

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 10-15-81 BY 60322 UCBAW

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

NOVEMBER, 1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



“The Road of Service”

PRAISES FREIGHT SERVICE

THE traffic manager of a large Milwaukee concern writes to say that the BULLETIN emphasizes the passenger service on the North Shore Line to the exclusion of the freight traffic.

We suppose we do say more about the passenger service, for the reason that most of the letters we receive commend that branch, but we are equally glad to get letters commending the merchandise despatch. This particular correspondent knows what he is talking about from actual experience and his letter is well worth reading. He writes:

We enjoy very much the articles in your BULLETIN, some of which are very clever and amusing and most of which are good common sense. The only difficulty which we experience is that only one copy is received in this department and it is a "neck and neck" proposition as to whether the manager of the department or his secretary secures the BULLETIN first, and as the manager endeavors to be as courteous as your employes, he is obliged to concede precedence to his lady secretary.

Your idea of commending thru this medium the courtesy and efficiency of employes in the passenger service and in praising the passenger service itself, is certainly a fine idea.

We have been rather surprised, however, at the entire absence of mention regarding freight traffic. By this we do not refer entirely to the excellent time in which shipments move in so far as train service is concerned. We wish to call your attention to the prompt and efficient manner in which trucks delivering freight to your stations at Milwaukee are handled. It is certainly gratifying indeed to be able to send a truck to a station and not have it held up hours before being taken care of and it is also a large item of expense saved when a truck can make several trips in the same time that it ordinarily only makes one. This is not due to any lack of business, as your stations are certainly exceedingly busy places and handle a great volume of freight. It is entirely due to the excellent organization and the fact that sufficient competent help is maintained to make this possible.

We recently questioned a truck driver relative to the service given

at the North Shore Line Stations and his answer expresses the situation exactly. It was this: "None better, can't be improved upon." We also wish to express our opinion of the freight employes and the employes in your city office in Milwaukee in the same language, "None better, can't be improved upon." "Courtesy and consideration" quite obviously is their motto.

Unless your BULLETIN is exclusively a passenger publication, we believe that this other branch of your service should come in for its full share of commendable and favorable mention, as it is certainly a live and efficient organization.

L. C. and S. B.

Nothing we could say about the Merchandise Despatch service of the North Shore Line could be any better than that letter. Merchants and manufacturers who do not know about that service would do well to get in touch with the Traffic Department and learn more of what the electric road can do for them in the way of prompt and efficient handling of shipments.

STUDENTS ENJOY TRIP

A CLASS of students in the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Illinois recently made a trip from Chicago to Milwaukee on the North Shore Line and the following letter from Professor Ellery B. Paine, head of the Department shows how much they enjoyed it. Professor Paine writes as follows:

Every member of our inspection party expresses the greatest appreciation of the splendid service which was rendered by your road at the time of our recent trip to Milwaukee and return. Your most cordial treatment of our party won the hearts of the students and instructors alike. No part of our trip seems to have made a more distinct impression on our party than the service rendered by your road.

Yours very sincerely,
Ellery B. Paine,
Head of Department.

That is the way they speak of North Shore Service after they have given it a trial.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V Chicago, November, 1921

Editorial Comment

*Some smack of age in you, some
relish of the saltiness of time.*

~~THE NEW YORK~~
PUBLIC LIBRARY
523629 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1931 L

HERE we are entering our fifth year. How the time does fly. Doesn't seem that long since we began telling you all our family secrets. And what a lot of fun we have had!

* * * * *

WE have waxed strong and healthy with the exercise. We do not feel the need of "Mellin's Food," although it seems as if it might be possible to procure it soon without violating any laws. We look for a hard winter and a lot of sickness, unless a certain ruling is changed. It's comforting, though, to think that the breweries are busy preparing the medicine in anticipation of the epidemic.

* * * * *

WHAT a busy four years we have spent, too. In that time we have licked the kaiser, revamped the map of Europe, formed the League of Nations, passed the eighteenth amendment, brought about world disarmament and almost freed Ireland. In fact, when we think it over, we have saved the world in about fifty-seven different ways and are still going strong. Of course, we have done other odd jobs between times, but we mention only a few of the more important accomplishments of our trusty typewriter.

* * * * *

WE didn't do it all single-handed, of course. We use both hands in operating our typewriter, and we received considerable help and encouragement from our standing army and navy of contribs, under the joint command of General Loophound and Admiral Peebles. That army and navy has grown out of a mere nom-de-plume to a mailing list that requires two days to get it out and new recruits flock to the standard every month. Without that aid and encouragement we feel that we might have faltered, for it isn't as easy a job to run a universe as you might think. We know only one other man capable of handling the job. You have read his newspapers.

LOOKING over our first number, now four years old, and comparing it with the last issue, we are inclined to think that the BULLETIN has improved with age, just like another kind of tonic that we might mention. A good many of our contribs seem to agree with that idea, although we had their hearty support from the first. We expect, of course, to have our "off" days. Something like playing golf. We go out one day and, no matter how hard we try, we can't make even a respectable showing. Another day with a great deal less apparent effort we do fairly well. That's what makes us keep on playing the fool game. It's the uncertainty of the thing. Well, in a way, it's that way with life. The uncertainty adds zest to the game. But whether it's the game of golf or the game of life, we just try to do our level best.

* * * * *

WE have an idea that this is one of our "off" days, as we can't think of any new ways of saving the world. Seeing that this is the beginning of a new volume we have a notion that we ought to get back to "normalcy" and talk about some subjects closer to home than has been our custom recently. We realize that if we had talked all these years only about the North Shore Line, we probably wouldn't have the number of valued contribs that we have. We wouldn't get so many letters speaking about our "wonderful" editorials and all that sort of thing. The average reader doesn't care for too much shop talk. That is why we usually give them something else in this column and why they say the BULLETIN is "different." But after all it is the North Shore Line that gives us all the fun of writing this stuff and you all the fun of reading it. So we believe we are going to devote this issue largely to family affairs and let the old world look out for itself for a month.

