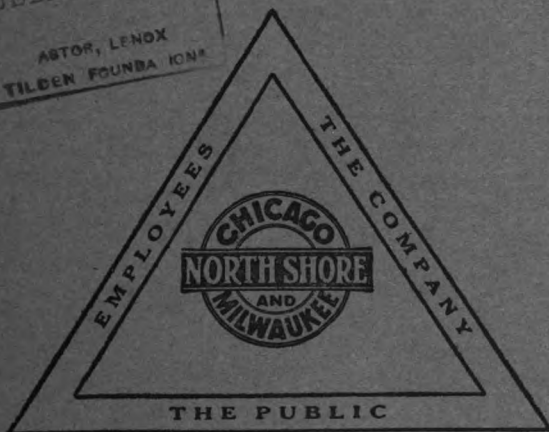


THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

JUNE, 1921



"The Road of Service"

PRaise NORTH SHORE SERVICE

SOME time ago the members of the Chicago Women's Musical Club chartered a special two-car train on the North Shore Line to make a trip to Hubbard Woods and were greatly pleased with the character of the service rendered them. The Traffic Department has received the following letter referring to the trip:

"What can I say in praise of that wonderful North Shore Line that has not already been said? Everybody extolled everything. We had only two empty seats and everyone was comfortable. Mrs. Schwarz came to me on the train and asked me to express to you, Mr. Petersen and the superintendent, our heartfelt thanks for those princely cars. The service men were extremely polite, courteous and solicitous. I was surprised to see how everything was done so perfectly and quietly. One lady—a great traveler—said she had been all over the United States and had never seen such perfect service. Another said that the North Shore office ought to know our great pleasure over the service. It was just that way from each of the 104 ladies in the party. The day, the environment and the service was a fitting three leaf clover out there. The luncheon, coffee, and later the music and Mr. Allbright's many canvases, inspired us to sing 'Perfect Day.'

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. F. Thompson."

Another lady who was in the party wrote: "Our trip to Hubbard Woods was one of the most delightful it has been my good fortune to make. Permit me to compliment the North Shore Line by saying that a good share in the making of a perfect day was the perfect service, free from smoke and cinders, given by the road, the ideal transportation along the North Shore. There is so much to criticise these days it

is a pleasure to praise when deserved.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. T. Leman."

We have frequently told you in the Bulletin that for outings of women's clubs and such excursions, the North Shore Line is the most convenient because the operating officials make it their business to see that personal attention is given such patrons. When a party is planning an outing of that kind, all that is necessary is to get in touch with the Traffic Department and all details are arranged to meet the wants of the party. If it is desired to have a luncheon or a dinner on the way, a dining car is attached to the special train and meals served on the way.

This is the season for outings and there are many delightful spots along the North Shore. Before making your arrangements for transportation, get in touch with the Traffic Department of the North Shore Line.

RAVINIA PARK

The 1921 season at Ravinia Park opens June 25 with a program that makes a special appeal to music lovers. Everyone on the North Shore knows the sort of musical entertainment furnished by this great outdoor opera-house and nearly everyone knows that the best way to reach Ravinia is over the North Shore Line. Trains stop at the entrance to the park and are run to suit the convenience of patrons. Special opera trains are run from Chicago, arriving at the entrance in time for the performances and leaving immediately they are over.

An old farmer from Ala,
Hit his wife on the head with a
ha,

When they questioned him why
He replied with a sigh—
"She drank all my lick up! Da!"

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, June, 1921

 28 No. 8

Editorial Comment.

*My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.*

THAT'S a pretty good text for a little sermon in these more or less parlous times. Quite appropriate around Decoration Day.

* * * * *

WE maintain that this is still the land of liberty, the best country in the world, although there are some who seem to think that personal liberty vanished with the passage of the eighteenth amendment.

* * * * *

ALWAYS when we hear such questions as "personal liberty" and "individual rights" brought up in a discussion, we are inclined to smile just a little. You know what Lincoln said: "We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing." In the sense that some use the phrase "personal liberty" there is "no sich animal," nor can there be in any organized state of society.

* * * * *

SOMETIMES we wish that those who talk so freely of "personal liberty" really got a taste of it. We can conceive of one having perfect personal liberty on some uninhabited island in the South Pacific, or maybe in a boat in the middle of the Atlantic, were he the only one in the boat, but in a civilized community it is out of the question. One's individual rights end where the other fellow's begin, and there can be no real liberty except that which

comes from observance of the established laws of society. That, at least, seems perfectly clear to us.

* * * * *

WE are not going to give you a lecture on temperance or anything of that kind, although we are a stickler on the subject of observance of law. The whole structure of society rests upon that and while we hear a great deal these days about the need of a return to "normalcy," what we really need most is a return to the principles laid down in the Constitution of this great republic of ours. We are prompted to make these remarks because of some letters which appear on another page of this issue, in answer to comments we made two months ago on the subject of observing the law.

* * * * *

IN our comments two months ago we expressed no opinion relative to the merits of the eighteenth amendment. The point we strove to make is that the amendment was passed in the orderly way provided for under the Constitution; that such being the case it was now one of the fundamental laws of our country and must be observed by all law-abiding citizens. If it is repealed in the same orderly way in which it was enacted it wouldn't concern us greatly one way or the other. However, our personal opinion is that it won't be repealed very soon, because it would require a two-thirds vote of the Congress to submit it to the states and three-fourths vote of the states, just as it did to pass it. By the time that could be brought about, maybe we may all be agreed that it shouldn't be repealed. Be that as it may we still stand on our original ground that while it is a law of the land it should be obeyed.

