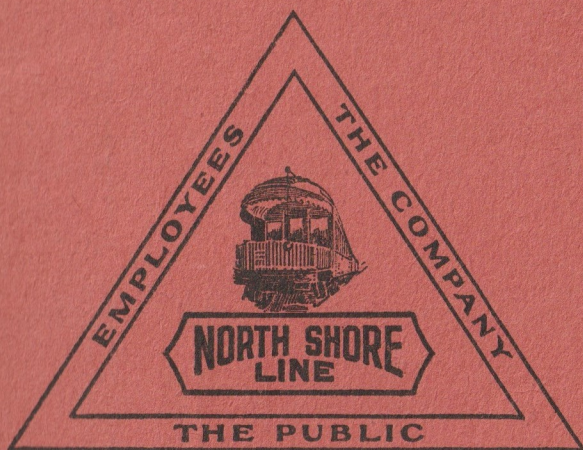


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER, 1926




"The Road of Service"

IN this world of imperfection we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. And if we can find but one to whom we can speak out freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.

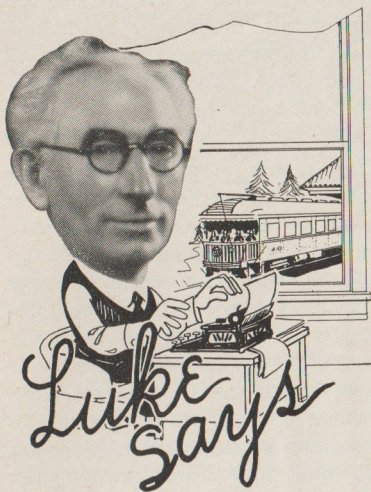
—R. L. S.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
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LUKE GRANT, Editor 1325 Chicago Trust Building

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Editorial Comment



FOR years we have been broadcasting from this station words of wisdom, more or less, and sometimes we wonder if we haven't been barking up the wrong tree as 'twere.

* * *

NOT that we think it matters a great deal, but the thought occurs that all our efforts at saving this world may not be worth while. Is it worth saving, anyway? What's the use of telling the people what they ought to do? They'll do as they please and usually it is exactly opposite to what a conscientious world-saver like ourself tells them.

* * *

IN one way, though, we are better off than most of our contemporaries—the daily newspapers. We have never claimed to be in the class of “molders of public opinion” as they claim to be. So when we see things going opposite to what we think they should go, we can afford to laugh. Maybe after all the people are right. We don't, as a rule ourself, pay much attention to the editorial advice of the newspaper, unless to act in the opposite way.

WE read the newspapers a good deal. It's the only way we have of keeping in touch with what's going on in the world. We couldn't save the world every month unless we kept a little in touch with what is going on in it. Not that keeping oneself informed is absolutely necessary in this world-saving business. We have noticed some world-savers offer plans so widely at variance with known facts that it didn't seem possible they knew what they were talking about. Some bills introduced in our legislative halls are like that.

* * *

BUT to get back to the newspapers. As we have said we read them to keep in touch a little with history in the making, but do we think they are always right? We do not. We think they are usually wrong, not only in their editorials, but in their estimate of important news. Of course, the newspapers justify their policies on the grounds that they give their readers the kind of stuff their readers wish. But we doubt if they do that. We have a higher opinion of the taste of the average reader. If the taste of the majority of newspaper readers is what the editors seem to think it is, then the newspapers are to blame for that taste. It is a case of cause and effect. And where does the claim of being "molders of public opinion" come in?

* * *

THE most noted example in the last month of what we have in mind was the death of Valentino. We do not detract anything from what was due the popular screen idol, but we do think the newspapers showed lack of correct proportions. One of the leading educators of the country died on the same day and the event was given a line of space for every column accorded the movie star. History will no doubt reverse the proportions, or rather it will give Dr. Eliot his due when the name of the screen star is forgotten, but in giving the actor more newspaper space than the educator, we think the newspapers were right. The work of the one was known to millions while that of the other was known to thousands. But even then we think the newspapers showed a woeful lack of sense of proportion. And in our opinion they do that most of the time.

* * *

NOW what is a conscientious world-saver like ourself going to do in the face of such opposition? The trouble is that most of us form our opinions on prejudice instead of on reason. Our actions and expressions spring from emotion. We do not try to reason. If we did many of the things that men do would not be done. The same is true of nations. Emotion is a natural, primitive instinct. It ought not to be suppressed, but it should be controlled by reason. We should know the facts before jumping at conclusions. But do our newspapers

help us control our emotions? Decidedly not. They cater to the primitive instincts and stir up prejudice and hatred. They scent a scandal from afar and exploit it before their readers in all its lurid details, the more lurid the better. And they do it with little or no regard for the facts. They say their readers want it. We know some readers who don't want it, but they have no choice in the matter.

* * *

HAVING got that out of our system, we'll get back to saving the country. Maybe it's worth saving after all. We read that there are 11,000 millionaires in it. One out of every 10,450 of the population. That's good news. Only a few years ago we didn't have one millionaire to every million of the population. They're becoming almost as numerous as swimmers of the English Channel. And really 10,450 isn't such a large number. One in a million looked so hopeless. Now there is a chance for all of us. We'll bet a red apple that more will be heard about that 11,000 between now and election. We'll be told of a thousand different ways of stopping the number from increasing. Every candidate for office will have a bill to introduce to prevent the making of millionaires. The country is altogether too prosperous to suit a lot of reformers. Their philosophy is that it is better that a million workers should be out of work than that one man should make a million dollars. You'll hear their story during the campaign, but we hope you won't take it too seriously.

* * *

SOMETIMES we wonder why these public-ownership advocates do not propose government ownership and operation of the farms. They advocate government ownership of nearly everything else, so why not take in the land? We suppose the reason is that somebody has to do real work and pay taxes and it might as well be the farmers. True, some of them have proposed to put the government into the agricultural business by having it fix the prices of farm products. They haven't got very far with the scheme yet, but these blocs are persistent and we'll no doubt see a few more efforts in that direction before the coming winter is over. The country seems to be going a little crazy on paternalism or "grandmotherism." Over in Europe, having given the thing a tryout, the governments are trying to get away from it, while here we seem to want more of it. Belgium is the latest among the European countries to get rid of its government-owned railroads by turning them over to a private corporation. It is making pretty liberal terms, too. The holders of government bonds, which the government isn't able to redeem, are being required to accept preferred stock in the new railroad corporation in exchange for their bonds. An interesting point is that the preferred stock is guaranteed a 6 per cent dividend rate

and one-half the net profits. It is estimated that the additional dividend will be about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, so that the total yield will be $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

* * *

WHAT would our American railroad baiters say to a proposition like that? Here we have a few statesmen who say in public speeches that the railroads are robbing the people, because they are allowed to earn a return of $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on a valuation fixed by the government. They are allowed to earn that return if they can, but as a matter of fact they have not as a whole been able to do it. And there is no guarantee of the $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, as in the case of Belgium. But Belgium had to get rid of its railroads, because government operation of them was bankrupting the country. How are railroads which were operated at a heavy loss by the government, expected to earn $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent return under private operation? Rates probably will be increased, but the greatest saving is expected to be made by "reducing the personnel." Don't the words sound familiar? This country's experiment in government operation of railroads for less than two years during the war cost the taxpayers about one and three-quarter billions of dollars, and when they were turned back to private operation, the first step taken to put them on a paying basis was "reduction of the personnel."

* * *

OF all the buncombe handed out by political spell-binders, in season and out of season, the rankest is the pernicious doctrine that the government can do things better for the people than they can do them for themselves. It never was true, and in the very nature of things it never can be true. But it sounds plausible at times and most of us are too indifferent to look into the facts. The spell-binders know that, so they get away with their stuff. Not long ago we listened to a public ownership orator making a speech on electric power and what the government could do if it developed the water power resources of the nation. He was a skillful orator and drew a wonderful word picture. There was only one thing wrong with his speech as far as we could see and that was that there wasn't a word of truth in it. But his audience didn't appear to know that. It sounded fairly plausible. The picture he drew of what the government could do with the full energy that could be developed from Muscle Shoals was amusing. We don't know whether or not he believed it himself, but we thought if he did he was sadly in need of enlightenment.

* * *

NOW the speech we speak of was made in Chicago. If the speaker had said that Muscle Shoals when developed to its utmost capacity, which it probably may be some day, would not produce as much

power as is being produced by a single plant of the Commonwealth-Edison Company in Chicago, the story wouldn't have been as interesting to the audience. But it would have been the truth. If he had told his audience that Niagara Falls produces only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the nation's electrical energy, it mightn't have been as interesting, but it would have been true. He didn't tell his audience that 72 per cent of the country's water power is west of the Mississippi, while 79 per cent of the demand for electrical energy is east of the Father of Waters. If he had told them that and added that electricity cannot be transmitted economically more than 250 miles over wires and compare favorably with power produced locally, he would have given away his case. And he wasn't there for that purpose. He was there to paint a glowing picture of water power and government ownership. But there are always two sides to a story and it is well to hear both before reaching conclusions.