* * * * *

SEVERAL things have combined to help us arrive at that decision. In the first place, we have a letter from a reader in Racine suggesting that we might make some comments on the many advantages of living on the shores of Lake Michigan between Chicago and Milwaukee. Of course, the advantages are so obvious that it hardly seems necessary to point them out. Four years ago, in our first number, we gave you a short historic sketch of the principal cities along the North Shore Line. They have all grown in size and importance since then and the North Shore Line has grown along with them. You might say that the growth has been simultaneous, each dependent on the other. A city cannot grow and be prosperous without good transportation facilities and a railroad cannot grow without business. The north shore cities and the North Shore Line recognize their dependence on each other and pull together. That really is the secret of their success and growth. To sum up the advantages of living on the north

shore, we, as an impartial observer, rise to remark that the greatest single advantage is that the people in that locality are served by the North Shore Line.

* * * * *

ANOTHER reason for us talking strictly family affairs this month, is something of which we feel rather proud; in fact, we might say chesty. We notice in glancing through the pages of the first few issues of the BULLETIN that we talked a good deal about what the North Shore Line was doing in the direction of what is commonly called "Safety First." We have neglected that phase of activity to some extent in the BULLETIN, but it hasn't been neglected on the road by any means. On the contrary it has been carried along so persistently and successfully that the North Shore Line stands without an equal among interurban roads today as regards safety to the public and to its employes. Now that is a record which one can take pride in and the employes are proud of it. There is a spirit of loyalty among employes of the North Shore Line that isn't seen on some roads. Passengers have noticed it and commented upon it. Every employe feels that it is his own road and talks of it in that way. That is why every last one of us feel proud that it is the safest high-speed electric road on earth.

* * * * *

MAYBE you want some proof to substantiate that statement. We are coming to that but might remark incidentally that we never write anything here that isn't the truth. Oh, sometimes we write about subjects on which there may be differences of opinion and all that, but when we deal with questions of fact, well, we stick to what we firmly believe to be the facts. That is one of the reasons why so many readers rely on what we say. We try to be absolutely honest with them and they know it. What was it we had in mind when we started this paragraph? Oh yes, we were going to give you the proof that the North Shore Line is the safest high-speed interurban railroad in the country. Well, in a general way that can be shown by the per cent of gross earnings which go to satisfy damage claims, but we are going to give you a more concrete example which was demonstrated only a few days ago.

* * * * *

YOU no doubt read about the "No-Accident—No Fire" week, staged in Chicago by the Chicago Safety Council of the Association of Commerce to commemorate the semi-centennial anniversary of the big fire which destroyed the city in 1871. It was a splendid idea and resulted in a material reduction in the number of accidents and fires during that week. Large industrial concerns, insurance companies, railroads, merchants and manufacturers joined in the campaign. When the statistics were compiled at the close of the week's cam-

paign, what concern was at the top of the list? Why the North Shore Line, of course. Why? Because during the entire week there was only one minor accident occurred on the road. A packing case fell over and smashed the finger of a freight clerk and even that was not a serious accident, for he was laid up only three days. How is that for a record, for a railroad doing the daily business done by the North Shore Line? You don't blame us for feeling just a little chesty over that, do you?

* * * * *

THAT record wasn't made merely by chance, either. It was the result of perfect organization. Accidents happen as a result of someone's carelessness. There is no escape from that conclusion. Eliminate carelessness and you eliminate accidents and there is no railroad, or industrial concern in the country that has done, or that is doing more, to eliminate carelessness than the North Shore Line. The safety campaign goes on all the time and every employe is on his toes, ready and willing to do his bit. It really is remarkable to note the enthusiasm of the boys in that respect. It is an exemplification of that fine spirit of which we spoke a minute ago, which makes every man feel that it is his own road and he has a personal pride in it. Where a spirit of that kind prevails, it is comparatively easy to get results, and in the case of a railroad, to please and satisfy patrons.

* * * * *

HOW to create a spirit of that kind and keep it alive is the real secret. We believe we have that secret, although if we told you too much about it, the boss would object. But the real answer is Britton I. Budd. If he saw that before it was printed, he would blue pencil it and tell us to find another answer. Very likely he would ask us to substitute the name of Charles B. Scott. Mr. Budd never wishes to take credit to himself for anything, but he knows that practically every employe would work his fingernails off for him and take pleasure in the task. We admit that we, personally, can be placed in that category, although we don't like to say it, seeing that he is the boss. On one occasion, shortly after the BULLETIN made its first appearance, we attended a dinner of employes and supervisory forces at which Mr. Budd spoke. He didn't make a long speech or attempt oratory. That isn't his style, but he said in a very earnest way that he would rather have the North Shore Line known as the *safest* railroad in the country, both for the public and the employes, than known as the best money maker. He meant that, too, and every one who heard him knew that he meant it. That was shortly after the road was re-organized and he became its president. There are some men in this world who merely wish for what may appear at the time unattainable. Other men work to reach the goal

and realize their wish. Mr. Budd is that kind. He has accomplished what he set out to do and has made the North Shore Line the safest high-speed electric line in the country.

* * * * *

IN giving Mr. Budd credit for being the mainspring of the machine, as it were, we do not mean that others are not entitled to credit also. We spoke of Mr. Scott. He is head of the Bureau of Safety, an organization incorporated in Illinois and operating in a number of states in the Middle West. He has made a life study of accident prevention and of building up organizations of employes and supervisory forces toward that end. He is an enthusiast in his chosen work, while at the same time practical. He has built up a safety organization on the North Shore Line that, perhaps, is without an equal in the country. He has driven home to the employes the human misery and suffering, the great economic loss and utter waste of accidents, he has visualized it to them from every angle, until every committee has absorbed some of his zeal and enthusiasm and have become devoted workers in the cause, because they believe in it. His work on the North Shore Line has demonstrated clearly that accidents can be eliminated with perfect organization and teamwork. Mr. Scott is deserving of a lot of credit for the fact that the North Shore Line headed the list in the recent "No Accident—No Fire" contest.

