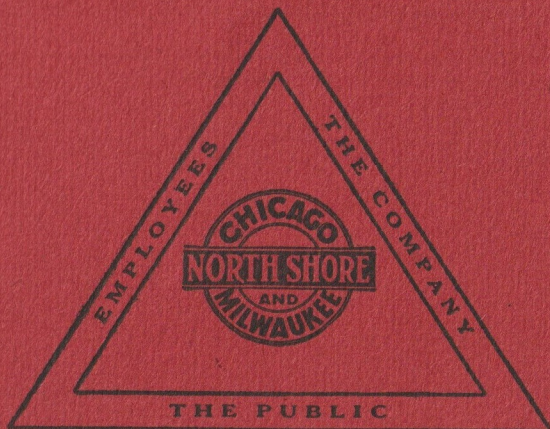


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JULY, 1922



"The Road of Service"

With the Bulletin Family

ALTHOUGH the vacation season is here—in fact over, so far as the editor is concerned—it does not seem to have affected seriously our able corps of helpers. We have nearly all the old-timers with us this month and one or two new ones.

It is always so gratifying to the editor to hear from the faithful correspondents. It isn't so important what they say, as it is that they say something. Like all ordinary mortals, we like praise better than censure, but the latter is preferable to being ignored. We can stand for praise without getting our head swelled out of all proportion, and we can stand to be criticised without getting hot under the collar, but to be ignored—well, to use the language of Milton, that gets our goat.

Well we certainly have no grounds for complaint this month. We have the faithful Loophound and the faithful Peebles as usual, and we have Michigander, Jim Ham, Jumbo and all the rest of the well-known contribs. Michigander threatens to flivver from Detroit to visit the north shore this month and Loophound is going to flivver here from Pittsburgh. Maybe we can arrange to get them together and call in Jim Ham and Jumbo and we might be able to pull off that picnic after all.

From Cumberland, Md., Loophound writes as follows:

Since this is the longest day in the year I'll have copious gobs of time to write you and see a couple of movies between suppertime and sun-down—might crowd in a round of golf later in the evening. I know you'll say to yourself that I'm very plebian with that "suppertime" stuff, but I want to tell you all that I have crossed the Mason & Dixon line, and when

you're in Rome you must be a Roman Candle.

Was it not Washington who originally observed that "All is quiet along the Potomac?" He didn't tell a lie that time either—it's still quiet. Guess I'll return to that old Keystone state directly.

The June BULLETIN arrived today. What the — Who's the culprit? What was the motive? I'd bet a full sized quart (mobiloil) against a repainted floater that some of the help is jealous of your golfing prowess—and attempted to show us all that he could get more distance out of a fountain pen with one filling of ink than could a regular editor. Or was someone just naturally desirous of seeing you get two vacations like he does, instead of the regulation number—one. I wouldn't say an unkind word about anybody Luke, but if it's the hembre I suspect I'm sure he has two vacations every summer—one when he goes away, and another when the Boss goes. But darned if he isn't entitled to them both when he engineers such a clever coup de main.

It must make you peevisish though to be returning from your holiday to find the rest of us preparing for ours. The Fourth will be along shortly, and vacation days follow rapidly. June is gone—almost. Only a few chances remain for the June bride who smiles unseen beneath her bridal veil at the sight of the poor groom in black. She knows why they call the other fellow the "best man."

That dope on Michigan in the alleged editorials of the BULLETIN has just about ruined the day for me. I can't work up the enthusiasm about my line that this pseudo editor does over the North Shore Line since reading his enticing article. It's peculiar how that stuff gets under your hide at this time of the year—can't work, can't plan, can't even write. Guess I'll go back to Pittsburgh.

Yours,

Loophound.


We think you are right in your surmise about the bird who wrote the alleged editorial comments in the last issue. The rest of the issue was written by the young lady who occupies the desk in the outer offices and who receives vis-

(Continued on Page 16)

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V Chicago, July, 1922  28 No. 9

Editorial Comment

HERE we are, back on the job, full of pep and high purposes. Added six pounds to our avoirdupois and subtracted eight strokes from our golf score. What more could mortal man wish?

* * * * *

THAT stuff about "mud baths," which the office force pulled in the June issue, seems to have alarmed some of our readers, who thought there might be something "serious" the matter with us. Calm your fears, there never was anything "serious" about us since first we saw the light of day. Just a little touch of the hookworm, which is quite common at this season, and we are fully recovered.

* * * * *

WE have two ambitions in this world and they are quite modest and natural. One is to play a better game of golf and the other is to murder a saxophone player. We are making progress toward realization of the first, and sometime before we die we hope to gratify the second. Both are laudable ambitions.

* * * * *

IN the May issue we told you we intended running away for a short vacation and we said that if it proved interesting we might tell you something about it. Really, there is nothing to tell. It didn't quite turn out the way we had planned. Vacations seldom do. We intended when we went away to take the baths—not mud baths—lie around the hotel and sleep and maybe read a good deal. But knowing our weakness, we packed away our golf bag with the other things. We stuck to our resolve for a few days, dividing our time between the baths and the links, but that lasted only a few days. Then we forgot the baths and our reading. Maybe it was just as well.

