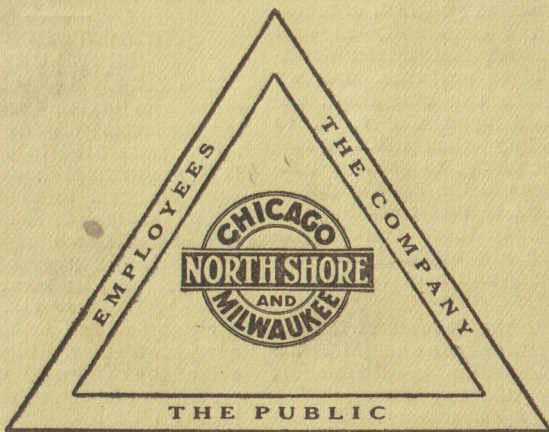


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CHICAGO
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MARCH, 1920



"The Road of Service"

LAKE FORESTER CHANGES OWNERSHIP.

WE are pleased to note that the Udell Brothers, publishers of the Highland Park Press, have acquired the ownership of The Lake Forester. The change will insure to residents of Lake Forest a clean, well-edited local newspaper, deserving of their support.

In announcing the change in ownership and outlining the future policy of the paper, the publishers in part say:

"It is our intention as publishers of The Lake Forester to put out a paper to meet the local needs, to print the local news and to discuss matters concerning which a large proportion of the people are interested. We do not, however, assume the prerogative, nor recognize as within the province of this paper, the right to act as social, political, or moral mentor in a community so well equipped with institutions developed for these purposes. But we do recognize the obligation, anciently laid upon our craft, to speak plainly when plain speaking is necessary, to present public questions in the light of public welfare and to foster to the best of our ability those moral agencies which are working here for a better city and a better humanity."

Here's to the success of the paper under its new ownership. We like that outline of its policy, especially about plain speaking when it is necessary. If you have something to say, say it without beating about the bush. If it is necessary to hit, do it straight from the shoulder. A paper will make some enemies that way, but it will make more friends. And the newspaper, or the man who doesn't make some enemies doesn't say or do anything. Show me a man who hasn't any enemies and I will show you one who never said or did anything worth while in his life.

NEW NORTH SHORE CARS.

WHEN Shakespeare spoke about "the law's delay" as being one of the almost unbearable things in life, he didn't know anything about the operation of a modern car-building establishment. There has been one delay after another in getting out those new steel passenger coaches that we have mentioned in previous issues. The best the car builders will promise now is the delivery of some of them along in April. Of course, that isn't such a long time to wait, but it is disappointing because they were expected much earlier. It isn't the fault of the North Shore Line. Everything possible is being done to expedite delivery, but there is a shortage of materials which seemingly cannot be helped. Just have a little patience and those cars will be in service before the time for summer outings.

SUNDAY CONCERTS IN MILWAUKEE

The Milwaukee Auditorium Orchestra is giving very fine popular concerts on Sunday afternoons from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. It is a municipal movement and should appeal to music lovers.

The prices of admission are within the reach of every one—20 cents for reserved seats and 10 cents for general admission. There is no war tax. This is a wholesome form of Sunday afternoon recreation, which should receive the support, not only of residents of Milwaukee but of adjacent cities.

Take in the Sunday afternoon concerts. You will enjoy them and be benefited.

At a Scotch christening the god-mother had difficulty in removing the child's head covering, and the minister, wishing to help her, asked the father if he could hold the child.

"Hold him!" exclaimed the father, expanding his chest. "Hold him? Man, I could fling him right over the kirk!"

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1226 Edison Building

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Chicago, March 1920



463 No. 5

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HERE it is Washington's Birthday. The general offices are closed in honor of the father of the country. It offers a good chance to write a few lines without interruption.



THE boss is a 100 per cent American and there's no camouflage about it, either. We suspect that he has great respect for George although we never asked him about it. At any rate he ordered all departments closed for the day, except those necessary to serve the public. We don't know whether we are in that category or not, but anyway we decided to keep open. We'll celebrate the holiday when the golf season opens.



BEING the anniversary of the birth of the father of our country, what could be more appropriate than taking him as our theme for a few paragraphs? We realize that there are some objections to that, but we can't think of any subject that looks as promising this morning. One objection is that it is so common. On our desk there are half a dozen publications with pictures of George and a lot of platitudes. We like to be different, that's all. A second objection is that we make it a rule to hand out the flowers when a man is alive and can appreciate them. In spite of Oliver Lodge and the rest of them, we do not believe it a good policy to wait until a man is dead before saying nice things about him. Give him the flowers—or bricks—while he is here, is our policy.

WELL, we have a lot of veneration for George, at that. We have never held that cherry tree story and his inability to tell a lie against him. He never admitted any such handicap himself, as far as we have read. It was his most popular biographer, Mason Weems, who pulled that yarn. Mr. Weems was a preacher and practiced, as 'twere, in the art of story-telling. No doubt that accounts for the cherry tree. It's a pretty story but we don't believe it.



GEORGE, as you remember, kicked up quite a little fuss over the subject of taxes. What would he have done today when he sat down to fill out his income tax schedule if he couldn't tell a lie? The tax schedule, as Shakespeare remarked, does make liars of us all. What business is it of the government whether you were living with your wife on December 31, 1919? And even if you were, is it reasonable to suppose you had anything left on that date, after she got through with her Christmas shopping?



