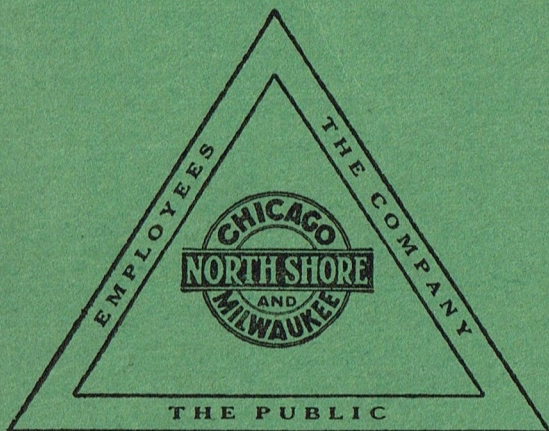


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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

OCTOBER, 1921



"The Road of Service"

LAKE COUNTY FAIR

ACCORDING to all reports the sixty-eighth annual Lake County Fair, held at Libertyville, Sept. 5-9, was the most successful both in point of attendance and exhibits, in the history of the association.

The North Shore Line was one of the exhibitors, giving visitors a motion picture contrast of transportation methods in the days of the Indian and today. The educational film, "Along the Green Bay Trail," which was shown at the Chicago Pageant of Progress and in many theaters in Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities, proved quite an attraction at the fair.

The North Shore exhibit was under the direction of John J. Moran, who has become quite adept as a motion picture machine operator. Through the courtesy of J. Blumberg, of the Columbia Grafanola Company of Waukegan, a new feature was added to the motion picture show in the form of a Columbia Grafanola and a Columbia Magnavox, which amplifies the sound so that it can be heard at a great distance.

The North Shore Line exhibit was one of the most popular at the fair, and thanks are extended Mr. Blumberg and the Columbia Grafanola Company for their co-operation in making it such a success.

COMMENDATIONS OF EMPLOYES

SEVERAL letters have been received in the last month commending employes for special acts of courtesy. Here is one from an ex-service man, Frank Watson of Chicago, who writes:

Having read your published letters from time to time concerning good service from employes of the road, I wish you to publish in the next BULLETIN something of the meritorious service of the conductor on the 11:50 a. m. Waukegan Express, September 6. He is

one polite and obliging man. We saw him help and direct aged ladies and men, handling one lady's heavy valises, etc., going away into the front car after them. When questioned by myself concerning fare to Milwaukee from Fort Sheridan, he immediately looked it up.

Good man in good service, I call it. The Tribune politeness reporter ought to give him \$50. I would if I had it to give.

Yours for service,

Frank Watson.

The conductor referred to is Bart Moran.

Another letter comes from B. H. Arnold of Milwaukee, who writes:

Last Thursday, Sept. 22, while returning from Chicago on the train leaving at 5:00 p. m. and during service in the dining car, Mrs. Arnold became indisposed and finally fainted. The more than courteous treatment from the conductor and all other employes calls for my heartiest commendation.

I hope this letter is one of others of similar nature that you have received concerning these men and that it will have some influence in their reward and progress.

Very sincerely yours,

B. H. Arnold.

The conductor mentioned who assisted Mrs. Arnold is James E. Mears.

Another letter commends the honesty of a collector as follows:

Am just writing you a few lines to commend the honesty of the conductor who was in charge of the rear coach special on the 11:20 a. m. train which left Wilson Avenue, Sept. 25.

The conductor was offered a couple of dollars to let a few football fans ride free. He said he was not allowed to take money for himself as he was working for the interest of the North Shore Line and he collected the regular fare to Racine.

You are to be commended for having such honest men on your road. I enjoyed the ride very much and when traveling north again will use the North Shore Line.

Very truly yours,

A Football Fan.

The employe commended in the foregoing letter is Collector E. Buck.

Mr. Geo. Merryweather
11-15-21


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The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV Chicago, October, 1921  28 No. 12

Editorial Comment

*Gold is good in its place; but living, brave
and patriotic men are better than gold.*

POUNDING our head for a text on which we might grind out a few more or less illuminating paragraphs, and getting no answer except a hollow sound, we looked around and our eye fell on the above quotation from Lincoln. We grabbed it.

* * * * *

THE quotation seemed to fit in with what we had in mind, for we had just been reading about the amount of gold that was pouring into this country. A little over five hundred million dollars for the first eight months of this year, more than three times the amount imported for the same months of last year. Then we exported only eleven millions compared with two hundred and forty-two millions for the same months last year. The result is that more than one-third of the world's known gold is in this country.

* * * * *

WHY should we let a little thing like that worry us? Well, we're not going to, because we personally can raise our right hand and say "not guilty." But it is bothering the financial experts very much and is playing the deuce with foreign exchange. Our lawmakers at Washington are going to make it worse, too, if they put through the proposed tariff bill, with its "American valuation" clause. Building a wall around us so that the rest of the world must send us gold and silver because they cannot send us merchandise. And if we won't take their products,

how can we expect them to take ours? If we haven't foreign markets how are we going to keep our mines and mills and factories busy? Maybe you can figure out a way. We can't.

