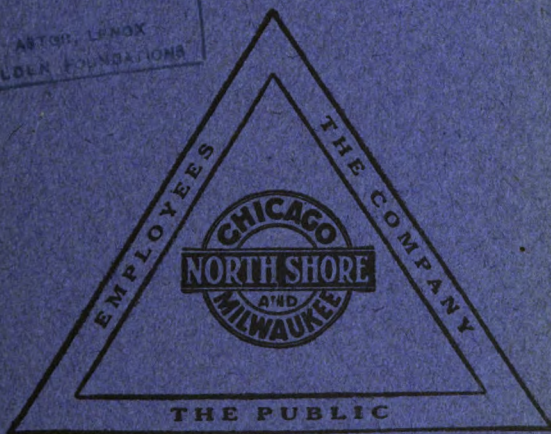
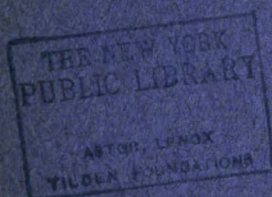


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

APRIL, 1921



"The Road of Service"

A REAL BOOSTER

THOSE who are not familiar with the character of the service given by the North Shore Line should wake up and investigate. Naturally the BULLETIN keeps boosting it because that is what we are here for, but we have lots of able assistants, who speak from experience. The following letter from a patron tells its own story: Editor NORTH SHORE BULLETIN: Dear Sir:

Your company is to be congratulated on the wonderful service it is rendering the public in this day and age of general unrest. The writer practically lives upon the steam and electric lines of this country and I must honestly say that your company has them all beat when it comes to real, genuine service, comfort and courteous treatment from each and every one of your employes. It is indeed a pleasure to travel on your line, everybody is congenial and happy. This means a whole lot to a knight of the grip.

I ride your line quite often and boost it constantly to all my fellow travelers. I have arrived in Milwaukee often from northern points. Each time my steam railroad trip ends at Milwaukee and my trip home to Chicago is completed over the North Shore Line, where I ride in real solid comfort. One's business is appreciated by the North Shore and that is more than I can say of some other roads I know.

I will see to it that hereafter all our freight consigned to Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Waukegan goes over your road. When it leaves Chicago we will know that it will arrive at destination promptly and safely.

Would be pleased to receive your BULLETIN regularly. It sure is a great little go-getter.

Yours for continued success, you surely deserve every bit of it.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT E. DIXON,
Undertakers' Supply Co.,
214 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago.

That is a sample of the unsolicited testimonials which we get from patrons. If the North Shore Line wasn't giving real service, patrons wouldn't write letters like the above.

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore.

"I'm living right across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."

SOME SERVICE

The "Interstate Limited" was speeding north the other evening, for, as you know, it makes no stops between Church Street, Evanston, and Kenosha, and a young mother was having quite a little trouble with a baby. The young one was hungry and was willing that everyone in the car should know it.

Calling Conductor Elwell, the young mother asked if she could get the baby's feeding bottle filled on the train. The request being rather unusual, Mr. Elwell hesitated for a moment before saying that he believed she could. The young mother got out a bottle and prepared baby food and gave the conductor directions as to the amount of warm water required, the number of teaspoonsful of food, etc. Mr. Elwell hurried through the dining car, held a conference with the chef, and soon returned with the feeding bottle rolled in a napkin to keep it warm.

A lady in the opposite seat, who had heard the conversation and witnessed the incident, remarked: "Well, this is known as the Road of Service, but I never expected it could give service like that. Just think of that on an interurban train. I must write the BULLETIN about that."

The young mother was greatly pleased and offered to compensate the conductor for his trouble. He courteously refused to accept anything, saying that the North Shore Line wished to look out for the comfort of babies as well as grown passengers.

Isn't that giving service? —

SHEER WASTE

"Are ye feelin' better, Sandy? I brought ye to wi' a drap o' whuskey."

"Did ye, mon? An' tae think I was unconscious."

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, April, 1921

 463 No. 6

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NOW that we have a new skipper at the helm of our Ship of State, we may expect soon to sail into the port of "Normalcy." Let us pray for fair winds.

* * * * *

THE going may be a little rough for a time, for we changed crews during a period of exceptionally foul weather. Some of the crew, too, were little known until called upon to man the ship. They appear, however, to be competent mariners and we should have confidence in their seamanship.

* * * * *

WE have a lot of confidence, personally, in the first mate. We think that next to our own Jim Ham his whiskers make the finest facial adornment to be seen in our broad land, although, as a rule, we don't admire any sort of hirsute camouflage. Our tastes run more to the open face variety of statesmen.

* * * * *

SO far the skipper hasn't asked any help from us to steer the ship and we hardly expect him to, but we are not going to wait for an invitation. Ever since we can remember we've had a habit of hanging around, watching people work and offering them advice. It's a quite common habit, too, we've noticed. It doesn't raise callouses on one's hands. It has always been fascinating to us to watch other people work.

* * * * *

IT seems to us that we have been sort of neglecting things lately. We used to save the country regularly once a month. We haven't engaged in a world-saving stunt in quite some time and, although this old world seems to have been wagging along

much in its usual way, we believe there are a number of things which require our immediate attention. For instance there's the rent profiteers and the bootleggers and booze runners and ever so many other kinds of malefactors, which the strong arm of the law should grab by the scruff of the neck and shake until they behave themselves.

* * * * *

OF course that doesn't apply to any of us along the North Shore Line. It has always been very interesting and not a little amusing to us to study the working of the human mind with respect to observing the law. We all wish to see the law enforced against the other fellow. If there isn't a law which seems to apply, the American people are the most obliging in the world in that respect and forthwith propose to have a law enacted. Somehow most of us seem to think that all we need to cure every social and industrial ill is a few new laws, so we do our best to have our legislative mills grind them out. At the present time we have a lot of people here in Chicago who have fully convinced themselves that the only hope of relief from the oppression of the landlord, lies in the enactment of regulatory legislation. We, of course, don't know the people who are clamoring for this particular piece of legislation, but we're willing to bet a red apple that none of them is a landlord. And we are not aware of any law which would prevent them becoming landlords. But as we remarked, we want the laws for the other fellow.

