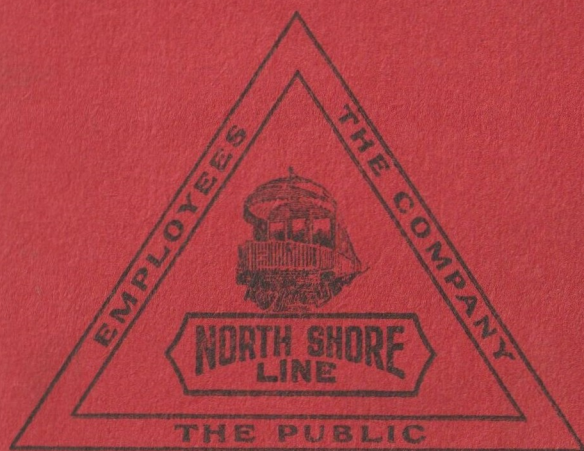


# THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

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JANUARY, 1927

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*"The Road of Service"*



What can be more encouraging than to find  
the friend who was welcome at one age, still  
welcome at another?


—R. L. S.



# The North Shore Bulletin

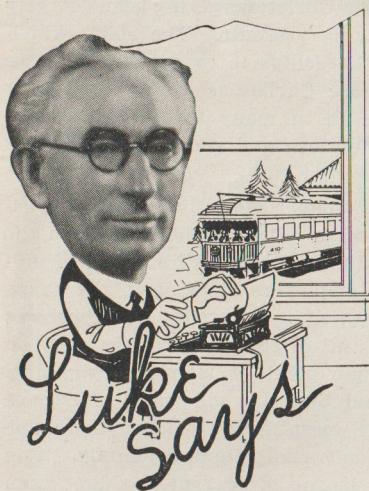
*Issued Monthly by*  
*Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad Company*  
**LUKE GRANT, Editor** **1325 Chicago Trust Building**

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**Vol X** **Chicago, January, 1927**  **325** **No. 1**

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## *Editorial Comment*



WITH a heart filled with kindly feelings toward our increasing army of readers, and with a pipe filled with tobacco, we take our stance to broadcast our monthly message.

\* \* \*

WHAT the message is going to be is uncertain at this time. We feel somewhat like the speaker who got on the platform and opened his remarks with the statement that a few hours before there were two who knew what he was going to say, the Lord and himself. "Now," he said, "only the Lord knows."

\* \* \*

TO begin, we hope that all our readers may in the coming year have all that is good for them. We are not going to wish them wealth and prosperity, and all that sort of thing, because it might not be good for them. We have known instances where wealth, suddenly acquired, utterly ruined some, who before acquiring it had been pretty decent citizens. Everyone knows some instances of that kind, so we wish you only what is good for you. But at that, most of us are willing to take a chance of being ruined by wealth.



CHRISTMAS is near at hand and as we look through the smoke curling upward from our faithful briar, our mind turns backward some nineteen hundred years and we wonder what it is all about. We wonder if the old Christmas spirit still lives, or if in these modern days it hasn't become commercialized. Those shepherds tending their flocks on the distant hills, who journeyed many miles, without the aid of our modern means of transportation, to lay their gifts of frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the Child, must have had the real Christmas spirit. They didn't wonder what they would get in return in the way of presents.

\* \* \*

NOW we are not of that school which harks back to the "good old days" and who deplores the evil ways into which the world has fallen. On the contrary we believe that the world is a better place in which to live today than it ever was at any time in history. But we wonder if in our great prosperity and affluence, in our wonderful age of knowledge and science, we haven't lost something that it would have been better to retain. We wonder if Christmas giving hasn't largely deteriorated into a system of exchanging presents. The spirit which prompted those shepherds to endure hardships to express the love in their hearts is lacking. There is more Christmas giving than ever before, but the spirit which prompts it, in many instances at least, is one of commercialism rather than of love and good will.

\* \* \*

BEFORE us as we write lies a newspaper story that early Christmas shoppers in Chicago have broken all previous records in the volume of their purchases. Another story tells of the hundreds of millions that will be dispensed by large employers of labor in the shape of bonuses, dividends on stock held by employes, profits from business in which employes share, and so on. All of that is perfectly true, no doubt, and from a social and economic point of view is really fine. It tends to confirm what we have said that this old world of ours is better than it ever was before, but it doesn't quite remove the suspicion that much of the giving is for advertising purposes only. And the spirit behind a lot of the giving is one of patronage rather than one of friendly good will.

\* \* \*

AMONG other items we read about is the agitation to do away with Christmas trees. The practical kill-joys would conserve our trees at the expense of all the joy that this reminder of the Christmas season brings to us all, old and young. What if it does require five million Christmas trees to meet the annual demand in the United States? If ten times that number of hearts are made glad as a result, isn't it a



good investment? We are strong for the Christmas tree, Santa Claus and all the rest that goes with the Christmas spirit. We wish we could still believe in a Santa Claus as firmly as we did years ago. Why seek to destroy that belief in our youngsters? Sometimes we think this nation of ours is becoming over-educated. It hurts us to hear some youngster with a sort of superior air say, "Aw, there ain't any devil. It's like Santa Claus. It's your father." But that is the way they talk nowadays. We are growing so wonderfully wise, too wise we sometimes think.

\* \* \*

FILLING up the old briar we look through the blue smoke and see a picture of a Christmas eve when we believed in a Santa Claus. There wasn't any thought of presents. Giving presents at Christmas wasn't the custom. If any presents were exchanged it was at the New Year, but they were neither very numerous, nor very costly. We were singularly fortunate in being born and reared in a humble home, a circumstance for which we always have been thankful. Plenty of sisters and brothers, so many in fact and with so much differences in age, that the elder ones were out at work in the world before the younger were born. We can't recall an instance when we were all together. Probably there were such instances, but we doubt it. But without presents and with some of the flock necessarily absent, there was a great abundance of the Christmas spirit in that home. There was love and good will and a willingness to share with each other what we had. What did it matter if there wasn't so much to share? What if some others had more? We were taught to think of the others who had less and be thankful for what we had.

\* \* \*

THROUGH the haze of tobacco smoke we see a thatched cottage with only a "but and a ben." There was a wide open fireplace in which burned a peat fire. The smoke rose from the peat fire and sometimes it hit the chimney in the roof. Sometimes, with the wind in a different direction it didn't all hit the chimney, but traveled along inside the roof and blackened the rafters, for the cottage didn't boast of a ceiling. Aside from the light from the blazing peat fire, the only light came from a kerosene lamp and on the occasion we see now on memory's canvas, it was set high on a shelf, because it was Christmas eve. On other evenings it was placed on a lower shelf. There was the sweetest mother on earth, busy preparing the evening meal and at least three and perhaps four of us youngsters romping around and getting in her way. We can hear her now ordering us youngsters to "sit doon" and to wait until father came. That was the first Christmas eve we can remember and we must have been pretty young,



because we know the family moved when we were eight years old into a larger house with slated roof, plastered walls and upstairs bedrooms. But we can't remember a Christmas eve in that house, for memory is so tricky.

\* \* \*

THE picture we see of the mother is that of a wonderfully sweet face, gray blue eyes and jet black hair parted in the middle, partly showing under her cloth cap, or "mutch." We see her later with the black hair streaked with gray, but always with the same sweet face. By and by the father comes from tending his sheep in the hills. We youngsters crowd around him as he throws aside his plaid, a perfect picture of health and strength. Ruddy face, from constant living outdoors, dark brown eyes, and thick brown hair in close rows of curls. Always his faithful shepherd dogs at his heels and how those dogs loved us youngsters and what fun we had rolling with them in the snow. What did we care about Christmas presents? Hadn't we the best parents in the world, the most loving brothers and sisters, any one of whom was ready to fight for another, the finest dogs to play with and all that goes to make the real Christmas spirit? Looking back tonight as we write on that first Christmas eve we can remember, we wouldn't exchange those memories for all the wealth of a Rockefeller or a Henry Ford.

\* \* \*

AFTER all it is in the home that the real Christmas spirit still lives and burns. That is one reason why we are so strong for the Christmas tree idea. What if Santa Claus is a myth? Why not cherish that myth as long as possible? Why not let our youngsters have memories such as we older folks look back upon with so much pleasure in our after years? They will learn the stern realities of life all too soon. Public Christmas trees are becoming more common and the idea should be encouraged. A great Christmas tree in a public square, brilliantly illuminated and decorated, is a wonderful reminder, even to the most callous, of the season of good will among men. There should be more of them. The trees that are being cut down can be replaced. But we don't wish to see the idea behind the Christmas tree destroyed. It could not be replaced and we need to keep it alive.

\* \* \*

SOMETIMES we wonder if the youngsters of today know so much more, after all, than did those of a former generation. In this age of progress and invention they have many advantages denied their grandfathers and grandmothers, and even their fathers and mothers. There is, perhaps, nothing quite as interesting as to watch a lot of children at play and to note how much they act like their elders. One



Sunday afternoon last summer we watched a group of young boys at play and it gave us an idea for an editorial, which we never wrote, but which we might do now, as it seems to fit in with what we have written this evening. We were seated on the back porch reading in a position where we could see and overhear the boys without their knowing it. There were some half dozen in the group, between the ages of eight and twelve years. They had built a small shack, which as nearly as we could gather from the conversation was a clubhouse. We do not know how many had contributed a share to the building of the house, but when it was finished the question of membership in the club became a burning one. It was the discussion of that subject which interested us and made us listen to the row.