* * * * *

WE enjoy receiving letters like that which appears in this issue from our youthful friend and contributor, "Loophound, Jr." There is much of it with which we don't agree, but the whole tone of the letter is good-natured and that is what we like. We never could understand why men should get angry or personal over a difference of opinion. Seems to us life would be terribly monotonous if everyone agreed with everyone else. We feel somewhat like the old Scotchman, who when told he could not live throughout the

night and his housekeeper suggested she should read a chapter of the Bible for him, exclaimed testily: "I dinna want tae hear ye read the Bible, but rin ower tae MacPherson's and tell him I want tae see him. I wad like tae hae an argument wi' him afore I go." A case of the ruling passion being strong in death.

* * * * *

WHEN we started speaking about "liberty," however, we didn't have only the eighteenth amendment in mind. Really we believe there are lots of things much more important than whether beer shall be one-half of one per cent or six per cent. There is a lot of anti-American propaganda being carried on at the present time, more insidious and more dangerous than the differences of opinion over the merits of home brew. Some of it is being conducted under the guise of "personal liberty" appeals, some of it pro-German, some of it anti-English, but all of it anti-American. Anything which tends to weaken confidence in our own institutions, or to stir up envy and hatred toward our English-speaking allies in the late war, is to be condemned, and there is a lot of it going on. It should be counteracted on every opportunity. Had some of those who are now complaining over the loss of freedom and liberty in this country had their way about it, the allies would have been defeated and our freedom and liberty really would have been gone.

* * * * *

SINCE the retirement to private life of Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, we haven't heard much about revolutions nipped in the bud. You remember how we used to get a new revolution every morning at the breakfast table. With Mr. Palmer on the job, of course, the revolutions were always squelched with neatness and dispatch before they happened. They weren't particularly dangerous then and they are not particularly dangerous now. The anarchist and bolshevist who openly advocates the overthrow of our government by force of arms from his soapbox on the street corner, isn't greatly to be feared. His radical, seditious vapors have some effect, it is true, especially on those who are out of work, but in the long run that type of agitator doesn't accomplish a great deal. Nevertheless we would be perfectly willing to see a few of them sent to join Emma and Big Bill Haywood in Russia—the land of perfect

freedom and starvation. We would be willing to contribute toward paying their passage there, so that they might enjoy the kind of freedom and liberty they are so anxious to give the rest of us.

* * * * *

THERE is another kind of propaganda that is more insidious and really more dangerous, because it sounds more plausible and cannot be traced to its origin as easily as the vaporings of the soapbox orator. During the war it was kept pretty much in check, but many of us have forgotten that our country was in a war. Now efforts are being made to show that we did wrong when we entered the war. It would seem that Germany will never understand the psychology of other nations. Her blunders in that regard throughout the course of the war are now pretty well understood. She blundered with respect to Belgium, then with respect to Britain, and finally she utterly failed to understand the people of the United States. If she had understood the psychology of the American people the Lusitania would not have been sunk. She seems not to understand America any better today, if we are to judge by the kind of literature which is being distributed. There has recently been formed in this country a joint stock company, whose objects are, according to its prospectus, to give a "systematic and well-organized enlightenment service in all parts of the world." It does not hesitate to state that a part of this "enlightenment service" will be to set the world right and combat the "ostensible untruth about German guilt for the war."

* * * * *

IF Germany understood the American people she might save the money to be spent in such propaganda work and devote it to paying her war indemnities. The whole world, outside of Germany, is pretty well agreed on the responsibility for the war and it isn't likely to change its opinion, in this generation at least. To us it would seem that such a campaign of "enlightenment" will only keep alive and intensify the feeling against Germany of which the joint stock company complains. But we are not surprised that Germany is guessing wrong again, as she did all through the war. The most important business Germany has on hand today, is to settle with the reparations commission, and when she has shown a

disposition to do that fairly and honorably, as she agreed to do at Versailles, she will be more likely to gain the good will of the rest of the world than by conducting a campaign of "enlightenment."

* * * * *

THERE is now being circulated a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About the World War." The name of the author is given as "August Schinderhans" and he calls his book an "expose for better Americanism." The first chapter is headed, "Germany Did Not Start the War." Mr. Schinderhans says: "It is only a malicious and bigoted ignoramus who says Germany started the World War." Of course, you can easily guess who started it. The author goes on: "Belgium, like Luxembourg, could easily have permitted the German army to pass through her territory, made money, stayed happy and prosperous, but for the evil advice of Great Britain." Quite interesting are the views of this patriot for "better Americanism." He says: "The United States in the world conflict were never neutral. A venomous, unbridled press took early sides with the robber entente and vile epithets against everything German were the rule." In spite of that statement the author concludes that this country did not want to join the war. He says: "The whole West said plainly that Americans on the Lusitania had no business on a British ship in wartime carrying ammunition. Think of the German women and children suffering the inhumanity of a slow death. Think of a brave people who hitherto had earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, fought off the robber entente for almost three years, and here comes the mighty United States to help the robbers and finish the poor and honest victims." The author says that the Americans "bled and died for pelf, plutocracy and snobocracy, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer." He closes his book with an appeal to his fellow American citizens to pass it along, so that light may be cast in the dark places, as the press one and all will ignore it.

