

SEPTEMBER, 1917

THE ELEVATED NEWS

SAFETY

SERVICE

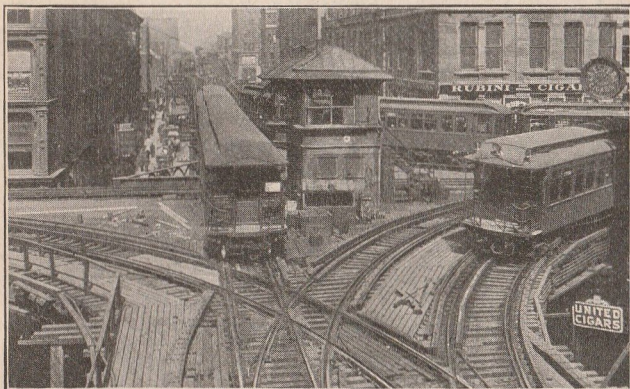
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ONE DAY EXCURSIONS

YOU cannot plan a better vacation than to take one day trips to visit the many beauty spots along the North shore of Lake Michigan by the

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

Fast, Frequent
Service—
Double
Track—
Steel Cars
Clean
Cool
Comfortable

FORT Sheridan now is one of the busiest military training camps in the country. The United States Naval Training Station is a place of particular interest at this time. Glencoe, Highland Park, Lake Forest and Lake Bluff are ideal spots to spend a quiet, restful day.

Take the Northwestern "L" Evanston Express to Central Street, Evanston. Direct Connections.

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Volume III

SEPTEMBER, 1917



28 Number 11

RECKLESS DRIVING CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS

THE Chicago Elevated Railroads take pride in the fact that in over nine years there has not been a single fatal accident to a passenger while in a car. That is a remarkable record when it is considered that the elevated lines carry more than half a million passengers daily.

Accidents beyond the control of the management of the elevated lines happen frequently, however, and it is of these we wish to speak a word of warning. Reckless drivers of automobiles, who disregard all rules of safety, are responsible for many distressing accidents, which, with the exercise of ordinary care and intelligence, could be avoided.

Three of the elevated roads operate on the surface in the outlying sections of the city and its suburbs. On these sections of the lines grade crossings are inevitable. In line with its policy "safety first" the management of the Elevated Railroads maintains watchmen at these crossings and safety gates, which are lowered on the approach of a train. In addition to these precautions, motormen have orders to slow down at grade crossings, so that their trains may, at all times, be under control.

Some months ago the Public Utilities Commission of Illinois ordered all gates at railroad crossings painted with black and white stripes, so that they would be more easily seen by drivers or pedestrians approaching them. In common with steam railroads, the elevated lines adopted the suggestion and had its gates painted in the regulation manner. The accidents have not decreased, for the reason that reckless drivers pay as little attention to a striped gate as they did to one painted in one color.

To the average person it may appear almost unbelievable, it is a fact, that drivers of automobiles will smash through lowered gates, frequently with the watchman waving his flag

of warning and when they are hit by a passing train the blame frequently is put upon the railroad.

Of what use are gates and watchmen when reckless drivers pay no attention to them? The motorman approaching a crossing sees the gates lowered and, of course, thinks he is safe to proceed. Suddenly an automobile smashes through the gates and dashes in front of the approaching train. No matter how cautious and alert the motorman may be an accident is almost inevitable. He cannot stop his train in an instant, especially when he has the right of way which the lowered gates give him.

Accidents of this kind are too common, especially on Garfield Park branch after trains leave the city limits to proceed through South Oak Park. Automobilists seem to pay no more attention to gates than if none were there. Gates have to be replaced several times in a week, and while that is expensive to the company, accidents are still more expensive, both to the company and those who may be injured or killed.

Even when it is going at a high rate of speed an automobile can be stopped in much less time than a heavy train. A train cannot turn off the tracks to avoid a collision. The law requires automobile drivers to exercise as much care when approaching a grade crossing as a motorman does. But they do not exercise that care. They dash through the gates and if they escape injury, frequently turn and laugh at the havoc they have made.

