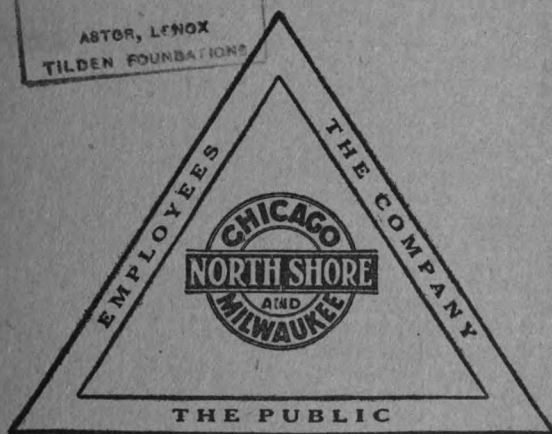


THE  
NORTH SHORE  
BULLETIN

MAY, 1921

THE NEW YORK  
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*"The Road of Service"*

## NORTH SHORE HOLD-UP

**D**ON'T get alarmed when you read that headline, as we did. That is one of our Plymouth correspondent's jokes. A North Shore Limited was held up at Wilmette avenue on the afternoon of April 19, but it wasn't serious. Our well-known contributor Mr. Peebles was the hold-up man and every reader of the BULLETIN knows that he isn't a highwayman. This is the story:

Mr. Peebles, like the good scout, also the good Scot, that he is, journeyed all the way from Plymouth to attend the Hislop concert at the Auditorium on April 18. Next day as he was going to take a North Shore train at Wilmette, he found he had tarried a little too long with his friends. Rushing to the station in an automobile, he sighted the train as it was ready to start. The driver of the automobile tooted his horn and attracted the attention of Conductor John Garthy. The conductor held the train until Mr. Peebles got aboard. Mr. Peebles writes that the conductor was all smiles and sunshine, that after collecting the fare he noticed a more comfortable vacant seat and called Mr. Peeble's attention to it. He afterward lowered the window a little and in other ways tried to make his pasenger comfortable.

"It surely is the Road of Service," writes Mr. Peebles. "I never traveled with a finer conductor on any train, smiling and pleasant, courteous and accommodating. I feel that such employes as Conductor Garthy and Conductor Elwell, who prepared the feeding bottle for the lady's baby as told in the last BULLETIN, should be rewarded."

Mr. Peebles enclosed a check for \$5 to start a fund to reward such service. While the BULLETIN and the officials of the company appreciate the good intentions of this pleased customer,

the check cannot be accepted. The employes of the North Shore Line are paid for giving that kind of service and while letters of commendation please the company and the employes, pecuniary rewards would be quite impracticable. However, Mr. Peebles, your letter shows that your heart is all right and we are sure that it will please Conductor Garthy to know that his courtesy was appreciated.

## MOTORMEN AS FIREMEN

Ralph L. King of the Waukegan Daily Sun sends the BULLETIN a good story to show that motormen on the Waukegan city cars can not only take in fares but also take in a situation and act promptly. Motorman G. Horton was operating a car at midnight one night when he noticed a large barn on fire as he passed Fourteenth street. He stopped his car, backed up opposite the barn and with his chemical fire extinguisher he attacked the blaze. He was joined by the crew of an express car carrying chemicals and the trio extinguished the blaze before much damage was done. The fire was not even reported to the fire department until the next day.

## UNEQUALED SERVICE

The following letter is self-explanatory:

Just a word to compliment you on kee to Kenosha. Several times this year we telephoned the L. Teweles Seed Co., at Milwaukee for seeds at 9 o'clock in the morning. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the seeds were on sale at our place of business.

Thanking you for the service rendered and hoping that it will continue.

Sincerely yours,  
Peter Jacobs and Co.  
Kenosha, Wis.

The foregoing is just one illustration of what the Merchandise Dispatch service of the North Shore line really is. It is that sort of service that makes the North Shore line so popular with live merchants along the line.

# *The* North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by*

*Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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Vol. IV

Chicago, May, 1921

No. 7

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## **EDITORIAL COMMENT**

**W**HEN our favorite poet said:  
    "O'wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
    To see ourselves as others see us,"  
he uttered a mouthful.

\* \* \*

**D**ID you ever see a little leaflet issued by a certain Chicago school entitled "The Human Balance Sheet?" No? Well, we didn't either until a minute ago when we sat down at our trusty "Royal" to grind out our monthly alleged "Food for Thought." There it was reposing on our desk.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fate of empires has been settled sometimes by a quick decision. At least we have read something to that effect, but never having settled the fate of an empire, we can't say of our own knowledge. Anyway, that leaflet changed the first few paragraphs of this comment. After a while we may get around to what we had in mind when we sat down, which had little to do with character analysis.

\* \* \*

**P**ICKING up the leaflet we opened it and glanced at the heading. There it stood: "Inventory of Your Positive Success Qualities." It won't take long to make that inventory, we thought, because we haven't any such qualities. But we were just curious enough to look at the list and then the lines quoted from Burns came into our mind. The list of qualities began with "Activity" and ended with "Truthfulness" and there were sixty-two others in between.

**H**OW do we stack up on the first quality we thought. We're pretty active in our own estimation and thought we would rate ourself at 75. Then we thought what the boss would rate us at and we scratched out the 7 to be on the safe side and let it stand at that. It isn't our habit to read the last chapter of a book first, but we did jump from the first quality to the last to rate ourself on "Truthfulness." There we said we can give ourself an even 100, for every reader of the BULLETIN knows that we write only truth and we thought the boss wouldn't object to the rating. He wishes us to tell the truth, and so far he hasn't caught us in a lie. As for the other 62 qualities in between,—well, the less said about them the better. There were a few of the qualities, however, which struck us as being worth looking into a little.

\* \* \*

**H**ERE among the R's was the quality of "reverence." We read the rules and found that we couldn't rate ourself minus on anything. The rating had to be somewhere between 1 and 100, so we marked ourself 1 on reverence. Running up the column we came to "Persistence in Obedience to Higher Motive." There we thought is where we shine. We don't know exactly what it means but we like the sound of it. We recall that a correspondent once complimented us on making our readers aspire to higher ideals, or something like that, and we decided whatever it meant we had it. We hadn't any doubt about the meaning of persistence and know we have that in large measure.

\* \* \*

**T**O prove that we have persistence—if any proof is needed—don't we persist each month in telling you what you ought to do? And do you do it? Didn't we tell the legislature last month that the proposed rent regulation laws were futile? But the legislature is going to pass them anyway. Didn't we tell you that it was wrong to violate the eighteenth amendment and we have reluctantly been compelled to refuse a drink a half dozen times in the last month, so that we might practice what we preach. In spite of it all do we get discouraged and quit? Not on your

life. We keep on telling you what you ought to do just the same. Persistence! Why, we're the most persistent cuss on the north shore.

\* \* \*

THE next quality that caught our eye was "Gracefulness" and we promptly rated ourself at 2. For the enlightenment of readers who haven't seen us we might remark that we are about as graceful as a young hippotamus, so the rating seems a fair one. We're going to attend some school and learn to wear open-faced clothes like a head waiter and see if our mark can't be improved. We know there is room. Isn't there anything on the whole list on which we can give ourself a decent mark, we thought. We kept reading up the column. Most people would read down but there's generations of Scotch blood in our veins which makes us contrary in spite of ourself. We got up among the O's and halted on "Originality." We wondered if we couldn't claim just a little credit on that score. After a little analysis we concluded that the only thing original about us was original sin and that was wished on us by Adam when he fell for that apple stuff. We couldn't claim any credit for that so we moved up to "Optimism." We can at least give ourself a pretty fair rating on that. The rules of the game say "you make yourself today what you will be tomorrow." So we gave ourself a rating of 50 on "Optimism" and if you BULLETIN readers do your part, we may be able to push it up a notch next month.