* * * * *

NOW what is the purpose of a pamphlet like that? Does it tend to make better Americans? If one believes that our boys who fell in France "died for pelf," is he likely to be loyal to the

flag under which they fell? Isn't that the most pernicious kind of propaganda? That is the sort of stuff that is more dangerous than the wild talk of the soapbox orator. We understand it is being circulated freely. An "expose for better Americanism" forsooth! But it has a double purpose. Not only is it calculated to weaken one's loyalty to America, but it is intended to stir up hatred toward Great Britain. If these mischief-makers could only divide the English-speaking nations they would be happy. And we repeat here what we said during the war, that in our opinion the future of our present civilization depends on the dominance of the great English-speaking democracies represented by the United States and what is known as the British Empire, which in reality is a federation of independent commonwealths. It is up to the 100 per cent Americans to see that such efforts to divide the nations which have a common language, common laws and customs are not permitted to gain headway.

* * * * *

THE best weapon with which to fight such dangerous propaganda is the Truth. You no doubt heard the stories generally whispered around a few months ago of the alleged mistreatment of German women by French black soldiers in the occupied territory on the Rhine. It was a revolting story and calculated to arouse animosity toward France. But there wasn't a word of truth in it, for the reason that there are no black French troops in the occupied territory, nor has there ever been. The Outlook magazine was the first to expose that lie. At least we first read the actual truth in its columns, but the same lie also was ably refuted by the American Legion, the organization that stands for 100 per cent Americanism all the time. The story appears occasionally today, although its utter falsity is pretty generally known. Equally untrue is the story that the British government is conducting propaganda work in this country with the idea of influencing public opinion. We know that the British government is not doing anything of the kind, nor has it any intention of doing so.

* * * * *

DURING the recent visit to Chicago of Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, the editor of

the BULLETIN happened to be one of a number of men invited to meet him at a luncheon at the University Club. At that luncheon the question of anti-British propaganda was mentioned and some suggested that the British government should supply the ammunition, in the shape of literature, to help counteract it. Sir Auckland replied that the government of Great Britain had not, nor would it take any measures to contradict the calumnies being circulated, that the truth was available to anyone who was interested enough to seek it. "Britain," said Sir Auckland, "certainly has no intention of interfering with the internal affairs of any nation, and she expects the same consideration from every other nation as to non-interference in Britain's internal affairs." That statement is clear-cut and should convince anyone open to conviction. Yet when a pro-German or a Sinn Fein canard is exposed, the writer, or the publication, is branded as pro-British. During the war we used to express our view on the hyphen pretty freely in this column and received lots of commendations for it. We haven't had occasion to do that for some time, but we haven't changed a bit. When we hear or read some of these attacks on America, for that is what they are, no matter how they are disguised, it gets us fighting mad, so we feel we have to get a little of it out of our system. We're neither "pro" or "anti" but American all the time.

* * * * *

SPEAKING on the subject of Americanism, the North Shore Line is now engaged in Americanization work with which our readers may not be familiar. In the last month or six weeks more than fifty track laborers have taken out their naturalization papers as a result of that work. That is the kind of propaganda with which we are in hearty accord. We told you in last month's BULLETIN about the school which Mr. Hyatt, maintenance of way engineer, had started to teach men of foreign birth to read and write the English language. Mr. Hyatt has followed up that work by getting these men to become naturalized citizens. He arranged with the courts in Racine, Kenosha and Waukegan to keep open on a certain evening and more than fifty men took out their papers in one day. Many of the men had their first papers for years, but were not interested enough to become full citizens, largely because

no one had ever shown enough interest in them to ask them. If more of that sort of work was done there would be fewer bolshevists to preach revolution and the overthrow of government. The more one knows about our form of government and the history of our country, the less attention he pays to the yaps who advocate its overthrow by violence.

* * * * *

SOMETIMES we think our public schools do not do all they should in the way of teaching American history. Our school curriculum is so arranged that in the four years a pupil attends high school he gets one year of American history. If we had our way about it he would get four years of it and then he wouldn't have any too much. He could well afford to have that study at the expense of some of the stuff he gets, which isn't much use to him while in school and isn't any use after he leaves school to take his place in the world. It would help also, were a little more emphasis laid on our form of government, how our laws are enacted, how the representatives, state and national, who make our laws, are elected, how changes in our fundamental laws can be made in a regular, orderly way, why ours is not a class government and can never become one, the soapbox orators to the contrary notwithstanding. As we already remarked, the truth is the best antidote for all the un-American propaganda which we hear on all sides.

* * * * *

AS we began this line of chatter with a plea for observance of law, we can't think of a better way to end it than with a quotation on that subject from Lincoln: "Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

A Famous Hotel on North Shore

YOU have heard, of course, of the Moraine at Highland Park. For twenty years it has been known as the most famous hotel on the north shore of Lake Michigan. From all part of the country come families to spend the summer months, and, what is not true of all hotels, when they have spent one summer there, they wish to return the next.

To Highland Park, and in fact to the whole north shore, the Moraine is more than a hotel. There are hotels in Chicago and in Milwaukee and in other cities more pretentious in many ways than the Moraine, but they do not appeal to the guest in just the same way.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "There's a mighty amount of character in sticks." Dickens, in his delightful way, used to find character in door knockers. We don't recall ever reading anything about the character in hotels, but it is there, as everyone who has had occasion to patronize them to any extent understands. One goes to a hotel in a strange city and no matter how elaborate the surroundings may be and how good the service may be, he somehow feels lonesome and wishes he were at home. He goes to another hotel, and while it may be less elaborate in some ways, it has a sort of home atmosphere that he enjoys. The Moraine has that kind of an atmosphere.