* * * * *

WE'RE not going to give you a dissertation on the intricacies of international finance, however, for we haven't any first-hand knowledge of the subject. We have never found it much of a problem to handle all the finance that comes our way and our visible supply of gold doesn't cause any loss of sleep. It was the other part of the quotation that we had principally in mind and that naturally made us turn our thoughts in the direction of Washington. For in that city next month will open an epoch-making conference. That it will take the first step toward abolishing the scourge of war must be the fervent wish of every one who believes that our present civilization is worth preserving. For should there be another world war—and most of the nations are preparing for one—it is no wild flight of imagination to see in it the downfall of western civilization.

* * * * *

IT seems peculiarly appropriate that the call for a world conference on the limitation of armaments should have been sent out by the Chief Executive of the United States. More than a hundred years ago Secretary of State Monroe sent a letter to the American minister in London which resulted in the disarmament of the borders between the United States and Canada. More than a century of unbroken peace has resulted. There are many other reasons why this nation should take the lead in a movement for permanent world peace. This country, in a way, is in the position that Germany was in 1914. It lay with Germany then to choose between war and peace. She chose war and all the world is now paying the price. Today it lies largely with the United States to say that wars must end for it is the most powerful, the richest and most independent nation on earth and comes into court with the cleanest hands. Comparatively it suffered less than any of the other great powers in the late war and is not actuated either by fear or a spirit of revenge. Its motives cannot be questioned.

IF national sentiment is to be gauged by what one reads in the newspapers, the coming arms conference is not being given the consideration which it deserves. Plenty of newspaper space is being given to the necessity of larger appropriations for war purposes, but very little to the more important subject of limiting armaments, which is the first important step toward world peace. Only the extreme pacifist, whose head is as soft as his heart, advocates a suspension of all war preparation by this country regardless of what the rest of the world may do. That, in our opinion, is impossible, but it is quite possible for all the great powers to unite and by common consent agree that the tremendous sums of money and the national energy now being devoted to purposes of destruction, be turned into the channels of peaceful industry. The same narrow spirit of extreme nationalism which kept this country out of the League of Nations, seems to be still at work trying in advance to belittle the possibilities of the arms conference. When the late world war broke out, no one thought that the United States would be dragged into it. But it was. That it could keep out of another war is unthinkable; the nations of the world are too interdependent for that.

* * * * *

MILITARY experts are already discussing the possibilities of the next war and with the experience gained in the last one, it would seem that their prophecies are no idle dreams. Major-General Swinton of the British army has said that up to the present time the tendency has been to look upon war from the retail point of view—of killing men by fifties, or hundreds or thousands. With the use of gas, he says, it will be possible to kill by hundreds of thousands. Brigadier General Mitchell of the United States army, before the House Committee on appropriations for defensive aeroplanes, said a few planes could visit New York every eight days and drop two hundred tons of phosgene gas, enough to kill every inhabitant. These authorities are not dreamers. They know the progress that has been made in the development of poison gas and they understand that when the Germans let loose the first cloud of chlorine gas on April 22, 1915, all restrictions were cast aside. War is the business of killing and

it might as well be done in wholesale fashion. It will be done that way, too, if another world war is started and the killing will not be confined to combatants. It cannot be, where gas is used and cities attacked. Old men, women and little children must die to appease the gods of war.

* * * * *

WHEN Paris first was bombed by German aeroplanes, the bombs dropped were about the size of grapefruit. In 1918 when the Allies were preparing to bomb Berlin, the bombs prepared and in readiness contained one ton of explosive. It was thought then that the limit had been reached in the way of destruction. The other day at the government testing ground in Maryland a bomb weighing 4,300 pounds was dropped from an army airplane. It dug a crater in the ground 100 feet in diameter to a depth of twenty-five feet. Think for a moment what that means then try to imagine what could happen were a hundred, or a thousand such bombs dropped on a large city. Remember also, that while the first air raiders were uncertain and missed their mark many times for each time they hit, by the end of the war they could hit more often than they missed. Not only have the bombs increased a hundred fold in size, but they can now be dropped with deadly accuracy. They can also be filled with a gas so deadly that any living creature being touched by it meets certain death.

* * * * *

THE chlorine gas first let loose by the Germans, deadly though it was when inhaled in sufficient quantities, was harmless in comparison with the Lewisite gas, invented and manufactured in great quantities in the United States before the signing of the armistice. The signing of the armistice prevented the use of Lewisite, which was being prepared in readiness for the bombing of Berlin. It has all the qualities necessary to kill, swiftly and surely. It is invisible, it is odorless, it is heavier than air, so that it will search into the deepest dugout. If breathed it kills instantly, if it settles on the skin it produces a poison which penetrates the whole system and results in almost certain death. It has fifty-five times the spread of any of the gases used in the late

war. It is inimical to all cell-life, animal or vegetable. Although not yet proved by actual demonstration, because there has not been sufficient time, it is believed it will destroy the fertility of the soil it touches for a period of seven years. Can you imagine what that means? Destroy all life in a breath and make sterile the earth, so that new life could not sustain itself. That is an American invention but it is not at all certain that the formula is not known in other countries engaged in the late war. If not the formula for Lewisite, perhaps some other gas as deadly, or more so, if that could be possible. We recall reading a paragraph during the war to the effect that the British had invented a gas so deadly that it would destroy the fertility of the soil for seven years. The story said the French would not permit its use. In view of known developments the story may have been true.

