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# THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

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FEBRUARY, 1922

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*"The Road of Service"*



# EXTENSION OF SERVICE

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Commencing February 15, certain trains on the North Shore Line will operate over the South Side Elevated to Dorchester Avenue, as follows:

## Northbound

### Lv. Dorchester

6:50 A. M.

7:35 A. M.

11:35 A. M.

4:17 P. M.

8:35 P. M.

### Lv. Chicago

7:15 A. M.

8:00 A. M.

12:00 Noon

4:45 P. M.

9:00 P. M.

### Ar. Milwaukee

9:30 A. M.

10:35 A. M.

2:35 P. M.

7:00 P. M.

11:35 P. M.

## Southbound

### Lv. Milwaukee

7:15 A. M.

12:00 Noon

4:45 P. M.

6:00 P. M.

9:00 P. M.

### Lv. Chicago

9:25 A. M.

2:31 P. M.

6:55 P. M.

8:31 P. M.

11:31 P. M.

### Ar. Dorchester

10:00 A. M.

3:06 P. M.

7:30 P. M.

9:06 P. M.

12:06 A. M.

These trains will stop to receive and discharge passengers at Roosevelt Road, 43rd Street, University Avenue and Dorchester Avenue.

## 20th Century Connection

A new train known as the 20th Century Connection will be operated daily beginning February 15, leaving Milwaukee at 9:55 A. M., taking on passengers at Milwaukee, Racine and Kenosha for Church Street, Evanston, Wilson Avenue, and connecting direct with the 20th Century Limited at LaSalle Street Station.

Northbound this train will leave Chicago at 9:55 A. M., carrying passengers from the 20th Century to Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee.

These trains will carry baggage and will make the same stops as are made by the Badger Limited and the Interstate Limited.



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# The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by  
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad


LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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 28 No. 4

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## Editorial Comment

*"Our people are fast approaching the point where it can be said that seven-eighths of them are trying to find out how to live at the expense of the other eighth."—Lincoln.*

**F**RIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears. Having settled everything satisfactorily on the North Shore Line in last month's BULLETIN, it behooves us to give a little attention to the rest of the world in this issue. Besides we haven't anything else to do this afternoon but engage in our favorite stunt of saving the country.

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**W**E are prepared to give you some new remedies. No, they don't end in "ism" for we are sick of those "ism" remedies. The remedies we are going to offer you for all our troubles aren't exactly new, but they have been so long forgotten that they have a new and strange sound in these days of so-called reform. They are appropriate at this time, too, for we have recently celebrated the birthday of Alexander Hamilton and soon we shall be celebrating the natal days of Lincoln and Washington. Our proposed remedy, therefore, is nothing more or less than a return to the Americanism of those stalwarts.

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**T**HE idea of saving the country via the Constitutional route, came to us in definite form last night, although it had been lurking around in a vague way in the back of our head for several days, since we heard a brother world-saver making an interesting talk on "The Constitution Our Safeguard," or something like that. In his talk he said that if the people knew as much about the Constitution of the United States as they do about baseball, we might all go to bed with easy minds about our industrial and economic problems. Now we have heard lots of world-savers talking on every sort of "ism" in the catalogue of world remedies, but here was a new idea. We listened to the talk quite attentively, let the idea ferment for a few days and then decided to try our home-brew on readers of the BULLETIN. You



see we like to share with you anything of that kind we find lying around loose, and while we do not claim to be a first class brewer, we try to make the brew as palatable as we can.

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**H**AVING reached a conclusion on the subject, we made our preparations very carefully as soon as we had finished dinner. The preparations consisted in getting out our smoking utensils, lighting a pipe, surrounding ourself with a few books and settling down in an easy chair. "Work again tonight?" inquired Friend Wife as she viewed the preparations. "Woman," we replied, "we are going to save the country and it probably will require the whole evening." Having thus guarded against interruption, we began by reading the Constitution. It's a wonderful document to be so little known. Oh, we suppose a few lawyers read it for business reasons, but the average layman doesn't know anything about it. Ask the average man how it begins and he will start to recite the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg speech. We have a suspicion, too, that a good many who talk loudly about their "constitutional rights" are not quite as familiar with it as they might be.

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**A**S we read we noted, for instance, the following which was adopted Dec. 15, 1791, as the Fourth Amendment: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the person or thing to be seized." Naturally we wondered why we read every day in the newspapers about federal agents swooping down on some one's house to search for home brew. But having tackled a big job, we kept on reading and came to the Fifth Amendment, adopted on the same date and there we read: "No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." That made us think of the five or six thousand miles of electric railways that have been forced into bankruptcy in the last three years and the clamor of the people to wreck more such utilities so they can be taken for public use without just compensation. There can be no gainsaying the fact that there is a decided trend in that direction and when a court occasionally steps in and prevents such confiscation, the cry is for "recall" of judges, or as a compromise the "recall of judicial decisions."

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**H**AVING read the Constitution through, our thoughts turned quite naturally to Hamilton, who more than any other man, was responsible for its text. So we picked up another volume and read a



sketch of Alexander Hamilton. A recent book on the life of Hamilton places him at the top of the list of great Americans. Most people, perhaps, will question according him that honor, but that he was a "great American" will not be disputed by anyone. We could not help wondering, if the shade of Hamilton was hanging around this sphere, what it would think about the "recall of judges" or the "recall of judicial decisions." The modern drift toward "popular" instead of "representative" government, is directly opposite to what Hamilton had in mind and what he thought he had guarded against in the Constitution. The framers of the Constitution gave us a republic, a government of the people through representatives chosen by the people, but they had no thought of giving a government by referendum. That is a new idea, which some believe to be an improvement. It hasn't proved so yet, however, we will refer to that later.

