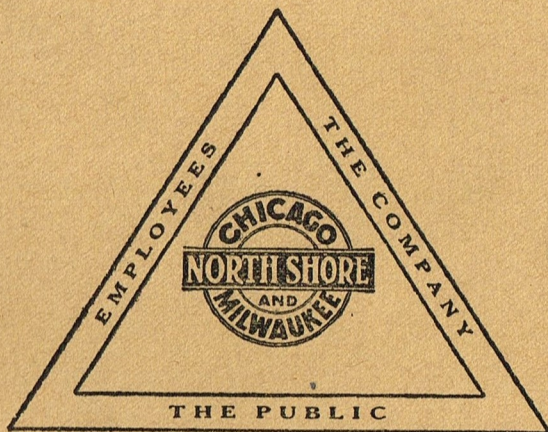


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JULY, 1921



"The Road of Service"

WISCONSIN STATE FAIR

Of course you are going to attend the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee, from August 29 to September 3. Nearly everybody is, for it is to be the biggest affair that has been held in Wisconsin since state fairs began and that is seventy-one years ago.

Not only is this going to be the biggest affair in Wisconsin, but it will be one of the few big expositions in the entire country this year. There will be \$132,000 in premiums, for Wisconsin is proud of its resources and is determined to show its products to the world.

You know that Wisconsin excels in farming. One of the reasons will be shown at the state fair, for there will be fifty acres covered with farm machinery and tractors.

There is going to be automobile racing and harness racing, and a great horse show in the stock pavilion four nights of the week.

Another attraction is the Al. Wilson Flying Circus, which will provide enough thrills to satisfy the most exacting. Wilson will do his well known stunts of changing from the upper to the lower plane and back again while flying and will jump from the plane with a parachute when up one mile in the air.

A special feature this year will be the fireworks which will close each evening's performance. The big \$20,000 spectacle "Montezuma, or the Last Days of the Aztecs" will be shown each evening during the fair. There are a lot of other attractions, among them being ten bands and orchestras each day and, ladies and gentlemen, you can see the whole works for an admission fee of fifty cents.

We almost forgot to mention that the best way to get to Milwaukee and the state fair is over the North Shore Line. It seems hardly necessary to mention that, as everyone who is abreast of the times in transportation matters, knows it already. But it is pos-

sible that there might be a half dozen or so who are not acquainted with North Shore service and we wish them to get wise.

THEY WILL DO IT

A safety director tells this one apropos the difficulty of teaching some people to observe the rudimentary principles of "safety first."

Wash White got a job in a saw-mill. The boss put him in charge of a buzz saw, showed him how the saw worked, warned him of its dangers, and then went away.

Wash was fascinated by the shining whirling saw. But was it, truly, as sharp and terrible as the boss had said? To test it he touched it gently with his finger. Bzz! and the finger was no more.

As Wash was ruefully tying up his hand in his bandana the boss came back.

"Hullo there, Washington. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done cut off my finger, sah."

"How the dickens did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, sah," said Wash. "Ah just touched de darn contraption like this an'—Fo' de lands sake, der's anudder gone!"

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "htat it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a government job."

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieut. Worley. "Any pharmacists in the company?"

A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward.

"Ye gods!" said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?"

"Shure ay bane pharmersis," was the indignant reply. "Vy, ay bane work on pharm all mae life."

Mr. Geo. Merryweather
10-5-21.

The North Shore Bulletin

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LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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28 No. 9

Editorial Comment

GLANCING at the thermometer in our sanctum and noting the mercury standing around the 90 mark, it occurred this might be an opportune time to write a few "hot" editorials.

* * * * *

IT DOESN'T seem to work out that way, though. We can't think of a thing to write about. But we're going to stick to it. It isn't hard to stick to a thing in this kind of weather, we're sticking to our chair right now. If we had any brains we might have a suspicion that they were softening with the heat, but being devoid of any incumbrance of that kind, we conclude that can't be the trouble.

* * * * *

LACK of brains isn't a serious handicap, anyway. Look at Professor Dempsey. He pulled down a quarter of a million, more or less, for being a caveman for about ten minutes. Most of our brainy fellows couldn't make that much money in a lifetime. Not that we have any grudge against him. He did his chosen wor with neatness and despatch, and although we are not an ardent admirer of the eminent bruiser, we feel a sort of sneaking elation over his victory. We're glad to see Americans excel in everything, fisticuffs included.

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SPORTIVELY speaking, there's another American, and a Chigagoan at that, who won an even more notable victory, and that is the honorable Jock Hutchison. Professor Dempsey did only what was expected of him. Any one who has read history knew what the outcome of that little New Jersey engagement would be. Nowhere in history can you point to an instance where a Frenchman licked an Irishman. But the honorable Jock's victory

was the most notable in the sporting world. He invaded the sacred home of golf and beat the natives at their own game. For years, yes for centuries, these St. Andrews golfers have laid down the golfing law for the rest of the world. They have considered themselves invincible at their particular game. Now we know they are not invincible. Jack trimmed them in good shape. More power to his backspin mashie.

* * * * *

WE HAVEN'T any intention of making this a sporting edition, but while we are on the subject, we might say that we rejoiced, with exceeding great joy, at the way our American polo players took the conceit out of those English chaps. If Scotland is the home of golf, England is the home of polo, and America has shown both countries that they are back numbers. Some day America may take up cricket, and if it ever does, we'll bet a red apple that in a year or two we could send a team over there that could trounce the best they have. However, they're good sportsmen and can take a defeat gracefully. Every time Sir Thomas comes over here to try to "lift" our yachting cup, we beat him because that's part of the game, but we boost him and drink his tea because he is a good sportsman.

* * * * *

NEXT in importance to the settling of our international affairs in the world of sport is our making peace with Germany. Maybe you have been so busy reading the columns of rot that the papers print about the boxing match, that you may have failed to notice in an obscure corner of your paper that Congress suddenly woke up the other day and declared peace with Germany. It's a fact. You recall that nearly three years ago we celebrated the signing of the armistice. Well, you know that our Congress is the greatest deliberative body in the world, emphasis on the deliberative. The fact that it has just recognized what the rest of us knew for nearly three years, proves that it is deliberative, also deliberate. Now if it would wake up again and in one of its lucid moments remove from business some of the taxes which are strangling it to death, we would all be happy. But probably it won't for another two or three years and by that time there won't be any business to tax. Long ago Adam Smith pointed out that the

surest way to kill a business was by the tax route and Henry George and others have elaborated on the same subject. It is beginning to look as if they had the right idea. That excess profits tax looked like a world-beater during the war, but it isn't producing much revenue today. The tax is there, of course, but the business isn't, and as Dooley would say, "There ye a-are."

* * * * *

GOVERNMENT these days is quite an expensive luxury. According to the preliminary estimates made it will require \$60 from every man, woman and child in the United States to pay the expense of the federal government for the coming year. That's merely the federal tax, you understand, and has nothing to do with state, county and municipal taxes. And what gets our goat, to use the language of Milton, is that there are quite a lot of people clamoring for further extension of government control of industry, which can only result in increased taxes. We keep complaining all the time about the increase in our taxes, while at the same time we clamor for an extension of the functions of government. We don't seem to be able to see the connection between the two. Our reformers and world-savers insist that the national, state or municipal government take control of this, that and the other industry. Of course, if we are going to insist that government regulate this and that, we must be prepared to pay the price of such regulation. That is what makes government so expensive these days. The dear people demand that it shall do work for them that they could do a great deal more economically for themselves, then they complain when they have to pay the bills in the form of increased taxes.

* * * * *

TAKE the proposition to have the government control the meat packing industry. If that comes about do you think you will get better or cheaper meat? If you think so you're foolish, that's all. Of course, such a plan would benefit a horde of small-bore politicians who would get jobs and get paid for ostensibly doing work for which they are utterly unfitted. The rest of the people, however, would have to foot the bills. It always works out that way. Some administrations may be more wasteful than others, but in the very nature of things all governments, whether na-

tional, state or municipal are wasteful when compared with private enterprise. There isn't the incentive to economize that private enterprise offers. It follows, therefore, that the more duties we impose upon government, the more waste and inefficiency we shall have, which must be paid for by higher taxes.