\* \* \*

STILL moving up we came to "Honesty" and we thought of giving ourself a good mark, but in our eagerness we struck the wrong key and our rating came out like this? Well, we thought many a truth has been accidentally hit upon and we decided to let it stand. The same rating would stand for a lot of us if we made an honest analysis of ourselves. We're speaking of honesty in its broad sense. We know lots of people who are honest in the sense that they wouldn't steal, but who are intellectually dishonest in being ready to believe almost anything they hear, without making an effort to obtain the facts. Also we know

some who are perfectly ready to accept pay for work that they do not perform, which is merely an indirect way of taking something that doesn't belong to them. Think it over and see if that interrogation point we struck accidentally doesn't express a fair rating for some of us after all.

\* \* \*

AT last, we thought we have struck a quality on which we are entitled to a good mark, as our eye fell on "Desire to Serve." The desire to serve is pretty strong on the North Shore Line. We christened it the "Road of Service" some three years ago, because that's what it is and we believe in calling a spade a spade. We were about to mark down 100 in that space when we hesitated and thought that we weren't analyzing the North Shore Line. Its desire, as well as its ability to serve is well known, but how about the BULLETIN? Well, that is a horse of another color. We're not so sure about it. Another line of Burns comes to mind—we haven't a copy handy and quote from memory :

"God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,

Nor am I even the thing I could be—"

That's a serious confession to make, we mean the second line. One isn't to blame, perhaps, for not being all he should be, because perfection is seldom attainable. We doubt whether we should like to see a perfect man or woman. But there isn't as much excuse for one not being all he could be. There's a world of difference in the meaning of the two lines. Burns understood human limitations. Nearly every line he wrote contains a sermon if analyzed. But let's stick to our text. We were speaking of the "desire to serve." That word "desire" lets us out. In fact that is the kernel of the proposition, anyway. It is the "desire" to serve that is listed as a quality and not the ability. We are strong on the "desire" end of it. We really desire to serve you and if we fall short it is due to the limitations of which we spoke. Don't we offer you advice month after month? That shows our "desire" to serve you—with advice.

\* \* \*

NOW let's lay that leaflet aside and get down to serious business. For the last few months we have been pretty serious

and we just pulled off the preceding paragraphs to keep our hand in. But there are lots of serious problems that require our immediate attention and we're aching to give a little more advice. We can give that without a pang, because it doesn't cost us anything. The first thing we have to settle is the industrial problem. We'll let Lloyd George settle with Berlin and our own esteemed Senate settle with Bogota. If we had our way on the latter question, those pirates down there wouldn't get any twenty-five millions. They haven't any right to it and who cares for their goodwill, anyway? Their oil concessions is another matter, but if that's what we are buying, our esteemed Senate ought to say so. However, as we said, we are not going to settle that. If we settle the industrial problem that will be a fairly good afternoon's work, so we are going to pull off our coat and get at it.

\* \* \*

WHEN Abe Martin said there isn't much more unemployment now than there was a year ago, that the only difference is they are not getting paid for it now, he said a whole lot. What's all this fuss between the railroads and their employes over working rules? When we get down to brass tacks it is just about what Martin said. Of course, the representatives of the shop workers charge that it is a conspiracy on the part of the railroads to break up the unions. As we see it, it is a conspiracy to economize by not paying men for work they do not perform. The railroads are sending a lot of work which formerly was done in their own shops into other shops, because they can get it done cheaper there. That seems to be about the size of it and the reason it is done cheaper in the outside shops is because the mechanics are being paid only for the work they do, instead of what the rules call for in the railroad shops. When any group of workers get paid for work they do not do, it means that other groups have to foot the bills. There is no escape from that. Wealth isn't created without work. Men may be paid wages without working to create any new wealth, but when they are it means that the wages are being drawn from wealth already created. The readjustment which is now going on in the industrial world is aimed to stop that drain, which in the interest of all of us ought to be stopped.

WE would like you to get the idea clear. We have said before in this column that we think employers should go a little slow in the matter of reducing wages. It may be true that in the process of liquidation labor will have to stand its share, just as merchants and manufacturers are doing. That appears to us to be only reasonable. But what we have said does not mean a reduction in wages necessarily. It means only stopping economic waste by not paying men for "time" instead of for "work." Recently we read a circular which illustrated what we have in mind. We haven't the circular at hand at this moment and may not be able to give the exact figures, but we can give the circumstances accurately enough to make the point clear. A wreck occurred on a railroad some miles distant from the division repair shops. Repair men were hurried to the scene to get the wreck cleared up as quickly as possible. The workmen were paid for the time they took going to the scene of the wreck, which was perfectly proper. At the end of their regular working day they began drawing time and one-half. That, perhaps, might not be considered unreasonable. At midnight they began drawing double time and in an hour or two the federal law which prohibits railroad men from working more than a certain number of hours without a rest period, became operative. The workmen went to bed, but they were "on duty" under the meaning of the rules, so they drew double time while they slept. In the morning they began work and cleared up the wreck. As we recall the figures each man had about 40 hours time for about ten hours of work. The railroad, of course, had to foot the bill in the first instance, but in a broader sense every citizen had to pay his share.

\* \* \*

AN even more striking illustration of what we have in mind was related recently by a railroad conductor. He was an old employe and declared that he considered some of the rules were not fair, but being human he didn't want to see them changed. This conductor has a run which takes three hours or less of actual time, but he is paid for a full day. Now while he is drawing his pay for waiting, if the railroad should send him out



on a funeral trip to a cemetery, a run of less than two hours for the round trip, it has to pay him another eight hours. Nor is that all. Suppose there was an idle conductor who might have been called on to take out that funeral train, the railroad would have to pay that idle conductor a full day's pay. That is pure economic waste and does no one any particular good. It adds to railroad rates, which every citizen has to pay indirectly. It is an entirely different proposition from paying a man good wages while he is working. The railroads, as we understand it, are not complaining so much about the wages paid per hour as they are about the wages being paid for which no service of any kind is rendered.

\* \* \*

WHEN there is the eternal question of trade jurisdiction, which until the time of federal control was not a serious factor in railroad shops, although it has been the bane of the building trades for many years. How does it operate in the railroad shops? A writer in "Commerce and Finance" recently put it this way: "In order to change a nozzle tip in the front end of a locomotive it is necessary to call a boilermaker and his helper to open the door, because that is the boilermaker's work; to call a pipe man and his helper to remove the blower pipe because that is a pipe man's work; to call a machinist and his helper to remove the tip, because that is a machinist's work. These same three forces must be employed to put in the new tip." To one not familiar with trade jurisdiction disputes, that no doubt sounds absurd. Before federal control, one handy man would have done the whole job, and would have done it, we expect, in less time than it now takes three separate classes of mechanics to do it. It is to stop that sort of thing that the railroads are engaged in a "conspiracy to wreck labor unions." Do you think there is any exaggeration in that little story? Well, there isn't, for we have known of scores of such cases in the building trades. We have seen one set of mechanics sitting on their benches drawing full pay, while a different set did a particular kind of work, which the men sitting on the benches claimed should be theirs. Economic waste which every one of us has to pay for.

IT doesn't seem there is any solution of the problem. We recall that we indulged in a quiet chuckle some months ago when we read a long newspaper story to the effect that jurisdictional strikes were to end in the building trades. Prominent labor officials and building contractors were quoted. The whole matter was settled in a perfectly lovely way by a national board at a conference in Washington. We suppose it was settled until the labor officials and contractors got home from the conference. They have been settling it as far back as we can remember, and we have a pretty good memory at that. It won't be solved by calling each other names, or by strikes and lockouts. It might be solved by both sides being perfectly honest with each other. As long as one side seeks to take advantage of the other, the other side will retaliate when it has a chance. What is most needed is ordinary common sense and a lot of it. The organized worker and the organized employer should both realize that the unorganized public has some rights in the situation. If the unorganized public, which largely holds the purse-strings, believes it is being held up by either organized employers or organized workers, or by a combination of both, it refuses to buy. That is one of the chief troubles of the railroads today. Rates are as high as the public will stand for, if indeed they are not too high. If the railroads cannot live on the present rates, and their reports indicate that they cannot, then there is nothing left for them to do but reduce expenses. They are seeking to do that by eliminating some of the wastes we have pointed out.

