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CHICAGO  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

# THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

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APRIL, 1922

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*"The Road of Service"*



## WOODLAWN CELEBRATES

**T**HROUGH operation of North Shore trains to Sixty-third street in Chicago was celebrated by the Woodlawn Business Men's Association by an outing to Milwaukee on March 22.

A special train of four cars carried nearly 200 business men from Dorchester avenue and Sixty-third street to Milwaukee, making the 94-mile run in two hours and twenty-five minutes. Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee and representatives of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce, the Rotary and the Kiwanis clubs, met the visiting business men at the North Shore Terminal Station and escorted them to the Milwaukee Athletic Club where luncheon was served.

That the Woodlawn business men appreciate the character of North Shore service is shown by the following letter received by F. W. Shappert, traffic manager:

"I wish to personally thank you for the extreme courtesy shown to myself and all the other men on the train during the trip to Milwaukee of the members of the Woodlawn Business Men's Association and their guests on March 22.

"I wish to extend through my office our thanks, not only to yourself and members of your staff in the traffic department, but also to the members of the train crew, who were exceptionally kind and courteous.

"Again assuring you of all our sincere appreciation and with kindest personal regards, I am

Yours for Pep and Business,

John J. McClugage, President,  
Woodlawn Business Men's  
Association."

By the time this issue of the BULLETIN reaches its readers, the new schedules will be in effect and all North Shore Limited trains will be operating to Dor-

chester Avenue, over the South Side Elevated.

Under the new schedule all trains will stop to receive and discharge passengers at University avenue, Cottage Grove avenue, South Park avenue, Forty-third street and Roosevelt Road on the South Side. This will give Woodlawn and the South Side an hourly service to Milwaukee throughout the day and evening.

Some readers have inquired why the North Shore trains do not stop at Indiana avenue. The reason is that the Indiana avenue station, being a junction point, is used to capacity by elevated trains.

## HENRY CORDELL'S NEW CAR

Henry Cordell, Master Mechanic of the North Shore Line, is a great joker. He also is a dutiful husband and sometimes helps Mrs. Cordell by doing the family marketing.

Henry lives in Wilmette. One night recently he went to one of those cash-and-carry stores to buy some household provisions. He made quite a number of purchases, and as he began piling up the packages in his arms, the clerk offered to have them delivered.

"Oh, I'll just carry them out to the car," said Henry cheerfully.

"Oh, you have a car outside?" said the clerk. "Let me help you carry them out."

The offer was accepted, and laden with packages Henry and the clerk reached the sidewalk. The clerk looked about, but could not see any car.

"Where is your car?" he asked.

"Right here," said Henry, loading the packages he carried into a wheelbarrow.

The clerk fainted, but quickly recovered and gave Henry a look which plainly indicated that his credit at that store had dropped at least fifty points.



# 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. 6

## Editorial Comment

*"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer——"*

**I** SN'T it glorious to get up in the morning, to see the sun shining brightly and all nature rejoicing? Seems as though the weather man was playing an April fool joke on somebody. Well, if that is his idea, we're willing to be fooled.

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**W** E aren't going to play an April fool joke on you by writing editorials about the weather. We'll do it some other way. But this being All Fool's Day, you see we've just got to indulge in a little foolishness. We feel a sort of privileged character this morning, because, of all days of the year, this one is our very own.

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**T** HE bright sunshine this morning makes us feel like going "hunting the gowk." We suppose the rest of you feel the same way, if you know what we mean. Our Plymouth correspondent and a few others, will understand it, all right. It is merely the Scotch way of saying, going on a fool's errand. In the Scottish dialect the cuckoo is spoken of as the "gowk," meaning it is a bird that hasn't any sense. We use the same expression in this country, only we say that a person has gone "cuckoo" or that he is "looney." Any of the expressions will fit in our case this morning.

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**I** T is curious how old customs, like April fool jokes, last throughout the centuries, and in all countries. How did the custom of playing jokes on April 1 originate? There are a number of theories, and as we weren't present when the first April fool joke was played, we are not prepared to say which is correct. One theory is that it originated at the time of the crucifixion of Christ. He was sent from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod and from

Herod back to Pilate. The crucifixion took place about April 1. That theory, however, is classed with a lot of other suggested solutions as being rather far-fetched.

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**T**HE most generally accepted theory of the origin of the custom, is that it had something to do with the vernal equinox, which once was a season of universal festivities. A custom similar to April fooling, has existed in India from time immemorial, in connection with the feast of Huli, or the festival of the spring equinox, which ends March 31. It is commonly supposed that Europe derived its April fooling custom from the French. The French were the first to adopt the reformed calendar, by a decree issued by Charles IX in 1564, which made the new year begin January 1. Previous to that date, the new year began March 25, and the celebration usually carried over to April 1. The period for the bestowal of gifts was changed with the calendar to January 1, and those who didn't like the change, were made the butt of jokes, and were sent on fruitless errands. It was about the beginning of the eighteenth century that the making of April fools became a common custom in Great Britain, although April 1 appears to have been observed for centuries previous to that date. In Scotland, as we have said, the custom is called "hunting the gowk."

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**W**HAT we had in mind though, when we said we felt like going "hunting the gowk," was that we felt like taking a holiday when we saw the sun shining so brightly. If we hadn't had this stuff to write, we would have done it, too, only it's much the same. We get nearly as much fun out of this as the other, even if we do have to stay in our office. Somehow the idea of a holiday and April 1, seem to go together. There's the coal miners, for instance. They went on a holiday, and it is quite possible that later on, they will find it was just an April fool joke, and that they really are "hunting the gowk." Of course, it may turn out that the joke is on the rest of us, but no one seems to be worrying much about it. Then the big nations of the world have declared for a ten-year naval holiday, for which we are thankful. If only the esteemed Senate would declare a ten-year holiday for itself everybody would be happy. But that is too much to hope for this side of paradise.