* * * * *

WHILE every organization depends for its success largely on the directing head, the co-operation of the workers in the ranks is just as essential. The North Shore employes have done their part in making the road the safest in the country. They have shown their zeal in the cause by their attendance at the meetings which are held regularly and by the great number of safety suggestions they have made. Every employe is a worker for safety. If he observes a condition that might lead to an accident, he at once makes a report on it and frequently accompanies that report with a suggested remedy. In no other way could safety work be made successful, for it is the employes in their daily work who come into closest contact with dangerous conditions and practices. In giving credit for the splendid record made by the North Shore Line in the way of eliminating accidents, the employes deserve their full share. Without their co-operation the record could not have been established. They merit the commendation of the public, for in the last analysis it is to make travel safe for the public that the work is carried on.

* * * * *

IN this discussion of safety work a closing paragraph might be written about the company. The improvements made and the safety devices which have been installed have involved a large ex-

penditure of money. The employment of safety experts and the organization of safety committees are relatively small items. Carrying out the recommendations made by these experts costs a great deal and that is a point which the traveling public is apt to overlook. Travel has been made safe for the public, but it has not been done merely by wishing it. A good part of the price paid by the public for transportation service has been devoted toward making travel safe and comfortable. Every one engaged in business knows what the condition of the money market has been for the last year or two, and how difficult it is to obtain capital, except at enormously high rates. While these conditions forced curtailments in other directions on the North Shore Line and delayed the carrying out of contemplated improvements, safety work has gone on without interruption. That is something to the credit of the company.

* * * * *

WE have several other things in mind to write about, but we are nearly up to our space limits. We have decided to make a little change in the size of the type in this column, so that it will give us more space. If we hadn't called your attention to it, you probably wouldn't have noticed it, but we are gathering around us such an able corps of assistants nowadays in the shape of contribs, that we just have to find more space, or say what we have to say in smaller type. The latter is the less expensive method, so we will give you our monthly lecture hereafter in 8-point. We have an idea that it will improve our appearance anyway, besides saving a page or two.

* * * * *

ONE thing we must tell you about before closing. You know the city of Chicago has been building a new bridge across the river on Wells street. How long they have been at it we can't tell without looking it up, but it has been a long time. The new bridge was supposed to be ready last April, but it wasn't. Well, it will be opened, or rather the present bridge will be closed to traffic on Saturday morning, November 26, just after the morning rush hour, according to present plans. The engineers estimate that it will require about seventy-two hours to remove the old bridge and lower the new one. Maybe it will be done in less time, but the estimate is that the new bridge will be ready for trains on Tuesday morning, November 29. While the bridge is closed to traffic North Shore trains will be run into the North Water street terminal of the Northwestern Elevated, during the non-rush hours. In the rush hours there won't be room for them in the terminal, so one or two trains will have to be turned at Grand avenue. Everything possible will be done to cause the least

inconvenience to passengers. The temporary inconvenience is unavoidable, but we are just letting you know about it in advance, as we like to tell you everything. And that's that until next month.

Among Kenosha's Famous Industries

HAVE you put 'em on yet? The season is near at hand for the change, unless you happen to be one of those bugs who wear the same kind throughout the year and brag about how hardy and tough you are.

At this writing our own are still laid away with moth balls, but we got thinking about them the other morning and it gave us an idea for a story. We have so many famous industries along the North Shore Line, that we can always find something new to tell our readers about. Why not tell them something about the way their winter underwear is made, we thought, so we wrote our friend Conrad Shearer, secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Kenosha and asked him what he had to show in that line.

Back came a letter by special delivery saying in substance to come up and be shown through the finest underwear establishment in the country, or words to that effect. Seeing that the said establishment is located in Kenosha, we had no doubt that it was one of the best of its kind, for they do make reliable goods of all kinds in that busy, bustling city.

When we reached Kenosha we found Mr. Shearer and Tom Lockhart, the jeweler, waiting for us. They're a great pair. When we intimated, rather weakly, that we hoped they wouldn't neglect their business on our account, as we could get around alone, Mr. Lockhart exclaimed, "Oh, to the devil with business; you don't come

very often." That's the kind of fellow he is to a stranger within his gates, more especially if the stranger can roll his r's or tell a Scotch joke.

Well, after luncheon and a drive around the city we repaired to the big factory of the Cooper Underwear Company to see the latest styles in underwear. Of course we could have seen them on almost any billboard or on the advertising pages of almost any magazine, but that kind is made by an artist's brush. We wished to see the other kind, the manufacture of which we had an idea would be much more interesting.

Robert S. Cooper, president of the company, was willing to show us everything in the plant, but suggested that he would rather have his father pilot us through the various departments, as he was the originator of the business and knew it from the ground up. The elder Mr. Cooper is now retired from active participation in the affairs of the company, but he soon showed the visitors that his knowledge of the business was as thorough as the son had said.

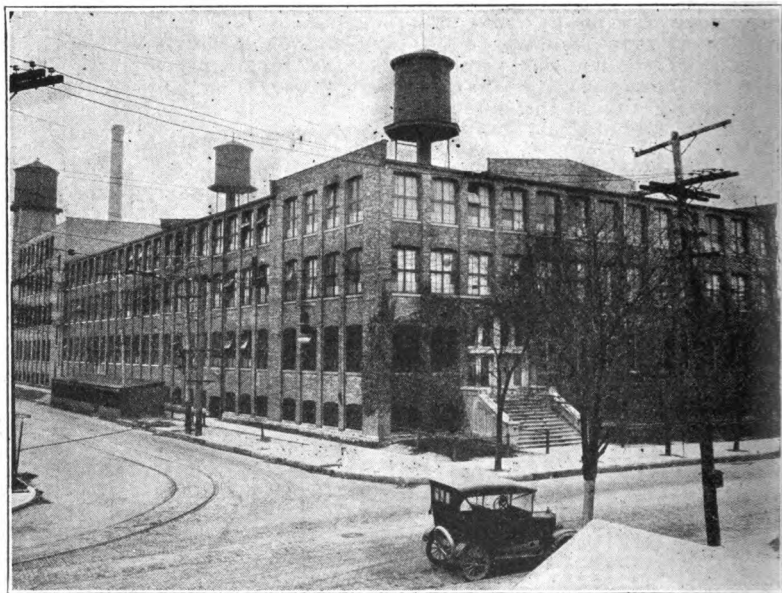
Active and spry as a school-boy, in spite of the fact that he laid the foundation for the Cooper Underwear Company back in 1876, Mr. Cooper first led the visitors to the basement, to show the works from the ground up. The most interesting thing in the basement was the clubrooms, which the company maintains for its men employees. There were two bowling alleys, several billiard tables, reading and lounging rooms and shower baths. The

men use the club rooms for recreation evenings and Sundays. The laboratory also is located in the basement where expert chemists are employed in making dyes and coloring materials.