\* \* \*

THE workers on the other hand should take a common sense view of the situation. Some few individuals, who are paid for work they do not perform, may think they are being benefited. In the long run they are not, because it means adding an unnecessary cost to the commodity they are engaged in producing. That in turn means a buyer's strike and loss of work for those in that particular industry. There are thousands of railroad workers idle. There are thousands of building mechanics idle. The public will not buy railroad transportation, nor will it buy houses while it believes the costs are unnecessarily high. Who

suffers most? It is the workers in those particular industries, who suffer through loss of work. It simply simmers down to this: That it is uneconomic to pay for something that you do not get. Where is the worker who would pay a tailor for a suit of clothes that he did not get? Why then should he expect some one to pay for what he has to sell, namely his labor, when that some one doesn't get that labor?

\* \* \*

**I**N the newspapers this morning we read that a strike is threatened in the printing trades, because the employers refuse to pay the employes forty-eight hours pay for forty-four hours work. They are willing to pay for what they get, either on a forty-four or a forty-eight hour basis. That is the way it is stated in the newspapers, but we expect that it really means that the employes are asking the same pay for forty-four hours that they received formerly for forty-eight. No doubt the employes will say that they are merely asking a wage increase. We haven't looked into the facts in the situation and are merely commenting on newspaper reports, which, we know, is not a safe thing to do. But whatever the facts are, it is evident that the employing printers are like the railroads, objecting to paying for something they do not get. The building trades in Chicago are to be locked out because the men evidently prefer a nominal wage scale of \$1.25 an hour, without work, to an actual scale of \$1 an hour, with work. The wisdom of their stand, seems questionable, to say the least of it. It may be argued that the difference in wages is too slight to either stimulate or retard building but we are not so sure about that. There is a psychology in such matters that must be reckoned with. The public believes that building costs are too high and while it believes that it will not buy houses. If the public learns that wages and material prices have been reduced, it will start buying. If the public did start buying houses, the demand for mechanics in three months would be so great that wages would rise automatically, no matter what the nominal scale might be. At least that is the way it looks to us. Another instance where common sense is needed.

WELL, we started an hour or two ago to settle the industrial problem and if we haven't succeeded, we at least, have run over our usual space in trying. What we really aim at in this column is to give you something to think about. We would like to bring home to your mind the fact that the war is over and that the law of economics—sidetracked for a time—is beginning to operate again. It is contrary to that law to pay for goods not delivered, whether the goods are in the shape of a suit of clothes, or so much labor. We might just as well all face the cold, hard facts, and the better we understand them, the easier will it be for us to meet them. As we have said before in this column, the world went on a spree during the war and the inevitable headache followed on the morning after. In real life there isn't any such thing as vicarious atonement. We must all get away from the idea that we can get something for nothing, or that somehow we can increase wealth without working. It simply can't be done.

\* \* \*

#### AN INTERESTING SCHOOL.

DID you know that the North Shore Line is conducting a school for Americanizing men of foreign birth? Well, it's a fact and what is more it is a success. It started only recently and the results are surprising. Men employed in the road department, track laborers, etc., who could not speak or understand the English language are learning to read and write it. They seem eager to learn, too. That desire may have been stimulated a little by a rather direct hint that their chance of steady employment would be enhanced by their attending school and by becoming American citizens. Anyway they are attending the classes regu-

larly and are making fine progress.

One school is located in the offices of the roadmaster at the Racine station. Part of the room has been fitted up with bench seats and desks. There is a blackboard on the wall and plenty of large placards on which are printed simple sentences which the students are required to copy. Samples of the work were shown the editor the other day when he visited the school and they appeared quite creditable.

Two more schools are being fitted up, one at Waukegan and one at Highwood and will soon be ready for pupils. The teacher at the Racine school is C. G. Goodsell, who was an industrial secretary for the Y. M. C. A. during the war and is now employed by a number of industrial concerns. He is assisted by J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way and his assistant, F. J. Cramer.

**ACTIVE IN CIVIC AFFAIRS.**

**T**HE North Shore Line gives excellent railroad service to the cities through which it runs. That fact is recognized by all who live along the north shore, but it is doing more than that. Many of its employes take an active interest in the civic affairs in the various communities in which they live, thereby doing their part as good citizens in working for the common weal.

superintendent of the dining car service, was elected mayor of Highwood. George C. Kenry, chief despatcher on the Chicago division, was elected city clerk of Highwood, and J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way, was elected president of the Village Board of Libertyville. John Anen, foreman carpenter, was elected mayor of Winthrop Harbor.

It is rather significant that these men were elected on reform

**"AFTER ELECTION SMILES"**

**Thomas E. Welsh and George C. Kenry.**

Mr. Welsh, who has been elected Mayor of Highwood, is well known to patrons of North Shore dining cars, as he has been superintendent of that branch of the service since it was inaugurated. He will continue to provide those famous North Shore dinners just the same as though he wasn't a mayor. It won't be necessary to address him as "your honor" either.

Mr. Kenry, elected City Clerk of Highwood, has been in the service of the North Shore Line since 1911, beginning as a brakeman. He was promoted to Train Despatcher in 1914 and to Chief Despatcher in 1917, which position he holds at the present time.

In the recent spring elections several employes were elected to positions of trust and responsibility. T. E. Welsh, the genial

platforms pledging themselves to give their respective communities honest and efficient administrations. That they will do so the

congratulates the citizens of the respective cities and villages for

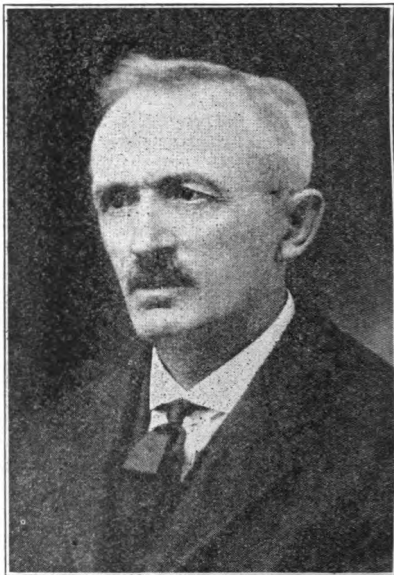


J. S. HYATT.

Mr. Hyatt, the newly elected President of the Village Board of Libertyville, first entered the service of the North Shore Line in 1903 as a rodman. Later he was employed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and returned to the North Shore Line in 1905 as assistant engineer during the period of construction work. He was secretary and treasurer of the Lake County Telephone Company from 1910 to 1912, returning to the North Shore as engineer maintenance of way, which position he now occupies.

BULLETIN has no doubt. They are trained in the work of giving the public service, for that is what they are doing daily on the North Shore Line and what they will continue to do. Men who are capable of filling responsible positions on the North Shore Line are capable of giving good service to their fellow citizens. That is the view taken by the voters who elected these men in spite of active opposition in some localities.

The BULLETIN congratulates the newly elected officials and also



JOHN ANEN.

Mr. Anen, elected Mayor of Winthrop Harbor, has been in the service of the North Shore Line since 1914, occupying the position of carpenter foreman in the maintenance of way department.

the good common sense they showed in casting their ballots.

#### NO HURRY

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would stop in and see what you can do for her."

## DENBY DAY AT GREAT LAKES.

**G**REAT LAKES made good its title as "the greatest naval training station in the world," on the occasion of the first official visit of Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby on May 2.

On the same notable occasion the North Shore Line clinched its title as the "Road of Service" by

the Union League Club, headed by Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line. The distinguished visitor and his party went to the Drake Hotel to review the Boy Scouts and afterward inspected the Municipal Pier of Chicago.

A special train, consisting of three dining cars and a parlor car of the North Shore Line, was



Secretary Denby and Official Escort of United States Marines.

giving Secretary Denby and the official reception committee a sample of the kind of service which the "greatest electric railroad in the world" gives its patrons.

