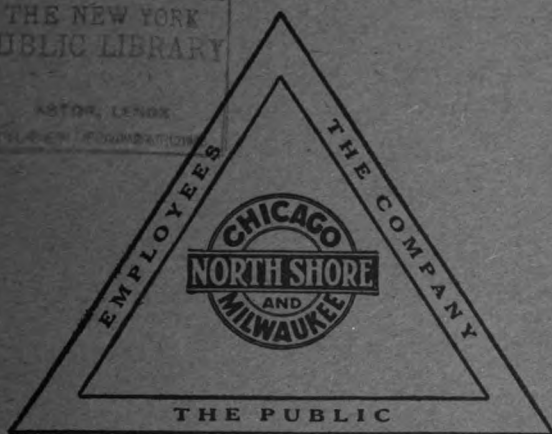


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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JUNE, 1922

THE NEW YORK
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"The Road of Service"

THE FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

THE following letter received by F. W. Shappert, traffic manager of the North Shore Line, will be of interest to every fisherman. The lakes up in northern Michigan are said to be unusually full of fish this year and an arrangement made between the North Shore Line and the Pere Marquette Steamship Line, makes that the most convenient and economical route to travel.

Following is the letter:

Our fishing party was a great success from every point of view. The boys that made the Decoration Day Week-End fishing trip with me to Pleasant Hill, Hamlin Lake, were so well pleased with the service and attention they were shown by the North Shore Line, through the efforts of yourself and your General Passenger Agent, Mr. Petersen, that they all want me to express their thanks, and have decided to make the North Shore Line and the Pere Marquette Steamship Line, their regular means of travel to Hamlin Lake and Ludington, Michigan, hereafter, for in addition to the excellent service your company offers, the rates to Ludington via the North Shore Line and the Pere Marquette Steamship Line are much lower than any other rates.

Hamlin Lake is more than twelve miles long and from one to three and one-half miles wide, and is beautifully wooded on all sides and offers every opportunity for boating, bathing and fishing.

The fishing I do not have to tell you anything about, as you and your party had dinner at Pleasant Hill and the fish that we had for dinner last Monday were specimens of what you can expect at all times from Hamlin Lake.

Our party caught more than three hundred pounds of fish during the four-day stay at Pleasant Hill, and remember, that had the bass season been open there

would have been many more fish caught, but bass cannot be taken in Michigan until June 16th, so the boys put back many a fine bass that otherwise might have been added to their string. However, this will make fishing just that much better for the fellows that come up to Hamlin Lake later on.

As the owner of a resort at Hamlin Lake, I am very glad to know that the North Shore Line has put a lower rate into effect for this season, and I am sure that all other owners of resorts on this beautiful lake will also appreciate this concession, and you may be sure that we shall direct all our friends and acquaintances to make the trip to Ludington via the North Shore Line and the Pere Marquette Steamship Line, as a sure means of securing the maximum comfort, efficiency and lowest cost of travel.

With kindest regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Geo. L. Ames.

For full particulars about these fishing resorts and the best way to reach them, call up the Traffic Department of the North Shore Line.

RELIEVING HER ANXIETY

Old Lady—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madam. There is a switch just this side of the next station."

BON VOYAGE

Passenger (from car window): "Hey, you darn fool, here goes the train and you haven't put my baggage aboard."

Porter: "You're the darn fool; you're on the wrong train."

"I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?"

"Thirty days."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, June, 1922

 No. 8

Editorial Comment

WELL, friends, the long looked for opportunity has arrived, and we are going to see what we can do to carry out the original idea of the Boss, when he decided to give the North Shore Bulletin to the public. More than four years ago, he decided to take the public into his confidence, and tell them what was being done on the North Shore Line for their benefit, so the North Shore Bulletin came into being.

* * * * *

THE first thing necessary was to procure the services of an able editor, and the way he succeeded I will leave to your judgment. He outlined his plan to the editor, and then turned him loose to give to the world the story of the Line.

* * * * *

THE Editor started out well, but the World War came on, and, being a man of keen vision, he immediately saw that he would have to assist in making the world safe for democracy, so he took a new tack. After succeeding in that field, he had to solve the problems of the League of Nations, settle the Four Power agreement, and at the time that we decided to take a hand in the destinies of the publication, he had the map of the world in front of him on his desk, with Genoa all marked up. This was too much.

* * * * *

A FEW of his friends gathered together, procured a heavy crowbar from the Road Department, and after some strenuous work, pried "Ye Editor" away from his desk, and rode him out of town on a rail. In fact, we used two rails to get him away. We put him on board a train, gave a ticket to the conductor (a friend of ours) and instructed him to take the editor to the end of the line.

* * * * *

WE feel sure that we are rid of him for a while, so we will now see if we can tell you something before he returns and spoils

our opportunity. We fear the effect upon him when he sees what we have done with this issue. We don't know whether or not we had better give this issue a number, because when he sees it, he may not be willing to recognize it as part of his beloved publication. We don't blame him if he does take that position, but here goes: we are going to carry out our threat and tell you of some things that the North Shore Line has in store for you this summer.

* * * * *

NO doubt at this time, you are laying in a large supply of summer literature, and each member of the family is picking out a different place in which to spend the vacation period, and also dad's money. That is about the principal topic of conversation at the table at this time of the year. A few fortunate families may be agreed upon the place to spend this happy period, but even for those we will have a word of suggestion. For those who cannot agree, let us offer some suggestions.