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**T**HAT ten-year naval holiday pleases us immensely. The ratification of the four-power treaty by the Senate was a fine piece of work. The subsequent ratification of the nine-power treaty and the others of minor importance wound up America's part in the most important international conference ever held. In spite of the opposition to ratification in the Senate, or should we say because of the opposition, we believe it insures world peace, for at least ten years. That



is a good start. Hundreds of millions of dollars, which would have been spent in a competitive race to build battleships, will be available for peaceful trade and commerce. The four-power treaty removes the causes for probable war in the Pacific and is a tribute to American leadership in international statesmanship. It places America where it rightfully belongs, as the most powerful factor in shaping the destiny of the world. That, we believe, is the almost universal sentiment of the country, in spite of the efforts of a few newspapers and a few members of the Senate to block the way to progress.

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**I**SN'T it a good thing for the country that international treaties do not have to be ratified by the House as well as Senate? If they had, if we are to judge by the debate in the Senate, the ten-year period would have passed before the matter ever came to a vote. You see there are only 96 senators to make speeches, while there are 435 members of the lower house. At that, the opposition to the treaties was confined largely to about a half dozen men. In no other place than on the floor of the Senate would such attacks on the integrity of men holding high official positions be tolerated. But a senator can say anything he pleases and get away with it—at least in the Senate. Were the country to take seriously some of the things said during the debate we would be compelled to believe that our American representatives in the Washington conference were a lot of fools, or worse. But, we believe, no one does take such statements seriously. A few of our esteemed senators work themselves up to a white heat over very little, but the people of the country, as a whole, keep remarkably cool. It is well that they do.

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**R**EALLY some of the arguments used in trying to prevent ratification of the international treaties would be amusing were it not that they had to do with such a tremendously important subject. First, it was discovered by some of our senators, who could give Sherlock Holmes a few pointers on sleuthing, that the four-power treaty was written in England and that Mr. Balfour carried it over here in his inside coat pocket. Had that been true, we can't see that it should have made a great deal of difference if the treaty itself was a good one. But, of course, it was not true and Secretary Hughes promptly settled the point by admitting that he wrote the treaty on his trusty typewriter. The next thing discovered was that there was a secret understanding between the United States and Great Britain that did not appear in any of the treaties. Again, President Harding and Secretary Hughes denied promptly the existence of any such understanding. The opposition was in desperate straits, seeing the ground slipping from under their feet, so they attacked the integrity of the Americans who negotiated the treaties. Were such tactics resorted to in a prize



fight, the referee would stop it promptly and disqualify the fighter for hitting below the belt, but, as we have said, the Senate can do anything. Some of these days we expect to see Senator Borah making the discovery that the Declaration of Independence was written in England. We'll bet that if it should occur to him to make such a statement, he could talk three days in defense of his position.

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**A**FTER all, we're mighty proud to be a citizen of this country, and we think that our government is the best on earth. We have a lot of respect for the wisdom of the Senate, as a body, even if that respect doesn't extend to each individual member. Sometimes we wonder if the election of senators by direct vote resulted in any marked improvement. We doubt if it isn't like a lot of other legislative remedies, better in theory than in practice. As we have said before in this column, we are not strong for the popular notion that all our troubles, real and imaginary, can be cured by the passage of new laws. In fact, we believe that were it possible for our legislative bodies to take a ten-year holiday the country wouldn't suffer so that you could notice it. It might give the country time to consider ways of enforcing some of the laws now on the statute books. But the legislative mills—national, state and municipal—will keep on grinding out new laws about which the people know little and care less. We have a notion that one of the reasons why there is such a disrespect for law is because we have so many of them. And there always is a great plenty of busybodies around who want to see a few more enacted to regulate the conduct of others. They, of course, are not in need of any regulation themselves.

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**W**HAT do you think of the proposed law to prohibit women smoking in public in Chicago? They have slipped such a law over in New York and, of course, Chicago is not going to get left out in the cold. Personally, we don't like to see women smoking, either in public or privately, but if our wise legislators wish to see the practice become common, they cannot do anything better to encourage the habit than prohibit it by law. Women then will take to smoking, just to show their independence. They might also turn the tables on the male lawmakers and prohibit smoking by anyone. That would be fair enough if we are going further into the business of regulating personal conduct. We like to think that class legislation cannot prevail in this country, because it is unconstitutional. Why shouldn't sex legislation come under the same heading? It is just such laws, and proposed laws, that breed contempt for all law, which is a dangerous condition for a people to get into. But our legislative mills are actually driving the people into that dangerous state of mind. Why don't they give us a rest?



**I**N that connection we venture the guess that the present strike of coal miners will result in some more experimental legislation. We will no doubt hear a great deal about the "nationalization of coal mines," the same as was heard in Great Britain, during the coal strike there last year. In fact, the strike over there was called largely with that end in view. It didn't succeed. We notice that President Lewis of the miner's organization says he is in favor of the government standardizing the coal mining industry, but he is unalterably opposed to the government regulating the wages of the miners. That very aptly epitomizes the whole modern trend of government interference with industry. Regulate the other fellow. To Lewis and to others who plead for special interests it seems all right to fix by law the selling price of a commodity, but don't interfere with the cost of producing it. Let the government operate an industry and sell the product at a price that will be popular. If there is a deficit, as there inevitably would be, meet it from the general taxes. That is the popular theory held by those who advocate government ownership of everything. The fact that it has not worked successfully anywhere it has been tried doesn't seem to make any difference to the advocates of this fallacy.