WHETHER George could tell a lie or not, he had some other qualities very unlike some of our modern statesman. For instance, he had a rather poor opinion of himself. After his scraps at Lexington and Concord, when he was unanimously chosen as commander-in-chief, he called upon every gentleman in the room to remember his declaration that he did not believe himself equal to the command and accepted it only as a duty made imperative by the unanimity of the call. He frequently reiterated that belief when chosen to other offices and his private letters indicate that he was sincere about it. Ever hear of a modern candidate for office expressing himself that way? Most of them that we have heard intimated that they were the only individuals really capable of filling the office and that the country would go to the bow-wows unless they were elected.

ANOTHER thing about George was that during the period of the Revolutionary War he wouldn't accept any salary—just his expenses. There aren't many candidates running for public office today on that kind of a platform. Of course, George was one of the richest men in the colonies, but that doesn't seem to have been a handicap in his day. Just imagine what would happen to the richest man in the country today were he a candidate for President. Wouldn't the yellow press pan him, though? If he made the money himself he would be pilloried for robbing widows and orphans. If he inherited his wealth he would be panned for not having enough ability to make it himself. You can be sure they would get him coming and going.

The Road of Service CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND NORTHBREEK

WE have progressed a whole lot since George's time. At the close of the Revolutionary War the expenses incurred by George, including secret service money, amounted to \$64,000. Of course, he didn't have to go to Paris to negotiate a peace treaty or that sum wouldn't have covered his tips to bellhops and chambermaids in the light of some modern expense accounts. Even at that they called him a "grafter" during his second term. They didn't use that word, because it hadn't been coined at the time, but they accused him of taking more than his salary. They called him the "stepfather" of his country and there was a lot of talk about "military despotism" after he put down the "whisky insurrection." He felt the unjust attacks, too, although he always maintained his dignity.

The Road of Service CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND NORTHBREEK

WONDER what George would have said about the peace treaty and the League of Nations. We have an idea that he wouldn't have agreed with some of our distinguished Senators that it is the worst document every devised by man. We feel somehow that he would have looked at it much as he did at the Constitution when it was adopted in 1787. On that he said it was "the best Constitution which could be obtained at that

epoch and that this or a dissolution awaits our choice and is the only alternative." Evidently he didn't think that the Constitution as adopted was perfect and the fact that it has been amended eighteen times would seem to show that he was right about it. Ample provision is made for amending the League of Nations covenant and that is why we have an idea that George would have favored it under the circumstances. We know that his remarks about keeping out of "entangling alliances" are often quoted by the opponents of the league, but he was a far-seeing statesman and he never played cheap, petty politics to win votes.



HAVING said all we care to about George, we stopped to read what we had written. So you won't get a wrong idea about the income tax from what we said, we are going to explain a little. We haven't paid ours at this moment but will before March 15. No hard feelings about it, either. This is the way we look at it: the expenses of the government must be met. It is our government and it is the best on earth. Personally we were as anxious as any citizen to see the country go into the war. It did go in and cleaned up the Huns. In doing so it incurred heavy debts which have to be paid. Why shouldn't everyone pay his share cheerfully? The income tax used to be a sort of luxury, enjoyed by the rich. Now the government has conveniently brought it within the reach of all. We appreciate the government's consideration in the matter. Besides most of us spend extravagantly in a month more than the government asks us to pay in a year. And if it wasn't for the government we wouldn't have it to spend, so we are not kicking a bit.



IT'S the same way about increased rents and other things about which we hear so much complaint. Wages of painters, paperhangers, janitors go away up. The price of coal doubles in a few years, yet there are some who shout "profiteer" when the owner of the building raises rent. The poli-

tician, always looking for an opportunity to make a grandstand play, threatens to do all sorts of things to the landlord, provided he isn't one himself. It may be that some landlords have raised rents more than is fair, but we can't say we are much in sympathy with all this hue-and-cry being raised against them. We have been given notice of a good stiff rent increase at that and never said a word. We feel we are better off than our landlady. With the increased rentals we can't figure out how she can get a fair return on her investment and she has a lot more worry than any of her tenants.

The Road of Service
CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND MILWAUKEE, WIS.

REALLY a lot of the stuff we read in the newspapers about the "shameless profiteers" gives us a stitch in the side. It's pure bunk as a rule and serves only to stir up discontent and unrest. We read about "railroad magnates" and about "traction kings" and "gas barons" or other catch phrases and when one comes to soberly analyze the facts what does he find? Take the People's Gas Light and Coke Company of Chicago, for instance. The "gas barons" who own the stock in that corporation number 7,000 men and women. They include clergymen, school teachers, stenographers, policemen, letter carriers, mechanics, working people in all walks of life who had saved a little money and bought the stock as an investment, believing it would assure them fair returns. More than half of them live in Chicago and all of them in Illinois. Incidentally they haven't received any income from their stock in more than two years, because the company didn't make any profit. The price of gas is too low to return any profit to the investors. Under those circumstances do you envy the "gas barons?" We don't.