FOR some time we have been determined to read the revised "Outline of History" so we chucked it into our bag with a few other books. But we didn't get as far with it as we expected. It may be treason to admit it, but we are not an ardent admirer of Wells. Still his "Outline" is very interesting and worth reading. We got far enough with it to be convinced that we came from some kind of a fish, but what sort of poor fish we are, is not quite clear. That makes us think about a discussion between an Englishman and a Scotchman. They were discussing Darwin's theory of evolution and, strange as it may seem, they were agreed on it in a general way. "Well," said the Englishman, "you agree with me that we are descended from monkeys." Said the Scotchman: "I think that may be true as regards the English, but I believe the Scots have ascended."

* * * * *

ANYWAY, to get back to the subject, we wish to thank the office force for the capable work they did in our absence in getting out the June issue. They turned this column into a summer folder. And that story about cleaning up the editor's desk they considered a good joke. It was, too, as we found when we came back. Did they really clean up that desk? They did not. They merely threw the stuff that was on it on to another desk, out of range of the camera, which accounts for the immaculate appearance of it in the picture. Besides, why should an editor's desk be clean? It is his workbench and it should show it. If you went into a carpenter shop and saw the carpenter's bench clean, you would immediately think he was loafing on the job. Somehow these fancy glasstop desks don't appeal to us. They're pretty to look at, but they give one the impression of not being used very much. Our desk is useful, and it never troubles us a great deal whether it is ornamental or not.

* * * * *

THAT summer resort stuff which appeared in this column last month, was quite appropriate for this season, only it was placed under the wrong heading. It wasn't "editorial comment." It was just the plain truth. The resorts in upper Michigan are the finest in the country and it seems altogether superfluous to say that the North Shore Line is the fastest, cleanest and cheapest route by which they can be reached. Writing about them had such an effect on the bird who wrote this column last month, that he had to run up there and visit them, and we are letting him tell all about that trip on another page of this issue. Although we have had our vacation, we feel tempted to run up and give them the once over ourself. As our friend Loophound remarks, that sort of stuff simply demoralizes a fellow at this season of the year.

RIGHT now, however, there are a few other things which we must get off our chest, and this seems the appropriate time and place for it. After all we have told you about the North Shore Line—and we never tell you anything about its financial affairs but hard, cold facts—it would appear that there is a woeful lack of knowledge of the actual situation. Because the North Shore Line is a hustler, because it goes out after business, and gets it, many of its patrons and most of its employees, believe that it is making so much money, that there is nothing impossible for it to accomplish, in a financial way. That, of course, is an entirely erroneous impression. Were the actual conditions fully understood, a situation such as we have been reading about for the last few days would be impossible. The employees who have been threatening to strike, and to disrupt the friendly relations which have existed on the road ever since it was brought under the present management, do not seem to be able to see ahead, or to understand that if they carried such a policy to the extreme, it could only result in common ruin, in which they themselves would be the greatest sufferers.

* * * * *

LET us look at the situation squarely as it is. No good can come of closing our eyes to the economic facts which lie at the bottom of every business enterprise. An ostrich when pursued, hides its head in the sand, but we never heard of its getting to safety by following that course. Yet that policy of the ostrich is not a bit more foolish than is the idea that a railroad, like the North Shore Line, or any other, can by some hocus-pocus, continue to do business, when the cost of doing that business exceeds the revenue received for doing it. That was, and is, the situation on the North Shore Line, and it is that situation which we are going to try to make clear to all who are interested in the facts.

* * * * *

THE present disturbed relations on the North Shore Line are due to lack of true information, or to misinformation, about the financial phase of the enterprise. This lack of information extends to the public, as well as the employees, because both the public and the employees see the business of the company steadily growing and jump to the conclusion that increased business necessarily means increased profits. That is the crux of the whole situation, misunderstanding of the relation between gross and net revenue. The business of the North Shore Line has increased tremendously during the last six years that the road has been under the present management. The gross revenue has jumped from something like \$900,000 in 1916 to over \$4,000,000 in 1921. Net revenue, however, has not increased in anything

like the same proportion, and in all these years the owners of the property, the men and women who invested their money in the original enterprise, have not received a dollar return on their investment, or what practically amounts to that. For the last two years the owners of the original bonds, who exchanged them for participation shares, have received interest on the interest due them. To make it plain; instead of receiving the \$5 a share which they are entitled to receive, they have received 25 cents a share, or 5 per cent on the deferred dividends. Of course, the company in these years has paid the interest on its bonds; if it did not it would be in the hands of a receiver. So much for the "big profits" that the road is popularly supposed to be making.

* * * * *

THERE is another point which has caused confusion and muddled thinking which should be explained. About a year ago the employes of the company accepted a wage reduction of about ten per cent from the high war-time wages. Shortly after, the Interstate Commerce Commission announced its decision, granting the company a flat rate of 3 cents a mile on the entire line. Previous to that time the rate in Illinois was 2 cents a mile and the rate in Wisconsin 2.7 cents a mile, while the interstate rate was 3 cents a mile. The ruling simply made the interstate rate uniform over the entire road. At the time that rate increase was granted, it was pointed out in this column that it was doubtful if it would result in greatly increased revenue, for the reason that passengers who hitherto had bought single-ride tickets, would buy commutation tickets at a rate lower than the former rate of 2 cents a mile. That actually proved to be the truth. Every conductor and collector on the road knows that to be the truth. The single-ride tickets in Illinois practically disappeared, while the sale of commutation tickets increased many hundreds per cent. The uniform rate all over the line resulted in doing away with all the bickering between passengers and conductors, and to that extent was beneficial to the company, but the facts show that it did not result in increasing revenues to any material extent.