* * * * *

NOW the editor of the BULLETIN isn't a landlord. We plead guilty to a great many crimes, but landlordism isn't one of them. Somehow we cannot wax eloquent in favor of the proposed legislation, however, although we are a renter at the present time and have had our rent increased more, we believe, than the circumstances warrant. We are opposed to the proposed legislation because we are of the opinion it will, if enacted, make matters a thousand times worse than they are now. It isn't laws that we need to protect the "dear peepul" from the rapacious landlord. What we need is new houses, not new laws. If we had the new houses the rent question would settle itself without

the aid of our legislators, wise and otherwise. As we look at the question the proposed legislation is the thing best calculated to stop all building, so that we are quite liable to have a law regulating landlords without having the landlords to regulate. We think the proposed legislation is wrong in principle, but even if it weren't, it is likely to defeat the very purpose for which it is intended.

* * * * *

THERE are hundreds of acres of vacant land within the corporate limits of the city of Chicago. There are thousands of idle workmen ready to put up buildings. There are thousands of families in need of houses. Now what do some of our brother world-savers propose as a remedy? Pass restrictive legislation so that no one with capital to invest will think of investing it in buildings. Taxes are going up all the time and most of the municipalities are pleading with the legislature to knock the roof off and let the sky be the limit. At the same time the legislature is being urged to curb landlords by limiting the income derived from the buildings on which taxes are being increased. Now suppose you had money to invest, what would you do with it under such circumstances? Wouldn't you feel inclined to tell the legislators to go and jump in a cool spot in the lake and invest your money in some other form of investment? Of course, you would, and if everyone did the same thing how are the homeless people who are complaining of high rents going to be housed? Doesn't that seem a perfectly common-sense way of looking at it? We are not pleading the cause of the landlord by any means.. Rather are we pleading the cause of the renter, because we know that if there are three flats to rent for every two families of renters, the question of rent will take care of itself. On the other hand, while there are three renters for every two flats and they are bidding against each other, as actually is the case in Chicago to-day—well, our guess is that it will take more than an act of the legislature to keep rents down.

* * * * *

WHY is there an almost complete suspension of building operations? The building trades workman will answer

the question in a minute, and tell you it is because the prices of materials are too high. The material man will answer the question in thirty seconds. He says it is because wages are too high. Both probably are right, but anyway the investor, who really has the deciding vote in the matter, says that the cost of building is out of proportion to the income from the investment and he is investing his capital elsewhere. It is a bad situation, so our legislators are being asked to rescue the "dear peepul" and further limit the income from buildings and raise the taxes on them at the same time. From the depths of our swivel-chair we can see that the remedy proposed is not going to work. In fact, in our capacity of world-saver and regulator-general of everybody's business, we might go as far as to say that the idea is about as absurd as anything we can imagine.

* * * * *

SOME landlords have no doubt taken advantage of the present situation to exact more than a reasonable rate of return, which is one reason why some citizens, who are commonly level-headed in most things, are in favor of regulatory legislation. Did it ever occur to those level-headed citizens that if the income from rented buildings is as great as they think it is, every one with a dollar to invest would go into the building business? You can't escape it any way you look at the thing, or rather we can't, for we have tried to look at it from various angles. As we have said, capital is not seeking investment in the building industry now, because the cost is considered prohibitive. If the income was attractive the cost wouldn't be prohibitive, would it? And if the investment isn't attractive now, do you think that restrictive legislation will make it so? We confess we can't see how it will. But, as we already observed, there are so many of us think that all we need is a new law to solve our problems.

* * * * *

ON general principles we personally are opposed to state regulation of private industry. If an industry is a natural monopoly, such as a public utility company, the common weal requires that there should be a fair and reasonable regulation of its business. But the building industry is not a natural

monopoly. There is no economic reason why thousands shouldn't engage in it. There are sound economic reasons why there should not be competing gas companies, or telephone companies, or street railways, or utility companies of that character, because such competition could not be other than wasteful. For that reason it has become an accepted principle to recognize the monopolistic character of the industry and regulate it by law. But when we attempt to extend the principle of regulation to an industry that is not monopolistic in character, we throttle private initiative and stop progress. That at least is our idea of it, although we know that there are some world-savers who disagree with us. They wish to see state regulation of every kind of business, because they haven't any business of their own, consequently they think they have nothing to lose by the experiment. It's the same idea we spoke of a few minutes ago, applying a law to the other fellow.

* * * * *

WE don't know, as a matter of fact, that there are artificial restrictions which hamper building operations. We hear of combinations of material men and we hear of combinations of labor men with material men and manufacturers. If such combinations exist, the legislators should apply themselves to breaking them up. That would do infinitely more to help the renter than any restrictive legislation. Free the industry from artificial restrictions of all kinds, including legislative restrictions, and it will take care of itself. If the supply of buildings is equal to the demand for them, there will be no need of any rent regulation. As long as the demand exceeds the supply, rents will be high in spite of laws. In the neighborhood where we live we have noticed a number of apartment buildings plastered over with so-called "unfair" rent signs. Well, we like anything that amuses us, but really we wonder what kind of brain process enables one to believe that that sort of thing will remedy the condition complained of. Of course, there was old Mrs. Partington, who thought she could keep the tide back with her broom. There's one born every minute.