\* \* \*

TWO members, or applicants for membership, we don't know which, were expelled and driven out of camp while we listened unobserved. One was a little chap who lived across the street, and it appeared that he was disqualified on two counts. He didn't go to the right church, which appeared to be bad enough, but what seemed even worse the toys he brought into the club were rather inexpensive. Some other boys had electric trains and various electrical contraptions which gave them standing in the club. They told the little fellow that his toys were cheap, that his father didn't have any money, that he didn't belong to their church and that he had better get out. Small though he was the taunts got up the Irish in him and he told them plenty. From our concealed point of observation we strongly sympathized with the youngster and had he started a fight we would have been inclined to go and help him out. But he was ousted and driven across the street. We became so interested that we dropped our book and went to the front of the house to watch the finish.

\* \* \*

NEVER have we seen a picture of more abject misery than that poor kid. He walked slowly across the street and dragged himself up the steps of the front stairs, hesitating on each step. He appeared to be heartbroken. We thought how deeply the taunts must have cut, even if the kid did not appear to be more than eight or nine years of age. But we returned to the back porch to listen to the rest of it. The second one to be driven out was expelled because of his race. The club members didn't wish to associate with him and he could not become a member of the club.

\* \* \*

THE incident, exactly as we have related it, set us thinking. How much like their elders those boys acted. We felt like going out and wrecking the clubhouse, but after all, it was none of our business.

And besides we didn't place the blame entirely on the boys. Such racial and religious prejudice surely couldn't have originated with them. They were too young to have thought such matters out for themselves. They learned it in their homes, and according to our notions, their teachers are not deserving of credit. We are all more or less prone to utter a lot of platitudes about America being the great "melting pot" and about the wonderful freedom of thought that we enjoy. But the "melting pot" seems to be working in theory only. The incident related indicates the need of a change in our home educational methods. We need a little more of the Christmas spirit, which, as we understand it, is not concerned with creeds or social standing, but with love and charity toward all mankind.

\* \* \*

WE are nearing our usual space limit and as we started out with the Christmas spirit idea in mind we are going to wind up without changing the theme. Besides we are starting out with a new volume. We have completed the ninth volume of this pillar of piffle, which means that we have been broadcasting these monthly messages for more than nine years. In that time we have grown quite a bit. We began with sixteen pages and we have grown to thirty-two pages. We began with ten thousand circulation and we have grown to thirty thousand. Our mailing list now is about twelve thousand a month and we are adding to it all the time. Maybe we haven't accomplished much, but we have tried our hardest. We have written a lot of stuff and never wrote anything that pleased us much after we saw it in type. We don't expect we ever shall. But we have given our readers just what we had in mind right off the bat and what we believed at the time we wrote it. Once in a while we may have written something that gave a reader a little pleasure. If so, that is compensation enough. The other night we met a preacher in Kenosha who said he had read a paragraph out of the BULLETIN from the pulpit the previous Sunday. One thing we do know, that in the last nine years we have been writing this stuff we have made lots of friends, and we appreciate that more than anything else. So we will sign off by repeating the wish with which we began, that is that all our friends (and enemies if we have any) may have everything that is good for them in the coming year.

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#### Worse and Worse

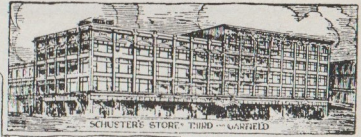
A Scotch minister who was leaving his charge was approached by a member of his flock, who said he regretted to see him leave.

"Oh, never mind, you'll maybe

get a better minister," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, but we've had three ministers already," was the answer, "and every one has been waur than the ither."





*The Three*  
**Schuster Stores**

7th - GARFIELD 12th - VLIET 6th - MITCHELL

MILWAUKEE - WIS.

# The Three Schuster Stores

## Great Milwaukee Institutions

*Located in Outlying Neighborhood Business Centers, They Offer Milwaukee Shoppers Many Advantages*

By James W. Fisk

Snuggled in the heart of the Tyrol Mountains, Swiss children deftly fashion quaint dolls. Beside the lagoons of Venice, fiery furnaces glow their reflections on the water assuming odd shapes as does the glassware they produce. Rackity-clack, rackity-clack, go the looms of Lyons as they weave silken fabrics whose colorful designs come from the sunny fields of France. Belgium, Spain, Germany, England, Ireland, Japan—there is scarcely a country on earth from the frozen wastes of Siberia to the seething slopes of India that does not offer its treasures to Schusters' for you.

Here are Oriental rugs with the weaver's life portrayed in the design. There are silken things produced as only the Japanese can fashion them.

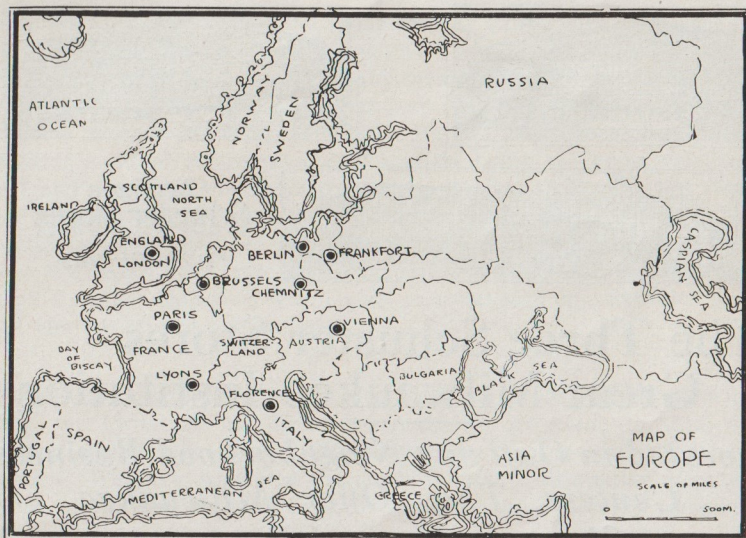
Schusters' own representatives in Paris and Lyons in France, Brussels in Belgium, Vienna in Austria and Florence in Italy are

constantly searching for the unique and their work is rewarded by the fashions of Paris, the filmy laces of Brussels, and the chosen products of other centers.

Whistles blow—there is a waving of handkerchiefs, fond farewells are hurriedly uttered. The screaming of winches, the rattle of machinery, the swinging and straining of tugs at their hawsers, and the proud ship moves out upon the waters, slips past the Battery and the Statue of Liberty. Eight Schuster buyers go abroad each year to learn; and to guide our foreign staff so that its selections may be most suitable for Milwaukee. Little wonder that the newest and most select imports are here, for Schusters', your agents, have gone far afield for them.

Weekly bulletins from Paris and other foreign countries have kept buyers advised, too, of the new things which may be manufactured for you right here in Amer-





**Map Showing Locations of Schuster's Foreign Offices**

ica; and Schusters' New York offices keeps them constantly informed on the New York market.

When the first air mail plane landed in Milwaukee it brought to Schusters a shipment of dresses

in the newest shades. These dresses were shown for the first time on Fifth Avenue one day and in Schusters' the next day.

Schusters do know how and where and what to buy. Trained



**First Floor View of Schuster's 12th and Vliet Street Store**





**A Corner of One of the Employees' Recreation Rooms**

buyers, many of whom have been with this firm for more than a quarter of a century, study your needs constantly and keep in touch with domestic and foreign markets.

Quantity buying, too, is reflected in most reasonable prices.

Some idea of the amount of merchandise received by Schusters may be gained from the following: In 1921 Schusters received eight million pounds of freight and express and in 1925 fourteen million pounds, or almost double the amount. This volume, if put into freight cars, at an average of twenty thousand pounds each, would fill a train about seven miles long.

Naturally, the cost of freight and express must be added to the merchandise and for that reason, Schusters maintain a Transportation Department which has complete information on freight, express and mail rates; hence goods are always shipped by the least expensive route—another reason why Schusters sell merchandise for less. The North Shore Line is handling an ever-increasing quan-

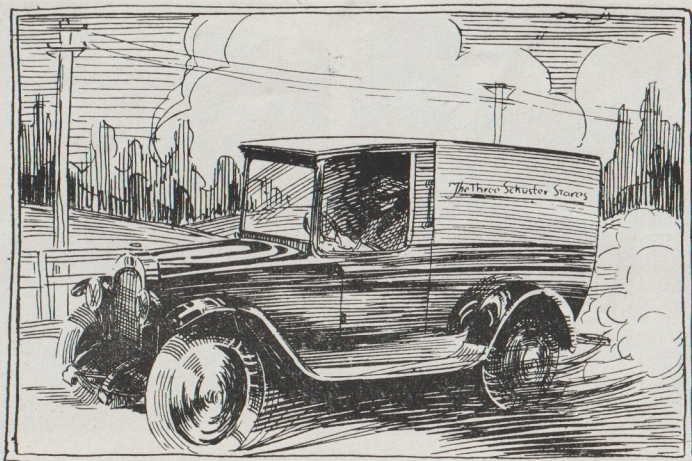
tity of Schuster merchandise because of its manifest advantages in transportation.

All merchandise is received first



**Entrance to one of Schusters' Free Parking Stations**





**Schusters' Deliver Within 37 Miles of Milwaukee**

at the Third Street Store, where it is inspected, placed on movable trucks, of which there are 102, with a capacity of one thousand pounds each. Merchandise next goes to the Marking Room, where it is marked by automatic marking machines which, with such lines as hosiery, cuts, perforates and puts on tags at the rate of ten thousand an hour. Eleven million of such tags were used in the last year, so that by buying these tags in million quantities, there is another saving. In hosiery and gloves, the pin-on machine is used so that pairs may not become separated.