* * * * *

WE are anxious to make clear that point about the increased rates and the reduced wages, because it is misunderstanding on that point that is largely responsible for the present unrest. The facts are, that the petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abolish the discriminatory intrastate rates had been filed about thirteen months before a decision was given. Not only that, but the large increase in wages, voluntarily granted the employes in 1920, was predicated on the company receiving the uniform rate of fare which it had asked. The wage increase went into effect and was paid for a year, while the

company had to await the decision of the Commission for its increase. It will be seen, therefore, that there was actually no connection between the two things, although there is a disposition on the part of some of the employes to believe that the rate increase was withheld until after the wage reduction took effect. That, of course, is absurd, as the company had no means of knowing when the Commission would give its decision, or what that decision might be. That the decision was given within a week or two after the wage reduction took effect, was merely a coincidence. Have we made that point clear? If any one doubts it, the records will prove the truth of our statements.

* * * * *

IN that connection, there is another point that we wish to bring out. The wage reduction last year was absolutely necessary, and would have been made even had the rate increase been announced before, instead of after. Why was it necessary? Because at the time it was made, and for several months previous, the company was not earning its bond interest. The operating ratio was 90, which anyone who is the least familiar with business knows is too high a ratio for any railroad to operate under if it is to live. If that wage reduction had not been made at that time, it is quite probable that there would have been a receivership before the year was out. It should also be kept in mind that after the reduction, wages on the North Shore Line were higher than on any other electrically-operated railroad in the United States, with the exception of the City of Chicago, where conditions other than economic have operated to delay a readjustment. They are a good deal higher today than on any other electric railroad in the country, and will be higher, even if the reduction of 5 per cent, which the company has proposed, is made effective. That, however, has little bearing on the situation, because wages on the North Shore Line must be governed entirely by the earnings of the road, without regard to wages paid on any other road, or in any other locality. The North Shore Line has to stand on its own feet, and the rate of wages it pays its employes must be determined solely by its earnings.

* * * * *

THERE is a great deal of misunderstanding on that point, too. There is a sort of hazy idea that because the North Shore Line is under the same management as some other railroads, it can, by some sort of legerdemain, turn deficits into profits. Get that idea out of your head. The road must stand on its own feet, because it is an independent property and must stand or fall on its ability to get business and make reasonable profits to insure its credit. If it cannot do that, it will go as some others have gone, and should it go that way, it will not be a question of what wages it will pay. It won't pay any wages, because the business will be gone to its competitors.

That is something which everyone of us who work for the road, and incidentally find it a pretty good employer, should think over. The North Shore Line is peculiarly situated. On one side are competitive steam railroads, on the other side competitive boat lines. Midway between is the automobile and the auto truck, so that it is a fight for business every minute in the day. When it costs, as it is doing today, a little over 80 cents out of every dollar earned, to conduct that business, it isn't quite as safe a margin as we, who work for the road, and others who have their money invested in it, should wish to see. Think that over.

* * * * *

WE spoke of the need of the road getting business and conducting it at a reasonable profit, to safeguard its credit. The whole future of the road, which means the future of those who have grown up with it and who hope to continue in its service, depends on its being able to maintain its credit. The North Shore Line has been spending in the last few years, something between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000 new capital a year. It needs an equal amount for years to come, because it is a hustling, growing concern. It must continue to grow, or it will die of decay. To grow it must have new capital, which is the life-blood of any industrial concern. It must add to its equipment, build new stations and do all the other things necessary to hold business under competitive conditions, and to get more business. To get that new capital, it must have credit and that brings us down to the question of net earnings. No investor is going to put capital into the securities of a property which shows that 90 cents, or even 80 cents, out of every dollar earned, is going out for operating expenses. That is the problem facing the North Shore Line. It is the problem facing other railroads, too, for that matter, but it is the North Shore Line in which we ought to be particularly interested. That is the road which hands out our pay envelope, and it is on its prosperity that we must depend.

* * * * *

THE main thought which we wish to drive home in this editorial is that we should look ahead, have some vision, and not hide our heads in the sand until disaster has overtaken us. In order to see the situation clearly, it is necessary that we should have correct information on the vital things which concern the company which employs us. As briefly as possible, we have endeavored here to explain a few facts. Every employe of the North Shore Line knows that the president of our company, the man charged with the responsibility of conducting the business successfully, has at heart the best interest

of all employes. He has shown that in a thousand ways and all the employes know it. He has made their conditions the best that they can be made under existing circumstances. It is his fixed policy to go as far as he can go in bettering wages and conditions for those who work under him. He knows and understands their problems and sympathizes with their aims and ambitions as few men in a position such as he occupies do. He will not thank us for saying so in this editorial, but we all know it is true, because it has been proved.