* * *

WHEN one considers seriously such subjects, the wonder is that so many can be fooled by the government ownership advocates. In no branch of industry has such remarkable progress been made in recent years as in the production of electrical energy. It is being put every day to uses that were not dreamed of even ten years ago. All the remarkable development we see has taken place under private initiative. Are the business men engaged in the industry overlooking anything in the way of further development? Not so it can be noticed. How then can anyone, in view of experience in other directions, believe that a government-owned electric plant could do something that is not already being done in privately-owned plants? How can anyone believe that political management would be better than business management? The cost of producing electrical energy is only 20 per cent of its total cost. The other 80 per cent is the cost of delivering the service.

* * *

ONE of the mistakes of the municipal and government ownership advocates is that they believe their pet theory is an end in itself, when it is only a means to an end. The real end is service. If the people are given the service they need when they need it, the question of ownership is of slight importance. The question of costs is important, of course. But what is the story of the cost of electric energy under private ownership and management? As development has progressed costs have been reduced. The average price of electric power today is lower than it was in 1914, while other prices entering into the cost of living have gone up an average of about 65 per cent. Can you think of anything else that is cheaper today than it was ten years ago? Would government, national or municipal, have done as well as the pri-

vately-owned companies have done? If we are to judge by the railroad experiment, the answer is obvious.

* * *

THERE is another angle which the government ownership advocates are careful not to mention in discussing their pet theory. That is the question of taxes. If the electric light and power companies were owned by municipalities, or by state or national governments, they would be exempt from the payment of taxes. Under their present private ownership and public regulation, the electric light and power companies of the country pay \$150,000,000 a year in taxes. That is about \$8 for every family in the United States.

* * *

AS a parting word in winding up this little dissertation on nothing in particular, we suggest that it is better for the government to govern, and leave the business of the country to be run by business men.

Field Museum Announces Autumn Lecture Series

A course of twelve illustrated lectures upon science and travel has been arranged by the Field Museum of Natural History for Saturday afternoons beginning September 25 and running each week thereafter to December 11. This series is known as the forty-sixth free lecture course and is to be given by world-famous explorers and scientists who have achieved fame as leaders in these fields.

Among the noted men who are scheduled to appear during the 12-week course are Donald B. McMillin, arctic explorer; Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole, leader of the Arthur B. Jones Malayan Expedition; Dr. William Montgomery McGovern, London; Dr. Lucius C. Pardee, Chicago, and many other well known authorities.

The lectures will be held in the James Simpson theatre of the Museum, starting at 3:00 o'clock. The public is invited and urged to attend this interesting and educational lecture course.

Special entertainments for children are to be held each Saturday

morning at 10 o'clock in the same theater. These programs consist of motion pictures depicting life in far away places of the globe.

Patrons of the North Shore Line who wish to attend these lectures can take trains to the Roosevelt Road station, which is just a short walk from the Field Museum.

"Aye," exclaimed Sandy to his bored London acquaintances, "Scotland's the finest place on earth!"

"Then what made you leave it?" asked a disgusted voice, "since you like it so much.

Sandy chuckled.

"Aweel, it was like this. In Scotland everybody was as clever as masel', an I couldna mak' muckle progress. But here—" he chuckled again, "here I'm gettin' on vera weel!"

A Spring Symposium

Behold, the golfing days are come,
The fields are fresh and green;
Behold, the links are filled with
dubs,
They, too, are fresh and green.

Zahn's New Department Store Racine's Big Shopping Mart

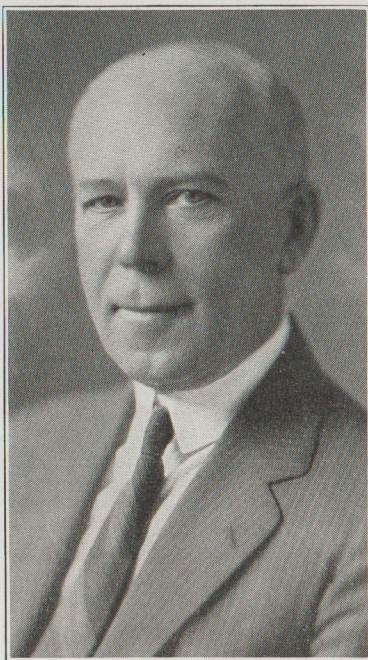
*Edward Zahn, Proprietor and Founder of
Great Commercial House Began Business
Career as a Clerk at 5-Cent Counter*

WHEN Zahn's new department store opened its welcoming doors to the people of Racine in October of last year, its opening marked the realization of the life dream of its proprietor, Edward Zahn.

Born in the little village of Vienna, Wis., about thirty miles from Racine, Mr. Zahn is intensely loyal to the city in which he has spent his life since leaving the farm at fifteen years of age. His chief ambition was to give Racine a great modern department store, one which would be a credit to the city as well as to its founder.

It was in 1880 that Mr. Zahn, then a boy of 15 years, left his father's farm and flour mill to seek his fortune in the city. Racine was much less of a city then than it is today and the merchandising of dry goods was not the science that it is now. Mr. Zahn began selling articles at a 5-cent counter, but even in that humble capacity he soon began to display the traits in his character which have made him the leading merchant in his line in the city, a merchant who has the good will and respect of the entire city.

Working his way up in various capacities, Mr. Zahn learned the business "from the ground up" and then felt that he should embark in business for himself. He felt it was a momentous venture, for he had little capital, but plenty of energy and hard common



Edward Zahn, Founder and Proprietor, Zahn's Department Store, Racine, Wis.

sense. During the years he had spent working behind the counter he learned a lot of human nature and the right way of making contact with his customers. He learned that merchandising means a great deal more than merely



Zahn's Department Store, Racine, Wis.

handing a customer what he asks for and taking his money. It means making a friend of the customer so that he will return again and again. It means that the salesman must be human and not merely a mechanical machine. That always has been the philosophy of Mr. Zahn and no doubt is the secret of his success.

It was in 1898 that Mr. Zahn decided to "go on his own" and his brothers back on the farm

stood behind him in a financial way. They loaned him about \$8,000 which was the capital invested in the original enterprise and he began doing business in a small store on Main Street with three clerks. Two of the clerks are still in the employ of the company.

The business prospered, not in any phenomenal way, but grew as the city grew and as Mr. Zahn's ideas of personal service and giv-



Main Aisle and Entrance, Zahn's Department Store

ing the customer his money's worth became more generally known.

Soon the business outgrew the original store and a larger one was rented. In a few years that, too, proved altogether inadequate to meet the increase in business and it was then that Mr. Zahn became fired with the ambition to build the largest retail store in Racine, where he would have ample opportunity to carry out his ideas of serving the public in the way he wished to do.

The new store, located on one of the principal corners in the business section of Racine, fronting on Monument Square, is at once ornate and useful. It has all the conveniences of the modern mercantile establishment. Although the store is less than a year old plans are already being considered to add an additional story and to enlarge the scope of the business, for Mr. Zahn is not the kind of man to sit down and rest satisfied with his past accomplishments. He feels that he is the heart of the business he has

built up and that he must keep on supplying the necessary energy to make it the active, expanding thing that it is.

Associated with Mr. Zahn in the company are his two sons, Edward, Jr., and Russell, the former the merchandising manager and the latter the comptroller of the corporation. When we called at the store to see Mr. Zahn, we found him hustling around the offices trying to do several things at once. He confided that he was trying to get away for a short vacation and there were so many last-minute matters which had to be attended to.

When we told him we wished to write a short story about the store, or about himself or anything that might be interesting, he invited us into his office and called in the two sons and introduced them. Edward, Jr., invited us to step into his office and look over pictures of the store and get any information we wished.

Hardly had we been seated when Mr. Zahn bustled in to see that



Yard Goods Department, Second Floor

we were receiving the right attention.

"Father, I know just exactly what is wanted and will take care of it," said the son. "You run away and pack up. This business will go on just the same if you are not here."

Mr. Zahn smiled an indulgent smile and gave us a look as much as if to say, "You see how confident these youngsters are, but its useful to have the old man around at times."