Secretary Denby arrived in Chicago shortly after 9 o'clock and was met at the station by Captain Wurtsbaugh, commandant at Great Lakes; Gen. Lejeune, commander of the Marine Corps, Lieut.-Col. Frank L. Halford and a delegation of business men from

held in waiting at the North Water street terminal of the elevated. The party boarded it about 12:30 o'clock, being served luncheon on the way to Great Lakes.

Arriving at the station an inspiring sight greeted the visitors. Nineteen guns boomed a salute of welcome to the Secretary and from the Main Gate to the administration building the road was lined on both sides by sailors

and marines. The famous Great Lakes Band, which earned such a splendid reputation during the war, showed that it still can lay claim to being one of the finest bands in the country.

From a reviewing stand in front of the administration building, Secretary Denby addressed the sailors and marines, expressing his gratification over the won-

man and in the World War he served with the Marines. His sturdy Americanism showed in his actions and in every word he spoke. He is thoroughly democratic in his ways and in a few simple words he told the men what an honor and a privilege it is to serve their country in the uniform of a sailor. He said he hoped they never would be called



Welcoming Secretary Denby at Great Lakes.

derful showing they made. He told them that Great Lakes was the greatest naval training station in the world and that it would continue to flourish as long as he held the position of head of the Navy. In a brief sketch of his own career, Secretary Denby showed that he was the right man for the job, for he knows naval service in all its branches. During the Spanish-American war he entered the Navy as an enlisted

man and in the World War he served with the Marines. His sturdy Americanism showed in his actions and in every word he spoke. He is thoroughly democratic in his ways and in a few simple words he told the men what an honor and a privilege it is to serve their country in the uniform of a sailor. He said he hoped they never would be called

upon to fight, but if they should be he felt satisfied that they would fight American ships in keeping with the best traditions of our country. Although the day was rather cold and disagreeable, a large number of civilians, among them many women, visited Great Lakes to witness the review. They were not disappointed, either in the Secretary of the Navy or in the fighting men they saw going



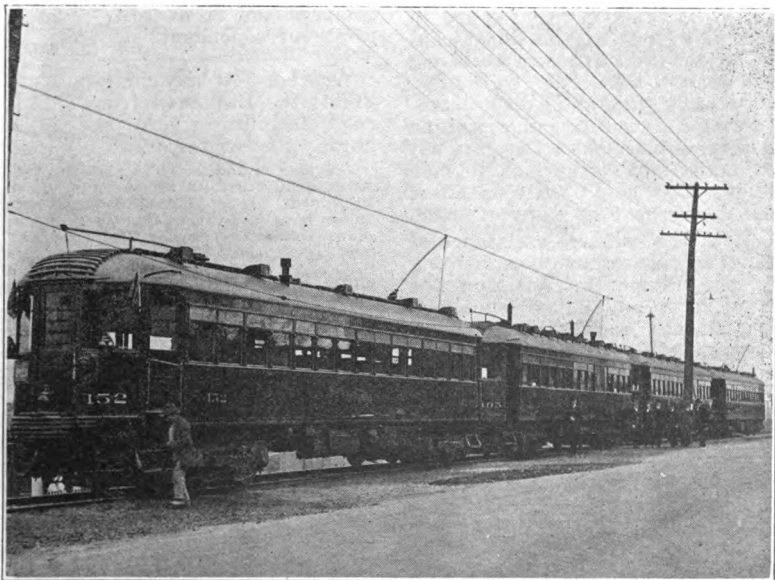
through the various formations on the drill grounds. The men supplied the best arguments that could be advanced in favor of the retention of Great Lakes as a training station.

Many prominent business and professional men of Chicago were in the party which accompanied Secretary Denby to Great Lakes, some of whom were inclined to

look after the comfort of dining car patrons as a regular business, doing his mayoring as a side line. Patrons of the North Shore Line know that he looks after their needs in a satisfactory manner.

#### FIVE AND TEN

Mary (meeting old school friend)—“Are you married? How many children?”



The Denby Special on North Shore Line.

marvel at the kind of service which the North Shore Line can give on its dining cars. It was the first trip on the line for a number of them, but from the expressions of satisfaction on the way going and returning, it will not be the last. Mayor Thompson of Chicago was in the party and, of course, Mayor Welsh of Highwood saw to it that his brother mayor and all the other distinguished guests received the proper attention. Mayor Welsh

Friend—“Yes; two little folks.”

Mary—“How old?”

Friend—“Five and ten.”

Mary—“H-m, I see, Woolworth twins!”

Customer: “I say, do you ever play anything by request?”

Delighted Musician: “Certainly, sir.”

Customer: “Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch.”

# WITH THE BULLETIN FAMILY

**L**AST month you may recall we gave the women contributors the top of this column, partly because we wished to encourage them and partly because their letters were good anyway. It was a lucky hunch we had.

Whether due to that encouragement or something else we don't know, but this month we are in receipt of one of the finest contributions we have ever received, and from a lady, too. Of course, we always knew the women members of this family can write fine letters, but somehow they are not as industrious workers as the men folks. They don't write as often, nor do we have as many of them.

With the valuable assistance of Mr. Peebles we have been helping to put Plymouth, Wis., on the map, in a manner of speaking. Oh, it was on the map before, known for its cheese, chairs and children, but in a small way we have helped it out, or rather Mr. Peebles has. Now Mr. Peebles had better look to his laurels for we have a new Plymouth correspondent. She is a good one, too, as the following letter will show. She writes:

"Greetings from Plymouth, Wis." A copy of your "peppy" little magazine just read and I enjoyed it so very much I wish to tell you about it. It is lightnin' boiled down, always. I get sermons, lectures, high class wit and humor and all around common sense out of it and look forward with much pleasure to the coming of the next copy, which I know will be crowded with original matter. Hoot mon, it is better than many a magazine with a heavy price, with 75 per cent advertising matter, 25 per cent divided between "censored for the big interests" and "try-it-out-on-the-dog," before we get to the copyright novels in the raw.

Please tell Mr. H. M. Brehm I cannot let Boston put anything over Plymouth in cheese or beans, baked or otherwise, so I have punctuated the little job he handed out as follows: "That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is."

With best wishes,

Sardonyx.

We knew that puzzle in punctuation propounded last month by Mr. Brehm would be easy for some of our clever readers. We told you our office assistant did in a minute and we were sure others would. We are very glad to welcome "Sardonyx" into the Family Circle and invite her to a chair in the front row. She is some correspondent.

Another new lady correspondent greets the BULLETIN from a Chicago hospital where she is a nurse. She writes:

You may be interested in knowing that on Sunday, April 10, while coming from Highwood, to get home by 12:30—all nurses have to be in at that hour—I was shown special courtesy by Conductor Roland Thompson. I'll admit I was very tired and he gave me his raincoat for a pillow. Let me say further that a finer lot of conductors, as polite and courteous cannot be found. I certainly enjoy riding on the North Shore Line for a better road could ne'er be found. Kindly send me your BULLETIN each month, because even though I am not living along the North Shore Line I most certainly enjoy reading the BULLETIN.

Respectfully,

E. R. S. E.

We'll see that you get the BULLETIN, Miss E. What with the conductor giving you his coat for a pillow and us giving you the BULLETIN to read, you ought to fall asleep easily when you're tired.

We have another lady correspondent this month, but she doesn't know it. She is an artist. We are going to produce her handicraft on the back cover of the BULLETIN if the cut turns out all right. She is Miss Ella Rasmussen of Highland Park. The BULLETIN readers are familiar with Harold E. Rasmussen, who used to write such fine letters from France and Germany when in the service overseas and who occasionally finds time to send a

post card, or better still, drop in to see us when in the city. Well, Mr. Rasmussen came in the other day and showed us a card he had received from his cousin Miss Rasmussen of Highland Park. We asked for it to use in the BULLETIN, when the artist sees this issue she may be surprised. Her theme, as you will notice, is one that cannot fail to inspire artists and poets. It supplies the source of our inspiration and you know that sometimes we write like an inspired idiot. However, Miss Rasmussen ought to be a regular member of the family and we hereby extend her an invitation to join the charmed circle.