* * * * *

LET us start out with a line for the lovers of fishing. All followers of Isaak Walton know of the famous places of northern Michigan, where the pike and the pickerel, the bass and the trout make their regular home. You never hear the saying, "They were biting here last week." They are always biting here. The main trouble that you have is to prevent the fish from jumping into your boat and taking your bait away from you. Henry Cordell, our famous fisherman, says that he stopped his machine close to the bank of the lake one day, and left it for a few minutes, and on his return he found his bait gone, and three pickerel and one black bass in the car. As Henry is a very truthful man, we cannot doubt the story.

* * * * *

THE North Shore Line has made an arrangement this year to render the best possible service to this district. They have arranged with the Pere Marquette Line steamers to take North Shore passengers daily from Milwaukee to the very heart of this district. You can leave Chicago at 6:00 P. M. and arrive in Milwaukee at 8:35 P. M. If you have purchased your ticket through to Michigan, your baggage will be taken from the terminal to the Pere Marquette dock, placed aboard the steamer, and you will be on your way across the lake by 9:00 P. M. The following morning you will arrive at Ludington at 5:00 A. M. daylight saving time, but the captain of the boat is a very considerate fellow, so that you will not have to get off at that hour. He will give you several hours in which to make your toilet, and reach your hotel or destination as breakfast is about to be served.

In this way, you have a pleasant trip on a high-speed, electrically operated railroad, and a full night trip on beautiful Lake Michigan, for the small cost of \$6.07 one way, or \$9.00 for the round trip, tickets good for 15 days. You see that we are not trying to take all of your money away from you for railroad fare. We want you to have a good time when you arrive at your destination, and, well, money is one of the essentials for that.

* * * * *

LUDINGTON is located on the attractive east coast of Lake Michigan, where the waters of the Pere Marquette River join the lake. Well maintained roads, charming by-ways, and many small lakes offer plenty of attraction to the visitor. As we said before, fishing abounds in this district. Rainbow trout and pickerel are found in abundance, so that the fisherman will find all of his hopes realized at this point. Excellent hotels offer the advantages of city life, in the midst of rural quiet. Those who prefer the privacy of a home to the hotel will find full accommodations, and the family that prefers camping out will easily locate inviting spots along the shore or inland.

* * * * *

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, the summer home of the Epworth League, offers all of the amusement and recreation that a refined summer camp can offer. Located between Lake Michigan and Lake Lincoln, on a high bluff, it forms an ideal location for its 200 cottages overlooking both lakes. All forms of outdoor recreation, including golf, tennis, swimming, canoeing and rowing can be enjoyed within this little colony.

* * * * *

HAMLIN LAKE resorts, groups of pretty summer cottages and inviting hotels, are secreted behind the forest-lined banks of Hamlin Lake. Reached from Ludington by motor bus, it is far enough removed from other colonies to be exclusive, and still close enough to be easily accessible to several. Many of the regular visitors to this point visit the General Assembly of the Epworth League at the heights only two miles south. All forms of recreational advantages are offered, boating, golf, tennis, etc., and launches are always ready to convey guests to the upper lake and Sauble River, where the finest of trout fishing can be found.

* * * * *

THE next point reached by our steamer is Manistee, situated on the river of the same name, where we arrive about 11:00 A. M. It slopes up to the broad heights overlooking Lake Michigan, and prides itself on its beautifully paved streets, its beautiful buildings, and its wonderful parks, Reitz Park to the south, and Orchard Beach to the north. A well equipped country club, with golf and tennis,

offers its privileges to the non-resident on payment of a very small sum. Many beautiful places may be reached by motor launches from this paradise. Good fishing is naturally found here.

* * * * *

O NEKEMA, located on Portage Lake is our next point, and is one of the most beautiful and healthful sections of northern Michigan, a wonderful place for victims of hay fever. This disease is unknown among the inhabitants of the city. The lake, over four miles long and nearly two miles wide with its white sandy beaches, and backed by forest covered hills, from which tiny streams are constantly flowing, gives an added charm to the resort. The little hills look down upon the beautiful view of Lake Michigan, and the Michigan Beach offers attraction to the bathers who like the heavier rolling of the larger lakes.

* * * * *

F RANKFORT, one of the larger resorts of Michigan, is located on Betsy Lake and also Lake Michigan, thus offering the attractiveness of the Great Lakes, and the milder sports of the smaller lakes. The fishing on Betsy Lake and its tributaries is unsurpassed. This resort is the headquarters of the Congregational Church Assembly every year. It offers well maintained golf and tennis courses to the lovers of those sports. Through our arrangements, all of the above spots are easily accessible to those seeking attractions of this kind, and the North Shore Line is the only connection that has daily service to the points indicated.

* * * * *

F OR those who do not care for the lake trip, we have the Wisconsin resorts. Connecting with the North Shore Line at Milwaukee, is the Milwaukee Northern, running to Sheboygan, Sheboygan Falls and Crystal Lake, up in the northern part of the state. To the west, on the line of the Milwaukee Electric Railway we find a veritable nest of small lakes, each one attractive for its beauty and quiet, and so near to others, that the vacationist will spend his days not on one lake as is customary, but will be able to divide his time between many. You can start out on this line, drop off at almost any point, and find a pleasant resort or camp.

* * * * *

A SHORTER trip for the Chicago traveler, from the end of the Libertyville division of the line, only a short run by motor, we have the northern Illinois lakes, Grays Lake, Pistakee Lake, and Fox Lake. These points do not need any description, so we will pass them on for the present, but before long we will tell more about them. To the south of Chicago, is located the famous Indiana Sand Dunes. This section has grown in popularity so in the past few

years, that it is now one of the leading camping grounds of Indiana, and a movement is now going forward to preserve it as a National Park.