* * * * *

SPEAKING of the tendency to have a law enforced against the other fellow, we must tell you of a little incident which occurred recently which illustrates the point. We had luncheon one day with a party of four acquaintances, all of whom would ordinarily be termed high class citizens. The talk turned on the prevalence of crime in Chicago, the shooting of policemen, payroll robbers and such things, which seem to be inseparable from life in a large city. The party generally deplored the seemingly growing disrespect of law and sagely discussed causes. After a time the conversation drifted to the prohibition question and we were a little surprised to hear that liquor might be purchased almost anywhere in the loop in Chicago, if one knew how to go about it. We listened very much interested as one after another told where he had bought liquor. Finally when we thought they had all committed themselves sufficiently we asked if they did not think they had answered the question propounded a few minutes earlier, as to the cause of crime and disrespect of the law. One asked if we meant that the stuff being sold drove men crazy and made them commit crime. We said we didn't have that in mind at all, except, perhaps, as a contributory cause; that what we really meant was that the gentlemen present, all of whom believed in law and order, had just admitted violating one of the fundamental laws of the United States—a part of our Constitution—and that seemingly they gloried in their iniquity. We noticed that the shot went home and hit the mark.

* * * * *

FOLLOWING up that first punch we asked the party how they could expect men whose natural tendencies ran in the direction of crime, to observe the law, when eminently respectable citizens violated it and boasted of the accomplishment. Of course explanations followed to the effect that if any law is not backed up by popular sentiment it becomes unworkable. That is no doubt quite true, but the Constitution of the United States is not easily amended, and when an amendment is passed it may be assumed that popular sentiment favors that amendment. And whether popular sentiment is behind the prohibition amendment or not, the fact is that the law is there and the man who violates

it is just as guilty as the payroll bandit. It must be quite obvious that if we observed only such laws as suited our convenience, popular government would become a farce. Laws against robbery interfere with the business of the robber, but society cannot afford to have such laws repealed on that account. The laws against the liquor traffic interfere with the tastes and desires of some who wish to drink, but that is not sufficient excuse for violating such laws with impunity. We have often remarked in this column that the man who lives in a glass house should be careful about throwing stones. The man who violates the eighteenth amendment should think carefully before condemning the holdup man. We know that is putting it pretty strong, but we have a habit of saying what we think.

* * * * *

TO wind up this discussion we would like to suggest one more thought. Why is it that we send the man who *sells* liquor to the penitentiary—sometimes—and admit the man who *buys* it into our very best society circles? If there were no buyers it would follow that there could not be any sellers. If it is a crime to sell liquor, it appears to us to be just as much a crime to buy it. Is there any escape from that logic? Yet it is true that a very large percentage of the men one happens to meet on the street nowadays, can tell where to get liquor in violation of the Constitution of the United States. And, as we have said, these very same men deplore the prevalence of crime. Think it over. We know that you very likely will disagree with us, but we don't mind that. The liquor question has furnished the jokesmiths with a subject ever since war prohibition first went into force, and we plead guilty to having indulged in the joking with others. In all probability we shall joke more about it, but right down in your heart, do you believe it is a joke to violate a fundamental law of our country? Of course you don't when you look at the matter seriously. That will be all for this month.

* * * * *

Among Milwaukee's Famous Stores

MILWAUKEE is noted for its wonderful stores. As a shopping center it attracts women from long distances, for you know women are inveterate bargain-hunters and many find it economical to travel a long distance to trade at some of Milwaukee's mercantile establishments.

There is character in stores, just as there is in individuals, although the average shopper or visitor might find it rather difficult to locate or explain. Each

him and get better acquainted. When we called at Espenhains and made ourself known to Mr. Peck, we received a very cordial welcome. He introduced us to Mr. Cerlettee, the advertising manager and to Mrs. Flora Ellinger, whom we at first understood to be a department manager.

Mrs. Ellinger at once began asking questions about the North Shore Merchandise Despatch, the time required to make deliveries,



Espenhain Dry Goods Store, Milwaukee

store has some characteristic which makes it just a little different from every other store. It was in search of a store with some individual characteristic that the editor of the BULLETIN journeyed to Milwaukee a few days ago.

We did not go altogether in an aimless way, for some months ago we printed a letter from Julius Peck, a department manager and buyer for Espenhains. Other letters followed, for Mr. Peck is a great admirer of the BULLETIN, so we arranged to meet

the rates, character of goods transported and a number of other things. As we answered the questions, ably supported by Mr. Peck, we thought Mrs. Ellinger a most remarkable woman, but the fact that she was general manager of the establishment and a part owner did not dawn on us until later.

After luncheon at the City Club with Mr. Peck and Mr. Cerlettee we returned to look around the store and get some material for a little story. In glancing over

some historical matter about the store, handed us by Mr. Cerlettee, we noticed that Mrs. Ellinger was the general manager. We immediately felt a new interest. We thanked Mr. Cerlettee for offering to show us around, but said that all stores were more or less alike, but women managers were rare. Being a former newspaper man, Mr. Cerlettee saw the point quickly. We said if he could arrange another interview with Mrs. Ellinger, we thought we could get a story without going any farther. He left and returned a minute later to say that Mrs. Ellinger would be pleased to see us again.

When we entered her office the second time we explained that on the previous occasion we did not know she was the general manager and owner and we had come back to ask why she was.

She laughed heartily as she repeated the question. "Well," she said, "one reason is that I had nothing else to do and I enjoy hard work. I find plenty here to keep me busy. But there is another reason," and there was just a trace of sadness in her tone. "I am doing what I think my husband would have wished. I am trying to make this such a store as he would have done. He died about three years ago. He had many other interests in Racine and Chicago and gave little attention to this store. I am going to make this a store of which Milwaukee can be proud. That is my ambition and while I have not yet realized it, I believe we have made some improvements in the last two years."