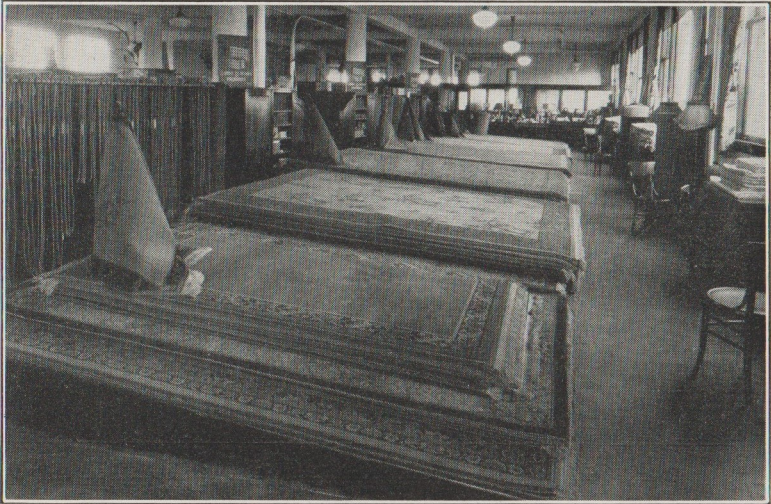
When Mr. Zahn had left the office the son remarked "Father is always like that, he thinks unless he looks after each detail personally, something will go wrong."

As we looked at the young athletic-looking man in front of us, we could not help thinking that there was justification for the self-confidence he showed. Edward Zahn, Jr., is a graduate of Culver Military Academy, winning a medal for the best all-around athlete in that famous school and during

his school career he was captain of the football, the basketball and baseball teams. He preferred entering business with his father to a college education and we could see nothing to indicate that his choice was other than a wise one.

After a little Mr. Zahn entered and invited us into his office. We confess that we felt more interested in the man who had built up such a business than in the business itself, so we enjoyed his conversation.

As he followed our eyes to some pictures on the walls of his office, he jumped up to show them. Old photographs of the flour mill, the dam, the farm and some of the favorite horses. Human nature is the same the world over, we inwardly thought as Mr. Zahn grew reminiscent of his boyhood days. He told us the names of the horses shown in one of the photographs, and the changes that has been made around the old homestead since his boyhood days.



Floor Coverings Department, Fourth Floor

"Times have changed a great deal since those days," he said reminiscently. "The customs and habits of the people change rapidly nowadays. Merchandising is not at all the same today as when I began in business and changes in styles affect our whole industrial system. I remember the days when a woman wouldn't appear on the streets without gloves. Now they are seldom worn unless for protection from the cold. Don't you see what change in habit means to the glove manufacturer?"

"In the early days we paid little attention to window displays. We did show goods in windows to some extent, but it was considered an insignificant detail of the business. Now the monthly salary of an expert window display artist is more than the rent of a store for six months in the old days. But that is all right. It is progress and we must keep up with the pace, or go a little ahead if possible."

Mr. Zahn related a little incident

which revealed his ideas of modern business. He said a friend in business complained that the people were not appreciative and would trade at the store of a new man in the business rather than bestow their patronage on one who had served them honestly for years.

"I told him," said Mr. Zahn, "that he had the wrong slant on things. I said to him, 'You mustn't expect the public to support you simply because you have been in business a long time. You must sell your goods on their merits. Make them just a little better than your competitor and the public will patronize you. But if you expect patronage on the sentimental plea that you have an old-established business which ought to be supported, you might as well shut up shop. That day, even in a city the size of Racine, is gone forever.'"

"Customs change," continued Mr. Zahn, "but human nature doesn't change much. I find it



Women's Rest Room and Children's Play Room, Second Floor

is the human touch in business that appeals. I often point out to my people the courtesy shown by the employes on the North Shore Line to their customers. You have fine, courteous men on your railroad. It is a pleasure to ride with them. It is the same spirit of courtesy and service that we try to instill into the minds of our people here. We want to stand

out as the store where the people are assured of courteous service."

A sudden thought struck Mr. Zahn and he asked us to follow him; he wished to show us something. From a window he pointed out a large vacant space near the store. "We have just rented that space and are having it fixed up as a parking space for automobiles. There was a division of opinion



Millinery and Children's Department, Third Floor

among us whether we should charge a nominal fee to cover the cost, whether we should give the space free to customers who purchased a certain amount in the store, or whether we should provide the space free without any restrictions. I won finally," he chuckled, "and decided that we should give the space free whether the automobile owners wished to trade at our store or some other. It costs us something, but it is part of our service. We are going to provide free parking space and we won't ask the people who use it to spend a cent in our store."

"But they will," we replied.

Mr. Zahn smiled as he said, "I think probably they will. The public isn't unappreciative when treated right."

There is something about Mr. Zahn, which no doubt, explains why he is spoken of so highly among business men in Racine. It is the warmth of his greeting, his genial smile and his evident firm belief in the principles of courtesy and service which he so

strongly advocates. He is a successful business man, he has built himself a great commercial monument, but he has not forgotten his early days on the farm. He has not forgotten how to be "just human," which is probably the basic secret of his business success.

We went to Zahn's with the idea of writing something about the store, about its floor displays, its wonderful 300 feet of show window space, the public conveniences it provides for its customers and all that sort of thing, but after meeting and talking with Mr. Zahn, we decided that he really was the "story" rather than the store. He struck us as being so "human" that we thought we would write a sort of human story, instead of merely a description of brick walls and floors. We believe we forgot to ask any of the usual questions about increased business and all that, but that part of the story is told in the fact that Mr. Zahn began in business with three clerks and now employs approximately 200 men and women.

New Refrigeration Car Service Installed on North Shore Line

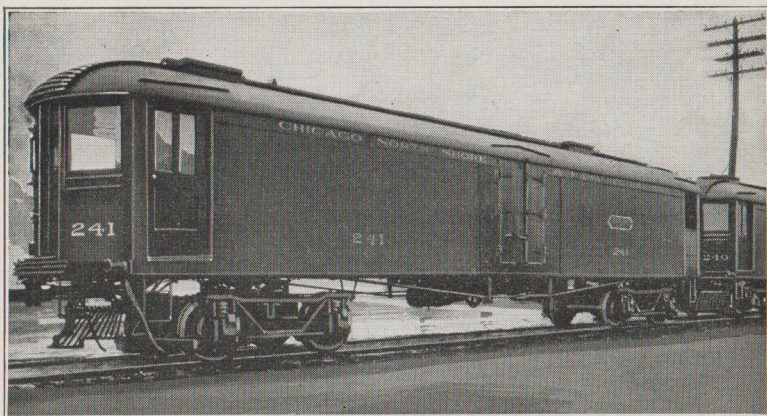
ALWAYS a leader in service improvements for the benefit of its customers, the North Shore Line has recently installed a refrigeration car service, the first of its kind on any railroad in the country.

The cars used in this service were especially designed and built for the North Shore Line and mark a big forward step. They are equipped with ammonia compressor, ammonia condenser and water-cooling apparatus, all electrically operated and under thermostatic control. This thermostatic control insures an even tem-

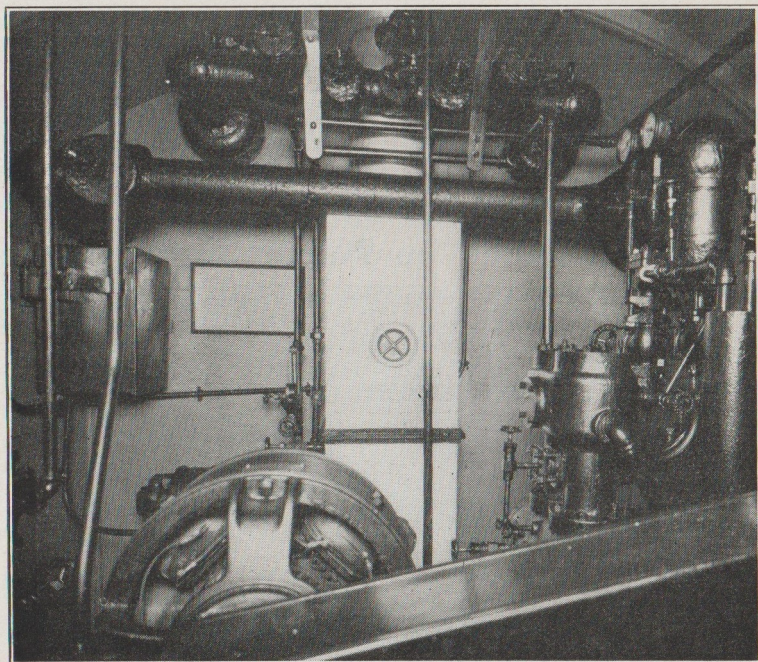
perature at all times, while the air-cooling method of refrigeration insures the utmost in cleanliness.

The thermostat is located near the center of the car and is set at approximately 40 degrees and automatically controls the operation of the refrigerator machinery. If the temperature in the car should rise higher than the point at which the thermostat is set, the machinery automatically starts and when the temperature has been reduced it is automatically shut off.