* * * * *

WE must not forget however the many weeks of the hot summer, when vacation will not be with us. Both before and after that pleasant period, there will be many trying days when we long for some place to get away from the heat, noise and dirt of the city. This is where the North Shore Line will prove to be your real friend. After a hard week in the business field, a quiet spot for a Saturday or Sunday will be welcome. Many such spots are found along the route. At the Braeside Station, just north of Glencoe, is the Forest Preserve, part of that vast territory that has been taken over by Cook County for the benefit of the public. Arrangements for camping sites for the day, or for longer periods may easily be procured, the only cost being that you treat the property as if it were your own, and do as the County is doing, preserve it. Start out early in the morning, take your dinner with you, locate a convenient spot, and sit down close to nature, cook your meal over a camp fire in the old primitive way, and see how good it is. There is nothing that will improve you like a trip of this kind, and you will find the next week when you return to the office, that you are able and ready to attack any amount of work that is brought up to you.

* * * * *

THE next station to the North is Ravinia Park, which needs no introduction. A former Indian camp ground, now converted into one of the most beautiful parks in the world, it has an atmosphere all its own. This park is said to be the only one of its kind in the world, where under the clear sky you can hear the greatest artists of the world rendering all the famous operas. Fifty pieces of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra offer to music lovers a treat that attracts persons from miles around. In addition to the musical side, there are the beautiful grounds and athletic field, where a full day's outing may be enjoyed. The park opens this year on June 24th, and Mr. Eckstein assures us that they are going to have the greatest year in the history of the park. North of Racine is the Root River, that has been referred to in former issues of the Bulletin, where summer cottages may be procured for any period of time. Camping locations are plentiful, and dancing, boating and fishing are offered.

* * * * *

FOR the purpose of protecting ourself from the wrath of the Editor, in giving the above information to you in this column, we feel that we had better say something about his famous pastime, golf. Do you know that the North Shore Line is the real golf route of the

North Shore. Starting at Evanston, and running to Milwaukee, there are 23 golf clubs and country clubs on the line. The demands of the golf players became so great, that it was necessary to put on a special golf train, carrying a dining car, to fill the requirements of the many passengers on Saturday afternoons. Every day there is a limited train with dining car attached, leaving Chicago at noon, that stops at the main station of each town along the North Shore convenient to the golf club. Service is rapid, and as a result, you can leave your office a few minutes before noon, enjoy your luncheon on the train, and as you finish, you have arrived at your club, without the loss of any time, and are ready to go right out on the green and make some new records. You remember whenever the Editor told you about the games that he won, he always mentioned the fact that they had gone up to the club on the diner? I don't know whether or not his victory was due to the dinner that he enjoyed, or to his natural prowess at golf, but the two facts seem to run together. Some were not so fortunate as to be able to leave their troubles behind so early on Saturday, so a diner was attached to the 1:00 o'clock train, which now has become known as the "Golfers Special." On these trains you can go from your door to the entrance of your club, without the use of taxi or street car at the Chicago end, and have the pleasure of a ride on a smooth riding, clean, electrically operated train.

* * * * *

AT times during the summer, some of the office employees in various companies organize tournaments at different clubs, and find the chartered car service offered by the North Shore Line attractive, owing to the fact that they have the exclusive use of the car, which leaves at a time that is convenient to them, and on the return is ready for them when their game is over. For large groups this is also an economical way to travel. Of course the service along the line is so frequent that it is never necessary to wait very long for a train in the regular service, but your own train is always more convenient, because it is ready when you are. We suppose that as soon as the Editor returns he will have a string of golf stories for us, and have some great records to his credit, as the last we saw of him when leaving, he was carefully examining his clubs, and making plans of what he was going to do to any golf experts that he might meet.

* * * * *

AS our time is getting short, we had better close for this issue. or he will be running in on us, and will surely stop this from going to the press, so we have just had a call sent in for the printer's boy, and will wind up our vacation information, with the hope that you will find some suggestion here that was worth while.

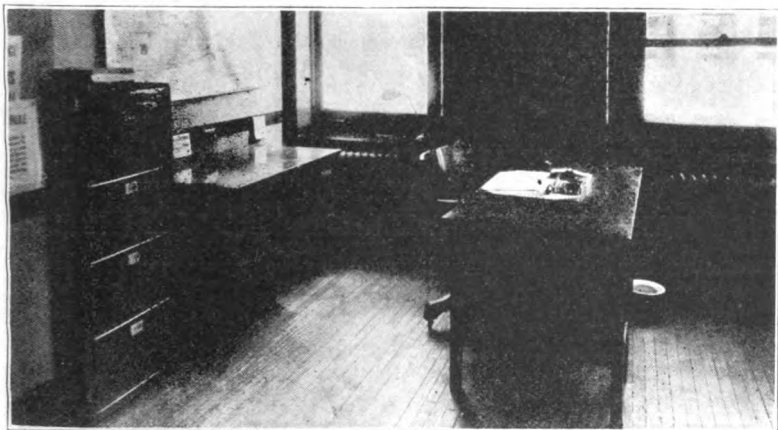
A Surprise for the Editor

WE have told you how we chased the editor out of the city and wrote this issue in his absence. We have a big surprise in store for him on his return. As the editor believes in letting his readers in on everything, we are going to let you in on this joke. The editor dearly loves a joke and maybe he will enjoy this one.

We are giving you a picture of

it really is a good looking top, too. Won't he be surprised to know that the top of his desk is made of real wood?