This was our first visit to an underwear manufacturing establishment and it was one of the most interesting plants we have ever visited. Hurrying through the department where they were

Cooper said that the firm always had to carry about \$300,000 worth of goods in stock, as there are so many sizes and styles.

Being interested in that phase of the subject, which had never before occurred to us, we made some inquiries about sizes and styles. It appears that the company makes 108 sizes and as there are over 250 styles, it will be seen what it means to carry even a



Cooper Underwear Company Plant, Kenosha, Wis.

shrinking the woolen and cotton goods before cutting them into the various patterns, Mr. Cooper showed us through the stock-rooms. He said the stock was pretty low at this time, as the winter goods were all on the market and the factory is now making underwear for next summer. It didn't seem to us that the stock was very low, which prompted the question as to the amount ordinarily carried. Mr.

dozen or two of each size and style in stock.

The work of making underwear is highly specialized and sectionalized, so that a garment goes through a great number of hands and separate operations from the whole cloth to the finished article. In spite of that the work goes through rapidly as on receipt of an order it requires only 52 hours from the time the cloth is taken from the batch room

where it is stored, until the finished garment is packed ready for shipment.

Of the 800 employes in the Kenosha plant of the company, about 500 are women. A visitor expecting to see women with pale, emaciated faces bending over swiftly moving machines, would be disappointed in going through the Cooper establishment. He would notice that the great majority are



Robert S. Cooper, President
Cooper Underwear Company

young women with the glow of health on their cheeks, not the kind that is bought in the drug stores, although a little of that too might be seen. He would notice also that many of the nimble fingers which fed the cloth into the machines were adorned with diamond rings and that a number of the girls wore watches on their shapely wrists.

We confess that our first interest in most establishments we

visit, is in the men and women who work in them. In the Cooper establishment we noticed a great many things which showed a humane interest in the welfare of the employes which no doubt is one of the reasons why the firm in its long career has never had labor troubles of any kind. Of course the girls and the men, too, have to work and to work hard, but in many ways the work is made as pleasant and agreeable for them as it is possible to make it. For instance, we noticed one type of sewing machine that we had never seen before. Perhaps they are common in such establishments, we do not know. Anyway, they have a raised arm which brings them up on a level with a woman's chest as she sits and feeds the cloth into them, so that she does not have to stoop over as in the ordinary sewing machine.

Another noticeable thing we saw in our hurried trip through the big plant, was a well-equipped domestic science school. The city of Kenosha supplies a vocational school teacher and the firm furnishes the necessary equipment to give the girls under eighteen years of age a course in domestic science, one hour a day for five days in the week. The need of teaching the young women how to cook for their future husbands, is recognized by the firm and as it would mean loss of time and earnings to have the girls go to school, the school is brought to them. The hour they give daily to their lessons comes to them as a sort of relief from their regular work, so that in all probability they make greater progress in the art of cooking than would be the case if they did nothing but attend school. That, however, is mere conjecture; the convenience of the arrangement for those who are obliged to work admits of no argument.

Another noticeable thing was a large lunchroom with ample

floor space to permit of dancing. Occasionally the company brings an orchestra from Chicago or Milwaukee for Friday evening dances which are held in the lunchroom.

In another section of the building is a hospital, containing three beds and with a trained nurse in charge. Perhaps it is rather a First Aid station than a hospital and is used also as a restroom when any of the girls feel fatigued.

Most of the girls are paid on the piecework plan and we noticed a system of checking that we had not seen before. Every girl is in effect her own time-keeper. A printed slip with as many coupons attached as there are operations on a particular garment is kept on the machine in front of each girl. As she performs the operation she clips off the corresponding coupon and deposits it in a small box kept for that purpose. A certain price is fixed for each operation, so that the girl at the close of the day's work can count the coupons deposited in the box and know exactly what will be in her pay envelope for that day. It also gives the inspector a line on the work, so that imperfect work is readily traced to the operator.

Throughout the entire establishment the aim seems to be to turn out only perfect work. One-eighth of the entire working force is made up of inspectors for every garment is inspected many times as it goes through the process of manufacture. It is upon the quality of its work that the Cooper Underwear Company had built up its nation-wide reputation and it is jealous of that reputation.

Under the piecework system the natural tendency on the part of the worker is to turn out the most work he can, as it means the most money in his pay envelope. Imperfect work in many establishments is penalized in the form of fines. In the cutting room of

the Cooper establishment, a system is in effect which encourages perfect work rather than great output, although it combines the two. In the preparation of the cloths small holes are occasionally made in it and these must be cut out as the garment is being cut. A bulletin board stands in the cutting room on which appears the names of the cutters in the order of the quality of their work for the previous week. The man who did the best work with the least waste, gets first choice of the cloth for the next week, the second man gets the second choice and so on. Of course, the man who gets first choice picks the most perfect cloth, consequently his output is likely to be greater and the waste less. Through that system keen competition is kept up all the time and perfect work encouraged.

To give even a short description of the many interesting machines we saw in the Cooper plant, would require more space than we have in the BULLETIN. We watched a few operations on one machine that was a revelation. The opening at the neck of the garment was traced in semi-circular shape in one machine and was passed on to the next operator. With lightning-like rapidity she sewed around on the circular mark. It took only a second or so and when we looked at the garment, we saw that the machine had cut the under thickness of the cloth and had sewed it on to the upper thickness, forming the semi-circular opening which appears in the neck of an undershirt and the reinforced piece which appears opposite on the back of the neck. One simple operation that did not appear to take a second of time, yet the piece was sewed on the back of the neck with fancy stitching which required nine threads, for the machine sews with nine threads at the same time.