* * * * *

IT should be perfectly clear to all of us, that our best interests lie in the continued success of the company. No company that is bankrupt, or that is only a jump or two ahead of the sheriff, can give good service to the public or the best wages and conditions to its employes. The North Shore Line has a good future ahead. It operates through a territory that is growing rapidly. But it will not benefit from the increased growth of the territory it traverses unless it can get more and more business. It cannot get that business if it stands still, waiting for the business to come to it. It must go after the business. That is what it does, and what it means to do, and for that reason it must have credit to enable it to expand to care for the business which it must get to live. If the road is not in a position to make improvements, it will mean that the business will go elsewhere. Should that day come, when the grass and weeds will be growing on the North Shore tracks, it will not be good for the employes or their families. That picture is not an idle dream, either. It is not only possible, but inevitable, unless the North Shore Line can hold its own in the struggle for existence. It has happened to other railroads and will happen again. These facts should be understood by all the employes and should spur them on to still greater exertion. When you have read and absorbed all that we have given you here, you will be ready for more next month. It is the kind of information that all employes ought to have, to enable them to see the problem more clearly, and to understand that it is not a one-sided one.

* * * * *

FIGHT OR RUN

Said an Irish leader: "Min, ye are on the verge of battle; will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will," came a chorus of eager replies.

"Which will yez do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

"Thank ye, me min," says he, "I thought ye would."

LONG, LONG AGO

In the old days beyond recall a couple of rounders were sitting in a barroom imbibing cocktails. Presently one of them remarked: "Do you know, Bill, I think I'll buy this hotel."

"Wait till we've had a few more drinks," said Bill, "and I'll sell it to you."

Delightful Summer Resorts in Upper Michigan

By J. J. Moran.

BELIEVING that readers of the BULLETIN may be interested in a description of some of the delightful summer resorts in upper Michigan, reached by daily service from Chicago over the North Shore Line and the Pere Marquette Line steamers, I am writing a brief account of a trip I recently made to this haven of rest and paradise of fishermen.

On June 28 we left mundane Chicago on the Interstate Limited on the North Shore Line at 4:45 p. m. for Milwaukee, having dinner on the train en route. It was our plan to take in the vacation lands of northern Michigan. After attending a meeting of newspaper men in Milwaukee our party hied itself to the docks of the Pere Marquette Line and boarded steamers. Following a refreshing night's sleep we awoke in Ludington and went to the Stearns hotel for breakfast.

Modern in every way the Stearns offers many advantages to its guests. One of them is the

privilege of the Lincoln Country Club where golf and other recreation is allowed the hotel guests. Following a short inspection of the hotel and country club we procured a taxicab and started for Hamlin lake, the fisherman's paradise.

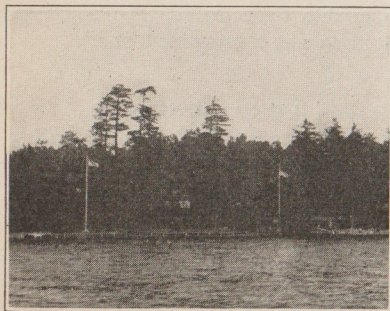


Epworth Heights, Hamlin Lake

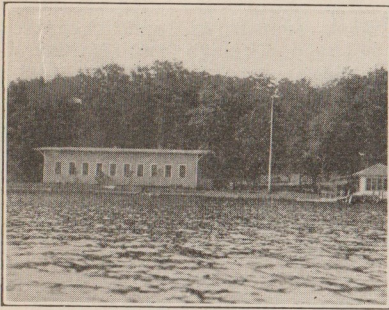
Epworth Heights, summer headquarters of the Epworth League, was the first point on the lake we visited. For several years the league has held its annual congress at this spot.

Summer cottages dot the cool woods bordering the lake at the head of which is the hotel under the direction of Mrs. J. G. Heyset. Accommodations, including room and board may be had there for from \$25 to \$28 a week.

At the Griswolda, another resort on the bank of the lake, we meet Misses F. N. and J. L. Jones, the owners. They offer accommodations for about 100 persons in the hotel and in cottages bordering the lake nearby. A new dining room has recently been completed as an addition to Griswolda.



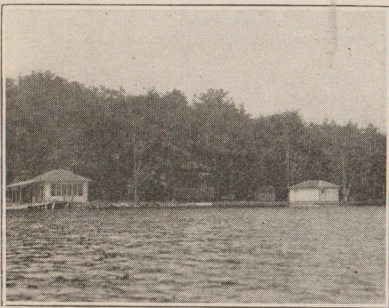
Scene on Hamlin Lake, Mich.



Dining Room, Griswold Inn

Proceeding to Upper Hamlin lake we approach the Arcadia, where accommodations for sixty persons are supplied by the owners. There we were met by Pete Robinson, jovial boatman, and ferried across to Pleasant Hill. Captained by G. L. Ames, of Chicago, this resort boasts a dance hall and large and small cottages in addition to a large dormitory.

The Pleasant Hill resort is ideally situated at the head of the upper lake which is twelve miles long and more than three miles wide. The many streams which feed the lake abound in muskies, trout, pike and the sporty black bass. Accommodations for seventy people are offered with rates as low as \$17.50 a week.



Pleasant Hill, Hamlin Lake

Manistee was our next objective. There we were met by President Kitzinger of the Marquette line and Mr. Arrons, prominent in booster circles of the city. We were shown the recently completed half million dollar harbor and the land the Board of Commerce has acquired bordering the lake. It will be used for resort purposes. Persons desiring the conveniences of city life with summer resort privileges will find their wants best served at Manistee.