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**T**HERE are so many instances where it can be shown that government, or municipal operation of an industry, is so much more expensive and less efficient than private operation, that one might wonder why any sensible citizen could favor it. Back of it all lies the idea of being able to get something for nothing. That, at least, is what many suppose. They really pay for what they get, and pay a higher price too, but as part of it comes out of a common pot, they seem to think it is all right. The railroads of the country haven't yet recovered from the effects of government operation during the war. That was during war times, it is true, but the rule holds good in times of peace. The Canadian railroads, owned and operated by the government, failed to earn their actual operating expenses by \$20,000,000 in 1921, according to a report which lies on our desk. That deficit, too, does not include any interest on the investment, which, if earned, would increase the deficit to \$120,000,000 for the year. The people of Canada have to make up that deficit in the form of increased taxes. There is no escape from that, so that those who used the railroads a little have to pay their share with those who used them a great deal. Wouldn't it be better to have each one pay for what he got?

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**T**HE experience of Canada is not peculiar. Dispatches from Paris say that the French government is about to dispose of its railways, because of the constantly growing deficit from government operation. The largest railroad system in France is owned and operated by the government. Before the government took the system over in 1904 the



roads had been prosperous. Within four years the profits turned to deficits, which have been constantly growing since. While the government-owned and operated railroads were yearly incurring deficits, the privately owned railroads in France showed profits up to the time of the war, when the government assumed control of all lines, as it did here, and guaranteed their earnings. We have a lot of theory justifying government ownership and operation of industry, but there is nothing in actual experience which leaves room for argument. Government or municipal operation is more expensive than private operation, for the reason that it removes the incentive to economize. That has been shown by actual experience and the government-ownership-advocates-of-everything cannot refute it with facts. They can, and do, with theories.

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**I**N that connection, we might mention another government-owned industry in Canada, that is attracting a good deal of attention in that country at this time, that is the hydro-electric plant at Niagara Falls. An American electrical engineer, William S. Murray of New York, recently completed an exhaustive report on the subject, based upon several months of investigation and study. The report shows, among other things, that the privately-owned plants on the American side of the falls are producing light and power at a cost about 17 per cent on the average lower than the government-owned plant on the Canadian side. That, too, in spite of the fact that the American companies use much more steam power in producing the electrical energy than is used on the Canadian side. Another interesting comparison is that while wages and salaries are higher under government ownership, the total revenue earned for each employe is 27 per cent lower than under private operation. The total revenue earned for each dollar paid in wages and salaries is 31 per cent lower for the government-owned plant than for those privately operated.

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**T**HE government-owned plant, of course, is exempt from taxes, but it would not appear that such exemption is of much benefit to the people of Ontario. The report shows that the tax rate for ordinary expenses is \$49.30 per capita in Ontario, as compared with \$27.10 in Quebec. If the government-owned hydro-electric plant supplied light and power at a lower price than the privately-owned plants, it might be argued that the higher tax rate was justified. But the higher cost of production must be met, one way or the other, either in the price charged for the service, or in higher taxes on the public in the province, many of whom may not get the benefit of the service. In summarizing his conclusions, Mr. Murray says that to attempt to substitute public operation of utilities for private operation in the United States would be to strike a blow at economic structures, which



are far better equipped to protect the public interests in their conjunctive relation with the public service commissions of the states regulating rates. He says that taxes are not actually eliminated, when government or municipally owned utilities are exempted. There is just as much money collected in taxes, the only difference being in its distribution. Under private ownership only the users of service pay the bills while in the case of the government or municipally owned utility all the people pay the bills.

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**W**ELL it is time to wind up. We started out "hunting the gowk" and the hunt has taken us into a number of fields, as such hunts usually do. But what is a poor "gowk" of an editor going to do? We try to write stuff that will interest you, and sometimes we succeed. Some readers even say that we succeed all the time, but we are not sure about that. Why not give us a little help? Suggest some topics that would interest you. We are here to please you. If we can supply you with any useful information, which you may not have the time or opportunity to dig up for yourselves, we'll do our best to satisfy you. Unless we hear from you, we cannot be sure that you are interested in what we write. What we need is more helpers. We have a few, who do fine work back in their own section of the BULLETIN, but we would be glad to have some of them move up to the front and help out with editorial suggestions. Think it over and then act.

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#### READY FOR BALL SEASON

President Samuel S. Otis of the North Shore Baseball League is getting ready for the opening of the third season and wishes all ball players and teams to get in touch with him. A meeting for this purpose was held in the City Hall at Highwood, April 10.

The Highwood team won the pennant last season, and is going to put up a determined battle to repeat. There are other good teams, however, on the North Shore, some of them not members of the League. This is the time to get in on the ground floor and make the third season the most successful since the League was organized.

#### OVERHEARD IN THE DINING CAR

The following was overheard by a wide-awake BULLETIN cor-

respondent, in a North Shore dining car on a recent Sunday:

"We direct all our salesmen to travel on the North Shore Line when we wish them to concentrate. Fine service, clean and smooth and no noise."

That explains why the North Shore Line is so popular among the knights of the grip.

#### PRAISE FROM CATHOLIC GIRL'S CLUB

**T**HE following letter comes from Waukegan:

The Catholic Girl's Club wishes to thank the North Shore Line, and also Mr. Michaels for his personal attention, in giving such excellent service in bringing the St. Philip Neri Choir to Waukegan on Sunday, March 26.

Respectfully yours,  
Catholic Girl's Club,  
Edna M. Doyle, Chairman,  
Music Committee.



## Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

MILWAUKEE is the home of so many industries, the products of which are known all over the world, that it is not difficult to find material for a story for the BULLETIN, any time the editor pays a visit to the Wisconsin metropolis. The only difficulty we experience is in making a choice, as we can only write about one company in one issue. However, as we expect to live a long time, if our readers will let us, we can keep up this sort of thing indefinitely.

In making a selection for this month, the dominant thought was to write about something that would be interesting to readers. "Something that is very much in the public eye," we thought as we strolled along the Boul. Mich. for a little fresh air after lunch.

"What is most in the public eye at this time?" we asked ourself, and stopped at a street corner to watch the passers-by, in the hope they would supply the answer. They did. The streets were a little muddy—they usually are in Chicago—and that made the answer clearer. But without the mud the answer would be heard, or seen. The thing most in the public eye, or at least of that portion of the public we observed on that particular street corner, was women's hosiery.