There is a lot of difference in hotelkeepers, too. Some are very excellent men, as hotelkeepers, but they are just hotelkeepers. You know what we mean. They are engaged in the business of running a hotel and their world is largely confined to its four walls.

Frederick W. Cushing, the proprietor of the Moraine, is altogether a different type. The fact

that he built and made the Moraine what it is today is evidence that he has been successful as a hotelkeeper, but one would not need to meet and talk with him to find out that he is something more. A glance around his own apartments in the hotel would tell the story. The pictures on the wall, the rows of bookcases with their well-filled shelves of books, many of a scientific character and showing evidence of being used, would tell an observer that Mr. Cushing is something more than a capable hotelkeeper. But if other evidence of Mr. Cushing's activities were needed, almost any one in Highland Park can tell you that he is now and has been for years one of its most public-spirited citizens. He is the father of its park system and is now at the head of the board. As one of the old guests of the hotel said, "Mr. Cushing is a fine public character."

When the editor of the Bulletin breezed into the Moraine the other day the first man he met in the lobby was Philip Payne, author of several books and now an editorial writer. It was the first time we had met in some years, although we used to be intimate friends. He lives at the hotel during the summer, as he has done for several years. His greeting was as cordial as it is possible for such accidental meetings with old time friends to be in these arid times.

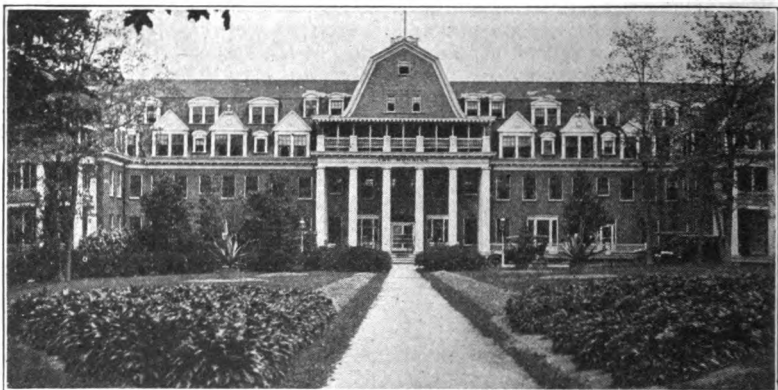
We told Mr. Payne we were scouting for material for a little story and thought we might find it in the Moraine. "Fine idea," he said, "but everyone knows about the hotel. Write something about Mr. Cushing, who has an interesting history and is a fine character. I'll go and find him."

Mr. Cushing came through the lobby a few minutes later and we

were introduced. "I am glad to meet you," he said, "because I read your Bulletin and I think it is as readable a little publication as I have ever seen. I particularly enjoyed an editorial you had nearly a year ago on 'profiters.' I thought at the time, and still think, that was one of the best things I ever read. I was going to write you about it but I never did." Our chest expanded about two and three-quarters inches after that and we thought Mr. Cushing a man of fine discernment. Now if he had said—but what's the use of conjecturing?

"Ah, give him what he wants," said Mr. Payne. "He knows human interest stuff. He doesn't care about the hotel, you can get that from a circular. If you don't tell him about yourself I will."

We agreed with Mr. Payne that the average reader likes something of human interest rather than a description of bricks and mortar, but Mr. Cushing remained obdurate. He did, however, consent to give us a picture and took us into his apartments while he looked for it. The first thing that attracted our notice was an oil painting of two very pretty little girls. "My daughters when they



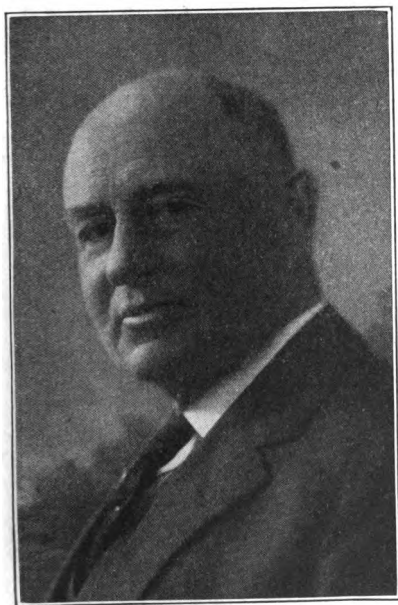
Moraine Hotel, Highland Park, Ill.

We talked a few minutes on industrial questions and learned that in his early career Mr. Cushing had been a telegraph operator. "Yes," chimed in Mr. Payne, "and he worked the instrument that sent the first message across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He also had a lot to do with inventing the telephone, although Bell perfected it. I tell you he has an interesting history." "Never mind him," said Mr. Cushing. "I should be pleased to have you write something about the hotel, but leave me out of it."

were little girls," explained Mr. Cushing, following our eyes. "I have another picture of them that might interest you." He showed a photograph of the two daughters now married, one of them with a little baby of her own in her lap, taken under the oil painting. His picture also is in the group, showing three generations below and the two daughters as little girls in the background above. Just a simple little thing, but isn't it just such little human things that give a glimpse into one's character?

Regretting that he had to leave

to keep an important business engagement in Waukegan, Mr. Cushing introduced us to the hotel manager, Robert W. Larke, and asked him to show us around. Mr. Larke's hobby when he is not managing the hotel, is hunting big game in the Canadian Rockies in the winter months. He is an expert rifle shot and we understand



**F. W. Cushing, Proprietor
Moraine Hotel**

has many trophies to prove it, although he did not speak of his prowess in that direction. His talk was all of the hotel, which was being prepared for the summer rush of guests. Of course, it is open all the year, but with fewer guests in the winter, so that the annex is closed. In the summer months the hotel usually accommodates about 250 guests, mostly families, the rooms being arranged in suites of two, three

or four rooms, with one or two bathrooms, according to the size of the family.