Our two faithful hounds, Loophound and Loophound, Jr., are both with us this month. Last month you heard of their meeting in Philadelphia and getting acquainted. The original Loophound sings a sort of swan song this month, but don't take him too seriously. It is true that he is moving his family to Pittsburgh, but he won't desert the BULLETIN. He will come back occasionally and even if he shouldn't he is going to write. We'll bet that about the first thing he does after getting settled will be to write and ask to have the BULLETIN sent to his new address. He writes:

Of all sad words I've ever penned  
The saddest are—"They've raised the rent."

But that's nothing in our young life. We're sad because we're moving—going to Pennsylvania. It's hard luck, Luke, just when my game is getting good enough to make you hustle. Man; but I don't like to leave Chicago and the North Shore Line, not to mention the friends I've made through the BULLETIN. But, as Cleopatra said to Mark Antony, "The best of friends must part," so soon we'll ride towards the rising sun and hard coal.

The frequent mention of my nom de plume in these columns by my esteemed contemporary contribs (to quote Kentuckian) might have caused enlargement of the ego in time, but the jolt this Michigander fellow handed me in April sent my self-esteem way below par. What a wicked stream of ink he throws—

Lordy! There's but one redeeming feature to it—he has put me in Ham Lewis' class now. We've both been kidded by experts. He has made me regret sincerely and copiously having made disparaging remarks about the "Fourth City."

I used to live in Detroit myself long before she dreamed of her present supremacy in the motor world. Half the time I spent in the Harper hospital and the other half waiting for a train out. She was known as "The City of the Straits" in those days, which Michigander recalls to mind by his reference to our crooked White Sox. Wonder if there's a reason for dropping the soubriquet "City of the Straits." Maybe their whole town went crooked—who knows? Detroit may be a good town, nevertheless; Michigander can't always be wrong. Only politicians like Bryan and Thompson have that percentage copyrighted.

We know they broke census records and they brag about it, but they also broke the eighteenth amendment. Ask the "gander," he admits it. So we agree on one point at least. I'm also a Ty Cobb admirer and am for the "Peach" regardless of which end of the percentage column the Tigers occupy, but as for living there, I can't see it. It's like the view from an insane asylum—you must be squirrely to appreciate it.

Henry Ford is a much maligned man, whether justly or not, but we must admire any one who keeps a million people busy the year round. Of course, only 50,000 work in his plant; the other 950,000 will be found at every cross road in the country trying to make the darn things run. But you can't discourage a Ford owner. I may drive one east myself—there's no North Shore Service to Pennsylvania. Well, it's time to fill up the gas tank, so good-bye to Lake Michigan. (Don't drink her dry if you can help it—Vokstead may relent.) Adios to County Cook's golf courses. I hope they may soon be the regulation 19 holes. Au revoir to our BULLETIN friends. I would like to say the latch string will always be hanging out for you in our new home, but as a matter of "Safety First" I think we had better send you a pass key—we may not trust the new neighbors as we have the old.

Our friends are apprehensive that the change of climate may not agree with the young hound, but they don't know him. There's nothing on earth would dare disagree with him. He says "No" in 57 languages.

When I think of parting with the Road of Service and the North Shore personnel, a feeling comes up in my throat like an old hen experiences when she hatches a duck egg and sees the little yellow devil run for the lake.

We hope it won't be long till we can rearrange the opening verse to read: Of all glad words of tongue or pen The gladdest are—"We're back again."

Yours,

Loophound.

We heartily echo the sentiment expressed in the closing couplet. But we refuse to take that farewell note as final. Like all stars who announce farewell tours for a dozen years or so before they have any intention of quitting, we expect to hear from Loophound in the next month or two.

We are sorry that Loophound, Jr., didn't have time to call when he was home for the Easter holidays, but no doubt he was more profitably occupied otherwise. He is building an electric railway between New York and Philadelphia—on paper—and he wishes to pattern it after the North Shore Line. In his letter, he says he is going to finance it after breakfast for sixty-five millions. Well, it isn't hard to do it that way, but if he can get away with that capitalization for ninety miles of road, we'll change our views about the I. C. C. Anyway this is what he writes:

Have been trying to get time to write you ever since my return from Cuba after Christmas, but you know how things go when you decide to wait until tomorrow to do something that you ought to do today. Pardon the bum typing, but I am using an ancient typewriter, and occasionally I get too fast for it, or something. Maybe it's a hot box—I don't know.

As you doubtless have read in the Eastern papers, Loophound and Loophound, Jr., met in Philadelphia some few days since. We surely had a bully time together. The first thing we did was to tell each other what we had thought we were going to look like, or something to that effect. He had evidently expected to find me one of those tall, lanky, chinless, Adam's apple, long-haired geniuses, with tortoise shell specs, and the like—fortunately I disappointed him. We had that long promised steak together, then to see "Honeydew," which we considered quite some show. Then we tried the oysters at Broad Street Station, and then, after looking unsuccessfully for an Irish postcard to send to you, dispersed for the evening. The next evening he came out and saw Pennsylvania whip the tar out of Princeton in swimming. He certainly is a corker.

Have tried unsuccessfully to get over to call on you this trip, but have been engrossed with the construction of a high speed electric railway between New York and Philadelphia (on paper) for the

course in Corporation Finance at Pennsylvania. It has kept me busy, I can tell you. Tomorrow morning I finance it for sixty-five million dollars, and tomorrow afternoon I set sail for 201 Brooks. A fine way to spend an Easter vacation, isn't it?

Went to Milwaukee on the noon diner last Tuesday to get some data and pictures for my report—still as good as ever. Met the genial dining car superintendent again. He informed me that he was running for mayor of Highwood. Best of luck to him. I suggested that he run for mayor of Wilmette instead. Told him if he could mayor as well as he could feed North Shore passengers, he'd fill a long felt want there. While we were talking, the train stopped at Kenosha, and a man came in in great excitement. He wanted food, and was leaving at Racine. I timed him—he got away with two cheese sandwiches, a cup of coffee, a heap of French fries, and a slab of the famous apple pie, wiped his mouth, paid his bill and a tip, and dismounted in exactly ten minutes in Racine. If that doesn't beat anything I ever saw for service, I want to know. We came back on the Badger that evening. It certainly is a splendid train. We had a fine meal, and then enjoyed the clubby atmosphere of the dining car when the waiter removed the tables, and everybody smoked and got acquainted. It certainly is a pleasant trip.

Well, I must gather up my precious belongings and head back to Evanston. Will try and write more often after next month and will promise to call on you, if you will permit, etc., immediately on my return.

Yours,  
Loophound, Jr.

Through the BULLETIN the two Loophounds were brought together and now we have two other correspondents meeting as a result of reading each other's letters in this column. They are S. N. Lasky and "Michigander." They appear to be good friends already.

"Michigander" has recently been getting some jolts from the regulars for being an annual event and he is going to reform and become a quarterly, or maybe a monthly contributor. Atteny-rate he write as follows:

Men may come and men may go, but the BULLETIN keeps right on coming. I am not sure whether or not the foregoing is original, but that is what came to my mind just now.

The March BULLETIN reached our desk some few days ago, and to keep our name clean, we thought it best to write

"pronto." You know we are out to get a "rep," for even Kentuckian took a jab at us in the last issue. We hope that our letters come so thick and fast you will be forced to holler "nuff" and that we will be awarded the reputation of being a nuisance.

So friend Loophound believes that President Harding appointed Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy on account of the wetness of Detroit? Loophound himself cannot prove that the Detroit River is not the wettest part around here, as this seems to be the original Sahara when he is in the vicinity.

I suppose you have been rummaging around looking over the brassies, niblicks, and the other sticks with queer names in anticipation of the golf season, while I have been looking over the "dope" sheets trying to figure out the Tigers' chances for the pennant this year.