Farmer Jones was on his way home from town when he thought he had forgotten something. Twice on the way he stopped and looked over the packages in the wagon and searched his pocket-



The Editor's Desk Clean for the First Time in Years

part of the editorial sanctum. You will note that the editorial chair, in which so many world problems have been solved, or at least discussed, is empty. That, however, isn't the joke. The joke is that the editor's desk is clean. When he returns he will see the top of his desk, something which he never saw before. We believe that in the five years he has sat in that chair and worked at that desk, he never saw the top of it. Always littered up with newspapers, magazines or some other truck. And

book, but decided he had everything with him.

When he reached home his daughter came running out with a surprised look on her face and said: "Why, Father, where's Mother?"

A REAL HELPMEEET

Neighbor (bearer of message, breathlessly)—"You're wanted at home, Charlie. Yer wife just presented yer with another rebate off yer income tax."

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

By The Girl Reporter

HAVE you ever seen the words "Holeproof Hosiery" blazing bright against the night sky of Milwaukee as you were entering the city on the North Shore Line? That sign is on top of the Holeproof Hosiery plant near the tracks of the North Shore Line, and we are going to tell you this month about the stockings, gloves and lingerie that are made in that plant.

Mr. F. D. Chamberlin, assistant advertising manager, took us on a tour of inspection and explained how a slender, almost invisible thread was transformed into sheer hose and luxurious—er, er, unmentionables to adorn milady's beauty.

The silk that is used for the less expensive stockings is knitted just as it is received from Japan, with most of the natural gum of the silk worm left in it, and the stocking is washed after it is completely knitted. The silk for the very fine hose and underwear has the gum washed out before it is knitted, and after its washing, looks like the white, shiny taffy that you see being pulled on revolving machines in the windows of candy stores. It looks good enough to eat.

The silk is spun from the skeins onto spools containing hundreds of yards of fine silk thread. The spools, about 336 in a set, are placed on a rack and a thread from each of the spools is attached to a large, cylindrical rack where the silk is wound ready for knitting. About 40,000 miles of thread are spooled in a week.

The machines that knit the beautiful tricot silk that is used for Luxite underwear and Holeproof gloves and hosiery contain 9,000 needles. It takes one man about a day to place little loops of thread over each of these needles, but once the machine starts knitting, it will continue for 270 hours, making yards and yards of shimmering, lustrous silk.

The silk cloth is then ready for dyeing and drying. It is stretched smoothly on a frame that resembles a huge curtain stretcher and heat is applied underneath the frame to dry the cloth.

The silk is then ready for the cutters. They are highly skilled workmen who hold each piece of delicate silk up to the light to see that there are no imperfections. Cloth that has even a slight flaw is not used. The legs, feet and tops of hose are cut by patterns and later sewn together. Holeproof gloves are also cut in this department. The Luxite underwear is cut and sewn in another building in a different section of Milwaukee.

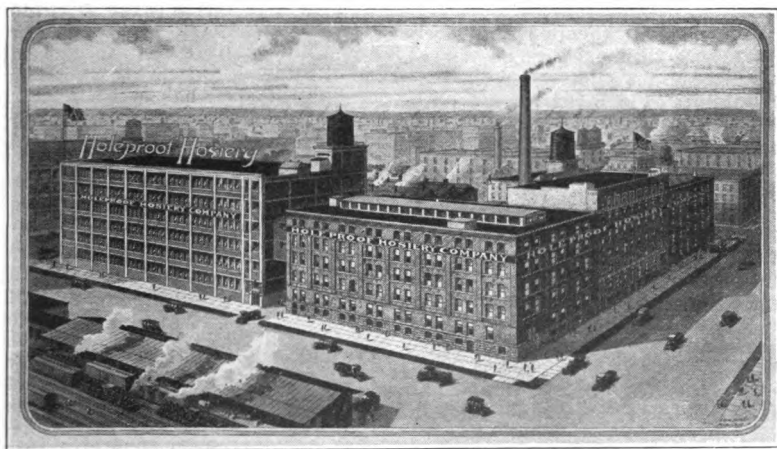
Mr. Chamberlin showed us a small room containing bolts of tricot silk, and said there was about \$50,000 worth of silk ready to be made up into glove-silk hose, gloves and underwear. He showed us a new novelty that is now being introduced on the market by the Holeproof company. It is a short half-hose with a fancy colored garter top which snaps onto the stocking with small snap-fasteners. The fastener idea was

originated by Holeproof. This summer we suppose all the flappers will be wearing grey socks with blue tops, brown ones with pink tops, or black with green tops. Won't that be a pretty sight? Then they won't have to roll their own—the hosiery manufacturers will have cut the tops off for them.

One of the most interesting sights in the plant is the department where the cotton stockings and socks are made. The legs and feet are made of bright colored

removes knots in the thread. The tops of socks and stockings are made in long strips, and between each top, which is about five inches long, is a loosely woven space about a half-inch wide, which is later separated by a girl.

Each top is then placed in a machine which knits the leg, heel, double sole, and toe at once, leaving the toe open. About six spools of thread are used in making a stocking, the machine automatically sorting the threads and



Home of Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

cotton, while the tops, heels and toes are made of white thread. The colors range from vivid orange to pale blue. When we inquired of Mr. Chamberlin why they had so many orange-colored socks, he explained that they used different colors to save the eyes of the girls who do the knitting. The entire stocking is later dyed any shade desired.

The cotton thread is spun onto a spool through a small opening in a machine which automatically

using as many as needed. After this operation, the opening in the toe is sewed up and the stocking is completely knit.

It is then turned right side out and dyed and boarded. The stocking, wet with dye, is placed on a metal "shape" and is dried by steam inside the shape. This operation is called "boarding."