Bath houses and a bathing beach have been constructed by the city at great cost. A dance pavilion where dances are held every evening provides other pleasure to vacationists. The Manistee country club is open to all resorters at the small fee of \$1 per day or \$25 a year. The Chippewa hotel provides excellent cuisine and splendid rooms.

A motor trip through the beautiful country bordering the lake leads us northward to Portage Lake and the extensive Lake View orchard. Thirty thousand fruit trees bear fruit for the tourists as well as residents of far away Chicago in this orchard. This year they have produced ninety tons of cherries and will produce 12,000 bushels of apples and 3,000 bushels of peaches.

Lovers of beautiful scenery will find the next stop in our journey most delightful. Approaching Portage Lake the rolling country is suddenly laid out for miles before the eye as we reach the crest of a high hill. Bordering the lake are countless summer cottages presenting a pleasing view from their nesting places among the trees with the lake for a front yard. An interesting feature of these cottages is the water supply which comes from flowing wells the pressure of which easily reaches the second story of the homes.



A Cottage on Portage Lake

The first hotel in our itinerary is the Lake View under the able direction of Mr. Miller. At the head of the lake, a few hundred feet from Lake Michigan, is the new Hotel L'Eau Claire with rates that will meet the most moderate purse.

Leaving Portage Lake we turn west; after a short journey reach Bear lake and the new summer home of the Dayton Bear Lake Outing Club which is composed of members of the Masonic and K. of P. lodges of Dayton, O. The lodges have secured an option of ninety-eight acres and the building of homes on the beautiful shores has already begun. The aim of the promoters is a friendly summer colony and visitors will predict its rapid materialization. Arrangements for splendid camping sites on this tract can be made through the postmaster at Bear Lake.

Taking the west road back to Manistee and thence on to Ludington we boarded the Nevada, latest addition to the Pere Marquette Line steamers, about 9 o'clock in the evening. Arriving in Milwaukee at 6:45 we caught the Interstate Limited for Chicago, had breakfast on the train, and had commenced our work in our office with renewed vigor by 9:35 a. m.

The above route is the shortest, most convenient, and cheapest between Chicago and Northern Michigan points. When your family is away for the summer, with the least effort you are able to join them on week end trips, leaving the city on Saturday evening spending Sunday with your family and arriving back in Chicago in time to open your office Monday morning.

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY

THE following letter comes from a new contributor:

It's frequently said that "comparisons are odious." Often they are. The following event took place in the Highwood station.

The other evening a man was waiting for a car having just missed one and so sat for nearly an hour. He was getting restless and as the time approached when his car arrived he arose and paced the floor.

The day was dark, damp and cool. Other men came and boarded their respective trains. Perhaps the waiter unconsciously envied them or maybe pitied them for having to endure the rain.

Suddenly he expressed to me his surprise that such poor station accommodation is offered at the headquarters of the North Shore Line while better stations are to be seen at other places of less importance.

You have asked your readers to write. If you do not like comparisons any more than I do "forget" this letter.

I read your book from cover to cover and certainly enjoy it.

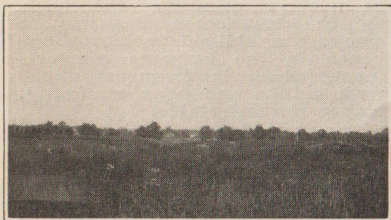
J. Jay.

Far be it from us to belittle the importance of Highwood. Isn't Tom Welsh, superintendent of our dining car service, mayor of the burg? Now the North Shore Line would like to build new stations all along the road, if it could afford to do it. But it requires money to do that and money doesn't grow on bushes, even along the North Shore Line. Give the road a chance to get its breath.

Be Your Own Landlord

RAPIDLY growing Kenosha has been given plenty of room to spread to the north with the establishment of a large addition for home sites on the immediate north of the city by Lyman L. Mead of Racine.

Being an ardent booster for the North Shore Line which adjoins his property Mr. Mead sensed the opportunity of getting a picture or story about the tract in the BULLETIN. Consequently, we, as his guest, recently viewed the lots under the personal guidance of Mr. Mead.



Perspective of Addition

Frankly if we lived in Kenosha we would move. We would move to one of his lots if Mr. Mead would consider us as a purchaser. Maybe it was the close proximity of the golf course and perhaps it was the extreme sociability and enthusiasm of Mr. Mead and his good wife who accompanied us on the inspection tour. Anyway, we could not figure out at the end of the trip how anyone could remain in Kenosha and pay high rent with such a wonderful opportunity so close at hand to own a home.

Running through the center of the addition is a sparkling little brook in a cool ravine with black-backed minnows darting through the waters at the approach of a trespasser on their summer afternoon quiet. Rustic bridges

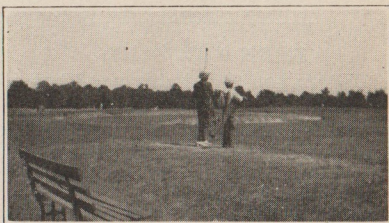
span the water at intervals, affording a very pretty view through the willows which line the banks.

Slightly rolling throughout, the neat little brick bungalows harplat presents many pretty sites for monizing with the semi-wildness of the surroundings.

Streets have been laid out through the tract which is known as the Park Subdivision of Kenosha. On the east it adjoins the right of way of the North Shore Line. North it is bounded by the smoothly paved cement Burlington road, a direct through route to Burlington.