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**I**N reading about Hamilton we ran across one statement that interested us particularly, that is that he was the author of Washington's Farewell Address. That was a new one on us. We had never heard that before. Yet the statement is made in Encyclopedia Britannica without qualification, and we have been accustomed to regard that as an authority. That made us reach for another book to read the "Farewell Address." In the introduction to that we read that it has become fashionable to claim that Washington did not write the things attributed to him, because he was not an orator and in writing he frequently took liberties with the language that are not authorized under the rules of grammar. However, we read that the original manuscript had been preserved and that while it showed numerous corrections, the main points in the "Farewell Address" were undoubtedly in the handwriting of the father of our country. Although that shook our faith a little in our favorite authority, we felt glad over it. However, whether the "Farewell Address" was actually written by Washington himself, or by Hamilton, is not so important as the fact that it was written and that the world has it today, for it contains a wonderful message. We don't know any better way of celebrating his coming birthday than to spend a quiet hour reading and digesting that "Farewell Address" and we won't charge you anything for that suggestion.

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**I**N reading the "Farewell Address" we noted a few passages that seemed to fit in very well with the idea we had in mind and we jotted them down. One was: "The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is



sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government." Isn't that pretty sound doctrine? Keep in mind, too, that the Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution. Then read the daily newspapers and think whether we have not drifted quite a little bit, and that there is a need today to get back to the Constitution. In another part of that "Farewell Address" we read: "Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts." What do you suppose the father of his country meant by "innovations" upon the principles laid down in the Constitution? Do you suppose that government ownership of everything on earth, the initiative and referendum, the recall of judicial decisions, the election of federal judges and a lot of other cure-alls, would have been considered by him "innovations." We have an idea that they would. He trusted Hamilton as his close adviser and there can be no doubt about what Hamilton thought in that line.

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**A**MONG the other wise things in the "Farewell Address" is this: "Bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant." Now suppose that under our modern idea of having the people settle every question by popular vote, we should take a referendum on the question of paying taxes. How much revenue do you think could be raised that way? Still we do some things just about as foolish as that. Within the last two years the street car company in a good sized city was on the verge of bankruptcy and asked authority to increase its rates of fare. The people took a solemn referendum on the subject. It isn't necessary to say how the vote went, or to add what happened to the company. But the politicians said the people had spoken on the subject and that was the end of it.

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**B**ASEBALL is the great American game. Suppose it should be conducted on the popular vote theory, what would happen? The umpire would rule that a runner was safe, or that he was out, as the case might be. A howl from the bleachers, and perhaps empty pop bottles flying in the direction of the umpire indicates that the decision is unpopular. Suppose the umpire should pause and make a speech like this: "I hear a great wave of popular sentiment against that decision and we will set it aside and submit the question to the bleachers." Wouldn't that make an interesting situation? How long do you



suppose the game would survive under such conditions? Baseball is a game, because it is played according to well established rules. Government is a science conducted according to established rules and principles laid down in the Constitution. When we deviate from those rules and principles, government is likely to become what baseball, or any other game, would become if decisions were left to the bleachers instead of to the umpire. There would be quite as much sense in leaving baseball decisions to the bleachers, as in leaving court decisions to popular vote. Indeed there might be more sense in it, for the reason that the people in the bleachers have more knowledge of the game of baseball than they have of the principles of the Constitution. Maybe the speaker we previously referred to was right in saying that if the people knew as much about the Constitution as they do about baseball, there would be less cause for worry. Anyway, it seems pretty certain that some of the proposed remedies for our social and industrial ills are worse than the ills themselves.

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**I**N that connection, we note an interesting item in our morning newspaper. It says that following popular demonstrations in a certain London borough, the board of guardians adopted a new weekly scale of unemployed allowance, making it forty shillings a week, with six shillings for each child up to 16 years of age in the family, fifteen shillings a week for rent and 100 pounds of coal a week free. As that allowance is more than the man receives who is working, do you wonder that it was "popular?" Why work if a government, listening to a "popular demand," will pay more for idleness than for work? Of course, we realize that unemployment is a serious problem and that those who are willing to work should not be denied the opportunity, but that does not seem a sensible way of trying to solve the problem. If the government would use that money to further public improvements, give free land to the people and stimulate industry, it would be better than encouraging idleness. But it wouldn't be as "popular," we suppose, and we have a suspicion that many public officials would rather be popular than be right.

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**N**OW if the plan proposed by that eminent world saver, Henry Ford, were adopted, we wouldn't have an unemployment problem and everything would be lovely. Henry would have the government print new money to pay for all its public improvements, finance the Muscle Shoals project and everything. No need, he says, to borrow from the fund of money already existing. Just print more money and everything will be lovely. That is what they did in Germany and the paper mark is worth about half a cent, or less, and for Russia, they kept the printing presses busy there and it takes a bushel basket full of perfectly good paper money to buy a loaf of bread. It is a great little



plan which Mr. Ford proposes, which confirms a suspicion we have long held, that as an economist Mr Ford is a first class automobile manufacturer. Of course, Henry admitted that he never read any history and that he regarded it as "bunk." But we believe it would do him good to read Hamilton on the subject of finance, or if he doesn't care to do that, he might stick closely to manufacturing cars. He knows how to do that. He knows how to make money at it, too. In that respect he is a better financier than the city of Chicago, which paid an average of \$852 a car last year, for keeping six Ford cars in repairs in its municipal shops. But then that was under "municipal ownership and operation," another of our popular remedies for all our troubles.

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**I**T is only a few years ago that Chicago launched on that municipal shops venture to "save" the taxpayers' money. The prospects looked rosy—to the politicians and the faddists. The city was spending a lot of money for supplies and equipment that it could make in its own foundries and machine shops. The idea was strongly indorsed by the molders, machinists, blacksmiths, electricians and other classes of mechanics. The shops were instituted at a cost to the city of about \$2,700,000 and all the city work was done by the day. The finance committee discovered that last year the city paid just about three times as much for its repair work, done in its own shops, as it would have paid had the work been done outside in private shops. So the municipal shops were closed down. It was shown that it cost \$5,113 to keep six Ford cars in repair for a year. That is merely a straw which indicates the waste and inefficiency under municipal operation. Yet there are many who advocate municipal operation of all public utilities. Of course, the theorists will say that the failure of the municipal shops does not prove that the principle is wrong. The failure, they will say, was due to poor management. Failures usually are due to poor management and in municipal ventures of that kind the management is always likely to be inefficient, because the system encourages it. It offers no incentive to be efficient. Managers are chosen, not because of their qualifications for the particular position, but because of their ability to control politically their respective precincts. Efficiency is not to be expected under such a system. And what is the remedy which some propose? To elect the managers by popular vote. How long would a private industry last, if its managers were elected by popular vote? No, brethren, that doesn't seem to be a way out of our troubles.