Mrs. Ellinger was a little reluctant to talk of herself, saying it was the store in which people were interested. We tried our best to convince her that most people are vastly more interested in individuals who are doing big things than they are in the things

being done. Besides, we confess, we had a personal curiosity to learn why a woman, not compelled by economic reasons, should give herself up to such a career. So we asked if she had had any business training during her husband's lifetime and how she acquired such a knowledge of business in such a short time.



Mrs. Flora Ellinger

"When my husband was alive I never had to think about anything," she said. "Of course, we often talked over business matters, because I always wished to be a companion to him and to take interest in the things in which he was interested, but I never had any sense of responsibility. Perhaps it comes naturally to me. You know there were four girls in our family and no boys. Down in South Bend, where I was born, my father owned a large furniture factory. He used to say he had to have a boy, and

I guess I was the boy. I remember as a little girl how I used to sit in the factory and watch the machinery. It always was fascinating to me. They thought I was a 'tomboy' because I was interested in such things, but do you know I am beginning to realize the value of the things my father used to talk about."

From business and more or less personal things, Mrs. Ellinger's talk drifted on to sociological questions and she showed a remarkable knowledge of human nature, incidentally disclosing a thoroughly democratic character.

"I tell you that people in the very poorest circumstances appreciate good surroundings," she said. "The poor woman, scarcely able to make herself understood in our language, is entitled to the same service and consideration as is shown the woman of wealth. I do not care if she only has a dime to spend in this store, I am going to see that she is treated exactly as if she had thousands to spend. I am going to make this a store of service, and I believe all the department managers and salesmen understand it. I'll give you an illustration of what I mean. I visit every department once a day. The other day I saw a woman looking at some goods. I expect she was rather trying and the saleslady became a little impatient. I took her in charge myself. I spent more than three-quarters of an hour with her and didn't make a sale. She asked before leaving if I would be in that department next day about noon. I told her I was new in the store and that they were trying me in different departments and I could not promise to meet her, but said I would see she was given attention. That woman came back the following day and made a very substantial purchase, because I kept a close watch on it. I made a customer of her because I gave her service. I

enjoy doing things like that. You have no idea of the satisfaction it gives to overcome little difficulties of that kind. I like to feel that I can do it."

In concluding quite an extended interview, Mrs. Ellinger laughed: "If you write anything, make it about the store. The people do not care anything about me. They want value for their money and they want service. That is what we try to give them in this store. Every customer is treated alike, whether she comes in a limousine, a street car, or walks. 'Service and Satisfaction' is our motto here and while I have not yet realized my ambition, nor made the store all I wish to make it, I believe we have made some advance toward the goal."

Espenhain specializes in silks and linens, although it is complete in all lines of goods. As Mr. Peck said: "We like to speak of this place as the biggest little store in Milwaukee."

The store started in a small way in 1878 at the corner of Third and Prairie streets, under the name of Espenhain & Bartel. After the death of Mr. Bartel in 1890 the firm incorporated under the name of Espenhain Dry Goods Company and moved into a 5-story building at East Water and Wisconsin streets. The business having outgrown the quarters, the firm moved into its present location at Grand avenue and 4th street in 1906, occupying the entire seven floors of the building. Mrs. Ellinger assumed the management in 1918.

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

A good place to eat when you are in Milwaukee is the restaurant in the new terminal of the North Shore Line. Everything is new, clean and neat. The quality of the food is good and the service excellent. Try it next time you are in Milwaukee.

THE FAST ELECTRIC WAY

HAVE you ever thought about the way we cling tenaciously to old established customs and how hard it is to make us try something new?

There are some travelers today who do not ride on electric railroads, for the reason they think the electric lines are *too slow*. Of course, it isn't the electric lines that are slow, it is the travelers. A trial would convince them of that, but they are too slow to make the trial.

Recently we happened to be attending a dinner in Milwaukee and at the table the conversation turned on trains to Chicago. We remarked there was a train every hour on the North Shore Line up to midnight. One gentleman remarked it was too slow. That touched our pride a little, and we recited an incident published in this BULLETIN some two or three months ago, where a passenger missed a fast steam train at Evanston, took a North Shore Limited fifteen minutes later and connected at Milwaukee with the fast steam train. He was too well bred to doubt our word, but he seemed incredulous nevertheless. We told him if he stayed in Milwaukee for the night, which he intended doing, he could take the Interstate Limited on the North Shore Line at 7:15, have breakfast on the way and be in his office in the Lytton Building by 9:30 and we asked him if he could do as well on a steam train. He admitted that he could not and said: "I had no idea the electric trains made such fast time."

Following is a letter to the BULLETIN from a man who hasn't to be convinced. He has tried it and knows. He writes:

I have had occasion to patronize the North Shore Line quite frequently and yesterday a matter came up that I believe is worthy of mention. I had occasion to go to Chicago, leaving Milwaukee at 7:15 on the Interstate

Limited, arriving in Chicago at 9:25. My business kept me in Chicago until noon, at which time I took a Monon train to Hammond, Ind. My business in Hammond did not take me more than half an hour and, taking the electric from Hammond to 63rd street, Chicago, then the Evanston Express on the Elevated, I got to your terminal at Adams and Wabash in time to make the 3 o'clock Milwaukee Limited out of there, arriving in Milwaukee at 5:35.

I believe that is quite a record and stands as a good mark for electric service, especially between Chicago and Milwaukee. The distance from Milwaukee to Hammond and return is 210 miles. You will note that I left at a reasonable time in the morning, stayed in Chicago two and one-half hours, went to Hammond and returned to Milwaukee in time for dinner at home. I believe this is as good a record as can be made and attend to business at the same time, and thought that probably you would be interested in knowing about it.

I will be pleased to have you come up to our plant, so that we may have an opportunity to show you around and get you acquainted with the concrete mixing machinery industry. Would appreciate it very much if you will place my name on our mailing list for regular copies of the BULLETIN.

Very truly yours,
W. C. SAUER, Traffic Mgr.,
Koehring Machine Co.,
Milwaukee.