Don't think for a minute that we went to that corner to look at women's hosiery! We went looking for an idea, and as we have said the passers-by supplied it. We know, of course, that poets have raved over the beauty of women's ankles, but we are not a poet. Besides those old-fashioned poets lived before the day of

woman's emancipation, when an exposed ankle in public was something to be gazed at in wonder and admiration. It's so different now. However, we are not interested in dress reform. The present styles are good enough.

Getting down to the subject of women's hosiery—we mean, of course, getting down to the subject on our typewriter—we thought about Milwaukee, where they make all kinds of them, with and without seams, holeproof and otherwise, full-fashioned, for women with trim ankles and for women whose ankles ought to be trimmed. So we decided to go to Milwaukee and find out why the seams don't run straight up and down, or whether it is the stockings or the legs that are twisted.

Seeking enlightenment on such an important subject, quite naturally we went to the Phoenix Knitting Works, as it is known as the largest knitting works in the world, in which the manufacturer supplies the retailer direct, without dealing with jobbers. The growth of the company, too, has been phenomenal, for in 1914 the Phoenix Knitting Works consisted of one building and gave employment to about 400 workers, while today the company occupies twelve separate buildings and is building a thirteenth, which will be 120 by 170 feet and eight stories in height. The company today employs 3,500 employees, of whom 2,800 are women and girls.

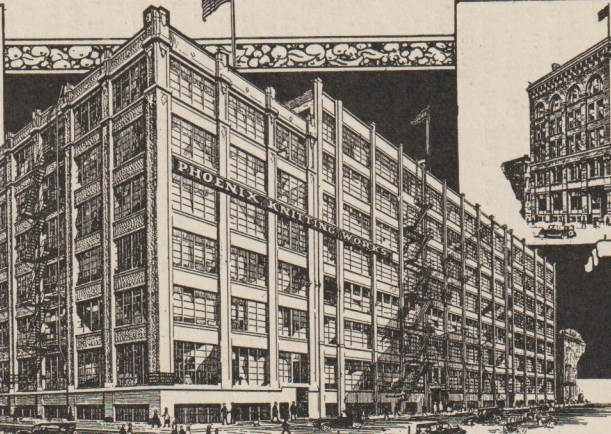
As the Phoenix Knitting Works manufactures silk hosiery only, the rapid growth of the company may be taken as an indication of how the demand for silk stockings has grown. During the war



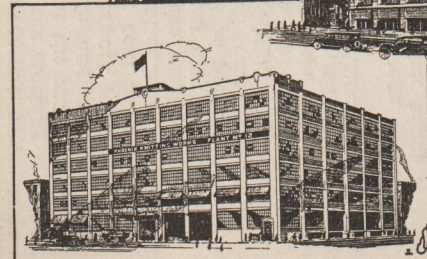
# PLANTS OF PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS.



PLANTS №1 & 2



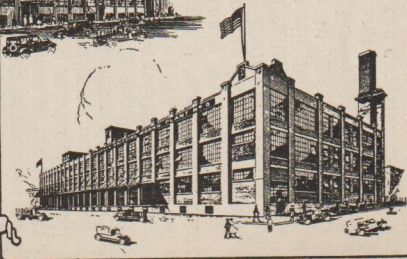
PLANT №7



PLANT №12



PLANTS № 3-4-5-6



PLANT №8



and for a time after its close, everyone spoke of the laborer and his silk shirt, but it would appear that silk stockings are no longer considered a luxury. At least the Phoenix Knitting Works has not felt the business depression, which has affected most industries, and today is unable to supply the demand for its products. None of its customers are able to get all they wish. The company has to anticipate its productive capacity for a period of six months and apportion its output among its customers accordingly.

We are not going to attempt to describe the processes of making silk hosiery, because we saw so much in our hurried trip through the main plant that our impression of it is largely a maze of whirling machinery. Our guide informed us that the great demand of today is for "full-fashioned" stockings, which are knitted flat and afterwards sewed.

One thing which interested us was to see a number of blind men at work turning the stockings, after they had been sewed. The blind men appeared to be quite expert at the work. Numbering machines were attached to the work benches, and as a stocking was turned, the man put his foot on a treadle and the counting machine registered.

As our guide showed us from one department to another, we received a distinct shock on entering one room, when we saw hundreds of shapely bare legs sticking up in the air. We wondered if the room had suddenly been turned upside down, and the girls were standing on their heads. Our guide noticed us blush and turn away, so he hastened to explain that the legs were aluminum. Thus reassured we examined them. They are used to dry and iron the stockings. The aluminum legs are hol-

low, and when a stocking is drawn over one, steam is turned on and the stocking is dried and ironed at the same time.

All the employes are paid on the piecework plan, and a bonus of 8 per cent is paid weekly for regular attendance. To earn this bonus, the employe must be on time every day. Another general bonus of 15 per cent, which was given all employes during the days of high wages and labor shortage, is still continued in force, as this firm has not reduced wages, although it has been obliged to reduce the prices on its products.

To encourage continuity of service another bonus is paid of 2 per cent for the first year and 1 per cent for each additional year. Some employes have been in the service so long that they are now receiving an annual bonus of 27 per cent of their wages.

The products of the Phoenix Knitting Works are known throughout the country to represent honest value for the price. The reputation the firm has built up on the quality of its products, together with the fact that during the days of unusual high prices it did not take advantage of the demand to exact exorbitant profits, no doubt accounts for its present activity when most industrial concerns are feeling the business depression. The firm did not charge "all the traffic would bear" at the time when it might have done so, but preferred to build for the future, and it has learned that its policy was a wise one.

Within the last two years the Phoenix Knitting Works added women's silk underwear to its products and is developing a good business in that line. Its chief product, however, is women's silk hosiery, and it is upon that it has built up the enviable reputation it enjoys.