* * * * *

WHAT has been done in the way of projecting such gas on an enemy country? American ingenuity again has solved that problem. Toward the end of the war an American proved that it was possible to direct an airplane by wireless. The airplane, loaded with bombs filled with the deadly gas, could be sent on its mission of death and destruction without a direct guiding human hand. The bombs can be mechanically released with deadly accuracy at the will of an operator two or three hundred miles distant. One might think that was the limit of human ingenuity in the direction of destroying human life. But it is not. General Swinton said that the next war would not have recourse to gas alone, but would employ every force of nature that can be employed. He said the tendency today is to develop different forms of rays which may be turned to lethal purposes. Why not? We have X-rays, light rays and heat rays. Why not, General Swinton says, a lethal ray which will shrivel up, or poison, or paralyze human beings? It has not yet been discovered, so far as is known, but who can say that it may not be? The experimental work is going on in the laboratories of the great nations, as is also the development of warfare by disease-bearing bacilli. And strange as it may seem, war is not responsible for any of these great discoveries. They are all inventions originally intended to benefit

mankind and war has only adapted them to purposes of destruction.

* * * * *

WHEN one considers the enormous loss of human life in the last war, which military experts say was only "retail" killing, what will it be in the next war when killing is put on a wholesale basis? Is it too great a stretch of the imagination to say that the next war means the annihilation of our western civilization? According to accurately prepared statistics there were 9,980,000 soldiers killed, or died of wounds, in the late war. The permanently disabled probably number three million additional. Nor is that the total loss of life. The same Danish statisticians estimate that thirty million more human beings would be alive today, only for the war. They were civilians and the declining birth rate accounts for a part of them. The American Civil War, for which we are still paying, cost in human life 700,000. The Franco-Prussian war cost 184,000 lives, only a small fraction of the loss in the world war. And that war only "retail" killing.

* * * * *

NOW for a little about the money cost and what it means to the present generation and for generations to come. The money cost is as staggering as the cost in human life when compared with all previous wars. From the beginning of the Napoleonic wars in 1793 up to 1910 all wars had cost the sum of twenty-three billion dollars. The world war cost one hundred and eighty-six billion dollars. These figures mean little, except by way of comparison. They are too stupendous for the human mind to grasp. Will Irwin in his great book "The Next War" puts them in graphic form so they are more easily comprehended. During the last year the war cost all countries engaged in it, not including the destruction of civil property, the sum of ten million dollars an hour. That cost for a single hour would build ten high schools costing a million dollars each. Multiply that by twenty-four to get the cost for a single day, or as Mr. Irwin puts it, the cost for a single day would build in each of our forty-eight states, two hospitals costing \$500,000 each; two million dollar high schools in each state, three hundred recreation centers with gymnasium and swimming pools

costing \$300,000 each and there would be left six million dollars to promote industrial education. Can you see what that money would do if spent for education and the betterment of mankind, instead of being used to destroy life and property?

* * * * *

OUR country was late in getting into the world war yet it cost us about four times as much as all the important wars in which the country has engaged since the republic was founded. At the end of the Revolutionary War the national debt amounted to 170 million dollars. The war of 1812 cost 119 million, the Mexican War 173 million, the Civil War 3,478 million, the Spanish-American War 1,902 million and the World War 22,625 million dollars. The cost of the World War and what it means in the shape of tax burdens on this and succeeding generations may be gathered from the national debts of the principal countries involved. In 1913 the national debt of the United States was 1,028 million dollars, in 1920 it was 24,974 millions. The national debt of France in 1913 was 6,346 million dollars, in 1920 it was 46,025 million. In 1913 the national debt of Great Britain was 3,485 million dollars in 1920 it was 39,314 million dollars. In this country we are complaining of taxes and they undoubtedly are a burden on industry as well as the individual. How light they are in proportion to the population and the wealth of the nation in comparison with other countries, may be seen from the foregoing figures on the national debts. European countries are fairly staggering under the load and it seems almost impossible that they ever can pay their debts. And still the appropriations for war purposes keep on increasing, piling up the debt and consequently the tax burden on peaceful industry, for war does not create, but only destroys wealth. Peaceful industry must carry the burden.

* * * * *

THIS is a peace-loving country. At least we all like to think and speak of it as such and we believe it. But the appropriations for peace and war purposes when compared, seem to tell a different story. As Will Irwin, in the book already spoken of shows, the actual expenditures of the United States for the fiscal year 1919-1920 were 226 millions for primary government functions; 85 mil-

lions for public works; 59 millions for research, education, public health and development; 2,890 millions for pensions, interest and other expenditures arising from past wars and 1,348 millions for army and navy in preparation for future wars. How do these figures look for a peace-loving country? And the end is not yet. During the last war we all were fond of calling it "the war to end wars." Since the armistice this country has been spending much greater sums in preparing for war than ever before. The army and navy appropriations for 1909-10 amounted to 279 million dollars. In 1920-21 they had risen to 828 millions and the estimates for 1921-22 are 1,379 millions. One capital ship of the superdreadnaught type costs upward of 40 million dollars and soon becomes obsolete. Some battleships, built only a few years ago at a cost of about 6 million dollars are now being used as targets for practice for the newer ships. In the last war was developed the "tank"—the land dreadnaught. There is no limit to the size it may be built. Indeed the latest tanks are creeping fortresses, capable of going anywhere regardless of roads, carrying six-inch guns. Why not 16-inch guns?

