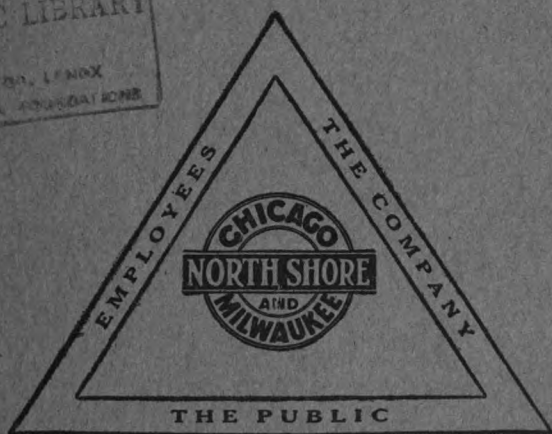
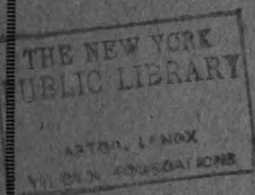


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MARCH, 1921



"The Road of Service"

RACINE KIWANIS CLUB

IN the February issue of the BULLETIN we printed a letter from J. G. Eager, President of the Racine Kiwanis Club, inviting us to attend a luncheon and tell them a few of the good points of North Shore service. We never overlook a bet of that kind, so we attended that luncheon on February 17 and found it all that we expected and more, too.

We hadn't met Mr. Eager until that day, but judged from his letter that he was the kind of man one ought to know. Well, he is. His friends say that he has put new life and vigor into the Kiwanis Club, and we believe it. At least, there is plenty of life in the club now, that, we can vouch for.

Never have we met a jollier crowd of business men than attended that luncheon. It was a pleasure to meet them and, while we said something to that effect at the time, we repeat it here, and actually mean it. We met a number who were readers of the BULLETIN, and some who wished to be, so we added their names to our mailing list.

After the luncheon, Julius Jappe, the jeweler on Sixth street, and a devoted BULLETIN fan, insisted on showing us a little of the city. Mr. Jappe is a member of the County Board and, after introducing us to the men in his jewelry store, he escorted us to the county jail. Oh, he was quite innocent of any intent in the matter; just wished us to meet the sheriff, who has proved to be a holy terror to the bootleggers. The sheriff proudly displayed the proceeds of some recent raids, in the shape of a few miniature distilleries. We saw a cell filled with stuff which, judging from the labels on the bottles, wasn't any moonshine.

Mr. Jappe then conducted us to the courthouse where he introduced us to a number of officials, including Judge Burgess. The annual is a constant reader of the BULLETIN. May 1, 1906, and we were pleased to give you a copy

to meet him under such circumstances. There might be circumstances under which we wouldn't wish to meet him. He sprang a good one during our little talk that is worth recording here. Mr. Jappe said something to the effect that he had long wished to meet us, as he enjoyed the Scotch jokes in the BULLETIN and, turning to Judge Burgess, he remarked: "You don't have many Scotchmen brought before you, Judge." "We haven't any," quickly replied Judge Burgess. "No Scotchman would pay 75 cents for a drink of whisky."

We thought it a clever explanation of the law-abiding propensities of the Scot.

Mr. Jappe originally came from Denmark, but has lived in Racine for forty years, and knows everyone. He is a great booster for the North Shore Line. He says he always carries a mileage book, and he thinks that Tom Welsh, the genial superintendent of the dining-car service, is the best fellow in the world. Well, we agree with him that Tom is a good fellow and is always anxious to please his patrons. That is one of the reasons why the dining-car service on the North Shore Line is better than on other roads.

Anyway, here's wishing success to the Racine Kiwanis Club and hoping we may have the pleasure of meeting with its members again in the near future.

GREAT SCENERY

The American tourist in Scotland was being shown around by a guide, and was affecting great contempt for everything he saw.

"Loch Lomond? That puddle?" he exclaimed. "Why, we have lots bigger ponds than that in the United States, and those mountains we would call foothills in my country."

"Ah, but mon," retorted Sandy, "d'ye see thae three big buildings yonder? Weel, they're distilleries, and they're a' workin'."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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Chicago, March, 1921

 463 No. 15

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE month for celebrating famous birthdays is almost over and the month for inaugurating new Presidents nearly at hand.

* * * * *

RATHER a remarkable coincidence that so many famous people should have been born in the same month. There's Friend Wife and Lincoln and Washington. From two we draw inspiration and for the other we draw a check. That's one reason why we're in no danger of forgetting Lincoln's birthday. She won't let us, as hers comes on the same day.

* * * * *

BY the time this reaches the reader the country will have a new President. Months ago, about election time, we remarked that somehow we couldn't get enthusiastic over any of the candidates. Certain things have happened since to cause us to modify our opinions. We're strong for the new President and firmly believe, as well as hope, that he will make good. This in spite of the fact that we studied his golf swing in the movies and concluded it was as bad as, if not worse, than our own.

* * * * *

WE noticed that the President, like a lot of us, "hit" at the ball instead of "sweeping" it off the tee. His "follow through" was anything but graceful and ladylike. When he takes up the reins of government, his "hitting" practice may come in handy. There are plenty of things for him to hit, and hit good and hard. But he might practice "sweeping"

them off, too, for there also is considerable sweeping to be done. And we hope his "follow through" will improve, so that it goes to a finish and doesn't stop halfway, like his golf swing.

* * * * *

IT wasn't either politics or golf we had in mind, though, when we started out. We had in mind talking a little about business. We heard lots of favorable comments on the cheerful prescription we gave you last month. We don't know whether we can be quite as cheerful this month, as we have just finished reading the annual report of the North Shore Line. It isn't quite as cheerful reading as it might be; still, of course, it might be worse. It reminded us of a little old woman who kept a small country store. When asked how business was she replied cheerfully: "Well, I have a little loss on nearly every sale, but I have a splendid turnover." That was about the way with the North Shore Line. It did a lot of new business last year, which gave it a "splendid turnover." If only it could have kept a little more, everything would have been lovely.