Another machine sewed on but-

tons so fast that it was bewildering. We asked Mr. Cooper if the buttons wouldn't fall off the first time the garment was worn and he invited us to try to pull one off. It was sewed on to stay, for the machine had knotted the two ends of the thread and cut them off neater than it possibly could be done by hand by the most skillful seamstress. We're not throwing any hints at Friend Wife, but we couldn't help thinking that a machine of that kind would be handy around the house.

Mr. Cooper is the originator of the Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits which first appeared in 1910 and revolutionized the manufacture of union suits. The Cooper underwear is known throughout the country as being exactly what is claimed for it, for honesty in business has been the motto of the firm since its inception.

The Cooper Underwear Company is one of the firms of which Kenosha is proud, for its products carry the name of the city into the most remote parts of the country. The name "Coopers," which is copyrighted and which appears on every garment turned out of the big establishment, has been found by merchants everywhere to be sufficient guarantee of the quality of the goods. The company has a second factory in Manistee, Mich., which is about half the size of the Kenosha plant.

CLOSING GOLF SEASON

SOME time ago we mentioned in the BULLETIN that George S. Whyte, president of the MacWhyte Company of Kenosha, extended us an invitation—or should we say issued us a challenge—to play him a game of golf. Anyway, while there are other golfers on the North Shore Line who are better able to uphold its reputation on the golf links than we are, we wouldn't let a challenge of that kind go by.

Before we got around to that game we received a pleasant reminder from Mr. Whyte. In writing thanking us for the write-up we gave the MacWhyte Company in a recent issue he said: "Don't forget that you have a date to come up here and play a game of golf with me. I understand that we will have to vacate by October 15, as our old course—around which so many pleasant memories cluster—is to be dismantled and turned into a subdivision. Please do your best to get up here before the 15th. Just drop me a line stating when you will be here and I will do the rest."

We decided that Oct. 6 would be as good a day as any for that contest. We didn't have as many "pleasant memories" of the Kenosha course as did Mr. Whyte, for on the only previous occasion we played it, we got trimmed by Chief Engineer Fallon and he crowed over it for two years. Well, we had a good game with Mr. Whyte in spite of the fact that it rained most of the afternoon. It was a real battle, too, for we ended all square on the eighteenth green and as it was raining pretty hard we agreed to wait until the new Kenosha course opens next season to have it out. Mr. Whyte, who kept score, said we had the better of him by a few strokes on the medal score, but at that we didn't break the course record by any means.

We are looking forward to playing off that tie next summer, for hope springs eternal in the golfer's breast. Our feelings on the subject are ably described by Edgar Guest in the following lines, which every golfer will appreciate:

I've golfed thruout another year,
The drifting snows will soon be here,

And now I view with discontent
The season that so soon was spent;
Once more I've dubbed the whole
year thru
Nor did I make an eighty-two.

High hopes were mine that glorious day,
The time I started out to play;
"This year," said I, "I'll keep the line
And surely make a seventy-nine;
I'll play as Ray and Vardon do,
And show the gang a thing or two."

I blundered on thru early June,
I could not use my trusty spoon,
But hope still stayed—ere summer fell

I knew I should be playing well;
Then by the fourth day of July
I lost my drive and knew not why.

August still found me keeping on
With scores unfit to look upon;
I felt that I possessed the skill
To do my bidding with the pill,
And then one day I summed the score
And found I'd made one hundred four.

The same old dub that was am I,
I don't improve howe'er I try;
Lessons and practice all are vain,
With me the hook or slice remain;
But still to hope I fondly cling,
I know I'll play the game next spring.

Bad as we are, however, we annexed two golf cups during the summer. One was the championship of the Chicago Elevated Railroads and in that case we happened to be the official handicapper. The other was the championship of the Illinois Electric Railways Association and in that case a good friend was the handicapper. It helps to stand in with the handicap committee.

A COURTEOUS EMPLOYEE

Employees of the North Shore Line are noted for courtesy to the public, but usually it is confined to passengers on trains. That it sometimes is extended to pedestrians, the following account of a recent incident proves. The story is told by Conductor E. J. Whiting, who witnessed it, as follows:

SOME SERVICE

Speaking of service that is given
On our dear old North Shore Line,
I wish to relate an instance
Of service and courtesy sublime.

We had had a considerable rainfall,
And a deep puddle had formed on the street,
Which caused the ladies to wonder
How to cross without wetting their feet.

Our hero of whom this is written
Was enjoying the plight of those
Who were trying to cross this puddle
At our freight house down at Montrose.

Quite a number of ladies approached to the edge,
Of this puddle of which I write,
Saw conditions, pondered, quickly decided,
Then turned back and vanished from sight.

Not so with one damsel so pretty,
Dressed and primped up out of sight,
She was bound to cross over the puddle
If it took the best part of the night.

Now for Charlie, our hero,
And the courtesy of the boys on our line,
He sized up the situation quickly
And murmured "now is my time."

Bracing himself for the ordeal,
Charlie blushes until he turns black,
Spoke to the damsel and offered
To carry her across on his back.

The damsel was at first dumfounded,
No such thing to her had occurred,
But to carry the joke a little further,
She took him up at his word.

It was then Charlie's turn to take action,
His bluff had been called, quite true,
So being a sport and a joker,
He decided to see the joke through.

Across to her side he waded,
Stooped over, she climbed on his back;
Across he came with the damsel
And never a smile did he crack.

Of course the damsel was thankful,
And rewarded our hero with pay,
Charlie did not want to accept it,
Still he hopes it will rain every day.

E. J. Whiting.

Although that particular method of transportation is not mentioned in any of the North Shore schedules, it appears to

have given satisfaction in the emergency.

HOW'S THIS FOR SERVICE?

A GENTLEMAN stopped at the North Shore ticket office at Wilson avenue and asked Miss Derlis, the ticket agent, if he could leave a call for the following morning as he wished to take the 7:33 Badger Limited.