Mr. Sauer evidently is a hustler. That was pretty good time he made, but it can be done any day in the week and is being done by the live fellows who keep abreast with the development of electric railroads.

An American was touring through Scotland and in the manner of a few of his race, depreciated everything he saw in comparison with "li'l ole New York." His guide took it all in without a word. When they got to the top of the Braid hills, the American seeing the Forth Bridge, said, "Say, Jock, what's that bit of trestle work up the brook there?" Jock, aroused at last, answered, "Ah dinna ken, maister. It wisna there yesterday onyway."

WITH BULLETIN READERS

HOW the BULLETIN Family does grow! Several new contribs added this month besides ever so many letters from older ones.

This column is becoming quite a feature of the BULLETIN. It always has been in our estimation, but our readers appear to enjoy it as much as we do. Most contribs, and especially the new ones, throw us a few bouquets about our editorials, which they say they enjoy, but the older contribs seem to be more interested in this column. We enjoy this column more than the editorials. You see, writing the editorials is more or less like work, dependent on the mood we're in at the time, while copying and editing these letters is merely a pleasant recreation.

We have long felt that this column was lacking in one respect. We don't get as many letters from women contribs as we would like. We have tried to encourage the women folks and really some of the finest letters we have had have come from women. With a few exceptions, however, they write once and then rest on their laurels. They haven't the staying qualities of our men contribs. We are, therefore, particularly glad to give the women folks the top of the column this month and to invite other feminine readers to show their colors.

Here is a good one for a start from Milwaukee:

I have been for a long time a patron of the North Shore Line, also a reader of the BULLETIN. On account of illness in the family I did not get out much during December and January, and incidentally missed getting a copy of the January issue. I made up my mind that I would do a thing I had long promised myself to do, that is, to write you and ask to be put on the mailing list.

I certainly appreciate the service of the North Shore Road, its polite employes and all that goes with it to make it what it is. I also, with the members of our family, enjoy greatly

the BULLETIN, but have thought for a long while that the gentlemen of your "Correspondence Family" have had things too much their own way in taking up the space each month and, true to womanly instinct, and in keeping with the modern trend of things, I am, with your permission, just going to edge in. I hope this will encourage others of the women patrons of the North Shore to follow suit.

Thanking you for the courtesy that I am sure will be extended.

Sincerely,
MRS. DAISY D. CALLOW.

From her letterhead we note that Mrs. Callow is the district representative of the American Insurance Union. We quite agree with her that the men folks seem to monopolize the space in this column, but that is the fault of the women readers. We plead not guilty to any charge of favoring male contribs.

Another woman contrib comes back to greet us this month after a protracted silence. As she was one of the earliest contributors we had—over three years old now—we take particular pleasure in hearing from her. She writes:

"J'ever" get all dressed up and have no place to go? Well, that's just the way I feel this very instant—only different. Here I am, with a clean sheet of paper, time, pen and ink and I can't think what to say that would interest you.

The February BULLETIN came home today and as I read over the letters from the "contribs" I had a sorta "this-means-you" feeling, so I decided that I should write you a word or two. Then the problem of what to write came up, for verily one must have something to say before one may write—*n'est-ce pas?* Seems about all I do is to market, look after the home, husband and baby and truly this does not furnish me with enough material to write to an ed.

However, I can tell you that the BULLETIN always finds a very hearty welcome each month and I enjoy and profit much by the editorials, not to mention the real pleasure I derive from reading the very entertaining column "With Bulletin Readers." It's like a family reunion. Isn't Loop-hound a scream? There are others, too, whose contributions I like to read.

This is primarily to let you know that I am still receiving the BULLETIN and to thank you for it and also thank

you for the pleasant holiday greeting which came in one of the recent issues.

Very sincerely,

MRS. ELLEF S. CLARK.

We're surprised that you, Mrs. Clark, a former newspaper woman, should have trouble about finding something to write about. Tell us all about the baby. We know he is the most wonderful baby in the world. We have been through that stage, you know, and all babies are just the most wonderful things. When our young hopeful was a baby we used to get real money for writing the cute things he said. Maybe we helped him say them, but the editors didn't know it, they were interested only in getting original sayings.

That word from Mrs. Clark about this column being like a family reunion is true. It has brought lots of contribs together. For instance our old friend and devoted contrib, "Loophound," happened to be in Philadelphia and hunted up his namesake, Loophound, Jr. What they did when they got together, we can only guess. The first intimation we received of their meeting was in the form of a post card signed by both of them. It said: "Everybody in bed except us," and both signatures. Then on the side was written: "From one damn good Irishman to another." As our new postmaster, Mr. Hays, let that ride, we guess we can do the same.

We expected a further explanation would follow, so a few days later the following letter came from Loophound:

Dear Mr. Editor:

I entered the corporate limits of Philadelphia in fear and trembling. Had heard there was an epidemic of sleeping sickness here which no serum could cure, but it's a libel on the town. There are hundreds of them here who never sleep at all—they can't find a room.

When I started for Philadelphia I had two objects in view. One was to locate Loophound, Jr. You know I missed him last year on my eastern

trip, but had better luck this time. He is going to Chicago for the Easter holidays and will probably see you himself. He was in strict training this week, being a point winner on the U. of P. swimming team, but he cheated a little on the coach and showed me a royal time. If this higher education would only affect all people as it does Jr. this would be a wonderful old world. I was fortunate in being here while he was competing with the Princeton team and he won his event all by himself. He is now in New York at the intercollegiate meet.

Incidentally I had my eyes opened to what a really wonderful school the U. of P. is. Like a lot of other middle westerners who have never been on the campus, I haven't considered Pennsylvania as being in the same class as Yale or Harvard. You can't appreciate the Pennsylvania spirit until some good scout like Junior comes out of his shell and shows you their inside works here. It's a truly wonderful institution and there's more unselfish energy in the student body than in 4,000 volts of Commonwealth Edison.