The new cars are not equipped



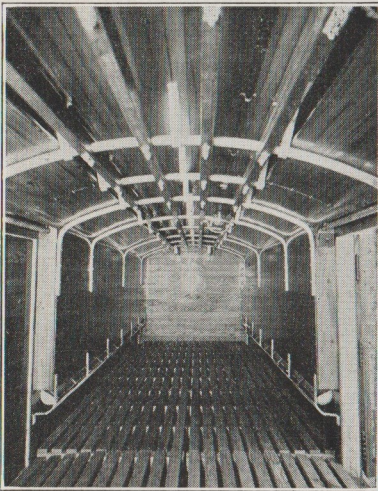
Refrigerator Cars, North Shore Line



View of Refrigerating Machinery

with motors but have the necessary control and airbrake equipment so that they can be placed on the front end of a train and used as operating cars. They have a motorman's cab at each end and obtain the necessary power to operate the lights and the refrigerator machinery by means of a 600-volt jumper connected with the motor car.

Except for the absence of doors and windows there is nothing in the outward appearance of these



View of Interior Refrigerating Car.

cars to distinguish them from the regular passenger coaches on the North Shore Line.

The new cars provide an overnight service for perishable goods between Chicago and all points on the line. The service is especially adapted to the transportation of fresh meats, butter, eggs, cheese and produce of that character.

One of the great advantages to shippers in the new service is that

shipments intended for Monday morning delivery will be received at any of the stations on Saturday. Heretofore meat shippers had to deliver shipments for Monday morning on the previous Friday night.

Receiving stations of the North Shore Line in Chicago are located at 41st and Union streets and 61st and Calumet avenue, on the South Side, Franklin and Austin avenues in the downtown district and at Montrose and Broadway on the North Side.

Shipments of meat received at any of these stations up to 6 o'clock in the afternoon will be ready for delivery at its destination early the following morning.

Perishable articles are kept under refrigeration from the time they are placed in the car until the consignee calls for them the following morning at Waukegan, Kenosha, Racine or Milwaukee.

Although this service has been installed only within the last month, shippers of perishable produce are taking advantage of it in increasing numbers and proclaim it the most satisfactory they have ever experienced.

Rather Long-Winded

An old Scotch woman was dying and the minister called to comfort her. He was asked to "put up a prayer" which he did. After a few minutes he was surprised to hear her say in a loud aside: "Dod, I think I'll be deid afore ye get through."

And Its Free at That

A man had fainted on the sidewalk. The curious crowd gathered around and a policeman pushed his way through.

"Give the man some air," shouted the policeman.

"Gie him some yersel," answered a voice from the crowd.

Open New Garage In North Chicago

WITH the completion and occupancy of the new North Shore Line garage at Tenth street, North Chicago, the efficiency of the Motor Coach Department has been materially improved.

to the new location, as have the operating forces. All the motor coaches operating in that district are now working out of this central point.

The new garage will prove a great economy in time and money. With the added facilities and shop repair equipment, motor coaches can now be given the same care



New North Shore Line Garage, North Chicago



Interior View of New Garage

Built at a cost of approximately \$125,000, the new garage has all the modern facilities needed not only to house the motor coaches but to keep them in repair. All the general overhauling, painting and repair work is now being done in the garage.

The main floor of the building has a capacity of 60 motor coaches and ample room for shops and offices on the second floor. The offices of the Motor Coach Department have been removed from Highwood

and inspection which railroad cars receive.

Not From Heaven

A kindly Scotch fishwife had called on a needy family and given them some assistance. After leaving the house she chanced to see a sixpence on the ground, which she interpreted as a divine recognition of her charity. "But, loosh me," she said, "whan I pit my haun in ma pooch, I fand oot it was ma ain saxpence and nae God's at a'."

North Shore Line at Wisconsin State Fair

THE Wisconsin State Fair, held each year at Milwaukee, is one of the big events of the year.

An established practice of the North Shore Line is to take active part in everything of a public character in the territory served by the railroad. In accordance with that policy the road placed an exhibit in the air which attracted probably more attention

Although the stage coach was a genuine relic of the days of '49, procured for the occasion through the courtesy of The Essanay Film Company, it did not attract nearly the attention that did the modern de luxe train of the North Shore Line.

During the five days that the Fair lasted a constant stream of visitors walked through the train.



Stage Coach Vintage of '49 and North Shore de Luxe Train on Exhibit at Wisconsin State Fair, Milwaukee

than any other exhibit on the grounds.

The main exhibit was a 5-car steel train, consisting of three regular coaches, a parlor-observation car and a dining car. To show the contrast between modern travel and that enjoyed by our grandfathers, a stage coach of the vintage of 1849 was installed near the train.

A careful check showed that no fewer than 35,000 persons inspected the train. Many of them were surprised to learn that trains exactly similar in every respect are operated daily over the North Shore Line.

The train was fully manned with conductor, trainmen, dining car steward, chefs, waiters and a porter. The only respect in which



Side View de Luxe Train, Wisconsin State Fair



North Shore Line Booth, Wisconsin State Fair

it differed from one of the regular trains was that it was standing still on a track specially prepared for it, instead of running at sixty miles an hour, or more. In fact, a number of Wisconsin state officials and officials of the city of Milwaukee were served luncheon on the dining car as guests of the company.

As the Fair visitors who inspected the train came from all parts of Wisconsin, some of them were not familiar with the character of service and equipment of the North Shore Line and were greatly surprised to think that an "interurban" railroad operated dining and parlor car service.

In the ordinary usage of the word the North Shore Line is not an "interurban" line. It is an electrically operated railroad and performs all the functions of a railroad. But to some from outlying rural districts, whose idea of an electric railroad is a single car operating at long intervals, it was a revelation. Such visitors left

the Fair with a new idea of the modern, smokeless, cinderless, deluxe trains of the North Shore Line.

As a memento of their visit to the North Shore Line train, the company distributed 25,000 large paper shopping bags, bearing the name and trademark of the company, which were intended for women visitors. They proved so popular, however, that men visitors asked for them also to carry the souvenirs handed them by other exhibitors, so that the North Shore Line soon had an army of volunteer advertisers circulating through the grounds.

The North Shore Line band gave a series of concerts during the Fair, which called forth a great deal of favorable comment. Altogether thousands of visitors who previously did not know a great deal about the North Shore Line, went away with favorable impressions of the company and of its service.

Bulletin Brings Order from Auckland, New Zealand

HOW widely the BULLETIN is read is attested by the many letters received from different parts of the country and even from foreign countries. Last month we had a letter from the Philippines and one from the Straits Settlement, but this one comes from the antipodes.

Cal H. Peck, of the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Company of Racine, writes as follows:

Dear Sir:

We have had a great many acknowledgments of the North Shore Bulletin which we mailed out to our foreign customers and which we know will be of interest to you.

We have also received several orders with letters of acknowledgment and we are enclosing a letter received from one of our old customers in Auckland, New Zealand, who orders some of the items which you wrote up in the North Shore Bulletin.

We thought you would be interested in reading this letter and when you are through with

it, kindly return it to us for our files.

Thanking you for past favors, we remain,

Very truly yours,
GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURN.
MFG. CO.

C. H. PECK, Export Dept.

The letter referred to by Mr. Peck voiced a "mild complaint" that the Auckland dealer was not being kept fully informed of the latest improvements made by the Gold Medal Company. It was a 5-page letter from which the following is an excerpt:

"We note that in the Exporters and Importers Journal of June 11 your advertisement mentions cot beds full length, or special length for children. Then the North Shore Bulletin (which is very interesting) mentions that you make up children's sets of furniture, and we are quite in the dark as to prices and sizes."

Owing to the length of time required to send a shipment, or even a letter to New Zealand, the Auckland dealer did not wait for price quotations, but sent an order for several of the articles mentioned in the North Shore Bulletin.

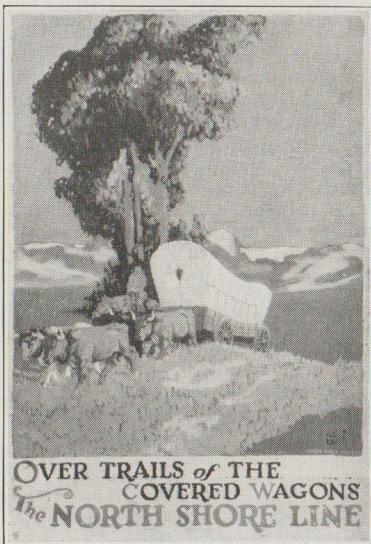


The above picture looks reminiscent of a bygone age. Milwaukee was famous for its brew in the old days and it is famous still. The Val Blatz Brewing Company is one of a few breweries now manufacturing a beer that has all the flavor of the old brew and is within the legal requirements. The picture shows a carload of "Old Heidelberg" shipped to Chicago over the North Shore Line.

The Latest Poster of North Shore Line

HAVE you noticed the latest North Shore Line poster now being displayed on the billboards along the road?

As you sit in a comfortable train, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and glimpse the poster, does it call up visions of the days of the pioneer?