Miss Derlis has called up homes many times to say when hubby would be home, etc., but this was a new wrinkle. She rose to the situation, however, and said she would call.

Next morning at 6:40 she called the number. It was a sleepy voice that answered the ring, but when he was reminded of the call he said cheerily, "Good morning; thank you very much."

Later as he bought his ticket the agent asked him if he really expected the call. "Well," he said, "I was rather doubtful but I certainly appreciate it."

The ways in which the North Shore Line serves its patrons appear to be unlimited.

AN ACCOMMODATING AGENT

F. W. (Dick) Glesselman, general baggage agent of the North Shore Line, makes a point of accommodating passengers with baggage and they appreciate it. On the afternoon of October 21 a gentleman appeared at the North Shore baggage room at Congress street, just a few minutes before the Interstate Limited was scheduled to leave for Milwaukee. He was from New York and he wished to catch a boat at Milwaukee that evening, and of course, take his trunk with him. Dick informed him that the Interstate Limited does not carry baggage and that the regular 5 o'clock Limited, which follows it, had already gone south to the terminal at Roosevelt Road and had picked up all the baggage for that trip.

The stranger looked at his

watch, tore his hair and bewailed his hard luck. He could not get a train on the steam roads to connect with the boat and he could not go without his trunk. Dick thought for a moment and suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"I'll get that trunk to Milwaukee in time for the boat," said Dick, "but will have to carry it to Adams and Wabash to catch the 5 o'clock Limited."

"Carry nothing," exclaimed the man. "I'll get a taxi in a hurry."

The taxi was called and the passenger and his trunk hurried to Adams and Wabash. The passenger left on the Interstate and his trunk followed fifteen minutes later on the Limited and was in Milwaukee in plenty of time.

"That is what I call service," said the New Yorker.

"It's all in the day's work," answered Dick. "You know this is the Road of Service and we live up to our name."

"You certainly do," said the stranger as he shook hands and thanked Mr. Glesselman for the accommodation.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE

THE following letter received by Ray H. Ziebell, general agent of the North Shore Line in Milwaukee, speaks for itself. It reads:

On behalf of Racine Lodge, F. & A. M., it affords me pleasure to express to you our appreciation for the very able manner in which you arranged for our special train to Chicago last Saturday and likewise to Conductors Buffham and Thomas and Motorman Harris for the very efficient manner in which our train was operated.

It is indeed a pleasure to travel on the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad. It has well earned the right to term itself "The Road of Service."

Yours very truly,
H. M. Saugman.

Mr. Saugman is cashier in the Racine office of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee.

With the Bulletin Family

HERE we are beginning the fifth year of the BULLETIN and as we start to write this section devoted to "contribs" we grow retrospective. We haven't any idea as to the number of the BULLETIN FAMILY, but we're quite sure they run into the hundreds.

This department has always been a favorite with us. We have made a good many friends through it—personal friends, we mean—and a host of others known to us only by their letters.

Our most popular contrib "Loophound" strikes a sort of plaintive note in his latest contribution, asking where are the friends of yesteryear, or words to that effect. He misses some of the old-timers like Mr. Peebles, Rasmussen, Kentuckian, et al. While he enjoys the letters of the newer arrivals, he feels the loss of the original contributors to this column.

Well, we miss some of them, too, but the fact that their letters do not appear in this column each month is not because we do not hear from them. At least not in every instance. Sometimes a month or two passes without a letter from Mr. Peebles appearing here. But we get the letters just the same. Mr. Peebles would no more let a month go by without writing than he would think of neglecting his dinner. In fact we usually get two or three a month from him, but we sometimes must be guided by space. Last month, for instance, we had to leave out a good letter from "Michigander" after it was set up in type. As it was chiefly about the world's series it is "dead" now, but we appreciate it just the same. Sometimes we have to leave out one from Mr. Peebles

for similar reasons, but we know that the omission doesn't offend him.

We do miss Kentuckian's letters, though. That boy wrote such interesting stuff that we feel sorry to lose him. We suppose he is too busy with his mining interests down in Kentucky to find time to write, although we venture to say that he is still a reader. Then there was "Railbird" who used to write us excellent letters from Waukegan. We have no idea what became of him but we haven't heard from him in a year.

On the whole, however, the Family has been a most devoted one and sticks together pretty close. We hope Loophound is not serious when he threatens to become an alumnus. We simply couldn't get out this column without his help and he appreciates it.

That makes us think of the first time we met Loophound personally. The truth is we had guessed wrong about him. We had attributed his first letter to an old friend in the writing game, then when we got a second letter we knew we were wrong and wondered who our clever contrib might be. One day a man breezed into the office. He made a few inquiries about things as he sized us up and thought we were decidedly serious, if not grouchy. When he said that he was Loophound, he admits that we did thaw out a bit. Maybe we thought he was going to try to sell us something, for if we recall the visit correctly, we had an idea that he was going to talk "printing" and we are on to those fellows. Anyway we soon became acquainted. We'd miss him if he became a silent member of the family, but we don't believe he

will. It would be impossible to keep that fellow quiet with the keen sense of humor he possesses, besides he knows that in getting out this column a "feller needs a friend."

Here is his latest:

Dear Mr. Editor:

Many thanks for the BULLETIN which you sent in response to my S. O. S., or should I thank your competent secretary. Had I waited for the regular delivery it would not have reached me here, if ever, as I am leaving for the east tonight and the better half would have annexed my copy.

Am feeling pretty happy today, considering that this is Sunday in Pennsylvania, and there are no movies, no shows, no entertainment of any kind for a hard working traveling man to take his family to for relaxation. Nevertheless I'm quite reconciled to my lot for the present, for didn't the old Chicago "U" punch the sawdust out of Princeton's kewpies yesterday with the business end of their white-wash brush, while dear old Hawvawd was being jolted by Penn State College for a tied score. Somehow the so-called "Big Three" don't look so darned "big" when they step into these breezy westerners.