* * * * *

WE are up to our usual space limit and must break off. We have given you in a hurried sketch some of the reasons why we are turning our eyes hopefully to the coming conference which opens on Armistice Day at Washington. We are not any sentimental pacifist, nor do we believe in the doctrine of turning the other cheek. But the facts and figures we have quoted are appalling when considered in a calm, cold-blooded manner. The democracies of the world *can* stop wars if they will it, and make their wishes and desires known in the right way. Public sentiment must be aroused to the horrors of war. America must lead the way. The other great nations will follow and the first logical step is to agree on limitation of armaments. We all like to speak of the United States as arming only for "defense." In the case of this country that is literally true, but there always is the danger of using the weapons of defense for offense. Germany said she was armed only for defense. She turned her defensive weapons to offensive purposes when the crisis arose, for she was not attacked. Other nations have done the same in the past and will do it again. One nation

cannot disarm under existing world conditions. That would be the height of folly. But if all the great countries get together in the right spirit, they can gradually disarm and they should. Let us hope that the coming disarmament conference bears fruit and that it will go down in history as the most important gathering the world has ever seen.

Among Milwaukee's Manufacturing Plants

"MAKE Milwaukee Mighty." That is a slogan adopted months ago by the Milwaukee Association of Commerce and it is a good one. The alliteration makes it catchy and it means something. As we are strong for that slogan we do our bit to push the good work along by telling BULLETIN readers occasionally about some of the industries that are helping to "Make Milwaukee Mighty."

Among the products of Milwaukee that are known all over the world are those of the Chain Belt Company. We visited its big plant one day recently to learn something about the manufacture of chain belts.

There are different kinds of chains. There is, for instance, the chain of thought that the mere mention of Milwaukee brings up in the mind of the poor thirsty soul who has been deprived of his "beer and light wines." That chain, we suppose had a weak link or something. At least Mr. Volstead or somebody snapped it. Maybe it had been weakened by long friction, rubbing against the Anti-Saloon League or some other solid body, but anyway, it broke, and now there are thousands waiting over the weak link. We're not among the mourners, however, so we should worry.

Were the matter left entirely to ourself, we doubt whether we should pick chains as an interesting subject to write about. Some-

how one always associates chains with slavery, or something of that kind. Some kinds of chains, however, are worn easily. We're chained to our job in a way and yet we like the job and wouldn't want to break the chain. We hope the boss feels the same way about it, seeing that winter is approaching. Scores of poets have written about chains. There was Tom Moore, who wrote "Oft in the still night, ere slumber's chain has bound me." Wonder if Moore didn't mean "chilly" night. But then they didn't have steam-heated apartments with union janitors who turn the steam off promptly at 10 o'clock in Moore's day. Moore was strong for different kinds of chains. He said something about "To sport an hour with Beauty's chain, then throw it idly by." Byron spoke about "Striking the electric chain where-with we are darkly bound." Goldsmith made it a "lengthening" chain and Milton made a "golden" chain and hung this pendant world in it.

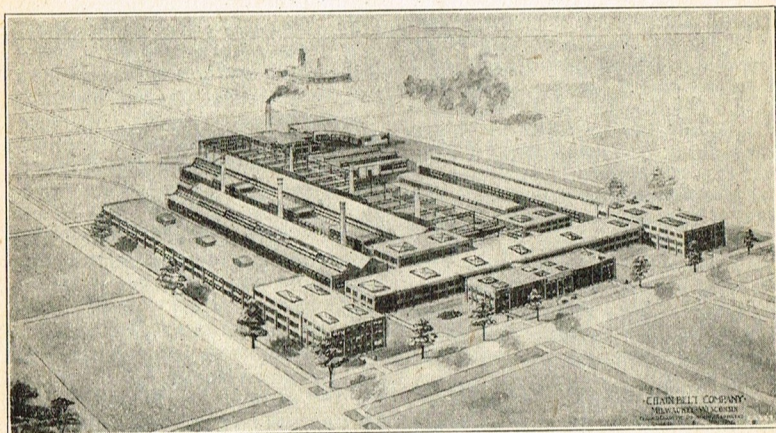
Not one of the poets, so far as we know, said a word about "Rex Chains" and it was them we had in mind when we started to write this. So we have an opportunity to scoop the poets, but the trouble is we aren't a poet. The Chain Belt Company, however, has a poet in its plant in the person of H. M. Landgraf, whom we met on the occasion of our visit and he

can sing the praises of Rex Chains in six or seven different languages.

Knowing only one language, and that one rather imperfectly, we'll quote Mr. Landgraf only in English. We admire Mr. Landgraf. Any man who can wax eloquent, to say nothing of becoming poetic, over a chain is worthy of admiration. We wish we could remember what Mr. Landgraf said about the "rollers" and the "notched side bars" and the "bushings" and the "pins" and the other

chain with a nation-wide reputation for trouble-proof and profitable service—be sure to specify 'Rex' on your next order."