Westward across the plains moved the covered wagon caravans of the sturdy American pioneers, westward, slowly along adventurers' trails which led to a new homeland. The creak of wheels; the steady beat of oxen feet; the singing hearts of the rugged husbandmen, eyes set to the fertile lands lying on the shores of the great inland lakes and the mighty Mississippi—"Father of Waters"—it was a symphony of progress, a stirring epic of the real beginning of a powerful nation.

Literature and art have recorded the indomitable spirit of these hardy men and women. Seekers they were, of the romance in the undeveloped west. Followers of unmarked pathways beset with countless dangers. Attracted by the lure and promise of the new territory, they left their homes in the east and went where greater opportunity beckoned. And the new country proved their foresight in thousandfold measure. Modern America has enshrined the pioneer spirit as the guiding element in its march to present-day power and prosperity.

But, even today, as one is comfortably seated in a train, rolling through the countryside glorious with the traditions of years gone by, the covered wagon trails though long since replaced with thin tracks of shining steel, still wind their way through the imagination. For surely there is a touch of the romantic in the realization that the pace of progress is tracing the steps of the brave pioneers who fought their way across the plains to a land of greater opportunity which they knew lay to the westward.

The Fly in the Ointment

The harvest had been spare and there was much discontent and not a little suffering among the farmers. The minister tried his best to comfort them, stating that there would be sufficient for everyone, for the promise was given "Even the birds of the air were fed."

"Aye," replied the cynic, "aff my corn."

Why Its Named Scotch

Why do they name it Scotch whiskey?

Because a drink or two will make you tight, and the more you drink the tighter you get.

Letters of Commendation

IT is characteristic of employees of the North Shore Line that they try to be helpful, even though the person helped is not an actual customer.

Every person is a prospective customer and it is upon that theory that North Shore employees act.

Helped Stranger Locate New Firm

The following letter is a case in point:

Gentlemen:

I have been a traveling man for twenty-two years and have never experienced what I did today.

I was trying to locate a new firm at Kenosha and asked several business people but no one knew them.

I went to your office and asked your Mr. Boughneit. He telephoned three different parties and finally gave me the necessary needed information for which I thanked him and also want to thank your company for employing such men so obliging and accommodating. I must also mention that I sold that new firm, but sorry to say they are a coal company and happened not to be on your line.

Yours very truly,

C. J. BURBACH,
Milwaukee, Wis.

We are glad to hear that an employe of the North Shore Line was of some service to you, Mr. Burbach. We are also glad to know that you sold the firm, even though the sale cannot directly benefit the North Shore Line.

Once Tried

Always Used

We have often remarked that a traveler who gives the North Shore Line a trial, becomes a steady customer thereafter. The following letter sent Britton I. Budd, president, confirms our statements:

Dear Mr. Budd:

I rode the C. & N. W. and C. M. & St. P. Railroads to Milwaukee and was told to try your line this A. M., from Milwaukee on the 7:15 Interstate.

They certainly are a fine disciplined and courteous group of men. Your dining car service is superb. Can't be beat. Depend on me if it makes any difference for a steady patron. I sure liked it.

E. R. SWANSON,
Chicago.

We are glad to have you as a regular customer, Mr. Swanson, and trust you will find the service as satisfactory every time as you did on the first trial. The company appreciates your patronage.

Courteous Driver Wins Praise

Social clubs giving outings find the North Shore Line service, whether by rail or motor coach, to their liking.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank you in the name of our club and especially

for your careful and trustworthy driver, Mr. Ray Hansen, for the safety of your service August 7 and 8.

Hoping to meet the same driver in our further trip, I am

Respectfully yours,

MRS. M. JANSENS,
Sec'y., Queen Elizabeth Club.

North Shore Line service can always be depended upon to give satisfaction in every respect.

Appreciates Help in Planning Outing

Part of the service of the North Shore Line is to help clubs plan outing parties. Our Traffic Department is always ready to give expert advice and help in such matters.

The following letter shows that such help is appreciated:

We wish to express our appreciation for the courtesy which you and your employes extended to us in planning for and on the day of our picnic to Ravinia via your good road. It is most sincerely appreciated.

Yours very truly,

ESTHER L. HAMMEL,
Sec'y., Child's Recreational Com.

The outing referred to was given by the Chicago Woman's Aid and our Traffic Department helped with the arrangements. Why not let our traffic experts relieve you of all worry when you have an outing in mind? You can be sure that everything will be taken care of by men who know how to handle such parties.

With the Bulletin Family

THE FAMILY continues to talk about that Outing, those who attended with pleasant recollections and those who missed with regrets.

Never mind, we're going to have one next year that will be bigger and better, that being the policy of the North Shore Line to keep growing bigger and better. Maybe we ought to add, "if we're spared," as the little Scotch lad said to his mother.

"Are we going to have tea for breakfast tomorrow, mither?" asked the youngster.

"Ay, laddie, if we're spared," answered the cautious mother.

"And if we're no spared, mither, are we only going to have porridge?"

We are glad to have so many letters from the regulars this month and doubly glad to wel-

come a few new contris into the Family circle. The Family continues to grow, which pleases us immensely, as we never did believe in race suicide, anyway.

The official artist of the BULLETIN Family, Miss Rasmussen of Highland Park, writes and sends us some of her drawings. We are printing one of them on the back page and another we are having framed to hang in the editorial sanctum. She writes:

Dear Editor:

It seems to me I should say, "Dear Chief and Family," for I am thinking of and writing to all of them.

Didn't we have a wonderful time on that joyful outing the last day of July?

The North Shore Line is a real life line.

I enjoyed the trip to Mundelein over the New Skokie Route, the doings at Round Lake, and the ride back in the bus. Everyone was

happy, boat riding, dancing, singing. I can't remember if I saw Loophound playing solitaire under a tree; I only remember he ate every time he got the chance.

The Powder Puff Kids were hard to miss with their sweet peas. I should think they would have preferred sweet williams.

I am sending some drawings—you can use what you can and can what you can't.

Here's hopes the family continues to be prosperous and happy. Why shouldn't they be, with such a noble and capable chief.

The best of wishes to everyone.

Ella Louise Rasmussen.

Thanks, Miss Rasmussen, for the pictures. We are sure the Family will enjoy this remembrance of your art, as we haven't had a sketch from you in a long time. We are printing your tree on the back cover because we really think it lovelier than a poem.

Our literary critics, the Misses Sciffy and Scotty of Racine, come back this month and completely vindicate their position as judges of poetry. We are not sure that we agree with all they say about our poetic selections and we are quite sure that the lines of Whittier which they criticize are not "execrable," although they may not be the best that he wrote. However, it would seem from the letters we receive that Misses Sciffy and Scotty are in a minority among our readers, which doesn't mean that they may not be right.

They write as follows:

Dear Luke:

Following the precedent set by countless thousands of letter writers, let us begin with an apology and tell you how absolutely devastated with remorse we are at not having written much sooner. The truth is, you'd never have guessed it—we have been very, very busy. It took us six solid weeks this summer to flunk three courses. Now that we have completed that arduous task and have spent three more weeks resting, we again put

our Remington into our lap and grind out words of wisdom.

As for the poetry on the back cover, while it may not have been written by Edgar Guest, himself, it reeks with the Rotarian optimism of that rhymester. If, as Poe said, Poetry is the creation of rhythmical beauty, then you must agree with us that Whittier's little ditty on SERVICE lies outside the field. On a separate sheet we are sending you some poetry worthy of the name.

We miss our daily rides so much—the mere thought of having school start on September 20 fills us with unbridled delight—more or less.

Till next month,

Sciffy and Scotty.

Thanks for the poetic selection, girls, which we mean to use next month, as we have already decided on the back cover page for this issue. We can understand how busy you must have been to flunk on three courses, but then think how much worse it might have been had you flunked on five. We are glad to hear you flunked, as there is hope for you. Remember, Thackeray flunked so often they kicked him out of school, and he wrote a lot of very good books just to prove that flunking didn't mean anything. But we're pretty sure you didn't flunk, at that.

One of our Wilmette woman correspondents writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I am ashamed of myself for not writing to you before this to thank you for the wonderful time we had at your outing, but my father died the Saturday following the picnic and I have not had the time to write any letters at all.

We certainly did enjoy the day very much and hope to be able to come next year as well. I see you all took the "L" into Chicago from Central Street. I expect you made better time, did you not?

Very truly,

Margaret E. Pickard.

Sorry to learn of the death of your father, Miss Pickard. You are right about the Family taking the "L" from Evanston to make

better time. Motor coaches do very well out in the country, but if one wishes to travel in comfort and save time in the city, the "L" is the only way.

A new woman contrib from Kenosha craves admission to the Family fireside. After reading the first few lines of her letter we decided that she was a worthy applicant. When we reached the end and saw her pen name, we knew that we hadn't made a mistake. So she has been duly installed as our Kenosha contrib, and we hope to hear from her often. She writes:

Dear Sir:

May I join the Family? I have read with great interest all about your Family Outing at Round Lake, Illinois, and you all must have had a wonderful time. I just want to be there with you next year if you have another outing. That is if I may. I have been going to write you for some time but I am one of the bashful kind. (Nuff said about that.)