You probably have heard of the stone-throwing incident, which has been practiced elsewhere. Well, it originated at Pennsylvania. Two classmates used to carry a rock each to class and when one threw his rock through the window the other would drop his on the floor, making it appear that it came from the street. The old Prof. would run to the window to discover the miscreant, much to the students' delight. There's no two ways about it, a college education is as wonderful as nature.

Outside the university, though, Jr. won't admit the East has anything on Chicago and the Middle West. He insists the Liberty Bell was originally a curfew, and when it cracked, the 9 o'clock habit was so firmly established in Philadelphia that a new bell hasn't been needed since. He takes great delight in telling them what a wonderful sight Davis street is, compared with Chestnut or Broad, and how the Milwaukee avenue stores have it over their best here, including Wanamaker's. He is so earnest about it that I believe he would swear to it on a stack of prescription blanks, temperance tracts, or what have you?

We had several lunches and dinners together in Philadelphia, but agreed they can't serve a dinner that compares with a North Shore dining car spread and we are looking forward to a dinner together on the North Shore Line when Jr. is back in Evanston for his holidays, a few months hence.

Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

That dinner on the North Shore Line sounds pretty good to us and we hope to get in on it. Now that we have brought the two Loophounds together, it seems only reasonable that we should make it a trio. The duet seems to have performed creditably.

We had an idea that the panning which Loophound and others have recently given "Michigander" would, in the language of Milton, get his goat, and it did. Here he is with a comeback:

Well, here we are again, only this time we did not wait until the world's series started, but are writing before the grand and glorious season starts. At this rate we may be able to squeeze in another letter before the annual fall classic takes place.

We understand from "The Column" we have been receiving considerable panning during the past few months, being called an "annual event," etc., due to the fact that we had written only once in the space of twelve months. Not desiring to arouse any further comment we have decided to write oftener during the coming year and wish to start right now.

One so-called "Loophound" has taken fiendish delight in referring to us as an "annual event," as we have hinted above, and suggested we "go and get a reputation." Well, a "rep." is what we are after and a "rep." is what we shall have if it takes the last drop of ink in our Conklin.

Why is it that this "Roving Romeo" seems to doubt the count of Uncle Sam in crediting Detroit with a million, thereby putting it ahead of Cleveland? While our Buckeye neighbor across the lake has been snoozing for the past ten years, Detroit more than doubled in population. A word of warning: Detroit, before many years pass, will be crowding Chicago as the second city and will have more than a census-taker's count for it.

Baseball! That's our meat. Dearth of baseball players in Detroit? Far from it. Nothing but improper management. Now that we have the "Georgia Peach" at the managerial reins, watch our smoke. We will make Cleveland look like Pumpkin Center.

Perhaps this Loophound can tell us how often, previous to last year, has Cleveland won the pennant. Do I hear anything? Not a word. And would Cleveland have won if the White Sox hadn't confessed to crooked baseball, causing the "Old Roman" to break up his team before the end of

the season? When one hails from a burg represented by players such as the eight or nine White Sox who confessed to throwing the 1919 world series, he should speak of baseball in a stage whisper.

By the way, Detroit is contemplating building a suspension bridge across the river to Canada. This ought to be encouraging news to Loophound, as he will be able to walk across in search of spirits—bottled or otherwise. For his information there seems to be plenty of "bottled in barn" with a kick like a Missouri mule floating around.

Let us again congratulate you upon your wonderful editorials. They sure are right from the shoulder.

Kindest regards,

MICHIGANDER.

Well, that ought to hold Loophound—but it won't. He is a dangerous opponent with a fountain pen. As to that suspension bridge across to Windsor, if Detroit is going to build it for Loophound, it might as well save the money. He has moved his headquarters to the east and can get into Canada by the back door.

Here is one from LaCrosse from "Ever-Ready" Sol Lasky. He writes:

I wrote you earlier in the evening on my arrival here, thanking you for the BULLETIN which you kindly rushed to me. Since writing you I have read it from "kiver to kiver" and the Doctor is right. You sure have the proper dope on this situation. I have been preaching this back to normal stuff, too.

What all of us need to do in 1921 is to talk prosperity and everlastingly boost, boost and boost and keep on boosting—not prices. Mike asked Pat what he was doing, and Pat replied he was working on a railroad. Mike asked what kind of work he was doing and Pat said: "You have seen the fellow go around and tap the journal boxes? Well, I help him listen."

There are too many of those listeners. What we need is more tappers. Thanks again for the BULLETIN.

Yours,

SOL LASKY.

Since writing that letter, Mr. Lasky was in Chicago and dropped in to see us and learn "Michigander's" name and address, so he might look him up when in Detroit. Incidentally he told us an amusing incident.

Talking with another "knight of the grip" in Minneapolis, who was a stranger to him, he mentioned the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN, saying that he was one of the contribs to this column. "So am I," replied the other traveling man, so they began to feel quite chummy and compare notes. There's nothing we enjoy more than we do the letters from the traveling men. As a rule they are pretty keen observers as well as good boosters. Our friend, Loophound, is always boosting both the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN, but he seldom admits being the author of those letters of his. And he's a big fellow, too, able to take care of himself.

One of our Canton correspondents—William G. Miller—writes:

Yesterday I received the February BULLETIN. Those editorials are grand for the times. I have a couple of friends to whom I would like to send copies. I know they would appreciate them. I had written them along the same lines a few days before the BULLETIN reached me, but cannot speak to the heart as you do. If you can spare me two copies, mail them and oblige.

Yours,
WM. G. MILLER

That's just a sample of the way Mr. Miller and some other correspondents boost the circulation of the BULLETIN. Well, we write it with the idea of having it read, so we are always glad to send copies whenever they are called for.