* * * * *

TWO very hopeful events have taken place in the last month or two in the direction of greater economy and more efficiency in government. One is the adoption by Congress of a national budget system, which we should have had years ago, and the other is the appointment of General Charles G. Dawes to put the budget system into effect. The advantages of a budget system to end the log-rolling methods that have hitherto prevailed in appropriating public monies, are too apparent to require any argument and the appointment of General Dawes to work out the details of the plan will inspire the confidence of the entire country. General Dawes, however, has a herculean job on his hands, for the Augean stables he has undertaken to clean out have been accumulating a lot of dirt in the last generation or two. That he will do the job if it is humanly possible to do it, is the confident belief of the nation, for he has the ability and he showed before a recent Senate investigating committee that he has the courage. We really think it is the most hopeful sign pointing to a reduction of taxes and a restoration of business, for the people will object less to the payment of heavy taxes, if they feel confident that waste and inefficiency have been eliminated as far as possible. We wish him success in his undertaking, but in gauging results the country should consider the tremendous power of the entrenched politicians opposing him.

* * * * *

AS WE haven't anything else on our mind to write about this morning, let's talk a little business. That ought to be an easy subject to handle. The other day when in Milwaukee, we dropped in to call on a friend and naturally our first greeting was, "How's business?" "Business is fine," he replied, "we haven't any. We'd save money by shutting up shop." If that is correct generally, it ought not to take us long to cover the subject. The only comfort we see in the situation is that the more trying the

ordeal now, the sooner it will be over and the sounder will be our business footing after the readjustment. Every one who had foresight knew that a period of depression and deflation was bound to follow the war period of abnormal activity and consequent inflation, but it came a little sooner and a little harder than was generally expected. Prices, however, are being readjusted and the inequalities being straightened out and when a level is established, we may look for a revival of business on a sounder footing than it has been for several years. We should not forget that we are much better off now than any other country.

* * * * *

RAILROADS of the country are in a rather serious predicament and as all other industries are dependent upon them, it follows that unless they are accorded fair treatment by the public, a return to normal conditions will be delayed. Although the April earnings of the railroads showed an increase in gross receipts and a reduction in operating expenses over April of last year, when a switchmen's strike was in progress, they still fell far short of paying the return of 6 per cent. provided for in the transportation act. The deficit for April was more than \$51,000,000, or 64 per cent. of the amount necessary to pay the 6 per cent. return. Since then the railroad labor board has made a substantial reduction in wages, which it is expected will be accepted by the employes, as it is much less than the increase awarded them in July of last year. There can be no doubt that a reduction in inflated operating costs is a matter of life and death with the railroads and consequently with the millions of people directly and indirectly dependent upon their continued successful operation.

* * * * *

THE railroad in which we are most directly interested—the North Shore Line—is going through the same experience as the large steam railroad systems. As we told you in the March issue of the BULLETIN, at the time the annual report was reviewed, although the North Shore Line did nearly a million dollars in increased business in 1920, all of that increase except about \$1,100 was absorbed in increased operating costs. Since then, of course, there has been a falling off in business, so that a reduction in operating expenses was inevitable if the road was to live and

give the public the service to which they are accustomed. The employes of the North Shore Line are intelligent, there is a fine spirit of co-operation among them, and when the situation was put up to them in cold figures and in a perfectly frank and above-board manner, they realized that it was to their own interest to accept a slight reduction in wages. Every employe on the road, from the president to the porters, took his individual share of the cut, feeling that he was directly interested in the future success of the road.

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IN THESE days when wage readjustments are in order and the reader of the daily newspaper is accustomed to read of this, that and the other industry reducing wages, he is apt to overlook the significance of it from a public point of view. The wage reduction on the North Shore Line may be taken as an illustration. The traveling public is the beneficiary. Had there been no wage reduction it would have been impossible for the road to continue to give the public the character of service which prevails on the North Shore Line. Any impairment in that service would have affected public comfort and convenience. The employes of the North Shore Line are deserving therefore of the goodwill and hearty support of the public. They voluntarily accept a reduction in their own compensation, so that the public might have a continuation of the good service they have had. That showed the North Shore spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness as well as anything could. Probably you never thought of it in just that light. If not, just think it over and you must agree that the North Shore employes deserve favorable public consideration.

* * * * *

THIS fine spirit of co-operation of the company, the employes and the public, is better exemplified on the North Shore Line than on most railroads and industries. It is typified in the little triangle on the front cover of the BULLETIN, which has appeared there since the first issue and which really has a great deal of significance. It is this spirit of co-operation that has enabled the North Shore Line to build up its business and constantly improve its service, which, it is generally admitted, is unequalled on

any electric railroad in the country. It is the spirit of co-operation and organization, so well expressed by Kipling in these lines:

Now this is the law of the jungle,
As old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
And the wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that circles the tree trunk,
So the law runneth forward and back;
For the strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack.

It is the law everywhere as well as in the jungle. Without that spirit of co-operation, the best service cannot be given. It obtains in a marked degree on the North Shore Line and it is to be hoped it will continue.

* * * * *

IN THIS connection there is another matter of some importance to patrons of the North Shore Line, which should be explained. You see we have always been very frank with our readers in the BULLETIN, telling them our family affairs, for contrary to a common prevailing notion, the public service corporation has no secrets. The affairs of a public service company like the North Shore Line, under the regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the state commissions of Wisconsin and Illinois, are always open to the public. You may recall that away last fall we told you that application had been made to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abolish the discriminatory rates prevailing in interstate and intrastate traffic. On the North Shore Line from Chicago to Milwaukee there were three different rates of fare, one in Illinois, one in Wisconsin and another for through travel. This condition not only was unfair discrimination against the through passenger, but it was the cause of a great many disputes between conductors and passengers. Occasionally a passenger from Chicago to Milwaukee would buy a ticket to the farthest point north in Illinois and then offer the conductor on the train the fare between that point and Milwaukee. The conductor, acting under instructions, would refuse to accept the fare and would charge the passenger the full interstate rate, the same as if he had bought a

through ticket. That practice, of course, was in strict accordance with the law, which specifically forbids a passenger to make an interstate journey by using intrastate transportation when the sum total of such local fares is less than the interstate rate. The interstate rate on the North Shore Line since November 1, 1920, is 3 cents a mile, while the rate in Illinois is 2 cents a mile and the Wisconsin rate 2.7 cents. The Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered the discriminatory rates to stop, making a flat ticket rate of 3 cents a mile in Illinois and the Wisconsin commission has acted in that state, so that the new rate will be uniform over the entire line.

* * * * *

OF COURSE, when the decision was announced in Washington a short time ago, the newspapers carried an account of it as an increase in rates on the North Shore Line. That is only partially true, because an increase in rates would imply additional revenue to the company, and it is doubtful if the change will make any increase in the company's revenue. The interstate rate remains the same as it was and there is no change in the rate for 10 and 25-ride commutation tickets in Illinois. The result will be that patrons will, in all probability, buy commutation tickets between Illinois points and actually get a lower rate than they did when the fare was 2 cents a mile. When the fare was 2 cents a mile in Illinois and the commutation rate was 1.6 or 1.84 cents a mile, many patrons did not take advantage of the differential and bought single ride tickets. With the increased differential they will no doubt buy commutation tickets, so that the company will derive little, if any, additional revenue as a result of the change. It will, however, do away with the discriminatory rates and put an end to the disputes between passengers and conductors.