I was very much surprised in reading the names signed to the letter sent to Mr. Budd that there was not one from Kenosha, Wisconsin. But I can assure you all if there is an outing next year and any signing to be done, I'll be right there on the job with bells on—if it's only Bluebells—not from Scotland but from Kenosha, Wisconsin. I guess you are having hard work trying to read this letter. The hardest work you've had for quite a while, I am sure sorry, Editor, to make you work so hard, but it is not my writing. It's the ink that doesn't suit me. Anyway I would just like to say how much I enjoy reading your Bulletin and I would appreciate it as a favor if I could have one sent me every month now that I have paid my dues and one of the Family.

Now I must conclude with regards and best wishes to the Bulletin and its Family. I can just about hear you saying "Shurrup" so I'm going to Shurrup now.

Cheerio,

Yours faithfully,

Bonnie Bluebell.

It's a good many years since we saw a bluebell and the name

brings back youthful memories. We think it entitles you to a seat in the front row so your name goes on the mailing list at once. Let us hear from you again and soon.

Our Cedarburg, Wis., correspondent, Mrs. Cherdron, sends a word of greeting to the Family, the first since the Outing.

She writes:

Greetings to Ye Editor:

Just returned from my vacation—found Bulletin.

Have been too busy to write to any source for many weeks.

Smiling best wishes to the Bulletin Family.

Hope to send some comment on the Round Lake Outing soon as I get a chance.

School room tomorrow. Vacation over.

Got home last night,

The Scribe,

Eliza Cherdron.

We noticed quite a long write-up you gave the Outing in the Grayslake newspaper, Mrs. Cherdron, and we wish to thank you for it. You know we never intended that Outing to be kept a secret, so the more written about it the better we like it.

Our noted Philadelphia and sometimes Milwaukee correspondent, Loophound, seems to have a troubled conscience. He used to be a regular, but for the last year or so he has been a sort of casual. He appears to have had a slight twinge of remorse, or something of the kind, and to be working gradually back into the circle of the regulars.

From Philadelphia he writes:

Dear Bulletin:

The morning's mail is a forcible reminder that this is the first of the month—time to pay up the Bulletin dues with a letter. Wish the rest of the bills could be paid as easily.

Last week I had occasion to go over to New York. Intended wiring you for Jim Ham's address, but overlooked it in making an early train. Thought I could locate him

in the telephone directory but there are as many Jim Hams in New York as there are Channel swimmers. Just wanted to tell Jim all about the Family Outing and the sylvan beauty and lacustrine delights of Round Lake.

I sympathize with Mr. Weedon. Hope his chiggers have moved, but know from experience that they are fairly steady tenants.

Wonder if any of the Family will be down to the Dempsey-Tunney match on the 23rd. The Fair itself is now well worth a visit particularly on Sunday when the gate admission is the only charge. Of course the sad-faced reformers are trying to close it on Sunday, the only time a lot of families can afford to see it or have the time to go down there. I've noticed that people who have a fair measure of control over their own conduct seldom try to control the affairs of others.

Chicago breaks into the Philadelphia news and editorial column quite regularly and generally the comment is not complimentary. The following from the Inquirer should be good for one laugh, particularly when one is familiar with Philadelphia's excellent street car service:

"We read that the longest street car ride in the world is in Chicago where one can go thirty-seven and three-tenths miles for a seven-cent fare. In this city Mitten Management would have that cut up into two elevated systems, a couple of street car lines and a bus service."

Lucky Chicago.

Yours,

Loophound.

We are glad to hear from you, old scout, but don't pull any more of that "lacustrine" stuff on the Family. That word is altogether too expensive for this column. Where did you get it? At that it usually is spelled "lacustrian," but as no one will pay any attention to the word or the spelling, you can have your own way about it this time.

As to your implied invitation to the Family to attend that low-brow entertainment which they plan to pull off in your city of Brotherly Love, we wish you to understand that the Family takes no interest in such affairs. As for ourself,

we hope Dempsey gets licked, but he won't.

Our able assistant, Jim Ham, has been down in Washington keeping his eye on the affairs of the nation while our esteemed legislators are playing hooky.

He writes:

Dear Luke:

You're way out in Chi, the weather's too warm for some of our rantin' reformers to venture forth, Mr. Coolidge is busy tryin' to keep from tellin' Al Smith too much 'bout bein' President and at the same time grab a bit o' vacation, Mr. Mellon's either restin' on well earned laurels or laughin' at Mr. Andrews, our Senators are, true to tradition, all gone home or dozin' these Dog Days and Will Rogers is on the other side vainly tryin' to make the English laugh, gettin' well paid therefor and earnin' it, SO somebody had to come to or be in Washington to look things over and it might as well be me. Everything's gonna be alright 'ceptin the Mexican question—if there is any.

They tell me somebody moved Hades to Washington this Summer. We always kinda sensed t'was somewhere near the suburbs but 'till now ne'er knew what real heat is. At any rate preparedness for future eventualities is a good thing.

Who was it that started this dear thing of establishin' precedents? Was it Adam? At any rate have you ever figgered out how busy a fellow has to keep evadin' the other bird's precedents and making a lot for himself if he'd maintain an individuality, initiative, imagination and memory for things as once was. I meet a lotta folks in my jaunts that seem to be satisfied to bask in the sunshine that's already been shed and too bad they've run out of precedents of their own and must vainly strive to live up to those bein' walled 'round them by the other fellow.

'Nough nuisance for this setting. Very bestest regards to you and the gang.

Sincerely,

Jim Ham.

We're glad to know you're on the job, Jim. We notice in today's papers that Senator Reed is not going to be a candidate for re-

election and that he is not interested in the presidential nomination. Now isn't that interesting news?

Here is one from our Schenectady Scottish contrib, or our Scottish Schenectady contrib—try that on your saxophone—from whom we haven't heard in several months. He bawls us out in the following manner:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I thought there was a catch in your free subscription offer, here it is 1, 2, 3 months and no Bulletin. Of course, having the office copy to fall back on I still get the news how you and silent "Cal" are running things. This copy, however, is always a bit late in getting my way as here it is the thirty-first of August and I am now reading the June issue.

Two articles in this copy have raised my ire and thus the reason for this epistle. First on account of your proposed outing on July 31 and here it is August 31. Of course it is quite a hike from here to Chicago but you have heard of the Scotchman that walked 25 miles to see a football match and when he got there he was too tired to climb the fence. At least I would have had free transportation to the eats when I annexed and you could have left me there to rest up. When I think of all I've missed (chicken and all the trimming and the pleasure of a Highland Fling with the "Powder Puffs") it looks as if we will have to get those "Claymores" sharpened up. Don't blame it on Uncle Sam because I have had the same "Postie" for years and I know he is honest. It's a plain case of Scotch thrift, the 2 cents postage sticking in your "thrapple."

Second, in a "P. S." to one of your contrib's letters who has a friend coming to Chicago from Glasgow, you remark that you are sure she will get on the "North Shore" much better service than anything she ever had in Glasgow. Ye Gods, Ed, you certainly have a bump on yourself and the North Shore Line, as being a Glasgowiegian myself, I have not yet in all my travels seen anything to approach far less beat the Glasgow Municipal System. I hear you say I haven't traveled far and for your

benefit will say I have been as far as "Cohoes" and "Cocenth."

In conclusion would say that if there were any cigars left over from the outing you could—well, enough said,

Yours,

Hoot Mon.

Hoot Mon, we're nae tae blame for ye're nae gettin' the BULLETIN. The mail clerk says ye're name's on the list. He minds distinctly on puttin' ye're name on the list, for he had an awfu' time spellin' the name o' ye're toon. Sae ye see it isna the two cents we're tryin' tae save. Besides the postage is only yin cent, and furthermore the company pays for it.

As tae ye're bragging aboot the municipal railways o' Glesca, ye ken that's the bunk. Jamie Dalrymple, the manager o' the Glesca system, is a good freen o' mine an' he tauld me himsel' that the fowk in Glesca payed a lot mair for a ride than they dae in Chicago if the distance is considered. Ye just think the Glesca system better because ye're clannish.

Here is one with a justifiable complaint from a new Chicago contrib. He writes:

Honbrul Mistah Lucas Grant
in care de Upstaihs Railroad
Chicago, Illinois

Honbrul an' Respected Suh:

Huccome yuh all treat mah Marse Fred Dale dataway? He tell me he writ yuh all a fancy let-tah fum Floiday and dat yuh print hit in de Bulletin newspaper. Den yuh all go off by yuh ownse'ves an' projee' a picanie in de country at dat Roun' Lake place an' yuh doan tell him nuthin' 'bout hit an' doan sen' him no invite.