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**W**ELL, it's time to wind up this dissertation. This particular brand of home brew we have been handing you out, may not be quite in accordance with the popular formula for a world remedy, but we can assure you that it won't make you drunk. Reading it over, we



are inclined to think that it is calculated rather to have a sobering effect. It may not be exactly a spring tonic, but it is not moonshine. And so many remedies that you are being offered these days are moonshine that it behooves you to examine the label very carefully. In a week or two we shall all be celebrating the birthdays of Lincoln and of Washington and the labels on them are genuine. Drink freely of their sayings and follow their precepts and advice and you won't have a headache after the celebration.

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## *Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries*

**T**HIS is going to be a clean story.

In starting it that way we do not intimate that anything but clean stories have ever appeared in the BULLETIN. We always have a clean mind, and sometimes we have clean hands. This time, however, we have chosen a clean subject, or rather, we should say a cleansing subject. We are going to tell you something about "Palmolive." It cleanses the world, or at least a good portion of it. And the world is so much in need of a good cleaning up at this time that our subject is quite appropriate.

Going up to Milwaukee one day recently on a North Shore Limited, we noticed a large sign reading "Home of Palmolive." It gave us an idea for a story. We had, of course, seen Palmolive in lots of homes and in hotels where we have stopped when we wished we were at home, but we felt a little curious to see it in its own home. We at once made arrangements to visit the "Home of Palmolive."

The first thing to attract the visitor to the big factory is the color scheme of the interior. At least that is the first thing to attract the eye and it meets the visitor in the elevator. Before he has noticed the color, however, he

knows he is in the "Home of Palmolive" by the pleasant odor which greets him when he enters the door. That odor accompanies him on his rounds, not at all oppressive, but just a pleasant and constant reminder of where he is.

On entering the elevator the visitor would be reminded that he was in the "Home of Palmolive" even though he had a cold in his head and the delicate odor escaped him. The elevators are painted in the color of the soap, wrapper and everything about Palmolive. As he steps from the elevator the same color scheme greets his eye. Wainscoting, rugs, even the blotters on the desks and the stationery are in that olive tint. So are the numerous machines necessary in the manufacture of the toilet soap shampoos, shaving creams and the other varieties of toilet articles which the company manufactures. The effect is quite pleasing to the eye. We are not an expert on color schemes, although we have read what some cranks have written on the subject about one color having a restful, soothing effect and another calculated to drive one crazy in a week. We think it's mostly bunk, like a lot of other stuff that writers get paid for writing, but, anyway, we rather liked the color scheme in the



Palmolive plant. It was made more realistic by the presence of several large palms in the main office, but we didn't see any olives or cocoanuts.

The art of soap making dates back so far into the dim and misty past that the original experiment is lost in antiquity. We don't know that it matters particularly, anyway, for we are not writing about the first attempts at making soap, but about the very latest in the development of the art. For it really is an art, as practiced in the "Home of Palmolive." Centuries before the Christian era they knew of processes of making alkaline lye. The first accounts of soap for cleansing purposes appear among the Gauls who made it from tallow and wood ashes. Maybe we haven't progressed so very far after all, for today perfectly good soap is made out of Chicago garbage.

The main ingredients used in the manufacture of Palmolive are palm oil, olive oil and coconut oil. It may never have occurred to you when using Palmolive toilet preparations that the ingredients composing them have been imported from all quarters of the globe. The palm oil comes largely from the west coast of Africa. It is found in nuts which grow in clusters in palm trees from forty to sixty feet from the ground. The olive oil comes largely from the south of Europe, in countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the best quality coming from Italy. The coconut oil comes from the Philippines, Malay and the South Sea islands. It comes from copra, the name for the white meat of the coconut. Copra is a form of currency down in those South Sea islands, as everyone who has read Robert Louis Stevenson will remember.

We recite these details merely to illustrate what is necessary to place in your hands such a small and inexpensive thing as a cake

of Palmolive. The Palmolive Company is one of the largest importers of olive oil in the United States and has its own tank cars, which are kept in constant operation between seaboard cities and the Milwaukee plant. This system of tank car operation insures a steady supply of oil, which upon its arrival in Milwaukee, is pumped into huge storage tanks, which have a capacity of about four million pounds. From the storage tanks, which are removed some distance from the main factory, an elaborate pipe line system conveys the oil to the soap kettles, where it is boiled as a first step in the manufacture of the soap.

The boiling process is interesting. When we speak of "kettles" you naturally will think about the kettle you heat so readily on your gas range. Well, the kettles we are speaking of are different. We saw a number of them and judged them to be about sixteen feet in diameter. They may be even larger, that merely is our guess. They are four stories in height, that is, they run through two or three floors and have a boiling capacity of from 100,000 to 400,000 pounds. As there are twenty-four such kettles in the "Home of Palmolive," you may gather an idea of the output of the factory. It requires from ten days to two weeks, depending on the size of the kettle, to boil a kettle of these oils. The kettles are heated by means of steam coils on the bottom.