What splendid sleeping porches it has, too, overlooking the lake. The setting of the hotel is beautiful, on the edge of a cliff, with a deep wooded ravine on the north, through which winding paths lead down to the fine bathing beach at the bottom. There are plenty of tennis courts and croquet grounds. There was once an obstacle golf course, but it was abandoned as the guests did not indulge to any extent in the game. Why should they with so many fine golf courses nearby where they may indulge in the real article?

Leaving Mr. Larke we found Mr. Payne awaiting us in the lobby, ready to supply any information we needed. He said he considered Mr. Cushing a very fine character. Born in Canada, he has spent most of his life in the United States, although he has traveled extensively and lived for a time in London and in Paris. Has been successful in the hotel business, although his getting into it was rather an accident. Has a fine library and speaks French fluently. Has done a great deal for civic betterments of all kinds in Highland Park and is really a fine public character. Of a scientific turn of mind with a genius for solving mechanical problems. That is one reason why everything of a mechanical nature around the hotel is as perfect as it is possible to have it.

"Now," concluded Mr. Payne, as he fired off the foregoing information as if he were dictating a biography for the Congressional Guide or the Blue Book, "that gives you the basis and you write your own story."

Well, we have, and if it isn't interesting, blame the writer, for one couldn't find a better subject to write about on the whole North Shore.

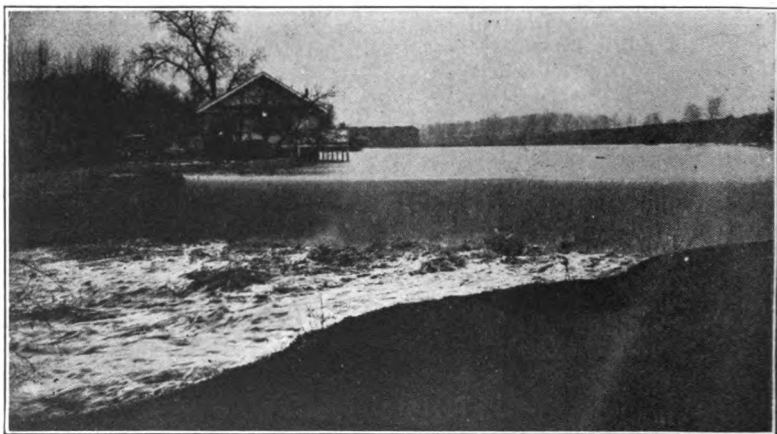
ROOT RIVER FALLS.

OLD readers of the Bulletin will remember a little story we printed some two years ago about the falls on Root River near Racine, at the site of "Ye Olde Mill." The pictures we showed in connection with that story have been the source of many a joke at our expense.

You know there are a few birds around these offices who have insisted that the "falls" was just another "pipe dream" of ours, as there isn't any water there. Some one would say, "Where are the wonderful falls that Grant tells about?" Another would smile and

smile. One of the places to be inspected was the stone quarry and stone crushing mill near the famous falls. It was shortly after that big snowstorm up Milwaukee way and the Root River at the stone quarry was a raging flood. From the quarry one can't see the falls, owing to a bend in the river, but we invited a few of the skeptical birds to take a walk with us round the bend and we would show them some real waterfalls.

Well, some of them only laughed and winked and said something about us trying to make good. A few sauntered around the turn, however, and



Root River Falls, Racine, Wis.

reply: "Ask him. No one but Grant ever saw the falls." Well, you know we like to have a joke on others and can stand one on ourself as good naturedly as any one, but we had an opportunity a short time ago to turn the tables on our tormenters, in a manner of speaking.

There was an inspection trip over the North Shore Line one day and most of the operating officials were there. We went along to see that they behaved them-

they saw the falls. It was raining a little and not a good day to take pictures, but we had our kodak along and snapped a picture or two, anyway. A little underexposed an account of the cloudy day, but good enough to convince those doubting Thomases that we tell only the truth in this Bulletin and when we said we saw beautiful waterfalls, we actually saw them.

We couldn't produce clear, sparkling water that day. To be

truthful it was as muddy as we ever saw the Mississippi, but it was there in large measure. Tree trunks that had been uprooted by the flood, drifted down the swift current at a tremendous speed. One is shown in the picture nearing the falls. As it rushed along we thought again of that other mill—"The Mill on the Floss" of which we were so fond of reading years ago. We could see Tom and Maggie Tulliver in their boat struggling in that torrent and see their reconciliation, with Tom clasping his sister in his arms before they went under.

The loud tooting of the whistle on the special car brought us back to earth, because we didn't wish to get left there. We hurried back to the car wearing a sort of satisfied smile as if to say: "Can you birds believe your eyes?" Even M. J. Feron, the general superintendent of transportation was convinced. M. J. doesn't care a great deal about waterfalls, except as they might prove an attraction to passengers to fill up his trains, but he did say that we had made good. "It's some sight, boy," he said. "I never believed we had anything like that on the North Shore Line."

Visitors to the spot this year won't see the picturesque old mill that formerly stood there. It was burned to the ground and all that is left is a mass of brick and stone walls and machinery. But there is a new dance pavilion, as shown in the picture, and the surroundings are prettier than ever. It is an ideal place for a picnic or a day's outing.