Dat ain' no way tuh treat mah Marse Fred Dale an' Ah'm makin' bold most respect'ful tuh say so, although Ah reckon he larrup me good offen he heah Ad do dis writin'. Ah'm tellin' uv yuh dat yuh ain' treatin' him respect'ful, an' whut man doan treat him respect'ful heahs fum me an' dat's a fae'.

Ah polojates fuh makin' tuh bothah yuh, but Ah jes' couldn't

set still no longah an' read 'bout dem highfalutin' doins at dat Roun' Lake place widout aspeakin' mah piece.

Ah makes mah respec's tuh yuh, suh.

Eph.

P. S. (please suh!)

Doan yuh let Marse Fred Dale know Ah writ dis 'munication, caze he gwine skin me, suah, effen he heah 'bout hit.

We won't say a word about it to him, Eph, but we wonder just why he did not attend the Family Outing. It was open to all contribs on an equal footing and no engraved invitations were sent anyone. We fear Marse Fred hasn't been reading the BULLETIN closely of late.

Our former Zion contrib, Whiz Bang, is back in the old stamping grounds, after considerable trotting around in the west and south. We are glad to have him with us again.

He writes:

Dear Luke:

Another month gone by and nothing accomplished of any consequence except possibly getting back into civilized country again. Certainly enjoyed my first ride on the new Skokie Valley Route of the NORTH SHORE LINE, Sunday, August 15th, and that reminds me that August 15th is a memorable date for some of the North Shore Bulletin Family, as it was on that day in 1925 when the first annual outing of the Bulletin Family was held. Read all the comments concerning the second outing in the August Bulletin, and you must have had some "Party".

I also celebrated July 31st down in Juarez, Chih., Old Mexico—and they never heard of Mister Volstead. I am enclosing a picture which was taken over there, and my absence from the picture is explained by the fact that they could not get a picture of the inside of the place.

By the way, Luke, may I ask you one personal question; was the occasion you mentioned concerning yourself, a Doctor, and some chiggers, in any way connected with the state of Florida? If so, then I have a little story to tell you the

next time I am in your office—at any rate, tell John Weedon that I thoroughly sympathize with him.

Must close now—see you next month.

Sincerely,

Whiz Bang.

The personal question you ask in the last paragraph might be called a divided one. The chiggers (if that is what they were) were imported from Florida, but the doctor was a Chicago friend. However, we doubt if his diagnosis was correct, because you know they have nothing so disagreeable as chiggers in Florida.

Here is one from a new Kenosha contrib whom we are pleased to initiate in the family circle and hope to hear from him often. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Although I am not a regular traveler on the North Shore Line I am a regular subscriber to "Investments That Endure" and as such take a great deal of interest in the North Shore.

We receive the Bulletin regularly and being Scotch (not very long over) we do enjoy the jokes, although at times we think you are just a bit hard on "puir auld Scotland." We are comforted, however, by the thought that you know as we do that Scotland and the Scotch are eminently capable of taking care of themselves, quite fit to "haud their ain" in any company.

I hope you will continue to print a poem on the back cover of the Bulletin. We preserve them, some of them we frame and find a deal of pleasure and not a little comfort in reading them over, so Scify and Scotty can "pit that in their pipe and smoke it."

I am very much interested and mostly in agreement with you in your attempts to straighten out the problems in this old world of ours. I have seen and felt the effects of the war. Here in this great country we seem very far away from the war's aftermath. Everyone seems to have plenty. People in all walks of life, it seems to me, are well fed and well clad. One would hardly know there had been a war were it not for the press. But over in Britain (a Scot should never use England) you do

not have to read the papers to know that there has been a war. It stares you in the face at every street corner in city, town or village.

I have no use for the term "Uncle Shylock" and I know that no paper of repute or even the average man in the street utters such nonsense. I enclose a few clippings which I believe will interest you, especially the Scotch type of humor, which is surely pithy. From one of the others you will see that Uncle Sam is not the only one to incur the Frenchman's wrath.

Finally, Mr. Grant, let me tell you that I had the pleasure of meeting you here in Kenosha two winters ago, when your salutary remark was, if I remember right, "Hoo's a' wi' ye," to which I replied "Gey kinna weel." I trust this scribble finds you "gey kinna weel" and hope you may long be spared to broadcast that sound common sense view of this world's affairs from station NSB.

Sincerely yours,

Ayrshire Laddie.

Thanks for the clippings and we hope you will send more. The Racine Journal-News recently said of us, "He has a bunch of Scotch stories a mile long, and they're mostly new ones, too." The ones you sent are new to us and they differ from the ordinary run in that they show Scotch wit while most of the Scotch jokes are at the expense of the Scots. But as you observe, we don't mind that a bit.

The illustrious Don Mike contributes the following:

Dear Luke:

I feel like the proverbial prodigal son, not having written for the past few months. If I may be permitted to again mention what might almost be called ancient history, I would like to add my thanks to the many for the annual family reunion. It was great.

Of course, I was sorry not to meet the many anti-radio bugs in the family, as I was looking forward to an opportunity of bragging about my Air Column from WBBM. However, that can rest on its own achievements.

Pleasing news to your more prolific contributors will be the infor-

mation that my letters will be short and infrequent until the end of the yachting season. I am sailing as a member of the crew of the Ruth out of Belmont Harbor and so won't have much time to scribble. As ever.

Don Mike.

We are glad to hear from you, Don, and hope you may have some real adventures to report when you return from your cruise on the briny deep. Or is Lake Michigan briny? You gave us your port of departure but not your destination. They have already discovered the north and south poles, and swimming the English Channel is becoming an almost daily occurrence. There isn't much left for adventurous spirits.

Here is one from a new Chicago correspondent but an old reader and friend of the BULLETIN. He is touring through Scotland and evidently having a good time.

He writes from Banff:

My dear Luke:

Here we are, as I understand, in and about the neighborhood where you first saw the light.

We motored here today from Braemar. We stopped for several hours at Aberdeen, quite a busy and wonderful city. But I am glad we came to Banff, rather than spend the night in Aberdeen. I must say it is not only quaint and interesting here, but it is beautiful. As you probably know, this hotel is the former mansion of the Duke of Fife. We got a brief synopsis of its history tonight when we were shown to our rooms. We motor to Inverness tomorrow. Have had an interesting trip thus far.

Best regards.

John McLachlan.

Well, John, you're right in assuming that you are near the spot where we first saw the light of day, although we never were in the city of Banff. We were born in the county of Banff and many times as a boy our fond parents predicted that we would land in the city, which is the county seat,

where the county jail is situated. But the predictions never were fulfilled, although probably we deserved to be sent there at times.

The granddaddy of the Family, William G. Miller of Canton, Ohio, writes to express his appreciation of the message sent him on the evening of the Family Outing. He says:

My dear Mr. Grant:

I received your wire, greetings through you from the Bulletin contribs at their outing July 31.

The greetings came unexpectedly and you and those present, especially those whom we met one year ago can imagine our feelings, Mrs. Miller and myself, especially as we had been at one time hoping to be with you, but found it to be too risky when the time arrived.

We had been talking of those whom we had met and the new contribs of the year whose letters we have enjoyed. It should be known if Mrs. Miller gets to the postman first she reads the Bulletin through before I can have it. She is not selfish, it's just her way. She becomes so interested, she looks upon it as a family letter affair. Anyway, we knew that all would enjoy themselves and that nothing would be left undone by you to make all happy.

But you had stated there would be no speeches. I knew you were wrong there. How could you expect those who have met you and more especially the new contribs who had not met you but who were all interested in the editor through his fine editorials, to be satisfied if they did not hear him? All naturally would wish to hear him and I am sure when the proper time came you would talk and talk to the point as you always do. In fact I know you would do anything to make it enjoyable for all present.

No doubt there will be another outing next summer, and as for me, just now I am better, much stronger than I was. A year is not long in passing, and if I keep improving and judging from a certain angle with another year added I should then be tougher and will attend the next outing. We shall see.

Sincerely yours,

William G. Miller.

We missed you, Mr. Miller, and look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the next Family Outing when we hope you will be able to be with us. As you say, a year slips by quickly. The years seem so much shorter than when we were boys at school, don't they?

Years ago, when the BULLETIN was in its swaddling clothes, we had a poet-conductor on the North Shore Line who sent us an occasional rhyme or a joke. He is still on the road and still a faithful reader, but has been a rather careless contributor.

We are especially glad to welcome him back to the fold and hope now he has returned he will pull up a chair to the fireside and stay a while. He writes:

Dear Sir:

No, I am not going to write any poetry at this time, just a few lines to let you know how badly I felt at missing the Family Outing. But, perhaps it is better so. I note that Loophound was the ladies' man of the party. No opposition. Had I been in attendance it would have been different. It was a hard blow to me not to be among you, for I do love chicken dinners, especially when they are gratis. No, I am not Scotch. By the way, while I am on the Scotch subject, why not have a plaid cover on the BULLETIN. Surely Mrs. Foye would appreciate it, that is if you got the right combination of colors.