Don't you know, Luke, this old BULLETIN that you and I get out doesn't look like it used to when you get over into the last few pages. There's a whole raft of names that never find their way into the contribs' column any more—fellows who used to be steady customers, like Mr. Peebles, Kentuckian, Rasmussen, and a half dozen more at least. Seems to me I'm about the only one of the charter members left, with the single exception of Mrs. Clark, whose young hopeful jumped into the BULLETIN circle in the last issue. (Incidentally, I'll hazard a guess that he qualifies for membership if good looks and brains are scoring points.) It makes me feel like the last rose of summer and I'm rising to remark that if those other fellows have graduated, I guess I'll become an alumnus too. It reminds me of my recent trip to the old home town which I mentioned in last month's letter—all the old schoolmates had left, and I didn't feel at home with the younger generation growing up. Of course I get more fun out of it than out of a penny ante game, but that isn't saying that I want to play solitaire.

If you will stand for me harking back to that aforementioned trip down to the old town again, I will

tell you of a little experience we had that wasn't on the day's schedule. One morning we were awakened about 5:30, their usual getting up time, and there was something unusual happening down in the old apple orchard. We heard a couple of shots fired, but as they were continually shooting squirrels who were stealing apples we paid no attention to it until we heard them talking "bear," and on looking out we saw a big black 350 pound bruin stretched out on the grass in the pasture. He had been driven out of the woods by the scarcity of berries, and was making a breakfast of apples and young lambs, which as you will agree is some swell meal for a poacher. The kid brother (the fellow who used to shoot Heinies in France) is some sharpshooter, and brought him down on his first shot. He says this bear is a great-grandson of the one that chased him out of the oat field years ago—but that is another story, and as this old Underwood is getting pretty hot I guess it's time to lay it aside and we'll save that other bear story for a later issue.

Yours,

Loophound.

That bear story has the earmarks of truth about it. You will notice he admits he was awakened by the shooting and that it was his brother who shot the bear. Had he told us of shooting that bruin himself at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, we should have been suspicious right away. We doubt whether he would get up at such an early hour to shoot craps, let alone bears.

A member of the Family from Canton, Ohio, comes across with a good one. We believe we introduced him once to the members, but it was merely a formal introduction. He is the manager of the R. G. Dun & Co. Mercantile Agency in Canton and if he can give us as high a financial rating as he does in an intellectual way, it will help our credit materially. He writes:

I have feasted at your table so long now, that I am really beginning to feel that I ought to try in some way to pay my way or at least be a good "star boarder."

Of course times have been hard and I might well have been satisfied with Scotch Barley soup or even a little cold water and white

bread, but when I have been permitted to enjoy such a feast of good things at your table or as flow from your pen (I mean ink, for it makes millions think) I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not return thanks.

A little exercise whether of brain or muscle aids in digestion, and I fear that if I do not get busy I may have an attack of mental indigestion of some of the rich morsels that you have kindly handed to me from time to time.

I cannot talk from experience about your wonderful railway system, but I have heard many others make such complimentary remarks about it, that I am led to believe it is the finest in the world, and I long to experience the pleasant sensation of comfort, convenience, and delight that I am sure will some day be mine, in a trip on this far-famed pathway of progress.

Your editorials are so full of useful information, human interest, neighborliness and good will; that I am constrained to believe you to be a really, truly, honest to God brother worker in the vineyard of the Lord; and the gospel you spread rings true, and penetrates even to the center of that brain situated within a cranium of one inch thick or more. In other words your writings are plain, practical, understandable, logical, and all in all give evidence of a master mind behind the pen.

And now for a moment I flirt with the Muse and take pleasure in jingling these to the tune of the rails, as your palaces of steel move swiftly over them and on their cheerful way:

"The Road of Service" always is

A pleasure and a pride;

And it is sure to get the biz

From those who love to ride.

It's like the easy rubber heel,

In taking up the shock;

Its cars run smoothly o'er the steel,

Without a bump or knock.

And men may come and men may go

Upon this road so fine

For pleasure they will ever know

In traveling o'er this line.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Markley.

Well, Brother Markley, as a rhymster you're there. If you can write like that from simply hearing about the road, what may we expect after you have given it a trial, which we are sure you will when you are in this part of the country. Incidentally, you have qualified as a member in

good standing of the BULLETIN Family.

We have several new contri-
butions to introduce this month. One of them who lives in Waukegan writes:

I sure enjoy your remarkable magazine THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Can you send it to me each month? October issue sure is a dandy, best yet I fully believe, and that's going some. Keep the good work up. Especially was I interested in your fine editorials regarding the coming Washington Disarmament Conference. It is a timely editorial and should be read by all red-blooded Americans.

Sincerely,

Kenneth Moody.

Last month's issue appears to have made a hit with a number of readers. One of them, Mrs. Clark of Detroit, writes:

The current issue of the BULLETIN came today. I am always glad to get it and always read every line of it, but this one containing the picture of our Charles is a real pleasure to me. I truly appreciate owning this particular copy.

Your editorial on the disarmament conference is superb. It makes me want to just fly to D. C. an' tell 'em. You have put it before me more graphically than pictures could have done. I never had thought just what world disarmament meant. I do now. Yes, the conference should be the supreme thing on this Armistice Day. I wish I were a pillar of stone holding up the building where the conference will be held.

Yours truly,

Esther B. Clark.

Here is one from a new contributor in Milwaukee. He writes:

Have been reading your pet for so long that I feel I know you from childhood on. I kinda like the idea of giving praise to your employees but when you hear of something good, why not pass it on to the rest of us poor mortals?

Here you are telling us of a good Harry Lauder record at which you laughed and had your morning exercise. Mr. Lyons, I am sure, meant well by giving you that record at the same time thinking you would pass it on.

You are forgiven, old top, but don't let it happen again.

Sincerely,

C. T. Broh.

All right since you wish it. The record is a double-faced one, "Tobermory" on one side and "Wearin' the Kilt" on the other side. We believe it really is an old one, but we hadn't heard it before. Anyway, it's funny.

Another youthful Milwaukee contributor writes:

It is about time that I paid my subscription of one letter per year to the BULLETIN. I really can't get off a "line" like my voluble relative (Mr. Peebles) but at least I can try. I had occasion to use the North Shore Line recently and the service on your "Interstate Limited" is wonderful. My father uses it a great deal in his connection with the City Bank and he has traveled all over the middle west, so he knows a good thing when he sees it.