Now that about dependability being cast into every link, is just what has made the products of the Chain Belt Company known all over the country. So far we have carefully refrained from saying that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, because that is a phrase which nearly every one uses, many times without the



PLANT OF CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

thingumbobs which make Rex Chains superior to all others, but we simply can't. He assured us, however, that "for elevators, conveyors and power drives alike it assures a long life of uninterrupted and satisfactory service. It means added protection against expensive breakdowns and delays."

That isn't exactly poetry, but it's pretty good. We didn't want to buy any chains, but Mr. Landgraf spoke with all the enthusiasm of a first-class salesman who believes in his goods and said: "If you want chain with equal dependability cast into every link-

slightest provocation. It isn't necessary to say it here, any way, because there isn't any "weakest link" in Rex chains. Twenty-nine years of experience in the manufacture of chains has enabled the Chain Belt Company to guarantee its customers against weak links.

The dependability of Rex chains is due to the thorough and elaborate system of inspection which prevails in the big plant. The inspection begins with the raw material and extends through ever process in the manufacture of the link until the finished product is ready for the customer.

Although the Chain Belt Com-

pany is most widely known for the sprocket chains it manufactures, it engages also in other lines of manufacture, part of its output being concrete mixers and pavers and part traveling water screens. The company recently installed the largest traveling screens in the world in the Ohio River at Cincinnati for the Union Gas and Electric Company of that city. They have a screening capacity of 200,000 gallons of water per minute, set in an enormous intake well, 60 feet in diameter and 86 feet deep. The extreme length and great capacity of the screens were made necessary by the occasional flood conditions in the Ohio River, which at times has shown a maximum rise of 70 feet at Cincinnati.

The Chain Belt Company is now erecting an immense new plant, the greater part of which has been completed and is now in service. The company employs about 1,500 men, most of whom are highly skilled mechanics, and it shows more than the ordinary interest in their welfare. Schools are maintained by the company in its big plant in which men are trained for higher positions and in which the workman of foreign birth and language is taught the English language, as well as the basic principles of American government.

Indian Summer Days

EVERY good Indian, of course, likes Indian summer, and there are lots of good Indians along the North Shore Line.

These are the days to get out among the woods and revel in the glorious colors in which Nature is painting the landscapes. Why go abroad to view wonderful works of art, or even to our own art galleries to look at pictures painted by some renowned artist, when you can see almost at your

door pictures such as no artist ever transferred to canvas?

In last month's BULLETIN we mentioned two splendid forests near Highland Park in which the nature lover might ramble at will and enjoy the gorgeous browns and golds of the autumn. The little story attracted the attention of Mark Madden of Chicago, the owner of the tract west of Highland Park on West Park avenue, and he invited us to go out and visit it again. Nothing loath we accepted the invitation and were more impressed with its beauty than we were the first time. We didn't, however, ramble very much through Mr. Madden's forest, for the reason that the undergrowth is so dense that walking through it is well-nigh impossible.

Accompanied by Mr. Madden we did ramble considerably over the open space to the west of the forest and penetrated the latter for a short distance at several points. We could hardly believe that such a forest existed within easy reach of the city, and we wondered why travelers will journey hundreds of miles to see something less worth while. We fell in love with the place to such an extent that we wished to buy the tract, but when we learned that the price was about a quarter of a million dollars, we decided to put off closing the deal until next payday at least. In these days of frequent holdups it isn't safe to carry so much money around in one's pocket. However, we did get a picture of it with the owner standing in the foreground, so if we can't buy it right away, we can at least look at the picture occasionally.

The people of Lake county should get busy and take possession of that tract under the Forest Preserve Act. Mr. Madden spoke about the money which could be made by setting up a sawmill and cutting the forest up into cordwood. We said it would be a

crime to do it and he half agreed with us, for the giant oaks on the tract could not be replaced in a century.

If you would see a real forest we can recommend this particular one. It isn't very far from the North Shore Line—probably a little over a mile—and adjoins the famous Tillman's Sparkling

Congratulations to Highwood

THERE are a good many things which might be said commendatory of Highwood. It is the home of the general offices of the North Shore Line, which every-



MADDEN WOODS, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Springs, the waters of which are known to nearly every one on the north shore.

KNEW HIS LIMIT

Mr. McNab (after having his lease read over to him)—“I winna sign that. I havena’ been able tae keep Ten Commandments for a mansion in heaven an’ am nae gaun tae tackle aboot a hundred for twa rooms in High Street.”

body worth mentioning knows to be the best electric railroad on earth.

Then Highwood has a distinguished mayor in the person of Tom Welsh, the genial superintendent of the dining car service on the North Shore Line, who runs the town as well as he runs the dining cars. No higher praise could be given him than that.

Lastly, as the preachers say,

but by no means the least, Highwood is the home of the champion baseball team of the north shore. It won the cup and the pennant for the 1921 season, and is planning to repeat the performance next year.

On the invitation of Mayor Welsh the editor of the BULLETIN attended a dinner given on the evening of September 7, in honor of the champion ball team. There was quite a large gathering

speeches almost as much as we did the chicken served at the dinner and that is saying a whole lot.

Several of the members of the winning team are employees of the North Shore Line, which gives us more than the usual interest in the event.