The Road of Service
CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE same can be said of railroads, both steam and electric, and most other public utilities. They are owned by millions of thrifty Americans who have laid away a little for the inevitable rainy day. The fact is that many of the indirect owners of such public utilities are not aware that they

are "railroad magnates" and would probably resent such an imputation. But they carry life insurance, or probably have a savings account in a bank. Well, the life insurance companies, with 53,000,000 policies in force, own nearly two billions of dollars of railroad securities. The savings banks with ten million depositors own \$847,000,000 railroad securities, while trust companies and state and national banks own a slightly larger amount. Benevolent associations, colleges, schools and charitable institutions own \$350,000,000. Statistics compiled for the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in 1918 showed that 27.65 per cent of life insurance companies' assets were invested in railroad bonds. When you hear some ignoramus yapping about "railroad magnates" and "gas barons" and "Wall Street," just ask him for facts. He doesn't know the facts, of course. And there are so many of that kind, too.



THE trouble with so many is that they see a lot of figures and get confused between gross and net revenues. The news columns of the newspapers invariably add to the confusion. To show what we mean we might cite the case of the North Shore Line. Its gross revenue for the year 1919 was \$3,237,921, an increase of \$337,945 over the previous year. Now that report has not been given to the public as this is being written, but will be before the BULLETIN comes from the press. We'll just venture a guess. When the newspapers get that annual report, the increase in gross revenue will be featured and the people who read only headlines will say to themselves "that road is making a lot of money." But what are the facts? The operating expenses for the year increased \$463,425, so that instead of the road making a lot of money its net revenue actually was \$102,759 less than for the year 1918. About three-fourths of that increase in operating expenses went to the payment of higher wages to employes. Apply it to your own individual case. It isn't what you make, it's what you save that really counts.

ANOTHER phase of the railroad situation on which there is a lot of muddled thinking and misinformation is the relation between freight rates and the price which the consumer pays for commodities. The railroads will again be in the hands of private owners on March 1. At this writing the President has not signed the railroad bill, but no doubt he will. An increase in rates will be imperative, for the government has been meeting the deficit from general taxes for the last two years. It has been a pretty big deficit, too, almost \$700,000,000 since the government began the operation of the lines, and that, too, in spite of the fact that rates were materially increased under government operation. When the higher rates are inaugurated—if they are—we expect to read a lot of stuff about increasing the already high cost of living. Higher railroad rates might have a little effect, but it would be comparatively slight. Comparison of freight rates and costs to the consumer in 1914, before the war, and in 1919, shows that the relation of freight increase to cost increase was 1.3 per cent. In other words, for every dollar of increase in the cost of commodities in 1919 over 1914, 1.3 cents went to increased railroad rates. The other 98.7 cents must be accounted for in some other way.



AS further proof that an increase in railroad freight rates has only a slight bearing on the cost of commodities, it can be shown that in the five-year period from 1895 to 1900 prices rose 23 per cent while there was a fall of 10 per cent in railroad rates. From 1915 to 1917 railroad freight rates fell 1 per cent and prices of commodities rose 59 per cent. From May, 1918, to May, 1919, prices fell 9 per cent and freight rates rose 25 per cent. You see it works both ways, indicating that an increase in freight rates has little bearing on the cost of commodities. Not only that, but it is possible that a substantial increase in railroad rates at this time might actually result in a reduction in the prices of commodities. At first glance you will say that statement is ridiculous. But it

isn't. This is what we mean. What is needed most today is adequate transportation facilities. That is what the country doesn't have. It is delay in delivery that is wasteful. Good service and prompt deliveries at a higher rate are more economical to the merchant and manufacturer than poor service and delayed deliveries at a lower rate. Delay in delivery frequently causes a total loss in perishable goods and someone has to pay for that waste. It usually gets to the ultimate consumer through one channel or another. Now if increased rates will restore the credit of the railroads and enable them to increase their equipment and give better service, there is no reason why the ultimate consumer shouldn't benefit by it.



THERE'S a lot more that might be said on the same general subject, but we don't like to tire you with figures. Our chief reason for writing as much as we have is that recently we have noticed an awful lot of bunk in some newspapers on the subject. In spite of the experience of the last two years under government operation of railroads, there are some who still talk in favor of public ownership and operation. None so blind as those who will not see, you know. The two years' experience seems to have cured some of the legislators at Washington, however. In a recent debate in the Senate on the railroad bill, Senator Norris said it was an absolute necessity that the government take over the railroads in order to carry on the war. He said the roads under private ownership were breaking down. Senator Cummins replied: "When you ask me and want my real, honest opinion with regard to the matter, it is my judgment that the railroads, at the time the President took them over, were doing better in the movement of traffic than they ever did afterwards." Senator Cummins is an authority on railroad matters, too. The fact is that government operation of the railroads has been one great, big fizzle and nearly everyone knows it. The experiment has cost the taxpayers of the country nearly a billion dollars, enough to pay a year's interest on

the national debt. That is the visible money loss which will have to be written off as a war loss. What the experiment cost the business interests of the country, the Lord only knows.

The Road of Service
CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND MILWAUKEE, WIS.

WELL, that looks like a pretty fair day's work, especially for a holiday, so we think we had better stop. Several things have happened in the last month on which we might comment had we the time and space. Frinstance, we have our own opinion about the way Secretary Lansing was "fired." If we expressed ourselves on the subject we might offend partisans who still think the king can do no wrong. However, comma, after reading Mr. Lansing's letter of resignation for the third time, we are convinced that he really is a bigger man than we had given him credit for. He said some things very neatly, in fact, we think he put it all over his former boss in that respect. Personally we believe in centralized government but we are beginning to wonder if our present government isn't too darned centralized. There's a limit to all things. If that sort of thing had happened in Great Britain, or France, or Italy, the premier would have found himself out of a job in about two weeks. We do things differently here. Once we inaugurate a President he is perfectly safe for four years. We wish Mr. Lansing's successor good luck in his job, but he has our sympathy.

The Road of Service
CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND MILWAUKEE, WIS.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

FROM the recruiting office of General Hospital No. 28 at Ft. Sheridan, a few days ago, came an interesting letter from a writer who gives only his initials. When we read the last paragraph of that letter it set us musing and perhaps dreaming a wee bit. Sometimes we like to dream a little and it occurred that perhaps the train of thought started by that letter might interest BULLETIN readers, so we are going to make

a stab at jotting it down on paper.

Here is the letter:

"She was a dainty miss of nine summers or less. I met her with her parents coming up from New Orleans. She was very talkative and eager about seeing the great North. Her father, who travels the North, had decided to take the logical route from Chicago to Milwaukee.

"It being early morning when we reached the city, the little tot had small chance to see the sights until aboard a North Shore train. As we were speeding through the snow-covered country, I asked her how she

liked it. After due thought she replied: "The snow—it's beautiful—and, do you know, when I look out of the window, it seems the whole World is flirting with me."

That is all there was to the letter, but that last sentence got us, as no doubt the writer intended. Isn't it a pretty conceit of that little girl—bless her heart—to think that the whole world was flirting with her? Haven't we all at times had that same idea, and what a blessing it would be if we always could have it and never grow old. In the morning of life it does seem that the whole world flirts with us, inviting us out to play and enjoy ourselves. It's a very beautiful world after all. As the sun mounts higher with the progress of the day, the world seems to lose some of its freshness. We grow a little tired and weary. So many little cares and troubles, you know. The world keeps on flirting with us just the same, but many of us grow too tired and weary to notice it. When the evening comes so many of us fail to enjoy the gorgeous sunset. The world, which in the morning seemed to flirt with us, in the evening seems to have jilted us. That is what so many think. Of course, it isn't so. It isn't the world that is to blame. It is ourselves. We didn't take advantage of the opportunities which the journey offered.

The journey, of course, is much smoother for some than for others and the hard bumps are not always one's own making, either. But some magnify the bumps while others laugh at them and look forward to the gorgeous sunset at the end of the journey.

As we sat with that letter before us, we thought of a little journey we took a few years ago. How bright and fresh the world looked as we started. How tired we were before it was over. We are going to tell you about it.

Some years ago during our

newspaper career, we were assigned to "cover" a murder trial out in Boise, Idaho, which attracted country-wide attention. There were a score or more special correspondents from all the principal newspapers in the country and a number of magazine writers. Quite a little colony of us, and sometimes small groups of us made side excursions to see the country.

While deputy sheriffs were scouring the country for veniremen, court recessed for three days on one occasion and some of us planned a fishing trip to Payette Lake. A local writer connected with a small railroad engineered the trip. The name of the railroad, we believe, was the Pacific and Idaho Northern, commonly known as the "Pin" railroad. It started from the little town of Weiser on the Snake River and ended at no place in particular some seventy miles up the Weiser River in the heart of a pine forest. From the end of the line our journey was some twenty-eight miles over mountain trails by stage coach.

The first part of the journey was easy. The railroad wasn't as smooth as the North Shore Line, but still it was fairly good. The president of the road had given the party his private car and the general manager accompanied us. We still have a lot of interesting snapshots taken on that trip. After having one of those railroad lunches at the end of the line, the stage coach was made ready. It was quite a curiosity. The springs were leather, the body of the thing being suspended with a sort of hammock effect. It was a double-deck affair, that is, there were some seats on top in case of emergency. Six horses furnished the motive power and at times they were all needed. Our guide, philosopher and friend who was

"personally conducting" the expedition assured us that the first lap was only sixteen miles and we would make it in no time, change horses and drivers and get to our destination long before the sun went down.

How bright the world looked as we climbed to the top of that stage coach. The driver advised us to go inside, there being plenty of room. But who would sit inside on such an occasion? The great pine trees and towering mountains on all sides, who would miss any of it cooped up inside a coach? We insisted on going up on top, as did a chap from a Boston newspaper and two New York magazine writers.

We started out all in high spirits. In fact, we shouted like a lot of schoolboys out for a holiday. For the first few miles everything was lovely. We all took turns at telling stories and everyone laughed whether the stories were funny or not. As we jolted along mile after mile over that mountain trail the laughter gradually died out. A good story would produce only a well-bred titter and finally only a feeble smile. We recall that one chap from New York, in a fit of desperation, said, "Tell us another funny story, Grant." We braced up and made a valiant effort. That story would have produced a roar at the beginning of the trip, but it fell flat. It seemed hopeless and we settled down and looked at each other in silence. A few more miles and we glared at each other. A more dejected looking bunch never was seen.

At last we came out in a pleasant valley and could see the "city" in the distance. Our guide informed us that the Chamber of Commerce was all ready to welcome us. That cheered us up a little. Well, the Chamber of Commerce came to meet the coach all right. He was on horseback, the

editor of the weekly paper in the "city" and a former Chicago printer. The whole "city," which contained probably fifty houses—we believe it is called Meadows—turned out and gave us a hearty welcome. As we approached the town a council of war was held as to whether we should continue the journey or stay in Meadows for the night. We recall that for a time we personally took no part in the discussion, but we thought a whole lot. By that time we had reached the town. "What do you say," asked one of the party, "shall we stay here for the night, or go on?" Being appealed to in that way, we felt we had to say something. We looked around and saw a building with a sign on it reading, "Hotel."

"Do you see that sign over there?" we asked, pointing to the hotel. "Well, that is the best bit of scenery I have noticed in the last three hours. I like it so much that I can't think of going away without seeing its interior. I rather expect that it will take me all night to make the inspection. But the rest of you can go on and I will join you in the morning."

Did they go? Of course they didn't. Not one of them had the least intention of going farther if they had to sleep in a garbage box. But they hated to admit it. We were too far gone personally to care about what anyone thought and were perfectly willing to shoulder the blame.

We all felt better after a meal and a New York magazine writer, with malice aforethought, suggested horseback riding. We were the only one who volunteered to go with him. As a boy we were as much at home horseback as on foot and had the insane idea we still could go some. Well, we did. We got on a cow pony and started out. Our friend, on a fine saddle horse, was a few paces be-

hind. That cow pony of ours, as we afterward learned, had been taught bad habits in his youth. He had been trained on a race-track and he hated to have anything pass him. Personally we would have been willing to let our friend pass, but our horse did not feel that way. He increased his pace and the faster he went, the harder were the jolts.

You remember John Gilpin's ride? Well, John had nothing on us. Our hat had left our head a long time. It was back on the road somewhere and still that pony kept going. We pulled the bridle reins, but the harder we pulled the faster he went. Becoming desperate, we pulled the reins and yelled, "Whoa!" In one jump that pony came to a dead stop with his four legs braced like bedposts. We kept on going. The horn on the saddle served as a fulcrum on which to pivot. It dug into our short ribs and we went right over that pony's head. We caught him lovingly about the neck, however, in a fond embrace. It broke the fall and as the dust on the ordinary Idaho road is twelve inches deep, we sat down in it rather easily.

We felt ashamed to look that pony in the eye. He was still firmly braced in the middle of the road and as we slowly ventured to look up at him sidewise we met a gaze we shall never forget. If ever a horse's eye had a look of pity, contempt and wonder all at once, it was that pony. As plainly as if he had spoken like Balaam's ass, that pony said, "What the devil was on my back?" We admitted it and picked ourself up. The aforementioned Chamber of Commerce came running along with our hat and we sent the pony home while we visited a former Illinois family before venturing back to face the crowd. They were good sports, however, and didn't say anything,

except that the owner of the pony apologized for not having warned us not to pull on the reins and shout at the same time. "You see, that is what we do when we rope a steer," he explained. "The pony thought you had roped a steer and he braced himself to throw it." "He threw it all right," we remarked, and let it go at that.

We spent a pleasant evening and resumed our stage coach trip next morning. The scenery was beautiful, the sun shining brightly and the whole world seemed "flirting" with us again. We enjoyed the world's flirtations more, however, standing up. A local doctor had examined us and said we had no broken ribs, although they certainly felt that way. Other parts didn't feel comfortable, either, so we had some deep cogitations for the first mile or two of the journey. The driver was crazy; we were convinced of that before we had been on his stage five minutes. We learned later that our kind guide had told the driver that we were all a bunch of eastern tenderfoots and to give us as rough a ride as possible. He obeyed instructions implicitly.

On that mountain trail we observed that rocks protruded above the surface anywhere from two to six inches. We observed also that it was the evident purpose of the driver to hit every rock on the trail, with both wheels if possible. He may have missed a few, but if so it was purely accidental. It did not take us long to solve his curves, however. We kept a good sharp lookout from the top of the coach. When he saw a rock ahead in the road we looked around at the others and when no one was watching we grabbed the rail which ran around the top of the coach and gently eased our weight on to our arms. It jolted our arms a little, to be

sure, but as shock absorbers they were better than some other parts of our anatomy, after our experience on that cow pony.

But that driver certainly was crazy and it took five minutes of reasoning to make us feel safe. Some of the others who didn't reason it out were a trifle timid. We reasoned it out like this: That driver is carrying government mail. Also he has six horses on this old coach and they are worth something, even if the coach isn't. He isn't going to hurl us all over the edge of a precipice just for fun. He might be perfectly willing to kill us tenderfeet, but he must have some consideration for his horses. Besides he is responsible for the safe delivery of the mail. On the whole, it is a safe bet that we won't go to the bottom of a canyon.

Well, he did his best to scare us. When we would approach a sharp curve where one could look over the edge and see the bottom of the canyon several hundred feet below, he would let out a yell like a Comanche Indian, nip the ear of the leader with his long whip and go round the curve on two wheels. It was a lovely ride. As we were all writers, or professional liars, as you might say, everyone said he was enjoying it immensely, while down in his heart everyone knew that he was not. However, we got to our destination and as we remember it now, we had about an hour's fishing or less when it was time to return. The second night after we were back in Boise telling the fellows who didn't go what an enjoyable trip we had.

TAKING THE "H" OUT OF THE H. C. L.

A FEW days ago the editor of the BULLETIN received a telephone call from a former contributor, who had missed a few

copies, asking to have his name put on the mailing list so that he might receive the BULLETIN regularly. He was James Hepburn, formerly in the real estate business at Indian Hill, Winnetka, and now in business as the Hepburn Company, Inc., Chicago, doing his best to help workingmen and women beat the high cost of living.

Not having seen or heard of Mr. Hepburn for months we inquired what he was doing, and he invited us down to see his establishment at 623 S. Wabash avenue. We accepted the invitation and as we still have what is known in a newspaper office as "a nose for news" we dug up a very interesting story. As the BULLETIN isn't like a newspaper, which is always mortally afraid of giving some one "free advertising," we are going to tell our readers what we learned. If the Hepburn Company gets any business out of our advertising we shall be glad of it, because we like to boost anything that appears good.

During the war when the real estate business was more or less on the blink, Mr. Hepburn for a time went into the business of selling raincoats to the employees in big industrial establishments. The raincoats originally had been ordered for the army and when the armistice was signed the government canceled its orders and left some manufacturers with thousands of raincoats on their hands. Mr. Hepburn at first worked for a manufacturer, but after proving to himself that there was a field for such sales, he went into the business on his own account and sold many thousands of raincoats direct to the workers in a short time.

That experience gave him the idea. If he could sell a thousand raincoats during a noon hour in a big industrial plant, why not extend the business to some other

essentials. He established a good reputation with his raincoats, because he was satisfied with a small margin of profit and fulfilled his promises, so that it was comparatively easy for him to branch out.

Most of the large industrial corporations have what is commonly known as "welfare departments." He got many of the welfare managers interested in his plan of selling direct to the employees in wholesale quantities, with only one small margin of profit between the manufacturer and the consumer. He extended his line of goods to include shoes, blankets, hosiery for both men and women, mackinaws, overcoats, overalls, underwear, work shirts and gloves.

Although the company has been organized and doing business less than a year, its growth is evidenced in the fact that at the present time it has contracted to take 5,000 pairs of shoes a month from one large eastern shoe manufacturing company. During the season the firm has sold over 10,000 mackinaws, 50,000 raincoats, 40,000 pairs of blankets and more than 2,500 dozen overalls. The goods are sold to workers practically at wholesale prices, because Mr. Hepburn says the whole success of his scheme depends on working on a small margin of profit. As his customers are all employees of large industrial concerns, which are co-operating to reduce the price of necessities to their employees, he has no bad debts to contend with.

This plan of co-operative merchandising is simple. Samples of the shoes, shirts, overcoats, etc., are sent to the manager of the welfare department of a large concern. Bulletins are posted informing the employees that the company has made arrangements through which the articles can be

procured at a price much lower than the retail market price. The employees select what they wish to buy and the welfare department places the order. The goods are delivered to the welfare department and each firm makes its own arrangements with regard to payment for them. Some firms make deductions from the pay of the employees, giving them whatever time they require to complete the payments. The main point is that the employees get guaranteed articles at from 40 to 50 per cent less than the regular retail prices.

Some firms, like the People's Gas Company of Chicago, for instance, have no convenient place to store goods and employees are given a note to the distributing company and call for what they wish, paying cash when the goods are received.

The saving effected through this method of handling merchandise is very considerable. The editor of the BULLETIN saw good working shoes bearing the name of a manufacturing concern which is a guarantee, which are sold for \$6 when the retail price for a similar shoe is at least \$10. Mackinaws which retail at \$17.50 are sold direct for \$10 and good, serviceable overcoats for \$17.50 which retail probably for \$30.

Among the large industrial concerns who are aiding their employees to buy cheaper through the Hepburn Service are the American Steel & Wire Company in its plants in the Chicago district, the International Harvester Company, the American Can Company, Armour and Company, the Chicago Telephone Company, the Case Threshing Machine Company of Racine, the Carnegie Steel Company, the American Bridge Company, the People's Gas Company, the American Car and Foundry Company, the

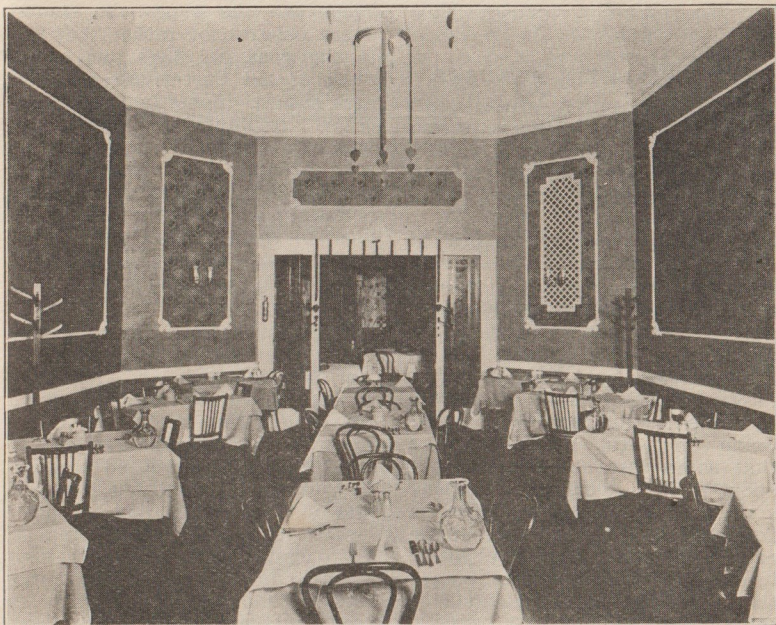
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company and many others.

The scheme fits in well with the plans which many large firms have recently adopted of taking a greater interest in the material welfare of their employes. It can hardly fail to impress an em-

ploye when he finds that he can purchase some article he needs through the company he is working for at a much lower price than he would otherwise have to pay for it.

It isn't a paternalistic idea, either. It is just plain, ordinary common sense. The employe is

Continued on next page



Restaurant New North Shore Station

WHERE TO EAT.

YOU know what North Shore Service is. In the way of transportation it is the last word. Also the dining car service equals the best. But have you tried the service in the restaurant in the new passenger station at 209 S. Wabash avenue? If you haven't you have missed something. It is the cleanest, neatest, prettiest little eating house in the loop, which is saying something. The prices

are right, the food is good and the service is all that anyone could wish.

Just to prove to you that we are right about the clean, neat appearance of the restaurant we are printing a picture of it. When you are in Chicago and are waiting for a North Shore train to bring you home, drop into the restaurant and give it a trial. You will find it is all that we have said.

paying full value for what he buys, only he hasn't to pay a lot of middlemen whose services and profits can be eliminated through this direct method of buying. Dealing in large quantities the distributing company is able to buy at the lowest price and the benefit is passed along to the consumer. It is one way of hitting at the high cost of living, and we wish the company continued success.

WITH BULLETIN READERS.

WELL, family, we haven't heard from as many of you in the last month as we usually do. What's the matter? Losing interest in the BULLETIN or something?

You know we can't afford to neglect this column, and if you don't write us we shall be obliged to fill it up without your assistance. It wouldn't be nearly as interesting in that event. Was it Emerson who said that the most interesting thing in the world was how the family next door lived? Some one said something like that, some time, and he was right about it. We get tired of writing stuff and inflicting our ideas on you all the time. When we receive a good letter from a reader, it is as refreshing as the air on the golf links the first game of the season.

Really, we would feel bad if we thought you were losing interest. We haven't heard from some of our old contribs in two or three months. They must be studying hard at the U. of P. and the U. of I., as those birds haven't sent us a line in two months. Then there's "Kentuckian," who writes such breezy letters. Two issues without having heard from him.

It might be worse, though. We still have "Loophound" and Mr. Peebles among the "regulars" and occasionally a new one.

A short time ago when we took

a trip along the line we met an official of the company who asked us what is a "Loophound." He never lived in Chicago, we expect, and so was not familiar with that particular breed of hound. We explained to him as well as we could that the name "Loophound" was applied to certain individuals who spent their evenings, or nights, in the loop in Chicago. They are the type who knows every cabaret, or rather they did in the good old days and called most of the bartenders by their first names. Sometimes they are called "rounders" or "sports" by way of variation. They used to be seen around the College Inn or the Lamb's Cafe and such places and were on speaking terms with most of the theatrical stars.

The type is rapidly becoming extinct, like the dodo bird. Prohibition did it. A better definition, perhaps, can be found in the late O. Henry's story of the "Typical Man About Town." Mr. Henry set out one night to run down the typical man about town. He went to various places where it was commonly supposed a specimen could be found, but failed to find one. Still pursuing his quest he was struck by an automobile and regained consciousness next morning in a hospital. The nurse said perhaps he would like to read an account of the accident and handed him a morning newspaper. He read the story through and it wound up with the words, "He appeared to be a typical man about town."

Readers of the BULLETIN are familiar with one "Loophound." We don't know whether he ever qualified under the definition we have given of the type, but if so we are reasonably sure that he has reformed. You see, he is married now and doesn't spend his evenings in the loop. One correspondent — Mr. Peebles — says that "Loophound" should change his

nom-de-plume to "Railhound," as he runs around the country so much. The name might be more appropriate at that. At any rate the last letter we received for publication came from Utica, N. Y. He told us last month what he thought of Detroit and that he intended leaving it on the first train out. From his latest contribution we judge that his visit to Walkerville, Ont., was not fruitful of results and that he has been sampling some home-made brews. At least he starts his letter this way:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his friends has said:
'This is my own—a home-made brew.'

Whose guts within him ne'er have burned

As in his bed he kicked and turned,
From trying out his cure for flu.

"If such there be, go page him quick,

The lowbrow tightwad should be sick.

High though his war tax, proud his name,

The wretch, so centered in himself,
Living shall forfeit every round,
And doubly dying shall be drowned
In the vile stuff he fain would hoard,

Before he meets his just reward.

"Riding into Rochester from Syracuse yesterday I noticed a sign on a business street, "Lawless Bros." I'll bet those birds are grocers. Returning on the electric I was agreeably surprised—we almost equalled the North Shore running time, making eighty miles in two hours and forty minutes. This was the only good time I have made on an electric line this trip. Most of the roads I encountered ran by a calendar instead of a time table.

"It may be that North Shore service has spoiled me; at any rate, it's different; or, possibly, I, too, am acquiring the habit of fault-finding which is so prevalent. Everyone seems to be squawking about something, but there are good features to any service, no matter how bad it may be. Think of all the telephone numbers you can get for a nickel. They aren't the right numbers, of course, but you get them anyway, and you can't have everything you want.

"Conditions today are different, people are changing their customs. It used to be a fellow would go out of an evening and get all licked up before going home. Now he goes home, oils up and goes out for the

night. Formerly it wasn't considered ethical to take your own wife to a burlesque show. Today lots of married couples give this class of show a play and enjoy it, too. They are different shows today. Lack of 'raw' material, no doubt, accounts for it. Years ago Ponce de Leon searched for the Fountain of Youth in Florida; today—we go to Cuba instead.

"Yet with all our discontent we are fairly rational. Our native sense of humor saves us. I have a high regard for Vice President Marshall, who, after hearing the Senate discuss the country-wide discontent, naively suggested that what America needs worst of all today is a good 5-cent cigar. I could almost vote for a man who talks that way.

"I wish through you to thank the boys for their felicitations on young Jr.'s arrival. I am sure he will appreciate his affiliation with the BULLETIN family. He'll be a mighty poor 'hound' if he doesn't. We have planned to give him his first ride on the North Shore Line. I know he'll like Tom Welsh's dining car service, he's so darned discriminating.

"Yours,

"LOOPHOUND."

D. R. Ferguson of Racine, from whom we heard a few months ago, writes:

"It is quite a long time since I wrote you, so I guess I had better get busy. I have been writing some letters this afternoon and using the blotter you sent at Christmas, so you see your service extends into the home. I haven't traveled much this fall, but thanks to your mailing list have missed only the November issue of the BULLETIN. Needless to say, they are still enjoyable, even if I cannot agree with all you say.

"You know I acquired a wife last summer and a wife seems to take up a lot of time. (They do take time, also money, but they are worth it). I sent her away from this town to get her away from the sickness so prevalent here. She has been gone about two weeks and now I am getting around to my friends again. (That about getting her away from the epidemic is a good alibi. We understand the situation perfectly.)

"The December BULLETIN arrived early in January, after I had given up hope of seeing it, but the January one came along fine. I can readily understand why you boost the electric lines. I think anyone connected with the North Shore Line would, but they are not all like the North Shore Line." (Here our correspondent says some uncomplimentary things about the local service in his town, but while we boost the North Shore line, we never knock others. The North Shore Line makes

and holds friends by giving service, not by knocking competitors.)

"While on the subject of electric lines and noticing your paragraph about breaking them up into separate units in the larger cities, I wonder if you paid any attention to the new interurban ruling in Milwaukee. Personally I believe it is done because some politician has a grudge against the T. M. E. R. & L. It really is just another case of making the public pay for a politician's spite. Wish you would comment on it editorially if possible, as I would like to hear your views.

"I am not going to argue with you this time, because I agree with your January BULLETIN. I agree with you fully on the compromise proposition about the peace treaty, but I do not agree with Wilson's attitude of waiting for a referendum. This term of Congress cannot last forever and there are lots of other things to be done, so let's hope they get busy soon. Guess I had better lay off the political question, because I seem to remember something, somewhere, which warned against partisan politics, so I am going to quit and give other members of the family a chance.

D. R. FERGUSON."

We did warn once against political discussions of a partisan nature, but that doesn't mean that one shouldn't express himself on any of the important questions of the day. No need to do it in a partisan sense. Anything in which a particular correspondent is interested may interest other readers, which is the reason for allowing great latitude in this column. We're always glad to get the views of readers, whether we agree with them or not. In that connection we may say that we pay no attention to anonymous communications, one of which we received recently questioning our Americansim, because, as nearly as we could figure it out, we criticised the attitude of Senator Walsh on the League of Nations. We can guess the nationality of the writer if not his name. If he reads this he will understand why we paid no attention to his letter.

We have had two letters in the last month from Mr. Peebles, our Plymouth correspondent, in which he thanks us for the kind words we said of the bolshevists in the

last issue. Like Mr. Ferguson of Racine, Mr. Peebles says he did not get the December BULLETIN until early in January. Well, we admitted at the time that coal strikes and other things had delayed the printers and that the postoffice was up against a hard proposition during the holiday season. Mr. Peebles is quite cheerful about it, however, and says:

"I am not putting in a kick by any means. I am glad to have the dear little BULLETIN come along at any time, even if it should take two years to get to me. Just as long as I know I will get it I am satisfied, whether it comes by airplane or auto truck, but get it I must.

"I was particularly pleased with the February BULLETIN and the way you handed it out to the bolshevists and the 'I Won't Works.' This would be a heluva world to live in if nobody worked.

"I liked that letter of Loophound's in this month's issue. I laughed more than once at his drollery. He is some joker all right and there is more truth than fiction in all that he says. I wish you would put an ad in the March BULLETIN making inquiries about one of our old contribs who was last heard from in Glencoe, in the State of Illinois, some six months or a year ago."

That last line contains a good suggestion. Would the clever young lady in Glencoe who used to write the BULLETIN please correspond with the editor? It is a long time since we heard from her and the foregoing letter shows that some valued contribs miss her stuff. If we don't hear from her soon the conclusion will be forced upon us that she has deserted the "family," and that would be a real loss.

THE ACME OF COURTESY.

Glasgow invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation. "Man, Tam," says one, "whaur in a' the airth hae ye been hidin' yersel'? I havena seen ye for an age." "Weel, Jeems, I've been doon Gourock way a guid while. Come doon an' see me sune. I've got a set of good boxing gloves, an' if ye come doon any day I'll knock the face aff ye."