. I asked him where he got the book and he told me I could either phone or write you and it would be mailed to me, so I am taking this opportunity to do so.

On the first page I noticed your picture and immediately recognized it as the same Luke Grant who is so very interested in the Chicago Scottish Choir of which I was a member last year and hope to be the next.

Hoping you will grant my request and put me on your mailing list for the BULLETIN, I am

Very truly yours,
Walter L. Hendry.

Well, Mr. Hendry, seeing that you are a member of the Chicago Scottish Choir we must see to it that you are put on the mailing list. We would have put you on it, anyway, but you have given us an added incentive.

SERVICE

Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
 If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause
 His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to a cell of sin—
 If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
 Or home, hath bent,

He hath not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
 With thankful heart;
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
 Can henceforth part.

—Whittier.