The league is composed of ball teams from Evanston, Winnetka, Glencoe, Wheeling, Shermerville, Highland Park, Highwood and Waukegan. It seems probable



HIGHWOOD BASEBALL TEAM

Top Row—McGath, Wittry, Dever, Peterson, Berberick, Madison.

Second Row—Roberg, Shannon, Shaw, Muzik.

Third Row—Flaherty, Berberick, Bottnr (Umpire), Burke.

and lots of enthusiasm. Mayor Welsh was there, of course, to thank the boys in the name of the city for bringing to it the honor of the north shore baseball championship. A number of baseball experts from Chicago, Lake Forest and Highland Park were among the speakers. We enjoyed the

from what was said at the meeting that Lake Forest will be in the column next year, provided, of course, that the Blue Sunday advocates do not succeed in their efforts to stop all forms of Sunday outdoor sports.

The officers elected for the next year are:

President—O. T. Otis.

Vice-Presidents — Thomas E. Welsh and George C. Kenry.

Secretary - Treasurer — Joseph Koser.

The league deserves encouragement and support, for in spite of the Blue Sunday fellows we believe that a nation which can excel in good clean sports will excel in everything else.

With the Bulletin Family

THE BULLETIN Family Circle is widening every month and even assuming international proportions. Our well-known correspondent, "Loophound," has been appointed, or rather appointed himself, circulation manager, and he has been busy getting readers over in Canada.

We told you last month that he intended going on a vacation to the old home in New Brunswick to give his parents and the natives a treat. Well, he did and, as we expected, he got some inspiration or something which induced him to let the other members of the Family hear about it. We expect he must have taken some copies of the BULLETIN with him, as we have had some requests from Canada to add new names to the mailing list.

Here is one from Toronto:

While coming to Toronto on the old Grand Trunk the other day I became acquainted with Loophound and he told me of your North Shore Line. He also presented me with a copy of the BULLETIN, which I have enjoyed. I would be pleased if you would place my name on your mailing list.

Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely yours,

Al. R. Cooke.

We are always glad to welcome a new member into the Family, even if he lives across the border, for, as you may have noticed, the BULLETIN doesn't recognize narrow boundary lines. Beside, we have a high regard for Canadians, especially since the late war.

After introducing one of Loop-

hound's new subscribers, it will be appropriate to let you hear from himself. He is, we expect, our most popular contributor, and the fact that business affairs caused him to move from Chicago to Pittsburgh hasn't in any way lessened his interest in the BULLETIN family. Besides, he comes back occasionally. In fact he was in our office a few days ago on a hurried trip and said he expected soon to move to Philadelphia. But we'll continue to hear from him no matter where he goes.

Here is his latest:

Am back in the harness again after a glorious two weeks in the Miramichi country. That was as long as we dared inflict the junior on an industrious people. The BULLETIN arrived here the same day we did, and was just as interesting and a darnsite more truthful than the fish stories I've been listening to in New Brunswick.

No, they didn't kill the fattened calf. Fat calves are almost as extinct in that country as the dodo. You can see more of them on Boul Mich in a minute than at a county fair, and they are easier to look at. The reform element is as busy condemning the short skirt in the Canadian wilds as they are in this latitude, so it was old stuff, as they say in Evanston.

As you may have heard, there is a difference of opinion as to the respective merits of the long and short models, with, I believe, the shorts on the long end. At any rate the majority of unattached male voters favor the short end of the argument, but if you meet these fellows after they have become domesticated and have just paid the last installment on both rings, you'll notice that secretly they prefer that their wives wear them longer, by three or four years

at least. It's a mighty small man who can hide behind a woman's skirts nowadays and get away with it.

But getting back to the vacation again, we were a bit late for the best fishing, but we whipped a few of the old streams with fair success. The kid brother caught one salmon—out of season—weighing 18 pounds, and before we finished eating it I wished he had lost it. As Bobby Brown, the old trapper, said when he was snow-bound for three weeks, "Twenty-one meals t' buckwheat, twenty-one times t' week, it's no good." We left just before the game season opened, so I didn't get a shot at any of the moose or deer that we saw in the fields along the Canadian National Railway, though we had more than one good feed of venison. Accidents will happen, you know."

Irvin Cobb says there is only one great difference between Canada and the United States. In Canada a hiccup is a social error, while here it's considered a sign of affluence. Irvin must have visited Montreal, as that is about the only oasis we encountered. In other parts of the Dominion they have their trouble with old H. C. L. (Hard Canadian Liquor) as we do here.

They run some excellent trains in that country and the better half enjoyed the trip immensely. From Toronto we traveled on the Grand Trunk to Montreal and their International Limited makes 44 miles an hour, including stops. The Ocean Limited, east of Montreal, on the Canadian National Lines, is as good a train as many of our extra-fare trains, but doesn't make the fast time. I think it averages about 35 miles an hour.