From the Marking Room, all goods go to the Distribution Room, where they are sorted as to size, colors and patterns and a division of each shipment is made, so that each store will have the same merchandise. Some lines, particularly wearing apparel, are sent by express, so that we may have the new styles first, are then checked immediately and in the case of wearing apparel, are transferred to the other stores on hangers

and in covered trucks so as to maintain their original freshness. Transfers are made to the other stores twice each day, except in the case of rush order merchandise, which is sent out by an inter-store bus which makes the round trip of the three stores every hour and fifteen minutes. By means of this bus, each store can quickly secure merchandise from the other stores; so that if you were shopping at Mitchell Street and wished goods from Twelfth Street, they can be sent out without loss of time. Merchandise to be sold at Third Street is divided and enough sent to the departments to take care of their requirements, the remainder being placed in the stock rooms and carefully wrapped, so as not to become soiled.

Care is exercised to make the entire store arrangement as convenient as possible for customers, which is the reason why you will find notions, drugs and those lines of every-day demand on the main floor and ready-to-wear, draperies and rugs, furniture and other com-



modities which are bought less frequently and which require more thought are placed on other floors.

A Personal Shopping Bureau is maintained entirely for the benefit of customers and its shoppers act as expert representatives, not only of Schusters, but work entirely in the interests of the customer. They are instructed always to give customers any advantage which may be possible and to shop with just as much care as if they were shopping for themselves.

The Schuster stores have been in existence for more than forty-two years, beginning as a small shop at Third and Harmon Streets. There are now three magnificent establishments at Third Street and Garfield Avenue, Twelfth and Vliet Streets, and Mitchell Street and Sixth Avenue which collectively do the largest retail business in Wisconsin. As in the gladiatorial combats of ancient times, the favor of the public is the safest criterion of excellence and the continually increasing volume of business of these stores is the best testimonial that could be secured.

One phase of advertising is the

publication of Schusters' Weekly, which is distributed by local carriers in all cities within a thirty-seven-mile radius of Milwaukee and gives the latest news of Schuster merchandise offering; 112,000 of these weeklies are sent out each week through the Schuster boy scouts. Many Milwaukee business men twenty-five years ago were distributing these weeklies and that contact with the firm did much toward building their subsequent success.

"Keeping In Touch" is a monthly educational magazine published for all Schuster employees. In addition to this, complete Training Departments are maintained at each of the three stores for general instruction in the principles of helpful service and for the purpose of other studies tending toward personal development.

A branch of the Milwaukee Public Library in charge of a Librarian is maintained and from this systematic reading courses on business subjects are prepared for those who may be interested.

Beginning with careful selection of employees and following through



**A Convenient First Floor Service Desk**



the intensive training that is given everyone, one would appreciate why Schuster service is above par.

Believing all work and no play has a tendency to make "Jack a dull boy," the Social Service Director arranges various features of entertainment and personal development that are certain to be beneficial. The Schuster Dramatic Association once each year gives some dramatic production at the Pabst Theater. In athletics for men, baseball, bowling and basketball teams have been arranged for, and for women, swimming, bowling, basketball teams, and gymnasium classes.

The Schuster Musical Association has a well organized band of thirty-five pieces under the direction of a competent leader. Schusters furnish the instruments and many people have been able to obtain some musical education through this means. The band, as well as the Schuster orchestra, plays for parties given at each of

the stores and has co-operated in many civic events, as well as broadcasting over the radio. Dancing parties are held at noon on alternate days at each store, as well as on several evenings throughout the year.

The Hospital, Recreation Room, cafeteria and many other features are maintained for the benefit of employees.

In the cafeteria, wholesome food is served at actual cost and in the Recreation Room are books, cards and various other means of entertainment.

For the maintenance of employees' health, as well as for the comfort of the patrons, the ventilating system supplies fresh washed air heated by thermostatic control to just the right temperature at all times.

The lighting equipment has been especially arranged by the best engineers in the country to avoid eye strain.

The Personal Shopping Bureau furnishes personal shoppers who go through the store with patrons on request and assist them in buying to best advantage.

A Service Desk on the main floor of each store renders complete



**Art Needlework Department**



**Class Room in Art Needlework Department (at right)**





postal service. Last year these desks sold nearly \$300,000 of post-office money orders, as well as operating a free checking service and caring for other wants of customers.

Thirty-two two-way trunk lines on the telephone switch board of each store avoid the frequent recurrence of finding the line busy. Last year these operators handled in some cases more than ten thousand calls a day. On special sale days trained order takers supplement the regular force to avoid delay.

In the Art Needle Work Department an expert designer produces new patterns constantly and individual requirements may be filled in the most advantageous manner.

The installation of a 55-foot sewing machine in the carpet work room makes possible supplying floor coverings of any dimensions.

The work rooms for draperies and shades are equipped with every possible labor saving device so that our Interior Decorating Department may develop its plans for your home in the shortest possible time.

Schuster business has been developed according to a very definite plan for providing the best

values in dependable merchandise, authoritative in style and in satisfactory variety. The physical equipment has been arranged with a view to your comfort and convenience and improvements are constantly being made.

For an adequate understanding of what goes on behind the scenes, store trips in charge of competent guides have been arranged for individuals and groups who may be interested.

Scores of organizations have taken advantage of this service and during these tours Schusters' Fashion Advisor gives an interesting lecture on style and the head of the Home Economics Department explains the making of salads and other phases of cookery in a most entertaining fashion. In addition to this service, Schusters' Lecture Bureau will provide speakers on various topics at no expense.

As a place of employment, Schusters offer many opportunities for self-development and for promotion based on ability. As a trading and service institution, these stores offer the right merchandise at the right time and at the right price, accompanied by intelligent, helpful, interested services.

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### Didn't Like to Work

A Scotch lawyer who was religiously inclined left the bar for the pulpit. Talking with one of his parishioners he remarked that when he practiced law he made as much as two thousand pounds a year.

"And what dae ye get here?" inquired the layman.

"Three hundred pounds a year," was the reply.

"Ay, I thocht so," said his friend, "onything raither than work."

### And Why Not?

A rather severe Scotch minister one day noticed one of his Sunday school children standing gaping at a cement-mixer with his mouth wide open. The minister thought the time opportune for a rebuke.

"Boy," he said severely, "you are standing there gaping with your mouth open."

"Ah ken," said the boy. "Ah opened it masel."

## A Message with a Meaning

The following message was sent to all North Shore Line employees by Britton I. Budd, president of the company, as an annual Christmas Greeting. Although it was not intended for publication in the BULLETIN, we are printing it because it is significant. It will be noticed that the main theme is SERVICE to the customer and recognition of the fact that co-operation of management and employees is necessary to produce the kind of service for which the North Shore Line is noted. The message epitomizes the whole public policy of the company and for that reason is interesting to customers as well as to employees.—Editor.

### To Fellow Employees of the North Shore Line:

At this season when it is customary to exchange messages of good will, I wish to express briefly a few thoughts I have had in mind.

Through the co-operation of management and employees the North Shore Line has earned an enviable reputation as a public servant.

This reputation was established by employees who had been many years in the service of the company. Its full significance may not be appreciated by some who have entered the service more recently and who are necessarily not as familiar with the traditions of the past as are the older employees.

It is essential to the future growth and success of our company that the reputation we have established for service to our customers be maintained. During the last year through the opening of the Skokie Valley Route, the purchase of additional equipment and in other ways, our "tools" with which to do business have been greatly enlarged and our opportunities for greater public service have been multiplied.

Other railroad companies look upon our company as a leader in the matter of good service. More is expected of us because of our reputation. This should be a matter of pride to us and we should guard that good reputation jealously.

I have faith in the men and women who by loyal service have helped to establish the North Shore Line. I look forward to the coming year with confidence that, with full co-operation, we will each improve our individual opportunities, give our customers even better service than we have in the past, and make secure our title to being "The Road of Service."

*Britton I. Budd.*

President.



## National Commander Savage Honored By Illinois and Wisconsin Departments

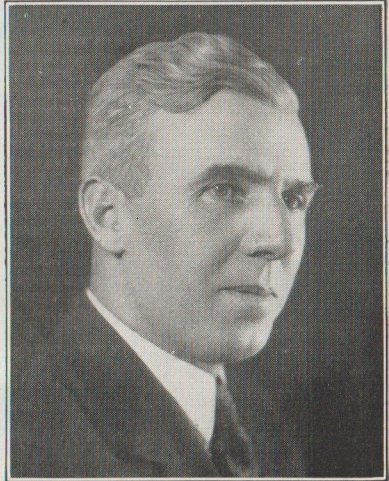
**I**N a great patriotic demonstration, reminiscent of the stirring days of 1917-18, National Commander Howard P. Savage of the American Legion was honored by Illinois and Wisconsin Legionnaires, at Kenosha, on December 7.

In spite of inclement weather, the gathering was the largest that Kenosha has entertained in years and the visitors were entertained in true Kenosha fashion. It was the greatest occasion in the history of Kenosha Post and it acquitted itself in a manner which showed how much it appreciated the honor.

From all points in Wisconsin within a radius of 150 miles, loyal legionnaires traveled to Kenosha to assure their National Commander that they were behind him in the constructive program he has mapped out for the coming year.

The Illinois delegates, which included Mrs. Bessie Stuart Smith, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Department of Illinois, the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Chicago Elevated Post, and a special body guard of six Combat Medal men, traveled to Kenosha in a special train on the North Shore Line. Among the distinguished guests were Colonel Perry L. Miles, Commandant at Fort Sheridan, and Lieutenant Henry S. Nielson, representing Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

The special train carrying the Illinois delegation was met at the Kenosha station by the famous Racine Drum and Bugle Corps, several platoons of the Wisconsin National Guard, the Kenosha Post and a squad of motorcycle police.