The stockings are then very carefully inspected, the Holeproof company insisting that a stocking must be absolutely perfect when

it leaves their factory. They are then sent to another department where they are mated and placed in boxes ready for delivery.

The Holeproof Hosiery Company was originally called the Kalamazoo Knitting Works. In 1872 Carl Freschl, the founder of the company, purchased a knitting machine which he installed in his small general store in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The machine refused to knit, but Mr. Freschl was undaunted. Finally, after a long struggle, he managed to make a stocking—crude and clumsy, but a stocking nevertheless.

Excitement prevailed and more yarn was purchased. The operation of the machine was perfected. Stockings were made for the family and worn. Stockings were made for the little store—and sold. More stockings were made—and again sold. Another machine was purchased. The stockings were now well made and found a ready market. The entire family helped. The little store, suffering from neglect, was given up, more machines were bought, and thus a beginning was made. The outgrowth of this home industry was a little factory in Kalamazoo, called the Kalamazoo Knitting Works.

In 1882 Mr. Freschl moved his factory to Milwaukee and thus an important chapter in the history of knitting was written. The Kalamazoo Knitting Works was the first of many knitting and hosiery plants which followed as a natural sequence of Mr. Freschl's successful venture. Today knitting stands as the fourth industry of the city, and Milwaukee is one of the country's foremost producers of knitted wear.

Mr. Freschl was the originator of guaranteed hosiery. Away back in 1897 he felt that his hosiery was as durable as could be made

—durable enough to sell with a guarantee for a specific time. Accordingly, these hose were guaranteed six months free from holes or new hose were given gratis.

About this time, Mr. Freschl decided wool was not satisfactory, and set about making a cotton stocking. After having made woolen hose for twenty-five years, it was found necessary to revise all the past methods and equipment in order to manufacture cotton hosiery.

Finally, in 1904, such a stocking was perfected after seven years of trial. It was light and comfortable, and sturdily reinforced at the heel and toe. This stocking brought about a revolution in hosiery manufacture. It was copied and imitated throughout the world.

In the same year, the name "Kalamazoo Knitting Works" was changed to "Holeproof Hosiery Company" and has remained so since.

Mr. Freschl retired from active business in 1908 and was succeeded by his son, Edward Freschl, who has creditably carried the leadership of the company. Under Mr. Edward Freschl's management, the business has increased tenfold. The production is about 50,000 pairs of hose a day.

An important department is the one where Holeproof gloves and Luxite silk underwear are made. The gloves and underwear are almost as well known as Holeproof hosiery, and have done much toward adding glory to the name "Holeproof."

AROUND NEW YORK

A sign on a roadside refreshment booth near Fort George reads: "All Kinds of Ice Cold Milk."

COMMENDATIONS

WE are very glad to print the following letter received from a man in Milwaukee commending the services rendered his party by our employes. It is encouraging to the employes to know that their efforts to provide good service are appreciated. Following is the letter:

As a member of the D. O. K. K. I want to say a few words regarding the very courteous treatment I personally received when attending the ceremony held in Chicago, on March 18th.

I reached Chicago on the morning of the 18th and requested information regarding the arrival of the special train the Dokies had chartered. Every consideration was shown me by your representative at Randolph Street station, who made it her business to find out when the train would be in Chicago.

Likewise, the members of the crew, Messrs. Sorenson, Bagley, Tapp and Buffan, did their utmost in extending courtesy to the members of our order.

In all my travels by boat, steam roads or electric roads, I have never yet seen one that compares with the North Shore, and you can rest assured that whenever I go to Chicago or beyond it will be a pleasure to route myself via the North Shore.

Yours very truly,

Weber Printing Co.,

Per. Edw. Weber.

The following letter indicates what the merchants of the South Side of Chicago think of the new North Shore service to Woodlawn. We always knew that the Merchandise Despatch service was very good, but we did not know that it was better than "personal messenger service," as Mr. Framheim says. Mr. Framheim is a shoe merchant on East Sixty-third street and his letter follows:

Because of my great interest in Woodlawn, and especially those

things which help to make our community second to none in Chicago, I am taking the liberty of addressing you to tell you how much I appreciate the new "Merchandise Service" you have recently added to your road with a terminal in Woodlawn.

Shoes recently ordered from Nunn-Bush and Weldon Shoe Company, Milwaukee, were delivered to my door the same day the order was received in Milwaukee. This is better than personal messenger service and very much cheaper.

Heretofore we have always left the routing to the shipping clerks, which in most cases was not at all satisfactory, as it took three to four days to get here and then not always over the same road.

In the future when buying I shall specify to ship "Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad," and I am sure when more of the merchants of our city learn of this splendid service they will not only use it but will give it preference.

(Signed) S. W. Framheim.

The following letter commends Conductor Sapp for his honesty in returning a purse:

Knowing of no other way in which to express my appreciation of the honesty of your train crew, I wish to take the liberty of addressing the BULLETIN in order to state that recently I left my purse with valuable papers and a considerable sum of money on the car as I left at the Farwell Station, and it was returned to me. I do not know to whom I am indebted but I am very grateful for the kindness.

(Signed) Lucy J. Judson,
Methodist Deaconess Orphanage,
Lake Bluff, Ill.

Another conductor is commended for his honesty in restoring a purse containing a sum of money. Our employes are not only courteous and efficient, but also honest.

The letter follows:

I want to commend and thank the conductor on the 9:35 P. M. Limited leaving Glencoe the night of March 3, who returned my purse

containing nine dollars and a few other things.