While this boiling process is under way, alkali, which must be of a certain strength, is daily put into the seething mass. That is one of the most expert processes in the making of soap, because of the chemical action of the alkali on fat. Too little alkali would leave fat in the finished product to become rancid in time, while too much would result in free alkali in the soap, which would ruin

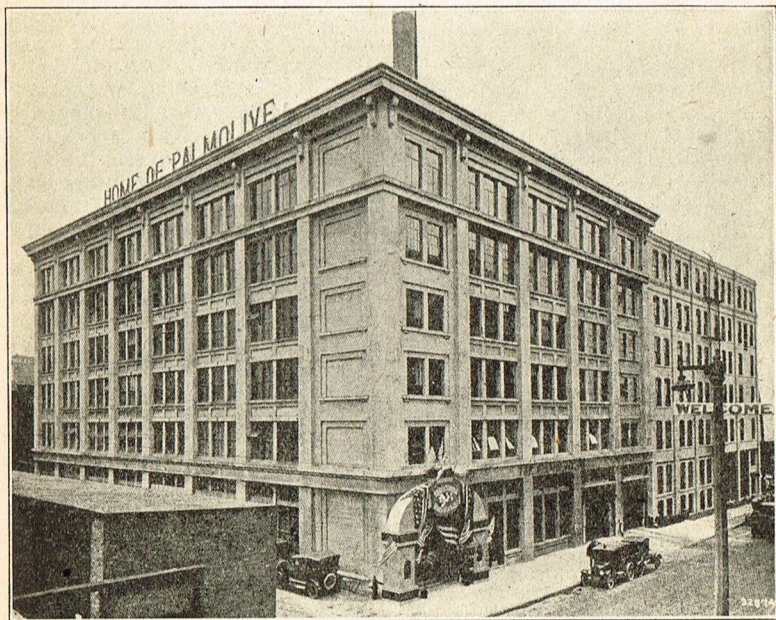


it. For that reason, each kettle is tested several times during the boiling process by a corps of chemists, in one of the most up-to-date laboratories in the country. When the soap is finished it is neutral and contains no free alkali to injure the skin.

The next step in the process is from the boiling kettles to the drying department. When the oils

its being properly handled in the further processes. As the soap comes from the dryer, it is in the form of flakes, somewhat resembling corn flakes.

From the dryer it goes to the milling machines, where the perfume is added and thoroughly mixed. The perfume is a blend of twenty-eight different odors. From the milling machines it



Main Plant of Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

have been completely boiled, the substance is pumped to the textile machines to go through what is known as the drying process. In going through these machines, the hot, liquid soap passes over water cooled rollers, which causes it to congeal. It is scraped off the rollers and dropped on a slow moving apron and carried through the dryer. This removes all the moisture except just enough to allow

passes through four banks of granite rollers, which give it a ribbon-like form and remove all hardened lumps and air bubbles. Some toilet soaps are not milled, which is the reason they float. It is the air bubbles which make a soap float and not the ingredients.

As the soap leaves the granite rollers it drops into a machine known as a "plodder," which has the appearance of a huge meat



chopper. Under a thirty-ton pressure it is forced through dies of the exact height and width of a cake of Palmolive in lengths of about two feet. These strips are placed on a cutting board, which when full is pushed between a lot of piano wires, set at equal distances apart, and cut into cakes. The cakes are fed into a machine which rounds the corners and stamps the name on them, wraps them in the familiar wrapper and places the band around them. They are then carried on conveyors to the shipping room.

Only a few years ago every cake of Palmolive soap was wrapped by girls by hand. Now the work is all done by automatic machines, one machine doing the work formerly done by twenty-two girls.

One of the noticeable features in a hurried trip through the "Home of Palmolive" is that the soap is handled automatically in passing from one machine to another, either by conveyors or by gravity. It is wrapped by machinery, so that the cake is not touched by human hands at any stage of its manufacture. After being placed in a container ready for shipment, the container is carried on a conveyor to a machine which stitches the flaps securely.

In the manufacture of Palmolive, the utmost care and supervision is exercised at every stage of the process, from the raw material to the finished product.

Palmolive is the largest selling exclusive toilet soap in the United States and is one of the products which carries the name of Milwaukee to the ends of the earth. The hotel demand for Palmolive is so great that it is not possible for the factory to keep up with it and orders have to be placed several weeks in advance of delivery.

The Palmolive Company manufactures a shampoo and a shaving cream, both of which are steadily growing in public favor.

Altogether our visit to the plant was an interesting experience, and if we haven't made it interesting for our readers, blame the writer and not the plant.

### LUCKY FRIDAY THE 13TH

F. G. Braun of Waukegan wrote the editor of the BULLETIN a letter on Friday, January 13, in which he complained that the Waukegan city cars were not making good connections with trains on the main line and that it was inconveniencing workers in getting to their work in the early morning. He gave a specific instance with the date and the number of the car which did not wait, information which the Transportation Department always desires to have.

Mr. Braun said he realized it was Friday the 13th, but said he was not superstitious and was going to brave the well known hoodoo.

The editor, of course, got busy immediately, taking the matter up with J. W. Simons, Superintendent of Transportation and also with M. J. Feron, the General Superintendent. The results are shown in the following letter received from Mr. Braun on January 23, ten days after the first letter:

"This short note to let you know your efforts on our—the patrons—behalf have not been in vain and that since receiving your letter in reply to my note of Friday the 13th, the city car has been on the job and waiting for the south-bound limited at 7:07 a. m. since last Thursday, and on these cold mornings I can assure you that the same is appreciated.

"Thanking you again for your efforts and the good results on behalf of passengers on the south-bound limited, due at Edison Court at 7:05 a. m., and express-



ing our appreciation of Mr. Feron, Mr. Simons and the crew on this particular city car. I thank you.

"Very sincerely,  
"F. G. Braun, Waukegan."

No need to send your thanks, Mr. Braun, but we are pleased to know that you got the service you requested. In fact we knew you would as soon as we took the matter up personally with Mr. Feron. He gets results mighty quick, or someone has to answer. Rather we wish to thank you for calling attention to the matter, as it is the desire of the management to give the best service possible.

In passing we might say that if everyone who has a legitimate complaint would take the matter up in the businesslike way that you did, calling attention to specific instances where passengers were inconvenienced unnecessarily, he would find a ready response. The trouble is that most people on being inconvenienced a little, rail and cuss at a public service company instead of making their complaint to the right quarters and in the right spirit.