**Howard P. Savage,  
National Commander**

Owing to weather conditions the parade from the station to the Elks Club was abandoned and motor coaches were used to carry the legionnaires to the clubhouse.

Following the dinner to Commander Savage and invited guests at the Elks Club, a parade was organized and marched through the principal downtown streets of Kenosha to the High School Auditorium, where the main part of the program was staged.

Addresses were made by Ralph W. Corey, Commander of Kenosha Post; Rev. Gustave Stearns, Chaplain of the Department of Wisconsin; Lawrence E. McGann, Vice Commander, Department of Illinois; D. J. Kenny, State Com-





**Dinner Reception to National Commander Howard P. Savage,  
Elks Club, Kenosha, December 7, 1926**

mander, Department of Wisconsin and National Commander Howard P. Savage.

Behind the noise and the cheering there was deep significance in the meeting. It was primarily intended to be a welcome to the National Commander, and in fact was that. But it was a forceful reminder of the days back in 1918 and of the white crosses among the poppies in Flanders. It was a reminder, in these days of ease and affluence, of the obligations we owe to the boys who returned from overseas crushed in mind and body. It brought home to us the great work being done by the American Legion in holding high the torch, lest we forget.

It was fitting that this reception to National Commander Savage should have been held in Kenosha. Since his election to his high office, Mr. Savage has become a part of the North Shore Line organization as Assistant General Manager. Mr. Savage has been in the railroad game practically all of his working life. His engineering education he received at the University of Wisconsin and aside from the time he spent in building railroads in France during the war, his working life has been spent on the Rapid Transit Lines in Chicago.

That he will be a success as Assistant General Manager of the

North Shore Line and as National Commander of the American Legion, those who know him have no doubt. "Boone" Savage is just that kind of a man. He gives the best that is in him to any job he undertakes and the word "quit" is not in his vocabulary.

The boys in civil life who know him, as well as the Legionnaires, are with him to a man and wish him success.

### Didn't Want Much

A thrifty Scotswoman was in the habit of going to the butcher shop every Saturday night to get a penny changed into two half-pence for use in the collection plate on Sunday. One night after receiving the change she said to the butcher, "Dae ye no gae a little bit o' suet wi' that?"

"You come here every Saturday night for twa bawbees," said the butcher. "I don't want to see you again."

"That's a fine way tae treat ye're customers," replied the woman.

"Why so blue?"

"Henry and I flipped a quarter in a restaurant to see who would pay the check."

"And I suppose you lost."

"No. The waiter thought it was a tip."



## North Shore Line Aids Industrial Development

**I**NDUSTRIAL concerns in increasing numbers are realizing the advantage of locating on the North Shore Line. The exceptional service given by the railroad appeals to the manufacturer and material dealer, with the result that industrial sites with track connections are in big demand.

Seventeen industrial companies have in the last year located their plants along the North Shore Line between Niles Center and Racine. A total of 35 industries, of which 27 have switchtrack facilities are now located on the line between Chicago and Milwaukee.

Of the industries locating on the line during the last year, two are lumber companies, four are coal dealers, four sand and gravel dealers, one iron foundry, one ornamental bronze works, a cement block manufacturing company, a desk assembling plant and three storage warehouses.

Aside from the fact that land can be bought outright or leased on favorable terms, the industries locating along the North Shore Line have considered the advantage of being close to the railroad. The right of way of the railroad along the new Skokie Valley Route is so wide that there is ample room for team tracks to accommodate contractors and builders. Switchtracks direct into manufacturing plants and material yards reduce the cost of handling shipments. An overnight service to all points on the line for less than carload shipments of goods is a tremendous advantage to the shipper. In addition there is the emergency service which the

North Shore Line supplies, which is not furnished by any other transportation agency. It consists of placing small shipments on fast passenger trains so that they are delivered to the point of destination in from one to three hours. This service has proved a great convenience and accommodation to many shippers in an emergency.

The policy of the North Shore Line has always been one of helpfulness to the communities it serves. It is as much a part of the north shore territory as any industry on its route. It has been an important factor in the growth of the communities along the line, because its convenient service has brought them into close contact.

Along the North Shore Line today there are hundreds of commuters who work in one city and have their homes in another city, ten or twenty miles distant. Before the development of the railroad to its present high point of efficiency such a condition was not possible. Today there are hundreds who work in Chicago and have their homes in the residence communities that line the railroad all the way north to Waukegan.

On the north end of the line there are many who live in Milwaukee and work in Racine and Kenosha. There is a constant interchange of workers between Kenosha and Racine, for the service of the North Shore Line has brought these centers of industrial activity less than fifteen minutes apart.

But the North Shore Line is not satisfied merely with helping to



build up communities already established. It is doing great pioneer work in the way of opening up new territory for development. It has provided in the Skokie Valley Route transportation facilities to blaze the trail for development, industrial and residential. The service is already there so that the homeseeker of the industrial concern has no pioneering to do. All the conveniences and necessities in the way of electric light, gas, telephone and transportation service are available now.

In seeking to build up the various communities it serves the North Shore Line recognizes the fact that its interests and the interest of its customers are mutual. Communities cannot grow unless they have adequate transportation facilities, and a railroad company cannot expand unless it has business. A spirit of co-operation is essential and it is that spirit which the North Shore Line constantly aims to cultivate.

## Cooking by Radio the Latest Thing

**R**ADIO is a wonderful invention. Occasionally it does what it is supposed to do and more often it does something else. But if a person of extraordinary will power makes up his mind to listen to it for five minutes and doesn't weaken, he is likely to be repaid for his effort.

A correspondent whose reputation for veracity is beyond question sends us the experience of a pair of newlyweds who live on the North Shore. The bride asked her hubby to copy the radio recipe one morning. He got two stations at once. One was broadcasting the morning "setting up" exercises, the other the recipe. The combination was as follows:

**"Hands on hips, place one cup**

**of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and wash thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour, breathe naturally and exhale and sift.**

**"Attention! Jump to a squatting position and bend white of an egg backward and forward over head and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop to a standstill and boil in water, but do not boil into a gallop afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe regularly, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."**

The bride was considerably flustered when her husband handed her the recipe as he had taken it down in shorthand. What might have been a good luncheon was ruined.

But radio is only in its infancy. If it can do that now, just think of the possibilities as it is developed.

"The man I marry must be brave," mused a phone girl.

"Don't be such a gloom," advised her friend, "you're not so terribly homely."

## Beg Your Pardon

In the last issue of the BULLETIN we printed on the back cover a poem by Douglas Malloch without giving credit to the publisher. The poem, "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," is the title poem of a book by Mr. Malloch, published by the Scott Dowd Company.



## Letters of Commendation

**M**ANY letters come from customers of the North Shore Line praising employes for their work in recovering articles lost on trains or left in stations.

That is a part of the duties of employes which they take pride in carrying out in a way that pleases passengers, but occasionally an employe has an opportunity to render some one a service when it is not, strictly speaking, a part of his duties.

### Upholds Good Name of North Shore Line

The following news story clipped from The Waukegan Daily Sun shows how a motor coach driver upheld the reputation of the North Shore Line and his fellow employes for honesty and service:

Roy Wells, son of Dave Wells, and a driver of a North Shore bus, formerly a motorman and conductor on the line, takes down the honors for the week for being an honest man. And, incidentally, his display of honesty is a commentary on the North Shore Line's employes which cannot be discounted, for his example proves their honesty and courtesy, which is one of the marks of efficiency of the railroad.

Friday afternoon, when driving his bus around the corner of Grand Avenue and Genesee street he saw a good looking handbag lying in the street.

"I've been fooled before," said Roy later, "but that bag seemed rather fat and glistening brilliants on the outside indicated it was not an April-fool affair, so I stopped quickly, grabbed it and got back into the bus. I didn't

say anything to anyone aboard for I've heard of cases where the ownership has been claimed by persons who had no claim to the found article. So I kept it alongside my seat and when I got to where I could look at it, I found that there were valuables and a card of the owner's husband. I took it home and ate my dinner, after which I've come here to give it back," said he as he appeared at the North Avenue home where the owner lives. All the contents of course were intact and the loser was grateful beyond expression because the bag contained her wedding ring, her engagement ring and another large diamond. The contents were worth perhaps \$3,000.

Wells explained that just as he picked up the purse, Lew Hewes of the Hewes garage apparently was making for it but that he "beat him to it."

**MORAL:** If you lose a purse or anything else of the sort, lose it where a fellow like Roy Wells or the average North Shore employe is liable to pick it up.

Although this article was not lost in a train or motor coach, the management appreciates the good service of Operator Wells in picking it up and restoring it to its owner. As the newspaper says, the act is a credit to all North Shore Line employes.

### Gets Message to Passengers on Train

The following letter from a representative of the Paine Lumber Company of Oshkosh tells a story of willing service just a little out of the ordinary.



Dear Sir:

I want to compliment you and comment on the high class, courteous and efficient manner in which two of your men handled a situation for me on Friday evening, November 26.

It was very necessary for me to get word to two girl cousins on the Badger Limited from Milwaukee. I was taken care of in a most satisfactory way, and received very courteous treatment all along the line.

The two men with whom I came in contact were Mr. R. Dobski and Mr. W. J. Schoben, both at the Howard Street station.

I could not help but be favorably impressed, and I want you to know my impression of these two men.

You are to be congratulated on having men of such caliber in your employ.

Yours very truly,

G. A. Scovil,  
Paine Lumber Co.

## Handling of Baggage Wins Patron's Thanks

The following letter comes from a casual traveler who appreciated the efficient way in which his baggage was handled:

I am writing to express my thanks to the North Shore Line for the way my baggage was handled in connection with a recent trip between Milwaukee and Chicago.

It was necessary for me to make a local stopover in the morning and later take an evening train that would land me in Chicago a short time before the departure of my train for the east from the Union Station. When I explained the situation to your station staff at Milwaukee they made the arrangements to take care of my baggage and

with extraordinary courtesy gave me all the co-operation and information I required. In the evening when I arrived at Chicago after transferring direct to the Union Station over the west side elevated, I found my baggage waiting there for me.

This service was a great help to me and was very much appreciated.

Yours truly,  
O. G. Christgau,  
Westerville, Ohio.

Service of the kind described is given every day on the North Shore Line. Patronage is appreciated and the employes endeavor to make the traveler feel that it is a pleasure to serve him.

## Careful Coach Driver Highly Commended

The following letter from a school principal in Highland Park is self-explanatory:

Dear Sir:

I wish to commend the driver of motor coach used by a group of children of the Lincoln School at Highland Park on a trip to Waverly Beach, Indiana, on October 21. He is the best one we have ever had. He drove very carefully at a reasonable speed and was very cautious in crossing railroad tracks. This sort of driving took away all feeling of worry and made this a splendid trip.

Sincerely yours,  
Ethel E. Goddard.

Motor coach drivers on the North Shore Line are noted for their careful driving. The particular driver commended in the foregoing letter is C. R. Engdahl.

## Train Crew Thanked for Wonderful Service

The following letter from a representative of the Phoenix Hosiery



Company of Milwaukee proves that no matter what the occasion may be the North Shore Line can be relied upon to give satisfactory service.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the wonderful service that we received on the trip to the Wisconsin and Chicago football game on Saturday, November 20. The crew which manned the car certainly exerted themselves in trying to be of service to us, and especially

thank your Mr. Mears for the courtesies he extended.

Yours very truly,

F. L. Friedlander,  
Phoenix Hosiery Company.

There was quite a crowd to handle that day, but whether the crowd is large or small the North Shore Line always aims to give the best service possible. The employee especially commended is "Sonny" Mears, superintendent of dining car service, who is always courteous and obliging.

## With the Bulletin Family

WE are starting this column early in the hope it will reach our readers before Christmas. But one can never tell. We are being razzed a bit for being late and when we try to catch up, something occurs to set us back again.

It really doesn't matter so much after all. The BULLETIN is just as good—or as bad—one month as another, and what is a date among friends?

But we have a plan to overcome the difficulty. We are beginning a new volume with this issue and it really should begin with the year. So we are going to date it ahead and give you the January issue in December. That ought to satisfy everyone. It will also make the BULLETIN year the calendar year so that No. 1 of Vol. X, will begin with January. Then with ordinary luck we'll keep it ahead all the year, unless we drop dead or get fired, either of which is possible.

One difficulty in getting out one issue on top of another is that there wouldn't be any Family Column in the second issue, be-

cause we find most of our contributors put off writing until the last minute. Now if the Family instead of razzing their parent in a most disrespectful way would send in their contributions earlier, we might possibly get them out a little earlier in the month. But early or late, we're glad to get them.

Being full of the Christmas spirit, (we almost wrote full of prunes), we rejoice exceedingly that our Helen G. has got over her little peeve and is back with us. We were troubled about little Helen. You see, she is a good contributor, and what is even better she is a good customer of the North Shore Line. Were we to lose her it would cut both ways, but we are not going to lose her.

About two months ago we sent Helen a sort of SOS through this column "to come back home and all would be forgiven," or words to that effect. She didn't respond at once, but after thinking the matter over she returned to the fold and there is more rejoicing than over the ninety and nine who didn't stray.



To show our appreciation of the return of the little prodigal, or prodigy, we give her the top of the column. She writes as follows:

Dear Uncle Luke:

You certainly handed me a scare this month. I thought it was now my turn to eat woolly worms.

As the November bulletin arrived in December (still the late Mr. Grant) I had concluded that my own Uncle Luke had disowned little Helen and she was off his mailing list forever.

Now Uncle, even if I am sometimes ornery and horrid, you just can't forsake me; you'll always let me be your child—won'tcha, please.

I'll take your line, I'll eat my words, also your spring chicken and even if the North Shore cooks are like the Scotchman who fried his bacon in lux to keep it from shrinking, I'll never, never complain again.

I'm the North Shore child, preferred or unpreferred, and you just can't disown me.

Please, de gude Lord, take pity on dis pore sinning lil chile who comes to de mourner's bench wid misery in her soul and makes de light to shine on her Uncle Luke and de fambly and habs dem luv her and take her back in de fold and Lord, bestow de 3 on de North Shore, dat is, gude conductor, gude business and gude eats.

Also Lord, if you habs de time, mak my Uncle Lukey hurries up hises paper so's hises fambly dus gits it de same month he supposes to send it.

Please Lord, don't forgits to maks my Uncle Lukey and fambly to loves me again.

Kindest wishes to all, also may this be the Merriest Christmas and Happiest New Year, is the wish of

Helen G.

You luv'es me again, dontcha?

In answer to that last line, Helen, it should be "yet" instead of "again." We never wavered even when you panned our railroad, which under the circumstances shows great depth of affection. Now that everything is all right, let's hear from you often.

The esteemed Powder Puff Kids are with us again this month and

it is said that an honest confession is good for the soul. We don't know that our Kids need any soul tonic, but they admit that the alibi they gave us last month didn't stand up.

They write as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

The long cold winter is upon us, the earth is now clothed in a mantle of softest white, the trees stand like ghosts against the clear sky, while skaters can be seen day and night on the patches of frozen water. Lovely as this may sound we still long for the spring and summer.

By the way, Mr. Grant, we remember we did not write those letters which you didn't print. You'll have to forgive us, because you said everyone writing to the Bulletin has to be a good liar and we were only practicing. Our first trial was a complete flop, but wait, we'll beat Loophound at the game yet.

You might tell Don Mike we don't live out in the wilderness. We live out in the great open spaces, and besides he couldn't have been near our place, because only red-blooded men can visit here. The rabbits would chew him up in two shakes of a lamb's tail.

Ask Mr. Schmidt of the Waltham Pianner Company where he's hiding. We haven't heard from him in a dog's age. Tell him we hope he will write soon as we always enjoyed his stuff. Milwaukee men and boys are sure stingy; they must be Scotch.

Wishing you and the family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we are,

Yours for Better Business,

The Powder Puff Kids.

We are glad to have you with us, Kids, and we like your ambition. You hope to rival Loophound as liars, and while that is a noble ambition, you certainly are hitching your wagon to a star. But with hard work and continued practice, you might succeed. If not, you surely can develop into sort of second class liars. Loophound is a good model to pattern after in that line.

Our Cedarburg correspondent, Mrs. Cherdron, writes as follows:



Dear Editor Grant:

Here's wishing you and the Family a right cheerio Thanksgiving.

I often think appreciatively of your generous courtesy to North Shore patrons last summer, and your Bulletin is always a gem of personality in business.

I'm not exactly in love with the world, haven't been for a long while. There's so much sham and veneer on things.

Smilingly,

Eliza T. Cherdron.

Why the last sentence, Mrs. Cherdron? You mustn't get cynical, although we admit that sometimes it's pretty hard not to be. But as our doughboys used to say during the war, "This is a helluva war, but it's the only one we've got." It's the same with the world. It's the only one we have, and it is just what we make it. So we prefer to overlook the sham and veneer and see only the truth and the beauty. And there is a lot of that around if we look for it in the right spirit.

Our Racine woman contrib, "Just Billy," sends us a cheerful greeting as follows:

It's Just Billy pausing long enough in a busy day to get a greeting off to the Family, expressing most sincere wishes for all possible happiness for each one through the holiday season, and that the new year may hold an abundance of good things in store for all, health, happiness and prosperity.

And may the North Shore prosper as never before.

Merry Christmas, 1926. Happy New Year, 1927.

Just Billy.

Mrs. Billy, that sort of note brightens up a drab day. What matters if it is snowing and disagreeable outdoors? We wish you all sorts of good things in the coming year and in that we are sure the Family joins heartily.

A new woman contrib in Evanston joins the Family this month, at least we hope she has joined.

We have a number of school teachers in our Family, as well as artists, milliners and other professions. But we can never have too many of the fair sex as invariably they are good contribs.

The newest addition to the Family writes:

My Dear Sir:

Someone showed me yesterday the picture of Fountain Square in Evanston as it looked in 1876, and said that it appeared in your July issue. I am one of the high school teachers and feel that my children would be tremendously interested in the picture, and it would give me great pleasure to have it. Would it be possible for you to look up a copy of that issue? I should be very much indebted to you.

This morning I took a copy of your Bulletin in the station in Evanston and I should enjoy being on your mailing list for the next six months.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am

Yours very truly,

Esther C. Feddersen.

Your name goes on the mailing list, Miss Feddersen. It is not likely to be taken off in six months either, unless you request it. Once we get 'em they just stay and being industrious we set 'em to work. We ask them to write us a letter once or twice a year, or as often as they feel inclined.

From New York comes the following from the noted Jim Ham:

Greetings, Luke and everybody!

Well, we got Thanksgiving tucked cozily away midst the pages of history and, witness, here we are again all getting our annual spell of "gimmies" preparatory to Yuletide. Verily, time is fleeting and as we accumulate a serious sensitiveness to drafts on the top of our domes—as the part in our hair widens or we "grow up" between it—don't we hate to sense a forced relinquishment of wot's called youth in favor of our raccoon coated progeny? Perish the thought that some of we wobbly workers o' the fambly column must eventually surrender valuable space to new and animated members of the flock. No—a flock of No's—we



*Our sox all hung by the chimney with care,  
As we knew Uncle Luke'd want each one there,  
Cept one golfer member discoverin' "a hole in one"  
Hung his boot by the mantle—the son of a gun.*



*Jim Ham*

ain't getting old, just merely kiddin' ourselves for not having the covetous psychology of some of life's living or dead prominent characters which allows as how all of us may not have been foreordained to decay in body and thought during the first hundred years. I dunno but it's largely the way we think 'bout it. Cobwebby congestions not too good for anybody's peace of mind. Enough of my foolishness is plenty and I know space is valuable.

Am happy to know this has been a most prosperous year for the North Shore Line and wish it, yourself and our gang just the bestest sort o' Christmas and joyous New Year.

Cordially,  
Jim Ham.

You're right, Jim. We're strong for the younger members of the Family and will give them all the rope they wish, but never shall we allow the older members to be crowded off the page.

Our old friend and contrib, Conrad Shearer of Kenosha, is with

us this month and we are glad to see he has not forgotten his duty to the Family. Since the people of Kenosha sent Conrad to the Legislature he has been so busy making laws, or trying to unmake some that were already made, that he hasn't had much time to write. However, he reads the BULLETIN regularly and rides on the railroad often and that helps. He writes:

Dear Bro. Grant:

This is the season of the year when we settle lodge dues, pay taxes and renew our subscription to periodicals. It occurs to me that I have been somewhat derelict in my duty as a correspondent and therefore indebted to The North Shore Bulletin, but as a patron of the road, I qualify one hundred per cent. As soon as one twenty-five ride book is used, I secure another. After the opening of the year, when I resume my journeys to Madison, the North Shore Line will observe a material increase in receipts.

It seems, Brother Luke, that you are neglecting Kenosha—The Bet-



ter City. Scotchmen, former leaders in the old Caledonian Society of Kenosha, are rapidly passing on. Chief Walter R. Anderson answered the summons in 1925, and this year we mourn the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Lockhart and Mr. James S. Barr. What is the matter with the Scotch race, noted for being so hardy? In your excellent editorials you prescribe for the ills of the country at large. Can you not do something to check the death of Scotchmen in Kenosha?

Our address has changed since last we met, so kindly direct the Bulletin to the new address. No, it was not a case of being "cheaper to move than pay rent;" we built a new house.

By the time the December Bulletin reaches its readers, the holiday season will be upon us. Therefore, I take this opportunity, Brother Luke, of wishing yourself and family, the North Shore Line and its patrons, all the good things that can possibly be crowded into 1927.

Conrad Shearer.

Sorry, Conrad, that we cannot prescribe anything to keep Scotsmen alive, that is, we might prescribe but they couldn't get the prescription filled without violating the law. We first learned of the death of the genial Tom Lockhart from our old friend, Tom Kidd, manager of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. We were shocked, as the last time we talked with Tom he was planning to take life easy. Maybe he didn't begin soon enough.

Here is one from Rockford, from John H. Camlin, the esteemed president of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce. He writes:

My dear Mr. Grant:

I have your esteemed favor and also the copies of the Bulletins, for all of which I sincerely thank you.

The Bulletins are really interesting and I have had a lot of pleasure out of the copies you were kind enough to send.

I note your explanation of why you use so many Scotch stories in the Bulletin, viz: that the Scotch are the only race you know of who do not take offense at jokes on themselves. Did it ever strike you as being possible that they

never saw the joke in the jokes in question?

I surely appreciate your putting my name on your mailing list and in return I have asked our office to see that you are furnished monthly with a copy of the Illinois Journal.

With best wishes,

Very cordially yours,

John H. Camlin.

We appreciate your letter and good wishes, Mr. Camlin, but we do not believe that your explanation of why the Scotch enjoy jokes on themselves is the correct one. You see most of the Scotch jokes we print are sent us by readers all over the country, most of them Scots readers, so they must see the jokes or they would not pass them along. The Englishman says that the Scotsman can't see a joke and we believe that is true, that is, an English joke.

Our old correspondent from Zion, the esteemed Whiz Bang, writes as follows:

Dear Luke:

Guess I kinda chose a bum time of the year to come up into this climate, but that can't be helped now. Anyway, I expect to be enroute for "The Land of Sunshine" ere many days of the approaching year pass by.

As I gaze out of my window at the drizzling rain outside and watch the aimless population hurrying hither and thither in the gathering dusk, overcoats buttoned up around their necks, their heads bent low to evade the spray thrust at them by the blustering wind, I feel stronger than ever the lure of the Southland—Florida, with its bright, sunny days and brilliant, moonlit nights.

The "Land of Dreams" in the truest sense. There, relaxing in the midst of tropical foliage de luxe, lazily whiling the hours and days away, one finds a perfect antidote for the aches and pains of the daily grind.

Whenever I ride over the new Skokie Valley Route of the North Shore Line, the stations along the line remind me of the predominant type of architecture so well reproduced in Florida. And so the dull, gloomy fall days awaken in me that longing to return to Florida,



the land which once seen can never be forgotten or belittled.

Hoping to meet you among the palms before the robins again return to their summer homes in the north, I remain,

As ever,

Whiz Bang.

Glad to hear from you again, Whiz Bang, but why write in that strain? Do you wish to render us totally unfit for any kind of work? We, too, look out of the window as we write and watch the snowflakes falling and sneer at the sap who wrote about "beautiful snow." We can hear those Florida breezes rustling the palm fronds in the moonlight and maybe we don't long to be sitting under a palm. Florida may have its occasional hurricanes and its real estate pests, but it has a climate that more than compensates for everything.

From an old correspondent in Sullivan, Ill., comes the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

It has been some time since I have written a letter to the Bulletin, and sent it, but not so long since I wrote one only to later consign it to the wastebasket, the impression always coming after writing that my letter would not be appreciated, because it was so different from others found in the Family corner. But every once in a while the conviction comes upon me that I should at least write and express my appreciation of the Bulletin. In a way, I enjoy the wit and humor found in the family corner, but to me it is a good deal like eating a dish of puffed wheat, it's just mostly wind. And each have about the same lasting effect. I do often enjoy the editorial comments, and find something there to think about. Now all this is not just exactly complimentary to the Bulletin Family, is it? And may call down upon me disinheritance, but I would not want to write something that I did not feel, nor would you want to read that which was insincere. You know I believe the reason for the almost unanimous line of foolishness running through the letters in the family corner is due to a practice fallen into as young children, and no doubt many of them have serious thoughts, and

often. To me life is a serious period of time, because of its extreme shortness, and of that which follows. In one of your editorial comments you mention, "There are many conceptions of heaven." It is true there are many, and very likely all wrong, for the scripture says "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither entered into the heart of man the good things the Lord has prepared." That is why life is serious to me. I agree with you in that heaven will be one place where everyone will mind his own business, for there was only one fellow ever got there that tried to mind other than his own business and he was cast out a long, long time ago. Maybe you will think, and others too, I should be minding my business instead of butting into that of the Bulletin Family.

Yours truly,

H. H. Smith.

We are glad to hear from you, Mr. Smith, even though we do not agree with all you say. Why should life be taken so seriously because it is short? Isn't that a good reason why life should be enjoyed while it lasts? Laugh now while you have a chance, because you won't have a chance a hundred years from now. We never could see why one should be solemn and grave all the time, because that makes one unhappy himself and everyone else with whom he comes in contact.

Our Chicago contrib, O'Slat, discusses this thing and that thing in the following manner:

Dear Editor Grant:

Literally tearing myself away from the Christmas shopping problems besetting me on every side, I am grasping this fleeting opportunity to sit me down and hurl another broadside of Mr. Webster's product right smack into your editorial sanctum.

Having eaten my share of Thanksgiving turkey and swallowed with some misgiving the last mouthful of hash, I put an end to the official celebration of the harvest celebration by tuning in the Army-Navy broadcast on a neighbor's radio. However, between the static and the voluminous cheers of the frenzied spectators I received very little of the actual happenings



on the gridiron. As usual, I received the best second-hand picture of the contest from the newspapers the following morning. Proving, in my estimation, that a good newspaper reporter is of more intrinsic value to a community than a flock of microphone masters.

An encouraging newspaper yarn of recent date spread the cheerful information that this was to be a million dollar Christmas for U. S. investors. Dividend checks to the total of nearly \$400,000,000 were paid to stockholders in the various national industries on December 1. Half a million dollars more will be disbursed to other investors on January 1. This aggregate sum divided between the 15,000,000 wise and thrifty citizens who are said to own shares of the large corporations in Uncle Sam's prosperous country will make a handsome Yuletide gift. As a shareholder of the North Shore Line, I can personally vouch that the statement "enclosed find your dividend check" is sweet music at any time of the year.

It looks as if the widely publicized nation of Roumania cares not a whit whether it has a Carol to help in the celebration of Christmas. H. R. H. Queen Marie—erst-while American visitor—is having quite some family spat with the eldest son and black sheep of the royal house, whose love for a titian-haired beauty threw another monkey wrench into the machine of monarchy.

Closing with the usual seasonal greetings and best wishes.

Sincerely,

J. Horatius O'Slat.

It does look as if he wasn't a Christmas Carol, doesn't it? But if he prefers a red crown to the kind that usually goes with a throne, the rest of the world should worry.

An old Canton, Ohio, correspondent, whose nationality is hard to guess, sends the following:

My dear Mr. Grant:

I am afraid I am a bad Scotch-American, although I dinna belong to any o' the Chicago gangs. Am bad because I owe "The Bulletin" a letter for more than a year. Guid Scotsmen pay their debts, so I'm paying you mine now.

That little gem, "The North Shore Bulletin," reaches me every month,

and oh, man! how I love your editorials in trying to save the world. Dinna give up if ye canna save it. You're making a grand try. While you're a wee bit hard on the Scots wi' your jokes, but the Auld Swae that hung the pot over the fire that boiled the Porrich and the "Soor Dook" that went with the Porrich, gave us "Children o' the Mist" gaen broad shoulders, so we can stand the gaff. Like a good skipper, dinna luff your sail; you may save the world yet, and mind you, King Solomon saved it in his time and had five hundred wives and seven hundred harem scarem lassies on his hands when he finished the job.

For twenty-five years I've traveled from Maine to Denver peddling my wares, and many, many times used the North Shore from Chicago to Milwaukee. I say "It is some road, the road of Real Service."

A Merry Christmas and much health and sweet contentment for 1927.

Cordially yours,

William Broom.

Mon, Wullie, ye're a real Scot. Is it the cost o' writin' paper that's troublin' ye? Dinna be sae sparin' wi' ye're writin' and drap in some evenin' an' say hello to oor auld freen Wullie Miller. We haena had a line frae him in ever sae lang.

From our special Schenectady, N. Y., correspondent, Hoot Mon, there comes the following:

Dear Luke:

I certainly put my head in a noose boosting the Glasgow Municipal System in my last letter, but how was I to know you were a freen of James Dalrymple, the Manager. However, clannish or no, I still maintain that the system is second to none. Well, with the exception of "The North Shore Line," Maybe that will satisfy ye.

Was at a St. Andrews banquet the other night. We toasted all the Scotch notables such as Rob Burns, Sir Walter Scott, etc. We also toasted all the presidents from away back up to the present. There was some doot about "Calvin" having any Scotch blood. But considering the thrift he has been practicing he was unanimously elected to the clan. They nearly forgot "Saint Luke" of Chicago, but I put them wise, so every one was happy



even though we had nothing harder than cider.

One of the toastmasters told a story of a Scotchman who went into a saloon in New York City—of course it is understood that the saloon is now extinct in all other states but New York. But we having the champion wet advocate Governor Al Smith, are privileged to have one here and there. Well, the Scot noticed there were five Jews at the other end of the bar and before drinking his two per cent made the following toast:

"Here's to the Jews—the finest race on earth. There are four thousand where I work; I wish there were four thousand more." The Jews naturally took notice and one of them came over and asked him if he meant what he said.

"Sure," said the Scot.

"Well, have one on me," said the Jew.

To make a long story short he was treated by all five sons of the desert before he left. Then the Jews asked who he was. "Oh," says the bartender, "he is a Scotch grave digger in the Jewish cemetery."

We had rather a strange business combination in Schenectady this year, a Scotchman and a Jew. What with the Scot's thrift and the Jew's eye for business, they did a wonderful business, but the Jew watched the Scot and the Scot watched the Jew and in six months they were both blind, so had to close up shop.

Your November editorial is all right, but maybe with automobiles and fur coats on the installment plan, we are stretching this prosperity business too far. Here's hoping the bubble won't burst.

I also note that you devote two paragraphs to the late Eugene V. Debs. You wind up by saying his work was infinitesimal, and here I beg to differ with you—and I venture to predict when lots of our present day politicians are gone and forgotten his name will be remembered for his good work.

As it will be near the festive season when you receive this, I conclude with the compliments of the season and a Guid New Year to Yin and Aw of the Bulletin Family.

Hoot Mon.

We are surprised to hear that there was any doubt about Calvin's Scotch blood. Our experience at Scotch gatherings is that they are ready to claim almost

anything. Sometimes after listening to such speeches for two or three hours we become almost convinced that the Scots are the greatest people on earth. Thanks for entering our name in the list of more or less famous Scots. We might tell you that we were born in Glenlivet, which, as you may know, is known throughout the world for its products.

One of our newest Wilmette contributors announces his intention of becoming a "regular" and we are glad to admit him to the select column. He writes:

My dear Mr. Grant:

Am back on the air again this month. Have decided to become a "regular" instead of "just a couple of letters a year."

I got on a Chicago Limited Saturday and who do you suppose I sat next to. None other than the official artist of the Bulletin Family, Miss Ella Louise Rasmussen. She was reading one of our Bulletins, hence my getting acquainted with her.

Greetings to the St. Louis representative, the correspondent from the Principia, Ernest H. Lyons, Jr. I would like to get in touch with him through correspondence if he finds it convenient.

In one of the Eastern newspapers there has been some discussion about Americans preferring war. Do they or do they not? The best answer to any situation regarding war is a quotation from Walter H. Page, the American ambassador to Great Britain during the war, who wrote the following to one of the cabinet members: "But (looked at theoretically) war is, of course, an absurd way of settling any quarrel, an irrational way."

Theodore Roosevelt in a speech made in France after his presidency, said: "Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, just as every honorable effort should always be made by the individual in private life to keep out of a brawl, to keep out of trouble; but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong."

To keep on at the same rate as last month we might succeed in putting Wilmette on the map, with four of us in the Bulletin.

With this I had better sign off



and leave space for the "real regulars"—Jim Ham, Loophound and Whiz Bang.

Sincerely,  
Albert Ernest Hall.

Here is a new contrib from Milwaukee, from whom we hope to hear often. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I would appreciate it very much if you will send me a copy of your North Shore Bulletin in the mail each issue.

It might be that you are so busy that you will not have time to look at very much material sent to you, but I am taking the liberty of placing you on our exchange mailing list to receive a copy of our American Legion Post paper, "Broadside and Barrage," copy of the last issue of which you will find enclosed.

I will be glad to send you whatever amount may be involved in having your Bulletin mailed to me, in accordance with the above requisition.

Your articles on Americanization every now and then are mighty fine and I have enjoyed them immensely.

Cordially yours,  
Henry B. Greisen.

Your name has been placed on the mailing list Mr. Greisen. The subscription price is a letter a year to this column, so your dues are paid a year in advance. But then there is no rule against writing as often as you wish.

From Omaja, Cuba, comes the following from a correspondent whose letters usually are rather personal for general consumption. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Your more than welcome letter reached me out here in camp this evening after having been carried around in a guajiro's (Spanish for "hick") pocket for the last four days and I thank heaven that the envelopes used by the North Shore Line are of durable material, otherwise I might not have received the enclosure, which you may be sure I appreciate. Several million thanks and then some.

Lest ye think I ken your job (no use, I can't get the burr and flavor into it) better than you do, please don't think I read the Highline,

Highball and Bulletin simply to find mistakes. Lord, no, far from it. It's simply because I am so darned hungry to breathe the air of that old burg again that I read every darned word I can find on the subject, and consequently the three above mentioned monthlies get a going over with a fine tooth comb that would do credit to an A-No. 1 proofreader.

I expect to go into the offices of the Cuba Railroad Company about January 1. Then next June, or July, oh boy, I can hardly wait, it will be Chicago for mine. And if I ever pull out of that burg again under five years you will be most cordially invited to hand me several swift kicks in the proper locality, below the Mason and Dixon line, from the thirteenth floor of the Chicago Trust Building to the street level.

One more paragraph and I'll ring off. After the Annual Gorge, as George Ade puts it, how do you feel about your editorial duties today? Two other Americanos and myself, not being able to get hold of a turkey in order properly to celebrate the occasion, finally found a native whose avarice was greater than his veneration for the Noche Buena (Christmas Eve feast) and we got a young porker he had been saving. We sent to Camaguay for the fixin's, so we didn't fare so badly after all. But at that it is not like celebrating it in the homeland.

Wishing you continued success and looking forward to next July, I am,

Very sincerely yours,  
Dana W. Kerr.

One might gather from Mr. Kerr's letter that he is not greatly in love with his tropical surroundings, while we up here shivering in the cold wish we had just a little touch of his misery. Isn't that human nature, though?

That boy, Don Mike seems to be spoiling for a scrap with some contrib. Why not tell him where he ought to get off? He writes:

Dear Luke:

So the "Powder Puff Kids" think it would have been much better if I had drowned this summer. Too bad I had to disappoint them, but life is so sweet and there is another season coming next year. Remind them of what the flapper said when the speeding motorist just missed hitting her by the



thickness of her abbreviated apparel, "Better luck next time."

From time to time I meet people who had to suffer my vocal efforts on the return trip from the family outing last summer. Surface appearances would indicate that they were at least pleased to see me again. Another proof of the adage "Time heals all wounds." I am planning however to take out some additional insurance, just in case.

Was down to the shipyards the other day to look over the hull of our pot. Gosh, how different it looks without its dress of mast and canvas. Almost seems rude to look at the old cruiser in its present condition. But next spring, when she is all newly painted and with the numerous accessories we plan to equip her she will sing another tune.

Somehow or other, I never seem to find occasion to use the North Shore Line these days. However, a number of my friends who find it necessary to commute between Chicago and Milwaukee "on business" find your service ideal for their purpose. I hear that several breweries are still in operation in Milwaukee. I'm thinking seriously of moving back to the town of my birth.

What has happened to Ed Bangs and the rest of my pet stock of material for puns? Have the boys lost heart and deserted me? I'll hang every man from a yardarm that mutinies at this time when I need them most. Call the marines!

See that Von made the Bulletin for November without taking a crack at me or saxophones. Has he reformed?

It may seem that I am asking too many questions for one person, but after cruising most of the summer, I find it necessary to become "wised up" to what has been happening to the shore sailors.

Yours for the abolition of winter and the rocking chair fleet.

Don Mike.

Well Don, we cannot tell you what happened to Edward Bangs. He reserved front seats for the Family Outing and never showed up, nor have we heard from him since. They just drop out of our ken that way. Sometimes they come back and sometimes they don't. The door is always open and we do more or less rejoicing

when a prodigal returns and that is all we can do about it.

Here is a new one from Winnetka who writes:

Hello Luke:

I am writing you on behalf of a bunch of Winnetkians who go to Lake Forest to attend various dances and social affairs and they would like to know if the Lake Forest station could be kept open until after the 12:23 A. M. train southbound leaves.

If you can have this done you will have the thanks of your many patrons.

Here is a Scotch joke for your BULLETIN. Sandy was papering his house and his neighbor Rab dropped in to see him. He noticed that Sandy was putting the wall paper on with thumb tacks instead of paste.

"What are ye daein' that for, Sandy?"

"Weel," said Sandy, "I dinna expect tae live here a' my life."

Yours truly,

Jock Frae Blairgowrie.

Thanks for the story Jock. As for that station being kept open we referred the matter to the General Manager and an order to keep the station open was issued forthwith. So you see how accomodating the North Shore Line is when it receives a request like yours.

Here is a new contrib from Milwaukee. We hope he will like the company and stay for a while. He is merely nibbling now, but we'll hook him yet. He writes:

My dear Sir:

I have read with interest several copies of the North Shore Bulletin. Would be pleased to have you put my name on the mailing list.

Thanking you, I remain

Yours very truly,

Dr. W. F. Straub.

We have had your name placed on the mailing list, Dr. Straub, and will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

Our Philadelphia correspondent, Loophound, writes to kick because he hadn't received the last issue of the BULLETIN when he wrote



his letter. Well, it had been in the mails at least two weeks at that time and if he doesn't stay long enough in one place to get it, that isn't our fault.

However, we'll overlook it this time and send him another. He writes:

Dear Bulletin:

Our youngsters just informed us that there ain't no Sandy Claws—and am wondering if they aren't about right—do you know we haven't received the November BULLETIN yet. Please don't punish your oldest contrib for his sins of omission by holding out on him that way, and hustle a copy down here. Since Marie left us flat we don't want our faith in Kris Kringle shattered so unceremoniously.

Have you heard the real reason of Queen Marie's early return to Europe? Well, Cold Cash Pyle, so 'tis said, had signed up her bewhiskered King to come over and play Santa Claus at so much per whisker and Marie was jealous. Bet a white chip she gives him a Gillette for Christmas, so he won't be over next year either.

You've read the newspaper report about Dempsey's milk being doped. There may be something to that, Luke, for I've heard that Jack drank lots of milk in his training camp—goat's milk—so he could butt Tunney in the clinches good and plenty. Maybe the milk turned sour on him, for he sure wasn't a very sweet champ that night. Of course you can hear lots of stories after any championship battle when the crown changes hands. That other yarn about Dempsey being seen in De Russie's Lane with a gambler the night the Pig Woman's mule shot that couple for walking on his grass is a base canard on Jack. Nearly everybody who followed that Jersey trial knows the cops were detouring traffic around the lane an hour before Jack was supposed to be there. Why, half of Jersey was there that night, and part of Milwaukee. You can't blame folks for spooning in a parked auto any more, though, since that Kansan collected \$75 off son-in-law for coffee and cakes while he was buzzing the girl. Lucky for son-in-law that he didn't have to foot the gas and coal bill, too. A parked auto is cheaper it is said—really don't know from personal experience.

Well, this will be our fourth

Christmas in Philadelphia, and we begin to feel set. Wonder if we'd be treated like a step-child if we moved back to Chicago now. Sometimes I think we are rather too loyal to mid-western institutions to be assimilated here.

This morning, frinstance, the local educator made a wise crack in its editorial comment, something like this, "Now, out in Chicago where anything can happen," etc. The Missus says that's a hanged sight better than back here in Philadelphia where nothing happens. On the other hand, Clarence Darrow came east this week and tells us that the violation of the 18th Amendment is a "Civic Duty." As Charlie Chaplin would say, "Eemagine that"—and from Clarence, too, who never before countenanced law breaking or law breakers—oh my, no. To a man in this longitude 'twould appear that a Chicagoan's civic duty would be to provide visitors with bullet-proof overcoats when they crossed the city line with the buttons riveted on. About the only safe place I know in Chicago is aboard a North Shore train. A bullet would get dizzy chasing your fast limited.

Old Philly isn't so bad—the "Work Shop of the World" is right. The biggest locomotive works located here, the greatest department store in the world—yes, folks, that's right, and wasn't the Sesqui Centennial the grandest flop you ever heard of. Philly excels in everything, even in failures. Don't blame this old Quaker city though because the Sesqui went sour, it didn't have the support of the country. You know American independence wasn't a strictly local event.

I'm pretty well sold on the old town—always did believe in plugging for the bridge that carried one over, even 'way back in the days when the old Rush Street Bridge wasn't such a much to crow about.

And they know how to raise their children here, too. Now, in New York we know of an instance which is probably typical of that shipping point, where a mother found her ultra modern nine-year-old daughter smoking father's cigars. She was punished, of course, as was right and proper. The poor kid had to go to bed that night without any gin.

Well, Luke, I'm scribbling this off in my hotel in Scranton, with one eye asleep and the other one napping. I can smell the breakfast



cooking, so it's time to dig in for the night. Here's to a Merry Christmas and a Bigger and Better New Year to all the good folks who read this column. Buenos noche.

Yours,

Loophound.

One day later and you would have been left out for a month. Why isn't it as easy to write on the first of the month as on the tenth, or later? Anyway, we're glad to hear from you, even if you are late.

Just as we finish our "makeup" and find we have a little space to fill, along comes a welcome letter from "Granddad" Miller of Canton, Ohio. We are going to crowd it in somewhere.

Mr. Miller writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

It is now six years since I received the first copy of the BULLETIN, and in all that time I have not missed reading a single number.

Thinking of that and musing over the many interesting things you and all the correspondents have written, all of which I have read with pleasure, yes, and with profit, I was led to ask myself the question, "What had occurred in those six years which most impressed me?"

Well, you may wonder at it, but it was the handling of that vast number of people on June 24, last, the closing day of the Eucharistic Congress at Mundelein. To carry 200,000 people from Chicago to Mundelein, a distance of forty miles, and bring them back on the same day without a single accident, and over a new line that had just been opened, the achievement was nothing short of marvelous.

Then to think of the platform space that had to be provided for a single day for a crowd which could never be expected to use it again, the material that had to be scrapped, as it never would be needed under normal conditions, the infinite number of details that had to be worked out, that seems to me to be the outstanding accomplishment.

Further, to think this was done by a public utility company which knew what it meant and realized in advance that it would be a big financial loss, yet went ahead and

did what to many seemed impossible.

The North Shore Line has a reputation for good service that is country-wide, and it seems to me it deserves it. It appears that every traveler, and every shipper, writes to say complimentary things about the road. Traveling men make comparisons between it and other roads, and always place it at the top.

One of the largest electric railroads in Ohio announced the other day that it had put on a Pullman car in its interurban service and that others would follow as fast as they could be got out. The North Shore Line has been giving that kind of service for years, which is the reason it has grown and forged ahead. The people today want the best there is, and I think there never was a time in the history of the world when there was so much demand and fulfillment as there is now.

Much more might be said on the same lines, but I will leave the rest to you who saved the country. And with the compliments of the season to you and to all the BULLETIN readers, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

William G. Miller.

We are glad to hear from you, Mr. Miller, and to learn that you are feeling better. We have a letter this month from one of your fellow townsmen and in our comment we asked him to look you up.

### A Priceless Gift

The school teacher was giving the class a talk on the great melting pot and asking the pupils from what country their parents had come. It came the turn of Johnny Robertson to answer.

"From what country did your parents come, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"From Scotland," was the proud reply.

"Now Johnny," said the teacher, "tell us what in your opinion is the greatest contribution that Scotland has given the United States."

"My faither and ma mither," answered Johnny promptly.



## A Contrib's Christmas Greeting

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*My dear Luke Grant:*

*If the North Shore Bulletin were set in Tiffany it wouldn't be a bit more welcome than it is in its usual dress. It is a bright little book, gem-like, which fairly swings with 22-k enthusiasm from the initial letter to the final period. It possesses the human touch that wins one instantly. You have the happy ability to take prosaic things like ink and paper and make 'em dramatic and deucedly readable. No doubt about it at all, The North Shore BULLETIN is a smart kid, and I think it smart to be on your mailing list.*

*Now, I know you'll not be lonely, and you won't be forgotten; but I'm not going to take any chances on it; so, across the intervening distance, I stretch the hand of remembrance and good-fellowship; and so I say: OP Nick, himself, could not wish you a more joyous Christmas, nor greater prosperity and happiness for Nineteen Twenty-seven than does*

*Cordially yours,*

*J. A. Schiffler,*

*Milwaukee.*



## GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

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

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed  
indeed

That it at best could give to him, the while,  
But pitying glances, when his only need,  
Was but a cheery smile.

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

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

The anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there  
Above the golden walls—the morning sun  
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the  
prayer,

"God bless us every one."

—James Whitcomb Riley.