Our friend Sol N. Lasky called us up at the office the other day and we met him and had lunch down town together. We found Mr. Lasky to be a real he-man, and hope to see him often, as he has decided to make Detroit his residence for a while. He took us to see his apartment, which we found to be only a block or so from our own domicile. We were so pleased with it we have practically decided to take a similar apartment in the same building. We shall, therefore, be neighbors, and hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lasky's wife and baby, of whom he thinks and speaks considerably.

Mr. Lasky very kindly presented us with an "Ever-Ready" shaving brush (having remembered our hint) and we now have no further cause to be envious of you.

The local street railway was dealt a severe blow as a result of an election last Monday in which the majority (about 68%) voted for municipal ownership. There has been a bitter fight waging between the street railway and the City Hall forces who were backed by the leading yellow daily, the Detroit News. The street car people sought to show where municipal ownership in other cities, such as Seattle, was a losing proposition and only resulted in increased fares, while the Detroit News published reports tending to prove that the plan made money and reduced fares. With our opinion of the News, we did not swallow these statements whole but took them with a grain of salt. However, the plan won and we hope, for the sake of the city and the people, that it will come out to best advantage, although we cannot see it at the present time.

By the way, won't you set forth your opinion on municipal ownership?

Sincerely,

Michigander.

Well Mr. Michigander, our opinion on municipal ownership mightn't be worth much, but facts are worth something and we

haven't been able to find any place where it has been a success in this country. Our prediction is that Detroit's experience will be about the same as Seattle's. The theory sounds very plausible but it doesn't seem to work out well in practice. Some one has said that what is needed is less politics in business and more business in politics. That about expresses it. When the local transportation business is brought into politics, we doubt that it will be as efficiently handled as by private interests under proper public regulation. It is a big subject which we are not going to discuss in detail at this time, but some of these days we may go into it a little more fully.

Occasionally we receive letters from ministers of the gospel and college professors who are interested in some of the comments made in the BULLETIN. Here is one from the Principal of the Waukegan High School, who writes:

I just wanted you to know that I am in full sympathy with your article on obedience to law in the recent number of the North Shore BULLETIN. I am going to use the material in a talk to my students some day.

Truly yours,

Paul G. W. Keller.

Another one of the same kind comes from away down in New Jersey. They seem to know about the BULLETIN in the most unheard of places. This one writes:

I was intensely interested in your little pamphlet, the North Shore BULLETIN, and would appreciate a copy every month. Thanking you in advance.

Very truly yours,

Chester W. Williams,

Teacher of Modern History,

Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.

We used to teach a little modern history in the BULLETIN during the war and if this anti-British, pro-German propaganda keeps up we may have to tackle it again.

We welcome a new correspondent to the family fireside who writes:

I am setting out to do something which I promised myself I would do a long time ago, and that is to write you and tell you all that I think of the North Shore Line and its service.

Yesterday I rode to Milwaukee again and the first thing I did was to pick up the BULLETIN and in it I found an article by your friend Michigander, which was, in a certain sense of the word, a "slap in the face" to me. At any rate, I decided that right now is the time to make good my promise to myself, but I also find that as a result of my delay I am confronted with a series of topics to discuss with you, and inasmuch as I don't think you have time for too much of a cosmopolitan letter, I will just comment briefly on each of three subjects.

First of all, to express my opinion of North Shore Service, just pick up all the nice things which everybody says about it and I add thereto, "Them's my sentiments." It sure is a great road, and like Mr. Dixon, when I arrive from any points north, my trip home is always completed over the North Shore.

Almost a year ago, you will recall that you contemplated having a game of golf with my intimate friend, Mr. P. C. Holm, formerly of Racine. I am interested in knowing whether "The Scotchman" showed him how and really did it. I derived a lot of good out of the little episode on knowing how to do things but not being able to do them. Incidentally, I don't know much about golf, but now that I have taken up my residence in Chicago I have hopes of running across someone who will exercise the necessary amount of patience to teach me.

Speaking of moving to Chicago, this brings me to my objection to Michigander's statement, or rather his comments. Being a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio, I naturally took great pride in the outcome of the last world's series. If Michigander gives Detroit credit for winning previous pennants, why does he discredit the former management and at the same time make a reflection on Cleveland not having won a pennant before. I don't want to start a baseball argument in your columns, but if you don't hear from me in the meantime, you can sure expect a message to Michigander at the end of the present season.

With best regards to yourself and the future welfare of the North Shore Road and its service, I remain

L. J. Rosol.

P. S.—Kindly put me on your mailing list for the North Shore BULLETIN.

If these baseball fans keep up this discussion they may get us interested enough to go and see a game. It isn't our notion of sport, however. Of course, we like all sorts of healthy sports, but like to

be in the game ourself. We can't see that it is great sport to sit on a bench and watch others play. At least it isn't as good as to get into the game and play oneself. That is why we prefer golf as an outdoor sport. A very few play that game, but hundreds of thousands play at it and get just as much fun and as much exercise as if they could really play it.

Still they come. Getting acquainted with new ones every month. If this keeps up we believe we'll have to speak to the boss about making the BULLETIN larger. This one is an editor himself, a brother booster and we always have a welcome for a booster. One gets a lot more out of life by being a cheerful booster. He gets out a good little publication, too. He writes:

I have taken the liberty of placing your name on the mailing list of "Kiwanipep," the weekly publication of the Waukegan Kiwanis Club. I cannot hope that you will find it as interesting as the BULLETIN is to me, but it is probable that you will find time to give it a casual glance now and then.

I have been a patron of the North Shore Line for some five years, during which time I have noticed, not only the service improve, but the patronage increase right along. While riding to and from Milwaukee, the idea struck me several times to write something about the BULLETIN and the splendid service of the North Shore Line, but thus far I have neglected to do so. However, one of these days I will send you a little story that may be of interest to your readers.

W. D. Lambert.

We'll be glad to get a story Mr. Lambert. Some contributors seem to think they must write about the BULLETIN, while others think they must praise the service. Of course, we're always glad to get bouquets, whether about the BULLETIN or the service on the North Shore Line, but they speak for themselves. Contributors are free to write about other things, in fact some of the best of them do. Give us some boosts about your home town, about places to spend a day outdoors or anything you wish to write about.

That industrious correspondent "Jumbo" has been hit with spring fever or something. We hope it isn't anything more serious than that, but his last letter is cause for anxiety on that score. We realize that this is the open season for poets so we are going to let this outburst from "Jumbo" go by, but we caution our correspondents not to overdo it. Here it is:

#### THE BREAKERS.

Reposing, while my eyes are fixed  
Upon our mighty lake,  
And listening to the murmurs of  
The breakers, as they break.  
They give an inspiration which  
Real human love will teach,  
If you have idle moments soon,  
Do spend them on the beach.

You'll see a mass of water there,  
Which has a mighty strength  
To batter up the biggest ships,  
Regardless of their length.  
And when the angry waves cool down  
You'll notice at the strand,  
The breakers will apologize  
And bow before the land.

So now, good friend, just stop and think  
Of all the wrongs you've done;  
What would your dear old mother say  
To hear it—that her son  
Has not apologized to those  
Offended long before,  
But if you lack the courage yet,  
Go get it at the shore.

—Jumbo.

P. S.:  
Hurrah! for the North Shore BULLETIN,  
It's worth its weight in gold,  
Just make it your habit to read it  
And your spirit will never grow old.

—Jumbo.

We think the postscript is the better part of the poem and if "Jumbo" knows any one willing to pay for the BULLETIN what he says it is worth, we shall at once increase its size and weight. As for spending your idle moments on the beach listening to the breakers—don't have any idle moments. The only time we spend on the beach is during the swimming season and we haven't time to see the breakers. Too many attractive bathing suits to divert attention. Despite the inclement weather we conclude from the foregoing "poem" that spring actually is here.

It is several months since we heard from "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan, but he is still there. He writes:

I do not know whether you owe me one, or whether I owe you two. However, I received the April BULLETIN today and it reminded as Pat said, "Let's have one anyway, be jabbers"—I mean, of course, a letter, as I am sure we don't indulge in anything stronger than soda water.