## COMMENDATIONS

**T**HE service given on the North Shore dining cars is the kind that pleases patrons and makes it of it to others. A North Shore diner is made to feel that he is receiving a personal attention that is not usual on railroad dining cars:

The following letter from a pleased patron, sent to Thomas E. Welsh, superintendent of the dining car service, speaks for itself:

Yesterday I was fortunate enough to take dinner in the dining car, which left Milwaukee at 6 o'clock p. m., and I feel that I would be doing both you and myself an injustice did I not let you know how the service appeals to those for whom it is intended.

I found the dining car neat, clean and well ventilated; the linen, silver and tableware spotless, and the kitchen service prompt and very satisfactory in every detail. The waiters were most courteous and attentive, without any apparent effort to be so, and altogether the meal was everything that any reasonable-minded person could ask for.

Perhaps the fact that I had seventeen years' service in the Dining Car Department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad might, in a measure, give me the right to say that I know such service comes only from patient, persistent and intelligent management, and I know also how much easier it is for some folks to criticize rather than commend.

I am very grateful to you for having added so much to a trip which was already delightful.

Very truly yours,  
G. K. Ogden,  
Chicago.

The writer of that letter having been, as he says, for seventeen years in the business himself, should be qualified as an authority on the subject, and his unsolicited recommendation indicates that the service on the North Shore Line exceeded his expectations.

## EVERY TRIP A PLEASURE

**A** CLERGYMAN in Granville, Wis., writes as follows:

I cannot let this occasion pass without letting you know, in all sincerity, the pleasure that I derive from every trip I take on the North Shore Line. You are certainly giving the public excellent service, and are to be commended. I feel sure that if all your patrons are as satisfied with North Shore Line service as I am, there will be very few complaints received at your office.

Wishing you continued success and prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly,

Rev. Jos. M. Vosburgh, O. S. M.

## PRAISE FROM PACIFIC COAST

**T**HE Pacific Electric Railway Company publishes a monthly magazine for its employes, and in its last issue there appears an article by O. A. Smith, passenger traffic manager, giving an account of a tour of investigation of railway service in eastern cities. It seems that on the tour the party went over the North Shore Line among others and this is what is said about it:

While our mission was particularly one of securing cars for city service, we were, of course, also interested in the details of operation and equipment used in the eastern cities in interurban service. What we unanimously decided as being the best interurban service seen during our visit, was that of the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad, operating between Chicago and Milwaukee. We observed that their service, equipment and facilities compare very favorably with operation of our San Bernardino line. Other than this line, we saw nothing which approaches the interurban service of the Pacific Electric, and nothing at all on the extensive scale that we operate in Southern California.

That is a pretty good recommendation for the North Shore Line, coming from another road in the same line of business. The Pacific Electric, however, is a line which can afford to criticize, for it is generally conceded to be one of the best, as well as one of the most extensive electric railway systems in the country. A



few years ago we spent a day riding over its lines running out of Los Angeles to the coast and we thought it the best we had ever traveled on. But at that time we were not as familiar with the North Shore Line as we are today.

#### DESERVING OF PRAISE

**H**ERE is a commendation, relayed through H. O. Wood, manager of the Hotel Wisconsin in Milwaukee, to F. W. Shappert, Traffic Manager of the North Shore Line. Mr. Wood writes:

I wish Mr. Budd or you could have heard the talk I had, yesterday, with Mr. Louis K. Liggett, who, I believe, is the largest drug merchant in the world, regarding the attention he received on the North Shore Line coming to Milwaukee. He reached Chicago over the Twentieth Century, and at the instigation of your man at the LaSalle street station, was turned over to the North Shore, leaving the LaSalle street station a few minutes after the Twentieth Century arrived. He spoke not only of this man at the LaSalle street station, but also of the train conductor and colored porter, and if you are deserving of the praise given you, you are operating a better railroad than I ever thought you were.

If Mr. Liggett leaves here and has one-half as much to say about the Wisconsin Hotel as he had of the North Shore Line, I would like to have the pleasure of hearing it.

H. O. Wood, Manager.

Well, that Eastern Limited on the North Shore Line, which makes connections with the Twentieth Century and the Broadway Limited, is an excellent train and deserves all the praise that can be bestowed on it. It is run for the convenience of through travelers, and judging from the foregoing letter, it is meeting their requirements. However, the proof of the pudding is the eating of it, and if any one has any doubt about the service given on the Eastern Limited, we would advise him to give it a trial.

#### THANKS TICKET AGENT

**T**HE following letter comes from a pleased passenger in appreciation of an act of courtesy. He writes:

Last Thursday, March 14, I bought a ticket at the upper floor ticket office at Adams and Wabash for the 4:45 p. m. train to Milwaukee, and requested the lady ticket agent to check a small sample case for me, to follow on a later train.

I took the case to the side entrance of the ticket office to have the claim check attached and carelessly left my pocketbook at the cashier's window. When I missed the book a few minutes later and inquired of her about it, she promptly and courteously returned it to me, and I wish to thank her for it.

Yours very truly,

O. Jacobs.

The lady in question at Adams and Wabash is Miss Genevieve Hartley. She enjoyed eating the box of candy which this grateful passenger gave her.

#### ANOTHER AGENT THANKED

**T**HE following letter was received from a lady in Racine, commending the ticket agent at Central Street, Evanston:

I wish to call your attention to an incident that happened while I was traveling over your line some time ago. After purchasing a ticket for Racine at your Central Street Station, Evanston, I sat down in the waiting room and busied myself with a newspaper. After a while, the agent in charge called the train, and I very hurriedly gathered up my numerous parcels, but left my purse on the bench inside. I was just about to step into the train when the agent, who I have since learned is Mrs. Theresa Schultz, came running out to me with my purse. She saw it lying on the bench where I had been sitting, and got it before some one else might have "lifted" it.

A word of commendation to your company for having this honest employe serve you, through serving yours patrons so well.