At Montreal a party from New York boarded our car and they carried a banner which read: "We have the Statue but you have the Liberty." On further acquaintance we discussed the superiority of Chicago over New York and it was quite an interesting argument, ranging all the way from the city hall to industry. Transportation came in for its share of censure or eulogy and they were loath to believe that their subway was slower than the "L." But when I brought the North Shore into the discussion they hadn't a Chinaman's chance. They were frankly perplexed over the superiority of the North Shore Line and I explained the reason, which every reader of the BULLETIN knows. On learning that Mr. Budd was the answer, one of the party opined that if this Chicago

"bud" was as good as we claimed, New York would wait till he was a full-grown blossom and then transplant him. Now, Luke, you know it takes an awful nerve to kid a Chicagoan like that. If New Yorkers love their neighbors as they love themselves they'll all go to heaven. So I had to give this Gothamite a lesson in history and geography without further argument and it wasn't many minutes till he went up in the air like a curl of smoke from an Indian's wigwam.

Yours,
Loophound.

Knowing Loophound as we do, we would have enjoyed listening to that argument. We imagine the New Yorkers didn't get away with very much, although they do certainly have a good opinion of themselves. Most of them have a notion that the United State extend only from Battery Park to the Harlem River.

We had a short visit recently from Loophound, Jr., who has gone back to the University of Pennsylvania for another year. No doubt when he gets settled down there we will hear from him. If the original Loophound goes to live in Philadelphia, as he contemplates, we can imagine those boys having a great time together.

The beautiful poem we printed on the back cover last month by Sam Walter Foss has inspired a Highland Park poet—E. B. Wales—to add another verse. Mr. or Miss Wales—we don't know which—writes:

Possibly Sam Walter Foss, if he had lived to ride on the North Shore Line, would have added some such plaintive verse as this to his immortal poem.

I live in a house by the side of the
road,

Where the men go racing by;
They may be good, they may be
bad,

But little of that know I.
I do not sit in the scorner's seat,
Yet my friends are too few by
far,

For men pass my house by the side
of the road
In trolley and touring car.

Well, Mr. Foss might have written something like that, or, if he had no regard for his reputation as a poet, he might have put it something like this:

Yet I love to sit by the side of the road

And watch the trains speed past.
They tell of the progress made by man,

Which assures that our race will last.

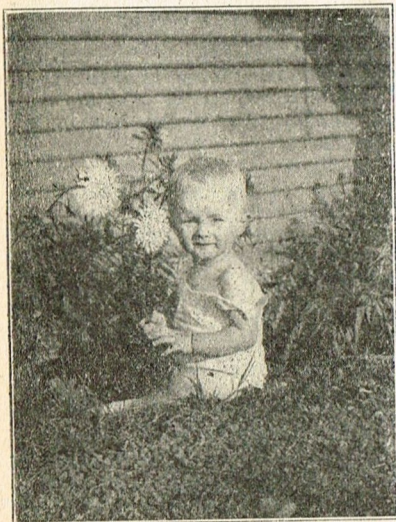
Then why should I sit in a scorn-er's chair,

Or hurl the cynic's ban,
When I see what the North Shore Line has done

As the greatest friend of man.

Really we don't like to spoil a fine poem by making a parody on it, but our Highland Park poet is responsible and shouldn't have started the trouble.

While we are on the subject of introducing new contributors to this column, let us introduce Charles Ellef Clark, a BULLETIN



FIRST BULLETIN BABY

baby. He isn't a contributor yet, but the prospects are bright that he will become one. We have a

particular interest in this baby because his mother was one of the first contributors to this column.

At that time she was a Miss Baker and what you might term a sister scribe, as she worked on our esteemed contemporary, the *Highland Park Press*. She still contributes occasionally and a short time ago when she came from Detroit to visit some friends along the north shore, she dropped in to show us the baby. He's a fine little fellow, too, so we're going to print his picture as the first BULLETIN baby.

Our Milwaukee correspondent, "Jumbo," sends a word of praise for a section crew, which he says prevented an accident, and tells a story of an old railroad man who, after his conversion at a revival meeting, was asked to lead in prayer. He hesitated for a moment and then made the following prayer:

O Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and place them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. May the safety lamp be known as prudence and all couplings of the train as a strong link of love and let my hand lamp be the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy will to have semaphore block signals along the line, show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule and when we have finished our run on schedule time and pulled into the great dark station of death, may the superintendent of the universe say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants, come and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness. Amen."

Well, that isn't a bad prayer for a railroad man. We don't recall ever having heard one pray, but we have occasionally heard them use some of the words commonly used in prayer.

A new member of the BULLETIN family in Chicago writes:

Being a frequent traveler on your North Shore Line between Chicago and Hubbard Woods, I have been favorably impressed with the courteous treatment I received from the trainmen and everything connected with the North Shore Line service, being Al at Lloyd's, making it very pleasant for everyone traveling on your well equipped line.

I saw your BULLETIN at a relative's who receives it regularly and was very favorably impressed with your editorial's and would esteem it a great favor to be put on your mailing list.

Yours truly,

Henry Dickinson.

Very glad to put you on the list and initiate you in the order. The requirements are one letter a year, but more frequent contributions are appreciated.

Here is a new one from Racine:

I have been thinking ever since last June that I should like to break into the BULLETIN family. At that time I boarded a north-bound train along with twenty-eight school youngsters bound for Milwaukee. We had gone about half the distance when the train came to a sudden stop and backed up a few rods and the conductor climbed back on the car with a flag which one of the youngsters had dropped out of a window.