Yours truly,
Norman Forsman.

A contributor in Rockford, Ill., writes as follows:

Being in Chicago last Sunday with three friends bound for Milwaukee, the question came to us as to what road to use from there. After staking my reputation for veracity and making a wager that they would agree with me that the North Shore Line was the cleanest, smoothest and most comfortable route, we boarded the 2 o'clock Limited. After leaving Waukegan, when the motorman really opened up, they all said, "Nuff sed; you win." To me, who had not ridden on the road for two years, the improvements were a revelation.

Returning home I came direct by a route that was partly over steam and partly over electric railroad. When I hit the electric portion I couldn't help thinking how much it put me in mind of the North Shore. It was so different.

I realize that these nice things said about that pet of yours are becoming more or less stereotyped to you, but thought you might like to hear that a native of this the home of the real "carry out dead" lickie appreciated a real up and coming electric railroad.

Thanking you for the BULLETIN that is eagerly looked forward to each month, and with the best wishes for your health assuring us a continuance of those wonderful editorials, I am,

Yours truly,
Ralph E. Jones.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, has sent a number of contributions and also a copy of the Plymouth Reporter, in which we observe that he has cleared up the controversy over the origin of the Scottish bagpipes. Mr. Peebles doesn't accept the theory that the bagpipes were invented by the Irish and given to the Scots as a joke, which the latter haven't seen yet. According to his explanation in the newspaper, which sounds plausible, the bagpipes were originally invented by St. Patrick, who, Mr. Peebles asserts, was a Scotchman. When St. Patrick went over to civilize Ireland he found that the first thing necessary was to banish the snakes, so he invented the bagpipes and the snakes left the island in a hurry. Some time later St. Patrick's father went over from Scotland to visit his son and the latter presented him with the bagpipes, just for what purpose Mr. Peebles doesn't explain.

Mr. Peebles is quite a baseball fan and the picture of the Highwood team in last month's Bulletin gave him an idea. He would like to have a match arranged between his Plymouth team and the Highwood champions early next season, as he believes his team unbeatable. He then describes a game between the Plymouth team and the Milwaukee Brewers, which not being up in baseball phraseology, we will have to give you just as it comes to us. He describes the game in this way:

The game opened up with Molasses sticking; Smallpox catching and Cigar in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn was at first; Fiddle on second backed by Corn in the field. Matches got a strike and made it hot for Umpire Cheese, who was rotten. Ax came to bat and chopped Cigar, while Brick walked and Sawdust filled the bases. Bunt laid down a bunt and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Dynamite started to pitch, with the bases loaded and exploded killing off three runs. Balloon then took

the job but went up in the air. Then Cherry tried but he was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by the pitcher, then you should have heard Ice scream. Cabbage had a good lead but got stewed and was put out of the game. He was not the only one for Umpire Cheese was devoured. Grass covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on third and tried to pump Organ, but Organ played fast and put out Light in the fifth inning. Cyclone, the next batter up, smashed his bat and the way Steam roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. In the third inning Barley was thrashed by Moonshine, because he couldn't deliver a hit. Trombone followed with a slide for home, but Meat was on the plate and put him out. Lightning pitched and struck three men. Door took his place and shut out the opposing team. In the ninth inning Hammer up to bat made a hit bringing in the winning run that spelled defeat for the Brewers; score one to nothing. There was lots of betting on the game and Soap cleaned up the gang.

Now if you are not up on the fine points of the game I suggest that you call in some of the experts in the building as I am sure some of them could enlighten you.

Very truthfully yours,
J. D. Peebles.

Well, Mr. Peebles, that description is just as intelligible to us as most of the baseball news we read in the newspapers. Years ago we decided that baseball language was beyond our comprehension and we used to wonder how the boys in the sporting department got away with it, when the managing editor was continually posting bulletins in the local room warning the rest of us against using slang or incorrect grammar.

Our old friend, John F. Weedon of Wilmette, sends a clipping from the "London Referee," which contains a rather good story of the peculiar workings of the Scotch conscience. He writes:

"I suppose the Israelites would call this 'Spilling the Egyptians,' and the Jesuits would clap a

Latin motto on it 'Ad majoram Dei gloriam,' but what is it in Scotch? 'The Presbyterian Conscience?'" Well, John, that caption you suggest would seem quite appropriate, so we will let it stand. Here is the story:

The late James Merry, the Scotch ironmaster, whose yellow jacket and black cap were so famous in the seventies, when he won the Derby with Doncaster and the Oaks and St. Leger with Marie Stuart, was Member for the Falkirk burghs. He once owned a horse that ran a race in France on Sunday. This upset the good folks in Falkirk very much indeed, and a public meeting was called and the Hon. Member was requested to attend and give an explanation.

On the day the large hall was packed and a minister was deputed to put the question point-blank to the Member. Mr. Merry at once rose to his feet and to the occasion. "It is quite true," he said, "that, having sent a horse of mine to the Continent, I did so far forget myself as to conform to the customs of the country in which I was staying, and allow him to start for an important prize on the Sabbath Day." (Groans.) "But, gentlemen, I must add that before I thought about the day, I had backed my horse very heavily with the French, and I won their money and brought it back to spend in Auld Scotland."

Then there came a burst of cheering and bonnets were waved enthusiastically, and the meeting broke up with three cheers for the Merry Member and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

That story appears to us to describe the Scotch conscience pretty accurately. The Scotch conscience is, perhaps, as inflexible as most, but we can understand it not being able to stand a strain like that without yielding a little bit.

A GOOD REASON

"Aye," exclaimed Sandy to his bored London acquaintances, "Scotland's the finest place on earth."

"Then what made you leave it," asked a disgusted voice, "since you like it so much?"

Sandy chuckled.

"Aweel, it was like this. In Scotland everybody was as clever as maseel, and I couldn't mak' muckle progress. But here—" he chuckled again, "here I'm gettin' on vera weel."