Not only the North Shore Line, but every other public service company wishes to give good service and constructive suggestions from patrons are always welcomed. It may not be always possible to do what a patron suggests, but in that case the reasons why it cannot be done are explained. It is as much to the interest of a public service company to give good service as it is to patrons to get that service. If you wish to see a certain condition remedied, however, you should tell the company about it, instead of telling the neighborhood. It is the best way to get results.

## PRAISES NORTH SHORE COFFEE

THE following letter received by Mr. Wallace, purchasing agent of the Commissary Department of the North Shore Line, shows what one patron thinks of the service. He writes:

"It affords me much pleasure to let you know that I regard the coffee served on your trains and in your station dining rooms as the best blend and quality I have found so far, and I have traveled much in the last thirty years from coast to coast and from the great lakes to the gulf.

"Your 5-cent cup of coffee, as served in your station dining rooms, is the largest and best for the money in the United States, in my judgment, and I think I know something about coffee qualities, being closely related to the coffee trade.

"I also take pleasure in commending the food you serve, it being of the highest quality and prices exceptionally reasonable. Your ham and American cheese sandwiches for 10 cents are not to be duplicated anywhere that I know of. I might also mention your sliced egg sandwiches and many other items on your menu cards.

"Your respectfully,  
"Sam'l H. Bloom."

Others evidently have had the same experience as Mr. Bloom, which accounts for the growing popularity of the North Shore Dining Room in the new Milwaukee Terminal.

## THE RULING PASSION

Sandy MacPherson was dying and for three days his devoted wife had never left his bedside. Her neglected household duties began preying on her mind and she decided to leave her post for a short time.

"Ye'll nae dee while I'm gane, will ye Sandy? But if ye should dee, dinna forget tae blaw oot the candle afore ye gae."



## With the Bulletin Family

**W**ELL, Family, you are to be congratulated upon the way you start off the new year. The pace you are going now is fairly fast and if you keep it up throughout the year, it will not be necessary for your parent to chide you. The threat recently made by our star reporter—Loophound—to quit unless the other correspondents did their bit, seems to have alarmed quite a number. We have had several letters begging us not to let him quit under any circumstances, even if we have to raise his salary. Calm yourselves readers, he isn't going to quit. That boy has such a keen sense of humor and in his journeys around the country he sees so much that is interesting, that he just has to give it expression or explode. The BULLETIN is a sort of safety valve for him and he would be lonesome without it.

Really, Loophound has grown so popular with our readers that we might feel a little professional jealousy, if we happened to be built that way. But we are not of a jealous turn of mind. You see our chief end in life is to interest our readers and in that laudable ambition we welcome all the help we can get. We admit that Loophound is quite a help. It would be hard to fill his place, so we have made him our "Special Eastern Correspondent."

The older members of this Family will remember that Harold Rasmussen used to be quite a star reporter. He has been somewhat derelict in his duties recently, but has always remained a faithful reader. It will be pleasing to the Family to have him back in the fold this month, so we give him a preferred position in the column. He is teaching now, down at the

University of Illinois and we hope to have him give an occasional lesson to our interesting Family. We have added him to our educational force for the coming year. He writes as follows:

Having been threatened with dismissal from the Family, I hasten to write once again so that you may know that I am still an interested member, readingly if not writingly.

You may not know of the above threat, as you were not in your office when I visited it last week while in Chicago, after an absence of something over three months. It was to the effect that any member of the Family who did not write to the "Father of the Family" at least once a year would be dropped. Now I am starting the New Year right and if that threat is valid I still belong for this year.

However, I don't say this with a view of being as negligent of you as I have appeared. Further than that, knowing as I do that you are amply supplied with good material, my contris are superfluous.

I enjoy reading the BULLETIN from cover to cover and in that connection allow me to congratulate you on your support of a broad-minded, clear-cut policy of friendship and brotherly kindness, first, locally, then nationally and by means of our disarmament conference and like notable gatherings, internationally. With greater knowledge of many things concerning ourselves and our neighbors, without any semblance of taking care of their business, we can go far toward attaining that "peace on earth, good will to men" which was so long ago advocated.

What a revelation there comes from even a casual analysis of those words. Along this line of thought it is brought forcibly to my mind that if all people could be as happily of one thought as the members of our Family are, then we would, without a doubt, have that universally desired peace. As you intimated and as I have personally observed, each nation suspects each other nation that appears with "horns" on it. It unfortunately is bred into their people, from the time they are toddling infants. There also is a



place for the disarmament conference to work and thus reach the cause of a great deal of international distrust of nations.

I suggest in place of educating innocent and trusting children with ideas of distrust, hatred and enmity, that an education along lines of ~~and~~ truth, love and ideas of ~~the~~ <sup>brotherhood</sup> be carried out. I think this would reach the ~~great~~ <sup>cause</sup> of a great deal of the present ~~trouble~~ <sup>trouble</sup>. I believe too ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> of our reforms—so-called and otherwise—do not approach the cause of the trouble at all, but merely try to remove the results, which will ever recur as long as the causes remain.

Pardon this long-winded digression from what I started out to say, but your editorials brought these thoughts to mind again and I could not help voicing them, though I can't say why I should have picked on you, except that knowing your broad-minded policies as I do, you might counsel me if I am on the wrong track, which is something I can't say about North Shore trains, that are always on the right track. I have seen lots of these trains, although not so many recently. Yet only the other day I made a trip to Highland Park and Glencoe and enjoyed the pleasures of a clean, fast, comfortable ride once again and what a stimulation it gave me of old-time memories I cannot fully express.

You may be interested to hear this: One day, while inquiring for a friend of mine in his office, I found that he had temporarily moved from Chicago to Milwaukee, where I was told I could find him. The gentleman who gave me the information supplemented it with this: "Just take one of those clean North Shore trains at Adams and Wabash and enjoy the finest two-hour ride you've ever had. If you are leaving right away you can get the noon train with the diner on and, say, believe me, you won't regret it. Get off just one block from where you want to be in Milwaukee. Great service, you want to try it." I knew of this service, but was glad to hear this from one of the few who have not told you about it. After all he said he made me homesick to take that ride, but, unfortunately, I didn't have the time then.