I was looking over the list of those present and note the gang was all there with a few exceptions. More power to you and the BULLETIN Family and believe me next year you aren't going to keep me away with a shotgun. I'll try to write you now and then and let this be hello to everybody.

Yours respectfully,

Al. F. Hoffman.

Welcome to the fireside, Al. That isn't a bad suggestion about the covers of the BULLETIN, but maybe you have heard what happened to the chameleon. They put him on a piece of Scotch tartan and he went crazy trying to keep up the pace. It has the same

effect on printers and we're taking no chances.

From the Michigan fruit belt comes the following from Arthur Gay:

Dear Family:

The boss says we dyed-in-the-wool BULLETINITES would read our BULLETIN even tho a fire were next door, but he failed to add that we'd even read it at the peril of being fired. At least I took the chance today. I sneaked over to my room and read at spasms and so I didn't do as much as I should have. But it was worth it.

Since I've been at work over here I have had the opportunity to watch a "melting pot." By that I mean we have a more than Cosmopolitan group. We have two Chinese boys from South China, several from South America and some from India, Africa (white, not black) and we all seem to get along peacefully and no friction is seen or heard. Each one seems to have an interest in the other and patience to understand when we don't comprehend, especially with the boys who can't speak English very well. But a smile and a helping hand is understood in any language.

In two weeks I'll chant "The Prisoner's Song." We'll be at the old grind of school, and the perpetual 10 to 12 hour day of work will be over.

J. H. O'S, must have danced with the Powder Puffs, for he Charlestoned through his letter, but he summed it up very neatly—can't cry over spilt milk.

Oh, Hel—en G. don't get ravin' over Loop or Mrs. Loop will be handing out a summons. Still I don't blame you.

Arthur F. Gay.

You shouldn't shirk work to read the BULLETIN, Arthur. It is intended to help the reader while away a few idle minutes. Still, with becoming modesty, we might say that had you been caught and fired, you would have suffered in a good cause.

Here is a new correspondent from Louisville, Ky., who asks to join the Family. He has been admitted by unanimous vote of

the committee on admissions. He writes:

My dear Mr. Grant:

I wish to write and heartily express my thanks and appreciation of the excellent service I have received on the North Shore Line. I go in a wheel chair as I am afflicted with infantile paralysis. I am 24 years of age. It has been my pleasure to ride on the North Shore Line a good many times, and I have received nothing but the highest courtesy, service and personal attention. The conductors and motermen have been most generous and sympathetically kind in lifting me on and off trains, and in every way I have been shown the highest consideration. I would be tickled to become a member of the Bulletin Family. I surely will appreciate having the Bulletin sent to me every month.

Faithfully yours,

John L. Blank.

Your name has been placed on the mailing list, Mr. Blank, and we hope to hear from you occasionally. We once had a famous correspondent down in Kentucky, but he has not been heard from in many years, so we are glad to put you in the niche at the Family fireside which he left vacant.

One of our esteemed Milwaukee correspondents, Mr. Mustard, runs around the state of Wisconsin a lot and remembers us by sending post cards when he hasn't time to write letters. Sometimes he remembers us in another way, as in this instance when we received a jar of Wisconsin honey. Isn't that a sweet way in which to be remembered?

He writes:

Dear Chief:

My usual letter is missing this month as I am out on a 3 weeks trip working, but I am saying it sweetly with a jar of the finest Wisconsin product and hope it arrives in good condition.

Things look good out here in southwestern Wisconsin and if the farmers get any prices for crops they will be in clover.

Mr. Mustard.

Thanks for the post card and the honey, Mr. Mustard. We have long appreciated the fact that you enjoy spreading sweetness around in this old world of ours.

A new Milwaukee correspondent connected with Ed. Schuster & Co., seems to have had an introduction to the BULLETIN the other day and wishes to get better acquainted.

He writes:

Dear Sir:

I was privileged to receive a copy of the North Shore Bulletin the other day and find it very interesting.

I sincerely hope you will put me on your mailing list permanently as I would hate to miss a copy of this very interesting publication.

Very truly yours,

James W. Fisk.

We are glad to put you on the mailing list, but we feel a little hurt to think you didn't know about the BULLETIN before. Nearly everyone does, you know. We hope you will continue to like it.

Here is a new contrib from Berwyn. As we haven't any correspondents in that suburb, we are glad to admit him to the Family. He writes:

Dear Sir:

Am going to Ravinia several times a week and on one occasion I picked up one of your North Shore Bulletins. It was the best reading I had for some time, thank you.

Would you please have my name placed on your mailing list? Thanking you in advance.

Respectfully yours,

William L. Bruhn.

Your name goes on the list. Only for our extreme modesty, which is well known to our readers, we would say that you have nice discriminating taste in your reading matter.

Here is a new one from Zion who breaks in with a complaint. Well, a little criticism is a good leaven to work into all the praise.

The new contrib offers the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

As I understand it the subscription price of the Bulletin is—one letter. Never having seen the book of rules I don't know if a complaint letter covers the subscription price or not but anyway, here goes.

Did you ever have the pleasure of being in a hurry and after getting to the station for the train have it go right on through at about 60 miles per? Well, sir, if you ever did you know about how I felt the other day when waiting for the 1:11 P. M. Milwaukee bound North Shore train to stop at Zion.

I have seen your advertisements telling about "A Train Every Hour" and the "Road of Service" and naturally supposed that a "train every hour" meant a "train every hour," but you seem to have skip stop system and Zion seems to be the skip stop station.

Undoubtedly there are but few persons leaving Zion at that time of day but I think that those that do want to leave should be given service. Why not have the station agent signal the train when there are persons for Milwaukee? It would save a lot of ill feeling toward the North Shore Line by inaugurating some such system.

You might also apply this to trains leaving Milwaukee that do not stop at Zion by stopping for passengers from Milwaukee or for Chicago passengers from Zion.

Yours for "A Train Every Hour."

John Kurrasch.

We do have a train every hour, Mr. Kurrasch, with a few extra good ones sandwiched in between. We run a few extra fast ones that do not stop at Zion and when we asked about it, we were told that was the reason they were fast, that if they stopped at every station they would be just ordinary limiteds. The statement seemed quite plausible. Maybe the trains are following the example of the motor coaches in running through Zion.

A new contrib from West Allis, Wis., writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I being quite a frequent rider on the North Shore Line, would like to ask if I may have my name placed on your mailing list to receive this Bulletin monthly, for now I do not receive it regularly only when I happen to make a trip. I enjoy same very much from cover to cover and always save the copies for future reading. Let me know the charges if any and I will gladly forward same.

Thanking you in advance for consideration in this matter, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Frank M. Volbrecht.

The charge. Mr. Volbrecht, is merely nominal. One letter a year just to let the editor know that you are reading the thing. That's fair enough, isn't it? That doesn't necessarily mean that you have to wait a whole year before writing another letter, but your name is going on the mailing list. And even if we don't get the letters once a year, we are perfectly good natured about it, and keep on sending it just the same.

From Omaja, Cuba, comes the following tip to the Better Business Campaign Committee:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Am addressing this to you in your capacity as editor of the BULLETIN. This refers to your "Better Business Campaign" and late as it is it might be productive of something, provided the idea hasn't already been snapped up. I got the idea from the article you had about the new Mundelein station. To quote your words "farmers for miles around will be able to drive to the station, park their cars and board a train for Chicago."

Now you and I both know that the average farmer has for years been a devotee of the mail order system of purchasing without leaving his home. This gives him a chance to select the goods in person, ship by your Merchandise Despatch service and save con-

siderable time. The two Chicago mail order houses are right on the "L" lines, Sears on the Metropolitan and Ward's on the Northwestern.

Chew on that idea if there's any originality in it, which I doubt.

Yours faithfully,

Dana W. Kerr.

We're passing the idea along, Mr. Kerr, and wish to thank you for your interest in the matter.

Pith and Pungency

An Englishman had bought some property in Fifeshire without seeing it. It had been described as "bleak without and bare within." The new owner met a Fifeshire man on the train as he was going to see the property and asked him if he knew it and what it was like.

"Aye, I ken it weel," said the Fifer. "If the de'il himsel' were tethered tae it, ye wad say, 'puir fellow.'"

Didn't See It

"What did ye think o' London, Sandy?"

"I didna see it."

"Weren't ye up there for a trip?"

"Aye, but I had to pay eight shillings a day for a room and d'ye think I could leave it?"

Acting the Part

"Jock, why dinna ye get up an' enjoy yersel, dance, sing, say something, instead o' sittin' there like an owl?"

"Hoot mon."

Wouldn't Give Up

Two Scotsmen made a bet on which could swim the farther. Although the stakes were only one dollar, both were drowned.

TO sit still and contemplate, to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?

—R. L. S.

*"I Think That I Shall Never See
A Poem as Lovely as a Tree"*