* * * * *

THE Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the rates effective not later than September 1, but they may be put in effect at any time prior to that date upon five day's notice. It is probable that by the time this issue reaches its readers the new rates will be in effect. The rate for a 1,000 mileage book remains the same, 2.5 cents a mile. The 60-ride monthly ticket

is at the rate of 1.5 cents a mile, the 25-ride ticket between Chicago and any station in Illinois, 1.6 cents a mile and the 10-ride ticket at the rate of 1.84 cents a mile. We are giving you all this information so that if you wish you can take advantage of the lower rates and the increase will not affect you at all. In fact if you have been riding on single ride tickets in Illinois, you will save money by buying a commutation ticket, notwithstanding the so-called increase in rates. Having thus disposed of everything on our mind in a satisfactory manner and as the thermometer is still hovering around the 90 mark, we are going to call it a day and go and jump in the lake. Of course, we'll swim out and let you hear from us again next month.

HELP GET BUSINESS

THERE is a great deal of unemployment in the country at the present time. We don't like to see it, but it is a fact. Of course, the business stagnation affects transportation companies and the North Shore Line is no exception.

Every employe of the company should try to be a business getter at this time. When any employe hears of an outing of any kind, picnic of employes, or anything of that sort, he should at once communicate with the Traffic Department. The amount of business which may be procured by one employe might not be great, but if every employe got a little business, it would in the aggregate amount to a whole lot.

We must not forget that as employes we have a very direct interest in the company. The individual success of each one of us is bound up in the success of our company. Team work is needed at this time, so let us all get together to boost for the North Shore Line.

How can it be done? Why, there are lots of ways. As consumers we patronize grocery stores, meat markets, drug stores,

etc. Why not ask the proprietors of such stores to reciprocate? They receive the goods they sell to us by rail. The North Shore Line has service to sell, and it is service of such a character that no one need be ashamed to recommend it. You're helping the grocer or the butcher with your trade. If approached on the subject he in turn is very apt to help your company by giving it some of his trade. It doesn't cost him any more and it probably would cost him less. Call his attention to it anyway. If you do not get the business, no harm is done.

Do you know that it gives one a good deal of satisfaction to make an effort of that kind, whether he gets any business by it or not. One feels that he has at least done something.

Let's go to it boys. We can get business for our company if we all work together. In getting business for the company, remember that you are doing it for yourself, for if the company hasn't any business, we won't have any work.

All together to BOOST for the NORTH SHORE LINE.

Milwaukee's Most Modern Hotel

MILWAUKEE is a progressive city. Nothing original in that remark, as every one knows it, at least every one in Milwaukee and many who are not Milwaukeeans subscribe to it. Ask any man, woman or child who lives in Milwaukee what they think of their city and they will promptly tell you it is the greatest city in the country.

Not being called upon to express an opinion on the subject, we will content ourself by saying—in our exceedingly modest way—that Milwaukee is fortunate in being situated at the north end of the greatest electric railroad in the world. It isn't necessary to name the railroad, as it is as well known as Milwaukee itself.

Really though there are a great many things about Milwaukee which justify the pride its citizens have in their city. In previous issues we have told you about some of Milwaukee's big stores, factories and hotels. This time we are going to tell you a little about its newest and most modern hotel, which is the last word in modern hotel construction.

In many things Milwaukee keeps a step or two ahead of other big cities. In nothing does it lag far behind the best of them, for if any city gets up something new in the way of hotels or theaters, Milwaukee is right after them with something as good, or better.

Hotel Astor, Milwaukee's newest hotel, has all the latest features possessed by the most modern hotel in the world. Some of the features and conveniences are entirely new in Wisconsin, if indeed they can be found in any hotel in the country. For instance, how does it strike you to drive into a hotel in your automobile to within twenty feet of

the elevator which takes you to your room? You can do that in the Astor and there are accommodations in the garage in the basement for more than 100 cars.

There are so many modern conveniences in the Hotel Astor that it is hard to say which one makes the strongest appeal. The roof garden is a big attraction at this season for the folks who enjoy dancing and nearly everyone does. It is the only hotel roof garden in Milwaukee, consequently it is popular.

When the editor of the BULLETIN sauntered into the Astor the other day looking for something that might furnish two or three pages of copy, he hadn't any idea what sort of a story the visit might develop. The manager of the hotel, H. O. Wood, who also is manager of the Hotel Wisconsin, greeted us cordially and asked the local manager of the Astor, A. LeVant Hall, to show us around. Mr. Hall showed us everything from the roof garden to the provision stores and refrigerating plant in the sub-basement. We were glad that he didn't ask us what feature impressed us most, because if he had, we would have had difficulty in answering. We saw so many things in a few minutes that it was hard to think of any one thing that stood out above the others.

Thinking it over after we left, we know now what appealed most to us about the Hotel Astor. It is the location. Probably that admission may surprise Mr. Wood and Mr. Hall, because they are so much interested in the mechanical effects that it is quite possible they have overlooked what really should be the biggest attraction to guests. The location of the hotel at Juneau avenue and Astor street is really wonderful. No

doubt that matter was considered carefully before the building was erected by those who invested their capital in it, but old Mother Nature really ought to play a big part in making the Astor the most popular hotel in Milwaukee when it becomes better known.

The Astor is located on what is called the East Side of Milwaukee, although it is within ten minutes' walk of the heart of the

with all the latest conveniences. The apartments occupy two wings of the building, while one wing is given over to the guest rooms, of which there are 125, every one having both tub and shower baths.

The apartments, consisting of three and four rooms each are models for comfort and convenience. Each has a delightful breakfast room, the kitchenette being equipped with gas range,



The Hotel Astor, Milwaukee, Wis.

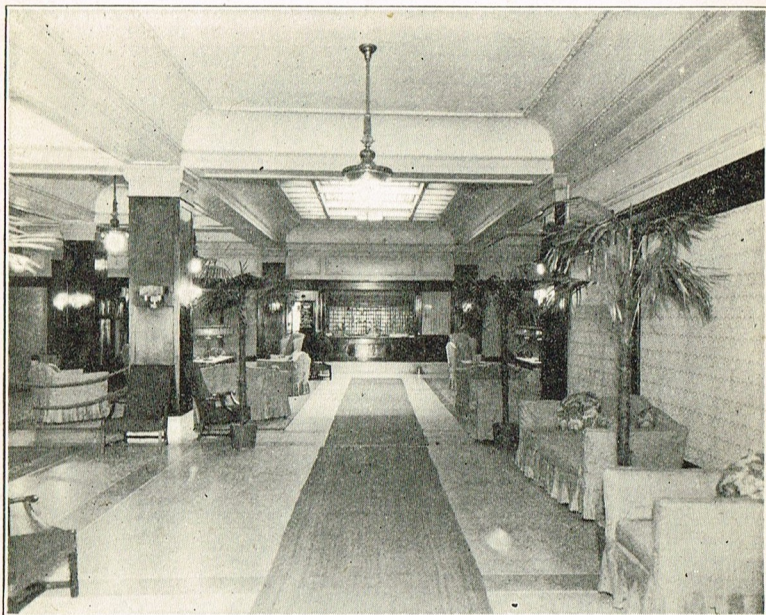
city. It is almost on the edge of Juneau Park, overlooking Lake Michigan. From the roof garden one can look out on the bay and the blue waters of the lake and on the hot, sweltering day we were there, it looked so quiet and cool and restful that in our opinion it was easily the crowning attraction.

The Astor is a combination of the apartment hotel and of the regular hotel for transient guests. It has 126 apartments, equipped

steel kitchen cabinets and refrigerator. All the corridor doors in the hotel are the Servidor type, a feature not found in any other Milwaukee hotel and in very few hotels in any city, as it is a recent invention. Probably you haven't been in a hotel which is equipped with the Servidor. Well if you haven't we may say that it is a door with a raised hollow panel. On retiring you hang your clothes inside that panel and lock the door. An indicator on the out-

side of the panel in the corridor displays the word "service" and a valet opens the panel with another key, takes your suit to the tailor and you find it in the morning sponged and pressed hanging where you left it the night before. The first one we saw was in the Pennsylvania in New York, through which each

ment. If the family wishes to go riding after breakfast, the car is there at the foot of the elevator. If the garage attendant shouldn't be around, it isn't necessary to walk across the garage floor to open the door. Just press a button and the huge door is raised up to let the automobile out. Quite convenient isn't it? The



View of Lobby, Hotel Astor, Milwaukee

guest gets a morning newspaper and thinks that he is getting wonderful service. Really he is, too, for a little thing like a morning paper counts for a lot in the way of creating a favorable impression of the service.