Not the least of the charms of the land as a home site is the new nine-hole golf course recently opened to the public. It is directly across the tracks of the line. The city of Kenosha recently built the course from a park and players are allowed access on payment of a small fee. As an aside we might say that the citizens of Kenosha are to be congratulated on their golfing venture.

All local cars of the North Shore Line provide riding facilities for residents of the tract as



Kenosha Public Golf Links

they stop at the crossing of Burlington road. The plant of the Nash Motors Company is within easy walking distance from the new addition as is Lake Michigan.

Mr. Mead has sold only sixteen out of the 161 lots of the thirty-

acre plot and to our mind none of the best locations have yet been taken. He has provided an easy payment plan for prospective buyers. Lots range in price from \$200 to \$500 and in size from 40 x 120 to 40 x 200 feet.

A number of very pretty little houses have been built on the ground directly across the Bur-



Home Across from Addition

lington road from the Park subdivision from which the residents travel back and forth to Kenosha to their business. There are two other nearby additions.

Persons wishing to communicate with Mr. Mead concerning the viewing of the lots may reach him at 1400 Main street, Racine, Wis. He will gladly conduct a personal tour as he so kindly afforded the editor.

THEN FUR FLEW

"Were you and daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," replied the child.

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

"And did you kiss her good-night every day?"

"I should say we did."

Joe: "May I kiss you?"

Flo: Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on me!"

A SERVICE SUGGESTION

THE following letter and suggestion comes from a new correspondent in Milwaukee:

As a constant patron of your line, allow me to offer a suggestion.

The Milwaukee Limited which leaves Chicago several minutes after the Eastern Limited, consists of one coach, and by the time it reaches Waukegan, Kenosha and Racine, there is standing room only. The Eastern Limited does not receive passengers at these points hence they all board the train following. Also this train receives passengers at points north of Chicago so one coach is hardly sufficient.

Also this car has no smoking compartment with seats arranged as in the remainder of the coach, so the gentlemen desiring to smoke are obliged to sit on the bench in the baggage compartment, which is frequently filled with trunks and bags, making it rather uncomfortable.

This is not a complaint, but a suggestion, and I offer it as it may help a little toward the betterment of the service. I have traveled on electric lines all over the country, but the North Shore has them all beaten, both for service and speed. Your two-hour trains between Milwaukee and Chicago are a delight to the traveler.

I would consider it a favor if you would place my name on your mailing list, and send me the Bulletin every month.

Yours very truly,
Justin J. Vlach.

Well, Mr. Vlach, the North Shore Line is always pleased to get suggestions which might improve the service. Your letter was written on June 19 and immediately sent to the Transportation Department. The condition of which you speak must have been checked before your letter was written, because an additional car was put on that particular train on June 20 from Highwood, and we are informed will be continued as long as traffic warrants it. Thank you for the suggestion just the same.

Sings Praise of North Shore Line

SOME patrons of the North Shore Line praise the service in ordinary, plain prose, others sing its praises in verse. There are some pretty good poets along the line, at that, also some poetesses.

The following poem comes from Miss Helen Voight, of Racine, and is dedicated to Superintendent J. W. Simons:

LUXURIOUS PLEASURE

I come with a message of what is in store

To all who would travel on the famous North Shore.

There's convenience and comfort, without extra pay

To patrons who travel, no matter which way.

You will find that their service is one of the best;

There's nothing superior exists in the west.

Their management, too, you will find number one.

As there's nothing attempted but what is well done.

As straight as a fir tree, devoid of all limbs,

You will find Superintendent J. W. Simms;

He is capital timber, we will guarantee here

Without imperfection and strictly all clear.

His face is familiar along the whole line

And his workmen are treated remarkably fine.

He is known and respected by all on the road,

Though they dwell in a palace or humble abode.

Get a move on your framework, don't let a day slip,

Go purchase a ticket and pack up your grip

For a ride through the country will do you much good;

It's conducive to health, or it's so understood.

Now call up your friends and your relatives too

And advise them what you have concluded to do.

You augment your party by many a score

If you tell them you travel on the famous North Shore.

You pass through a country that's teeming with wealth

And returning you note restoration to health,

For the acreage there is so charged with ozone

It will strengthen your nerves and replenish their tone.

Then get to the country while the weather is fine

And welcome Nature's handiwork on the whole line.

The scenery displayed, beautiful to the eye,

Would please any artist, even with the country dry.

Now when you return you will never regret

The trip you have taken, I'll venture to bet.

For the treatment received while on the North Shore

Is all one could ask; why say any more?

Should I be permitted to travel again

I will take the North Shore, for they're all gentlemen.

The treatment's superb and there's service galore

And 'tis a pleasure to travel now on the North Shore.

We will sing the road's praise and we'll chant it in hymns,

For what we recovered we owe Mr. Simms.

We trust that our efforts will receive an encore

And the echo reverberate along the North Shore.

Then raise high the banner from every abode

For the local that stops at the Ed Hansche road.

Service reinstated, 'tis fine as before.

There is no road that excels our beloved North Shore.