This is pink stationery but you know I am not a pink tea sort of fellow, although I can wear my glad rags as gracefully as my overalls. I have always been partial to pink. I wonder if it is because the first time I met Mrs. Kade she wore a pink dress. She was a curly-headed, blue-eyed girl of 14 then. That was over thirty-five years ago.

Well, this is a great old world. Sometimes I wonder if we are not progressing too fast when I think of transportation forty years ago. We had ox-teams then along the Green Bay Road. Now we have the North Shore Line and yet we kick because we don't get there fast enough. Sometimes I think:

This world is but a circus ring,  
Over tented with the blue  
Sunlit canvas stitched with stars  
Of gold and silvery hue.

Within the ring, ringmasters stand  
There proudly, quite a few,  
The audience sits and sees the show,  
But then we all have acts to do.

Some of us are ringmasters, some of us are clowns, all are actors and we all must play our parts whatever they may be. Sometimes we are misunderstood and have our intentions misconstrued. Some think that everything is done for money. You know and I know that isn't so. Sometimes one has a big idea, a hobby, and some one else has nerve and money to carry out the idea. The result is that while some one may have gone broke, the world is better off for that idea.

I cannot help but compliment that conductor who mailed that letter for the lady and put a stamp on it. He was made of the right stuff. In spite of the jollying of the passengers he did what he felt was right. I hope all your employees play their part as well, for if we all do that when the final curtain is rung down on the big show we will no doubt hear, "Well done thou good and faithful servant" whether an individual or a public utility corporation.

Sincerely,

Dad Kade.

If we keep on with these letters we'll be getting the spring fever, or something, and we are too busy right now to even think of woods and waters and tented blue and all that sort of thing. But like

"Dad" Kade we're somewhat partial to the dreamers. Most of the big things accomplished in this world have been the result of some one's dreams.

### INTERESTED

Mistress (to cook)—"I have some friends coming to dinner today, Mary, so I want you to do your very best. I'd like something especially nice if you can manage it."

Cook—"You can depend upon me, mum; I've got some friends of me own comin'!"

"Cohen, I've lost my pocket-book."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but de left-hand hip pocket."

"Well, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't der I'll drop dead."

Employer: "Not afraid of early hours, I suppose?"

Young Man: "You can't close up too early for me."

"Are you Doctor Smith?"

"No. But I know where we can get some."

### CONSISTENCY

"Oh, George," reproached the young wife, "it was after 12 when you got home last night."

"Well, well," exclaimed the young husband. "you women are certainly insistent. Before we were married you didn't use to worry a bit about how late I got home."

### WHO WOULD?

Daughter—"Now you've gone and spoiled everything. George doesn't come to see me any more."

Mother—"Well, what more could I do? Didn't we treat him like one of the family?"

Daughter—"You did. And he wouldn't stand for it."

### A REAL LIVE ONE.

THE Milwaukee Association of Commerce is a live organization. At the head of its many bureaus and activities are real "live wires" with snap and pep.

One of the most wide-awake is Senator Oscar H. Morris, secretary of the Better Business Bureau. He may not know personally every citizen of Milwaukee, because there are about half



SENATOR OSCAR H. MORRIS.

a million of them, more or less, but he knows a lot of them.

When Senator Morris was a little kid he used to run messages for the Western Union. Even at that age he had what is known in the newspaper world as a "nose for news." He tipped off a good story to the *Sentinel* and it offered him a job. He chased copy for a while and later became a reporter, specializing for



a time on sports and later on politics.

Twenty years ago, although he didn't know much about automobiles, he went to Cleveland and became editor of one of the biggest automobile papers published at that time. He had a notion, however, that Milwaukee needed him and he drifted back and worked for a dozen years on the *Daily News*, writing baseball, boxing and other sporting news under the nom-de-plume of "Haskell," which happens to be his middle name.

Senator Morris handled so many political campaigns for others that he thought he would try the game on his own account and got elected from the fourth district. As a newspaper man he was pretty well acquainted in the legislative halls at Madison, and the only difference now is that they let him sit in the senate chamber instead of in hallways and hotel lobbies.

Among his other activities, Senator Morris is secretary of the Milwaukee Lion's Club. Not being a Lion, we can't tell you much about the organization, but we like its creed, written by some budding Walt Mason. Here is the creed: "Don't sit supinely on your roost, but come along and help us boost for better things of every kind, and leave your kicking clothes behind. O, let us boost for better streets and softer beds and longer sheets; for smoother lawns and better lights and shorter-winded blatherskites; for finer homes and larger trees and hats and boots and bumble bees; for shorter hours and longer pay, for fewer thistles in our hay; for better grub and bigger pies; for two more moons to light the skies, and let the wolves of war be loosed on every man who doesn't boost."

As secretary of the Better Business Bureau, Senator Morris is interested in checking up on fake

advertisers, blue sky operators and other get-rich-quick artists, and we are told that, through his activities in that line, he has saved business men many thousands of dollars.

Senator Morris has been a member of the Milwaukee Press Club for 17 years and has also served as its president. He is a good booster for the North Shore Line and for everything and everyone who is on the square, for boosting is his long suit. We like boosters and that is why we introduce Senator Morris to BULLETIN readers.

### THE FOREST PRESERVE.

DID you know that one of the finest pieces of Forest Preserve in Illinois is situated right on the North Shore Line? One day recently in passing the Braeside station, between Glencoe and Ravinia, we noticed a "Forest Preserve" sign and the fine old woods just west of the track and a despatcher on the Chicago division to take passengers back to Chicago once decided to make an early exploration of that district. A few days later we visited the spot again and thought it an ideal place for picnics and outings of all kinds.

The woods extend from the North Shore tracks west to the Skokie, with open spaces here and there where outing parties could hold games. We were told that the first open space, which runs from Braeside west to Green Bay Road is to be prepared for a baseball field for a ball club being organized in Glencoe.

West of Green Bay Road is another larger open space, fringed with trees extending west to the Skokie marshes. Although it was early in the season when we rambled through the woods, there was a great profusion of violets and other wild flowers. It isn't necessary to carry a lunch along unless you wish. At the corner of Green

Bay Road and County Line Road is located the Chateau Maxim which is being overhauled and converted into a large dance pavilion on one side and a dining room on the other. The place is to make a specialty of chicken dinners, but will also provide sandwiches or light lunches. The proprietor, Mr. Maxim, told us he intended to conduct a place that would appeal to families on outings.

Keep this spot in mind when you are thinking of spending a day in the woods among the birds and wild flowers. The season for such outings is almost at hand and the North Shore Line is always ready to furnish the transportation facilities.

#### THAT SPRING BLIZZARD.

**B**LIZZARDS late in April are of rare occurrence and we're glad that they are. We think it was rather mean of the weather man to turn loose anything like that which visited the vicinity of Racine and Milwaukee on the afternoon and evening of April 16.

We didn't think that anyone had a grudge against the North Shore Line, not even the weather man, but he acted that night as if he had. Maybe he just wished to see whether the North Shore Line could make good its claim of giving 100 per cent service under the most trying circumstances. Certainly Old Boreas put the road to a severe test.

Well, in spite of it all the North Shore Line came out with flying colors, if not with flying trains. The operating officials are only human. Supermen couldn't have operated trains through that storm, for in one place there was fourteen feet of snow to buck. Worse than even that, the ice on top of the rails was three inches thick, so that trains could not be kept on the tracks. And it was so sudden and unexpected, too.

In the big storm three winters

ago, you may remember that the North Shore trains operated when all other means of transportation failed. This time the road was harder hit and it simply was impossible to get trains through for a few hours. It wasn't that the operating officials didn't try. Every bit of storm-fighting apparatus on the road was put into use and train crews and officials worked like beavers. Passengers in stalled trains realized that everything that was humanly possible was being done and almost without exception they took the situation good-naturedly.