I must quit this chatter and get down to work, but before doing so allow me to thank the members who missed me and also allow me to say "Don't let Loophound quit nohow." Tell him to remember the Spanish toreador who died leaving a big fortune. You get

me? Keep him going for his own good, he may build up a fortune also. I heartily agree with Mr. Peebles. Don't accept his resignation, or even an intimation of it. I was glad to see our "Ever-Ready Lasky" back again.

The biggest year ever for the BULLETIN and the North Shore Line.

Hastily,

"Ras."

If you haven't always been very punctual in your contributions, Mr. Ras, you make up for it when you do come across. We believe in your case we must change the limit and insist on three letters a year as a minimum. There is no maximum limit.

The two Loophounds have been together again and readers can imagine what that means. The Junior has been somewhat neglectful lately, but we have overlooked it because he is studying hard. We caution him, however, not to be too long between letters, because he stands well up in the class of contribs and we miss him. The original Loophound writes as follows:

I was in Philadelphia last Saturday, where I again had the pleasure of meeting Loophound, Jr. He is a very busy young man. Besides participating in swimming meets himself, he was one of the judges of the interscholastic meet and manager of the university polo team. Was his guest for an hour or more at the former event, but other plans prevented my accepting his hospitality during the polo match with Princeton, which his team won handily, as I later learned.

This is his last year at Penn and he feels so dejected at leaving that it is affecting his weight. He has to dodge every time he sees weighing scales. He's one regular fellow and doubtless will go farther in the business world comparatively than he does in the plunge in the swimming meets, which he usually wins.

While in his suite at 201 Brooks I saw the January issue of the BULLETIN. How come mine hasn't reached me? Call this to the attention of your secretary and have her mail mine, pronto, to Hotel Casey, Scranton, and mention that if it occurs again I'll send her a valentine like the ones I used to send teacher. Teacher



got even, though. She married into the family.

That reminds me, my red-headed, left-handed kid brother wrote me earlier in the month that he was to be married on Friday the 13th. He always had an alibi; now he'll sure have something to blame it on.

But getting back to the BULLETIN. I scarcely had time to read Brother Peebles' Christmas carol before the Junior dragged me off. It's a bear of a composition all right and when I give the children their next Victrola lesson I am going to play it for them. Had Mr. Peebles not left Bonnie Scotia and buried himself in the Northland he might now be poet laureate to the king, or do Scotchmen accept such minor roles?

Well, we remain in Pittsburgh, the head of the family so decrees. Her flat-hunting experience in Philadelphia made her decide. She said when those Quaker landlords learned we had children they made her feel so small she could go out and sit on a dime and have plenty of room left for the youngsters to play on. But Pittsburgh is a good old town at that. Only one public golf course, but it's a good one. You know Jock the Hutch made his start as an American pro there. Come down some Sunday soon and we'll play a round. Spring is nearly here again, at least I hope it is. Just took a look at our coal pile last week and if it is going to last the winter spring had better come a-running. Maybe you will acquire some of Jock's cunning in playing his old course. I know my game will stand a lot of improvement, but you're to blame. You taught me. Hope I proved more efficient as a poker instructor when I tried to teach you the great American game. If you'd had more money I would have done better, I'm sure. It takes time, you know, and time is money.

Notwithstanding their Sunday blue laws in Pennsylvania, I believe the state will go wet soon. Have you noticed the names of the two new U. S. Senators from this Keystone state? Crow and Pepper. Don't these cognomens remind you of the good old days? Old Crow was one bird of an eyep opener and Dr. Pepper wasn't the worst brand of liquid refreshment. Maybe it is a coincidence, but hope springs eternal, etc. I'm not dry, you understand. Water is a wonderful gift to the race. Its possibilities are unlimited. Think of the power in just a little of it; a woman's tears, for instance.

Do you know why I left Chicago? I just learned the reason

today. My "in-laws" say I couldn't stand the expense of traveling in their set—they've just bought a new flivver. If I was only near enough to ride on the North Shore Line I would soon get ahead of them.

Going up to the hard coal country now. The miners up there are getting set for a strike April 1. Somebody is going to be April-fooled proper. They want 20 per cent increase over the present scale. Why not? Railroads use coal and have lots of money to buy more. If you don't believe me, ask them what they did with my wallet last year. Business is sure good. Wish my appetite was normal.

Yours,

Loophound.

We had another letter from Loophound which he asked us to throw in the waste basket. He takes pride in his work and he says he has been off color for the last month. Cheer up, all of us literary geniuses get that way once in a while. We fear you are sighing and repining too much. He says he moved into his new abode in Pittsburgh on Dec. 31 and spent New Year's eve unpacking. It reminded him of other New Year's eves, when he handled the goblets with less care. Try singing, there's nothing like it for chasing the blues. We try it sometimes and it not only chased the blues, but the rest of the family out of the house.

Mr. Peebles, the bard of Plymouth, has written us several letters, but he is very considerate of our feelings and all his contributions were in prose. Our comments on his poetical effusion in last month's BULLETIN nearly finished him, he says. We had no thought of choking him, but that is what he says we did. He writes:

Just received the BULLETIN and will say again what I have said many times before, that each number that comes along is just a little better than the one that preceded it. I will say, however, that if Jim Ham is correct in his idea that the members of the Family will increase if you cut out the



"poets," then you made a bad start in the new year.

I wonder how Loophound feels? I'll bet he had a doggone good laugh to himself about it all and I expect his next letter will be a corker. But let me tell you this. I laughed more at what you had to say about Loophound swearing off and bringing you into disgrace than over anything else in the BULLETIN. The comical way you brought that out set me laughing and started a cough, which has been troubling me this winter. I coughed for an hour and had to enlist the services of Dr. Drinkwater and Dr. Coughdrop.