Respectfully,

Wilma R. Shields,

Racine.



## With the Bulletin Family

**W**HAT'S the matter with the Family this month? Can't be they have caught spring fever, so early in the season.

Ordinarily at this season of the year we should expect a large supply of spring poetry, but even the poets are silent. Quiller-Couch, or Fuller Hootch, or whatever his name is, said recently that we can't have both poetry and prohibition. When we read that statement, we thought the man who made it was like a lot of other Englishmen, and Englishwomen, especially the latter, who come to this country on lecture tours and say crazy things to get their names in print. But he may have been right. At least the BULLETIN poets haven't favored us this month, so we conclude that they are all sober and sorry for it.

Well, if we haven't as many letters from contribs as usual, it gives us a chance to fall back on the "leftover." We have two or three news ones at that, although not the usual number. Don't get into the habit of neglecting your duty to the Bulletin Family. You have no idea how many readers look for your letters.

Our most popular contrib, Loophound, has neglected us this month, but has promised to get it under the wire, if possible. It may come along before we "make up" the BULLETIN, and we can stick it in. Anyway, if we don't get it, he made up in a way by paying us a personal visit. He is still in very good standing.

Loophound told a pretty good joke on himself, which the other members of the Family might wish to hear. Being in Chicago on a hurried business trip, he went to the offices of his firm

and in talking with one of the officials, he found the latter was quite an enthusiastic booster for the North Shore Line. Loophound didn't know that before, so he let the boss talk about the excellent service and good qualities of the road.

"Ever read the little Bulletin the road publishes?" asked Loophound. "Oh, yes, I read it regularly," answered his boss.

"Did you see the picture of my baby in the March number?" asked Loophound.

"No, I didn't see that."

A copy of the BULLETIN was produced and the boss looked at it and read the caption "Loophound III."

"Well, what has that to do with your baby?" he asked in surprise. Then a light began to dawn on him.

"You don't mean that you are Loophound?" he asked.

The culprit admitted his guilt and his boss said: "Well, I didn't know that our eastern representative was a NUT."

We knew that printing that picture of Loophound's baby would be apt to make him reveal his identity. A modest man—and Loophound is modest—may hide his identity, but he won't hide his baby. He just naturally has to admit the fathership, and if that involves admitting the authorship—well, it can't be helped.

We understand that something similar occurred at the North Shore station at Adams and Wabash. Loophound called to get a few copies of the BULLETIN to show his friends. When he asked the young lady in the ticket office, she handed him one copy. He said he would like a few more, on account of the baby's picture.



Then he admitted that he was Loophound, and we understand the ticket agent called all the other employes and staged a reception for him. He had no idea he was so well known. Oh, if the ladies would hold that kind of a reception for the editor—but, what's the use?

At the last minute comes Loophound with his usual contribution, which must be squeezed in somehow. It was written on the train, as he was on his way to Pittsburgh. It is as follows:

Am on my way back to Pittsburgh after four glorious days in Chicago. Many a new moon has shed its rays on State street since I last experienced such solid enjoyment, and which, in no small measure was due to the hospitality of Ye Editor and Mrs. Grant. I trust that we may soon have the opportunity of reciprocating. One shot of home brew makes the whole world spin.

Our car, "Egg Harbor," was probably named after a seaport town, though I don't know where it is. Can't figure out the "egg" business. Suppose it's only natural that eggs are plentiful in a harbor, as that's a place for ships to lay.

The champion liar of all is entertaining in our smoker, but I recalled your admonition to "write my stuff" en route tonight, so I pulled out of Egg Harbor and have established myself at the writing desk in the lounging car, where free stationery is supplied in abundance.

This car makes a hit with the customers. It is furnished, I presume, to keep the cash patrons from becoming bored en route. That explains why there are no "loungers" on the old North Shore. A trip on "The Road of Service" is always interesting. I was assured by the young ladies at Adams and Wabash that North Shore service was better now than last year, when I was a steady patron. Acting on their suggestion, I rode the Eastern Limited to Milwaukee and can vouch for their veracity, as well as their courtesy. Actually believe it has improved. The only disappointment incidental to the round trip, was that the ride was over all too soon. I envy our Vice-President. He rides the road regularly from Wilson avenue to Milwaukee. Hope I'm promoted to a Vice-Presidency soon.

Getting back to the lounging car, one feature which appeals to the married man, is the total absence of the female of the species. In coming through the train, there wasn't a man in sight, until I entered this haven. All the ladies are back yonder. You can actually hear the musical notes of the engine's whistle. No animated discussions of matters dear to every feminine heart, all is quiet along the P. R. R. I believe I know now why the English language is called the mother tongue. Pa doesn't use it much.

Do not for a moment misconstrue my meaning. Early in life I was taught to revere and respect the "weaker sex." I wonder what poor pineapple started that "weaker" stuff? At a tender age I knew for a positive fact, that the hand that rocked the cradle was the hand that ruled the world. At least it ruled my little world at that time.

Still there are some things about the adorable new voters which are not yet obvious to my poor comprehension, for example, why do they spend two dollars and two hours in dolling up their lovely hair and then jam a hat down on their beans till you can hardly see their eyebrows? And why do they conceal their ears so carefully, while dressing their hair, and be so indifferent about concealing their persons while dressing themselves? And why do they cry impartially at weddings and funerals? Can you beat it? Boys will be boys, but women will be girls.

Another thing I never could solve with any degree of satisfaction, is why do they buy neckties for their men folks? I never see neckties on sale when I need a supply, so economy can't be the underlying motive. A fellow who wears a tie bought by his wife, or best girl, must either be blinded by love, or he doesn't care two whoops for his personal appearance. If Volstead wants to get back to Congress, he could outdistance the field if he'd back this necktie idea. By the way, where is that cookie now? Didn't he try to make prohibition popular once? How soon we discard those old-fashioned ideas.