When it was found that there was no hope of being able to push trains through to Milwaukee that night, arrangements were made to take passengers back to Chicago, or transfer them to the steam road, whichever they wished. Everything that was possible was done for the comfort of passengers, so that the road upheld its reputation for giving service. It is unfortunate that some were inconvenienced for a time, but the delay was unavoidable.

#### CADDIE WISDOM.

Dave Wilson, golf professional at Blue Mound, Milwaukee, opened the season with a lot of other professionals down at Pinehurst. Before leaving an admirer presented him with a pair of golf stockings, with garters and red tassels. They are quite the latest thing and a friend of Dave's tells the BULLETIN editor they created a mild sensation.

Dave was fortunate in having a Scotch caddie recently imported, who knew all about the game. The caddie observed that Dave was a little off his game one day and noticing that he wore new knickers to match the stockings he remarked sagely: "Ye shudna wear new breeks when ye're playing gowf. Ye keep lookin' at them when ye shud be lookin' at the ba'."

## COMMENDS TICKET AGENT

HE following letter, received at the general offices of the company, explains itself:

On Friday last, March 4, I purchased a ticket at your Milwaukee station for Wilmette and in my rush for the 4 P. M. train I left my pocketbook on the outside of the ticket window and did not miss it, or even think that it was missing. When presenting my ticket at the train gate, the collector, looking at my ticket, said: "You are wanted at the ticket office." I was surprised for I did not even wink at the lady ticket seller; but when I again faced this good-looking, she handed me my pocketbook, stating I had left it on the window ledge.

This young lady's name, I learned, is Miss Baker, and I sincerely trust that your company will take cognizance of her honesty and promote her to a position of trust. The "Road of Safety" to its patrons in transit, backed as it is by honest employes, will always enjoy the good will of the public.

Cordially,  
George E. Pratt.

That is part of North Shore service and such things happen every day, although everyone is not as thoughtful as Mr. Pratt about giving the employee credit.

## GOOD SERVICE APPRECIATED

The North Shore line wins the good will of patrons by the quality of its service, with the result that there is a fine spirit of co-operation all along the line. The following letter from Harry H. Wheeler of the State Line Stock Farm is a fine example of the spirit of co-operation for the common good. He writes:

I have pleasure in reporting the saving from fire of your station platform at State Line station last night. One of the cedar posts which supports the platform became ignited when section men were burning grass late in the afternoon. At 9 P. M. it was burning lively, fanned by a high wind. A few buckets of water put things right.

We so appreciate the excellent service of your road that any service we can render is cheerfully given.

Harry H. Wheeler,  
First Artillery.

The management appreciates the thoughtful act of Mr. Wheeler and wishes to thank him for it.

Here is a letter from a new contributor, who evidently had a troubled conscience over "lifting" copies of the BULLETIN when he had occasion to call at some of the company's offices. We have given him absolution, as the truth of the matter is, we place copies in some of the offices in the hope and expectation that they will be "lifted" and read. He writes:

A confession is good for the soul, so here goes; I have been guilty of lifting copies of your Bulletin "often" the desk of Charles Jones, et. al., and at times, while waiting for friend Kretschmer, have spent enjoyable moments digesting contents of your publication. Seldom doth a peddler spend happy moments on the anxious seat in the "bull pen" of a purchasing office, but then you fellows are distinctive in many respects. It seems you have solved the problem of making the public know they are sure of a "good ride." They just don't have to kid themselves.

The really human "touch" here and there in your service renders one anxious to add his word of appreciation along with the many others who have had sufficient contact with your line to really realize the difference. Ask the C. and N. W., they know what I mean.

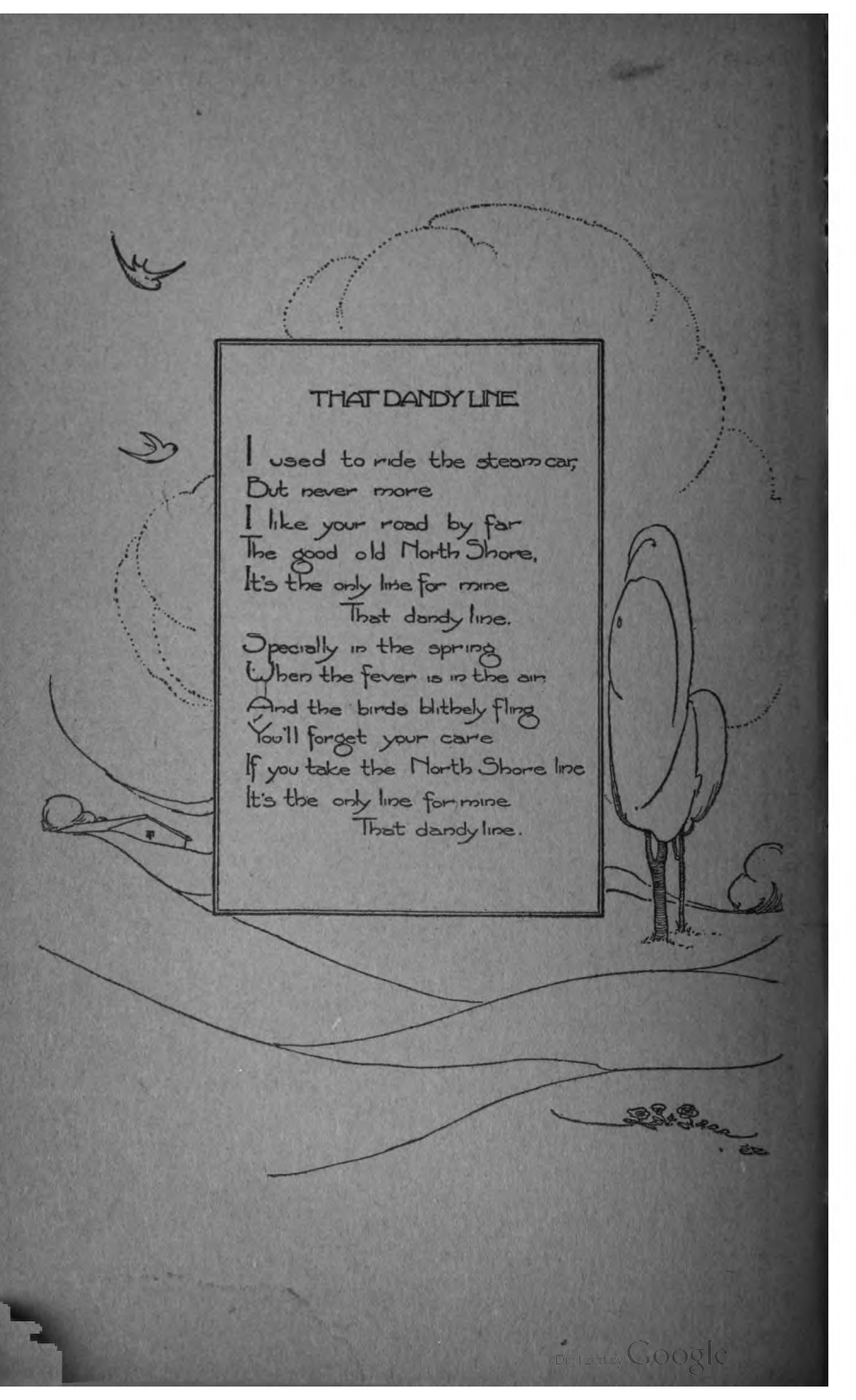
With best wishes,  
Jim Ham.

We are glad to have "Jim Ham" in the family, but in order that his conscience may be appeased, we have put his name on the mailing list, so that it will not be necessary to "lift" any more copies.

## "WRITE LIKE THE DICKENS," IS RIGHT

An Oriental paper having an English section, printed the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each one been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."



### THAT DANDY LINE

I used to ride the steam car,  
But never more

I like your road by far  
The good old North Shore,  
It's the only line for mine  
That dandy line.

Specially in the spring  
When the fever is in the air  
And the birds blithely fling  
You'll forget your care  
If you take the North Shore line  
It's the only line for mine  
That dandy line.