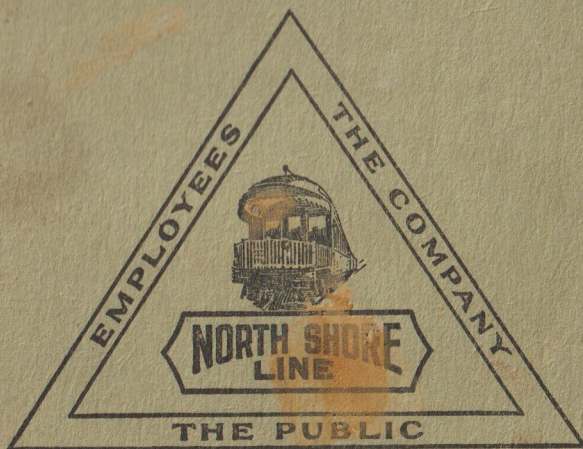


# THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

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NOVEMBER, 1927

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*"The Road of Service"*



Let no man who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own will be safe from violence when built.


—Abraham Lincoln.



# The North Shore Bulletin

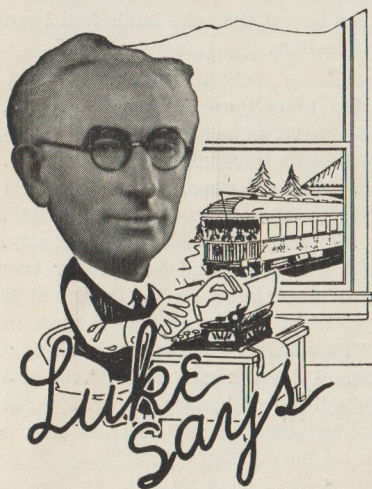
*Issued Monthly by*  
*Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad Company*  
**LUKE GRANT, Editor**      **1325 Chicago Trust Building**

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**Vol. X**      **Chicago, November, 1927**  **No. 11**

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## *Editorial Comment*



**H**AVE you ever thought on the effect that the most trivial things have on our daily lives and habits?

\* \* \*

**T**HAT isn't the most important thing in the world to think about, perhaps, but the idea occurred to us as we scratched our pimple—it hasn't come to a head yet—for a text on which we might open our monthly broadcast.

\* \* \*

**T**HE idea suggested itself in this way. It happens that the window of the editorial sanctum looks out over one of Chicago's busy street corners, to-wit, Monroe and Dearborn streets. The typewriter desk and swivel chair,

from the depths of which we save the world each month, are so situated that we cannot raise our eyes without looking out on that street corner. The most noticeable thing on that corner is a large clock on the First National Bank Building. It is impossible to look out from our office window without seeing that clock.

\* \* \*

**N**OW we can truthfully aver that "watching the hands of the clock" has never been one of our failings, but in this particular situation we just can't help looking at that clock. Ever since we have occupied our present quarters our daily habits have been regulated largely by that clock. We were on time, or late, for appointments according to the whims of that clock. We carry a watch, which sometimes registers the correct time, but it really wasn't the thought of saving wear and



tear on the watch pulling it out of our pocket that caused us to rely so much on the clock. It was its greater convenience.

\* \* \*

WELL, for at least two months that clock has been minus hands and our life has been almost wrecked. It is a beautiful, ornamental clock, but without hands it is absolutely useless. In fact, it is worse than useless, because it makes us mad every time we look at it. Now the hands are, no doubt, about the least expensive part of the mechanism of that clock. But without them the rest of the mechanism might as well be in the bottom of the lake for all practical purposes and uses. We do not know what happened to the hands. They disappeared between the time we left our office one evening and the time we returned the next morning. We didn't read that the bank had been burglarized, so we cannot account for the loss.

\* \* \*

SOME few days ago we had occasion to call up James B. Forgan, Jr., an official of the bank on a business, or more correctly speaking, a charity matter in which we both are interested. Incidentally, we mentioned to him our predicament. We said that clock had ruined our life, that we had depended on it for making appointments, etc. "It doesn't keep very good time, does it?" said Mr. Forgan, innocently. "Keep time?" we exploded, "it hasn't had any hands on it for two months. It carries the advertisement of your bank on its face, and it isn't a good ad. What if the people got to think you run your bank in the same way you run your clock?" "Thanks for the suggestion," said Mr. Forgan, "I never thought of that. I'll get right after them and see if the repairs can't be hurried up." True to his word, Mr. Forgan got after them, and the hands were being replaced on the clock at the time this issue went to press.

\* \* \*

WHAT is it that makes the service of the North Shore Line so popular with travelers? Why, just the little things, like the hands of that clock. Read the letters from pleased customers in this issue, as there have been in all past issues of the BULLETIN. What is the story they tell? They do not speak of the fine steel cars, the smooth roadbed, the fast time made on a trip between Chicago and Milwaukee. Nine out of every ten speak of some seemingly trivial courtesy shown them. They speak of the little things of daily occurrence. A conductor quietly pulls down a window shade because the sun is shining in the face of a passenger. Another helps a woman with a baby. A sick soldier is cheered by a kindly smile and a sympathetic word. And so on the letters run, one month after another. None of these little personal attentions are essential to the operation of a train, or the safe transportation of passengers. But if these little



things were omitted the letters would not be written. The railroad would not be talked about in the favorable way it is. Like the hands of the clock referred to, these little personal attentions appear to be an unimportant part of the vast mechanism necessary to the running of the railroad, but they constitute the part in which the customers are most interested.

\* \* \*

HAVING proved, at least to our own satisfaction, that the little things in life have an important bearing on behaviorism, we are ready to solve any other problem just as easy. A lot of letters from our correspondents remind us that Thanksgiving is approaching and a paragraph or two on that general subject would be quite appropriate. Not that we need any special season of the year to make us thankful, because we feel pretty thankful all the time that we are alive and connected with the best electric railroad in the best country in the world. Isn't that enough to give us cause for thankfulness? But haven't all the people in this great country of ours good reason for being thankful? They possess more of the things which go toward making life agreeable than any other people on the face of the globe. If we could only get all of them to realize that, it wouldn't be necessary for us to spend time saving the world every month.

\* \* \*

WHEN we read the statements of world-savers like Senators Brookhart, Walsh, and other statesmen of their ilk, that this country is headed straight to perdition unless the government does something to save the dear people, we are reminded of the sermon of an old Scotch minister. This minister of the old school always divided his text into several parts in the firstly, secondly, etc., order. He had a habit in speaking of using the personal pronoun "he" after the proper noun. He took for his text one Sunday the words, "The Devil goes about like a roaring lion." "Now," he said, "my brethren we shall consider this text from three points: First, what the Devil (he) is; secondly, where the Devil (he) is going, and thirdly, what the Devil (he) is roaring about." In reading a newspaper clipping of an interview with Senator Walsh in a New York paper, sent us by a reader with a request that we write something about it, we wonder "what the devil he is roaring about."

\* \* \*

SENATOR WALSH is profoundly alarmed over the future of the country. He says so himself, but some of us cannot be blamed if we think that he probably is more interested in the future of Senator Walsh and in what the next Democratic national convention will do. Certain incidents in his career in the past and certain statements in his interview lead us to infer that he is not wholly disinterested in his own political future. In his interview the Senator from Montana



outlines the four big issues of the day: the tariff, farm relief, political corruption and the growing exactions of trusts and monopolies. On the last issue he states that it is the electric light and power companies that are to be the target of his proposed investigation. He says he will introduce two resolutions in the next session of Congress, one directing the Federal Trade Commission to conduct a rather broad or general investigation into the subject, and a second directing that a special Senate committee be created to inquire into certain phases of the same subject.

\* \* \*

CAN you guess why Senator Walsh wishes to have two committees conduct investigations of the same subject? We think we can guess it the first crack. The Federal Trade Commission was created for the purpose of conducting such investigations into alleged violations of the anti-trust laws. But what individual ever made any political capital out of an investigation conducted by the Federal Trade Commission? It simply isn't done. The Commission conducts its work without any blare of trumpets. The corporation being investigated gets a chance to present its side of the case and the findings are based on the evidence. In all probability there hasn't been a single front page newspaper story in the entire proceeding. The investigations are as complete and thorough as they can be made, and for practical purposes, we suppose, they are effective. For political purposes, however, they are utterly worthless.

\* \* \*

NOW if the trusts and monopolies to which Senator Walsh refers, namely the electric light and power companies, are guilty of oppressing the people they ought to be investigated. So far as we have ever read or heard they have no objections to such an investigation. It wouldn't make any difference if they had objections, because they are not their own masters in the situation. As a matter of fact they are being constantly investigated by state commissions created for that purpose and cannot raise rates or issue new stock or bonds without the permission of such commissions. All of that is quite well understood by Senator Walsh and other statesmen of his type, so he proposes a "special" investigation by a Senate committee.

\* \* \*

INVESTIGATIONS by a Senate committee are altogether different. They make the front page of the newspapers every day. Such trifling safeguards as rules of evidence are set aside because a Senate committee is a law unto itself. Testimony that would be inadmissible in a court of law is broadcast all over the country. It would be a poor Senate committee that could not blast the reputation of a corporation or of an individual at the first session without the alleged



culprits ever being given a chance to be heard. After a few days the investigation does not produce any new sensations and becomes "inside page" stuff in the newspapers. By that time the corporation being investigated may get a chance to present its side of the case if it cares to do so, but no one will bother reading it. The culprit has already been "convicted" in the newspapers, the chairman of the investigating committee has had his name heralded throughout the land as the "fearless champion of the oppressed people" and the investigation is allowed to die a natural death. It didn't prove anything and it never was intended that it should. Maybe there wasn't anything to prove and if there was, that is the business of the Trade Commission or some state commission, anyway. The "special" committee had already accomplished its purpose. It had given its sponsor a lot of free publicity, which is very helpful to a candidate for a public office.

\* \* \*

WE read in the newspapers that Senator Brookhart is to introduce a bill at the coming session of Congress for government ownership of railroads. He doesn't favor government operation. Probably he feels that the country hasn't yet forgotten its experience with government operation of the railroads, and it hasn't. He proposes to have the government own the railroads and have them operated privately by the experts who are now doing the job, and, it might be added, doing it very efficiently. The change from private to government ownership would be a simple matter in the opinion of Senator Brookhart. He proposes that the government condemn the stocks and bonds of the railroads by regular condemnation proceedings and pay for them by an issue of government bonds. By acquiring the stocks and bonds through condemnation proceedings, the Iowa statesman says the government will save many millions of dollars as compared with the plan of taking the roads over at the prices established by the Interstate Commerce Commission as their fair value.

\* \* \*

THE Iowa statesman says his bill will provide for an operating corporation with a limited amount of capital stock which will be taken by the men who are now operating the railroads. This, presumably, is intended as an incentive to efficient and economical management, but it is not quite clear how it would work, as the operating corporation would be permitted to earn only a moderate rate of return, all surplus earnings going into the government treasury. The Iowa statesman's bill may be mostly bunk, but in its favor it may be said that it at least reveals its real purpose, which is government ownership. Some others with the same purpose in view endeavor to conceal their real object by various kinds of subterfuge.

TAKE the Boulder Dam project as an example. The advocates of that project pretend that their object is to control flood waters and protect Imperial Valley, a fine humanitarian object. But the real purpose is to put the government into the electric power development business and once in that business, why not the railroads, coal mines, lumber and all other great industries? The European countries which have experimented with government ownership and operation are gradually drifting in the direction of private control. This country which has not suffered from the blight of government in business to any great extent, but has been developed under private initiative and enterprise into the greatest country in the world, seems to be drifting toward the nationalization of industry. When conditions in the United States are compared with conditions in any other country in the world, we are so far in advance of all others that there is no real comparison. The reason is that private enterprise and initiative have been given greater freedom than in older countries. Industry has been largely free from the blight of government interference.

\* \* \*

HAS private ownership and operation of industry, with government regulation of industries monopolistic in character, proved a failure? There is nothing in the record to prove it. With about six per cent of the world's population, this country possesses nearly one-half of the world's wealth. Our wealth per capita is a third more than that of Great Britain; nearly twice as much as that of France; more than four times as great as Germany and Italy. This country has about eighty-five per cent of all the automobiles in the world for the use of its six per cent population. It has thirty-five per cent of the railroad mileage of the world and more than sixty per cent of all the telephones. American workmen are the greatest producers in the world, consequently they are better paid and have higher standards of living than any other workers. The greater productivity of our workers is attributable directly to the greater use of power in American industry.

\* \* \*

WELL, you say, this country has the most wonderful natural resources. Of course it has, but of what benefit to mankind are natural resources unless they are developed and utilized? It is the application of American business genius that has made the natural resources of benefit to mankind. Do the people of this country wish to see the wonderful development of industry and consequent prosperity destroyed by the blight of government ownership of industry? There are a few of the nation's lawmakers who would like to see that brought about, some of them openly, some of them covertly. They try to befuddle the minds of the people by specious pleas for investigations of "big business."



## Belle City Malleable Iron Company Opens Enlarged Foundry in Racine

**R**ACINE, second city in Wisconsin, is noted for the number of its industries. Many of the products manufactured in Racine are known all over the world. The city has the reputation of containing within its corporate limits a greater number of manufacturing plants than any city of similar population in the United States.

Among the plants which have contributed to the fame of Racine is the Belle City Malleable Iron Company, which recently completed an extensive building program, greatly increasing its capacity and making it one of the most modern foundries engaged in the manufacture of malleable iron castings.

The work of rebuilding the great plant of the company and increasing its capacity to 20,000 tons of certified malleable castings annually, has been going on for four years without interfering with production. When account is taken of the fact that it requires 72 tons of various kinds of material to produce one ton of malleable castings, the amount of material handled by the company in a year is very large.

The Belle City company has been in business in Racine for thirty-five years and an idea of its ability to satisfy customers is seen in the fact that of nine concerns who have taken a large percentage of its capacity, three have been on its books for twenty-seven years; two for over twenty years and the remaining four average over eleven years.

It was to meet the growing demands of such customers that the

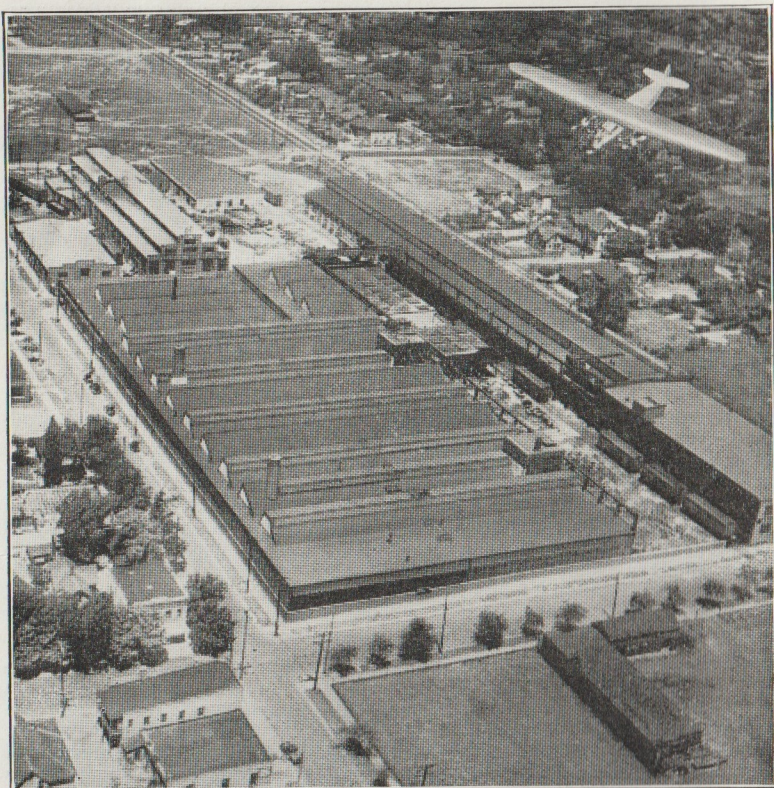
rebuilding program was undertaken four years ago. The company faced the problem of either rebuilding a large portion of the old plant, or building an entirely new one and it chose the latter course.

The new plant is the result of the most careful study of a force of competent engineers whose chief object was to secure uniformity in the quality of the product. This has been accomplished by the installation of modern machinery which insures uniformity in quality no matter how large or how small the casting. It is interesting to note, too, that malleable castings are now made weighing as little as a quarter of an ounce while others weigh as much as one thousand pounds.

To the layman paying a hurried visit to the plant of the Belle City company, it would not appear that there is much romance attached to the production of malleable iron. A casting appears to him just a chunk of iron. But to the metallurgist in the laboratory, with testing tubes and microscopes which magnify a hundred fold, the pig iron reveals secrets completely hidden from the layman's eyes. In the eyes of the metallurgist that chunk of iron is a wonderful book. All the elements of a romance are there and it is his business to watch their development during the three weeks period that is required to transform pig iron into finished malleable castings.

But American genius has helped the metallurgist. The modern continuous type annealing kiln, one of which is in operation in the





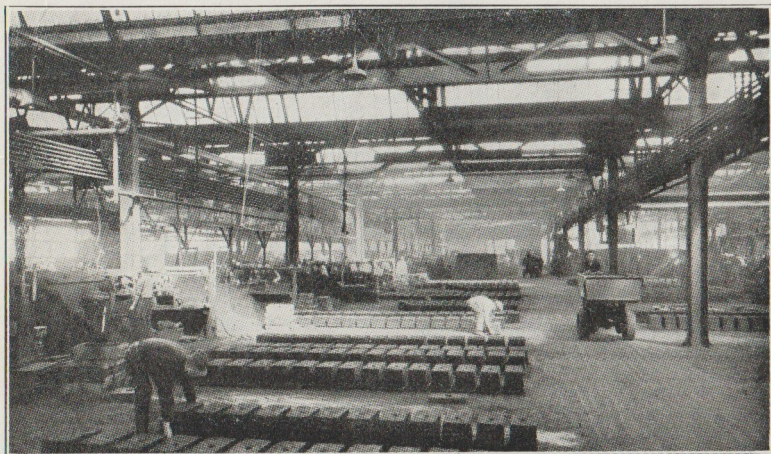
**New Plant of Belle City Malleable Iron Company, Racine, Wis.**

Belle City foundry leaves nothing to chance. There are only six similar Dressler furnaces in the malleable cast iron industry. The old periodic furnace was a test of man's ability to maintain uniformity of heat in the castings being annealed.

The Dressler Continuous Tunnel Kiln eliminates the possibility of human failure. Fired with gas the heat in the Dressler kiln is absolutely controlled in zones and accurately revealed by pyrometer records checking the control as the metal travels through the 350 feet

of length of this huge operating unit. A row of tags hung from hooks moving in a horizontal slide pictures the progress of the annealing cars through the kiln. This board in the control room tells the position and contents of every car. A constant temperature is maintained throughout and the temperature distribution throughout each cross section is uniform. Because of this every carload of castings receives exactly the same treatment, so that once the conditions are established for the composition of the metal and for





**View of Foundry remarkable for its size, orderly layout and efficient lighting and ventilation.**



**Core Room containing 60 benches and 6 gas-fired ovens. An asbestos screen deflects the oven heat away from the workers.**



the temperature cycle, the product cannot be anything else than uniform.

"There is something wonderfully satisfying to a mechanically-minded man in the perfection of operation and the delicacy of control exercised over this enormous heating unit and its constantly progressing contents," said the superintendent, who rose from the ranks of skilled workmen in the plant. "One feels the authority of knowledge and power and the consequent certainty of results. That is the reason we felt we could afford to put in such an expensive piece of equipment. It does what we want done perfectly and all the time, namely, applies the heat to our castings in successive zones so that they come out uniform in quality and structure."

The Dressler Kiln at the Belle City foundry operates continuously

24 hours a day and every day in the year. It is a most important factor in enabling the company to fill the orders of customers, as a definite time for perfect annealing can be established.

The Belle City has been certified by the Malleable Iron Research Institute as makers of certified malleable iron continuously since this practice was put into effect eight years ago.

Operated as a subsidiary of the company is the Racine Steel Castings Company which specializes in steel castings. Steel castings require only a few hours of annealing as compared with the long annealing cycle required for malleable castings.

The Belle City plant is a fine example of modern methods applied to one of the oldest of industries.

## Kenosha's Leading Mercantile Store Becomes Part of Large Combination

**F**OLLOWING the modern trend of merging independent units of business into large group combinations in the interests of economy and efficiency, the Barden Store Company of Kenosha has become a part of the Morrison chain of department stores, operating in various cities in Illinois and Wisconsin.

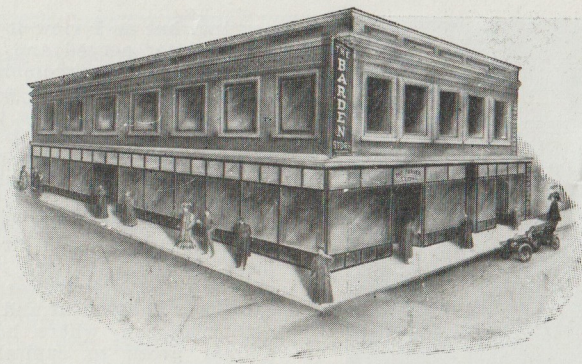
In the re-organization recently perfected the Barden Store retains its name and identity and will continue to give the same kind of service which has made the name a household word in Kenosha for more than a quarter century. Hugh E. Barden, who built up the extensive business which bears his name, is president of the new company and will de-

vote the greater part of his time to directing the affairs of the store.

During a recent visit to Kenosha we dropped in to have a chat with Mr. Barden about the new combination. Although he seemed highly pleased over the deal and considered it a good business one, we thought there was a slight tinge of regret in his tone as we talked over the early days when he first started business in Kenosha back in 1889.

There is, perhaps, no better instance of a business growing up with the community it serves than that of the Barden store in Kenosha. When Mr. Barden started in business the population of Kenosha was about 7,000. It is now about 55,000 and the business





**Bardens, Kenosha, Wis.**

of the store increased even more rapidly than the city population.

Mr. Barden was born in Plattville, Wis., in 1868, and finished his education in the state normal school. His first work was in a merchandising store in Racine and in a few months he was sent to Kenosha as manager of a small branch store of the Racine concern. His salary was \$9 a week with the promise of an increase to \$12 if he made good. He soon was given the increase, but he determined to get into business for himself so he set up a store of his own.

At that time Kenosha was largely Main Street. Every place of business in the town was on that thoroughfare and it was not believed that any store could live on another street.

Mr. Barden was the first merchant to defy the local tradition and establish a business off Main Street. His store was not far off, it is true, for the limits of the city at that time were circumscribed. In recalling that stage in his career Mr. Barden says he was little more than a respectable pack merchant, for he purchased most of his goods in Chicago and carried them home on a train, over many protests from train em-

ployes. That was in 1889, a good many years before the North Shore Line was built, and long before it established a Merchandise Despatch business to serve merchants under such circumstances.

"I paid \$25 a month rent for that first store," said Mr. Barden, "and as the business grew a little I found it necessary to move across the street into somewhat more commodious quarters. I hesitated a long time before taking on the responsibility, for the rent in the new store was \$40 a month. But I made the plunge and managed to meet the higher rent," he added with a laugh.

"What was your annual gross business in those days?" we asked.

"From \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year. We have had many days in this store in which our gross sales amounted to more than they were in a year in that first store. We are aiming at a million gross this year, so you see we have grown some."

In discussing the sale of his store to the Morrison chain, Mr. Barden said the main reason was to allow him a little more time to spend away from his desk, by sharing part of the responsibility with others.

"I have no intention of retiring,"





**Hugh E. Barden, President Barden Company.**

he said, "but I wish to be in a position where I can take two or three months of a vacation a year if I feel I need it. I have earned a vacation but have never had much of an opportunity to take one. Now, with the help I get from the young blood in the new organization, I feel I can get away without worrying about my business."

Mr. Barden said that some of his old friends and customers were inclined to think that he should not have merged his business with that of the larger concern. They were afraid, he said, that the store would not give the same character of service that it has been noted for.

"There is no ground for such fears," he said, "because the honest values and high class of service for which our store has a name will continue. So far as our customers are concerned they will never know that the re-organization has taken place. But the chain, or group stores are growing. I believe they are inevitable. That is the modern and scientific system of merchandising. The small independent store is disap-

pearing, but as I view it the public is better served and at lower cost by the large combinations."

The officers of the newly re-organized Barden Store Company are: Hugh E. Barden, president; Jerome Morrison, vice-president and treasurer, and Samuel Morrison, secretary.

The new company is capitalized at \$200,000 and when Mr. Barden mentioned the fact we remarked on the difference between a mercantile establishment and a public utility company where the ratio of annual gross to capital investment is reversed. Mr. Barden said his store was aiming at \$1,000,000 gross this year on a capital investment of \$200,000. In other words the ordinary business produces \$5 gross a year for each \$1 of capital invested. In a public utility corporation like the North Shore Line, or an electric light or gas company, it requires an investment of \$5 to produce \$1 gross annual revenue. That accounts for the staggering figures of investment in public utilities, which the uninformed man on the street sometimes refers to as "watered stock."

When Kenosha, a few year ago, adopted the commission form of government, Mr. Barden was one of the five commissioners to be elected from the city at large. He has been re-elected twice since that time and takes an active part in the public affairs of the city.

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald; "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it won't draw."



## Niles Center Showing Rapid Growth

**W**HAT fast and reliable transportation service means to a community can be seen by a person taking a trip out to Niles Center, either on a fast North Shore Line train, or on a train of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company, which operates a fast local service as far as Dempster Street.

When the first section of the Skokie Valley Route, extending from Howard Street, the Chicago city limits, to Dempster Street, Niles Center, was put in operation by the Rapid Transit Company in March, 1924, the territory through which the line ran was a fine section of truck farming lands. It was an ideal location for development, but was lacking in good transportation facilities, the factor which makes development possible.

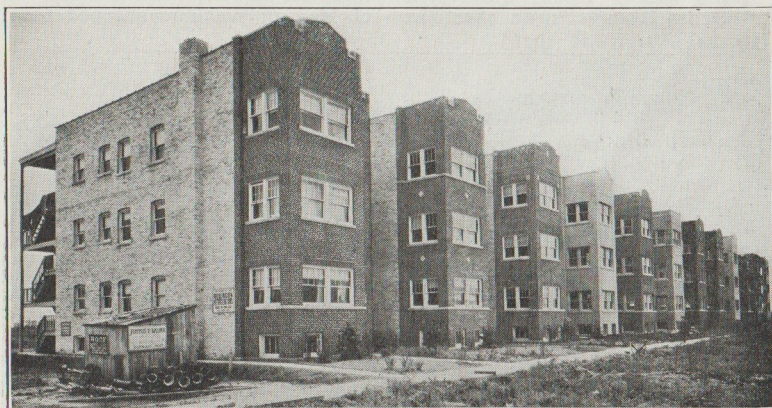
That population follows transportation service is as true as that "trade follows the flag" and the proof is seen around Niles Center. The vacant truck farms of three

years ago have given way to graded and paved streets, blocks and blocks of apartment buildings and individual residences, and the development has only started.

On the evening of October 19, the new paint shop of the Rapid Transit Company was officially opened and dedicated. Among the speakers at the dedication was Mayor John Brown of Niles Center, who spoke enthusiastically of the progress his city had made in the last two years and of the greater plans for the future.

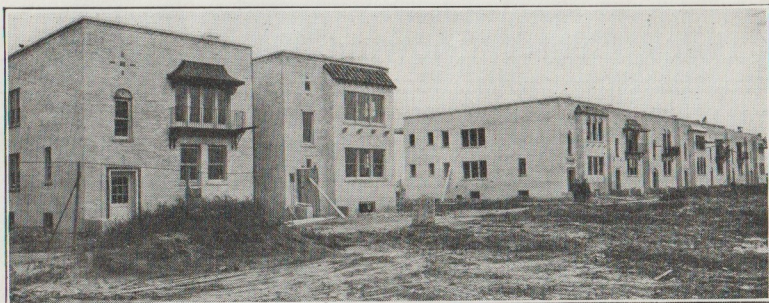
The paint shop is the first unit of a series of 11 units which will be added from time to time until all the shops of the Rapid Transit Company are centered at the new location. The paint shop is quite a pretentious structure, 200 by 224 feet in dimensions, providing facilities for painting 36 cars at one time. About 75 workmen are now employed in the new shop.

What is seen today in Niles Center may be seen on a smaller



Apartment Buildings in Niles Center, rising on what were "cabbage patches" before opening of Skokie Valley Route.





**Types of homes under construction in Niles Center.**

scale at a number of points along the Skokie Valley Route. Instead of apartment building, however, attractive residences dot the landscape, showing that a real development is under way.

Although the development is most noticeable in and around Niles Center, because of its close

proximity to Chicago, it extends as far as Libertyville and Mundelein. Both of these towns have experienced a building boom and a great increase in population since fast and frequent direct service was established between them and Chicago over the Skokie Valley Route.

### **North Shore Line Scores Freight Record**

**S**INCE the opening of the Skokie Valley Route the North Shore Line is in an excellent

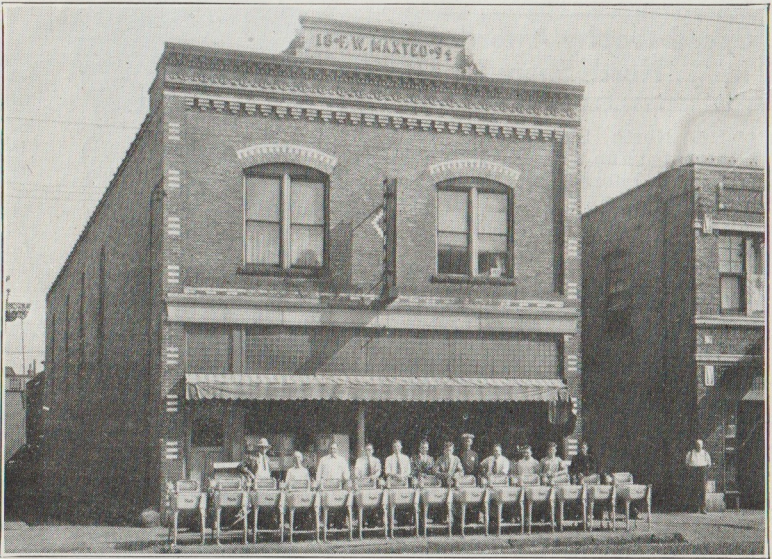
position to handle carload freight coming from steam railroads and it is making as good a record in the matter of service as it has attained in its passenger traffic.

Recently the North Shore Line handled, in record time, a carload of Maytag Washers shipped from



**Carload of washers handled by North Shore Line in record time.**





**Junction Hardware Company Store and salesmen, Racine, Wis.**

the factory of the company in Newton, Iowa, consigned to the Junction Hardware Company, Inc. of Racine. Previous shipments over various steam railroads required from six to eleven days and the North Shore Line cut the time to two days.

The following letter received by H. C. Elliot, traffic agent at Racine, from the Junction Hardware Company shows that the fast service was appreciated by the consignee:

**Our firm wishes to compliment you and your company on the excellent service given us on our car of Maytag Washers, which we routed via your line, and which was shipped from Newton, Iowa, on September 10, arriving at Racine on September 12.**

**In the past we have waited from six to eleven days and we think that you have certainly**

**made a record run on this shipment. We wish to thank you for your fine service and assure you and your company of all future shipments of Maytags.**

**Yours truly,**

**JUNCTION HARDWARE CO.**

**William G. Maxted, Treas.**

The foregoing letter gives an idea of the value of such service both to the manufacturer and to the retail merchant. Merchandise in transit represents capital that is inactive. Goods cannot be sold and delivered to the purchaser while they are in a car somewhere between the factory and the store of the retailer.

In the case mentioned the actual saving in time by routing the shipment over the North Shore Line was at least one week. This saving in time constitutes a real saving as merchants will appreciate.



## Speed Trophy Awarded North Shore Line

**T**HE North Shore Line was awarded the speed trophy annually offered by "Electric Traction" for the electric railroad showing the best performance in the preceding year.

Although the speed trophy is officially recognized by the American Electric Railway Association and the silver cup awarded at its annual conventions, the committee on award is governed entirely by the time tables of the various electric railroads. In computing the average speed exclusive of stops, the North Shore Line scored 53.9 miles an hour. Including fourteen regularly scheduled stops between Chicago and Milwaukee, the speed was an average of 41.8 miles an hour, as "Electric Traction" sets an arbitrary figure of two minutes for a stop.

While the speed of the North Shore Line on which the award was based shows that its trains travel at a good rate of speed, still a much faster rate could be shown by a little different method of computation. Chicago actually begins at Howard Street, the northern city limits and Milwaukee virtually begins at Harrison Street on the south end. The distance between those points is 73 miles and the running time of North Shore trains is 86 minutes. Six stops are made during the run, so that if an average of two minutes a stop are excluded, it will be seen that the running time for the 73 miles is 74 minutes.

The award was, of course, based on the full length of line, from 63rd Street on the south side of Chicago to the terminal in the heart of Milwaukee, a total distance of 87.19 miles. The trains operate on the surface of the



**Speed Trophy won by North Shore Line.**

streets in Milwaukee, consequently must run slow, and they operate in Chicago over the elevated lines of the Rapid Transit Company along with other trains traveling at a lower rate of speed. It is at both ends that the time is lost. That time, however, is more than compensated for to the passenger through the convenience of carrying him from the heart of one city into and through the heart of the other.

However, the performance is a creditable one, and what is even more creditable is that there has not been a single fatal accident



to a passenger on a North Shore Line train in the last ten years. Although a record is made of the most trivial accident, such as a torn dress or coat or some incident of similar character, there were only 116 accidents reported for 1926 out of every 1,000,000 passengers carried and only 151 accidents for each one million car miles operated.

The accident reports cover operation of the city lines in Milwaukee and in Waukegan as well as the various motor coach lines, so that it will be seen the North Shore Line ranks not only as the fastest, but as the safest electrically operated railroad in the country.

When the populous territory through which the line operates is taken into consideration the extremely low accident rate is something of which the North Shore Line is justly proud.

### Special Service Praised By Krenn & Dato, Inc.

**I**N a letter from the Milwaukee offices of Krenn & Dato, Inc., real estate operators, E. L. Fiddymont, Milwaukee sales

manager, praises the excellent service given by the North Shore Line on Sunday, September 29, when a chartered train carried a large party to Fort Sheridan. The special train was met by motor coaches which conveyed the party to Highland Park Highlands to inspect the model home at that point, sponsored by the Chicago Herald and Examiner.

The model home was built by Krenn & Dato from plans prepared by Herbert D. Beidler, architect. It contains everything in the way of modern conveniences and illustrates the type of home that is possible in a suburban community that is supplied with utility service.

The home was kept open for public inspection for four weeks during which time it was visited by thousands.

Mr. Fiddymont says the service supplied by the North Shore Line, both on the special train and on the motor coaches could not have been improved upon and that it added a great deal to the pleasure of the inspection trip.

Son: "What is a taxidermist?"

Father: "He skins animals."

Son: "Well, what is a taxi-driver?"

Father: "He skins humans."

## Letters of Commendation

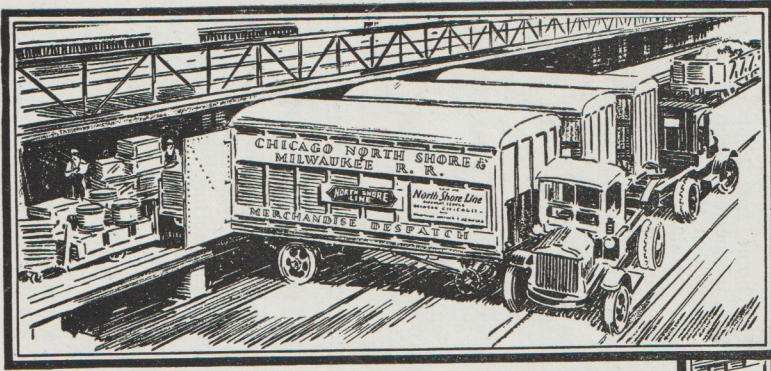
**T**HE North Shore Line enjoys an enviable reputation for the character of service it supplies its customers and for the helpfulness and courtesy of its employees.

Employees take personal pride in upholding the reputation of the road. As one writer of a letter of commendation puts it, the employees work "with" the company

rather than "for" it. There is quite a distinction. The employees of the North Shore Line are not courteous and obliging merely because they have to be to hold their jobs. They are courteous because they wish to be. They take pride in their work and feel a satisfaction in doing little acts of kindness for their customers.

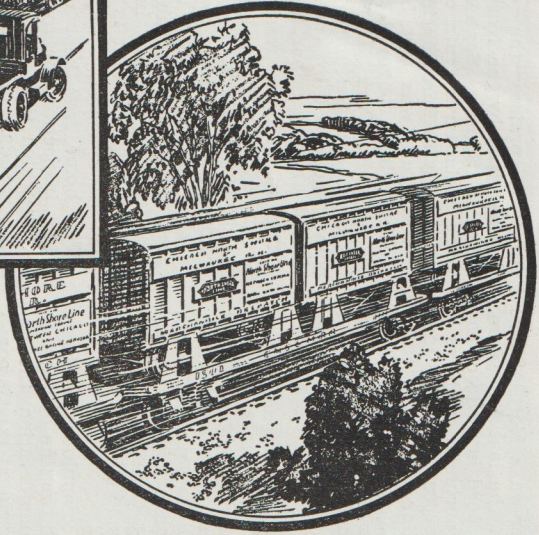
(Continued on page 20)





Above: North Shore Line Sealed Containers on Wheels (also North Shore Line Tractors) at Sears, Roebuck Chicago Warehouse.

Right: Loaded Containers locked in position on specially-designed North Shore Line flat cars en route to Milwaukee.



# Merchandise for Sears, Roebuck Milwaukee Store hauled from Chicago in North Shore Line Sealed Containers on Wheels

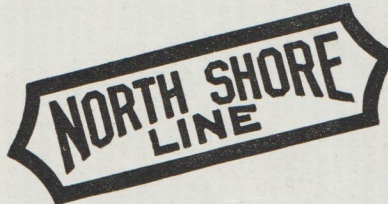
*Novel Plan of Shipping Eliminates All Handling Between Sears, Roebuck Chicago Warehouse and Milwaukee Store*

**H**ISTORY was made in the world of shipping when the North Shore Line carried to Milwaukee, from Chicago, the merchandise placed on sale in the new Sears, Roebuck Milwaukee store.

In this movement a new method of shipping, developed and used exclusively by the North Shore Line, was for the first time tested on a large scale. The success of the movement demonstrates conclusively the advantages of this new method.

Specially-constructed North Shore Line enclosed trailers were backed up to the loading platforms of the Sears, Roebuck warehouse in Chicago. There they were loaded, locked, and double-sealed with the seals of Sears, Roebuck and Company and the North Shore Line.

They were then hauled by North Shore Line tractors to the nearest North Shore Line freight station, where the trailers were placed on specially-designed North Shore Line flat cars and securely fastened. After an overnight rail trip, the trailers were met in Milwaukee by other North Shore Line tractors and hauled directly to the Sears, Roebuck store.



The advantages of this system are many-sided. Rehandling of merchandise is completely eliminated. One loading instead of three. One unloading instead of three. Far less expense for crating—and reduction in the weight of crates. Safe delivery of goods insured. Time saved, as well as money saved all along the line.

Deliveries from the Chicago plant to the Milwaukee store were made overnight! Nearly three quarters of a million pounds of freight were carried without a scratch or a claim of any sort! The shipments included a large quantity of fine furniture, the safe delivery of which was an important factor considered by Sears, Roebuck and Company. The greatest part of the movement was completed within six days.

This same method of door-to-door delivery is available to all shippers between Chicago and Milwaukee for shipments of 6000 lbs. and more. Each trailer is assigned to a single consignee.

Detailed information will be gladly supplied upon request to the North Shore Line Traffic Department. Your inquiry will not obligate you in any way. This new innovation in freight service is not available on any other railroad in the United States!

**Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad Co.**  
*The Road of Service*

Traffic Department, Room 602, 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

Telephone Central 8280



## Letters of Commendation

(Continued from page 17)

The letters sent to this column each month show how much these little attentions are appreciated by travelers because they are rendered spontaneously and with the real North Shore Line spirit.

## Evanston Knights Templar Enjoy Milwaukee Trip

The following letter comes from the Evanston Commandery Knights Templar commending the motor coach service and the driver of the special coach:

Evanston Commandery K. T. went on a pilgrimage October 11 to attend the annual conclave of the Wisconsin Grand Commandery at Milwaukee. The trip was made in one of your latest observation motor coaches which are smooth running and comfortable as your cars on the rails.

What I wish to speak of particularly, however, is my great appreciation of the service given by the driver (don't know his name) with a fine personality and a quiet demeanor. He gave me the impression of being dependable which is how I felt as I sat behind him coming back through the dark and lowering night.

Being dependable, however, is becoming typical of the whole North Shore Line and necessarily its employees must be dependable and work with the company rather than for it.

Very truly,  
C. H. Ketridge,  
Evanston, Ill.

The motor coach driver commended in the foregoing letter is J. Webster.

## Conductor Stops Train To Accommodate Women

The following letter was sent Conductor Johnson by a grateful woman passenger:

This is a somewhat belated acknowledgment of your kindness in taking the trouble to turn in a bag, which I left on your car, also for stopping train at Indian Hill Station when two ladies missed it by a train's length, thus

making us doubly your debtor. It was the courtesy that impressed us both, in these days of rush and inconsideration. I am enclosing a trifling check for cigars. Again, with thanks.

Yours very truly,  
Emily C. Hall.

## Conductor Uses Head In Unusual Situation

The following letter tells of the good judgment of a conductor under unusual circumstances and of the appreciation of the passenger:

I am desirous of commending the presence of mind displayed by your Conductor C. R. Allen, who was on the 9:34 train to Chicago on September 13.

Through an unfortunate circumstance, I was going to Marion, Ohio, and the reservation which was secured for me was erroneously secured to Marion, Indiana, and it was not detected until I was on the train bound for Chicago.

Mr. Allen, however, did everything possible to change this reservation and get me properly taken care of and I want to assure you that his solicitation in getting this matter straightened out was more than appreciated and certainly displayed the right spirit.

I desire particularly to call this to your attention as I am sure that he displayed unusual ability to take care of a very special situation, as he had the dispatcher at the first station stop, wire ahead and make arrangements and I was taken care of satisfactorily when I arrived at Chicago.

Very truly yours,  
Young Radiator Company,  
J. J. Hilt,  
Sales Manager.

## Lost Traveling Bag Restored to Owner

Prompt recovery of articles left on a train is a branch of service in which employees of the North Shore Line excel. The following letter tells the manner in which it is done:

I wish to thank your road for the extreme courtesy shown me by Mr. Donald E. Zealand on duty at the downstairs office at your Adams and Wabash Street Station. I left a bag on the Metropolitan



Express from Milwaukee and discovered the loss when I got out at Madison Street. I immediately walked over to your Adams Street office and interviewed Mr. Zealand. He called up the yard master and various other people along the line and arranged that the bag, if found, would be taken care of. I came back about 10:30 and identified the bag over the 'phone to some party at your local station number 45 and Mr. Zealand arranged that it be brought right down to Adams street. He was most courteous and thoughtful throughout.

Very truly yours,  
Howard S. Greene,  
Brook Hill Farm,  
Wisconsin.

## Conductor Helps to Recover Lost Coat

One can't lose anything, even his temper, on a North Shore Line train. The following letter tells the reason:

In coming down to Chicago from Kenosha one Saturday afternoon about three weeks ago, I chanced to leave my coat on the train and thru the courtesy and efficiency of one of your employees, Mr. C. W. Oakes of Zion, Illinois, it was returned to me in a way that made me appreciate your marvelous system of service and the extreme courtesy, that the conductor, Mr. Oakes showed.

You can always trust me if ever the occasion should arise to boost your way of travelling, namely: the North Shore route.

Hoping you will extend my gratitude to Mr. Oakes for his fine service and efforts, I remain,

Respectfully yours,  
Maxwell Zerner.

## Canadian Editor Shown Outstanding Courtesy

The following letter from the news editor of the Peterborough Examiner, of Peterborough, Ontario, expresses what a stranger and a traveler thinks of North Shore Line courtesy:

I wish to commend the courtesy of the Collector on car 155, from Libertyville to Chicago, on Monday morning at 7:09.

This man took infinite pains to assist a working man who had got

on the wrong train, and was of some assistance to me personally.

The instance stands out so distinctly against the general background of gruffness among railway employees, that I thought it worth while to call it to your attention.

Yours truly,

John R. Heron.

The employe commended in the foregoing letter is Collector H. Bykirk.

## Smile of Conductor Cheers Sick Soldier

That a cheerful smile and a little kind attention is appreciated by one leaving a hospital is shown in the following letter:

The October issue of the North Shore Bulletin just received and for which please accept my many thanks.

On October 4, I was admitted to the Station Hospital at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and on being discharged on October 14 I happened to catch train No. 528, leaving the Fort at about 10:58 a. m. The collector, Mr. E. W. Shields is one of the most courteous men I ever saw, and I want to congratulate the North Shore Line on having such men as Mr. Shields. I wish to thank him through your office for his kindness toward me "a patient just from the hospital who really needed a smile and who could appreciate kind acts and good service."

Leave it to the North Shore Line for GOOD SERVICE and GOOD MEN.

Yours as ever,  
Dudley Hose,  
Staff Sergeant, U. S. Army,  
Madison, Wis.

## Telephone Operator Gives Good Service

Telephone operators usually receive more censure than praise, but this one works for the North Shore Line:

I take pleasure in mentioning to you the courtesy and quick witted service shown last night by one of your telephone operators in the Highwood offices, Miss Bartlett, who handled in a most successful manner my request to locate a small lost package, left by an old lady on one of your limited trains



passing through Ravinia Station last evening.

Very truly yours,  
W. B. Wrenn,  
Turner Halsey Company,  
Chicago.

## Dining Car Service Receives Praise

The following letter expresses the appreciation of a party who engaged a special dining car between Chicago and Racine:

With regard to the special dining car arranged for by Mr. Courtenay Barber for party leaving at six o'clock last Friday for Racine, Wisconsin, I wish to thank you and express the appreciation of the entire group for your very efficient service and kind attention rendered at that time. I wish to commend Mr. Michaels for his personal attention in seeing the party off and Mr. Mears for his personal attention and superintendence of the dining car service.

Unfortunately some members of our party found it necessary to leave at various times before the 2:34 south from Racine. By 9:30 A. M. Sunday, it did not appear necessary or reasonable to have the special car as ordered on the 2:34. I trust my notification was soon enough to avoid any trouble or expense on your part.

Yours very truly,  
Elmer G. Winans,  
President pro tem,

Brotherhood of St. Andrews.

The employees commended in the letter above are J. M. Michaels and A. H. Mehl of the Traffic Department and J. W. Mears, superintendent of dining car service.

## Lost Camera Found Mailed to Owner

This letter comes from an appreciative customer who recovered a camera left on a train:

The camera which I received through parcel post was the one I lost. It was in good condition when I received it.

Again I thank you for your trouble, and your good railway service will never be forgotten by me.

Very gratefully yours,  
Miss Mary Flaherty,  
Chicago.

## North Shore Line Beats Them All

The following letter received by G. T. Hellmuth, claims attorney of the North Shore Line, from an official of the Third Avenue Railway System of New York, tells what he thinks of the North Shore brand of courtesy and service:

Just to let you know how much I appreciated your courtesy and that of your company on my recent trip to Milwaukee over your lines.

I must say that for courtesy, attention to details, and making the passengers comfortable, your line has anything beat of which I know. Meals, dining car service and Pullman service were everything that they should be. We quite frequently hear of such things, but seldom, if ever, do we participate and enjoy them. I certainly did from the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad Company.

With kindest personal regards, believe me.

Very truly yours,  
C. P. Segard, M. D.,  
Assistant Secretary.

## Small Shipment Rushed In Record Time

Busy merchants who appreciate the value of time when filling rush orders find the North Shore Line is always ready to accommodate them. The following letter from Zahn's, leading store in Racine tells its own story:

Pardon our tardiness in not sooner expressing our great appreciation for the wonderfully fine service rendered a week ago last Tuesday, wherein you rushed the package from Milwaukee in record time with the sweaters for our baseball team.

It is just such service as this that is making the North Shore what it is, the greatest road in the land. We just want to let you know Zahn's highly appreciate same.

With best wishes for your continued future success, we remain

Very truly yours,  
Edward Zahn.

Zahn Dry Goods Company,  
Racine, Wis.



## Merchants Pleased With Fast Service

The North Shore Line gives a special service to merchants who are in a hurry to put through a rush order. The following letter received by Frank H. Burkard, traffic agent in Milwaukee is a case in point:

We wish to thank you for your co-operation in handling the shipment of a roll of linoleum from Chicago to Milwaukee on October 4. This roll arrived in time so that it could be laid on the night of October 4, and everything worked out to a satisfactory conclusion.

Very truly yours,

A. R. Craven,  
Sales Manager.

Certain-teed Products Corporation,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Merchants can rely on the co-operation of the road in all such emergencies and can get small shipments through from Chicago to Milwaukee in less than three hours if occasion demands.

## Commend Train Crew on Tunney-Dempsey Special

The following letter is in commendation of the train crew which handled a special train from Milwaukee to the Tunney-Dempsey fight:

We don't want to let the opportunity go by without commending the North Shore Line for the fine manner in which our special train was handled going to the Dempsey-Tunney fight. The entire personnel certainly extended themselves in trying to give us the perfect service which we received.

It is such occasions as this that have placed your road in its present high position and let us extend the wish for continued success.

Sincerely,

Theo. Friedlander and Associates.

Phoenix Hosiery Company,  
Milwaukee.

The train crew commended consisted of Motorman French, Conductor Selin and Dining Car Conductor J. R. Davis.

## Beg Your Pardon

In last month's issue of the BULLETIN a letter was printed from a woman in Niles Center commending the agent at Dempster Street station for courtesy and pleasing personality. Between the time the letter was written and the time it was printed, a change had been made in agents at that station and credit was given to Agent E. Ruhlman, when it should have been given to Agent Arthur Waehner.

## With the Bulletin Family

**W**HEN we started writing the stuff for this issue of the BULLETIN we had a notion that the Family had fallen down on the job and that we had fewer letters than usual. We didn't try to confirm our suspicion by looking in the compartment where we stow away the Family letters until we get ready to use them. As an emergency measure we wrote a lot of other truck to be prepared for the worst.

When we were ready to take up this column and looked through the pile of letters—well, we found plenty of cause for thanksgiving. The faithful contribs were there in such numbers that our problem is going to be how to find space for them all. But we can't have too many and we are always glad to receive them.

Did you ever watch a BULLETIN fan when he picks up a copy at a station as a new issue comes



out? Probably you haven't because most of you, or all of you, are on the mailing list. Well, we have, and we have been keenly interested. The first section he turns to is the Family Column. We tested it out at two or three stations in the last month.

You say that is easily explained on the ground that they are contribs and look for their own letters. But that isn't the explanation. We don't, of course, know all our contribs by sight, but we have observed persons whom we are satisfied are not contribs or never have been, turn to this column as soon as they picked up a new number.

As further proof that our contribs are the most interesting writers, we have noticed an experienced hand like Loophound give the "once over" to a new issue. Invariably he turns to this column first and it isn't to read his own letter, because he knows that he hasn't written one for that issue.

We saw him do it the other day when he dropped into the editorial sanctum. He hadn't seen an October issue until he saw it on our desk and he picked it up and at once turned to the Family Column.

"You haven't anything there," we said. "You're delinquent and have been for two or three months."

"I know," he said, "but I always turn to this column first."

"Why do you?" we asked. "Darned if I know," he replied, "but I have done it for years. We're such a bunch of nuts that there is something in common among us. I always like to see who is represented in the current number."

"Roamer" is another contrib who pays us an occasional visit and we discovered that he reads the Family Column first also.

But the most amusing incident we have seen in a long time with

respect to the Family Column, occurred the other night in Kenosha, while we were attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Elks Club. There was a large delegation visiting from the Racine Lodge and it so happened that we were introduced to the crowd of three hundred as the editor of the BULLETIN.

When we sat down one of the Racine delegation got up and said he was particularly glad to meet the editor of the BULLETIN and to assure him that he was not a "wop." Then he explained that his son had written a letter to this column twitting the editor on not printing Irish jokes and signing himself "Irish" and that we had come back in reply saying it would be a great joke if "Irish's" father should turn out to be a "wop."

Now we believe it was one of our contribs who pulled that one, but anyway, we got credit for it and the father of "Irish" thought it one of the best jokes we ever printed. He told us afterward how closely every member of his family read the Family letters and how much they enjoyed them.

Now we have taken up a lot of space to tell you contribs how much your letters are enjoyed by readers, of whom we have now upward of 30,000 first hand and how many second-hand we cannot guess.

With that we turn this column over to the contribs beginning with "Little Mary" the adopted child of the BULLETIN Family:

Little Mary writes from Pittsburgh, and in answer to several inquiries we will give her address once more. It is 2214 Saranac Avenue, Beechview, Pittsburgh, Pa. Now you kind-hearted contribs send her an occasional letter. Remember she is a little cripple who is cheered by a message from the outside world. She writes:



**Dear Uncle Luke and Family:**

What do you think? I had a visit from Loophound last Saturday. We all surely enjoyed his visit. I want to thank Uncle Luke for his kindness to me for if he had not written so nicely about me I would not have received so many letters from BULLETIN readers.

I still get letters from Von, MacSchmidt, Arthur Gay, John Golema and Powder Puff Kids. I wish to thank Walter Hendry for beautiful friendship card and Powder Puff Kids for nice birthday card.

I have a new nephew. He is real cute. He weighs eight pounds. I am taking piano lessons again.

Just Billy and her husband are two of the finest people I ever met. Margaret and Mrs. Pickard were two more real friends. I must not forget Al Hoffman and Albert Hall.

Roamer and Uncle Jim Ham owe me letters.

MacSchmidt sent me several nice pictures. I think Roamer's suggestion about pictures is fine.

Mother is not very well. She is going to the hospital tomorrow. We hope it will not be for long.

With best wishes to everyone, I remain

As ever,

Mary Beatty.

We are sorry to hear of your mother's illness, Mary, and hope by this time she has fully recovered. Loophound told us all about the pleasant visit he had at your home. We are glad to hear that our Family members are keeping up their correspondence.

We are glad to see that our recently acquired Chicago team, the Chocolate Soldiers are getting the habit. We wish the Milwaukee Teddy Bears would do likewise as they seem to have forgotten that we have a Family Column.

Here is the latest from our Chicago team:

**Dear Uncle Luke:**

Haven't much time, so are writing this on fly paper that we may send it by air mail in order that it will reach you in time to get in the November BULLETIN.

Now that we have crashed the gate and gained admittance we feel quite at home with the Family and hope they feel the same about us.

Hope to surprise you next month with our pictures as we are taking

more beauty treatments and trust the result will not be disappointing. We think Roamer's idea is great and think it very likely that by this time you will have received so many pictures of all the contris that there will be little room for anything else.

We are going to devote our time henceforth to swimming lessons, so if we are ever fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Don Mike, and he in turn is fortunate enough to get a sail boat, we will be able to swim home if "worst comes to worst."

Tell Loco, he sure is "loco" for now it is "I take my typewriter in arms."

This is all—nothing more.

The Chocolate Soldiers.

P. S.: Just heard that the Scotch are going to present a loving cup to Colonel Lindbergh, as soon as someone donates it.

We're glad you are learning to swim, girls, and as soon as you are experts let us know and we'll have Don Mike take you for a sail in his yacht. But it would be advisable to wear bathing suits as we are not yet confident of Don's seamanship abilities.

We are going to introduce a new girl contrib from Milwaukee, a member of the House of Waltham. She writes:

**Hello Relatives:**

Have become very much interested in the Family Section of the BULLETIN, thanks to MacSchmidt and Mr. C. T. Steffens, we being co-workers at the Waltham Piano Company.

Would like to have you consider me as one of the Gang and hope the enclosure will do the introducing, as per "Roamer's" suggestion.

Almost feel as though I have met "Little Mary," having heard so much about her from Mac.

Will make this short and snappy until I am assured that you will accept me as a member of the Happy Family.

"Gertie."



Gertie.



You are accepted, nay welcomed, Gertie, without question. Being associated with "Mac" you just couldn't fail to qualify. Write often and you can have a little more space next time if you wish it.

Isn't "Just Billy" there with the perfect alibi? Well, Racine has been somewhat backward with contributions for some time and we are glad to have her with us. She writes:

**Hello Fellahs; Both Species:**

Now, tell me, haven't I been nice to stand back for so long a time and let all the rest of the family have the space for their various letters after our third big get-together? Now, tell me another one, isn't that a peach of an alibi covering my delinquency? But it's a perfect alibi, if the truth were known, for I really figured after the very fine time we had our editor's office would be flooded with letters from our family. As for me, I am just as enthused now as I was right after, so it is very easy for me to express to Uncle Luke and the North Shore, and even all those who attended the outing, the appreciation of my "better-half" and myself for the lovely time we had. Feel I must include those who attended for if "nobody" came to the party, what a lonesome affair it would have been. Well, in that case Aunt Mary and Uncle Luke and myself would just "naturally" have to go hunt worms, woolly ones included. You see we three, at least, are infallible, "We ARE 'THERE.'" I like us, don't I?

More power to Roamer and his suggestion of photos. I'd like to get Uncle Luke's goat, if I could, by saying a few other "maps" would be a welcome change from one we get in every copy of the BULLETIN, but that wouldn't bother him in the least for he knows we all look for that one familiar likeness the moment we get our copy, and if it were not there where we expected to find it, oh, what to do—what to do? We'd all truly (and now I'm not kidding) miss it.

We would all feel something terrible must have happened our Uncle Luke, and we would rush off to the telegraph office and wire in to learn the sad truth, and we might not have the necessary funds and so might send these wires, charges collect, and counting on the North Shore to stand pat to the limit, they might accept them

and so, sooner than to court any such expense as that, our thrifty Scotch editor will leave his picture "stay put."

Wish to ask for Little Mary's address, please.

Also hoping Miss Gainsburg, our Helen, might see my letter, for I want her to know I stood in stuffy telephone booths on several occasions trying to locate her but could not. I've lost her card that had her phone number on it, and you know she has a calling down coming from me for ditching her family on our last outing. I was disappointed and I know others were too, and I would take it upon myself to "blow" her for the bunch, for did I not prove myself the champion blower at the outing? My little trophy catches the eye of many who happen in.

Just think how soon Christmas will be upon us. Another month or six weeks and merchants will begin to show holiday wares and fathers will begin worrying about the month that follows this glorious holiday. The already flat wallet will be flatter than ever. He has lived through the same thing before, so we hope he does this time, too. And the days before Christmas, what a wonderful time for "we" dear girls. Now here's that adorable compact Jenny gave me last Christmas. She must have paid a lot for it. But I have three others, so let me see—well, I'll give it to Sadie. And then, there's that gorgeous scarf Ellen gave me. She knows I'm just wild about it, but, gee, I've got my pink one and yellow one and tan and green one, and she won't know. I think I'll give that one to Doris. She'll be delighted and surprised at my getting her such a lovely gift. And so, far on, into the month.

Oh, and Uncle Luke, after reading your September editorial will admit I cheated and drove into Chicago a couple of times, but promise on my word of honor never to do it again as long as the North Shore operates.

Best ever to all the family, such are the wishes of

Just Billy.

Well, Billy, we don't know exactly how to locate our Helen from a telephone booth, but next time you are in Chicago go right up in the Stevens Building and meet her face to face. She deserves to be called down. We tried to do it a few days ago over the telephone, but somehow it is hard for us to bawl her out over



the 'phone and utterly impossible to do it to her face. But she is neglecting this Family and something should be done about it. We accept your apology for having driven into Chicago in an automobile, only don't do it again. What do you think we run a railroad for?

The sprightly Powder Puffs held out on us last month but they are with us again with the following:

Dear Uncle Luke:

We received our October BULLETIN and enjoyed all the letters.

We wrote that serial and it turned out to be a wonderful story, but we're sorry none of the Family will be able to read it. We had a visit from those zynubratnovrans-noxious Teddy Bears; we let them read the story and it has been missing since then. (We aren't blaming them, of course.)

A few days ago a strange thing happened. We awoke to hear a queer noise in the vicinity of our tomato patch. Upon investigating, we found numberless crickets lying flat on their backs. The noise we heard was the crickets' laughter. We wondered what they could be laughing at, when we spied a picture of Don Mike in the middle

of the patch. We picked up the picture and the crickets stopped laughing, we put it down again and the crickets died laughing. (Very pleasant death, eh?) They weren't laughing at Don Mike, it was his pipe.

The Family seem to think Don Mike and the Powder Puff Kids are confirmed enemies, and so we are enclosing a picture to let them know the truth. Don Mike is seen in the role of a minister, he's bestowing a blessing upon the Teddy Bear.

Oh, Uncle Luke, we want to tell you a secret about this picture. The closer we'd get to Don Mike, the farther he'd move away. It took us six (6) miles to get this picture. (Some sailor.)

The Family is starting an album, you can use these pictures of us in the column. The other picture is Just Billy's husband with the Powder Puff Kids. These were taken at the outing. Hope you will print them.

Wishing you and the Family a Happy Thanksgiving for the next fifty years, we remain

Yours,

Hypothetically,  
The Powder Puff Kids.

It is some time since we heard from "Aldy" who spends her time between Waukegan and Chicago, but mostly in the latter place. She writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

After a week spent demonstrating at the "Food and Household Exposition," I'm still in the mood for talking. However, there being no one at home guess I'll take it out on the BULLETIN Family.

I see by the September number that the Outing was a huge success. Had looked forward to the occasion and to meeting the rest of the Family, but the illness of a near relative prevented my being present. However, my thoughts were with you and I'm sure that you have a "pull" with the weather man for the day was simply ideal. Hope that I will have the good fortune to be present next year.

After reading the editorial comment for September must tell you of an incident which occurred this summer. Some friends whom we had not seen for a long time drove out from the city. My father and I were just about ready to start for the train and mother said, "Why not wait and drive back with the folks? It will be a treat for you." We did; but about the very first thing we said in our letters



Don Mike making up with Powder Puffs and Teddy Bear.



to mother, was please not to arrange any more treats for us as the Skokie Valley Route suited us to perfection. We left our house only twenty minutes later than train time, and arrived in Hyde Park one hour and fifty minutes later than usual, dead tired and cross as two bears.

I believe I shall have to show that paragraph about the body absorbing the electricity, lost in transmission, to the girls whose work I supervise; perhaps that will explain to them why my eyes are said to flash electricity at times. "Nuff said."

If acceptable, this letter will, no doubt, appear in the November issue, so will close by wishing you and all the Family a most pleasant Thanksgiving.

Yours,

Aldy.

We are glad to have you back with us Miss Aldy and let nothing keep you away from the next Family Outing. Take our advice and stick to the North Shore Line.

We take pleasure in introducing a new girl contrib from Waukegan, who promises to prove a real acquisition to the Family.

She writes:

Dear Uncle Luke:

Thought, perhaps, you might be interested in knowing about a wonderful trip mother and myself have just had, thanks to an article we saw in the August number of the North Shore BULLETIN. I am a daily passenger on the North Shore in Waukegan and always try to get a copy of the BULLETIN when possible, and in the number mentioned we read the item telling about the fine new Golden Arrow Motor Coaches running from South Bend to Detroit. We had planned a trip to Detroit and were going all the way from Chicago by motor coach, but when we read of this new way via South Shore Electric to South Bend and then the non-stop run to Detroit in one of these fine new coaches we decided we would try it. Mother wrote to the Outing and Recreation Bureau and they sent us full particulars.

On Saturday, September 10, we left Chicago at 12 o'clock daylight saving time, in one of the new parlor cars of the South Shore, and they are surely fine. We had a very delightful luncheon en route with fine service, arrived at South Bend at 2:30, where we were met

by the porter who carried our bags to the waiting motor coach. We left South Bend at 2:35, piloted by Mr. C. H. Wade. We had fine seats and the coaches are surely all that is claimed for them and we were more than pleased for it was a wonderful trip through such delightful country and such a rate of speed that, while we did not lose any time, we were able to enjoy the scenery en route. The driver, Mr. Wade, was surely most courteous and careful and we arrived in Detroit at 8:30. Not nearly so tired as we are when taking a much shorter trip in our own car. After a few pleasant weeks in Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, we left Detroit on Friday, September 16, at 12 o'clock, Detroit time, and this time piloted by Mr. F. C. Koontz, had another wonderful trip on our way home. We arrived in South Bend at 5 o'clock and at 5:15 were aboard the South Shore again for Chicago. We had a very fine supper on the diner en route, where the service and treatment was of the very best. Arrived in Chicago at 8:30, and we shall always remember our first trip to Detroit via the South Shore and Golden Arrow and shall surely recommend it to all our friends or anyone wanting a fine ride under the very best of conditions.

And now may I take this opportunity of telling you what a wonderful thing I think it was for the BULLETIN Family to adopt Little Mary. I happened to pick up a copy of the BULLETIN containing the letter from her mother asking for a copy of the BULLETIN for Mary and telling of her affliction. I am sure that it was a wonderful and long to be remembered day for Mary when she could attend the Family Outing this summer, and how happy it must have made you all to know that through your little BULLETIN and its Family she was able to have this lovely day, for after all it is in the doing for others we gain the most happiness and surely that is what the North Shore is always doing.

Here are my best wishes for the continued success and progress of the finest transportation system (including all the employees) of the Middle West.

Sincerely,

Ann R. Edwards.

Miss Edwards, we welcome you into the Family on two counts. In the first place your opinion of the North Shore Line and also of the South Shore Line coincides with our own, which means it must be



right. In the second place your interest in Little Mary shows that you ought to be with us as we all think and feel alike.

From far away Los Angeles comes the following:

Dear Sir:

We hasten to acknowledge receipt of the August and September numbers of the North Shore Bulletin.

Thank you sincerely for your prompt attention in supplying us with them.

You surely have a large and interesting family and have every reason to be proud of them. Wishing the North Shore Line continued prosperity.

Kindest regards to you and the Bulletin Family.

Respectfully,

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Kerr.

Here is a new girl contrib who ought to be a member of our Family. She thinks enough of the BULLETIN to write when she fails to receive a copy, which is just what we wish our readers to do. She writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Kindly mail to me the August number of the BULLETIN. I failed to get it. I have not received the September number, somehow someone must have taken it. I am shut in a great deal of the time and I am very glad to read all the interesting things in the BULLETIN. When one is situated as I am it is hard to get a chance to see any of the interesting things of Chicago.

I had a chance to ride on the North Shore Railroad to Highland Park. I never enjoyed a trip so much as I did that one.

Respectfully yours,

Maude Fortunate.

Our Chicago girl contrib, Rose Mont, has been missing from this page for some months and we are glad to welcome her back. She writes:

Dear Family:

It is late to mention the good time we all had at the outing but I want to nevertheless and to thank the "Road of Service" which makes it possible for us to have and enjoy them.

The September BULLETIN followed me to the east where I was

enjoying a month's holiday. The picture of the "Girl Contribs" gave me a thrill, not because I was in it but because it was quite large enough to reproduce the faces plainly enough to recognize them all.

Might I suggest we have an editorial once a year on "Safety First" particularly applicable to drivers of autos. Since I have returned home we had the sorrow and shock of losing one of my relatives in an auto accident and have had to meet the man who was responsible for the loss. I didn't know which was worse, to be us or to be the other fellow in the case. It is a subject which needs attention.

Had a pleasant ride Sunday afternoon on "Our Road" up to Highland Park. The country is gorgeous.

With my kind regards to all the family,

Cordially yours,

Rose Mont.

There is so much stuff written about "Safety First" and so many excellent talks made on the subject that it seems unnecessary to devote space to it in the BULLETIN, and we doubt whether it would do any good if we did. There are a score or more bureaus in Chicago with staffs of trained experts devoting their entire time to this subject, but in spite of their good work automobile accidents increase in proportion to the increase in the number of cars in use.

The ever faithful Jim Ham offers the following as his monthly contribution:

Dear Luke:

Wuz up beyond the desert fringe for ten days recently and found em still building cathedrals, eatin' once in awhile and continuin' to laff at we payers of the Canadian national debt. Five fifty I understand is wot some folks is separated from for good stump juice labeled "Scotch" and an Associated Press man wot wuz garglin' his supply in the Klub Kar enroute from the continental oasis, lisped a wondrous story in re the system and too lengthy to relate herein, am sorry. Until prohibition nothing in the way of imitation was ever dignified by the name "Scotch" and we gotta havem quit it.



Same bozo was tellin me his  
 "closest" friend wuz a Scotchman.  
 That bird ain't lonesome and say  
 I had a close up of our worthy  
 Commander in Chief at Washing-  
 ton lately. Seems to me the pres-  
 sure of silence is tellin on him but  
 ain't it a great virtue to be able  
 to stay put when you're tied loose  
 and wanta explode. Wotinell'd be-  
 come of our pent up steam—it'd  
 just hafta blow and unlike Cal  
 most of us'd ½-2-½ someone hang-  
 in' 'round to listen to it exhaust.

I fain wouldst register a fore-  
 boding threat. Fate threatens my  
 presence in good old Chi afore  
 long. May need a machine gun  
 but'll hope to visit the sanctum  
 regardless.

Until then and after and with  
 fondest wishes to the family.

Devotedly,

Jim Ham.

Fate did blow Jim to Chicago  
 but lack of time kept him from  
 paying us the personal visit he  
 promised. He did call us by tel-  
 ephone, however, which we appre-  
 ciate.

Our official poet, Roamer, offers  
 the following:

Dear Luke and Clan:

October's BULLETIN has not  
 reached me at this late date, and  
 something must be amiss—at least  
 I miss it, but since it will likely  
 be crowded with better ideas than  
 mine, and the Family Column  
 probably rich in contributions to  
 the Family Album, I will curb my  
 Corona and offer a ditty on—

#### ENVY

I don't endorse the cosmic plan  
 That makes me work from morn'  
 'til night

While others  
 play to beat  
 the band—

It makes my  
 spirit want  
 to fight.

I see my neigh-  
 bor spend his  
 kale

And never saw  
 him work, as  
 yet,

But I must work  
 or go to jail  
 For getting  
 deeply into  
 debt.

While others  
 manage thus  
 to swank

In benzine buggies o'er the hills,  
 I needs must amble to the bank

And plant enough to pay my  
 bills.

I don't deny that I would like

A pile of seads, or that I wish

That I could to the country hike

And for six weeks just sleep and  
 fish.

Still, all my bills are paid in full—

I have no trouble with my  
 wife—

While those who live by "bluff"  
 and "bull"

Must dodge collectors through-  
 out life.

It seems a shiny motor bus,

A pile of rocks, and naught  
 to do,

Will ruin almost any cuss

And bring divorce, and trouble,  
 too.

So I will try to be content

Whene'er I see my friends at  
 play—

I'll know that I have paid my rent

And have a mattress filled with  
 hay—

I'll see a movie with my wife,

And keep the larder filled with  
 grub—

Enjoy each moment of my life

And envy not the other dub.

—Roamer.

Our Schenectady, N. Y., contrib,  
 who has not been heard from in  
 many months, comes to bat with  
 the following:

Dear Luke:

What with the broadcast of the  
 big fight and the broadcast of the  
 outing by the BULLETIN Family,  
 I'll say Chicago was on the map  
 last month. It would seem that it  
 takes more than the count of nine  
 to down the outing contribs as  
 one after another they all finish  
 with a grin.

If you will pause for a moment  
 and let your thoughts drift back  
 about a year, you will remember  
 I sent you a most excellent sug-  
 gestion regarding the poor con-  
 tribs who didn't have the price to  
 get to the outing or else have to  
 work for a living. But so far I  
 haven't even received a cigar  
 band. I was interested in the  
 various pictures of the outing and  
 noticed that all the pictures with  
 "IT" in it, were very carefully  
 titled telling us who they were,  
 but glance at the picture of the  
 ten "fair ones" and nary a word  
 as to their identity. Some people  
 like to keep all good things to  
 themselves, especially when they  
 come from Glenlivet. Well, that's  
 that, and I hope these few re-  
 marks will sink in.

I am filled with alarm and con-  
 sternation to read that these what  
 you may call 'em "Puffs" are



Roamer.



thinking of writing a story. Don't they know that little girls should be seen, not heard. By the way, are they blondes or brunettes? Then there's the little fellow "Mike" who is always talking about his seamanship. He reminds me of a song we used to sing (when I was Captain of the Kitty West) which went, "He thinks he is a sailor because he wears a salior hat." I bet he don't know a "Jib" from a "Jibboom." I am glad that you remembered our famous bard, Robbie Burns, at the outing by singing his favorite ballad, "The more we get together the merrier we'll be." I suppose you responded with a wee "Deoch-an-Doris" and "Here's a hand, my trusty freen" in your silvery tenor voice.

Yours,  
Hoot Mon.

I will close with "A Mushy Serial." "Make your story short," said the busy grocer to the traveling salesman. "How can I," replied the latter, "I'm selling cereals."

A Chicago contrib who is a recent recruit writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Having just returned from my vacation today, I must apologize for not writing you for the way you received my contribution to the BULLETIN and for putting my name on the mailing list.

It sure feels good to be taken into your Family and that I can call you Uncle Luke. If you think the Scotch are all holding on to their money, hear this one. Two Scotchmen met an Irishman in London one day and the Irishman said come into this saloon and I will buy you a drink. When they got inside the Irishman discovered he had no money.

I was recently told of the sad case of a Scotchman who became engaged to a girl who got so fat he wanted to break off the engagement but the girl couldn't get the ring off so he had to marry her.

Well, Uncle Luke, I must close now for I just discovered that the stamp I found this morning on my way to work has no mucilage on it so I will have to borrow some from my neighbor to mail this letter.

From your Nephew,

Fred H. Oliver.

Our good Chicago contrib, "Loco," sends a manuscript so long we will be obliged to use it as a serial. It is all good stuff

and we dislike to consign any of it to the waste basket, so we are putting part of it aside for another installment.

The first section is as follows:

Dear Uncle Luke and Members of the BULLETIN Family,

Greetings:

Once again the good old Fall days are here, when the air is

crisp or hazy and it's good to be alive and stirring outdoors; a delightful time of the year to be in the Dunes or to tramp in the Skokie Valley.

The last party I attended in the Dunes a fellow started to tell a Pat and Mike story and his wife sent him home and the crowd followed him home to hear the end of the story and broke up her party.

I was told Mr. Ford's new gas buggy is described as having a light body, snappy lines and unlimited mileage, which reminds me of some of the BULLETIN contribs.



Loco.

I have a new argument in favor of riding on your railroad in preference to driving a car. Shortly after leaving Mr. Shearer's town I was stopped by a highway cop. Sez I, "Wot's the matter, I'm not speeding?" Sez he, "That's true." Sez I, "And I'm not drunk." Sez he, "Agreed." Sez I, "Then wot's wrong with me?" Sez he, "You haven't got your dimmers on." Sez I, "S'darn funny, I put on everything the missus laid out for me this morning."

The moral to this story is, "Ride the North Shore." I am sure Conductor Hoffman don't care whether you have your dimmers on or not.

I see where one of our learned judges ruled that when a man found fault with his wife it was a sure sign he loved her. Well, he's all wrong. I know he is wrong. I tried it once and got a black eye.



I note in your September issue you print a letter from Contrary Mary in which she referred to me as a distinguished gentleman with a hair cut and wearing glasses. Thanks for "them kind words," Mary, and in explanation of my appearance I beg to advise that "distinguished look" was due to the fact I had just eaten a huge luncheon of Italian spaghetti and cheese dressing in which I suspect there may have been a little garlic. That will distinguish any man. You refer to me as a "gentleman." Well, thanks again, but you don't know me very well. And as to that hair cut. That is sometimes very necessary. Just ask any married man, or note the bald headed ones. In regard to the glasses, I wear them for the same reason Uncle Luke wears 'em. Eye strain brought about by modern feminine fashion. He won't admit it but I'm telling. And now I saw in the Sunday Tribune where the Woman's Congress was to meet in the Palmer House to discuss, "The Elevation of Woman and Her Apparel." My, my, ain't it awful? Us fellows will all have to wear dimmers or blinders.

I was considerably amused at your comments on Don Mike's letter in the September BULLETIN in which you suggested he sail his boat in a bathtub. Now, Uncle Luke, "is that nice?" I am sure if my memory serves me rightly that was not a lollypop our friend had at the Outing, but a regular He Man Pipe.

Loco.

We thought that pen name was an abbreviation of "Loco's" real name, but after reading his latest contribution we are wondering if it isn't an abbreviation of "loquacious." Anyway, we like his stuff and we know he will not be offended at our holding a section out for another issue. We like his picture, too, as it will be seen the squirrels chase him when he takes a stroll in Jackson Park.

Our good Kenosha contrib, Conrad Shearer, who helps to make the laws of Wisconsin when he hasn't any more useful work to do, writes as follows:

My dear Luke:

Your October call at my office and my absence "as usual," prompts me to forward this contribution for the November or De-

cember issue. I regret exceedingly that I did not see you, Luke, but trust that you will try soon again.

October's delightful balmy days almost caused me to think that summer had come again and that the Contrib family of the BULLETIN would soon meet. I am expecting to return to Madison in December for a special session of the legislature, but would more wholeheartedly enjoy a "special" with the BULLETIN family. Really, Uncle Luke, I like your gang—everyone from Mac to Andy. To be sure, Mac Schmidt is a nervy cuss when he keeps one of those picnic pictures on the dresser at home. Any homely bird might put it over, but Mac is really attractive and is displaying nerve that may cause him trouble. Mac should not feel that he can go the same limit as does the BULLETIN Editor. Like the writer, Luke is immune from all charms apart from those that go with the title of uncle.

Roamer's picture idea is excellent and adds much interest to the contrib section. He and Mac and Andy look natural, which means the pictures are fine. If I ever get a photo half as attractive, will shoot it in. Why are the Powder Puffs and Teddy Bears so slow about sending in their photos?

With so many Contribs clamoring for space in the BULLETIN, we must make the letters short and snappy. Otherwise, it will be necessary to build an addition to the BULLETIN.

Sincerely yours,  
Con.

Conrad, you old sly rascal, you just "lay off" the Powder Puffs and the Teddy Bears. We saw them first.

The little prod we gave one of our Canton, Ohio, contribs last month produced results as will be seen from the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

You reminded me in the last issue of the BULLETIN that I was a tardy member of the family. I enjoyed your editorial remarks last month of how unappreciative the public are of what is being done by the "Torch Bearers of Progress" and the giant strides that have been made for the advancement of civilization, how they are harassed and with what a struggle things are being accomplished for the benefit of mankind.



Let me compliment you on this splendid editorial.

It may interest the family to know that in the little village of Philo, Ohio, on the Muskingum River, about fifty miles south of this City, there is being erected the largest Super Electric Generator in the world which will serve 300 cities in Ohio and 700 outside this state with power. This colossal machine will produce more power than is now developed at Muscle Shoals or at the great Mississippi development at Keokuk. It is said that the vast power developed by this Generator will equal a line of horses reaching from Pittsburgh to Chicago and will furnish the equivalent of one horse power to every skilled worker in Ohio. The cost of this Generator and housing is \$17,000,000, which is far more than the cost of the great Woolworth Building in New York City. The cost and engineering construction is comparable with the building of the world's largest ships, the Leviathan or Majestic. All this is being accomplished by a Public Utility Company, which is being dragged through the courts and "held up" on every hand, but who will eventually put the benefits in the hands of an unappreciative public.

Now that I have paid my debt to the BULLETIN, I will relish my "braxy broth wi kall intult" better, and enjoy a peek at a wee box o' bonnie heather that cam' the day frae the hills ayont Braemar.

A hand shake for all the family and personal regards to "Uncle Luke."

Respectfully yours,  
William Broom.

Gled tae hear frae ye, Wullie. Braemar's a bonnie place. We cam frae the ither side o' the hill.

Our good Milwaukee contrib, Mr. Mustard, who never comes to Chicago without paying us a visit, writes as follows:

Dear Uncle Luke:

I have been silent for some time as I presumed that "tenderfoots" would all be anxious to give the grand hurrah after the Family Outing which was proven by the September BULLETIN being filled even to the back page and being a few weeks later than usual. I did not get mine until the middle of the month but then it was so good it was worth while waiting for it. Was glad to see so many

new contributors and hope they will continue to shine in our midst.

I will not burden you with a long letter this month as I am putting in a lot of extra time on my territory as Santa Claus has a lot of folks to look after this year and his "advance agents" must be on the job every minute in order not to disappoint any of the youngsters.

I am enclosing a page from our Milwaukee Journal that will be of interest to you, as Reverend Dorward is a member of the BULLETIN Family of long standing. I met him in February at one of our church Brotherhood meetings where he was the speaker of the evening and gave us a fine talk and am very sorry to learn that his speaking attraction has been of necessity discontinued.

Yours truly,  
Mr. Mustard.

The clipping referred to tells a story that BULLETIN contris will be sorry to hear. It appears that our old friend and contrib, Reverend Dorward, who left the pulpit for the platform, suffered an affliction which cost him the loss of his voice. Unable to talk on the platform, he now is managing a gas filling station. No affliction, however, could repress the inimitable humor of the man, who says he is still in the "gas business." He deserves the patronage of all our Milwaukee contris when their gas buggies need refilling.

Here is the monthly offering of Mariner Don Mike:

Dear Luke:

It is with weeping and sorrow that I notice you are as yet unconvinced of the legitimacy of our sailing claims. I can now only hope that the Hon. J. Horatius O'Slat will stand up and give testimony in favor of our story. Herbie (Shamroc Mac) broke down when he read your statement. At this writing he is still unconscious. See what you have done!

I did have hopes of sending you a picture of myself to run alongside of this letter, but the print is gone and no one seems to have the negative. Besides a pipe, the picture contained a view of Mount Tom, the lordliest peak in the Dunes. Sorry some of the Family



cannot appreciate Duneland. However, the mob is going down to Soldier Field to watch Schurz lambast their ancient football rivals, Lane, next Saturday and I hope to "shoot" some picture to send in.

When I read the BULLETIN, I felt sure something was missing and so I went thru it again. WHERE WERE THE PPK'S? Have they become so peeved with me that they refuse to write for the Family as long as I am a member? I grieve for them.

The poetic prose that so many of the contributors have displayed in writing their appreciation of North Shore Line Service (Cap "S" please) and of the recent Family outing has so impressed me that I have given up all hope of making my little ability at versification ever bring me any fame. I had hoped to make the back cover some day but I could never equal Dave's rhapsody to the Skokie. Sic Transit Gloria.

I had just been getting ready to make a pun about Loco's nom de plume, but after his remark about me in the October issue, I can only say, "He's not so nutty after all."

Luke, just a suggestion, why not give the North Shore Line's kid relation, South Shore, a break on the next outing? We could go to Michigan City and have just the grandest time. Herbie and I know some sailors that live there and we could get them to prove we know the difference between a jib-sheet and a backstay. And Nomad, M. C.'s best known seadog, can tell you about the time Herbie used the Ruth's jibboom for a vaulting pole in Racine Harbor.