The family living in one of the apartments in the Astor is not required to leave the hotel for anything, at least anything in the line of edibles. Meats, vegetables, fruits, milk and cream can be had in the storerooms in the base-

Astor is the only hotel in Milwaukee that has a garage connected with it in that way and in these days when walking has almost become a lost art and everyone must have a car to travel a block, it is a great convenience.

Although the Astor has been open only three or four months, it is already the most popular hotel in Milwaukee with women's clubs and societies. The women folks like it for their meetings

because it is in a quiet residential section and because it has so many conveniences. Since it is so popular with women it seems superfluous to say that it is popular with men, because where women go men follow. They have been doing that since the days of Adam and will no doubt continue until Gabriel blows that trumpet or cornet, or whatever instrument he is supposed to blow.

Had we unlimited space in the BULLETIN we might go on indefinitely telling of the many features of the Astor. The dining room, for instance, has windows on three sides, which makes it cool and inviting in this sort of weather. Of course the building is fireproof construction and everything that engineering skill could devise has been done to make it absolutely noiseless. That is not the least of its attractions for the tired traveler looking for rest and quiet.

We know there are many traveling men who ride on the North Shore Line and quite a number of them are readers of the BULLETIN. We know from the letters we get from them. It may seem presumptuous to give traveling men a tip about hotels, because they usually know all about them. It is possible though that they are not yet familiar with the Astor, as it is a little distance from the downtown district, so we are telling them they are overlooking a good bet in not making its acquaintance. The distance from the North Shore station is only a matter of between five and ten minutes in a taxi and it is worth it. Mr. Hall, the local manager of the Astor knows the hotel business and can make his guests feel that they are welcome.

She: "I hear you came home on the Crap Shooter's Special."

He: "What is that?"

She: "The 7:11."

EMPLOYEES HOLD OUTING

THEY'RE still talking about that outing which the employes of the North Shore Line held at Diamond Lake on June 21. Everyone had a great time with games and sports of all kinds.

One of the leading features of the day was the fat man's race, which, after a considerable struggle, was won by hissoner the Mayor of Highwood, Tom Welsh. M. J. Feron, general superintendent of transportation, gave the mayor a better run than did his opponent in the recent mayoralty race. Mr. Feron used to be a great sprinter, but he hasn't been in training of late. Welsh on the other hand has been running for mayor and also running Highwood, so he was in good condition. At that the first race was a dead heat and it had to be run over again. We have a suspicion that Mr. Feron sort of lay down in the last race when he saw that Mayor Welsh was anxious to win. Anyway, it was some race and everyone was happy including Henry Cordell the master mechanic, who really was never a serious contender. Henry knows how to make a car run, but as for running himself—well, you can't blame him on a hot day. If there had been a fishing contest we would have bet on Henry.

It was the first outing that has been given by Division 900 of the Amalgamated Association and it was such a success that they are going to make it an annual event.

Judge—"What brought you here?"

Prisoner—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"

Prisoner—"Yes, both of them."

"You must isolate the patient."
 "All right, doctor; where shall we put the ice?"

Americanization Work on North Shore

SPEEDING along at sixty miles an hour, or faster, on an easy-riding North Shore Limited, over a firm stone-ballasted roadway and without a jolt or jar, do you ever give a thought to the men who keep the tracks in repair? Very likely you do not, although your safety and comfort, in a large degree, depend on these men.

The class of labor employed in track gangs on the average railroad has never in the past received a great deal of consideration. Usually it is plentiful, easily replaced when needed and not requiring a great deal of skill. As you ride past a gang at work on the track, you are apt to think of them as so many "hunkies" and let it go at that. "Creatures of another kind."

Well, it's different on the North Shore Line, so we are going to tell you a little more of the work that is going on making these track gangs Americans. We have mentioned it briefly in one or two previous issues, but there really is a big human interest story in it. We don't know that the same kind of work is not being done on other railroads but we doubt it. There are many reasons why it is being done on the North Shore, but probably the big controlling reason is that on the North Shore we have a president who is human. He wishes to see every one given a square deal and as far as possible he sees that it is done.

The traveling public knows what has been accomplished on the North Shore Line since Britton I. Budd became president about five years ago. The road has been transformed from one of the poorest to one of the best, many say the best, electric railroad in the country. To bring about such a change it is neces-

sary to have an organization as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it, and in this organization the humble trackman plays his part as well as the president. For that reason anything done to improve the condition of the track laborer is in the interest of the public, because the higher the degree of intelligence in the worker, the better is the character of service he can give the public.

When it was decided a few months ago to begin a campaign of Americanization work among the track gangs of the North Shore Line, a general survey was made to obtain accurate information. The survey disclosed that at the time there were 129 men, including foremen, in these gangs and that 101 of them, or 78 per cent were not American citizens. Twelve men were eligible to full citizenship, but 85 men, or 66 per cent had not declared their intentions to become citizens, although they had been in the country upward of five years, in fact the average length of time in the United States of all the men was 11 years. The men ranged in age from 18 to 60 years, the average being 36 years.

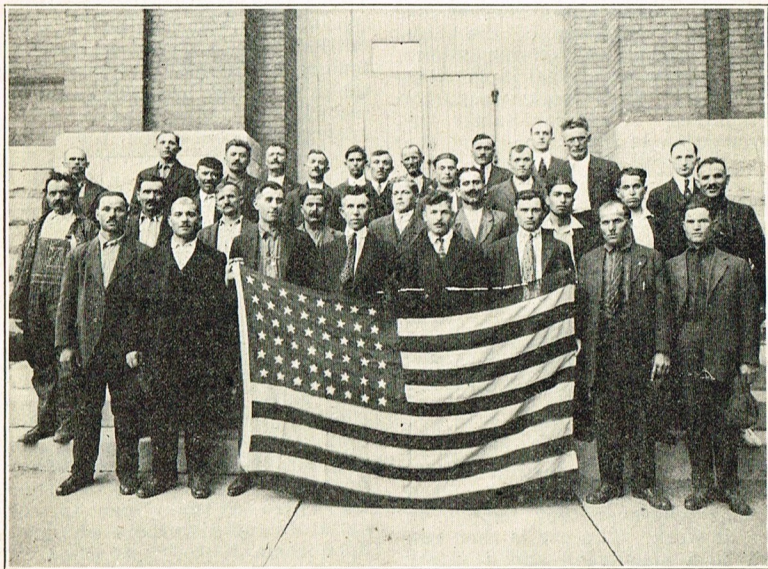
The survey showed that 82 men, or 64 per cent could not write the English language and that 58 per cent could not read it. Twenty-nine of the men, or 22 per cent could not speak English and 27 per cent could neither read nor write their native tongue.

When the subject of attending evening school and learning to read and write English was broached to the men, the response was instantaneous and almost unanimous. True they were given to understand that the company preferred to have American citizens on its payrolls, who could speak and write our language and that may have influenced

some. There could be no mistaking, however, of the earnestness of most of the men to attend school and of their eagerness to learn. One of them expressed what was in the mind of many when he said he would give a thousand dollars if he could learn to read and write English. His statement was made through an interpreter. A thousand dollars means a great deal to a man like

agency work to be done which necessitates the men absenting themselves from the classes. In spite of that a number of sections showed an 80 per cent attendance and Section No. 4 was 100 per cent. That section appears to have 100 per cent attendance week after week.