I use the North Shore trains daily to and from Chicago. The night of March 3 I arrived at Adams Street station of the Evanston "L" about 10:35 and as soon as the train started on its way around the loop to 12th street, I realized I had left my purse on the seat. I then went to the North Shore Line terminal station at Adams street and told the young lady there of my loss. She telephoned to 12th street station and Mr. Perkins told her to have me wait, as the conductor was just coming off duty and had the purse,

which he brought right over to me.

I surely wish him to be thanked for me and I also am grateful to the young lady and Mr. Perkins for their courtesy to me in regard to this matter.

Gratefully,

Mrs. Ella Allen.

This is just another instance proving that the North Shore Line is "The Road of Service."

The Conductor on the train mentioned, was Charles Boyd and the Collector was J. O. Nelson.



North Shore Girls in Frolic at Ravinia Park

NORTH SHORE EMPLOYEES SHOW

On May 10 the employes of the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad gave a show at Ravinia Park which was entirely written, produced and acted by the employes. They are to be commended for their courage in undertaking such an enterprise and making a success of it without any professional assistance.

The best part of the entertainment, of course, was the chorus. The girls looked very attractive in their beautiful ballet costumes.

One of the prettiest numbers was "The Sheik," with all the girls in oriental costumes.

There was some fine singing by the North Shore Male Quartet and a tenor soloist. Two black-face dialogues furnished much amusement. A baton juggler offered a very good novelty number that was much enjoyed by the audience.

All departments of the North Shore Line were represented in the cast. It is hoped that the employes will soon give another entertainment as they certainly have some good talent.

With the Bulletin Family

OUR old friend Loophound comes to bat this month with a letter which he says took him two hours to write. We always thought he dashed 'em off in about twenty minutes. Maybe he is no longer on friendly terms with his bootlegger and can't get the proper "inspiration." Jim Ham once said it was hard to write poetry when you are dry—maybe it is the same with letters. Anyway, Loophound offers a good excuse for not writing to this Column of Clever Contributions last month, so we'll have to let him get away with it. He says:

The end of May is in sight and I've again almost sidestepped my duties—as your eastern staff correspondent and I can't blame it on moving this time, as I did a month ago. After my trip to Chicago in April, we moved to a regular Chicago type of flat and, of course, that took time, but my best alibi is that I was learning to drive a car. (That gives me a good chance to do the regular evening's bragging.)

You remember when I saw you a few weeks ago, I was fidgeting on a flivver, but when I got as far as the dotted line, I gave up the Ford idea and bought a regular hack. Thought if I wasn't satisfied with anything less than the North Shore cars in electrics that a Henry wouldn't fill the bill in a gas car. This "Rolls-on-Wheels" is sure some wagon—she's a bear on hills, and that is the best thing the State Highway engineers can make.

Had to use my best selling talk before the Missus would take a chance on my chauffeuring at first. I cut figure 8's out in front one whole morning to prove how dexterous I had become. She remembered how her brother, in learning to drive, had run his bus into a neighbor's house and knocked over a floor lamp before he remembered which lever stopped it. Now that she feels safe with me, she wants to joy ride all the time. I had to explain that it was bought to in-

crease sales, so we compromised 50-50. The front end is mine and the rear half is hers. Just wait till she gets the bill for all the gas that her half needs. There'll be more compromising. Learning to drive a car and a golf ball are much alike—all you do is 57 things at once and do them right and everything is O. K.

Was glad to see the "Junior" back in the column again and to know he had recovered from his recent illness. Probably his health would improve if he relieved his mind of his anti-prohibition sentiments more frequently. I can't go along with him on that question—though many a time since, I have regretted saying, away back in those good old times, "I'll take a cigar this time."

Our friend "Jumbo" is talking about old friends of mine when he mentions the Osage Indians of Oklahoma. Wonder if he ever rode that night train through the Osage country from Yale to Tulsa. It's little wonder the Indians gargle red ink if the train service hasn't improved since my last trip. Those redskins sure drink something awful, Luke—I've tasted it.

I believe Jim Ham's opinion of Pittsburgh would be more favorable were he to meet the right bootlegger. It really is a good old town when you know the right people. Some years ago Elbert Hubbard remarked that nowhere else had Nature and Man been so successful in co-ordinating their efforts in building a "City Beautiful." The homes of Pittsburgh would make Sheridan Road look like a tenement row.

I used to think this Peebles party was a friend of mine, but doggone his potato patch. If he continues to encourage the lady contris to cross my trail, I hope the cinch bugs and army worms eat up all his lettuce. I wasn't looking for an argument with nobody—simply asked a few questions. I like the winning end too well to start an argument with any woman. Maybe Bro. Peebles can tell me why children are born with longer arms now than a few years ago. Maybe it is Nature's way of providing them with means for reaching the mothers' skirts.

Your editorial comment was, as

usual, excellent and quite instructive. Since learning therefrom that the electric trolley car is just 34 years old, I've been wondering how some of these cars were propelled before being fitted up electrically—many of them appear to have passed the allotted three score and ten. Electricity travels 11,600,000 miles a minute, but you'd never guess it after riding in some rapid transit cars.

We are planning on going to Chicago in July if the price of gas doesn't climb any higher. While in Canada last year, we readily agreed to return this summer, but since we have learned from fairly reliable sources that it is still coming across the line, we don't need to go after it.

Hope the mud baths at Excelsior Springs improved your game—golf, I mean. Not much chance of improvement in your writing—you seem to be at the top of that game when you write the BULLETIN editorials.

Kindest regards,
Loophound.