We do not often hear from Lake Forest. Sometimes we have wondered if the BULLETIN was too lowbrow for the residents of that aristocratic suburb, but it seems there are some who read it. Here is a letter from a correspondent in Lake Forest whom we welcome into the family circle. He writes:

Just finished reading the March BULLETIN from stem to stern and enjoyed it, as I have many of the previous issues. In fact, using the North

Shore Line as I do on an average of three or four times a week, I have got into the habit of looking for new editions long before they are due. I wish yours was a weekly instead of a monthly.

As I stated, I am a frequent user of the Road of Service, but fear that familiarity breeds contempt. In other words, the service, courtesy and, in fact, all the good points of your system, are so common to us that we take them as a matter of course. However, though we have been negligent in uttering our praises, still the fact remains that we do appreciate the entire service.

And may I now offer a suggestion? I frequently am compelled to board a North Shore car at night at a local station and am all set to hop on an approaching train when it speeds past and I realize it was an Express. But I nearly lost my hat in the scramble and got peeved. Therefore why not designate Limited, Express and Local trains by the display of a different colored marker or sidelight. We frequent users would soon learn to know which was what and would appreciate the arrangement.

Here's one for some of your speed fans. I have frequently overheard passengers guessing as to the speed of the car they were in, when a very simple method may be used to tell them exactly at what speed the car is traveling. Here it is: Count the number of rail joints (the clicking of the wheels will tell you this that are passed in twenty seconds. This will give you the miles per hour the car is traveling. Figure it out, or I will send the formula.

Best wishes,

A. S. L.

It isn't often we personally bother about the speed, but when we do we have a still simpler plan. Mr. Fallon, the chief engineer, will dispute the clicking of the wheels on rail joints. In fact when they click he thinks it's time to attend to them, but the trolley poles are always there. They are set 100 feet apart, so when you catch the fifty-third pole you know you have traveled a mile. Of course you can't count the poles at night, but who cares how fast he is going at night?

We have one here from one of our first contributors who encouraged us in this diabolical work

in the days when we wore swaddling clothes and were making a bid for popularity. It must be three years now since H. M. Brehm wrote praising the BULLETIN and he never has quite forgotten the habit. When he first acquired the habit he was helping to run the big Nash plant in Kenosha. Now he is running the Kenosha Wholesale Grocery Company. He writes:

After an absence of four or five days from the city I returned yesterday to find the latest copy of the BULLETIN at home and naturally I spent a very pleasant evening with this cheerful purveyor of news and happy thoughts.

I was particularly interested in the little article relating how the man refused a shipment that came over the "Road of Service" because it arrived too soon, as we experienced this very same thing only yesterday.

In the morning our stock clerk reported a shortage of a certain item and immediate need of replacement and I at once telephoned Evanston—our source of supply for this article—at about 9:30 A. M., with instructions to rush it on the North Shore Electric. Immediately after lunch we found a quantity of the goods in question in our warehouse which had been overlooked and again telephoned to Evanston—at about 1:15 P. M.—to cancel the order, but were advised that the shipment had already been delivered to the North Shore, and, furthermore, that it was then rolling on its way to Kenosha. "Road of Service" is right.

Incidentally myself and a party of friends were all unintentionally your guests for quite a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas morning. We had gone to Milwaukee to spend the evening and left there about 11 o'clock, headed for home. As you may remember, it was a particularly cold night and we were only about ten miles out of Milwaukee when we ran into a section of your road where the wires had snapped, due to the sudden change in temperature. After an hour's delay the crew had the track cleared and our car backed up some distance and then, with a flying start, made a run for the gap of approximately 3,000 feet, which was without overhead wires. We made it all right in total darkness and then repeated this experience twice more before we arrived in Racine.

It was something like 2:30 o'clock on Christmas morning when we finally arrived at home, but the experience

was rather enjoyed as it was exciting to say the least. Dodging under high voltage wires and watching the great arcs as the wires touched the rails, is not an everyday experience. Fortunately our car was well supplied with coal and the usual courteous crew, which, mixed with the proper amount of Christmas spirit, made a very happy combination.

In closing, allow me to say to you once more how much I enjoyed your little talk before the Kiwanis Club of Kenosha on your recent visit.

Yours truly,

H. M. BREHM.

P. S. Can you punctuate the following sentence: "That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is"? It is guaranteed to contain good sense if properly handled and is a direct importation from our literary center, Boston, Mass.—H. M. B.

We believe we'll leave that postscript for some of our clever readers to punctuate. It may be good style in Boston, but in Chicago we like to economize in space and words and get the idea across in the fewest words and simplest form. However, we tried it on our office assistant and it took her about one minute to do it, so we guess it does make sense.

What a wonderful thing that Christmas spirit is of which Mr. Brehm speaks. We didn't know there was so much of it in Milwaukee. Some people under such circumstances would have cursed the railroad and everything in sight, but here Mr. Brehm saw beauty in the electric flashes and enjoyed them. Maybe he saw more than were really there, such is the Christmas spirit. Ain't nature wonderful?

Our new correspondent, "Jumbo," is a hard worker. He first appeared in last month's issue and we have had two letters since. He numbers them consecutively, so as we can use only one in a single issue, we'll give you No. 2 and leave No. 3 for later.

Here it is:

Dear Editor:

Be happy and the world will

happy with you, but if you are a kicker you will sleep alone. Good morning, honorable members, scribes, patrons and onlookers!

Recently, on a trip to a little jerk town, I made the acquaintance of a very young but intelligent little chap. He was looking at a souvenir folder of Colorado. I asked him what mountains were, upon which he replied: "Mountains are big hills." "Correct," says I, "but what were mountains made for?" After thinking it over a few minutes he said: "Mountains were made so people when riding on a train would not get more than their money's worth of scenery."