On the whole road there are fourteen regular section gangs and one extra gang and the



North Shore Trackmen Taking Out Their Naturalization Papers

that, but he was in earnest in saying he would give it. We hope he will attain his ambition and it will not cost him anything but the time he spends in the evening in study.

That the men are taking a great interest in the work is shown by a glance at the weekly report of C. G. Goodsell, director of Americanization work, showing the attendance. A full attendance is, of course, hardly to be expected, because at times there is emer-

schools are located to make it as convenient as possible for the men to attend. There is one school in Racine, one in Waukegan and one in Highwood and the classes are arranged so that each gang is given two evenings a week. There is also a school for foremen, who are showing as much interest as the men who work for them.

The classes are given "home work." You remember in your school days how much you dis-

liked that home work? These men seem to like it, at least some samples we have on our desk indicate infinite pains. The men were asked to write letters to their teacher and the letters were kept with the idea of comparing them with later ones to show the progress made by the class. The handwriting in every one of them is plainly eligible and the grammar and spelling isn't half bad. The class appears to be making remarkable progress.

As many readers of the BULLETIN know, the North Shore Line does a great deal in the way of "safety first" work among its employes. A regular Safety Organization is maintained and the employes in every department hold regular meetings to discuss methods and practices to eliminate accidents of all kinds. The result of this work is shown in the few accidents which occur on the road. The North Shore Line has become known throughout the country as the safest high-speed electric line in operation.

The teaching of English among the track laborers fits in nicely with the safety work. Each month a special car is run along the line from Evanston to Milwaukee and it picks up the track gangs wherever they happen to be at work. The car is then run on to a side track and a safety meeting is held at which some speaker gives the men an instructive talk on safe practices. The gang is taken back at the end of the meeting and dropped off at the point where it was picked up and the car proceeds to the next point. That method insures a full attendance of the men at safety meetings, because they are being paid for their attendance, but if they do not understand the English language they cannot derive much benefit from the talks.

From that it will be seen how the public benefits by the course in English being given the track

laborers, as it tends to safer operation. That alone would justify the efforts being made to educate the trackmen, although that was not the only reason for the work being taken up.

Behind the whole plan is the big idea of making American citizens out of a class of laborers who are under a heavy handicap. The subject of immigration has always been a serious problem. Those who have favored restricting immigration, or shutting it off entirely for a time, have contended that immigrants have been taken in faster than they could be assimilated. There is a great deal in the contention, too. The process of assimilation can be greatly helped, however, by more of the work that is being done on the North Shore Line. The experience there has shown that most of these foreigners wish to become American citizens if given a chance. They need a little assistance and a little encouragement. They need to be made to understand that "somebody cares." If they see that no one in authority cares about them, naturally they take less interest in the country. They remain foreigners and as such they give a ready ear to the agitators and disturbers who prey upon them.

The accompanying picture shows a group of North Shore trackmen in front of the courthouse in Waukegan, where they went to take out their first naturalization papers. In the evening classes they are being taught that taking out their papers is not a mere formality. They are being given some understanding of the duties and the responsibilities of citizenship in the greatest country in the world.

There is need for a lot of similar work in the country. We feel rather proud of what the North Shore Line is doing in

Americanization work and when we see or hear a good thing we believe in passing it along. We

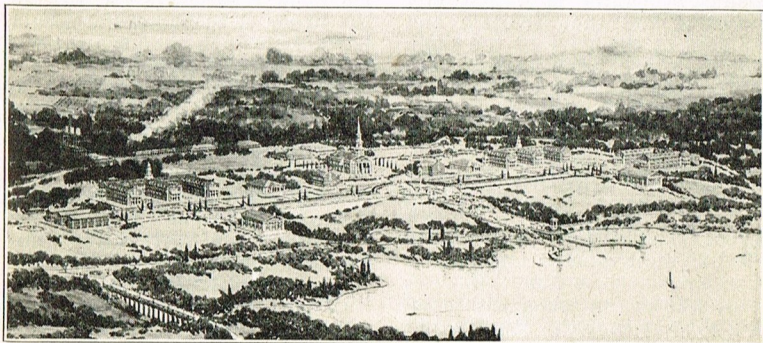
believe our readers will be interested in reading about this work.

Great Educational Institution

IN a beautiful natural setting of rolling landscape, fine old woods and sparkling waters, there is gradually rising into form on the North Shore Line, one of the greatest educational institutions of its kind in America.

Little so far has been written of the University of St. Mary of

Although still a long way from completion, St. Mary of the Lake is well worth a visit at this time. From the work already completed and that under way, the visitor can form a good idea of how it will appear when finished. Already steel and concrete bridges span the deep ravines, roads are



St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Area, III.

the Lake, the Catholic Seminary being built on Lake Area, but the work has been steadily progressing and the first of the buildings—the school of philosophy—will open to students in September.

The St. Mary of the Lake Seminary is situated in the center of a 1000-acre tract of ground, selected by Archbishop Mundelein as the best location to be found in the Chicago archdiocese. When completed the Seminary will represent an improvement costing upward of ten millions of dollars and will be one of the greatest attractions for visitors in this part of the country.

under course of construction and the whole landscape is being transformed into a scene of beauty that delights the eye.

In the general plan the buildings are grouped facing beautiful St. Mary's Lake. To the west is the central plaza of the Immaculate Conception, in the center of which will be a large statue of the patron saint of the institution.

The philosophy hall, which will be ready for students in September, is of the early colonial style of architecture, built of red pressed brick with white marble trimmings. It contains four lecture rooms, a physical laboratory

and a chemical laboratory, and living rooms for the students. Accommodations are ready now for 124 students and six prefects.

Trains of the North Shore Line on the Libertyville branch run past the entrance to the 1,000-acre tract of ground. St. Mary's station is located right at the entrance. From the main line passengers transfer to the Libertyville branch at Lake Bluff and it is only twenty minutes ride to the end of the line at Area, where the new university is situated.

You should not let the summer pass without paying a visit to this wonderful institution. The surrounding country is wonderfully beautiful and the architect and builders of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary are erecting an institution that in point of beauty is in keeping with the natural setting.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY at Evanston opened its summer school on June 27.

All who are in touch with summer schools over the country and who know the beauty and the summer attractiveness of Northwestern's campus agree that Evanston ought to have regularly one of the greatest summer schools in America. The Summer Session combines under one direction the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Commerce, the School of Education, the Graduate School, the School of Music and the School of Speech. Each of these schools has an attractive faculty list and is offering special courses. Applications for admission to the summer term are pouring in at a rate which bids fair to sweep away all previous records. They have come even from Belgium, Japan, the Philippines, Honolulu, Porto Rico and from points on this continent in Saskatchewan, Ontario, Texas,

Maine, Arizona, California, Oregon, etc.

Since it is the function of summer sessions to provide adequately for teachers and others interested in the study of education, Northwestern University has a liberal allotment of courses in the department of education. Naturally these courses include the work in educational psychology and the history and principles of education, which have come to be required of all teachers; in addition courses will be offered in Methods of Teaching and in Educational Measurements, which give the latest scientific developments in those lines. Then, too, the needs of teachers and administrators in the public schools will be met by the courses in School Administration to be offered by principals and superintendents whose experience and whose successes amply qualify them for instructional service.

Prominent educators from many other institutions will be in Evanston as a part of the Summer Session faculty this year.

An unusual feature of the Summer Session is a series of public lectures at five o'clock every afternoon. These lectures, which are designed specifically for the benefit of the public, will be semi-popular treatments of those subjects in the program of study which are of most general interest.

The University accepting the responsibility to acquaint students with the educational resources of a great city has organized excursions for summer students to the leading points of interest in and around Chicago. The first of these excursions will be to the Sand Dunes of Indiana on July 2. Other trips will be made during the Session to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ravinia Park, the Ghetto, the Chicago City Hall, the Art Institute, the new Field Museum and the Stock Yards.