EMPLOYEES MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

THE Mutual Benefit Association, started among the employees of the North Shore Line last February, is proving a great success. In the three months of

its existence the Association has paid out \$1,066 in claims to members. The membership is now 500, but it ought to be more. In fact everyone connected with the company should be a member of the Association.

As outlined in the Bulletin when the Mutual Benefit Association was organized, the dues are \$1 a month from members and the company contributes 50 cents a month for each member. Sick benefits of \$15 a week are paid after the first week, but if a member is ill and incapacitated more than twenty-one consecutive days, his benefits begin with the first day of illness. A death benefit of \$300 is paid on the death of a member.

The promptness with which all claims for benefit have been met has pleased the recipients. That is one point in favor of such an Association. When the breadwinner is down with illness, that is the time his dependents need assistance, not weeks after he has recovered. The Mutual Benefit Association pays promptly.

The officers are beginning a "drive" to get new members. It is to be hoped they will succeed, for just think what it means to the wife and babies to have such a protection. It should appeal just as strongly to the unmarried man or woman. The fact that you never have been sick is no assurance that you won't be some day. Even if you should never have occasion to draw any benefits, your dues are helping to pay others who are less fortunate.

Join the Association now. You can't have too much protection of that kind and the dues are not high. You know you spend ten times that amount foolishly every month and have nothing to show for it. Get in and help yourself and help others.

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT.

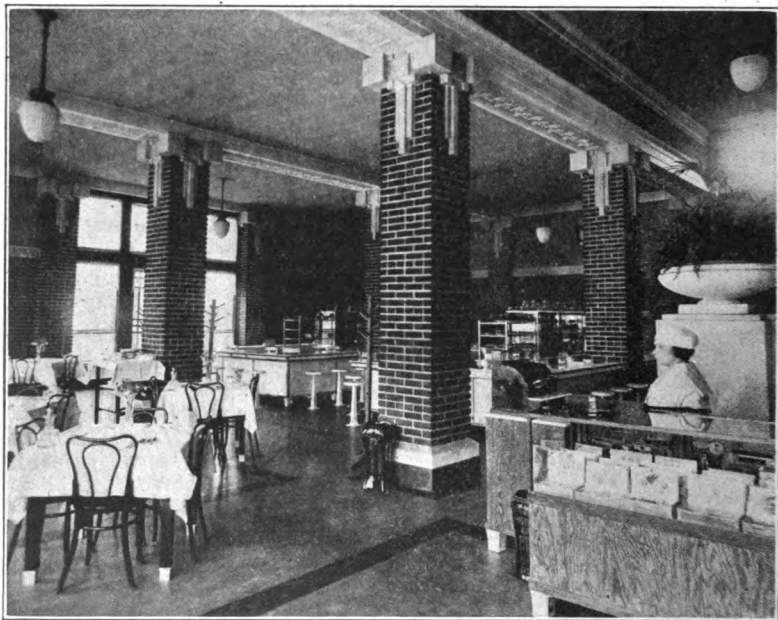
SOMETHING cool and inviting in this sort of weather is that restaurant in the new terminal of the North Shore Line in Milwaukee. The quality of the food served is just as good as in the North Shore dining cars and that is all that need be said of it, as everyone who has patronized the dining cars knows.

The manager of the restaurant has an eye open all the time for the comfort of his patrons. That

CHICAGO'S PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

YOU have no doubt read of the wonderful "Pageant of Progress" which Chicago will hold from July 30 to August 13. It will be worth traveling a long distance to see.

The exposition will be held on the Municipal Pier, the greatest exposition site of its kind in the world. You may not know it, but the pier extends into Lake Michi-



Restaurant; North Shore Terminal, Milwaukee, Wis.

is one reason why a visitor is always sure to get good service. He also has an eye open for business, as he asked us why we didn't mention his restaurant in the Bulletin. He appreciates what a good advertising medium this publication is.

Now that we have told you about it, give it a trial.

gan a distance of 3,000 feet. The display of Chicago products will occupy a floor space of 164,000 square feet. It is going to be the biggest thing ever held in the city and, of course, you will want to see it.

Keep the date in mind and visit the show. We needn't tell you to travel on the North Shore Line.

With the Bulletin Family

WELL Family, this month you seem to have "lain down on the job, as the saying is. At least we have not had as many letters as usual, but after all you are not to blame. We are writing this before the last Bulletin has reached you, so, of course, you haven't had time to comment on it. A number of circumstances beyond our control interfered with the last issue, so that it was very late. Oh, it wasn't our fault. We wrote it in time but printer's strikes and other things came along so that we were lucky to get it out at all. But we did and it was a pretty good one, too, at least as far size goes. Seeing it was late we gave you a few extra pages to make up.

As a result of the delay the letters we have refer to the previous issue, but then they are just as good at one time as another. We like to get them and if they are a month late what's the difference?

One thing which always interests us is to get the views of our readers on subjects on which we happen to comment. Most readers seem to agree with us and while that is flattering, really we enjoy hearing the views of some who disagree with us. Having two divergent views from readers on our comments on "law observance," or whatever you wish to call it, in the April issue, we give them the top of the column, beginning with the one who agrees with us. It came from the Chicago Law and Order League and is as follows:

My son, who lives in Hubbard Woods, sent me a copy of the April issue of the North Shore Bulletin and called my attention to pages 6-7, marked. I desire to commend your publication, and yourself as editor, for this article regarding

law and order, which is one of the finest I have ever read. In that article you have emphasized the necessity of every person obeying the law along with the quotations on the back of this letterhead from Hoar, Hooker, Lincoln, Polk and President Harrison.