* * * * *

HOW would you like to do a million dollars' worth of new business in a year and find when you came to balance up that you weren't a bit better off? And if you borrowed more than a million and a half dollars at about 9 per cent and earned only about 5 per cent, it would at least set you thinking, wouldn't it? If your business made that kind of a showing, you would take immediate steps to increase your revenue. You would raise the price of your products, assuming, of course, that everything possible had been done to keep down expenses. That is what you would do if you were engaged in a private business. If you were in the public utility business—well, that's something else again. That biblical suggestion: "Ask and ye shall receive," wasn't meant for public utilities. Commissions and rate-regulating bodies seem to think that if electric railroads are allowed to keep one lap ahead of the sheriff, it is all right. Some of them haven't

been able to keep even that lap ahead, which is the reason why more than 17 per cent of the electric railways of the country are now in the hands of receivers.

* * * * *

IT isn't often that we discuss the financial affairs of the North Shore Line in this column. It isn't because we are not interested in the success of the road. The company is a mighty good employer and we think any employe who hasn't an interest in the success of his employer ought to quit, or get fired. Our philosophy is that when a man sells his services to an employer, he sells his loyalty at the same time. If he can't be loyal and give the best that is in him, he ought not to work for that particular employer. By being loyal we don't mean that one has to be a toady, or that he has to lose any of his independence. The most loyal may be the most independent, and usually is. But we digress. There are several reasons why we take the annual report of the North Shore Line as a subject for a little discourse. Fares were increased during the last year and, as the volume of business also increased very materially, some may get the impression that the company is making more money than it fairly is entitled to make. We believe, therefore, that the facts will be interesting.

* * * * *

THE North Shore Line did a gross business in 1920 of \$4,193,669, an increase over 1919 of \$955,748. That was a very substantial increase and indicates that the excellent service which the company is giving is finding popular favor with the traveling public. But the increase noted was practically all swallowed up in increased operating expenses, which were \$3,229,047, as compared with \$2,319,464 in 1919. After deducting operating expenses and taxes, the gross income was \$823,207, as compared with \$773,235 in 1919, but the fixed interest charges increased \$48,800 during the year, so that the increase in net income was just \$1,172. Study those figures closely, because they tell the whole story. If you will take that gross income of \$823,207 and apply it as a return on about \$16,500,000, the book value of the property, you will find that it is not quite 5 per cent. By "book

value" we are not speaking of total capitalization, or of the actual physical value of the property devoted to the public service, but of the price paid under receivership proceedings, plus the new capital that has been put in since the present management took control in 1916. When the valuation now under way is completed, there is no doubt that it will show a higher value than the amount given as book value, which was, as you might say, a bankrupt sale price.

* * * * *

INTELLIGENT readers, such as we have along the north shore, understand that there can be no such thing as dividends on "watered stock" under public regulation. The capitalization of a utility is not considered by any Commission in fixing rates of fare, only the actual value of the property devoted to public use. The "book value," or bankrupt sale price, of the North Shore Line has to be taken as its actual value, until the valuation is completed, and that is a work which requires time. It has been going on for months. It is pretty certain, however, that the price determined during the receivership proceedings in the federal court is a low one. The return on that price, as shown by the figures quoted, was less than 5 per cent last year, which no one will contend is a large, or even a fair return. Especially is it a low rate of return under the present conditions of the money market, for, during the year, the North Shore Line had to borrow about \$1,600,000, and pay a rate approximating 9 per cent for it.

* * * * *

NOW for a little explanation of operating expenses. On the North Shore Line, as on any electric railway, the big item of operating expenses is wages. On an average, it may be said that 75 per cent of the operating expenses go to wages. Since August 1, 1919, a period of about eighteen months, wages on the North Shore Line have been increased about \$2,000 a day. The first increase, effective August 1, 1919, amounted to more than \$30,000 a month, and a second increase was granted June 1, 1920, which amounted to approximately \$28,000 a month.

The increases granted show that the company recognized the need of taking care of its employes during the period of inflated

war prices, but what of the investors who had their money tied up in the property? When the reorganization was effected in 1916, holders of first mortgage bonds were required, under the receivership proceedings, to exchange their bonds for participation shares. The holders of the first and second class of shares are entitled, under the terms of the reorganization plan, to a return of \$5 a share, a year, when earned. Now, while the North Shore Line has been prosperous, as railroads go these days, that is, its volume of business has shown a remarkable increase, the facts are that these shareholders have not received a dollar of the dividends to which they are entitled. Surplus earnings have been put back into the property, together with a lot of new capital, to put the road in a first class condition to give the public service. The shareholders "hope" that some day the deferred dividends will be paid, but "hope deferred maketh the heart grow sick" and we imagine some of the shareholders are a little heartsick. The facts show that the employes have been well cared for by increased wages, and the public well cared for by being given improved service, while the shareholders have been given nothing more tangible than "hope."

* * * * *

ANOTHER reason why we have mentioned the wage advances is to show that the employes are, relatively speaking, well paid, and that the owners of the property are, relatively speaking, getting a very low rate of return on their invested capital. We understand that just comparisons are impossible, because the employe invests his life in his work, while the owner invests his capital. But capital also is entitled to a just return when invested in a utility engaged in supplying the public with an essential service. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in a recent public utility decision, said: "Critics should appreciate that private capital devoted to public service is entitled to a fair return, and that it requires more courage and character to render just than popular decisions." That hits the nail on the head. If the employe who serves the public is entitled to fair compensation for his work, which none will dispute, the owner of private capital devoted to public service, also is entitled to fair compensa-

tion. The figures we have quoted show that the owners of the North Shore Line are not receiving fair compensation under existing conditions.