Well, it's bedtime. We're in the yards at Fort Wayne. Our energetic Afro-American has put away the loganberry juice and eaten the last of the sandwiches. Wish I had stayed over with some of you Cook County prescription hunters.

Yours,

Loophound.



That letter ought to bring forth a hot reply from some of our women contribs. We'll bet "Sardonix" of Plymouth could make it hot for that bird Loophound, if she would take up her pen. The field is open, and may the best man—or woman—win.

Our regular Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, comes to bat with two or three letters, as is his usual custom, so we can give only excerpts from them. One of his letters contains so much praise for the editor of this BULLETIN that it made us blush to read it. If we were only about one-tenth as good as Mr. Peebles seems to think, there would be no question about our entering the pearly gates, when we quit writing the BULLETIN.

In one of his letters Mr. Peebles says in part:

I wish to compliment you on your editorials in this month's BULLETIN. You said your subject was a dry one, and while it might appear so on the surface, it was well watered at the roots. You chose a text and stuck to it, and your text was right and proper. You gave us a history of the North Shore Line, since it was a babe in swaddling clothes. Now you say that the North Shore Line is a good subject to write about in a pinch. I maintain that you should be in a pinch every month. Your editorials should be concerning the North Shore Line, and if not, why not? Are you not working for the Company? Are you not a booster with the rest of us, under the generalship of "Jumbo" of Milwaukee? By the way, where are Jumbo and Jim Ham this month? We look upon them as being regulars now.

At that point, Mr. Peebles, we might say that Jim Ham got pushed out last month, unavoidably. His letter, or rather one of them, was set up in type, but with several others, it had to go into the "leftover" column, which is located in a certain drawer in our desk. Maybe it will show up this month. As for "Jumbo" we haven't heard from him in a

month or two, but have no doubt he will be with us again in the near future.

Mr. Peebles has a lot of other interesting things in his letters, among them being a question of personal conduct, which he wishes us to write a private opinion about. You see, Mr. Peebles seems to regard us as a sort of father confessor, but we are not. We have an opinion on the particular problem of conduct he puts up to us, and as it is general in its application, we see no reason why we might not give it here. It seems that Mr. Peebles has something which weighs on his conscience, although we see no reason why it should. Some years ago, Mr. Peebles had a friend, or an acquaintance, in Chicago, who went out west and was lost to him. It appears that this acquaintance had applied to the government for a pension, on the ground that he lost an arm in the Spanish-American war. Evidently he gave Mr. Peebles' name, as one who could vouch for him.

When the secret service agents of the government looked up Mr. Peebles, they asked if the man had been in the Spanish-American war. Mr. Peebles told them truthfully that he had never heard of it. They asked if he hadn't lost an arm in Cuba. Then Mr. Peebles was obliged to tell them that he knew positively the missing arm wasn't lost in Cuba, but as the result of an accident in Chicago, about which he knew in detail.

He never heard anything more about the case, and now he is wondering if he did the right thing in telling the truth. Since he puts it up to us, we should say that he did. We can imagine a case in which a man might be justified in telling a "white lie," but certainly there could be no such justification in this particular case. So many seem to think that it is all right to defraud the gov-



ernment, or defraud a corporation. We can see no difference between the government or a railroad or a private individual. In temporal affairs, ordinarily, there is room for a compromise. One may weigh the consequences and if the good to be accomplished seems to far outweigh the evil necessary to bring about that good, we are inclined to say it was a "white lie" and let it go. But in spiritual affairs no such latitude is allowed. The ten commandments won't budge, and stealing is stealing. We think, Brother Peebles, that you did the right thing in exposing the fraud. Had you done anything else, you would have been as bad as the other fellow.

There is just one thing about this matter that puzzles the judge. How does your conduct in that particular case square with that fish story you told in last month's BULLETIN? Have you put this problem up to us in an effort to convince us that you always tell the truth, so we can rely on the truth of that fish story? We believe we will have to refer the matter to Loophound, who has a remarkably inflexible conscience when it comes to telling the truth.

From Detroit our old contrib Mrs. Clark writes:

It is nice to receive the BULLETIN and I was very pleased to see the picture of Loophound III. I should like to meet him "face to face" some time.

Since I last wrote you our "Bulletin Baby" has had a new sister, and now with a "family" on my hands I find my time very much occupied. However, I find time to read the BULLETIN and am still as pleased with it as I ever was. I have learned a great many things from reading it and certainly have enjoyed the contrib's column. I feel as if I knew each one of them.

Thanks for the BULLETIN. It is always received with pleasure and read with interest.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

Congratulations, Mrs. Clark, on that little daughter.

We have this month a new contributor from Grand Rapids. Although this is her first direct contribution to the BULLETIN, readers may remember that we reproduced a drawing and a poem of hers on the back cover about a year ago. She is quite an artist. She writes:

Here I am in Grand Rapids, Mich. That's not strange, but it is strange to be without a NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Since last October I haven't had a chance to read what my busy cousin Harold E. Rasmussen has to say to the Bulletin Family. How is my friend Mrs. Esther Clark?

I surely would like to get the BULLETIN to read what the family has to say. They put the bull in the BULLETIN. I like what you have to say, too. I think it is a dandy little book, has more in it of good humor, common sense and wit, than most others its size.

Grand Rapids has its schools, its furniture and its Dutch, now all they need is a road like the North Shore Line to put "rapid" in Grand Rapids. They have some very strange names for their street cars like "Wealthy," "Cherry," "Stocking" and "Shawmut." I ride the "Stocking" line nearly every day. In the evening the stocking is full. They don't wait until Christmas to fill their "Stockings."

The weather is grand. I wish the Bulletin Family might get together to see the first robin. How are all the folks along the North Shore, especially those in Highwood? I like the spring and I hope everybody else does. If they don't, why don't they? It's the time to be happy. All Nature is beginning to sing. I will when I get the BULLETIN. I will feel like drawing and painting, too. With lots of good luck to you all.