President Lincoln said this country could not live half slave and half free. I think every student of the history of this nation, of the states and of the large cities, realizes the danger of the lawlessness that is in existence today in America. It seems to me that President Lincoln's statement as to slavery is equally applicable to the question of law and order. As Hoar said: "Obedience to law is liberty" and I appreciate very much what you said to these men regarding the constitution of the United States.

I personally have been interested in the enforcement of law in Chicago now for over half a century and it gives me great encouragement to read such a fine document as you have written regarding the duty of American citizens to obey the law—not one law, but all laws.

Yours very truly,

Arthur Burrage Farwell.

We believe we could write a good editorial from that letter and from the one which follows giving the other side, just to show the truth of a statement made by Abraham Lincoln who said: "We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing."

The next one comes from no other than our young friend Loophound, Jr., and the way that boy gives us a lacing is amusing as well as interesting. He writes:

I must apologize for not writing you before, but friend Loophound can testify how busy I am. You know we have only a few more weeks before the examination that decides our destiny, as 'twere. So the old midnight oil is going full blast.

Loophound doesn't exaggerate a bit when he tells you what a wonderful institution Old Penn is; but as to comparing Philadelphia to

Evanston, I'm afraid he misunderstood me. Since the W. C. T. U. settled on Evanston (the "on" is intentional) I come from Chicago to strangers, although my home is on Davis street. But there is small need of going further into that. Anyone familiar with Chicago who has to spend some time in this city knows how things stand. Oh, yes, Philadelphia is a great place. One of the cleanest spots in the country. Instead of street cleaners here they pray for rain. They call it Delafilthia now, with the accent on the filth. The university's one drawback is the city it's in. But the stone-throwing incident is a fact. My dad did here along with others in a German class back in '86. By the way, I'm studying commercial German now in the same room in College Hall.

To jump to Loophound's aid, I can't see where Detroit has anything on Chicago in baseball. Let me remind "Michigander" that the two Chicago teams have won more pennants than any other two cities in the country. As for crooked players—we handled them a lot better than some other clubs did and what is practically our second team isn't sitting in the cellar at the present time by any means.

The Bulletin's editorials, as usual, are bully. Still, if one considers that there were about two million voters absent, staking their lives for freedom and for the safety of the folks back home, when those same said folks sneaked over the prohibition bill, knowing full well that it would have been defeated were their protectors here to speak for themselves, one might wonder at the fairness of the act and the advisability of branding those who disobey it as criminals. Were the colonists criminals for upholding their rights at Boston in revolutionary times? Personally, I don't think so. The habit which has lately been acquired in this country of prohibiting this and that is in itself a violation of the principles upon which this country was founded and has grown. I wish some one would start the Anti-"Anti"-Society. Saw a cartoon some time ago showing a prohibitionist amending the "Star-Spangled Banner"—blue penciling the last line. It is still the home of the brave all right, but as to the "Land of the Free" business—well, sometimes we have our doubts.

The prohibition movement doesn't seem to have decreased attendance at our jails

much. In fact it has made criminals of a lot of decent citizens who simply believe in maintaining their rights as did the patriots at the Boston Tea Party. Personal liberty is a quality inherent to Americans. There is a difference, too, I think between a robber and a man who buys liquor. The robber injures society; a man who takes a drink hurts no one but himself. We have a moral right to control public welfare by protecting life and property of citizens, but controlling the personal acts and home life of the citizens is a step which we have neither the legal nor moral right to take. The eighteenth amendment is of itself unconstitutional, even though it is a part of the constitution, by its very nature. Whiskey and gin may be harmful to the public welfare. They can be taxed out of existence. But wine and beer never wrecked homes or made wife beaters in a thousand years.

The worst thing about prohibition is that it has done away with the places where men were most likely to gather. It has destroyed the poor man's club. We notice a great change in college life since prohibition was thrust upon the country. In past years from fifty to a hundred men would gather in the buffets of several downtown hotels every Friday and Saturday night. They would drink a few steins of beer and eat a few sandwiches, talk over studies or things of general interest, smoke, sing college songs and have a good time in general. The buffets are gone today and what of the college men? Perhaps they go to a soda fountain—meet a few girls. Then down to a dance hall to spend the evening. Which do you think better? Personally I prefer the former. Prohibition has hit young men in general throughout the country in just this way. When you consider that Pennsylvania has twelve thousand students, Columbia twenty odd thousand and that there are loads of other universities in the country with enrollments over ten thousand, the problem becomes serious.

Perhaps the saloon was a bad thing, but it is properly controlled in France and other European countries. It can be controlled here. It is an interesting fact that in the time I spent in Havana this year I didn't see a single intoxicated man on the streets save Americans and the average American goes on a spree for about two days when he hits Havana, then gets used to having liquor around

again and controls his use of liquor.

Here I have used up almost two sheets of paper talking anti-prohibition. You must think I am a rum hound, but I'm not. However, I am a staunch believer in the "Rule of Reason," and it seems to be sadly lacking in America today. We'll have to thrash this out together on the Badger Limited in June. Better get "Michigander" over, too, and we will have two subjects to "argy" over instead of one.

Best regards,

Loophound, Jr.

Well, Loophound, Jr., there are some things in your letter with which we can agree, but there are a good many that we think we can riddle in that coming argument on the Badger Limited. We admire the spirit with which you stand up for your ideas, which made us think of ourself when we were about your age. We were very positive and cocksure of everything in those days. Now that we are much older we are not nearly as sure of anything. But we might suggest that you had better not overwork that phase of your argument about prohibition being put over while our soldier boys were across the seas. In addition to its not being a fact, it seems to us to be an insult to the soldiers. Anyway, the constitution of the United States isn't changed by popular vote, as you know, so had the boys been at home it would have made no difference. Many of the states from which they came had voted dry long before they left for France and long before the eighteenth amendment was passed in the regular constitutional way.