With the Bulletin Family

WHAT'S the matter with some of you old-timers? Has the warm weather dried up your fountain pens? We might mention a dozen by name whose letters used to amuse and instruct the readers of this column, from whom we haven't heard in months. Just because the weather is hot, and business is, in a manner of speaking, rotten, you shouldn't forget the duty you owe the Family. Let's hear again from you.

Have you ever noticed as we journey through this vale of tears that life usually provides some compensations to offset the disappointments? That is seen in this column. New contribs come along each month to help us bear our sorrows over the seeming neglect of the old ones. But as we have said before the BULLETIN FAMILY fireside is quite wide and there is room for lots of new members, without any of the old ones having to get out.

Among the new contribs this month we have with us one from Wauwatosa, Wis., who, from his letterhead and card is connected with the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin. And by the way, we note that the secretary of that Commission is an old acquaintance, with whom we collaborated a little a few years ago, when he was still a student at the University at Madison. We ask our new contrib to give Secretary Witte our regards. Our Wauwatosa contrib writes:

Recently the writer received a copy of the May issue of your monthly bulletin and it is so different from the usual things of similar kind issued by some industrial concerns and railroad companies, that if not inconsistent I would ask for it monthly by mail.

Your publication is a fund of good information instead of the

"personal gossip" and "gush" such as many print. Your paper on accidents, work of your safety men, etc., was also duly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

I. N. CONKLIN.

Why surely Mr. Conklin we'll send you the BULLETIN by mail and are glad that you found it "different." Of course, it's different, if it wasn't—oh well. But we're working for a different kind of railroad. That's the reason. As the North Shore Line gives a superior kind of service to any other electric railroad in the country, we'd be derelict in our duty if we didn't give you a superior kind of bulletin. The boys in the transportation department set a fast pace, too. Anyway, we're glad to welcome you into the Family and hope to hear from you again.

We have with us another new contrib from Racine. It seems he has been receiving the BULLETIN by mail, although it was sent to another man. As the man to whom it was addressed died last December, the BULLETIN wasn't delivered to him. Uncle Sam doesn't pretend to deliver mail on the other side of the Styx, and as a matter of fact he isn't always very prompt in delivering it on this side. However, we're glad to think it fell into appreciative hands. The new contrib writes:

The stenographers are on a week-end outing and as it would take me entirely too long to type this letter myself, I am writing it long hand. (Don't let that worry you, they nearly all come that way.)

You have on your mailing list a former employe of this factory who died suddenly last December. I have been taking care of his work since his death and have also received his copies of the Bulletin. Your paper is certainly a credit to your railroad and it seems too bad

that there is no public way that the employes of your road can tell about the Bulletin and return the compliments that you pay them each issue. I believe that a medium such as the Bulletin tends to strengthen the loyalty of every employe of your entire organization. (That's one of its purposes and the employes do contribute items occasionally. We'd like to have them do it oftener if they would.)

When the employe mentioned died his family moved away from Racine and I not only took over his duties in this organization, but I also rented the house in which he lived. For several months the gas bills were delivered in his name. I called at the gas office and informed them that he was dead and I wished to have the bills sent in my own name. I was informed that it would be necessary to deposit \$10. As I had been paying the bills regularly each month in the other man's name, I couldn't see the humor of the deposit, so I told them I was joking and would continue to pay the bills as usual. Now I have been wondering if you will stop sending the Bulletin when I give you my own name. If, like the gas company, you cannot extend the courtesy to me, please forget that the other man is dead and keep on sending it to him.

Your description in the June issue of the dam at Root River falls was very interesting and I hope that soon we may have rain to make the volume of water as large as shown in the picture. My residence faces the Root River and the present dry spell has certainly cut down the torrent you saw when you wrote that article.

Please accept my thanks for the copies of your illustrious paper which I have been receiving in a dead man's name. I consider myself quite a live one and would request that you send me the copies direct.

Yours very truly,
ROSCOE P. GUILBERT.

Your name has been substituted on the mailing list Mr. Guilbert and you don't have to deposit a ten-spot, either. We'll take a live one in preference to a dead one any day.

A recent recruit to the Family circle—"Jim Ham" is making heroic efforts to live up to his nom de plume so he favors us with two contributions this month, one in prose and the other in

something or other which we are not going to classify. We're going to print it though and you can classify it yourselves. Here is his prose contribution:

My Bulletin was delivered by "Uncle" yesterday and was lamped by the gang in the office. One of the young ladies said "Ain't the editor got a grand name?" "Yes," I replied, of course, not adding "he ain't." (You should have said you would grant that he had.)

A bunch of us "bird dogs" were inhaling a meal on your line recently, and as usual with such a flock of flickers, were reciting experiences. One fellow allowed that you had a soup railroad, i. e., one can gargle his soup without back lashing or spill. Another fellow told of trying to eat on a steam road, having ordered lamb and peas, and not being able to see the lamb for some time he finally located it hiding behind one of the peas. Per usual we had a pleasant journey and friend wife recognized us upon arriving at the sanctuary. Thanks for your indulgence and for your Bulletin.

Cordially yours,
JIM HAM.

Here's the other one:

The following "raving" has occurred to me. Not that I don't like you but then the weather has been warm.

UPS AND DOWNS SMILES AND FROWNS

Our elevator man's a genial cuss,
He seldom ever frowns,
Although compared to most of us
He has more ups and downs.
A wet, bedraggled, mangy pup
Will wag his tail with glee
If given just a half a cup,
While many such as we
Kick and rave and storm and blow
And really cannot see,
Why things with us are not just so
In their entirety.
Ladies' skirts when up are down
And when they're down they're
up,
Things never have been what they
seemed
To Hector when a pup.
The cripple, like the morning sun,
Spreads rays of cheer around.
While we incline to weep and pine
With gloomy thoughts around.
'Tis all the way we look at things
That makes for joy or woe,
Cherish the "ups" which our fate
brings,
And "downs" are sure to go.
Spread the cheery word a bit
And to yourself be true.

The dark clouds then will surely
split

And sunshine trickle through.

JIM HAM.

We think you've made it pretty
clear

No killjoy's worth a dam,
So keep it up, be of good cheer

And write again, Jim Ham.

The weather certainly is warm.

Here is one from a new correspondent in St. Paul who recently made the acquaintance of the North Shore Line and incidentally of the BULLETIN. He writes:

Have just returned from an eastern trip and thought I would like to let you know how much I enjoyed my ride between Milwaukee and Chicago on the North Shore Line. I wanted to vary my journey a little, so went your route as far as possible, and believe me when I say it was the best part of the entire trip between St. Paul and New York, being a swift, clean, safe, enjoyable ride.

I had no idea what a large, well equipped line yours is. I knew there was an electric line between Milwaukee and Chicago and so arranged to use it, not really expecting such good service. It's too bad more people at a distance from your territory cannot know of the pleasure of your electric flyers.

I found a copy of your Bulletin which was also enjoyed and if it is your custom to mail same to your patrons would be glad to see other copies.

Such a line as the North Shore is a credit to the country and I wish such service could be extended from Chicago to New York. Of course, the territory is not as thickly populated as between the two lake cities, but if people knew about it they would certainly patronize it in preference to steam travel. I think I am right-minded when I say I believe the government should finance such an undertaking in preference, say, to a new dreadnaught, as it would be of more benefit to the people, but, of course, it hardly will be done and probably the cost of such an undertaking would be prohibitive to private interests. Don't think I mean by that government ownership of railroads.

At any rate I am glad your line is in operation between Milwaukee and Chicago and hope it will long be of service to its patrons.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. TRACY.

We don't know Mr. Tracy but we give him credit for knowing

a good thing when he sees it. Once a stranger tries the North Shore Line he becomes a strong booster for it. It's really in a class by itself.

Our correspondent in Canton, Ohio, Mr. Miller has been somewhat derelict lately, but when he does write he usually sends a letter that is worth while. He is quite a booster for the North Shore Line as well as for the BULLETIN. He writes as follows:

It's a long time since I wrote you and shame only compels me to write now. Why is it that most people when they have something to do, go and do it, but put off letter-writing until the mind will stand it no longer? Here is an aggravated case.

I did not receive the May Bulletin until June and got all upset over it. I said to myself if it is not received by June 8 I will write and find the reason, but it came on the 7th. For the pleasure it gave I should have sat down and written my thanks at once, instead it has been put off until now. How ungrateful in me, considering my feelings which were fully expressed by a correspondent a few months ago who wrote that when he missed his copy he felt his education was being neglected. Like him I missed those educational gems and was pleased when it came though late, and thank you, though much later.

I note that all the readers of the Bulletin like myself enjoy it, those who ride on the North Shore expressing their pleasure for the service, speed, and safety. They are travelers, part of the general public and to please the public means something. It means something unusual, but there are others I find who take notice.

I have a very warm friend, I say "very" because there are different degrees of friendship. When a young man he worked for me in the mines. He left the mines and went to work for the Northern Ohio Light and Power Company. He commenced at the bottom and worked up to the position of Safety Inspector. His duties take him all over the road, so he is familiar with all that goes well and has to make himself more familiar when it goes otherwise. You will see that his duties being in the interest of his company and also the safety and comfort of the public, he must have his eyes and his mind always open, even at times when off duty. One

can easily imagine a man like that, holding a responsible position, if he should happen to travel on another line, having his eyes open to observe all movements, such as employees handling passengers, condition of the cars, track, etc.

Meeting him a short time ago I asked him if he ever heard of a road called the North Shore. "Yes," he said, "it runs from Chicago to Milwaukee. I traveled over it attending a convention of electric railway men in Milwaukee some time ago. That is the best electric railroad I know of and I doubt if it has an equal in America or anywhere else," and he went on to describe the time runs, the speed, safety, condition of track, joints, roadbed and cars. There was nothing he had overlooked and he praised it highly. I knew it to be the truth, having been over the road myself. Talking of the motormen and conductors he said he never saw so many employees so uniformly courteous to passengers, and eyeing them on the cars to see that they were comfortable. "Do you know," he said, "that a nice, clean, courteous set of employees in charge of cars makes it more pleasant for passengers and is an asset for the company? No matter what a company may undertake to carry out in the way of improvements if the employees do not co-operate, much money may be spent without accomplishing the results expected. I know this to be the case with the company I am with." Just then something occurred to him that he had overlooked mentioning and he said: "Do you know they serve meals on the through cars, splendid meals served a la carte." That sounds good and in keeping with other service on the "Road of Service."

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM G. MILLER.

It will be seen from Mr. Miller's letter that they know all about the North Shore Line down in Ohio and that an official of another electric railroad is willing to concede its superiority.

As we got acquainted with Mr. Miller of Canton through Mr. Peebles of Plymouth, it seems fitting to have the letters of these two worthies follow in succession, so here are a few words from Mr. Peebles:

I fully expected to write you long ago and started several times,

but the weather has been so terribly hot that I have felt like a dishrag most of the time. Everything around here has dried up, even my ambition to write. Don't think I am going to write you fifteen or eighteen pages, for I am not, even if I have cast my collar and rolled up my shirt sleeves.

I did not tell you that I had quit gardening altogether and am glad of it. I would have had a lovely time this hot weather keeping things alive and growing. You set a bad example when you quit, so I thought if you could get along without a garden, I could, too.

The June Bulletin came last Friday and I must say, as Loophound Jr. says, its editorials are bully. Loophound Jr. has a long letter in this issue. Has he taken to the prohibition platform or what has gone wrong with the boy? I think that Loophound Senior must have got the Junior in bad when he paid him that visit at the U. of P. I think father and son will bear watching, but my advice to the two is if their tongues are clinging to the roof of their mouths and their throats are parched, let them drink to their heart's content of good cold water. There is nothing to beat it.

Loophound Jr. says wine and beer never wrecked homes or made wife beaters. Oh man! Oh, man! Whiskey or gin never did either, that is providing a person would only take a teaspoonful every ten hours.

Before I close I must tell you the latest golf story. I have not seen it in print, so it may be new. A golfer was walking along the street with his bag of sticks slung across his shoulder. A woman across the street saw him and shouted, "Come over here, I have two umbrellas to mend."

Will write you again next winter when the weather cools off.

Sincerely yours,
J. D. PEEBLES.

Too bad Mr. Peebles that you followed our example and gave up your garden. It's such splendid exercise, you know. It always amuses us to hear a man tell of the fine exercise he gets working in a garden. In our most enthusiastic days when we had a nice garden, we never thought of it as exercise. It's work, and back-breaking work at that. And what's the reward? About 25 cents worth of vegetables for \$25 worth of work. On the whole it's more satisfactory to patronize

your neighborhood grocer for vegetables and play golf for exercise.

Our versatile contrib Jumbo recites a little experience he had during that blizzard which visited Wisconsin a few weeks ago. At least we suppose it must have been about that time. He writes:

Ignorance, in some cases is bliss, but listen to what I ran up against a few days ago. I would not know whether to call it ignorance or what. Perhaps our good old friend Loophound could give it a definition.

Having been asked to call at a certain farmer's, I boarded a train out of Milwaukee, and reached my destination to find that this burg carried a nickname, which was Pretzel Station, no doubt owing to the fact that it had only a general store, THREE saloons and a railway station.

After walking about two miles, I came to another saloon, and as it was rather cold, I decided to go in and warm up a bit. I entered and found only one customer in the place, and he, appearing to be a farm hand, had his shoes pulled off and was warming his feet on a bracket of the stove. I went over to the stove myself to absorb a little of its warmth, when Oh! I stepped back a little and said to the lad, "Too bad that you folks haven't got the conveniences that the city folks have, like electric lights, hot water heat, and BATHS." Upon which he replied, "Oh, we have all this at the place where I'm working, but whenever I take a bath I must keep my feet hanging out over the top of the bath tub, because the doctor's orders were to be careful and not get wet feet at this time of the year because I would surely catch my death of cold."

But before leaving I suggested to him that when he came to town not to forget to consult some French Dry Cleaners.

Yours,

JUMBO.

These traveling men certainly do run up against some amusing incidents in their travels. And they are so truthful in relating the incidents to us. That one sounds like one of Loophound's.

We don't often get any complaints about service, but when

one does come we see that the matter is immediately looked into. Here is a letter from a Waukegan contrib that is in the nature of a complaint. He writes:

Are Waukegan city cars on the Edison Court line supposed to wait for passengers getting off limited trains when said city car is at the station (Edison Court) when the Limited pulls into the station?

I get off the southbound Limited at 7:10 a. m. daily and very frequently miss connections. This morning six of us were left standing when city car No. 321 pulled out without us. We (the patrons) were talking and wondering if we were to throw a rock through the car window, would the conductor stop? We'd be perfectly willing to pay for a pane of glass once in a while. I thank you.

Very sincerely,

F. G. Braun.

Throwing a rock through the window might scare the motorman and make him go faster. Besides it isn't a satisfactory way of signaling a car in the long run. We believe you threw the rock in the right direction, because we at once sent your letter to the superintendent and he informs us that the schedules are arranged so that connections may be easily made if trains are on time. He is making a careful check of the situation, however, and we believe that there will not be any further cause for complaint.

A new contributor connected with the Milwaukee Tank Works writes as follows:

I have traveled on one of the electric roads in this state for the last two days and I have wondered how some of these roads get away with the practice of their offending air whistles which are so nerve-racking to occupants of the car. On several trips my attention was called to this offense by fellow passengers—strangers to me. On investigation it developed that the motorman did not use good judgment, as he could see for a half mile on either side of the track. Moreover, the whistle was blown many times where there was no necessity to signal any one.

I merely wish to contrast this condition with that on your well-equipped, well-regulated road,

whose conductors and motormen are courteous and use good judgment in their respective positions. My work brings me in contact with a large number of public utilities which justifies my opinion in the premises.

Meanwhile, good luck to you and the BULLETIN. Don't forget to put me on your mailing list.

Sincerely yours,

W. G. FRY.

THE CANNY SCOT

HERE is an original Scotch story. We're telling it because some of the company officials around here have dared us to do it, seeing that it is on ourself. Recently there was an inspection trip over the North Shore Line. When the party of operating officials reached Milwaukee they went to the washroom to wash their hands before having luncheon. The editor of the Bulletin took the only remaining linen towel to wipe his hands, but not for the reason ascribed by some members of the party, that he was too "stuck up" to use the ordinary paper towels. Anyway, as he finished wiping his hands T. B. MacRae, the general auditor of the company, began looking around for a towel. "This is the only one left, Mac," we said, "but you can use this." Mac took the towel and when he had used it and dropped it in the towel basket the porter walked up and said, "Five cents for the towel, please." By that time we had beat it to the door of the washroom, so Mac paid for the use of the towel.

"Can you beat it?" said Mr. Fallon, the chief engineer, as Mac told the story with great gusto. "Why didn't I know that the other night at a dinner party when I told a manufactured joke on him about his crossing to drink out of his neighbor's side of the river? He came back at me, though, and said it was a libel on the race, as no real Scotchman ever drank out of a river, either on his own or his neighbor's side of it. At

that he's entitled to some credit for being able to put one over on you, Mac, for it's in your blood, too."

"It's perfectly simple," we replied. "Mac's blood has been modified through a few generations and he stands no show against a thoroughbred."

Mr. MacRae saw to it that the incident was given wide circulation and for a few days everyone we met around the offices asked why we didn't pay for towels.

LIKES NORTH SHORE SANDWICH

The following letter to the BULLETIN explains itself: It reads:

"The Harris Brothers Company, who are having a sale of government buildings at Camp Perry and Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, wish to say that we have been buying our lunches at the Great Lakes concession of the North Shore Line and that we have received very courteous treatment and that the food served is exceptionally good.

"These people serve a sandwich called the 'North Shore Special,' which is without equal in the sandwich line and should be served at all the North Shore concessions and on the diners.

"Very truly,

"D. C. HARRIS, V.P."

"Harris Brothers Company."

We're not surprised to hear that a sandwich with a name like that excels. There's magic in the name, but evidently there is something more than magic in the sandwich.

TRAIN CREWS COMMENDED

TRAIN crews on the North Shore Line are uniformly courteous and obliging and while most of the patrons take such courtesy as a part of the service which in fact it is, occasionally some

pleased patron writes a letter of commendation. It pleases the train crews to be commended in that way and it always pleases the editor of the BULLETIN to give such letters space.

Here are some letters received in the last month commending employees:

"When a man does a good deed he should be commended for it, shouldn't he? That's what I think, too. So if you can squeeze in a few ems in your next copy of the BULLETIN, I should like to see the name of Trainman J. E. Bennett of the Milwaukee line.

"It certainly is a pleasure to travel when such men as Mr. Bennett are in charge of the cars. His attentiveness and courtesy to my family and myself is surely noteworthy.

"Sincerely,
"J. G. HULBERT,
"Waukegan, Ill."

Here is another letter of similar import:

"The writer takes great pleasure in commending the courtesy and attention of the train crew on the electric for Milwaukee, leaving Adams and Wabash at 9:30 a. m. last Sunday morning, June 19.

"While trying to open a window in the forward smoker, a sudden movement of the train caused my hand to slip, breaking the glass and lacerating my wrist quite severely. The motorman rang for the conductor who rendered first aid and on arrival at Milwaukee exerted himself in locating the company doctor—Dr. Miller.

"As an old traveling man, in contact with train crews for the past twenty years, it is a pleasure to find men of the stamp and caliber of this crew and they deserve whatever credit can be given them. I might mention that owing to the crowd on the train numerous women were riding in the smoker and the diplomatic way in which your men gave me the necessary attention, no confusion was caused, which is the usual case at the sight of blood.

"This crew are total strangers to me and through you I wish to thank them as well as the medical officers at Milwaukee and here, who are now dressing my cuts.

"Yours very truly,
"B. CERF, Chicago."

The train crew which gave this timely and efficient assistance to Mr. Cerf are Motorman T. M. Gilkson and Conductor E. Golden.

Another letter of commendation comes from Charles E. Mason, Justice of the Peace in Waukegan, sent to R. H. Ziebell, general agent at Milwaukee, enclosing check in payment of a special chartered car on which the Waukegan Lodge of Elks had an outing. He writes:

"As chairman of the committee in charge I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you, and through you the North Shore Line for the splendid service given us on this trip. There was not a stone left unturned on your part to make this trip a success in every respect, every detail, even to the ice water. And the personal service of the crew in charge—Roy Kellner, motorman and James Hayward, conductor, was all and more than we expected. We look forward to many more trips of this kind and are now convinced that the North Shore Line is the 'Only Way.'

"Yours truly,
"CHARLES E. MASON."

Of course the North Shore Line is the "Only Way" for discriminating persons like Elks and we are pleased to think they enjoyed their outing.

NO PINK TEA RECEPTION

"Notis—Trespassers will B persecuted to the full extent of 2 mungrel dogs which never was oversochibel to strangers and one dubbel barl shotgun which ain't loaded with sofa pillors—dammed if i aint gittin tired of this hell raisin on my farm."

VACATION SEASON OPENS.

WITH the temperature somewhere around the 90 mark—we never look at a thermometer—along to our desk comes an illustrated booklet issued by our friend Walter Reed, secretary of the Racine Commercial Club, telling us all about the advantages of Eagle Knob Lodge as a place to spend a vacation. Sort of tantalizing when you can't go, isn't it?

We insist on looking on the bright side of things, anyway. We can enjoy a little vacation by just looking at the pictures in that booklet. The very first one is entitled "At the Edge of the Great Outdoors." We don't need to tell you what the picture is like. With a title like that you can use your imagination. It does look tempting, though.

Some of the fishing scenes are almost good enough to cause Henry Cordell, the master mechanic of the North Shore Line, to quit his job. Henry is the champion fisherman of the North Shore. We understand that the bug hit him so hard the other Sunday that he turned the goldfish loose in the bathtub and spent the afternoon fishing for them. He says he didn't, but at this season of the year we could believe anything of him in that line.

We never heard Mr. Reed boast of his prowess with the rod and reel, but among the pictures we notice one of him holding up a pickerel that looks like a ten-pounder. It doesn't appear to be a stuffed one, either. We know the trick of having your picture taken with a stuffed fish. We have been there. There are other pictures of fishermen with big strings, so we conclude that the fishing at Eagle Knob Lodge is good.

Some of you may recall that we spoke about this resort last year when Mr. Reed first opened it. He had accommodations then for only thirty-five guests, but he has since built additional cottages so that he can accommodate about

sixty this year. It is necessary, however, to make reservations early, for the place is very popular and many applicants were turned away last season.

It is a real camp for campers, where one can wear old clothes and be in style. The guests live in separate cottages and there is a common dining room for all, right at the water's edge, for the resort is on Lake Owen in the northern part of Wisconsin.

Looking at the pictures we can positively smell the pines. Pretty good imagination, you may say. Of course, if you never smelled pine woods it might be difficult to get a whiff of them from a booklet, but we have lived among them and that helps a lot. If you have never smelled pines, except in a cough medicine bottle, you have missed half your life.

From Chicago, Eagle Knob Lodge is a night's ride by way of Ashland. It is five hours from St. Paul and three hours from Duluth. We are sure that anyone looking for a place close to nature in which to spend their vacation, will enjoy this place and Mr. Reed is the sort of fellow one wishes for a host.

"I give it up, Mr. Bones," said the interlocutor. "What is the difference between a young man, an old man and a worm?"

"There ain't no difference, the chicken gets 'em all."

"Did the doctor know what you had?"

"Seemed to have a pretty accurate idea. He asked for \$10 and I had \$11."

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."