Good for you, Miss Voight. Keep on warbling, your theme is

an excellent one. We have heard about poetic license, but we don't

know whether or not it should go to the extent of changing a

man's name. Of course, it rhymes better that way, but that may not

be the reason for your having it wrong. We know Mr. Simons

writes his name as if he was in a hurry to get through with the job, so it might easily be mistaken for "Simms." Anyway, what's a little matter of names among friends. If you promise to write another poem, we will use our influence with Mr. Simons to have the local trains stop at some other country road, if you have any such stop in mind.

BOXING AT FT. SHERIDAN

MANY of our readers are no doubt members of the rapidly growing group of fight enthusiasts and it is to these and prospective followers of the padded mitt that we will address these lines in calling attention to the snappy quarrels which will occur throughout the summer season at Ft. Sheridan.

The next bout has been arranged for July 18. Jack Stein, 19-year-old promoter of the fights, will be matched against a fast member of his class in one of the eight-round features of the evening. He has shown his prowess in former encounters and is highly touted as a comer by his followers.

Several other fast bouts are promised by the management for that evening assuring any who wish to attend a peppy card. Invalided soldiers at the fort are allowed free access to the matches and many of them count the days until the next one.

Special trains will be operated over the North Shore Line to provide transportation to and from the fights.

HIS SECOND CHOICE

"What are you plunging back into the water for, Pat? You just swam ashore."

"Shure, Oi had to save myself first, and now Oi'm going back to save Mike."

COMMENDATIONS

THE following letter comes from a resident of Kenilworth, who finds service on the North Shore Line satisfactory and employees courteous and obliging. He writes:

Two months ago, when we moved to Kenilworth, I received a letter from your General Passenger Department, telling me about trains and enclosing a time schedule. Since that time I have been traveling on the electric and find it very convenient and satisfactory.

I am writing to draw your attention to a man whose name, I think, is Hayes. He is your station master at Adams and Wabash station. The courtesy of this man, his attention to elderly people and the way he is looking after your interests in the station, certainly make him an asset to the company.

I do not know the man personally, but during the last two months I have seen numberless cases where he went out of his way to give service and I am taking the liberty of bringing his good work to your attention.

Yours very truly,

William A. Colledge.

The employe commended in the foregoing letter is L. C. Hayes.

WATCH YOUR STEP

EVERY railroad man knows the value of a watch. Without watches trains could not be run on time. But being something of a philosopher, L. C. Hayes, station master at Adams and Wabash, uses the word "watch" as a daily guide for other things than keeping trains on time. He does it in the form of an acrostic as follows:

W Watch your Words
A Watch your Actions
T Watch your Tongue
C Watch your Companions
H Watch your Habits

Think about that next time you consult your watch. It's pretty good advice.

Appreciation of Service

MANY social and fraternal organizations patronize the North Shore Line when giving outings, because it is so easy for them to charter a special train and get personal attention which cannot be had on any other road.

The following letter comes from the commander of Square Post of the American Legion, which recently chartered a special train to carry its members to Milwaukee:

A few weeks ago Square Post of the American Legion chartered a train on the North Shore Line to Milwaukee and I wish to express the appreciation of the post for the manner in which the outing was handled.

Our post is made up entirely of members of the Masonic fraternity and you can imagine the surprise and delight the boys expressed upon seeing the emblem which decorated the front end of our train. We feel grateful also for the way your people brought us home, it being early on Sunday morning, when cars on the elevated lines run at long intervals. Although our train was chartered only to Congress street, the North Shore Line was good enough to take us out on the South Side, where most of us live.

We had a very pleasant trip and are all boosters for the North Shore Line.

Yours truly,

Charles R. White, Commander.

The North Shore Line has a fixed policy of giving special attention to such parties on outings and it is appreciated.

GOT THERE IN HURRY

FROM the Milwaukee works of the International Harvester Company comes the following letter, which tells its own story of the efficiency of the North Shore Merchandise Despatch:

"We wish to compliment you on the service rendered on your line on May 23—movement of a welding outfit shipped by the Imperial Brass Manufacturing Company, Chicago, to us, which left Chicago on train leaving at 6 p. m., arriving in Milwaukee at 8:35 p. m.

"Service of this kind is deserving of special mention.

"Yours truly,

"INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY.

"By S. A. Dugan."

That is the sort of service that shippers get on the North Shore Line.



Special Car with Insignia

(Cont. from inside front cover)

itors when they call. When the visitors are contribs she usually sizes them up closely to see if they carry concealed weapons before ushering them into the editorial sanctum. She knows you so well by this time that only a casual survey is necessary in your case. Anyway, they did a pretty good job of the June issue at that.

Speaking of that June issue of the BULLETIN which told of chasing the editor out of town to take mud baths, it alarmed some of the old faithful contribs, who took it seriously. Here is a letter from our old contributor, Mr. Miller, of Canton, Ohio, who is ready to journey to Chicago to pay us a visit if we are really in need of a little cheering up. He writes:

In my last copy of the BULLETIN I learned that there was something wrong with your physical makeup and that you were at some place taking mud baths. I sincerely hope there is nothing serious. Not knowing what your trouble is I can't say whether you will be benefited or not. I used to take mud baths when I was a youngster. The most serious part for me was after my mother found out I had been taking them, and let me tell you, she sometimes made her objections felt. But seriously I would be sorry to hear that there was "muckle wrang wi' ye."