* * * * *

THERE is another thing in connection with the annual report to which we wish to direct attention. Although conducting business at a loss, or at least at less than a fair profit, the North Shore Line has steadily kept on improving the service it is giving the public. That fact is generally appreciated by its patrons, so that practically no opposition was offered when the road asked authority to raise its rates a little. The *Kenosha News*, some months ago, summed up the situation truthfully when it said, in an editorial, that the North Shore Line had taken its losses gracefully and had gone ahead and built up an excellent service before it asked for higher rates. It did give the service before asking for higher rates, and it is continuing to give that service, after it was found by actual experience, that the rates granted were not sufficient. The company has asked that its intrastate rates of fare, both in Illinois and in Wisconsin, be increased to equal the present interstate rate of 3 cents a mile, and it hopes to get a favorable decision. The increase asked would not alter the through rates between Illinois and Wisconsin points, but would abolish the present discriminatory state rates and add considerably to the revenue of the company. A study of the annual report should convince any fair-minded person that the increase asked for is a reasonable one.

* * * * *

A RAILROAD company is just as much the slave of the balance sheet as is a private concern. When the balance shows in red figures, something has to be done. Either revenue must be increased or expenditures reduced. But a utility company, engaged in giving a public service, cannot reduce its expenses as easily as a private concern. It cannot shut down its plant and lay off its employees. It must keep on giving the public service. Should it allow the quality of the service to deteriorate, business will fall off and conditions will go from bad to worse. The North Shore Line cannot reduce its expenses any more than

it has already done, for the present management never has tolerated any waste or extravagance. The boss is fair, even liberal, in his treatment of employes, but they have to deliver the goods. He hasn't any use for drones or deadheads. He is on the job every hour of the day, too. If expenses in any department appear unusually high, you can bet an explanation will have to be forthcoming in short order. Operation is as economical and as efficient as it is possible to make it, and if returns are unreasonably low it is because the public is getting service at less than it is worth. It costs money to give the kind of service given by the North Shore Line.

* * * * *

THERE are lots of other things in the annual report that are interesting, but we don't like to tire you with too many figures. We have given you a few of the more important facts, so that you may understand that the high cost of living affects the corporation as well as the individual. It doesn't always follow that because a company is doing a lot of business it is making a lot of money; at least, not if it is in the utility business. During the year the company spent, in additions and betterments, the sum of \$1,338,000. Of that amount about \$800,000 was spent for new cars. They have been in service now for several months, and you know how comfortable they are. The roadbed, too, has been improved, and a lot of 65-pound rail replaced with 80-pound rail. That saves the traveling public from jolts, and hands them to the investors, who have to pay for the improvement at the expense of a reasonable return on their capital.

* * * * *

ONE of the most striking items in the annual report is the increase in the Merchandise Despatch business. It more than doubled in the last year, which shows that the merchants and manufacturers along the line are becoming wise to this service. The report is not without some grains of comfort for the owners. The big increase in both passenger and merchandise traffic, indicates the future possibilities of the road, and it may be that some day the public will insist that a utility which renders such a service shall be allowed to earn a fair rate of return. It

does require a rather lively imagination to picture the arrival of such a day, but there are indications that it is dawning. The attitude toward public utilities is undergoing a great change, as the people begin to realize the difference between real service and lip service. The demagogue and cheap politician have been giving them lip service for years and they are getting wise to it. The people usually decide questions fairly, when they are given the facts. That is why we have given our readers a few facts about the financial side of the North Shore Line.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Stores

*"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."*

EVERYONE in Milwaukee knows about the "Three Schuster Stores." There is said to be no counterpart for them anywhere in the world. We don't mean by that that there are no larger stores, neither do we mean that there are no stores handling a similar line of merchandise.

tance to the dependability of its merchandise.

The story of the growth of the Schuster Stores is one of the most interesting in Milwaukee's commercial history. Like many of the successful business enterprises of today, the Schuster Stores began in a very small, modest way. When the first store on Third street opened for business in 1885, it consisted of a small room, 25 by 75 feet in size.



What we mean is, that the Schuster Stores are unique, in that they embrace three large metropolitan stores, all in one city, and not one of them located in the so-called downtown, or shopping center.

The Schuster Stores in Milwaukee have demonstrated that it is possible for the community store to expand and draw business from all parts of the city and suburbs, as well as from the surrounding country, and that its location is secondary in impor-

With the opening of that store, however, was inaugurated the policy which made possible the great future growth of the enterprise. That policy consisted in selling popularly demanded goods, of thorough dependability, at as low prices as could be made possible.

It was this policy which won the patronage of the community and the confidence and good will of customers, and in a short time the business grew to such importance that it was necessary to

move into a new building at Third and Harmon streets. Shortly after, a branch store was opened at 12th and Walnut streets, and that, too, soon proved inadequate to meet the steadily increasing volume of business. When the business outgrew the store, it was transferred to the old Katz building, at 11th and Winnebago streets.

Meanwhile the 3rd street store had been adding to its capacity by first one building to the north and then another, until finally it was necessary to erect the present store at 3rd and Garfield, which, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, is one of very large proportions.

The branch store had been steadily growing and suffered for lack of room, so the next move

The explanation of the growth of the Schuster Stores is that there was a need for business founded on such a policy, that the store recognized the need and endeavored to fill it. It signifies that the Milwaukee public has found Schuster merchandise of dependable quality and has confidence in the Schuster way of doing business.

The Schuster Stores have found the Merchandise Despatch service of the North Shore Line a quick and reliable method of transportation and use it a great deal. That is further proof that the firm is up-to-date in its business methods and that it not only gives its customers good service, but that it appreciates receiving good service from others.

CONVENIENCE OF NORTH SHORE SERVICE

A FEW months ago we printed a letter from W. F. Schramm, of the Burns-Hall Advertising Agency in Milwaukee, telling of a remarkably fast and comfortable trip he had made between his former home in Elmhurst, Ill., and Milwaukee, by going the electric way.

The following letter from Mr. Schramm shows how conveniently it can be done, allowing stopover privileges:

"You may be interested in knowing that yesterday—Sunday, Feb. 13—I left Elmhurst, Ill., at 6 o'clock P. M., on the Aurora-Elgin electric; changed at Marshfield Avenue station, took the "L" around to Adams and Wabash and there changed to a Wilson avenue express. We arrived at Wilson at 7:30 o'clock, got out and paid a visit to a friend of ours on Wilson, got back to the station about 7:45, waited a few minutes and caught the North Shore Limited to Milwaukee. We arrived at the North Shore Milwaukee terminal at 10:15 and



TWELFTH AND VLIET

was the erection of a new building at the present location at 12th and Vliet streets. But the business grew faster than the buildings, and in 1913 it was found necessary to erect a third store, which was located at 6th avenue and Mitchell street.

There is no end in sight of this enlargement of the Schuster Stores. The 3rd street store recently added to its depth and three new stories to its height, the Mitchell street store is now undergoing alterations, which will nearly double its floor space, and arrangements are being made to add three additional stories to the 12th street store.

were home in our house at 10:30 o'clock.

"Had I attempted to do this by the steam road—well, it would have been absolutely impossible—and make the stopover at Wilson.

"With kindest regards,

"Very truly yours,

W. F. SCHRAMM."

Just one more proof that in the matter of service and convenience the North Shore Line is the only way to travel between Chicago and Milwaukee. They all admit it after giving it a trial.

UNDESERVED CRITICISM

THE following letter and the answer explain themselves:

Editor NORTH SHORE BULLETIN.

Dear Sir:

For some time I have been interested in reading your BULLETIN, and have noted that you invite criticisms of your service by your patrons. About two years ago I moved my family to the north shore, since which time we have used the North Shore Line on an average of twice a week, and have been particularly impressed with the excellent service rendered and the courtesy of your employees. The one slight criticism which I have to offer is the absence of drinking water facilities at the north-bound Central Street station.

Recently I heard some children begging for a drink, when a man remarked that the North Shore Line purposely refrained from installing drinking-water facilities at that station in order to force its patrons to patronize the soft-drink parlor adjoining the station and thus derive a larger rental income from the stand. In my opinion, this is an unjust criticism, but I would be interested to learn through the BULLETIN why there are no drinking facilities at the Central Street station similar to those at Church Street.

Yours very truly,

WINNETKA.

We are very glad to be able to answer this criticism. There are drinking water facilities at the station in question. In both washrooms in the Central Street station will be found drinking water and sanitary drinking cups. They always have been there since the station was built.

As to the company wishing to compel patrons to patronize the soft-drink parlor, so as to obtain a larger rental income; the facts are, that the North Shore Line is the tenant. The building, including the station, belongs to the proprietor of the soft-drink parlor.

We are glad that attention was called to this matter so that a wrong impression may be corrected. There are so many, like the man mentioned in the foregoing letter, who make statements without the slightest regard to their truth, or without making the slightest effort to get at the truth.

THE GREEN BAY TRAIL

SEVERAL requests have reached us for the loan of the film, "The Green Bay Trail," and in every instance it has been shown. In the January issue we told you about the film, which is now being shown in a number of theaters.

The story centers around a man, his wife, and little child. They are seated on a North Shore dining car, and as the train runs along the man tells the child of the old methods of travel used by the Indians. Indians are seen trudging along the Green Bay Trail, which parallels the North Shore Line most of the way from Evanston to Milwaukee. The contrast in the Indian and the North Shore methods of travel are striking and instructive.

The film was shown in Milwaukee on January 31, in the parish hall of the Capuchin Fathers, in response to the following letter:

In the January number of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I notice that an educational film, "Green Bay Trail," is obtainable through you for performances. We are arranging a jubilee celebration performance in our parish hall, on the occasion of the diamond jubilee of the City of Milwaukee on January 31. May we entertain hopes of obtaining this film through your kindness, for the day specified?

Incidentally, I may mention that this is the first BULLETIN issued by the North Shore Line that I have ever seen. I read with interest the letters which have been received from various patrons. I feel that they are expressing the sentiments of every patron of the railroad, for, though this being the first time that I have traveled to Chicago on the North Shore, I was strongly impressed with the service rendered as regards accommodations, time saved in traveling, and the courtesy shown the travelers by the employees.

It is indeed gratifying to note such conduct on the part of employees of the road, since it vouches for the harmonious understanding existing between the employers and employees. Traveling under such circumstances, surely makes travel most agreeable, removing the tediousness of a long journey. I am glad to be able to add this bit of encouragement for both the employers and employees of the North Shore Line.

Yours sincerely,
REV. SEBASTIAN SCHAFF.

The film was enjoyed, especially by the young folks. It also was given a good reception at an open meeting, under the auspices of the Twelfth Ward Boosters' Club of Racine, and has been shown at two or three entertainments in Chicago.

Anyone wishing the loan of this film can have it, free of charge, by writing to the editor of the BULLETIN.

NORTH SHORE DANCES

Have you heard of the dances being given every Thursday evening in Jones' Hall, Wilmette avenue, Wilmette? They are being conducted by Arthur W. Schmidt of Chicago, B. B. Baumgartner of Evanston and A. J. Fisher of Lake Forest. The dance hall is only a half-block from the station of the North Shore Line, and we need hardly remind you that you can get a train at any time that suits your convenience.

WITH BULLETIN READERS

DIDN'T we once suggest leaving this column out of the BULLETIN? We must have been feeling blue or something when

we did. There isn't any danger, though. The truth is we get so many fine contributions nowadays that sometimes we find it difficult to get space for them. Don't let that discourage you, though, because we enjoy the letters and if we can't print them all in one month, we try to do it the next.

Then again we get some fine letters with a request that we don't print them. The writers are too modest or something. They just wish us to know that they are with us. Well, we always respect their wishes in the matter of not using names, but we like to have the names so we can reply to the letters. For instance we have a splendid letter this month from a new contributor and he gives us only his nom-de-plume. The letter is so good that we are going to use it anyway, but as a rule we don't use the anonymous kind. When the writer reads this he will no doubt write again and give his name, not necessarily for publication.

We have some good news for readers this month. The long lost has been found. Yes, "Kentuckian" comes through in his old way. Weren't we tickled, though, to have him back in the family? He asked us to kill the fatted calf. Being somewhat short on fatted calves, we wrote him that we had just gone downstairs and had calf's liver and bacon. That was as close to it as we came. However, as a mark of appreciation we give him the top of the column: He writes as follows:

Kill the fatted calf, the prodigal is back. Hazard, Ky., from which point I write, is one of those towns at the end of the earth, where Sunday is the hardest of all days to live through. I overslept this morning and missed church service—miserable sinner that I am—losing the opportunity to share in the only excitement this queen city of Kentucky coal fields affords on the Sabbath. I was bordering on home-

sickness and gloom was spread about me an inch thick when I went to the postoffice and found a batch of mail from home, including the latest copy of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I hastily turned to the contributor's column, to see where "Loophound" had gone in search of the elusive hootch, and found that I had not been forgotten by members of the good old North Shore family. Oh-h Boy! It was a gran-n-d and glor-i-ous feel-in'!

Like the prodigal of biblical fame, I haven't a legitimate excuse for my long silence. But I have been a faithful reader of the BULLETIN during the period, even if I was not among those present in the contrib's column.

Luke, you're a regular old city cousin, always away from home. Twice I called at your sanctorum and found you off fishing or hunting. I confess that the last time I was in Chicago I neglected to let my presence be known. I intend to hop up your way again soon, and if I don't find you in I'll camp in your office until you return. Last time I was in the stenographer was sufficient attraction to make me want to stay until your return, but she said you were in Wyoming, or Florida, or somewhere else in the distance.

I am striving for a foothold on the ladder of success up here in the Kentucky mountains, land of mud, moonshine and murders. Incidentally, I am in the heart of what many geologists believe to be the largest coal field in the world, Pennsylvania notwithstanding. My school days are over and for the past several months, at least, I have believed, like most young men of my age, that I know all there is to be learned. I am beginning to see the light now. I count myself much better off than most young men of my age, in that I know what I want to do, and have a definite goal.

Friend "Loophound" defends Cleveland and extols the merits of its champion ball team, seemingly forgetting that his home town, the village by the river, turned out the champion four-flusher ball tossers. But I echo the remarks of my distinguished contemporary contrib and tell "Michigander" to "go get a reputation." Loophound and Mr. Peebles appear to be established institutions in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, like the cannon in the courthouse square at home. If Loophound is worried about the future supply of "likker" let him acquire a suit of armor plate and take a stroll up in these hills. Which reminds me that a man opened up an "army goods store" near here and got rich selling moonshine in a back room, I am told. That "greetings, greetings

everywhere, and not a drop to drink" line, wouldn't draw a laugh here.

I see by the daily papers that Mr. Schwab of the Shipping Board was given a clean bill of health by the congressional investigating committee. Yet those same congressmen refused to send a "speedy recovery message" to the greatest man of this day, when he lay fighting for his life, after having given his very life blood for his country—the man who committed no crime but to determine what was right and attempt to do it.

Luke, I endorse your remarks on the Sunday blue laws. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Woodcock of the Episcopal Church in Kentucky declared, the other day, that the blue law agitation was an attempt of certain churchmen to obtain cheap publicity. That is what I believe is the cause of the hubbub. The same day one of our Presbyterian ministers in Louisville denounced the practice of girls wearing only four garments to dances. What does he expect the poor girls to do in these days of high prices? And might I be so vulgar as to ask, how does he know? (No doubt, his wife told him.)

The lights in this town usually go off when the engineer gets sleepy, and I know he must be getting drowsy at this hour. I have a couple of hills to climb before the lights go out. Permit me to close with the sincere wish that this finds you and the BULLETIN family happy and in the best of health.

Cordially,
"KENTUCKIAN."

Well, if Kentuckian was a little delinquent in the payment of his dues he makes up for it by the letter he writes, so we call the account square.

Our newly found friend, the Rev. W. T. Dorward, of Milwaukee, has joined the family. We have a number of ministers who are contributors and we like their letters, although we got quite a panning from one for the views we expressed on the blue laws. He was the only objector, however, and we have had at least a dozen commendations on that editorial, so we judge we are on the popular side. However, we appreciate the good intentions of the objector and may say that we read every word of the material he sent and

it at least didn't do us any harm. Rev. Dorward has given us a new title and addresses us, even on the envelope as "Doctor." It's a sort of "honorary" degree and it's all right. He writes:

I cannot resist the temptation to thank you for the February number of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I dub you "doctor," since a writer of one of the Gospels and the Acts was named after you—or you after him—was a physician. Yes, and a beloved one, at that, which, I am afraid, cannot be said of all doctors.

I mean that the medicine you offer for the present industrial crisis, if taken regularly and in large doses, would bring men and things back to normal, with a perfectly healthy pulse-beat. In fact, I think you did so well in that editorial that I rise to move that your salary be raised forthwith for various and sundry reasons, but chiefly because your rent was raised which you took with philosophic grace.

The next best article in the issue at hand was, to my notion, the one entitled, "The Road of Service." Surely the North Shore Line is getting the desired and deserved name for "service," when it can furnish cushions to break falls. To say the least, such service is commendable, for cushions, in such cases, are good for corns.

Sincerely yours,

W. T. DORWARD.

We like the tone of that letter. Sometime Mr. Dorward when you are in the mood send us some good Scotch jokes, for we know you are an adept at telling them, having had the pleasure of hearing you once at a banquet.

We have with us a new one who has just been admitted to the family. He is a promising youngster, for we have had two letters from him in as many weeks. We shall have to content ourself with printing one only in this issue, but the other will hold over. He lives in Milwaukee, which is in his favor. He evidently is a traveling man, which is a second point in his favor. We're not going to print his name, because he evidently desires to be known by a pen name, so here is introducing "Jumbo" to our readers:

One day, feeling rather blue, whatever caused it, I don't know, and marching into the Milwaukee terminal of the North Shore Line, going through to the trains, my eye got fixed on something on the wall. I gave another look and concluded there was something in it. There was. It was just as blue as I was, so I fell in sympathy with it, snatched it, and carried it off to a train.

It was a NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I read only a part of it when I decided to apply as a regular member of the Ancient and Accepted Order of North Shore Prevaricators, and ask you to have a copy of the BULLETIN sent to my address regularly. Thanks!

I have often heard fellows boost the North Shore Line and on several occasions even helped the Booster Committee, but never tried the service until last fall, and I fully agree with Loophound as to the "pep" shown and his catching the "North American" at Milwaukee.

My recollections of the first trip seem good. We left Harrison Street, Milwaukee, and within two minutes the trolley poles were flying by like spokes on a wagon-wheel plus a runaway horse. Oh Boy! We did go a-whoopin', so that I forgot all about the BULLETIN, watching the scenery fly by. It sure was great.

At another time we had a race with a steam train, which had fully one-quarter-mile lead, but within two miles we had the same lead on it. Say, Bo! Talk about a bunch of jealous eyes staring over at us from the coaches on the steam train as we passed them up. We just couldn't help it. We gave them the ha, ha.

Yours truly,
"JUMBO."

P. S.:

The North Shore Line has the crust, It's motto is "Go or bust," With open control, Oh, Boy, does she roll? You're not able to see her for dust.

JUMBO.

Now, Mr. Jumbo, we haven't any objections to your limericks, but you should have them conform to our truthful advertising. Here we write screeds that we have "no dust or cinders" on the North Shore Line, which is true, and you come along with your limerick and say you can't see the train for dust. Admit that you fixed that last line-up so it would rhyme and that it does not describe an actual condition. We know the trains go at an awful speed sometimes, but we

must insist that there is "no dust, smoke or cinders." That's why the North Shore Line gives superior service.

We have another new contributor, who appreciates a golf story and sends one in for the benefit of Mr. Peebles. He is honest about it and admits he took it from the Literary Digest. While we admire his frankness we might suggest that jokes, like umbrellas, are common property. Lift one whenever you run across it and don't bother to give credit. If you did, the chances are you wouldn't be giving credit to the right person, anyway. He writes:

Dear Brother of Service:

I guess I must be like our friend in Glencoe, but, at least, I have got together enough spunk to tell you what I think of your road. I have ridden on it almost every Sunday and holiday since June, 1917, and have also been a constant reader of the BULLETIN. There is only one complaint I have, "too much good service." And, courtesy! Well, it is a treat on a Sunday to hear a trainman say "Please," and "Thank you," after riding on the surface lines of this city.

I see our good friend Mr. Peebles is thinking seriously of golf. First, he had better read the rules carefully, then read this over, then THINK.

Good Links

"The man in the rainbow stockings was trying to play golf. The difficulty was, of course, to hit the ball. It was so much easier to hit the ground. He hit that every time. The turf flew in all directions. Swish! Swosh! Plof! More excavations. Something was wrong somewhere. It couldn't be his stockings. It must be the links. He turned helplessly to his opponent.

"What do you think of these links?"

"What do I think of them?" gasped his opponent, wiping a bit of soil from his lips.

"Pouf! Best I ever tasted."

(That's a pretty good story, Mr. Peebles, and gives an idea of the pleasure you have ahead of you.)

That editorial in December edition was real good and I read it to two elderly fellows, one a Scot and the other a London man. You would have blushed if you had heard them.

In your January issue, under the caption, "To North Shore Employees," I would recommend that to be read by every employee of the department stores here and elsewhere. In our firm a discourteous employee is not tolerated. As our sales manager says: "Everyone is a salesman. We all sell our services to the public." Keep up that kind of stuff. It gets under the skin of all classes.

Isn't it about time for Loophound, Jr., to chime in with his dreams? His namesake had a terrible pipe-dream, but what I'd like to know is, what kind of a pipe he hit to get that wallop.

Let us all know how Mr. Peebles' team comes out with Mr. Wilson's.

You are always preaching service, the service your men and road give, but did you ever think of the service your patrons give? A short time ago I returned something I found on Car 184 on January 30. Tell the conductor I appreciated that smoke, though it wasn't necessary. This train, a Limited, left Hubbard Woods, southbound about 9 P. M.

Please send the October issue to Capt. Daniel MacGregor Potts. That is my Scotch friend. He says he thinks he had better go back to his old home and get a smell, then he'll write you a flowery essay.

Sincerely yours,

"DICK."

As our friend seems to appreciate the courtesy of North Shore employees after riding on the surface lines, we would suggest that he try the Elevated. He will find the employees there just as courteous as on the North Shore Line because the boss won't tolerate any other kind.

Well, if this isn't our old friend, Sol N. Lasky, he of the "Ever-Ready" razor fame. He writes from Duluth as follows:

Are you still publishing your BULLETIN? You see, the P. O. department hasn't delivered me a copy of your valuable publication in quite some time. (You don't stay home long enough to give it a chance. It has been mailed all right.)

I have been riding the rails more than usual of late. Was in Detroit a couple of weeks ago and would have looked up "Michigander," but didn't know where he could be located. If you give me his address, as well as his name, I will look him up when I go there again, in about three weeks.

In the lobby of the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul, the other evening, I heard two traveling men discussing the various traction lines of the U. S. One fellow traveler thought the line between Rochester and Syracuse took the brown derby, and the other fellow thought the line between Columbus and Springfield was the goods. Well, I listened as long as I could, and then I horned in, just like an Elk, and declared myself absolutely for the North Shore Line, between Chicago and Milwaukee and vice versa, as the finest example of speed, coupled with safety and service. Yes, sir, the road of the three S's. One of the salesmen said he guessed I was right, and the only reason the other fellow couldn't say the same was because he had been unfortunate enough never to have had the pleasure of using your system.

Came up here today from St. Paul and Minneapolis. I believe it was a Swede in Minneapolis who once got sore on the Bible because it referred so much to St. Paul and not once to Minneapolis. I hope to be in Milwaukee before another ten days and shall look forward with pleasure to using your line on the first opportunity. I will certainly be glad if you will mail me a copy, at once, of your last BULLETIN to Stoddard Hotel, La Crosse. I sure would feel as if I had been cheated out of a book of knowledge if I failed to receive one issue of your most worthy publication.

I guess this will be all for this time. I hope Mr. Hays, our new P. M. G., will see to it that the BULLETIN hereafter is given right-of-way over all other fourth-class matter. Mr. Burleson didn't care how long I had to wait for my copy. You have entered your publication in the wrong classification. It should be listed as first class, because it is.

"Ever Ready."

S. N. LASKY.

We agree with that last sentence, Mr. Lasky. The fact is, we never entered the BULLETIN as anything at all. As long as our readers think it first class what does it matter how Mr. Burleson classifies it? Anyway, we have sent you a copy, first class, as you request and we'll bet it will get there all right.

We have lots of friends among the traveling men and we may soon add another to the list of contributors. We have a letter which comes indirectly from one,

through a recent convert. He writes:

I have a friend and neighbor, "Jack K.," a knight of the grip, who makes regular trips to the Cream City and has recently become an enthusiastic patron of your Road of Service. After digesting all the good things in your February BULLETIN, I passed it on to him. After perusing the poetical outburst and a few of the following paragraphs in your editorial comments, he broke loose as follows: "Gee, but that editor is an optimistic cuss. If he hadn't had a square meal in a week, he could imagine the buttons were bursting off his vest. Where is that Blue Mound Country Club? I haven't seen anything as damp as dew drops around Milwaukee for a year. Well, maybe it's all for the best. On the North Shore 'C' used to stand for corkscrews, but now it stands for courtesy. Of course, 'C' still stands for cows that graze along the right of way, but since the drought, their backs are humped up so they look more like camels to me."

You see, there is nothing poetical or sentimental about Jack, but maybe he will tell you later how he likes your up-to-date service.

Yours truly,

J. A. CLARKE.

We'll be glad to hear direct from "Jack K." about the service. He may not have any poetry in his soul, but the fact that he has recently transferred his patronage to the North Shore Line, proves that he has common sense.

As our faithful contributor Mr. Peebles remarks in a recent letter, a little prod seems to do good, so we have with us a new contributor from Milwaukee, although an old reader. He is in the shipping department of the Waltham Piano Company and if he hasn't had much experience with the passenger service of the North Shore Line, he is enthusiastic over its Merchandise Despatch Service. He writes:

Another delinquent, Mr. Editor. Since away back in Vol. 1, the BULLETIN has been coming regularly—occasionally the whole office reads it before they slip it into my basket—and I am just sending you my first contrib. I had hoped by this time to have made a trip to Chicago, so that I might have a few nice things to

say about your passenger service. That treat will have to wait a bit, but one of these days I am going to find out what a real ride is like. I do know, however, what your freight service is like and I am strong for it.

We have phoned Chicago many a time, had the goods shipped "Rush" via the North Shore Line and had it repacked on our out orders in less than half a day. Sometimes phone service was bad and express pickups worse, but the North Shore Line was always Johnny-on-the-spot. All we had to do was to call the North Shore and say, "Let us know when a shipment for us gets in." Within a few minutes after its arrival we would get the call.

Some time ago we were receiving piano backs from Waukegan. We needed the goods badly and were working them up as fast as the Waukegan factory could turn them out. To get them shipped by freight meant at least three days. North Shore handled them—heavy stuff, and each shipment a quarter carload or more. When they left Waukegan your operator here was notified. She would notify us and our truck was usually loaded direct from the car. Our driver often spoke of the courtesy shown him and said he was always given plenty of help.

Once a shipment was unloaded at Harrison Street station. I asked if we could get the shipment sent up to Sixth and Clybourn. "Up on the next train," was the answer, and they kept their word. I'll say that the North Shore Line is the Road of Service. Another slogan for the freight department is: "Nothing Too Large for Us to Handle."

I had occasion to ship several bulky crates of woodworking machinery, etc., down the line. Thinking their bulk might cause the North Shore Line to refuse the shipment, I called up, giving them the dimensions. There must have been half a carload. How they got it into the car, I don't know—they may have shipped it on a flat car—but they said, send it down any time. I know blizzards have no terrors for those fellows and nothing seems too big or heavy for them. What could a fellow put over on them to make them throw up the sponge? I believe those fellows, on an hour's notice, would be ready to move the whole Ringling Brothers' show.

You may appreciate a Scotch story told me by Wee Jamie Clark, the dancer with the Canadian Kiltie Band. The band badly needed a tuba player and for a time the place was filled by a big German, who could speak no English. This, of course, was a long time before the war. Jamie, wherever he went, picked up

with Scotchmen. One day in Pittsburgh he met a Mr. McDowell. Jamie was telling McDowell about Sandy Burns, the trombone player, when he spied the German in his kiltie uniform. "There's Sandy noo," said Jamie, "come over and I'll introduce you. They walked up to the German and Jamie said, "Sandy, meet Mr. McDowell." They shook hands and the German said, "Guten tag, shoenes, vetter," or whatever they say when being introduced. McDowell stared hard for a moment, gulped and said, "Ye'll hae tae excuse me, Mr. Burns, but I never learned Gaelic."

In closing, let me thank you for each and every editorial you have printed in the BULLETIN. I truly appreciate them. I enjoy the letters and last, but not least, I appreciate the annual greetings.

With best wishes to the North Shore Line, the BULLETIN and its editor,

Yours very truly,

F. H. SCHMITT,
Waltham Piano Co.

For a new contributor, Mr. Schmitt, we'll say that you are all right. We appreciate your letter and hope we may hear from you again.

We have had several letters from Ohio, due to the boosting of our friend, W. G. Miller, of Canton, a letter from whom appeared last month. In the same issue we intended to print one from Joseph M. Markley, manager of the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency in Canton. What happened to Mr. Markley's letter we haven't discovered. It must have got lost in the "makeup" for we know it was set up in type, but it didn't appear in the February issue.

Mr. Markley writes:

I have read with great interest, pleasure and profit, a number of your monthly magazines, handed me by my friend, Wm. G. Miller. I would like to have you put my name on your mailing list, as I would enjoy the feast each month, and perhaps could do something for you in return.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH M. MARKLEY.

We, of course, put Mr. Markley on the list and if his agency gives us a good rating, we will call it square. But Mr. Markley is a booster. He wrote us to

send a copy to Robert C. Hopkins, president of the Alliance Brass and Bronze Company of Alliance. We sent the copy and a note explaining that it was on Mr. Markley's request. Mr. Hopkins wrote as follows:

Received your letter and copy of the January issue, for which please accept our thanks. Mr. Markley informed me that you would send the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Having a high regard for Mr. Markley's judgment, knew your publication would be very good, and today find that all this is confirmed.

Sometimes we fear that the public schools have not hit the mark in preparing young people for good citizenship. The only interest the State could have in providing public instruction would be the making of good citizens, but when we look around and read of the murders, holdups, etc., and then note the utter disregard of basic principles by some young people, there is a question whether the vital thing has not been overlooked. And so today, as never before, do we need good instruction, sober admonition and correct judgment, and it is such periodicals as yours that help out in getting matters properly before the people, so that their judgment should be clear and that ambition shall not include the impossible things nor the illegitimate conquests.

THE ALLIANCE BRASS & BRONZE CO.,

ROBT. C. HOPKINS, President.

There is food for some good editorial comment in that letter which we may consider later on.

From Whitewater, Wis., comes a letter, which might indicate that the BULLETIN really is doing something in an educational way. The writer says:

As a student of Whitewater Normal School I have not the pleasure of using your road very much, but I should like to get your BULLETIN, as I think it will help my education to read it every month. The last BULLETIN I got was the December number. May I hope to hear from you?

Very truly yours,

NIELS A. LARSEN.

All right, Mr. Larsen, we'll send you the BULLETIN whether it helps your education or otherwise.

This column has run to an unusual length and we still have a number of letters left over, but we cannot close without a word from Mr. Peebles of Plymouth.

He writes that he quite agrees with our views on the Sunday blue laws and thinks it was handed to the satisfaction of hundreds of BULLETIN readers. "I particularly liked that paragraph where you spoke of the little children," he says. "God forbid that they should try to stop the sweetest music on earth. People can't be legislated into the church, although I am in sympathy with it and think it the greatest organization on earth."

Mr. Peebles says he has not heard anything more of that basketball match. He thinks that perhaps "Dave" Wilson has heard of the prowess of the Plymouth team and got scared. We haven't heard anything more of it either, but expect to be in Milwaukee in a day or two when we will find out what the trouble is.

Just as we are sending this to the printer "Loophound" comes to bat with a little offering from Pittsburgh. He almost missed it this trip and if it wasn't that it is short we would have to leave it out until next month.

He writes:

I'll lay a bet with you, or any of the BULLETIN family, that Mr. Harding has read some of Michigander's stuff in the BULLETIN and picked Denby to head the Navy Department on account of Detroit's wetness. As I expect to see Warren next Friday in Washington, you'll have to cover this bet pronto.

I am writing this next door to the Mellon National Bank, where our next Secretary of the Treasury was educated in money matters. So far he has escaped when the directors voted to slice a melon, and being such a useful citizen, I am glad to see him move away for four years. Here's hoping he remains a melon in the public's estimation. Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

Your reasoning, Mr. Loophound, seems as logical as usual. It never occurred to us that "Michigander" might have given President Harding the tip to appoint Mr. Denby, but since you suggest it, we think it quite likely, NOT.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS

WE don't often advertise concerts in the BULLETIN, because, as a rule, they don't greatly interest us. This one is an exception, however, so we are going to tell our music-loving friends along the north shore that there is a treat in store for them if they attend the Hislop Concert at the Auditorium Theater on the evening of April 18.

Joseph Hislop is regarded by musical critics as the greatest "find" of the year, and during the Grand Opera season he sang himself into the hearts of Chicago music lovers. He has scored an equally brilliant success in New York in grand opera, and when the New York newspapers praise an artist who made his first American appearance in Chicago, that in itself is evidence that he is good.

Mr. Hislop is giving this concert on April 18 for the benefit of the Scottish Old People's Home, of which we once told you in the BULLETIN. That accounts for our personal interest in the matter, in a large degree, but aside from that we think Mr. Hislop a great artist as well as a good scout. During the opera season in Chicago we had the pleasure of meeting and hearing Mr. Hislop on several occasions off the stage. Once we accompanied him out to the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside and heard him sing. We liked his singing, of course, but we liked even more his fine sympathetic attitude toward the old folks. As we listened to his friendly greetings and saw the warmth and genuineness of the hand clasps, we thought that Mr. Hislop was a real man, as well as a real artist.

When he first became known to fame it was as the "Swedish Caruso," but he is a genuine Scot, and, we believe, rather proud of it. He got his musical education in Sweden and for three years sang in grand opera in Stock-

holm. He talks the language like a native, but in fact he does the same with the French and Italian languages. He speaks five languages, besides Scotch, and sings equally well in all of them. Mrs. Hislop is Swedish, and is a very charming woman.

In addition to his rich, fresh young voice, Mr. Hislop's appearance is in his favor. He is good-looking, slim and graceful, and an accomplished actor. Somehow we never could appreciate a fat Romeo, no matter how well he could sing. And for a 200-pound Juliet appearing on a balcony—well, you know the effect. You can't enjoy her singing, as you keep expecting the balcony to fall under her weight. Mr. Hislop, as Romeo, has a figure such as we like to think the original had and it adds to the enjoyment of the music.

At the Auditorium concert, Mr. Hislop will sing a group of American and English ballads; a group of Swedish ballads and folk-songs, a group of Scotch ballads, and arias from several operas in Italian and French.

The famous Kiltie Band will start the trouble, just to get your blood in circulation, and Professor Dewar will furnish a whole lot of Scottish dancers. It's going to be a great concert, and for a worthy cause, so we are giving you timely notice. Popular prices, too; the entire first floor being only \$2.50 a seat and ranging down to 75 cents for the gallery. It's really a shame to furnish such an entertainment so cheap.

Last, but by no means least, remember that North Shore trains take you to the doors of the Auditorium. Why not some of you folks in Racine, Kenosha, Waukegan and other places get up a party for this concert and get a special car on the North Shore Line? We're sure the transportation department will be glad to look after your needs and give the usual North Shore service.