Here is one from a new correspondent in Kenosha. We haven't been hearing much from that hustling city lately and are glad to welcome a new contributor into the family circle. He writes:

First of all I want to ask you as a favor to put me on your mailing list. I feel a little backward in asking so much for so little, namely, the asking. I read your BULLETIN every time I can get one, but as I am only a poor "news-

hound" and am kept in Kenosha nearly all the time, I often miss the issues as they appear, hence the request.

You are always getting letters from the public telling you how much they like your editorials and your railroad, so I will only fall in line with the gang. I like your editorials better than any other part of your paper, but it is all O. K. I like the road, too, and ride the North Shore whenever I have occasion to ride at all. The whole works is just about right, only I sometimes wish they ran a few more trains between Waukegan and Milwaukee as they do between Evanston and Waukegan. But I am not kicking. I have never had to wait long, but when anything is good we always want it better. I have to go to Waukegan once in a while and am always anxious to get out of there. You know Kenosha and Waukegan are old rivals and I am particularly antagonistic because I played football against them and our high school loves Waukegan like bichloride of mercury.

Anyway, we like the service and the BULLETIN and will appreciate receiving the latter every month.

The Cub.

We are glad to add your name to the mailing list and hope to hear from you again. We can imagine what Waukegan did to your football team, so it was not necessary for you to go into detail. But you shouldn't harbor any illwill for that. In such contests one team just has to lose.

Another new contributor breaks into the column from Racine. He evidently is quite a booster and that is what we like. He writes asking to have two or three names put on the mailing list, one a man who lives in LaGrange. He writes in part:

This gentleman from LaGrange I met one day and talking about railroads I asked him if he ever rode on the North Shore Line. He said he had not, so I told him he didn't know much about real railroads. He went back to Chicago on the North Shore.

I have not seen you at any of our Twelfth Ward Booster Club meetings lately, but as the road is doing everything it can to beautify the place we have had no reason to enter any complaint. Boost the ward you live in, boost

the road you ride on and keep on boosting is my policy.

Yours truly,

W. E. Millstead.

That is very good policy Mr. Millstead. The North Shore Line needs boosters right now, because business isn't what it might be. Of course, it might be worse, so we keep on boosting anyway.

Here is one from a new contributor who evidently is an authority on "transportation" and seems to think that the North Shore Line is pretty good. He is the representative of Fernand de Gueldre, the well-known Chicago photographer in the Fine Arts Building. He writes:

I was born and brought up in France and came to this country about five years ago. I have traveled a good deal throughout Europe and naturally have some knowledge of the different systems of transportation. Yes, dear sir, I know just how it feels to be riding in an "arabiah" in Constantinople or a "kotchak" in Roumania and different trains and electric cars in Greece, Italy and France. You will undoubtedly wonder why I am telling you all this, but it is with the idea of telling you that I have never enjoyed a ride like the rides I get on the North Shore Line. Believe me, that road beats all records, comfort, speed, courteous service, fine table service and good editorials in the dear old BULLETIN. Speaking of the BULLETIN, will you please send me one, for I have to go and ask for one every month.

Yours sincerely,

Charles Elisee.

We'll see that the Bulletin is sent you, Mr. Elisee, and we wish to have you keep on riding on the North Shore Line. Some day when we summon up enough courage to have our mug photographed we'll call on you. We notice the name of your company, however, on a picture we are reproducing in this issue, of Mr. Cushing of the Moraine Hotel, so we conclude you have patrons along the North Shore Line. May their number increase.

Last month you may recall we predicted that "Loophound's"

swan song wasn't to be taken too seriously. We knew that while he has transferred his family to Pittsburgh for a time, he still would be heard from. We guessed right, and although he marks his latest letter as "not for publication, as I am going to give some of those other birds a chance," still we are going to print a little of it. He writes in part:

I can imagine you tearing your hair for a subject for your BULLETIN editorials and being a helpful sort of a guy, I suggest you give us a ray of light on Einstein's theory of relativity. I haven't even a glimmer of an idea of what is meant by relativity, but if its about our relations, go as far as you like. I'll endorse anything you write if you make it strong enough.

Here it is almost the end of May with the season of June brides and sweet girl graduates almost here, so the high cost of living becomes the high cost of giving, while the size of a dollar doesn't compare with the sighs of the guys who are broke.

The May BULLETIN had not arrived when I left Pittsburgh, but suppose your printer was having plenty of grief. You may say what you wish about mail deliveries, but give me the good old days under the Democrats—the days of prosperity and plenty—them good old Wilsonian days. There's nothing will equal the good old days, whether mail deliveries, industrial activity or the brew in brown bottles. The old days, the old friends and the old scientifically brewed were best. I'll say they were.

Yours,

Loophound.

We'll be glad to explain Einstein's theory of relativity, although we didn't meet him while he was here. It's like this: You've got to judge things relatively to other like things. Frinstance the North Shore Line by itself might not stand out so vastly superior, but when it is considered relatively to other electric railroads, there is nothing in the country that anywhere equals it. Do you get the idea? If that isn't it you can take a day off and explain it to yourself. From your letter we judge that in days gone by you were more familiar with "ein stein" than we were, anyway, relatively speaking.