I should have written you long ago but Mrs. Miller has been talking for weeks about going up to Kenosha to visit our son, and I wished to have her call on you while going through Chicago. I meant to write and ask if you could show her out to the Old Peoples Home at Riverside, as she is very anxious to see it, since I have talked so much about my visit there. She thinks she can travel by herself and being a Highlander from Inverness, she feels she is brave enough to try anything that requires courage.

Please drop me a card and let me know if you are well. If you are laid up I will go to Chicago to see you.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. G. Miller.

We appreciate your anxiety in the matter, Mr. Miller, but can assure you that we never felt better. We didn't take any mud baths, either. There was nothing the matter with us, except maybe the hookworm, and we got rid of that on the golf links.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, appears to be greatly interested in that story about the clean-up they gave the editor's desk in his absence. He writes:

I am wondering what happened when the editor got back and found that the BULLETIN had gone to the printer, and also when he saw what at first glance might appear to be a brand new desk. Was it a grand and glorious feeling? I suppose we will hear about it in the July issue. I hope your vacation did you lots of good and that you will have your usual pep for a whole year.

I suppose Mr. Moran wrote the editorial comments, telling about the fishing resorts up in northern Michigan. I don't see, however, where a real fisherman would get much pleasure out of going to such places when he doesn't have to take any hooks or bait along. The real fisherman loves the sport of catching fish and having a fight on his hands with the big ones. There is no fun in getting fish when they jump into the boat. That makes it too easy. It is just like buying them. If that is the way that Henry Cordell gets fish, according to his own statement, then I will say that Mr. Cordell is as much a stranger to the truth as I am. That statement reminds me of one hot July 4 in Chicago that I went fishing in Lake Michigan. My brother was with me and neither of us got a bite, but I bought a big string of fish for 25 cents and brought it home. The women folks thought it was wonderful and I believe it was years afterward that they found out we did not catch the fish.

When did you hear from "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan? I noticed in a Sheboygan paper that he had moved to Grand Rapids to go into business there.

Sincerely yours,
J. D. Peebles.

We think that story about Henry Cordell is overdrawn. Henry really is a good fisherman and can catch them without hav-

ing them jump into the boat. At least, he says so, and we have no reason to doubt his word. We haven't any reason to believe it, either, for that matter, as we never saw him catch any fish.

Our old friend Jim Ham has been running around the country in search of something of other, but from the way he concludes his letter it would appear that he did not find it. He writes as follows:

Landed in Chicago today after messin' around the Jersey Coast and Father Abraham's burg for a period of ten days.

New York's transportation is indeed a good object lesson of prohibitive fare regulation. One must make occasional trips to the big city to observe the slow but gradual decay of track and equipment under the much touted 5-cent fare. As you know the Hudson tubes are permitted to charge ten cents and believe me the additional nickel is manifest in the property.

As per usual I looked over New York's barometer (Coney Island) more from curiosity than in quest of amusement—though it affords much of the latter to the fellow who derives fun from observing the public. Joe, The Bootblack, allows that Coney is hard hit. Joe should know as sand and salt air play havoc with shines and unless New Yorkers have shiny feet "they just aint dressed up at all."

Getting back to the 5-cent fare proposition again it is really a calamity to realize. I rode forty miles in the tubes for 10 cents.

Yes, the James brothers still run Atlantic City. 'Twill always be the same I suppose so long as "minute men" patronize its seeming luxuries. Barnum spilled something when he said that there is "one born every minute."

Chief you sure could concoct some editorial comment on the aforementioned transportation decadence.

Thanks for the June BULLETIN.
Yours, etc.,

Jim Ham.

P. S. Wish to thank Uncle Peebles for invitation extended in June BULLETIN to visit Plymouth for medicinal purposes. May surprise him sometime. If Daddy Loop-hound will slip me his address I may drop off at Pittsburgh sometime to see him.

J. H.

We had overlooked that invitation of Brother Peebles in the

June issue until your letter called our attention to it. We hope before the summer is over to pay Mr. Peebles a visit, and would advise you to get there first, as we understand there is only a limited amount of the medicine.

Our Milwaukee correspondent Jumbo is on the job as cheerful as ever. He writes as follows:

Now that all the excitement is over up here I suppose it behooves me to keep your readers posted on what has happened.

Several of our old residents had a stiff neck for several days following the big balloon race. Several days after the race I ran across a friend who claimed that his tonsils had become sunburned from gazing aloft at the gas bag. This fellow's baseball mustache—nine on each side—failed to protect him from the sun he said.

The advertising convention proved a great success. One of the best suggestions offered the city of Milwaukee by one of the men who attended the meeting was that we establish a three-mile limit in Lake Michigan up here. In that case Milwaukee would become Egg Harbor of the Loophound definition.

On June 15 I had the opportunity of visiting Techny, Glencoe, Waukegan and Chicago on the world famous route, The North Shore Line. I received the same courtesy as a millionaire on the wonderful route. I would have called on the editor during my stay in Chicago but scarcity of time prevented. I missed the 8:30 limited train at Waukegan, but, thank goodness, it happened on a road of service and there were other limiteds following.

Struggling onward,
Jumbo.

Sorry you could not find time to even call up the editor, Jumbo, old top. We would have been mighty glad to have heard from you. Try harder the next time you are in our fair city.

Just getting in under the line, our old friend Michigander has written his annual letter. As usual, his letter begins with a paragraph about how good the Detroit Tigers are. Far be it from us to disagree with such an old timer