I was greatly interested in that description of the new snow plow on the North Shore Line and would like to see it at work. As there is not enough snow to give it a fair trial, it might be a good idea to gather up all the loose snow near the line and throw it into one of the cuts and let the big fellow at it. If you think well of that idea and need help, just let me know and I will be there with a snow shovel.

Another thing which pleased and interested me was reading of the good work the North Shore Line is doing in the way of educating and entertaining the foreign-born men who keep the tracks in repair. That is a grand and glorious work, for which the road is deserving of the highest commendation. In teaching these foreigners the English language I hope your instructor will not do what I did on one occasion when I worked in Chicago with two Swedes just over from the old country. They could not speak a word of English when I first worked with them, but they soon became adepts in the use of profanity and they said I taught them. What do you know about that?

Sincerely,

J. D. Peebles.

We can hardly believe Mr. Peebles that you taught those Swedes to cuss, but we have frequently noticed that cuss words are the first which the foreigner learns. Maybe it is because they usually are so expressive.

Although we frequently have threatened to place a ban on the poets, we find it hard to carry out the threat. We "view with alarm" the approach of spring, as that is the open season for poets. But as we have remarked before,

rhymes are better than no contributions and so far we have not had any protests against the rhymsters from the other members of the Family. For that reason we are going to let Bob Robinson, the soda-water clerk in the Highland Park station have his say. He writes:

The soda-jerking which I do  
Down here at Highland Park  
Is the cause for all the rag I chew  
And my postic spark;  
So don't blame me for this short rhyme,  
I've told you how it is,  
You can't expect a piece to chime  
From one who serves soft fiz.

The other day I took a ride  
On our old North Shore Line,  
An "ad" on some new song I spied,  
An illustrated sign.  
I knew the tune, but not the words,  
It was "Ain't we got fun,"  
And as I wished to sing like birds  
This rhyme was then begun.

I sang it once, but oh, how punk,  
My voice was full of rust,  
The "conny" heard my softened junk  
And frowned in deep disgust.  
I send you this soft fiz rhyme.  
It won't make young hearts throb,  
But it may fill some lingering time,  
Till then I'm

Jerker Bob.

Well, at least our regular contrib, Jim Ham, seems to have reformed with the new year. Evidently he has sworn off poetry, his latest contribution being in more or less fancy prose. Here it is:

Thinkin' over the wage controversy betwixt the Chicago unions and the Citizens Committee on the Landis Award causes one to believe that the unions have adopted the following slogan: "We'll now give our families and the public a little consideration—just as little as possible."

Way back yonder down on the farm the old man was able to procure ten hours consistent labor for one buck two bits. Golly, how things have changed! Seems difficult these days to get folks to work sixty, instead of ten times sixty minutes for said remuneration. Maybe we're all more or less spoilt on the work stuff. Used to be that we were satisfied to de-



pend upon physical exertion or the old gray mare to transport us short, and sometimes long distances, but now with our Henry's and our automobiles we're prone to seek the course of least resistance and, by lack of exercise, render ourselves subject to the flock of fancy operations folks seem to glory in these days. Yes, education is a great thing.

The modern tendency to consider monkey glands, goloshes and short skirts necessary, and such superfluities as appendixes, gall bladders, tonsils, eyebrows and underwear unnecessary, causes one to wonder whattell brains are for, or are they?

They say sacramental wine is plenteous these days, but, Chief, let us beware lest we meet the same fate as those religious gents who recently drained the dregs of a varnish pot in cleansing their souls by the sacramental route. Course I know we have sufficient intuition to detect home brew, even in church, and when it comes to varnish, we'd be insulted, that's all. But then, Chief, some folks it seems would even go to church for a drink.

However, it's a good world after all and we're glad we're living. Let us be of continued good cheer and the trials of ourselves and our friends will be fewer.

Cordially,

Jim Ham.

That's right, Jim. We believe in that good cheer stuff. As for the church elders who drank japa-lac, instead of apple jack, it's all interior finish, anyway.

We have told you before that the friends of the BULLETIN are not necessarily confined to this side of the Atlantic. Here we have a letter from Ireland with good wishes for the coming year. You have heard before about Father W. J. Colton, of St. Michael's College in County Louth. He writes, through W. S. Young of Milwaukee as follows:

I am just sending a few lines to wish you and the North Shore Line a very happy Christmas and a New Year of happiness and prosperity. As I am in my 89th year I don't see any prospect of ever seeing America, but I advised our Fathers in America, should they ever travel near the North Shore Line, they should try to travel by it, as the

best railroad in America for comfort and attention to travelers.

I am still able to attend to my patients and one day last week had fifteen patients writing for medicine. How long I can continue I don't know. This may be my last Christmas.

Many, many thanks for the BULLETINS and again wishing you a happy Christmas with all its joys and blessings.

Yours sincerely,

W. J. Colton.

We are informed by Mr. Young that Father Colton has actually done what he says and informed a lot of priests when going between Chicago and Milwaukee to go by the North Shore Line. You see we have boosters in the Irish Free State.

Mrs. Clark, of Detroit, writes:

That was a mighty handsome little card which came to me during the Yuletide holidays. Thank you for it. It certainly is a fine little reminder of the Road of Service. Why, you can see for yourself that a blizzard is nothing in the life of the North Shore Line.

Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

Funny about that little Christmas card which the North Shore Line handed out to patrons and which was mailed with the BULLETIN to readers. When we asked an artist to make a drawing, we didn't exactly have that idea of defiance of a blizzard in mind. In fact when the original picture was shown us, we thought the artist had rather overdone the snowstorm. But everyone who saw it said the idea was fine, as it showed a North Shore train speeding along in spite of the blizzard. That idea didn't occur to the artist any more than to us, until it was mentioned by others. Well, that is a measure of art, isn't it, to make a picture tell even more than the artist intended?

Our Milwaukee correspondent, Jumbo, writes:

Here I am at it again, fixing up another line for the North Shore Bull. It is gratifying to think that this BULL is never tied up,



that once every month it is let loose and with the aid of Uncle Sam it storms the four quarters of the earth, where people are eagerly awaiting its arrival.