I had to giggle to myself at first, but I am beginning to think how generous our Lord has been and with the help of the North Shore Line, millions of people can see the scenery at a big sale price, as there are no mountains. All those who have never seen it, should take a North Shore train and get an eye full. However, there would be a few—kickers who sleep alone—who do not appreciate art or scenery. All they usually claim to get is an eye full of sand and dust. Nevertheless the air would do these birds a lot of good. But please, dear Editor, tell them we're not talking of *hot* air but of *fresh* air. Even if there is great friction between the air and North Shore trains, there's never been a train that was stuck because the air ran hot.

Hoping to meet you all at a "scenery sale."

Yours truly,

JUMBO.

P. S.:

Ye patrons of the North Shore Line, When traveling near or far, You'll get the best, if you are a guest On a North Shore Dining Car.

JUMBO.

You will notice that "Jumbo's" verses improve with age. Last month we took issue with his limerick as not being strictly in accord with our truthful advertising. This month there is no room for criticism, at least not on that particular point. His last verse is quite true, as everyone knows who has tried the dining car service.

Many months ago, maybe, two years, we got a letter from W. S. Young of Milwaukee stating that he was sending the BULLETIN each month to Father Colton, in St. Michael's College, County Louth, Ireland, and he asked if we would place Father Colton's name on the mailing list. Of

course, we did so, and recently Mr. Young sent us a letter he received from Father Colton in which he said:

I must thank you for sending the BULLETIN so regularly. I still enjoy reading it, as do many of my friends. Best wishes to the North Shore Line and its interesting BULLETIN. Long may they keep up their reputation in the earnest wish of

Yours sincerely,

W. J. COLTON.

You see, they're boosting for the North Shore Line even in Ireland. We appreciate Father Colton's good wishes. We recall that last time we mentioned a letter from him, we said something of his being 82 years old and learning to ride a bicycle.

We have a new correspondent this month who hails from Cedarburg, Wis. As far as we can recall it is the first one from that town and we're glad to admit him to the BULLETIN family circle. His letter was written aboard a Limited and is as follows:

Just finished one of those delightful dinners, and while it was not the first one, it is the first time I have taken the time to write you—I had almost said trouble. The food served is always appetizing and the service is excellent. Keep up the good work.

There is only one suggestion I might offer and that is, hurry up and take over the "Northern" and give us some of that North Shore Service.

Very truly yours,

LEON S. TOENNESSEN,

The Rexall Store, Cedarburg.

We're glad to know that Mr. Toennesen had a dinner on a North Shore Dining Car, otherwise we probably wouldn't have heard from him. You know how one feels after a good dinner. Satisfied with himself and the whole world. Well, that's the way they all feel after they have partaken of one of Tom Welsh's North Shore dinners.

If we closed this column without some reference to the most faithful of all our correspondents—Mr. Peebles—some readers might think there had been a funeral or something in Plymouth.

Well, we had the pleasure of a personal visit from Mr. Peebles since the last BULLETIN appeared. He came down to Chicago to visit a few old friends and we accompanied him around a little for a day or two and on his departure we ran up with him to Milwaukee and had him meet Dave Wilson, Tom Kidd and some other good scouts in that city. We took him up to Dave Wilson's golf school in the Athletic Club and tried to coax him into the game, but we fear he won't take it up. We had better luck with Tom Kidd, who took to it like a duck to water.

While in the city Mr. Peebles paid a visit to the Scottish Old People's Home and left an enthusiastic booster for it. He intends to journey all the way from Plymouth to attend that Hislop concert at the Auditorium on April 18 and bring as many friends with him as possible. That is the sort of booster we like to see.

APPRECIATED HER NERVE

A NORTHBOUND Limited slowed down at Linden avenue station, in Wilmette at 8:45 P. M. one night recently. A lady leading a large dog stood on the platform and signaled the train to stop. The conductor opened the door and alighted to assist the lady aboard. "Milwaukee Limited," he said, as the lady approached.

"Would you mail that letter in Milwaukee?" she asked, handing him a letter as she turned away. When the conductor entered the car the passengers, who had witnessed the incident, began joking him about flagging a limited train to have a letter mailed. He turned the letter over in his hand and discovered that there was no postage stamp on it. The passengers laughed still more.

"Well," said the conductor, placing the letter in his pocket, "I will invest two cents on that, just to show that I appreciate nerve."

AN ENJOYABLE DINNER

A FEW of Milwaukee's golf enthusiasts spent an enjoyable evening on March 18 at a dinner in the Athletic Club, arranged by Dave Wilson, the golf professional of Blue Mound. Mr. Wilson laid out a nine-hole course on an immense rug, with bunkers and traps and everything. Then he pulled off an unique stunt. He secured the services of two Highlanders to entertain his guests, James MacArthur, who served through the war as a piper in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and Captain J. Burlington Rigg, who served in the Canadian army. Captain Rigg is a noted baritone singer and with MacArthur as piper, was playing that week at a local theater. The Highlanders in their picturesque dress made a hit with the golfers.

It was the first time the editor of the BULLETIN played golf to the music of the bagpipes and that may be the reason that we beat our opponent. Anyway we enjoyed the evening immensely, as everyone present seemed to do. You see, with the service given by the North Shore Line it is no trouble at all to run up from Chicago to Milwaukee for an evening and beat the milkman home by hours.

MILWAUKEE ART INSTITUTE

A visit to the Milwaukee Art Institute will repay the lover of art, for there is now on exhibition a fine collection of paintings. Nine canvases recently exhibited in the Macbeth Galleries in New York are on view, representative of the latest phase of the art of Hovsep Pushman. Frederick J. Waugh is showing a dozen marines and Sigurd Schou is represented by twenty wonderful paintings, including landscape, figure and still life. There is also an exhibit of sculpture by Jo Davidson in the shape of bronze portrait busts of the leaders of the great war.