Well, signing off in the hope that the space I am not utilizing will aid in letting in another of Roamer's blurbs.

Don Mike (398).

We'd like to have your picture, Don, but it may be necessary first for you to explain the one sent in by the Powder Puffs which appears on another page. Maybe you are not as shy and retiring as we had supposed.

Our poet conductor, Al Hoffman, offers the following:

Dear Uncle Luke:

Having been under the weather for some time I did not get in the last few numbers of the BULLETIN, but then I guess the space was all taken up pretty well without me.

I have the October number ahead of me and I will say it's a good thing I ain't Irish as the covers are a decided orange.

I read Roamer's letter advising me to use molasses on my knife when eating peas. Well, I've tried them all and find potatoes best.

I take note we have two new contribs, The Chocolate Soldiers. Well, you tell Don Mike and Mac to lay off, I'm going to be selfish this once.

I am at loss what to write about so will have to tell you a couple of new (?) Scotch stories.

Sandy: Son, what are you looking at?

Son: Nothing.

Sandy: Well, then, take off those glasses.

A salesman enters a Scotch town, finds the streets deserted, asked the hotel clerk the meaning and he said they were having Tag Day. A few days after he was back in the town and everybody was out on the street. When he inquired why, he was told they didn't make the quota on Tag Day so they were making a house to house canvass.

Well, Luke, this will be all for now, with love—I mean regards, to all the family, I am

Yours truly,

Al. F. Hoffman.

Following is the offering of Arthur G. for this month:

Dear Uncle Luke:

It has been brought to my attention that my letters have a sour note, whereupon to change the style I'll endeavor to write in a happier frame of mind.



Enclosed is my picture for the rogues gallery. As you will note how near human I look and that's the worst one I could find (likewise the only one).

Bangs sure did enumerate a lot of missing writers but we know

they are silent listeners. He omitted Michigander (who, since he got roped, has never written). The Marquette Kids—Jumbo, et al. R. H. L. howls about his "64 damn pages" but our Boss never hollers, he enlarges and see as how Bangs



called the A. W. O. L. roll, maybe we'll see a 40 page BULLETIN.

Von was telling how close he saw the fight. In fact, he was closer than I. He saw it (I quote his own statement) from the tower of Milwaukee's city hall. Likewise, he, like some more of us, lost on the fight and as it was a box of candy I don't see where he lost. I had no \$40 ticket given me, nor had I a radio so I went to bed and on the morrow I read all the carnage.

Mebbeso, Mac, mebbeso, but my gal friend shore asked me who the stunning chicken on my right was. I'll bet, Mac, you didn't show her all of 'em.

Here's a yarn I heard the other day. Two colored brethren met and one was telling of the shows wherein he had been head man. Said the listener: "Yas, youall must a' been so far head that yo was no where round." "Why," says the boaster, "I was head man in Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Never heard o' that," said the second. "Man, didn't you evah heah of Uncle Tom's cabin?" "No suh, nevah did." "Boy, you must be dumb; doan you know nothin? Did you evah heah of Adam and Eve?" "Yas suh," said the other, "I know bouten em but you wasn't de head man in dat show."

Welcome home, Helen G. 'Bout the quickest way to get a BULLETIN that's missed is to go over and see J. H. O'Slat; you know where the office is.

Andy, whaddya mean "up north." You must live over on the South Side. I'm usually home after 11 P. M., most any night.

J. Horatius O'Slat (Dave, where in heck did you find the monicker?). You move up with Roamer as a poet and now, ladies and gents, I ask you, shall not Roamer and Hoffman have to look to their laurels with such a poet in our midst? (See back page of October issue for O'Slat's offering.)

I must cease my babbling. Powder Puffs and Bears are in school. I can tell because having once been ensnared in ye book larnin' they slip on writing. November's Safety letter should go like this:

Fill yourself with turkey  
And other food galore  
Eat until you're full and then  
Just eat a little more  
When they take your 'pendix out  
We will hear you say,  
"Wonder why I stuffed myself  
On last Thanksgiving Day."

And the next year you'll do it again.

Here's to a joyous Thanksgiving to you all from Pacific to Atlantic, from Panama to Alaska.

Arthur G.

This one comes from one of the regulars who hasn't been quite as regular as he might have been in recent months. Of course, we know he is married now and that may explain it. He writes:

Dear Luke:

On account of the September issue arriving so late, I was unable to come thru last month but I hope I will be on time for the November issue with this.

Now that the big fight, the world's series and summer are all over, we can begin to think about empty coal bins, chilblains and other disconcerting facts or should I say "prospects" and wonder whether the old pocketbook will survive the "cauld blast" of winter. Of course we still have football, but tho I may throw myself open to criticism on that score, I really could never get interested in that game. Perhaps I am prejudiced, however, for the last football game I attended was on a cold, windy day, and besides nearly freezing, I had to stand up for my meals a day or two after, not having found anything comfortable about the seat I donated three bucks for.

On presidential timber for 1928, you and I both agree on Secretary Hoover but it hardly looks as tho he has a chance—as you say—the politicians will put him on ice. Wonder if MacSchmidt would accept the nomination. He is about as well known as that fellow "Davis" the Democrats selected last year and if he got the united vote of the "Family" he might be elected. Think what that would mean to the North Shore Line in way of publicity.

Well, foolishness aside, would like to meet someone interested in engaging a secretary on a trip to Florida this winter. Right now, that looks like the only way I'll get there but that doesn't mean I've given up hopes.

By the way, was in to see Fellow Contributor Dorsey of Hammond, Indiana, and got his promise to write a letter renewing his subscription to the best little publication on earth. Also met our window trimming friend the other



day and had a talk between street-car stops.

But this is getting too long winded so guess I'll close.

As ever,  
Whiz Bang.

Our Cuban correspondent contributes the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Once more the BULLETIN has anchored at its destination and according to my custom the rest of the mail was gone through first and like the best dish of all, ice cream, it is reserved for the finish as the crowning event.

This, I will have to admit, was a few days ago and invariably unless I'm very much mistaken, I have, or at least tried to acknowledge it immediately, for it's the very least one could do for such a monthly treat as the BULLETIN is.

As this goes down on paper, the clock is flirting with the midnight hour and I intended to go at this early in the evening after the rest of the household had left for the weekly Movies (weekly, being on what might be termed a "class Z" circuit). BUT remembering that I raised something more than Cain last Thursday evening on account of such rotten radio conditions, thought it might be best to take in a church service or two, which I accordingly did, thinking to salve my conscience (though they claim that our countrymen lose them after being here for a year or so) and I think I succeeded. Chicago, however, was not reaching down into this section this evening, although she came through fairly good on the evening of the Dempsey-Tunney argument.

Radio is all right in its way, but even the spoken word for some reason, does not give me that "O. K." feeling and that peace with the world that the BULLETIN does. That's the magazine that keeps Chicago (notwithstanding the rest of your contribs to the contrary) at the head of the class, even laying the wonderful Cream City in the shade, no disrespect intended toward your very able correspondents, the P. P. K.'s, whom I am led to believe hail from there.

It will be an exceedingly hard job to await the arrival of the next number, or the one after that, for I'm sure anxious to glimpse the whole Family. As far as I can tell, you've never had any trouble in getting the contribs to do what you desired, but unless this shot

is wide of the mark, you're going to experience a little trouble in getting what you want, although doubtless in the end, you'll get your way, that race always does.

Very sincerely,  
Dana W. Kerr.

Here is a new contrib from Grandview, Iowa, who wishes to break into the Family Circle. We have admitted him on probation. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

My brother-in-law, who helps print the North Shore Bulletin, has brought copies to me regularly for a few months. I have found them so full of interest for myself and so chockful of good things, like quotations, for young people that I want you to send the BULLETIN to me regularly. I can utilize it in my English classes, for I teach high school English. Thank you.

Cordially yours,

Robert J. Kubat.

The quotations we print are fine, Mr. Kubat, but we wouldn't advise the use in your English classes of the other stuff in the Bulletin. We'll tell you a secret about those R. L. S. quotations. A friend once sent a Stevenson calendar with a quotation on every page and we aren't half through it yet.

A new contrib from Lake Forest wishes to join the Family and offers the following with his application:

Dear Luke and Family:

I have been reading your little book for some time and enjoy it immensely. Please put me on your list for if you will let me in the Family I don't care to miss a single issue.

Perhaps you have heard this one before. An Aberdonian stricken with lumbago was advised to rub some whiskey on his back. The Aberdonian replied that he did not have any whiskey whereupon the friend brought some over, rubbed his back and took the bottle home. The next morning he was found with a broken neck.

Well, here's hopin'

Wyndy Dick.

Which one got the broken neck, Dick? If the Aberdonian it served him right for not having a neck



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like a giraffe, and if the neighbor he got what was coming to him for trying to get away with a bottle of whiskey.

From Zion a contrite and humble contrib long missing from the fold returns with the following:

Dear Sir:

I was quite surprised when the October Bulletin came out to see that you are still the Editor after the way you wrote in the September issue about getting gassed, jolted around, the nervous strain, etc., caused from automobile riding. You should at least have a calling down for it. When writing that article you must have forgotten that the North Shore Line operates a fleet of motor coaches.

Now then, consider yourself bawled out.

My first subscription letter was sent about a year ago so I thought it time to renew, unless the rate has changed to one letter every two years.

I certainly enjoy reading the BULLETIN, especially enjoy reading about your struggle to save the human race from destruction or whatever they're headed for. Well, cheer up. After a while you'll be able to tell them, "I told you so."

I also enjoy riding on the North Shore Line (that is, the division that runs on rails, getting rather skeptical about those motor coaches now) and I give it a boost whenever I can.

Some day I hope to be considered one of the Family and go on the Annual Spree.

Yours until then,

J. Kurrasch.

You're in good standing again, our rule being, "while the lamp holds out to burn, etc." We're still here and feeling fine, thank you, but we still insist that there is no form of transportation quite as good as that offered by the North Shore Line.

From a new Milwaukee contrib comes the following:

Dear Mr. Grant:

About a year ago I "subscribed" to the BULLETIN, since then never an issue have I missed. It's a great

little paper and your October number praising Milwaukee business houses and getting praise from them strikes an appealing chord within me.

It is about time I joined the family, although still unmarried. I like large families and as yours is growing I want to get in the Family circle. Can you stand any more members from Milwaukee or vicinity? Folks from my town seem to enjoy writing letters for every issue carries letters from several Milwaukee family members.

This letter, I trust, will pay my subscription for the next year. I asked one of your conductors to have my subscription renewed, but with a twinkle in his eye, he told me that "Rules are rules and must be obeyed." I left his train less than an hour ago promising to write and I am keeping my promise.

Respectfully,

Zowie.

We are glad to know that a conductor reminded you of your obligations to the Family. We hope you won't forget again.

Here is one from Minneapolis who misses the BULLETIN and "won't be happy till he gets it," so we have admitted him to the Family. He writes:

Dear Mr. Grant:

I am one of the oldest patrons of the great North Shore Line, using it long before it had a continuous line through to Milwaukee.

I miss the snappy new Scotch jokes and would like very much to have you put me on your mailing list of the North Shore Bulletin, as I have not seen one for six months and will not be in Chicago for a year or more.

J. Edmunds.

What do you mean "new" Scotch jokes? There are none. One evening not long ago we were reading a book written by Dean Ramsay more than fifty years ago and were a little surprised to find so many of the "new" Scotch jokes printed in that volume with the explanation that they were very old at that time.



# CLEON AND I

CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one  
have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;  
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;  
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesses acres, but the landscape I;  
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money can  
not buy,  
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness, freshening  
vigor I;  
He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought  
am I;  
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none  
have I;  
Wealth surrounded, care-environed, Cleon  
fears to die;  
Death may come, he'll find me ready, happier  
man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature, in a daisy I;  
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and  
sky;  
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;  
State for state, with all attendants, who would  
change? Not I.

—Charles MacKay.