I thought that a fine example of the desire to serve the patrons of the North Shore by one of its employes, even though that patron was only a child, and I thought that the same men were just as ready to serve me, so I settled back in the seat and doubly enjoyed the rest of the ride, which was entirely free from smoke and cinders and almost free from noise.

I often sit in my breakfast room and look out toward the east and see one of the North Shore trains pass quickly by in the bright morning sun and I know that the men who are responsible for that train are red-blooded Americans, anxious to do their duty and save their fellowmen and so I resolve that for that day I, too, will be red-blooded.

There is a wonderful transportation service between Chicago and Milwaukee, but the North Shore is the pick of the lot and I am proud to be such a near neighbor.

Yours,

P. H. Rood.

Now that you really have broken into the Family, Mr. Rood, we hope you will get acquainted with your neighbors. We're quite sure you'll like them. That was a considerate thing for the conductor to do, but we expect the flag was, of course, an American flag; and there isn't a man on the North Shore Line who doesn't love that flag.

That industrious correspondent, Jim Ham sends us a little plain prose this month. He is best known to readers for his poetical effusions and he is to be commended for the self-control he exercises this month. He writes:

Was down in the sunshine (moonshine) country a couple of weeks ago, where they run stills on the quiet. Saw one local good-for-nix sort of village roustabout gink, who previous to prohibition hadn't a seat in his trousers. Well, this gent has set up in the business of making stills out of gas pipe and reclaimed pots and kettles and now plays around in a Packard.

While in a hotel in the same country observed a poor hungry looking critter amble aimlessly into the lobby. Was just about to offer him a meal in exchange for a recitation of his experiences and why he left home when the bell-hop paged "Mr. Morgan" and the object of my pity disappeared on the wing of a well-groomed Wallingford. I learned later they had staged a galloping domino party which would make East St. Louis look like a piker. Ever been to East St. Louis? Well, don't go. Nobody ever does who can help it.

Mother used to each us—you, I and the BULLETIN family—that it was wrong to disobey the ten commandments and we still believe it, hence we're not making moonshine, at least I hope we're not. But evidently some of those fellows in what is sometimes termed God's country haven't heard about what Moses wrote on the mountain. And did you ever see an analysis of this sheep-dip liker? Understand it reads about like this:

Formaldehyde	60%
Gasoline	20%
Fusel oil	10%
Mississippi River	10%

About all there is to drink in this concoction is the water and it

is muddy. However, I understand it's fine for insomnia. But then all's not wrong in our good old world after all. One can find ample evidence of sane adjustment to insane reform if he but seek it out.

Have refrained from "poeting" long enough for you to catch your breath and besides I'd hate to get kicked out of the congregation, but, of course, every family has a black sheep.

May I suggest to your readers that in order to appreciate the North Shore Line they must take a jaunt down through the "sticks" on some of those Toonerville traction lines; and the rate of fare is the same, too.

Greetings to yourself and the Family.

Affectionately,

Jim Ham.

Thanks for the recipe, Jim. We doubt whether your formula is correct, however, as gasoline is too expensive to be used in that way. Wonder what "Kentuckian" would say about that. We haven't heard from him in a long time.

It's wonderful how this BULLETIN travels. Here is one from South Norwalk, Conn.:

Some well-wishers in Chicago or Evanston, I don't know which, kindly sent me a copy of the September number of your BULLETIN which my wife and I enjoyed very much as we are old-timers of Chicago and suburbs. We both came east three years ago to take up the science of Natureopathy and are permanently located in South Norwalk. If you ever have a copy to spare, kindly send it along as I feel homesick at times for old Chicago.

With best wishes for your unique little monthly.

Yours,

Dr. Paul A. Zahlman.

A new Chicago correspondent, who evidently is an old reader, writes:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would place my name on your mailing list, commencing with this month's issue. I have been reading it for three years now and like the booklet very much. It is O. K. If you would also put my mother's name on the list I am sure she would like it.

Yours very truly,

E. W. Gardner.

There's always room for a few more in the Family.

We had a few lines from our old correspondent, William G. Miller, of Canton, Ohio, enclosing a good Scotch joke. You see we're not to blame for printing Scotch jokes because correspondents will send them to us. They do it, we suppose, to make us laugh, so that we won't take ourself too seriously. There was our friend, Harry Lyons, of Kenilworth, who came breezing in one afternoon with a parcel under his arm.

"I've brought you the funniest Harry Lauder record you ever heard," he said. "I got one for myself yesterday and it made me laugh so that I went back and got another for you."

Well, we had some engagement that night and it was too late to try the record when we got home, but we tried it early next morning. We didn't need to do any calisthenics that morning, for we laughed enough to give us a good appetite for breakfast and keep us in good humor all day. It isn't a bad way to start the day at that, and we thank Mr. Lyons for his consideration.

HE WAS SAVING

Minister—"I hear your husband is making a lot of money Mrs. MacTavish. I hope he's putting a bit away every Saturday."

Mrs. MacTavish—"Och, aye! About a bottle and a half."

HE EXPECTED COMPANY

An old Scotsman who refused to attend church was being reprimanded by the minister.

"Why is it, John, that you never attend church?" asked the minister.

"Weel, ye're sermons are ower lang for ae thing."

"John, you'll die and go where you won't hear sermons, either long or short."

"Maybe that's so, but I'm sure it'll nae be for want o' meenisters."