Ella Louise Rasmussen.

For a new member of the Family, Miss Rasmussen, you have made a great start. We are sure the rest of the Family will welcome you to the fireside and be glad to hear from you often.

Here is a line from "The Little Minister." No, he isn't the original of Barrie's famous story and play, although he might fit in that role:



He writes:

I have just received a copy of the March BULLETIN, and wish to thank you for it, especially the generous write-up of my wife's husband. I have read the BULLETIN from kiver to kiver, including the story of Brother Peebles. Glad he was able to collect the \$10. plus interest.

Have just returned from a wonderful trip to Pittsburgh, which I will not bother you to read about. Also spoke recently in Rockford, Ill.

Well, the memory of the evening spent with you in Chicago lingers with pleasurable delight. Good luck to you.

Sincerely yours,

W. T. Dorward.

Well, Brother Dorward, you are not the first to speak of that wonderful fish story told in the March BULLETIN by Brother Peebles. In the course of your work in the vineyard, you might use it as a variation of that Jonah and the whale story. They are in the same class.

From Fairmont, W. Va., comes the following:

I had the pleasure in November of going over your line from Chicago to Milwaukee and visiting passenger terminals and freight depots and was very much impressed with your system, especially with your interurban line from Chicago to Milwaukee, which I believe stands out as the best in this country, both as to equipment and service.

Last month I had two friends who were going to Chicago on business and I insisted that they go over your line from Chicago to Milwaukee; leaving on the 12:00 Limited and returning on the afternoon Limited out of Milwaukee. They made this trip and every time I see them they still have some remark to make about that trip.

While in Chicago I received one of your November BULLETINS and was very much impressed with that issue, and if possible would like to be on your mailing list.

Wishing you success, and hope I will be able to have some of my friends who visit Chicago, to travel over your line.

Very truly yours,

C. H. Hardesty.

Mr. Hardesty is himself a railroad man, so that his praise of the North Shore Line has double force. But that is the way with

everyone who gives the North Shore Line a trial.

Here is a newcomer to the contribs' column from Milwaukee and he appears to be terribly modest and sort of timid. Come right in and make yourself at home. Once you make this column you are duly initiated and are welcome to the circle, but, of course, the others contribs expect you to pay your dues. Some contribs like Jim Ham and Mr. Peebles and a few others pay their dues away in advance. The dues have been increased this year on account of the reduced cost of living, so that contribs to keep in good standing must write a letter every six months. Get the habit. This is the letter we have been talking about:

A few weeks ago I secured the January issue of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN at the North Shore Station in Milwaukee and was very much impressed with it and greatly interested. After reading it from cover to cover, I received the impression that the BULLETIN was not only for the employees, but for the traveling public as well.

As I would like to receive the February and following numbers, I would like to know what I must do to have my name placed on your mailing list. Kindly advise me at your convenience what steps I must take to receive the BULLETIN. I am enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. C. Bergholz.

That impression you received about the BULLETIN being intended for the public Mr. Bergholz, is quite correct. In fact, that is its main purpose. Why? Because the traveling public pays our salary and we like to show our appreciation. It wasn't necessary to send a stamped envelope, either, for that matter, because the North Shore Line is ready to invest two cents on any one who has the courage to admit that he read the BULLETIN from cover



to cover and was interested. Write again and get acquainted with the interesting bunch who air their views monthly in this column.

### HE WON THE BET

Mrs. MacPherson had set her heart on a ride in an aeroplane, but her thrifty husband was against it. Finally she induced him to accompany her to a flying field, where he inquired of the aviator his price for a trip.

"Fifty dollars for an hour's trip," replied the aviator.

"It's too much," said Sandy, "I won't pay it."

Sandy turned away with an air of finality, but Mrs. MacPherson renewed her pleading. Again Sandy approached the aviator with a view of driving a better bargain.

"I'll gie ye \$35," he said.

"Fifty dollars, or you can't go up," said the aviator. Then an idea struck him as Sandy turned away shaking his head.

"See here," said the aviator. "I will agree to take you up for \$35 provided you don't say a word while we are in the air. If you speak a word, you must pay me \$65. Is it a bargain?"

Sandy accepted the proposition and the couple got in to the machine. The aviator, when he had reached the proper altitude, began giving them a real joy ride. He looped the loop several times, did a few side spins and nose dives and all the other stunts he knew. After flying for an hour he alighted safely and Sandy shouted, "Can I speak now?"

"Yes," said the aviator, "you have won the bet. What have you to say?"

"I just wanted to say that my wife fell oot on the first turn."

### A VALUABLE ASSISTANT

A Scotsman and his daughter Janet visited some relatives in

London, and everywhere that the father went Janet was sure to go.

Janet's aunt at last suggested to her niece that she might sometimes let her father go out alone. This was Janet's reply:

"Ay, ahnty, but he wahnts me," explained Janet. "He canna thole to stir out o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna bëleeve ho fasht he is onywhere wi-oot me. Ye see, father taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' about, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converrsin'."

### PREPARING FOR THE WORST

MacTavish attended a christening where the host was quite liberal in the distribution of refreshments. Early in the festivities MacTavish arose and going around the circle of assembled guests, he bade each one a cheerful good night.

"What's the maitter, Sandy?" asked his host. "Surely ye're nae leavin' already?"

"Na, I'm nae leavin' yet," said Sandy, "but I'm bidding ye a' guid nicht while I can see ye."

### EASIER TO SAVE

Recently street car fares in Toronto were raised from six for 25 cents to four for a quarter.

"This raise in street car fares is a fine thing for a saving body" said Sandy MacPerson.

"How so?" asked his friend.

"Weel, at the auld rate I had to walk sax times to save a quarter, noo I can save it by walking fower times. It's a 50 per cent saving."

Cotton is probably the most versatile plant in the world. It produces cotton cloth, olive oil, silk stockings, ivory and wool underwear.