There is an old saying that wherever there is smoke there must be fire, and it goes in this case. Wherever there is a BULL there is a pen and while in this case there are lots of pens, we all know the best pen is wielded every month by the Chief Scribe.

Some birds might think that my own line is pretty good, but it isn't in it with the North Shore Line, because the North Shore Line can't be beat. As long as we poor prevaricators are helping along the BULL without the aid of Spanish, we might as well apply a little Scotch.

Here Mr. Jumbo relates a Scotch story, but as it is old and has appeared in the BULLETIN before, we will not repeat it. We do not wish to discourage him, however, and might say that when we read that sentence in his letter about "applying a little Scotch" it raised our hopes. A little application of Scotch wouldn't be so bad in this weather. Anyway, we need your help on this column, so write early and often.

#### CLEAN CARS; GOOD SERVICE

THE following letter was received by H. A. Johnson, Superintendent of Equipment on the North Shore Line:

"I had a very pleasant ride from Chicago to Milwaukee last evening and I wish to congratulate you on the clean and neat appearance of your cars.

"I want to take this occasion, through you, to thank your Transportation Department for the efficient manner in which my baggage was handled. I received my trunk very promptly this morning at the Wisconsin Hotel, and found my claim check awaiting me at the ticket office in Chicago last evening when I got there.

"Very truly yours,

"L. L. Wolf, Cincinnati."

They certainly do handle baggage on the North Shore Line in a way that pleases passengers.

#### ESSAY ON SCOTLAND

ALTHOUGH not in the habit of conducting lessons on commercial geography in the BULLETIN, the following "Essay on Scotland," relayed us by Tom Lockhart, the Kenosha jeweler, may interest our readers. Evidently it was written some time ago, before the demise of the late Andrew Carnegie. It is said to have been written by a school pupil in Bunbury, Western Australia and reprinted from the "Southern Times" in that city. We don't vouch for the correctness of the origin, however, for we understand it was printed in a St. Louis Sunday paper some time ago. Anyway, here it is:

Scotland is a braw wee land on the north of England; it has water nearly all round it and whisky over a large part of it. The population is about four and a half million, including Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own, and if one can pronounce it correctly, it is an infallible test of sobriety. It produces considerable mineral wealth, but very little of it finds its way out of the country.

Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts, as well as in the pockets of certain natives, but in both cases it has been found difficult to extract.

The best known exports of Scotland are Harry Lauder and Scotch whisky, though sufficient of the latter is retained in the country to satisfy the demands of home consumption. The chief import in recent years is Winston Churchill.

The national dress of Scotland is the kilt, which is a kind of short petticoat. In pattern it resembles a chessboard, though in cold weather the wearer finds it more like a draught board. It is believed to have been originally invented because the aborigines were unable to find trousers big enough to get their feet in.

The bagpipes provide the chief music of the country. It is a wind instrument, which is said when blown to produce a tune. On many occasions in the history of war, Scotch regiments have marched to death listening to the strains of the bagpipes, though it is not known whether their willingness to meet the former was inspired by their desire to escape from the latter.

Scotland has produced many well known men, among them being Robert Burns, believed to have been



a poet. It is usually denied that he was born in Battersea. His famous poems were "Scots Wha Hae" and "Stop Your Tickling Jock." In Scotland for a couple to declare themselves man and wife in the presence of witnesses is tantamount to a marriage, though there is often a tendency in many quarters to dispense with the witnesses.

The chief national characteristic is reckless expenditure.

The "essay" seems to cover the subject pretty well, but we believe it should have said that the country was originally discovered by Sir Walter Scott.

### COMMENDS COURTESY OF CREWS

**T**HE following letter received from a Milwaukee patron of the North Shore Line is self-explanatory:

"I have usually been in the habit of riding to Chicago on the steam roads, but not long ago I had occasion to visit Chicago with my family and my wife expressed a desire to take the North Shore Line down, which we did. As a result, I am convinced that you could not get a group of men anywhere in the U. S. A. so imbued with the spirit of service, so inspired with a sense of their obligations to the traveling public, as the train crews of the North Shore Line running between Milwaukee and Chicago. My congratulations to the management.

"Yours very truly,

"Edwin A. Douglass,

"Milwaukee."

The aim of the management and of the employes of the North Shore Line is to give good service to the public, and it is given cheerfully. There is one thought comes from reading the above letter, which confirms what we many times have said in this BULLETIN, that is, that the women folks of the family have most sense. You will note it was Mrs. Douglass who insisted on riding on the North Shore Line, with the result that everyone was pleased.

### A COURTEOUS COLLECTOR

**F**OLLOWING is a letter received by J. W. Simons, Superintendent of Transportation on the North Shore Line:

"I wish to report the kind and courteous manner in which your collector conducted himself on car No. 162 that left Kenosha, Jan. 3, at 3:47 p. m. His courtesy to a crippled passenger and assistance rendered others on the car was a credit to him and to his employers. The writer was so impressed that he feels it should be called to your attention.

"Very truly yours,

"J. D. Taylor, Chicago."

The employe commended in the foregoing letter is Collector E. Stancioe. It is gratifying to note that occasionally a pleased passenger sends a commendation of an act of courtesy. We are all so apt to criticise, rather than praise, and a little sign of recognition like the above, does a great deal to encourage employes. We have often thought how much pleasanter this old world of ours would be if we bestowed the flowers on the living rather than on the dead, who cannot appreciate them.

### HE COULDN'T BE WRONG

During the war a Scotch Presbyterian minister and a Roman Catholic priest were chaplains in the same regiment. They became good friends and when the regiment was mustered out the minister approached the priest and said:

"I must confess that when I joined this regiment I was prejudiced against you and your religion, but association with you has quite overcome my prejudice and made me ashamed of it."

"I am very glad to have been the means of you overcoming your prejudice," answered the priest.

"Yes," said the minister. "We both worship the same God, only you worship Him in your way and I in His way."