On behalf of the editor, who is still taking the mud baths at Excelsior Springs, we thank Loophound for his kind words of appreciation of the BULLETIN editorials. We are sure he does not mean North Shore cars when he says some that he has seen have passed the allotted three score and ten. That's what he gets for leaving good transportation, such as the North Shore Line offers. We don't think it is very loyal of him to say that Pittsburgh makes Sheridan Road look like a tenement row. We bet he will be glad to see old Sheridan Road when he comes here this summer. We refuse to believe that he can cut figure 8s until we get a ride in that new "Rolls-on-Wheels."

The gentleman from Plymouth certainly deserves the title of "Old Faithful." Mr. Peebles is one correspondent on whom we can always depend. He sends a Scotch joke this month which we are going to print in the hope that the editor has not read it before. It is difficult to find a Scotch joke that the editor does not know and we hate to spring a joke on him

and have him say, "Old stuff."

A Scotchman came south to have a look at London. He spent a few days in London and sped back to Scotland again. On the first night of his return to his little village up in the wilds, all his friends gathered around him to hear his opinion of the town whose streets were "paved with gold."

He told the tale as only a Scot can—short and candid, without too much padding; then a friend interrupted him.

"Hoo long wur ye in Lunnon a' thegither, Jock?"

"Aboot a week," replied the traveled man.

"What did ye think o' the toun?"

"Hoot, mon, it was all richt in its way! Lunnon's a fine wee toun itself, but it's sich a long way frae anywhere!"

Mr. Peebles writes as follows:

I may have to stop and start a good many times before I get this letter finished. I have got this infernal something again this spring. I don't know what to call it. This is the third year now that it has visited me. Some call it rose fever, hay fever, or asthma fever, but I have not heard anyone as yet call it straw fever. If I were asked to give its right name, I would call it "the hell of them all fever."

I have no rest night or day. The symptoms are sneezing and coughing for hours at a time, eyes and nose running, eyes burn and itch so bad that I tear them out of my head, wash them, and put them back in again. It's great stuff! I don't know if I have an enemy in the world, but if I had, I would not wish this trouble on him.

Yes, there is one fellow whom I would wish to have this instead of me. Sol. N. Lasky tells about him in his letter—the fellow who engaged Sol in conversation on a North Shore train and tried to tell Sol what big business your company was doing, with trains loaded down all the time with passengers and hauling in the money by the barrels full, and then saying the BULLETIN was all bunk. If he had met me instead of Sol, I would have made him write an apologizing letter to the editor, begging his pardon and promising that he

would never speak a harsh word or give a knock to the service or the BULLETIN.

Well, Jim Ham and Jumbo are back on the job this month, as big as life. Where is Jim Ham from; where are his headquarters? He seems to have a little suspicion of Loophound and the Rev. Dorward. He hints as though Loophound might be running a still down in his home town. Jim thinks, I suppose, that he may be in Pittsburgh some of these days and might become thirsty. Tell Jim Ham to come up to Plymouth and I will give him some real stuff—some that has been kept in the house for years for medicinal purposes. Last spring when I had the same trouble I am having now, I took two glasses of this good stuff, one after the other, thinking that I might be able to break up the cold. Well, it never did anything to me—it never even made me dizzy. What do you think of that? I never have been able to solve the problem.

Sardonyx never came across with the letter she promised to send in for Loophound. Those lady contribs just take up their pens as the spirit moves them. "Kentuckian" I suppose is dead. Those still men down there perhaps got a move on themselves and made away with him.

J. D. Peebles.

We are indeed sorry to learn of your illness, Mr. Peebles. Perhaps some of our contribs can suggest a remedy. Loophound and Jim Ham will probably suggest that you finish that "good stuff" you started to take a year ago. It does seem as though the lady contribs wrote only when they were in the mood for it. Of course, we're not suggesting that they are temperamental, but we should like to hear from them oftener.

Jumbo proves that he is still a booster of the North Shore Line. We know that if he has any advertising friends visiting the Convention in Milwaukee, he will tell them that the North Shore Line is the best railroad in the world. Advertising men are entitled to have the best of everything, even transportation.

Jumbo writes as follows:

Hang on to your goat! The National Balloon Races will be held in Milwaukee soon. There will be some good prospects of going up in the air again. Airmen say that it is the sport of sports. It may be all right, if these balloonists don't take the business boom along with them. The law of gravity says everything that goes up must come down. (Look at the wages.) But often things come down faster than they are expected to. (Ever step on a banana peel?)

Gas is a wonderful thing. It will lift and carry you high above the surface of the earth. Put it into a "can" and it will ramble you anywhere you want to go. But if you tease it with fire, it will surely finish you.

Now that the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have chosen our peaceful little haven for their convention, the North Shore Prevaricators will be obliged to take that shingle down and replace it with the regulation Booster sign. Remember, there are six important trains on the North Shore Line. They are: The Milwaukee Limited, Chicago Limited, Badger Limited, Interstate Limited, Eastern Limited, and Honey-moon Flyer. The latter may be any train you pick. Visitors may have their choice. Remember, Waukegan, is the place.

We must be courteous to our visitors, as well as accommodating. We will be proud to point to the North Shore as the best little line on earth. But if they are from Missouri, I suppose we'll have to show 'em.

Until THAT picnic.
Yours,

Jumbo.

Keep up the good work, Jumbo. Don't fly away in one of those balloons and forget to come back. We need you here to boost the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN.

We knew that Jim Ham would not let a month pass without sending us some greeting. It's prose this time, instead of poetry. He has not been writing so much poetry lately. Maybe he figures the spring season is over and the summer season is too hot for poetry. Suits us just as well, Jim.