Only recently a man in an automobile was seen by the watchman approaching a crossing at a high rate of speed. The gates were down, as two trains were approaching from opposite directions. Seeing that the driver did not slow down the watchman ran into the middle of the road waving his flag frantically. The driver paid no attention but dashed through the gates. He crossed the first tracks in safety, evidently not noticing the train on the other track. He died in a hospital a few hours later. Could the railroad be blamed for that accident?

The "safety first" campaign which the elevated roads have conducted for years for the benefit of their employes, has resulted in much good, but if accidents such as we have described are to be avoided, the co-operation of drivers and pedestrians is essential. Gates and watchmen are a help, but they cannot take the place of ORDINARY CARE and INTELLIGENCE. Working together and THINKING TOGETHER, the elevated roads and the drivers of auto cars can eliminate accidents at grade crossings. Without co-operation they cannot. The elevated roads are doing their part.

Let us give a suggestion or two to the auto driver.

Always have your motor under control when nearing a grade crossing.

Look both ways before driving onto railroad tracks.

When the gates are lowered stop until they are raised. They are placed there for YOUR safety.

Think of the safety of those in the car you are driving.

Remember the motorman cannot turn out of the tracks to avoid a collision.

Use your head in guiding that machine as well as your hands.

Above everything else exercise ordinary intelligence. If you do you will give material aid in avoiding accidents and furthering the campaign for SAFETY FIRST.

SHOWING PATRIOTISM FROM HOUSETOPS

WEARING a small flag in the buttonhole, or a Red Cross button, does not necessarily prove that the wearer is patriotic in the real meaning of the word. He may believe himself patriotic, yet fail utterly, to grasp the real significance of either emblem.

An illustration of the point recently was seen on a Garfield Park elevated train. It was during the evening rush hour when the trains were crowded and some passengers standing. A young man wearing a large Red Cross button on his coat lapel pushed his way through the car and took his place among the standing passengers.

Among the standing passengers was a woman in deep mourning. There were traces of suffering and sorrow on her face which would attract the attention of an observer even if she had not been dressed in mourning. She stood near the man with the Red Cross button, and she looked tired and weary.

A third passenger stood close by. He did not wear any outward sign of patriotism but he looked sympathetically at the woman in mourning. He looked also at the Red Cross button and, perhaps, he saw a connection between it and the mourning. He wondered if the woman had lost a husband or a brother in the great world conflict. She had lost some one dear to her, that was evident, and it weighed heavily upon her.

The train reached Racine avenue and a passenger, who was seated, arose to leave. The thoughtful passenger beckoned to the woman in mourning to take the vacant seat but before she could do so the wearer of the Red Cross button pushed forward and seated himself. He gave an impudent, self-satisfied smile, as much as to say: "I got here first." The other man gave him a look of withering scorn but did not say anything.

Was such a man a worthy wearer of a Red Cross button? Did it convey any real meaning to him? The Red Cross means according to the needy. It means relief of the distressed. Not necessarily those who are wounded on the field of battle, but

comfort to suffering humanity, always and everywhere. The man was young and vigorous. The little woman in mourning was frail and suffering, mentally and physically. The dictate of humanity decree that she was entitled to that seat.

Had the wearer of the Red Cross button been seated when the woman in mourning entered the car, the case would have been somewhat different. Custom in Chicago does not require him to give up his seat. But to rush to occupy a seat just vacated, leaving that little, frail woman standing, showed that the man did not understand the meaning of the button which he proudly displayed to show his patriotism.

It is to be hoped that the wearer of that particular Red Cross button may read this. If not some other may, and it may set him to thinking. Wearing of such buttons is a good practice in these times of stress and strife. But don't forget that it carries with it obligations, and one of those obligations is to relieve suffering, whether on a crowded elevated train, or in a hospital filled with wounded. Don't wait until a person is dead to bestow flowers. Scatter them around among the living, while they are still able to appreciate them. The wearer of a Red Cross button should be ever ready to drop a flower or remove a thorn in life's pathway. Then he may truthfully say that he understands the significance of the emblem and not until then.

THE SPITTING HABIT

FREQUENTLY we have called attention to the danger of spreading disease through spitting in cars. It is a filthy habit and besides there is a city ordinance which makes it an offense punishable by a fine.

There are some, however, who observe the law only in part. They refrain from spitting on the floor of a car but have no hesitancy about spitting on platforms and stairways leading up to the elevated stations. That is just as objectionable as spitting on the floor of a car and the danger of spreading disease is quite as great, if not actually greater.

In going up or down a stairway a woman's dress will brush the steps more or less. The careless spitter seems not to think about that at all. Just imagine how a woman must feel to have to trail her skirts over a sea of saliva. If a man had to put up with anything as disagreeable he would raise a protest that would be heard down in the street, at least. And a woman has just as much right to go up or down the stairways without annoyance as the man has. But it is not her way to complain as much as the man, which is all the more reason why the man should be a little more considerate.

Aside from the disgusting and disagreeable features of the spitting habit, the danger of spreading disease is being constantly

pointed out by the health authorities. The saliva soon will dry up on stairways and platforms, but that does not remove the danger. It rather increases it. The germs of disease remain after the moisture has evaporated, and when a woman's skirt trails over the spot, these germs are scattered in the air, to fill the lungs and spread disease.

Another way in which the careless spitter makes himself particularly objectionable, is in expectorating over platform railings, or on the tracks from open windows. In either case the sputum is almost certain to reach the street below and quite likely to fall on some pedestrian passing underneath.

This is not an especially pleasant subject to write about but it is necessary to keep calling attention to this disgusting and dangerous habit. Probably nine-tenths of the offenders give the matter no thought. It has become a habit with them. If they would think what it means they would quit it at once. The most hardened offender in this respect would not knowingly spread disease. Let him then be guarded and it will be better for himself and for others.

MORE WOOL TO WIN THE WAR

DID you see the sheep parade through the loop district on September 1? If you didn't you missed something. It was the first parade of its kind ever seen in the city, and perhaps in any other city in the country. It isn't going to be the last, however, for some eastern cities have taken up the idea and are preparing to hold sheep parades and pageants to direct attention to the wool shortage and the necessity for increasing the number of sheep in the United States.

Did the sheep, which attracted so much attention in the parade, come from Wyoming or Idaho, or some other sheep-raising state? They did not. They came from our own Washington Park, alongside of which the South Side Elevated runs every day. They were quiet, orderly, well-behaved sheep, proving that their residence in Washington Park has given them a culture not possessed by the ordinary sheep from the western ranges. The parade gave them an import-

ance in the public mind and probably made some think of going into the sheep-raising business, which is both profitable and necessary. At least, that was the idea, rather than to increase the appetite for spring lamb and mint sauce.

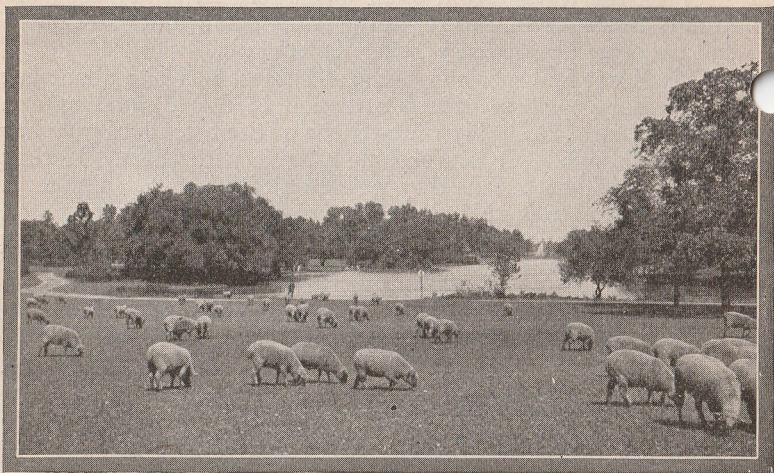
The accompanying picture was not taken on a range in Wyoming. It was taken in Washington Park. If you doubt it go out and see for yourself. Soon there will be an opportunity to take similar pictures in the vicinity of Chicago, for the agitation has fairly stirred the people up. Some 2,000 sheep are to be placed on the grounds surrounding the different state institutions. That will help a little. The county board has decided to pasture a thousand or more on what is known as the forest reserve in Cook County. If every farmer in Illinois would put a few ewe lambs on his farm, it would do a whole lot to make up the wool shortage which threatens the country.

Did you ever stop to think how

important the little lamb is in our daily life? No, you never gave it a thought. You had an idea that we could get all the wool we needed from Australia, or England, or Scotland, or some other place, so we should worry. But this year those countries need their wool, or at least a large part of it, and besides the

pounds to the fleece. It takes about five pounds to make a suit of clothes. Of course, something is lost in the carding and spinning and other processes used in converting the raw wool into manufactured cloth.

Ordinarily, we use about 500,000,000 pounds of wool annually in this country. This year we pro-



Chicago's Sheep Range, Washington Park

war has made its exportation to this country virtually impossible. The ships are needed for other purposes more essential in the grim business of war. So we will have to depend on ourselves for wool more than ever before, and that is what the National Sheep and Wool Bureau is trying to bring to the attention of the country.

Government reports show that there are about 47,000,000 sheep in the country. That is a liberal estimate, because the census was taken before the heavy snowstorms of last winter devastated the flocks of lambs on the western plains.

Last year we produced in round numbers 289,000,000 pounds of raw wool from 37,000,000 fleeces. That is about eight

produced about 240,000,000 pounds and imported about 85,000,000 pounds. That makes a total of about 325,000,000 pounds. The government, however, has requisitioned 150,000,000 pounds for the use of the army and navy. That leaves only 175,000,000 pounds for civilian use. What are your chances for that new winter overcoat? Do we need to raise more sheep to win the war? We can't very well stop wearing clothes and live in Chicago next winter.

The Commercial Economy Board of the National Council of Defense a few days ago sent out a request to all garment makers to use mixtures of cotton and reworked wool for the 1918 spring styles. We may be lucky if we get even a mixture of wool.

Last week the Great Lakes

Wool Convention was held at the stockyards to stimulate the production of sheep in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The farmers are just awakening to the fact that by raising sheep they will materially help the country in this crisis and enrich their own coffers. With such a demand for wool, the business of raising it has become a profitable one.

Holding of wool pageants throughout the country is a good way of directing public attention to a serious situation. That is why Chicago took the lead, as it usually does in all useful things. Other cities are about to follow, as they usually do. Probably there will not be a great many who witnessed the sheep parade who will go into the sheep raising business, but it, at least, gave them something to think about. The National Sheep and Wool Bureau is doing a useful work in directing attention to a very serious situation and The ELEVATED NEWS is willing to help it along.

Be a wool booster.

VISIT FORT SHERIDAN

Many of the "rookies" who spent the summer at Fort Sheridan are now busy at Camp Grant at Rockford, and other cantonments, imparting their knowledge to recruits. Others are on their way to France, or at least have made the first stage of their journey there.

But Fort Sheridan still is a scene of great activity. Other "rookies" have taken the places of those who have left. Other soldiers are in training for the great task which confronts the country. The fort has lost none of its interest to visitors and should be seen by everyone interested in the welfare of our boys who are going to the front, which means practically everyone in Chicago.

Aside from the interest in the soldiers, the scenery around Fort Sheridan is at its best at this

season. Nature is tinging the trees with brown and gold, all the beautiful colors of the autumn. The intense heat is over and there is just enough crispness in the air to make a walk through the woods delightful. When you tire of looking at the trenches, the drills and maneuvers of the soldiers, take a walk in the grand old woods.

Take a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday trip to Fort Sheridan. Take several; you will see many things that are instructive and interesting. The cheapest and most convenient way to reach Fort Sheridan is by the Northwestern Elevated to Evanston and transfer to the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee line. Transfer can be made by stepping to the other side of the platform at Central street station.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION

You, no doubt, have seen the jackies from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station many times in the last few months, as they paraded in the downtown district. Their band is one of the best and has proved a wonderful attraction.

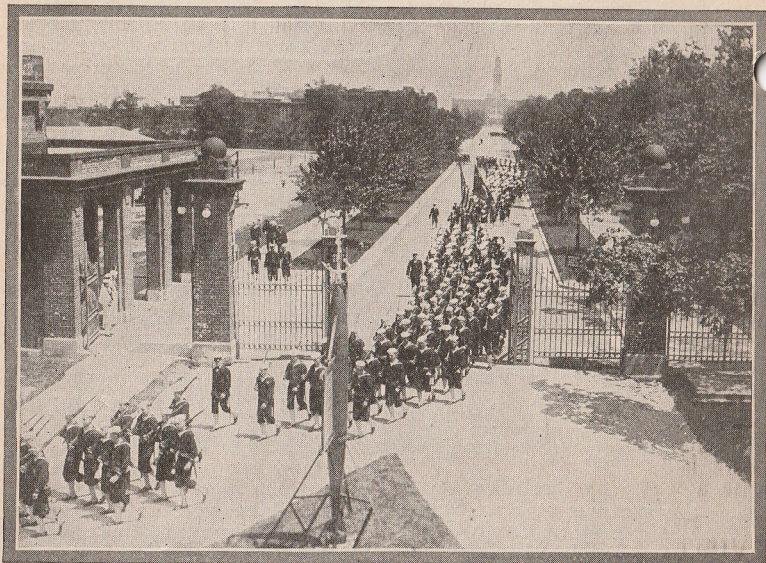
But, have you seen them in their home up at Lake Bluff? That is a wonderful institution and well worth a visit. It has been the scene of unusual activity this year, for it has been called upon to house many more boys than the 1,500 for which it originally was designed.

Visitors always are welcomed for Uncle Sam is proud of his young naval fighters and is pleased to show them off to those who are interested. He is proud, also, of the quarters he has provided for them, at an expense of several millions of dollars. The course of training provided for these boys is of the finest. They are kept busy from 5:30 o'clock in the morning when they are called from their cots, until 9 o'clock in the evening when they retire.

Of course, it is not all work between those hours. There is plenty of time for play and healthful exercise, which the boys enjoy to the limit. Captain Moffett is making real men out of the raw boys who go there for training and he is always willing to show his work to visitors.

Parents who have boys at the Great Lakes may rest assured

Shore & Milwaukee Railroad stop at the gates, so that it is easily reached from any part of the city. The trip on the North Shore line is a pleasant one, as the passenger goes through Winnetka, Glencoe, Lake Forest, Highland Park and the many other places of beauty and interest along the north shore of Lake Michigan.



Great Lakes Naval Training Station

that they are being well cared for. Others who are hesitating before sending their boys there should visit the institution and see what is being done. Pale, delicate youths are being transformed into ruddy-cheeked, robust men, full of life and energy. If the country should never need their service the training they receive will prove such an asset in civil life that it is more than worth while.

The Training Station is situated between Lake Bluff and North Chicago, a distance of only thirty-three miles from Chicago. Trains of the Chicago North

Make up your mind to take this trip next Sunday or Wednesday, parade day. The cold weather will be here soon enough, so you had better enjoy the late summer and early autumn while they last.

Neighbor—Does your wife believe in the Sinn Feiners?

Mr. Peck—I think Henrietta feels that she can achieve home rule without anything so revolutionary.

A glance at the price of pork on the hoof will cure anybody of the habit of listing hogs among the lower animals.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

AMONG the letters commending employes in the last month, are two or three of more than usual interest. One such letter is written by a woman sixty years of age, a daily patron of the Garfield Park branch of the Metropolitan, which contains a suggestion that some other patrons of the line might heed with profit.

The writer speaks of what she terms the "injustice" of allowing children, who are riding free, or on half fare, to occupy seats while passengers, who have paid full fare, have to stand. She suggests that the company should adopt a rule dealing with this subject and have conductors and trainmen enforce it.

The number of children using the elevated lines during rush hours is not great, and at other periods throughout the day, unless through some unusual circumstance, there are plenty of seats for all. Manifestly, therefore, the question is one which patrons should deal with themselves. The company does its best to make travel as pleasant and agreeable for all its patrons as circumstances will permit and it cannot say that children riding free must not occupy seats if any paying passengers are standing.

Parents, however, might use discretion in this matter. A thoughtful mother would take a little child in her lap if she saw a passenger standing, but all mothers are not thoughtful, hence the reason for the writer referred to, relating at length, an incident she observed.

A man and a woman sat a little apart facing each other on the longitudinal seats of a car, and between them a child stood looking out of the window. Between them they occupied four seat spaces. A man boarded the car and could not find a seat. Metropolitan Trainman J. E.

Craig, badge 4266, entered and asked the woman to sit up a little closer and make room. She refused to move, telling the trainman to "mind his own business." The trainman good-naturedly pointed to the standing passenger and again asked the woman to sit up. She began abusing him, according to the writer of the letter, saying she would slap his mouth if he spoke to her again. She did not move and the standing passenger continued to stand.

The writer of the letter commends Trainman Craig for his gentlemanly conduct. It was a decided contrast to the conduct of his passenger, but such things are of almost daily occurrence. The trainman was "minding his business." He was doing the thing which he is expected to do, trying to make all his passengers comfortable. He received abuse for his pains, but the other lady who witnessed the incident wrote a long letter in his praise. That is some compensation at least. Women passengers of the "slap your mouth" type are not so numerous on the elevated lines. All that can be said of the one in question is that her ignorance excuses her. We hope she may happen to read this, but we doubt it, as evidently, she is not one of the kind who reads.

Another interesting letter is from a South Side woman whose little daughter left a small purse containing four dollars in a car. There was no card or means of identification in the purse, but it was promptly turned in by the trainman who found it and later restored to the owner when she called for it. She wishes to thank the employe who found the purse and turned it in to the office, but as she did not know his number, or the number of the car, there is no way of identifying him. He may remember the incident when he reads this and

will know that his honesty is appreciated. The incident occurred August 11.

Two other letters deserve more than passing mention, as showing that employes of the Elevated lines perform their duties faithfully and honestly and refuse any gratuities for doing their duty.

A passenger on the Oak Park line writes that in his haste to board a train at the Garfield Park station he dropped a five dollar and a two dollar bill on the floor. Afterward he missed them and on inquiry they were handed him by Miss M. Guare, the ticket agent, who refused to accept the reward which he offered her.

The other letter referred to is from a patron of the South Side line, whose straw hat blew out of a window on his way downtown. Northwestern Trainman Charles Bruce, badge 1,366, asked the passenger to step on the platform at the next station, while he went down the tracks and recovered the hat. He refused to accept the reward offered him for his trouble.

Northwestern Conductor John McCormack, badge 574, is twice commended in letters for his courtesy and efficiency and for finding seats for women passengers.

Northwestern Conductor C. S. Larsen, badge 572, is commended for his courteous manner to two women and three children, who, evidently, were confused. They were standing on the platform when his train pulled into the station, but made no attempt to get aboard. He stepped out on the platform and politely inquired where they were going. When informed that Evanston was their destination, he told them to get aboard his train, as the Evanston trains did not stop at that station. He then directed them where to get off to get an Evanston train. His courteous manner attracted the attention of

another passenger, who wrote a letter of commendation.

Northwestern Trainman Frank C. Chaplin is commended for finding seats for women and children.

Northwestern Trainman R. A. Raskopf, badge 1,031, is commended for his untiring efforts to accommodate passengers.

Northwestern Platform Man Frawley and Acting Service Inspector Brittingham are commended and thanked by a passenger who was taken ill on train. He became unconscious and was cared for in the Belmont avenue station. Mr. Brittingham saw him safely home.

Oak Park Trainman Barney Graham, badge 6,108, is commended for courtesy and helpfulness.

South Side Trainman Dennis J. Enright, badge 2,681, is commended for courtesy and attention shown elderly passengers.

Metropolitan Trainman A. Hallenbach, badge 4,533, is commended for assisting passengers to raise windows.

South Side Trainman H. Hollinger, badge 2,214, is commended for courtesy in giving directions to passengers.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S JOKE

It was on an ocean liner plying between Yokohama and San Francisco. The captain was a thorough-going Englishman, with all the density characteristic of his countrymen.

Among the passengers was a bright American girl, given occasionally to the use of slang.

"How do you feel this morning, Miss Natcherly?" asked the captain.

"Out of sight," came the instant reply.

The captain appeared puzzled, but said nothing. Next morning the American girl met the captain on the promenade deck.

"Good morning captain, how do you feel?" she asked.

"You cawn't see me," he replied.