He says:

Greetings, Chief, from the approximate neighborhood where the sun sets; from the country where it always rains, though folks ne'er get wet; from the country where they pray that summer will fall on Sunday so they can go fishing; from the country where you find some of the best folks in the world, some of the damndest fibbers on earth, and also the greatest boosters known to mankind.

Been eating cracked crabs, shrimps and the various kinds of salmon so much lately that am ashamed to look water in the face, but then, guess I always was.

They may run faster on their traction lines out here than doth the North Shore, but, Chief, you should give their equipment the once over. A roller coaster ride at Riverview is merely a small imitation of a ride. I ventured on one of the best lines, but then, I s'pose money is really scarcer on the West slope; in fact, I know they've long ago exhausted their supply of greenbacks, and one must almost rent a pack mule to carry his cash, if he has any.

The above observations are accumulations from territory north of the really beautiful city of Portland, so don't blame it on this city, but rather on poor efforts at being funny on the part of

Yours,

Jim Ham.

Jim Ham seems to feel bad about having enough money to load a pack mule. Personally, we wouldn't care how many mules we had to hire to carry our money—the more the merrier. The troubles of these idle rich! We know how the people of the Northwest like to brag. We have a friend out there who says his electric railroad is better than ours, but we *know* that there is nothing finer in the world than the North Shore Line. We are not accusing him of being one of the biggest fibbers on earth, but we will admit he is one of the best boosters we ever met. Maybe they get that way from fishing. There is good fishing out in that country, and it is pretty hard for a man to be an ardent fisherman and to stick to "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

We have a new addition to the family this month in the person of George M. Fraser. We like his letter and hope he will continue to contribute. We see the making of a fine Booster in Mr. Fraser. His letter follows:

On Wednesday, May 3rd, I had occasion to ride on quite a few of the North Shore cars. The conductors on these cars were all very courteous—which is nothing unusual on the North Shore. At Waukegan, I decided to take a car ride to pass away the time, as I had just missed a train and did not know about the through line going through that town. I took the Electric Park car and went to the end of the line. The conductor-motorman happened to see my ticket and told me about the other line and where I should get off to board the Chicago train. He was, indeed, very courteous, and I thanked him for the information. But I think that the line ought to know about these very courteous men. This incident happened at a P. M. on car No. 313.

I have just finished reading the BULLETIN and happened to get this inspiration. I have been reading the BULLETIN for the last two years and enjoy it very much. The editorial on the Electric Car is fine, and it seems to me that as soon as a person thinks that the electric railroad is not as good as the steam, it is time for him to take a ride on the Badger Limited.

Just what happened to Loop-hound Sr., this month?

When going to Waukegan the other day on the train directly behind the Eastern Limited, a man took a seat next to me and was grumbling like the dickens about missing a train. (He boarded the train at Central Street, Evanston.) A little later he asked me if I knew why the Eastern Limited did not stop at Central Street. Some question! Will you kindly answer that?

Well, as some one said (I think it was Loophound), the night oil is burning low, and I feel that it would not be the worst thing that could happen if I stopped right here.

George M. Fraser.

None of the special fast trains stop at Central street, Evanston, as if they had to stop at every station they would cease to be fast trains. They all stop at Chicago street, which is in the center of Evanston.

The following request for the BULLETIN comes all the way from Cut Knife, Sashkatchewan, Canada. This is the first letter we have received from that section of Canada, but we shall be glad to hear again from our Canadian correspondent.

He writes:

Of course, I don't know if you send the BULLETIN to Canada or not, but if you do, I would be very glad to get it. I miss it very much, as I am in the habit of reading it while spending the winter holidays in Kenosha.

I have used the North Shore Line hundreds of times and am only sorry that I cannot use it for my entire trip here and back each fall and spring.

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Yours truly,

H. Walker.

Surely, Mr. Walker, we will put you on the list and hope to have you with us again in the winter. Let us hear from you when you return to Kenosha.

WORDS OF PRAISE

W. H. Stuart, in his column "Hear and Seen" in the Chicago Evening American, writes of the North Shore Line as follows:

Tulip Time

This is tulip time. One of the finest beds noticed by the writer is at the Kenilworth station of the North Shore Electric Line. Passing through this and most of the other North Shore suburbs one feels like jumping off the car and buying a lot.

The writer in justice records his experience that on no electric road has he found more courteous employes than those of the North Shore Electric Line.

Mark Twain said it is better to be careful a hundred times than to get killed once.

CITIZENS MILITARY TRAINING CAMP

A Citizens Military Training Camp will be held at Camp Custer, Michigan, from August 2 to September 2. This camp offers an excellent opportunity to the young man who is interested in outdoor life, sports and military training, as all expenses will be paid by the Government.

The North Shore Line believes this training makes better employes and will send one of their men to the camp with full pay for two weeks. In addition to spending a month in the open air amid pleasant surroundings, he will receive a course of training that will fit him to take an advanced place in any military organization.

A JOKE ON HENRY

Henry Ford, who believes in using his own cars, was in the suburbs of Detroit one day and saw a driver of a Ford car trying to start his machine. Ford got out of his car and tendered his services and in a few minutes the stalled car was ready to run again. The owner pulled a half dollar from his pocket and offered it to Ford, saying, "Stop at the first place and get yourself some cigars."

The money was declined with the statement, "I have more money now than I can find use for, and I was only too glad to help you get your car started again."

The owner of the rejuvenated car looked at the Good Samaritan and then at Ford's car, and said with emphasis, "You're a liar. If you had more money than you knew what to do with, you wouldn't be running a Ford."

Polonius' Advice to His Son

(GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.)
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare.