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The North shore bulletin



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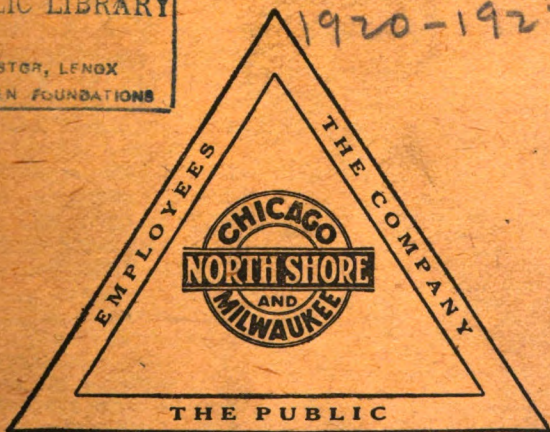
THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

NOVEMBER, 1920

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"The Road of Service"

Chicago

REGULAR PATRONS NOW.

It needs just one trial of the service on the North Shore Line to convince the most skeptical of its superiority. Of course we like to praise it in the BULLETIN because that is what we are here for. But we don't have to strain our conscience in doing it. Britton I. Budd, the president of the road, sees to it that the service justifies everything we say in praise of it. He knows we have a tender conscience in such matters.

Here is a letter, however, from a Milwaukee business man who didn't have to write it. We couldn't say more if we tried for a week. He writes:

There is a general tendency on the part of the traveling public to always find fault with a public service corporation, and no doubt at times their complaints are justified, but I want to write about a trip on the North Shore Line that was faultless.

On Sunday, September 12th, sixteen members of the Milwaukee Typothetae (Master Printers) made reservations from here to Chicago and also reserved seats in the dining car. We were on our way to the St. Louis convention of the national organization of Master Printers.

The first surprise we got was when we were met by Mr. T. E. Welsh, your superintendent of dining cars, who came up from Chicago to see that we were looked after in a real home-like manner. The next surprise was the well-cooked, nicely served dinner and at reasonable rates. In fact, this was the best meal we had on any railroad on our thousand mile trip.

The pleasant and cheerful manner in which the conductor of the train, Mr. James W. Mears, looked after our welfare was instrumental in making the trip a success.

Your company is to be congratulated upon having such men in their employ and every member of our party was "sold" to the North Shore Line that day, because everyone expressed the thought that hereafter when going to Chicago they would use your trains.

In times like these, busy business men forget kindness and *real service* too easily, and while this letter is a little late in coming, please accept and use it as you like, because I know that if every employe will do and act as did the employes on that train,

your company will be successful and that means success for every employe.

With best wishes for your success,
Frank R. Wilke.

P. S. Please put me on your mailing list for the BULLETIN.

When they write letters like that it is conclusive evidence that they are satisfied.

CONDUCTOR IS COMMENDED.

COURTESY on the part of employes of the North Shore Line is so common that it is seldom that any particular employe is named in a letter of commendation. Patrons accept such courtesies as a matter of course and consider it part of the service, which it really is. They speak of it in general terms only, as a rule.

C. L. Alling, Scout Executive of the Waukegan Boy Scouts, writes commending Conductor E. J. Hayward for an act of courtesy, which he greatly appreciated. Mr. Alling boarded a Limited, southbound at Waukegan, with the intention of meeting his wife at Highland Park. The train was fairly well filled, only single seats being available. Mr. Alling told the conductor that his wife intended getting on at Highland Park and, if possible, he would like to get a double seat. The conductor said he would arrange it, and by the time the train reached Highland Park a double seat was available for Mr. and Mrs. Alling.

"I write you," says Mr. Alling, "because I feel that Mr. Hayward should be encouraged in that kind of service and your company should be commended for emphasizing it."

The BULLETIN is very glad to print this commendation of Mr. Hayward and of bringing it to the attention of Superintendent J. W. Simons.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
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LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Bldg.

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 483 No. 1

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TWO events of national importance have occurred since last you heard from us. The country has held a "solemn referendum" and the BULLETIN has celebrated another birthday. We were present on both occasions.

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IT doesn't seem three years since we began telling you about the good qualities of the North Shore Line, does it? On the other hand it seems ages since the politicians began telling you about their good qualities. We can't promise you any relief from either. We begin our fourth year just as full of pep as ever, with the politicians just as full of promises.

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LOOKING back over the last three years, we feel like "pointing with pride" to our record. The BULLETIN has more friends today than it ever had. Of course, some of the politicians also "pointed with pride" but it didn't work. Now they will begin to "view with alarm." It's always the one or the other. The "ins" always "point with pride" and the "outs" always "view with alarm." When the people sit in on the game, the ins and the outs change places, but the song never changes. It's a wonderful game if you don't take it too seriously.

* * * * *

WHY can we "point with pride" without having to blush for it? Simply because the North Shore Line has made good. We're not sure we can say as much for all public servants. Have you ever noticed how many patriots there are around election time? The woods are fairly full of men anxious to

serve their fellow-citizens. Of course they never think of any reward. Such a thing as the salary attached to the office is altogether beneath their notice. Their whole purpose in life is to be of service to their country. They are willing to admit it. Many of them get away with that line of talk, too. Some give service guiding wheelbarrows, others guiding the ship of state. And, do you know, at times we think if they changed places it wouldn't make such a whole lot of difference.

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IT'S perfectly wonderful how the times change. Here Tennessee goes Republican and part of Scotland goes dry. What's going to happen next? Comrade Debs says his party will win in 1924. He says that being shut off from the outer world he has developed a wonderful insight. Gene always did have a wonderful insight into things. Way back in 1904 he predicted that his party would win in 1912. When it didn't he extended the time to 1920. Now he pushes the clock ahead another four years. Hope springs eternal in the Socialist breast. Victor Berger says it was woman suffrage that deprived Congress of the pleasure of refusing him a seat. Well, if it was it would appear to some of us that the adoption of the nineteenth amendment has been fully justified. Next to our interest in the returns, our keenest enjoyment comes from reading the "explanations." They are so amusing.

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WHEN we read the returns from the voting in Scotland we weren't so greatly surprised to see that three districts had gone dry. Since the war the government over there has been cutting down the strength of Scotch whisky. Rather than take it diluted some of the Scots decided to cut it out altogether. Among the districts which voted dry was Kirkintilloch. When we read that it made us smile. It reminded us of a story we heard nearly a hundred years ago when Kirkintilloch wasn't dry. A resident of that interesting burg was wending his way homeward in the early hours of morning a little under the weather. Passing a churchyard he noticed an open grave. In

his state of mind it looked inviting, so he lay down in it and went to sleep. He was awakened in the morning by a loud blast on a horn, which came from the driver of a fish wagon. The newly awakened one thought it was Gabriel's trumpet and that the day of judgment was at hand. He scrambled out of the grave and looked around the deserted churchyard. "It's a poor turnout for Kirkintilloch," he remarked. Evidently the voters turned out in greater numbers on election day.

* * * * *

ONE thing in connection with the election tickles us clear through. We hope we won't see any more in the newspapers about Article X. Not that we wasted time reading the drivel which has been appearing on that subject, but we couldn't help seeing the headlines. You remember months ago, before the League of Nations became a partisan issue, we used to discuss it freely. We were a strong advocate of it then, and we haven't changed a bit. We are just as strong for it now, but we refused to get excited over it during the campaign. From the returns we judge that several millions of others took the same view of it we did. They refused to consider it a partisan issue. Both the leading candidates alternately blew hot and cold on it, until it dawned on them that it wasn't going to change many votes. Then they put on the soft pedal. The outcome would have been just the same if both candidates had started for Alaska on a hunting trip the day after they were nominated and stayed there until after election. At least we haven't met anyone who changed his mind as a result of their speeches.

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WHY did the people take the League of Nations issue so calmly, in spite of the efforts of the political spell-binders? Simply because they could see further than the politicians gave them credit for. They believed that this country would join the League of Nations, no matter who happened to get elected. At least that is our personal view of the matter and the few with whom we have discussed the subject take exactly the same view of it. The United States is going to take its rightful place in

world affairs and nothing can stop it. That place is in association with other enlightened nations and it doesn't matter a whit whether it is named a League of Nations or something else. It doesn't matter whether Article X. is taken out or left in. The thing which does matter is that an association be formed to prevent a recurrence of wars such as we recently passed through. It is already formed and this country is going to join it. As we view it, there is no other course. The politicians know it, too, but they thought that a little quibbling over minor details might attract votes. If our statesmen think that the result of the election was an expression that this country wishes to isolate itself from the rest of the world, they will get a rude awakening soon. But we don't believe they look at it that way.

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A NOTHER matter we used to discuss a little in the past was the need of a better understanding between the English speaking peoples of the world. How some of the politicians and newspapers did try to stir up hatred and jealousy during the campaign. It is true they didn't say much about that "six votes to one" proposition. That was too ridiculous to do service, even in a political campaign when almost any sort of bunk will get by. But they tried about everything calculated to stir up trouble between this country and Great Britain. They didn't succeed. During the war we used to say in this column that the English speaking nations would rule the world. They do, and will continue. They aren't going to be divided on issues like Article X., either. This nation of ours isn't going to remain isolated from the rest of the world. It can't afford to, neither can the other nations afford to have it. Now that the election is over, we hope the bitterness is over, too, and that this country will take its rightful place as a leader in the movement for world peace and reconstruction. Personally, we feel very confident that it will.

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WE didn't mean to discuss politics when we started to write this. Well, in a sense, we haven't, for we don't consider an expression on the League of Nations as being an expression

of political views. What we had in mind when we began was to give you a little dissertation on the subject of service. Not the kind you have been hearing about for the last two or three months. The kind of service that the politician promises, when he is looking for votes, seldom materializes. It's mostly vapor and dissolves in thin air after he is safely elected. What we had in mind is North Shore Service, which is real. You get it every day. That's because it isn't political service. Funny thing, isn't it, that a "soulless, greedy, grasping (we can't think of any more adjectives) corporation" should give you real service, when the "peepul's friend" running for office gives you only hot air? But it's a fact, and you know it. Not that we wish to criticize our public servants unjustly. Most of them are pretty decent citizens. They have to make promises which they know cannot be fulfilled in order to get elected. They aren't as much to blame as are the rest of us who fall for their line of talk and vote for them because they promise impossible things.

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DID you ever hear of a man running for a political office on a platform that if he was elected he would co-operate with the utilities companies to get better service for the public? No, you didn't. If some candidate was intellectually honest enough to run for office on that kind of a platform you wouldn't vote for him. Still you want to get good service. If a candidate promised that he would "smash" the company that is giving you service, that he would force it to do this or that, you would say he was a real fellow and deserved your vote. Isn't that about the size of it? It's perfectly foolish, too, because it's only through co-operation that real service is possible. Any public service corporation that is harassed and handicapped can't give the best service of which it is capable. No company that is bankrupt, or daily living in fear of bankruptcy, can give as good service as one that is reasonably prosperous. That ought to be plain to the most obtuse. A great many communities throughout the country have learned it to their sorrow, after they drove the electric railway companies which served them into the hands of receivers.

WHAT we have said applies to electric railways and other public utilities in general, but it is different on the North Shore Line. There the road gets the co-operation of the communities it serves, and as a result the communities get the best service given by any electric railroad in the country. The North Shore Line is constantly doing something to make the service better, too. Look at the new fast trains that it has recently put on. The "Badger Limited," which makes no stops for passengers between Chicago and Kenosha, proved so popular that another train of the same class—the "Interstate Limited"—was put on November 1. The "Badger Limited" was put on to carry Chicago people to Milwaukee in the morning and bring them back in the late afternoon in time for their dinner at home. It worked fine, and Chicago business men appreciated the service. But it was a little one-sided. It was all right for the Chicago man going to do a day's business in Milwaukee, but it didn't give the same advantage to the Milwaukee man going to do a day's business in Chicago.

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THE North Shore Line is always up to date, so it didn't take long to remedy the situation. The time of the "Badger" was changed to have it leave Chicago at 7:15 in the morning, while the "Interstate" was put on to leave Milwaukee at the same hour. In the evening the order is reversed. The "Badger" leaves Milwaukee at 4:45, while the "Interstate" leaves Chicago at the same hour. Both trains carry dining cars morning and evening. That is some convenience, too. It permits of the business man sleeping later in the morning and eating his breakfast on his way to business. That sort of service can't be beaten. At least it can't be beaten by any other railroad, nor equaled, for that matter. Probably it will be beaten later on by the North Shore Line itself, for the fellows who run the transportation end know their business and are always looking out for ways to please patrons.

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THE convenience of the arrangement is in itself a great commendation, but just think of the time those trains make. Two

hours and ten minutes between the loop in Chicago and the heart of Milwaukee, a distance of 86 miles. That has everything else beaten for speed as well as convenience. Talking with a man in Milwaukee the other day, he said the North Shore Line was now the fastest as well as the most convenient road to Chicago, but a great many travelers didn't know of the new service. He said they had been so long accustomed to the steam road that they had got the habit and never thought of looking into the possibilities of the electric line. That is one reason why we are telling you about it here, because we know when we print it here it will be read and we like to help out the fellows in the transportation department, anyway. They really are making good. If they weren't, we have such a nice conscience that we just couldn't praise them. As it is we feel like exclaiming, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to do this justice," as the little boy said when he looked into the barrel of maple sugar.

* * * * *

GIVING excellent passenger service is not the only way in which the North Shore Line helps the communities along the road. Merchants and manufacturers are just awakening to the fact that they have right at their door a Merchandise Despatch Service that is a great time saver. When they wish to fill an order in a hurry they are learning that the North Shore Line is the fastest and most reliable. We could cite scores of cases in which the Merchandise Despatch Service has been put to a severe test and has made good. For instance, our old friend Tom Kidd, manager of the Milwaukee branch of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, told us of a number of cases in which the North Shore Line helped him out of a tight place. One afternoon he received a hurry-up order for a set of truck tires. They had to be delivered the next morning and he found he did not have them in the Milwaukee storehouse. He telephoned the main house in Chicago, directing that the tires be shipped that evening by the North Shore Line. He had them in Milwaukee at the opening of business the next morning. That's the way the North Shore Line does things. The Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company of Milwaukee was shipping a consignment of

shoes to San Francisco. The shipment was given the North Shore Line and within twelve hours after it was received the shoes were on an express car on the Santa Fé railroad out of Chicago. That's the kind of service that business men appreciate. Such instances are everyday occurrences. Well, the way that the Merchandise Despatch business is growing is the best evidence that it is meeting the needs of the merchants and manufacturers.

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TIME to wind up for this month, and in passing we might remark that the BULLETIN is beginning its fourth year full of hope. We had almost said, full of dope. The North Shore Line is full of hope, too. It has a good many improvements in mind, when conditions in the money market improve. It cannot do everything at once. The road is paying 9 per cent for capital that it has to borrow and earning only about half that rate on the investment. Under such circumstances it is impossible to make all the improvements that it would like to make in the way of new and larger stations, and all that sort of thing. But it will continue to give first-class service and it will make improvements as speedily as possible. The desire to serve is there, and that is the main thing. The tightness of money doesn't trouble the BULLETIN. We're used to it. We haven't any improvements in mind, anyway. We're doing our darnedest to please you now, and angels can do no more.

* * * * *

SAFETY FIRST.

A Scotch minister was playing a game of golf on a strange course.

"What's that ahead of us?" he asked the caddie.

"That's a bunker," said the caddie, "and they call it hell."

"Why do they call it that?"

"Because ance ye get in ye canna get out."

The minister drove and his ball landed in the bunker. He called for a niblick and made a splendid recovery.

"What do you say to that?" he asked the caddie.

"Weel, maister, a' I hae tae say is that when ye dee ye'd better tak ye're neeblick along wi' ye."

GO TO THE REAR DOOR.

The North Shore Line employs a trained nurse to visit sick employes. She is, of course, unknown to many employes. The other day she called, grip in hand, to see an employe. "You'll have to go to the rear door," said the lady of the house, sizing her up. "I don't do any buying at the front door."

A MODEL MILWAUKEE SHOE FACTORY

ARE you interested in shoes? Most people are, especially in the price. In these times the price is really more interesting to most of us than the question of where or how shoes are made.

Is there a definite relationship between price and quality in shoes? There is. The prices run up and the shoes run down—at the heels. The only way to keep them from running down is to walk less and ride more, and the North Shore Line is always at your service. Besides it needs the money more than the shoe manufacturers.

However, that isn't the point of this story. That's merely our fool way of beginning to tell it, for you may have noticed that the BULLETIN has its own way of saying things. That's what makes others, just as foolish as we are, read the thing.

You know, of course, that Milwaukee is famous. On billboards all over the country you used to read the reason. Maybe you can read it today, but that is all. Volstead and Dalrymple and the rest of that gang see to it that you don't taste it. And still we're happy. All that hasn't much to do with shoes, except indirectly. Some men are more on their feet than they used to be, consequently they wear out more shoes. That's merely an observation, not an argument.

But Milwaukee is becoming famous for its shoes. You didn't know, perhaps, that Milwaukee manufactures as high a grade of fine shoes as can be found in the United States. The cheaper grades of shoes, commonly known as working shoes, have been made in Milwaukee for a number of years, but it is only within the

last two or three years that the manufacturers of fine shoes in the east have been shown that they do not have a monopoly in that branch of the trade.

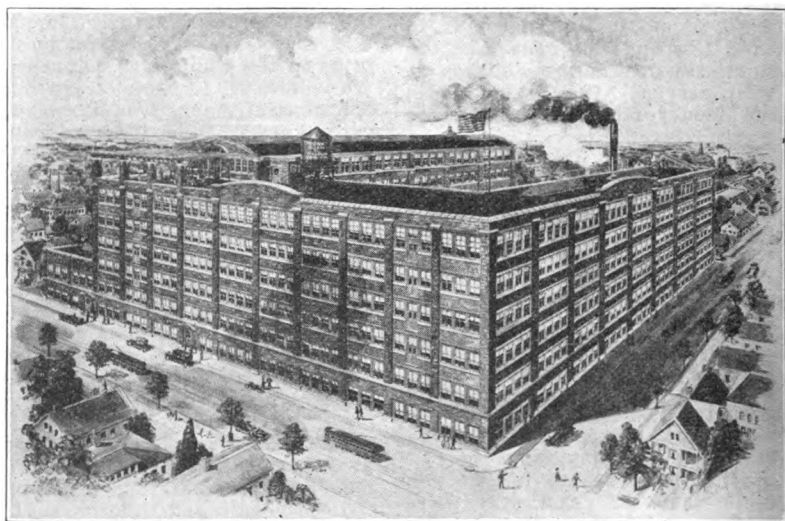
The evolution from the working shoe to the finest shoe on the market in Milwaukee is largely the result of progressive ideas on the part of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company. Behind the natural desire to excel in its line, there is a good deal of local pride in the Nunn-Bush company. We believe H. L. Nunn, treasurer and general manager of the company, knows his business as well as any shoe manufacturer in the country. The success with which he has met is the best proof of it. He believes there is just as much shoe skill in Milwaukee as in any city in the east and it hurt his pride to always have fine shoes associated in the mind of the purchaser with some eastern manufacturer. Why not utilize the local skill and make as good a shoe in Milwaukee as can be made anywhere?

The undertaking wasn't as easy as it may seem. The making of fine shoes was only one phase of the problem and the easiest. There was the selling of them to be considered, for the public had become accustomed to look only to the east for fine shoes. Shoes of cheap or medium grade might be made in the west, but the purchaser always turned his eyes to the east for high quality. It is hard to smash a tradition, even if it is not well founded, as is the case with most traditions. But Mr. Nunn stuck to his ideas and the tradition that fine shoes can be made only in the east has not only been smashed in the shoe trade, but very largely in the public mind.

When Mr. Nunn helped organize the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company in 1912, he didn't have much except a sound, practical experience in shoe manufacturing and unlimited faith in the soundness of his progressive ideas. The firm was started with a capital of \$100,000 and a capacity of about 600 pairs of shoes a day. Today its capitalization is \$1,000,000 and its capacity 6,500 pairs a day. In the first ten months of operation the company

thinks he would like it better if certain changes were made and he orders it with the changes. The factory makes the shoe according to order.

The Nunn-Bush company reversed the established order and made it "sell what you make." The shoes are made before they are sold and the dealer has to take them as they are or leave them. That was a revolutionary idea in the shoe trade. It required courage and foresight to



Nunn-Bush Shoe Factory, Milwaukee, Wis.

shipped \$277,000 worth of shoes. Last year its shipments aggregated \$5,149,000 worth. It employs 1,100 men and women in one of the most modern shoe factories in the country and under conditions which have made social investigators and writers speak of it as ideal in industrial democracy.

The established custom in the shoe trade is to "make what you sell." In other words the shoe salesman goes out and shows a sample shoe. The local dealer

go against an established custom. But the idea worked. The best evidence that it works is seen in the figures of production quoted above. The advantages is seen in the working conditions in the factory, where busy and dull seasons have been greatly minimized, if not entirely removed. Shoes are sold from stock and employment in the factory is steady. The result is more contented employees and that contentment is reflected in the quality, as well as in the quantity of their product.

And in the Nunn-Bush factory quality production takes precedence over quantity production. The firm is building up a name for itself on quality rather than on quantity and is much more concerned about the former than about the latter.

The disadvantage of the idea of "selling what you make" is that some local dealers who can not

The progressive ideas of Mr. Nunn are not confined to the making and selling of shoes. They have been applied to the working conditions in the factory. There they are even more revolutionary than in the manufacturing and selling end of the business.

In the boot and shoe industry piecework generally prevails. In the Nunn-Bush factory practically all employees are paid by the week. The work is highly specialized. The making of a shoe requires a great number of operations, each one being performed by a different operative. As in other industries where the workers are subdivided into groups or sections, each group performing a certain operation, it is not difficult to determine what is a fair day's work. Although paid by the week the operatives in the Nunn-Bush factory are required to do about the same amount of work as piece-workers in competitive factories, with the difference that should some adverse circumstance arise that might reduce an operative's output for a day, it is not kept out of his pay envelope, as would be the case on a strictly piecework basis. The management believes that the day work plan results in a better grade of work than could be obtained under piecework and that the employees are better satisfied.

In an article in "The Independent" of October 2, our old friend, Professor John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, has an interesting article on the democratic form of shop control in the Nunn-Bush factory. The "Shop Committee" is in virtual control of the hiring and discharging of employees, and that with the full consent and co-operation of the management. A former business agent of the United Shoe Workers, the radical element which seceded from



H. L. Nunn, Gen. Manager

have the changes they desire made in the shoes refuse to handle them. To meet that objection the company has established retail stores of its own, the number growing as the shoe becomes better known. The company has two retail stores of its own in New York and two in Milwaukee. Its shoes are, of course, handled by thousands of retail dealers throughout the country, who recognize the steadily increasing demand for the Nunn-Bush shoe.

the regular Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union some years ago, is the business agent of the shop union in the Nunn-Bush factory. The employees pay him his salary and the company furnishes him an office. If an employe is discharged by a foreman the discharge must be approved by the business agent of the employees' union. When the employment department hires a new employe he must be sent to the business agent before starting work. If he is not acceptable to the business agent, or considered eligible to membership in the Nunn-Bush Co-operative Association, he cannot work in the factory. In one sense it is a "closed shop," but it is "closed" by the employees themselves, for it has no connection with any outside union, although membership in an outside union is not held as a barrier to admittance to the shop union.

The business agent of the shop union devotes his entire time to the adjustment of grievances and both the employees and the management appear to be satisfied with the way the system works. Being given the utmost freedom, consistent with business principles in a highly competitive industry, in determining their wages and working conditions, the employees take pride in the factory, and when an employe is found who is not doing a fair day's work, his co-workers are the first to discipline him. They feel they have the good name of their own union to protect.

While grievances arise which constantly call for adjustment, the machinery for making such adjustment is so simple and readily available that there is an almost complete absence of serious friction in the factory. The secret of the success of the system appears to lie in the fact that trivial grievances are

promptly taken up and adjusted the moment they arise. In most industrial plants it usually is an accumulation of minor differences which leads to a big explosion. If they are taken up at their inception and not allowed to accumulate, the morale of the shop is preserved and a better spirit of co-operation maintained. The employees feel that a square deal is assured them, so trivial things are not magnified into serious grievances.

One of the big advantages of the system which tends to remove distrust in the minds of the employees is that they are kept fully informed on the affairs of the company. The business agent of the employees' union has access to the books of the company at any time. When a question of wages or prices arises, the business agent investigates conditions in other competitive factories. All the cards are laid on the table before the representatives of the employees in a perfectly frank manner. The Nunn-Bush factory is not a fertile field for the agitator who talks in vague terms about the huge profits made by a company and the comparatively small wages paid the employees. The employees in the Nunn-Bush factory know the facts. They are made to feel that it is their factory, that the higher the quality of their work, the better are their chances for steady employment and increased wages.

This method of open, frank dealing between the employees and the management has resulted in developing a spirit of loyalty and pride in their work, it has reduced the labor turnover to practically nothing, it assures the worker steady employment and the management a constant supply of highly skilled labor. The loss to a firm through the constant breaking in of new and inexperienced workers is hardly

known in the Nunn-Bush factory, which is one of the reasons for its wonderful growth and success in the business world.

Mr. Nunn, who is largely responsible for the development of the idea, sums it up as wholly a matter of education, of letting each side see and understand the problems of the other side. Radicals are welcomed as members of the grievance committee, as nothing is as well calculated to sober them as to show them the other side of the problem. It is the correct idea. A workman may be nursing a grievance, which to him appears the most important thing in the world. When that grievance is taken up and considered in the light of some problem which is confronting the employer, it doesn't seem so big to the worker after all. The mere discussion of it, however, is educational to both sides. Each sees something of the other's problem and the result is a bond of sympathy and understanding that never could have been reached had they remained apart.

There is one thing particularly noticeable in the Nunn-Bush factory system and that is the absence of anything that might seem to smack of paternalism. The American worker doesn't want justice handed to him in the shape of philanthropy. He is quick to resent anything of the kind. The Nunn-Bush factory has most things which go under the usual name of "welfare" work, but they do not go by that name. It has, for instance, a well-equipped first-aid station with a trained nurse in attendance. It has a restaurant where employees may eat lunch if they choose. The lunch is supplied at cost, or less, but it is looked upon as a convenience and not a charity. The workers are free to take advantage of it or not as they choose. There is a rest period of ten min-

utes each forenoon. It gives the workers a short breathing spell and really is a benefit to the firm as well as the employees, as it results in more and better work. There is a gymnasium and other conveniences for the employees in the big, modern plant, but everything of that sort is regarded as a matter of justice and not of philanthropy. It is the square deal in actual operation.

The Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company recently has started another factory in Fond-du-Lac, where it manufactures work shoes under the name of the Menzies Shoe Company. The new factory gives employment to about 200 men and women.

PRAISE NORTH SHORE SERVICE.

SERVICE which satisfies and pleases patrons in these days when so much is expected of transportation companies, must be good service. That is what the North Shore Line gives. Here is a letter from a prominent Chicago business man, which is typical of many commendations received from satisfied customers:

Mr. Britton I. Budd, President,
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee
R. R.

Dear Mr. Budd:

I thought you would be interested in first hand testimony as to the excellence of the special car service on the Milwaukee Electric. About forty of us went out to Racine over Saturday and Sunday for an office golf tournament, using a two-car special train, arranged for with Mr. Jennings and apparently handled by Mr. T. E. Welsh.

The whole arrangement was so well done, including a short notice change in the schedule Sunday afternoon for the return, that I take pleasure in complimenting you on the performance of those men.

Yours very truly,

Donald M. Ryerson.

Vice-President.

Joseph T. Ryerson & Son.

That is the way they all speak of the service after a trial.

WITH BULLETIN READERS.

THANKS, family. You certainly are coming across in great style these days. A whole lot of new correspondents this month, but you're all welcome. Maybe we can't get all the letters into this issue. Had to cut some off last month on account of space.

We have thought it would leave a little more space in this column if we didn't make such a long introduction and if we cut down on our own remarks. It is hard to keep from commenting on some of the letters, but this is your column and in justice to you we ought to keep out of it.

It is hard to decide who should have the top of the column. We have a rule, however, which we follow everywhere, except on street cars, of giving ladies preference. That wouldn't be a bad idea in this case, as we like to encourage lady contributors. Most of our letters come from men, but we can assure the ladies that we aren't any old crab and that we are particularly glad to hear from them.

Some old-fashioned fossils of men think that women don't know anything except how to bake pies and that many of them can't even do that. Well, we aren't in that class, because we know from experience that many women know a whole lot more than many men. They take interest in public affairs, too, and just to prove it we will introduce to you Miss Purdy of Wilmette. She writes as follows:

This letter is to tell you and all your co-workers how much I appreciate your efforts to make your paper the success that it already is. I particularly enjoyed your editorial on public utilities because I work in the bond department of one of Chicago's largest banks and I have noticed that of all the bonds that are issued by all kinds of companies the public utility companies are invariably the most generous with their interest and if it becomes necessary for them to redeem

their bonds, they always do the thing that benefits the bondholder most.

It seems to me that these companies do more than wonders on the amount of money that they take in and instead of lowering the rates they ought to be raised. If the public at large have found it necessary to kick against the high prices, let them go after the ones that are to blame and after the smaller concerns that make two and three hundred per cent profit, instead of after the people who are doing them favors at their own expense.

Your article on "The Presidency for Sale" also interested me very much, and it is a pleasure to find that there is at least one independent newspaper that is willing to boost instead of knock the government of the United States.

Sincerely yours,

Miss K. D. Purdy.

That's the way to hand it to them, Miss Purdy. Now that the women have full suffrage we'd like to boost for you as a member of the Public Utilities Commission.

After the ladies maybe we ought to run college professors. Not that college professors necessarily run after ladies more than the rest of us, but just to be sociable we will introduce Professor Hillbrand of South Dakota. He writes:

It used to be that I had many a mile to travel on the North Shore Line. I got so enamoured with your magazine that since leaving Chicago I have often wished I could see a copy once in a while. If you will put me on your mailing list you will not only be doing me good, but also many college classes, for the things are too good to keep always to one's self. I always get a great deal of fun out of the jokes, as well as live ideas from the editorials.

Yours very truly,

E. K. Hillbrand,

Professor of Education.

Dakota Wesleyan University, S. D.

We're glad to meet you, professor, and note that you make that distinction between jokes and live ideas. Some might think the terms synonymous, so far as the BULLETIN is concerned. Your name goes on the mailing list at once, but spare the feelings of your classes as much as possible.

Next in order should come the medical fraternity. Here is one from another new contributor. From his letterhead we take it he is chief medical director of the Farmers' National Life Insurance Company of America. He writes:

I have had occasion recently to see several issues of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, and want to congratulate you on the excellence of the publication. The editorial comments are unusually keen, bright and readable, and the whole of the little magazine is full of meat.

I have been riding on the North Shore Line quite a little within the last few months between Chicago and Fort Sheridan and have occasion to patronize the dining car once in a while. Your road has certainly made a success of its dining car service. The meals are excellent and well served and the courtesy of the employees exceeds that of any steam railroad on which I have traveled.

I am very glad to have the opportunity to express my appreciation not only on the excellence of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, but of the service of the road of which the BULLETIN is the official organ.

Yours faithfully,

S. C. Stanton.

You see what intelligent patrons say about the road when they have tried its service. As one correspondent says in his letter it is easy for us to boost a road like that, because its performances are better than our praise. And if it didn't perform right, you can bet some one would be jumping hurdles. The North Shore Line has a president who knows how to run a railroad and give the public service.

You remember "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan? You have read some of his interesting letters in previous issues. He is a man after our own heart, cheerful and always boosting. It's just as easy to drop a flower along the pathway of life as to drop a thorn, and it is so much more satisfactory. This is what "Dad" writes:

Have the September BULLETIN, and note what you say about your visit to Plymouth. The only comment I have to make is that you and your good wife did not stay long enough and I presume our mutual friends, Jimmie Peebles and Jimmie Mathewson, agree with me on this. The latter is some Scotchman. He can dance it, talk it, sing it, but I doubt if he can drink Scotch. He is one of the flowers of Sheboygan county and that is about all he does, is raise flowers. Next time you come you want to go through his plant.

Jimmie Peebles—well, we people up here all know what a good scout he is, and I will bet a big red apple that you and your wife had a good time with Jimmie and his bunch.

Am going west for a trip and may write again soon if I have anything interesting to communicate. In former years when I was on the road a great deal, I used to long for an "at home" job. Now, since I can stay at home most of the time, I get restless for the road again, and if I can't go I sometimes go down to the depot and watch the trains come and go. Guess that is the way with most of us traveling men, we get accustomed to it and it is hard to change us.

Hoping I may have the pleasure of meeting you and Mrs. Grant again,

Sincerely,

"Dad" Kade.

Another new one from Minneapolis. We get them from all over the country. When they live at a great distance they can't, of course, be regular patrons of the North Shore Line, but they at least know there is such a road, and when they come here they use it. So letters from a distance are always welcome. This one comes from Minneapolis:

If it be not asking too much I would like very much to be placed on your mailing list, so that I may get the BULLETIN regularly. Early last summer, and at previous intervals, I have had occasion to use your road to great advantage from the Cream City to Chicago and back. Your company certainly lives up to every word your motto, "Road of Service," implies. I have always found your employees to be very courteous and obliging, which is so essential in dealing with the general public.

One can easily make the trip between the two cities and back within a day and without the after effects, such as tired feeling, sore back, etc.

Wishing the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN all the best luck possible and hoping you will place me on your mailing list as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Noble E. Olson.

Here is a good one from a Chicago man who dropped into the editorial sanctum one day and was handed a few copies of the BULLETIN, which he hadn't seen before. A few days afterward we received this letter:

I want to thank you for the copies of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN handed me the other day. You certainly have a bright, snappy, little publication, one that is sure to grow in size and value and become immensely popular among both employes and patrons of the "Road of Service."

Of course if you were asked to boost the building of a million dollar church while the pastor was preaching of the coming of the world's end next year, or a city whose mayor allowed it to become a cesspool of crime and corruption, your task would be much harder. But in the North Shore Line the incentive is great. You are boosting a permanent institution, backed by a management which is straining every nerve to make it second to none in excellence, elegance and efficiency. The enthusiasm of a sincere booster is contagious and eventually becomes irresistible, even among the worst of knockers.

I enjoyed reading your BULLETINS more than anything since I was vaccinated, and wish you would please lay me aside a copy each month.

J. A. Clarke.

After that letter, Mr. Clarke, we surely will see that you get the BULLETIN regularly, and we hope you may not have to be vaccinated or catch the measles or anything of that kind that might alienate your affections from it.

You remember "Michigander"? It is about a year since last we heard from him, but he continues to read every line of the BULLETIN. Some recent remarks of correspondents about Detroit got under his skin and he felt he had to reply. He writes as follows:

Bright and early this morning the September issue of the BULLETIN was laid upon my desk and now, having

read it from cover to cover, recalled the fact that I had not written you since the world's series last fall, nearly a year ago. I really am ashamed to think that I did not live up to my agreement with you for so long a time, that of writing occasionally.

Speaking of the world's series, we are about to have another very soon, and I am pulling for the White Sox to repeat in the American League. I suppose that this is all dry to a golfist such as you are, and so will desist.

It seems that quite a few of your correspondents have been taking great delight lately in knocking Detroit. This I wish to take exception to, and will commence with our worthy "Loop-hound." Some time ago he wrote that he visited our fair city and incidentally made a flying visit to our neighbor across the river—Walkerville—in the hope that he might pick up something in the way of relief for a parched and dry throat, but apparently he was not successful in his search; therefore he vented his wrath on Detroit and all within. We had a notion to call him for this at the time, but press of business and other matters interfered. You might explain to him that one must be a full-fledged member of the local branch of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Learned Bar Flies ere he is allowed to enter the sacred portals to laughter and joy supreme. I sincerely hope that his wanderings have enabled him to smell an oasis a long way off, in which event I would not blame him if he paid another visit to Detroit, for—between friends—the stuff is being brought over the river in all ways—air, water, boat and pipe line—I dare say.

Let me also reply to Mr. Sol N. Lasky regarding his reference to our interurban service. I have asked to be put on record as saying that the North Shore Line cannot be beat for service and that Detroit interurban service with its single track lines and switches is far from perfect. I however must reserve the right to kick about the local service and cannot let anyone else knock the local lines—that is a privilege that I must have for myself.

I might add, however, that I may be induced to share this privilege for a certain stipulation—say an "Ever-Ready Shaving Brush"—if I remember correctly my old brush has fulfilled its required number of years and will be put on the pension list shortly. I might add further, that my initial attempt at shaving off the down was made with the aid of an "Ever-Ready" which has given many a year of service.

You may expect to hear from me a little oftener in the future and I trust that you will keep on sending me the

BULLETIN. By the way, you have the right dope in your editorials. We need more like them in our local yellow dailies.

Sincerely,

"Michigander."

Your reference to that shaving brush is referred to Mr. Lasky, but we might suggest that he "sells" them. He appears to be a pretty liberal sort of fellow, however. We mentioned before about his sending us an "Ever-Ready" razor and promising an "Ever-Ready" brush later. Well, we got the brush, sent direct from the offices of the Ever-Ready Safety Razor Corporation in Brooklyn, with Mr. Lasky's compliments. It is a dandy shaving brush, too. Real badger and we can vouch for its quality, as we have used it every day since we received it.

Here is one from a sailor at Great Lakes who "caught" the editor, or says he did. We are not sure that we are "caught," but anyway, we appreciate his good intentions. He writes:

I am writing to let you know (old stuff) that I enjoy your BULLETIN immensely and the sailors whom I have seen read it feel the same way about it. I read with delight your interesting "With BULLETIN Readers"; and although I've only read the last three of your numbers, I want to ask you to place me on your mailing list, *s'il vous plait*? By the way, this BULLETIN is the first article of quality that I have ever gotten gratis, without having to do something first in order to get it.

In the September number you sarcastically write, "due to the efficient way in which Mr. Burleson runs the post-office department." Now, I'm not a knocker, but to the contrary, I like to boost wherever I can; so I shall try to defend Mr. Burleson's service by saying that it is some service; e. g., on August 25, one of my room-mates here received a letter dated the 26th. Now if that isn't some service, I'd like to know what is service—receiving a letter the day before it is mailed to you. Let me congratulate you on achieving the seemingly impossible, Mr. Burleson.

To Mr. Bent: The NORTH SHORE BULLETIN issues a challenge to you, as you know, by asking you to "put something up to us that is real hard." Permit me, then, Mr. Bent, to lend

you assistance in your present predicament. Ask Mr. Editor—he claiming to be a regular Lloyd at puzzles—to answer this for you: What is the difference between 44 minutes past the hour, new or old time? (Refer to September edition, page 2, column two.) You know how it is, Mr. Editor, we readers delight in catching you at something. Mr. Peebles already has, as you know to your regret. Now, if you would take my advice and besides having to "read back numbers more carefully" and read the number you are issuing over another time, perhaps we readers wouldn't molest you with "catches."

Morris Mitchell.

P. S. If I couldn't get the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I would miss it as much as the sailor would miss the C., N. S. & M. R. R., for if it hadn't been for the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I would have to look gloomily out of the car window and if it were not for the C., N. S. & M. R. R., the sailors here would gloomily remark, "Oh, how far is it to Chicago (Milwaukee)." *Merci beaucoup, Monsieur.*

Not having heard from Mr. Bent for some time and being unwilling to tax his ingenuity, we'll answer Mr. Mitchell's puzzle ourselves. There isn't any difference between 44 minutes past the hour new and old time, and that was the point of the joke. Evidently we didn't make it very clear. Try again, Mr. Mitchell, and we expect you can "catch" us easily enough, because we frequently catch ourself in a little slip after the thing is printed. Perfection isn't attainable this side of heaven and we are a long way on this side.

WELL, NOT COMFORTABLY

At Belfast a football match was played between Ireland and Scotland. One of the home supporters, who was getting excited, kept shouting out:

"Sit on 'em, Ireland!"

An old Scotchman in the crowd, unable to stand it any longer, cried out:

"Ye might be able to sit on the shamrock, mon, an' mebbe on the rose; but I tell ye, mon, ye canna sit on the thistle."

FAST, CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE.

"COMPARISONS are odious," said some old scribbler about the year 1400, and every scribbler and speaker has been repeating it since. However, that's neither here nor there, what we meant to say is that the North Shore Line isn't afraid of comparisons. They may be odious to others, but the North Shore Line welcomes them.

A recent convert to North Shore service, now working in Milwaukee, writes as follows:

I am located in Milwaukee with the Burns-Hall Advertising Agency. My wife and baby are now in Elmhurst, Ill., temporarily. For the time being I drop home via the North Shore Line, assuredly on Saturday.

The first day I came to Milwaukee it was Friday, and very warm. I took the steam road and sat by an open window. When I arrived in Milwaukee to keep my appointment I was dirty—there is no real nice word for it—the black soot and dust went right through my coat and shirt and settled in my undershirt. I could see it. That settled me.

On the return trip I took the North Shore Line at 7 p. m. and in two and one-half hours I was home in my old apartment on the extreme northwest side of Chicago. If I had taken the steam road I would have had to go all the way downtown and take the "L" back again. I traveled in cleanly comfort and saved at least 45 minutes time.

This last Monday I left my Elmhurst home at 5:40 a. m.; boarded the Aurora and Elgin at 5:46; hit the loop at 6:30; walked over to Adams and Wabash; boarded your 7 o'clock Limited (6:00 central time), and was in my office in Milwaukee at 8:55, ready for work without the necessity of a cleanup and fresh linen.

Under the conditions, do you wonder why I use the North Shore Line.

W. F. Schramm.

No, Mr. Schramm, we don't wonder at all why you use it. We only wonder at the fellows who don't. If they would put it to the test, as you did, they would become steady patrons. That's why we said the North Shore Line isn't afraid of comparisons. It's got everything else beaten forty ways, or, to be conservative, as we always are, we will say, "about" that many ways, because we haven't counted them all.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

HERE is another man "sold" on North Shore service after one trial. He is J. P. Pulliam, secretary and treasurer of the Wisconsin Electrical Association, with headquarters in Milwaukee. He writes as follows:

That the proof of the pudding is in the eating was again demonstrated to me yesterday through a visit to Evanston and the use of the North Shore service to and from that point.

It has been several years since I have had occasion to use the facilities of the North Shore Line and while I have heard of the many improvements that have been made since that time, I little realized the extent of the improvements until my trip of yesterday. It is in fact the "Road of Service," and I am sure that the efforts in that direction are meeting with a hearty response from the traveling public.

I was much interested in reading the BULLETIN for October, which I found on the train, and if it is not asking too much of you I should like to have my name placed on the mailing list for copies of future issues.

Sincerely yours,

J. P. Pulliam.

Surely your name goes on the mailing list. You have been admitted to membership in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN Family. There are no regular dues in this interesting organization, but all members are expected to write the Chief Mogul—which is us—at least once a year.

THEY CAN BE TRUSTED.

A Scotsman on entering heaven looked around to see about the company he was in. He noticed a large number of Swedes and a few Irish but he didn't see any Scotsmen. He called St. Peter and said:

"Are there no Scotsmen here?"

"Yes, lots of them," said St. Peter.

"Well, I don't see any of them around."

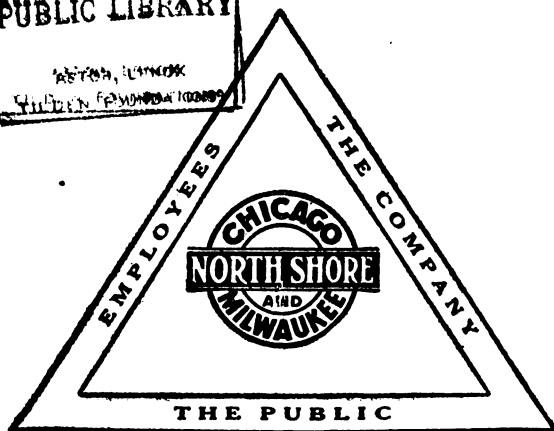
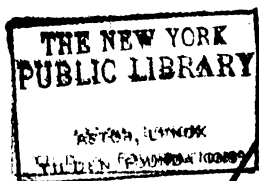
St. Peter led him to a window and pointing out he asked:

"Do you see that house on the hill over there. The Scots are all over there playing golf. They are the only people the Lord can trust out of his sight."

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

DECEMBER, 1920



"The Road of Service"

KENOSHA IS HOSPITABLE.

WE have found all the towns along the north shore hospitable when we have occasion to call, but the reception we get in Kenosha is really out of proportion to even our own estimate of our importance.

Recently we were invited to a luncheon of the Kenosha Kiwanis Club to tell them what we knew and what we didn't know about electric railways. We certainly got a fine reception in spite of our talk, which proves they are a charitable as well as a hospitable bunch.

We have thought since there are only two courses open to us, either to stay away from Kenosha altogether, or to go so often that they will get sick of us. As it was our visit really demoralized business. Conrad Shearer, the genial secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, closed his desk when we got there, resolved to make an afternoon of it. Thomas Lockhart, the jeweler, did the same thing, or almost. He didn't close his store, but he left others to look after it. Then there was Walter Miller of the Brunswick Billiard hall who gave us a special invitation to his home in the evening, which other arrangements prevented us accepting. Some other day, however, we're going, for he's the sort of fellow one wishes to know better.

Mr. Shearer and Mr. Lockhart wished us to go through some of Kenosha's big manufacturing plants. They selected the MacWhyte plant for a start. Before going out to the plant we all dropped into the city hall to see Mayor Joachim. The mayor offered to drive us around, as he did on a former occasion. Mayor Joachim is all right and we're strong for him. We drove out to the big wire rope plant of the MacWhyte Company and met Mr. MacWhyte, who showed us through the big factory and explained the various processes of turning bars

of steel into wire rope. Some day we are going to give a detailed account of what we saw, but we haven't the space this month.

Mr. MacWhyte later invited the party to his office, which is elegantly furnished. It has some accessories that you don't often find since the passage of the eighteenth amendment, but we are not going into details. It is enough to say that Mr. MacWhyte is a real Scottish gentleman and can prove it.

One would think that was enough entertainment for one afternoon, but Mr. Shearer and Mr. Lockhart had still other plans in mind. They wished us to meet their better halves and make an evening, as well as an afternoon, of it. We just can't resist that sort of thing, so we had a nice little dinner party at the Elks Club and adjourned to Mr. Lockhart's house, where we met some other friends, who have found more or less enjoyment in reading the BULLETIN at odd times. It was a sort of little gathering of the clans with singing and music and as Service says:

Jist the wee simple airs that sink
inta' your hert,
And grup ye w' love and w' long-
in' for hame;
And ye glour like an owl till you're
feelin' the stert
O' a tear, and you blink w' a
feelin' o' shame.

Well, these simple airs do make the tears start and somehow we don't feel as much ashamed of them as we used to.

It was nearing midnight when we hurried to catch a North Shore train and, thanks to our Kenosha friends, it was the end of a perfect day.

AGREED.

"I'd rather drive than eat!" exclaimed the motor fan.

"But what does your wife say about it?"

"Oh, she'd rather ride than cook, so we get along fine."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV Chicago, December, 1920  463 No. 2

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HERE'S wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * * * *

IT'S the first time you have seen that form of greeting in the BULLETIN. That's because every little publication of this kind in the country does it and we like to be different. However, this is our fourth Christmas and we can afford to be a trifle common.

* * * * *

BESIDES it's a very good form of greeting. Of course, in many cases it doesn't mean anything. At this season it is too often just another way of saying "howdy," or go to the devil, as the case may be. Isn't much of the real Christmas spirit in it. Well, we mean it in the real old-fashioned way. We haven't a grudge against anyone in the world. That is, not a confirmed grouch. We know there are some Ebenezer Scrooges in the world who would be benefited by a visit from a Marley's ghost. But there is a lot of human kindness, too.

* * * * *

THERE'S a lot of difference in the way we look at the world. Scrooge saw one kind of world and his clerk,—little Bob Cratchit—saw an entirely different world. But it was just the same old world. The difference was in the mental attitude of the two men. It's just the same today as when Dickens immortalized Scrooge and Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim in his "Christmas Carol." And by the way if you haven't read that since last Christmas, read it again. Carlyle said that Dickens was a good little fellow

but his outlook on life was all wrong. Maybe it was, but we personally have got infinitely more pleasure over reading him than we ever got from reading Carlyle. And we aren't too old yet to get a lot of pleasure and profit out of the "Christmas Carol."

* * * * *

WE wish we had written this stuff last night, as we first thought of doing. We felt then as we might be able to write something in a sort of Christmas spirit that would interest you. Now we doubt it. It happened this way. When we got home last night we got thinking about what line of chat we would have this month. We settled down in an easy chair, filled our pipe and read the newspapers. We read about the troubles in China because of the famine, the troubles in Ireland, which some are doing their utmost to bring over here, and we wondered if they needed another Cromwell over there. We read a little history of Cromwell's time and found it mighty interesting, but not what we wished to comment on at this season. Then we thought, why not a little Christmas stuff and we reached for the "Christmas Carol" and for another classic of which we are particularly fond—Booth Tarkington's "Beasley's Christmas Party." We thought we'd just read them over to get in the right frame of mind and then write something.

* * * * *

YOU know what sometimes happens to the best laid plans of mice and men. We picked up the "Christmas Carol" first, re-filled our pipe and forgot everything else. We don't know how many times we have read it before, but we know the first time was a good many years ago. There we sat reading at times and dreaming at other times. We went back to the days when we believed in Santa Claus. How bright and fresh the world looked then. We saw a great open fireplace with the logs crackling and shooting their glowing embers on the hearthstone. We didn't have any Christmas tree. The Christmas tree came in another picture and in another country and we played Santa Claus. But in the first picture we didn't need a Christmas tree. There were thousands of pine trees hard by, growing as Nature

intended them and covered with feathery snow which made a more beautiful picture in the moonlight than any artificial Christmas tree. The colored electric lights shining among the branches of the city Christmas trees are very pretty, but we were fortunate enough to spend the first few Christmases we can remember where we saw the stars twinkling through the pines and where we could wonder about the great world which lay beyond the mountains.

* * * * *

AS we listened in fancy to the crackling of the logs in that fireplace, we could see a picture not so much unlike that in Bob Crachit's home. There wasn't any Tiny Tim, for we youngsters were all strong and sturdy, with healthy appetites. But there was that same spirit of goodwill among us and if the table didn't often groan with delicacies, there always was plenty. And do you know with that sort of spirit the humblest and plainest kind of a meal becomes a feast. We could see mother, bright and smiling as she always was and soon father would appear, ruddy faced and as we thought in those days the strongest man in the world. He was very unlike Bob Crachit in that respect. He didn't come home from a dingy office. He came home from tending his sheep in the distant hills, with a large plaid wound around his broad shoulders, for he always wore that in winter instead of an overcoat. And, of course, he had his faithful shepherd dogs with him—Jess and Trust. Never such dogs lived before or since. We thought of the way we used to grab first one and then the other around the neck and roll over and over on the floor. Sometimes to get more room we would go outdoors and roll with the dogs in the snow. How the dogs enjoyed it, too. We can recall how they would fool around in a friendly sort of way until they got us off guard and then jump on our chest and roll us over in the snow. Oh, it was great fun. Then we'd get called into the house and mother would take a small broom and brush off the snow and sometimes scold a little because we got wet.

THAT picture fades out and we see another on the canvas. We're a little older and not quite as good a little boy as we might have been. Seems there was always some sort of dire punishment due us when father would come home, for at that time he came only on Saturday nights. After a time our misdeeds for the week were duly recorded. The rest of the family looked as if they were heartily ashamed of us and hinted about us disgracing them in the eyes of the neighbors. Father would listen attentively until all the evidence was in—and frequently there was a preponderance of it—and then he would put his hand on our head and say: "Laddie, it's a terrible thing that I have to listen to these complaints every time I come home. But if I ever do begin——." How well we remember that speech, for it was made quite often in those days and always in about the same words. It got so we only pretended we were scared, because father never did begin. We have a suspicion now that mother knew he wouldn't begin, either, but it relieved her conscience to give the evidence.

* * * * *

HOW distinct one picture stands out on the canvas. It was an older sister who was the judge and executioner that night. Father probably wasn't there, for we don't see him in the picture. Mother is there knitting by the open fireplace, but she has temporarily surrendered her authority to sister. And what a dear sister she was in spite of what she did that night. How often we laughed over it in after years. With an older brother we had been guilty of committing some grievous offense. We never did know what it was, but we were found guilty without a trial and sentenced to say an extra string of prayers on our bare knees on a hard floor. We recall how Jim, the older brother, took his punishment like a little man. We don't think he even questioned the verdict but just threw himself on the mercy of the court. When our time came we demanded to know what we had done to merit such an awful punishment. It was enough to have to say a long string of prayers regularly and we didn't propose to work overtime if we could help it. We didn't get any explanation, but were told to kneel down on the floor. The door was partly open and,

though it was pitch dark and drizzling sleet, we made a break for liberty in our "nightie." We beat it for the woods, but after quite a chase we were caught and led back by the ear. We had to do extra penance because of our rebellious mood. We probably were about seven years old and that was the first lesson we learned in diplomacy. We learned that it sometimes is better to compromise than to fight, for all life is a compromise.

* * * * *

AS we re-fill our pipe the scene changes and another picture comes. We are much older now, have read something about the big world beyond the mountains and become restless to see it. We didn't have any fat stranger talk with us and point out that there was the same restless spirit in the big city and beyond the seas, as did "Will O' the Mill" in that classic of Robert Louis Stevenson's. We didn't have him tell us that we could find more happiness and contentment among the hills and the woods than in the big city with its misery and squalor, as well as its bright lights, where human beings are huddled together fighting for breathing space. If we had had a fat stranger explain as he explained to "Will O' The Mill" something of the meaning, or rather the mystery of it all, we wonder if it would have made any difference. Probably not. We probably wouldn't have been satisfied until we found out for ourself. We had read and heard of a land where it was all sunshine and we dreamed and longed for the day when we would go there. How were we to know that it isn't the land we live in, or the clear skies that make all the sunshine in life? The source of the sunshine is much closer to us, but most of us are blind and cannot see it. We only get a glimpse of it when we have a Marley's ghost visit us.

* * * * *

BUT we have been dreaming and talking too much of the past. We should instead be looking forward. You remember how a glimpse of the future affected old Scrooge? How hard he begged his unearthly visitor to say that the future he was being shown was only what might be, not what must be. His life up to that point had been largely wasted according to the new light he had seen and he wished to get a chance to change the future.

Well, we are all getting that chance, whether or no we take advantage of it. It was something of that kind we meant to point out when we started this column, as the season for good resolutions is approaching, but somehow the other picture arose and, as they might say in the transportation department, we got derailed. The copy must go to the printer right away, so we can't afford to throw what we have written in the waste basket and make a fresh start. It probably ought to go there. If we had written it last night as we said before, it probably would have been a better picture. After all that's what we've been talking about—lost opportunities—and what we ought try to avoid in the future:

* * * * *

THE Scrooges aren't all dead. Some live along the North Shore Line. There aren't so many, but we have a few. The conductors on the North Shore Line know them. They are the kind who buy a ticket for a certain distance and try to beat their way a few stations farther. Another variety tries to take advantage of the difference in rates in interstate and intrastate traffic. There shouldn't be any difference in the rates, but there is, and there are some who will scheme how to beat the company out of a few cents. They will buy a ticket from Chicago to Zion to get the Illinois rate, then pretend they have changed their mind and offer to pay the conductor the difference to Milwaukee. Some of them get mad when the conductor charges them the straight interstate rate for the full journey, which is the same rate that honest passengers pay. We hope some of them read this and then go home and read what Scrooge saw in the pawnshop when the charwomen and janitors were disposing of the bed curtains and the shirt they had taken off his body after his death. It probably would give them a glimpse of themselves as the conductors see them. It would do them more good than the few pennies they save when they happen to get away with their dishonest practices.

* * * * *

NOW that we have been disturbed in our dreaming and have come back to earth, we'd like to ask the Scrooges we have in mind if there is any difference between them and the harpies

who took the shirt off the original Scrooge's dead body. He was an old miser who never said a kind word or did a kind deed to anyone in his life. Besides he was dead when they robbed him of his shirt, so it didn't hurt him any. The North Shore Line is doing lots of good in the world. It is giving good, honest service and at rates so low that it cannot afford to be robbed of what justly is due it. There aren't comparative and superlative degrees in honesty. One is either honest or dishonest. It is just as dishonest to defraud a railroad of what is fairly due it as it is to steal the savings of some poor widow. As a matter of fact one who steals from a railroad, does actually steal from widows and orphans in many cases, for railroad securities may be the only source of revenue left them. Think it over when you are making good resolutions for the coming year.

SURPRISED AND PLEASED.

THE speed and comfort of North Shore trains surprise passengers who use the road at infrequent intervals. Old timers who rode over the line before the present management took hold in 1916, and whose memory of the trip is not altogether pleasant, marvel at the change which has been brought about.

The following letter from Charles Riddell, Chicago manager of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, speaks for itself:

Britton I. Budd, President.

My Dear Mr. Budd:

A few days ago I had occasion to be in Milwaukee, the first time in a long while. I came from Milwaukee over your electric line and I write to congratulate you on the condition of your roadbed and general equipment. I think it is the most comfortable high-speed ride I have ever had on an electric traction property. I take pleasure in testifying to what you have accomplished since you took hold of this road, and I am familiar with its former condition.

Yours very truly,

Charles Riddell.

There are many travelers who

do not realize that the modern electric railroad, when equipped and managed like the North Shore Line, is the most comfortable method of traveling. The new steel cars on the North Shore Line run as smoothly as any Pullman and the traveler on them has the advantage of being away from the soot and cinders characteristic of the steam roads. One trip will convince the traveler, but it is not always easy to induce him to make that trial trip. Some travelers live in the past. Others keep up with the procession and so are familiar with the tremendous strides made in the electric railway field in recent years. The North Shore Line is a good example of the highest development of the electric railroad.

Irate Intruder—"Look here! You've been in this telephone booth for half an hour and haven't said a word. Now come out and give me a chance."

Occupant of Booth—"I am talking to my wife, sir."

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MOTORCYCLES

IN writing up some of Milwaukee's noted industries, we gave BULLETIN readers last month a short description of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company. Just to show that we are impartial in the matter, we are going to tell you this month how you can save shoe leather by riding a motorcycle.

Perhaps you didn't know that Milwaukee is the home of the world's largest producers of motorcycles. We confess that we didn't know it until the other day when we looked into the matter and went through the factory of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. We believe there isn't any question about it, for production figures tell the story.

But it isn't altogether volume of production in which the Harley-Davidson Company takes pride. The firm believes that it manufactures the best motorcycle on the market and there are thousands of motorcycle enthusiasts in this and other countries who agree with it. There are several straws to indicate the superiority of the Harley-Davidson machine. For instance, it was one of this company's machines that won the 300-mile national championship race at Dodge City last July and the 200-mile international road race at Marion, Ind., last September. That was the second consecutive win of that classic, when the best machines and best riders were put to a gruelling test. The average speed for the 200 miles in the last event was a little better than 73 miles an hour, which, in the vernacular, is going some.

There is further proof that the

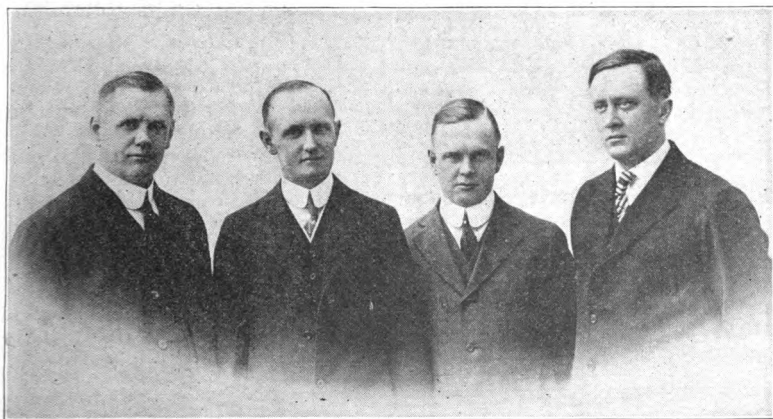
Harley-Davidson motorcycle is all that its builders claim it is. There were thousands of them used in France during the war and thousands more which arrived there after the signing of the armistice. When the time came to dispose of the vast amount of unused equipment, the purchasing agents of the allied governments lost no time in grabbing all the Harley-Davidson motorcycles that were put up for auction. In fact after all the new machines had been disposed of the purchasing agents of the allied governments were willing to pay as high a price for used Harley-Davidson machines as they were for new motorcycles of other makes. That circumstance, better than any other, shows the reputation the machines made for themselves in the war when they were used by dispatch riders under the most trying circumstances.

The Harley-Davidson motorcycle is in use in 64 different countries. At least that is what we were told when visiting the factory. We didn't think there were that many civilized countries, but there may be. We haven't the time now to count them up, but on a rough estimate we would say that if the machines are in use in 64 countries, those in which they are not in use don't amount to much.

During the war this firm was able to render the government a valuable service in the training of men to handle motorcycles. As the use of the motorcycle in the army increased, the great need of the hour was for skilled mechanics, men trained not only to drive the machines, but to keep them in proper running shape.

The Harley-Davidson Company had such a school for training men and it offered the government its facilities free of charge. Thousands of soldiers, some of whom had never held a hammer in their hands before were sent to the school and in three weeks they were turned out competent to take care of the delicate mechanism, or to make minor repairs when necessary. The school originated long before the war and is maintained as a part of

While the Harley-Davidson Company does not claim the distinction of being the first firm to produce a motorcycle, it was among the first and has done as much, or more than any other firm to perfect the machine. English firms were producing machines that went under the name of motorcycles before any were made in this country. Then the Curtiss people, since famous as airplane builders, began making motorcycles in a small way. The David-



FOUNDERS OF THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

Wm. A. Davidson, Vice President and Works Manager; Walter Davidson, President and General Manager; Arthur Davidson, Secretary and Sales Manager; William S. Harley, Treasurer and Chief Engineer.

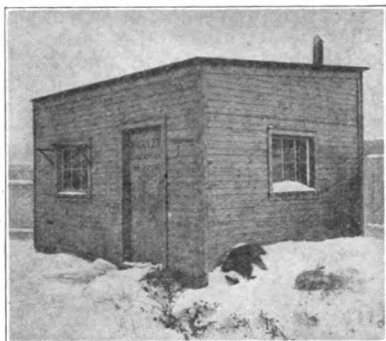
the organization. Recently when the Pennsylvania mounted constabulary substituted motorcycles for horses, a large class of the men was sent to Milwaukee for a course of training. The motorcycle has become indispensable to the police forces in cities, as it is easier to handle than the automobile and can make as high, or even higher, speed.

The growth and development of the motorcycle industry is a matter of less than twenty years.

son brothers, however, were in the field early experimenting. Their first shop was not a large one, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph. In that shed the boys built their first machine in 1904. The output of the factory that year was two motorcycles and the following year the output had been increased to 8 machines.

Think of the pluck and energy necessary to develop a plant from a frame shack about 16 by 18 feet,

with an output of two machines a year, to the present plant of the firm which occupies 491,397 square feet of space and last year turned out 27,074 motorcycles and



First Home of Harley-Davidson Motor Company.

more than 16,000 side cars. The firm employs over 2,300 employees and the value of the output is over \$10,000,000 a year. The estimated output for the year 1921 is 30,000

machines, for the business is steadily growing and each year the customer gets a better machine, for improvements are constantly being made.

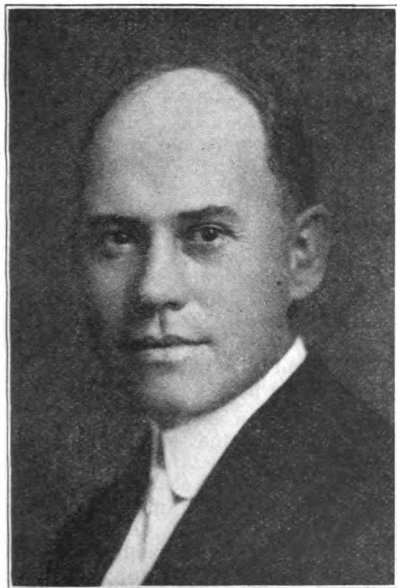
Much attention is given the subject of safety of workmen in the Harley-Davidson plant. It is one of the proudest boasts of the company that there has never been a fatal accident to an employee in the big plant. The visitor is impressed with the seemingly endless rows of powerful machines and the fact that so few accidents occur is proof that every safeguard is employed. Most of the workmen are highly skilled mechanics and every department head in the big establishment has worked up from the ranks.

The Harley-Davidson plant is one of the largest in Milwaukee, its present capacity being 125 motorcycles a day. It hasn't reached the limit, however, for the industry is growing. The motorcycle is becoming more popular all the time in the world of sports, as well as being indispensable to officers of the law.



NEW SECRETARY FOR WAUKEGAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

A NEW secretary has been installed in the offices of the Chamber of Commerce of Waukegan and North Chicago, to whom the BULLETIN extends greetings and good wishes. He is E. H. Clifford, whose home town is St. Joseph, Mo., but who comes to



E. H. CLIFFORD,
Secretary Waukegan Chamber of Commerce.

Waukegan from the Chamber of Commerce of Wabash, Ind., of which he was secretary for some years.

Mr. Clifford brings to his Waukegan office a wide experience in business and commercial work. After graduating from high school in his native city he began work as a railroad man on the Burlington and later on the Mis-

souri and Pacific Railway. For a time he was traffic manager in a wholesale dry goods house in St. Joseph and then became secretary of the Commercial Club of that city.

The next experience of Mr. Clifford was with the Chamber of Commerce of Terre Haute, Ind., as secretary. From Terre Haute he moved to Jamestown, N. Y., to become secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, later returning to Wabash, Ind.

During the war Mr. Clifford obtained a commission as Captain in the Quartermaster Corps, serving over two years, one year of which was spent with the overseas forces in France. He is a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen of America and of the American Legion. He is a member also of the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries.

The BULLETIN wishes Mr. Clifford success in his new position.

RACINE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

THE Racine Commercial Club held its annual meeting on November 16, and as usual there was a fine, jolly crowd in attendance. Racine is now the second city in Wisconsin and one of the reasons for its remarkable growth could be seen at the meetings. Its business men pull together for the good of the city. They are filled with civic pride and none is so busy with his own individual affairs but that he can find time to do something for the common good.

The genial secretary of the club—Walter H. Reed—is a human dynamo, full of energy and enthusiasm and the club begins its ninth year with confidence in its future.

Among others we met at the meeting was our old correspond-

ent, Harold Smith of the Western Advertising Agency. He reminded us that we hadn't played that game of golf with him that we planned early in the summer. What was it the poet said, "anticipation forward points the view"? Well, Mr. Smith, there is another season coming and as the Racine Country Club has one of the prettiest golf courses we ever played over, we'll join you early in the spring. Meanwhile we hope you get all the advertising business you can handle. We appreciate your driving us over to the North Shore station.

PRAISE FOR AUDITOR.

IT isn't alone in carrying passengers that the North Shore Line gives unequalled service. It gives the same quality of service in all departments. Recently a passenger wrote the Auditing Department for a refund on an unused ticket. The refund was promptly sent him and he replied in part as follows:

"I surely thank you for your square treatment. You couldn't do better. It is in keeping with the statements made in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, of which I am a regular reader.

"Yours truly,
"John Westera."

It is the same in the Claim Department and in every other branch of the service. A square deal to patrons and prompt attention given every complaint. The result is pleased and satisfied customers.

WAUKEGAN BOY SCOUTS GIVE UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Waukegan Boy Scouts gave a unique entertainment on Nov. 12-13 in the Waukegan Armory. They called it a "circus," and it was. The 3,000 persons who attended the performances were amazed at the splendid exhibition of training which the boys gave.

What was perhaps the most spectacular feat was the bridge building demonstration. The task of the boys was to build a bridge 40 feet long and 8 feet wide without the use of bolts or nails and to run an automobile over it in the shortest possible time. The actual time consumed from the moment they were given the signal to "go" until the automobile was landed on the floor across the bridge was 15½ minutes.

The bridge was quite substantial, too. The stringers or supports consisted of two telegraph poles, furnished by the Chicago Telephone Company, and the flooring planks were old railroad ties furnished by the North Shore Line. Owing to the fire insurance regulations the automobile did not cross under its own power, but was pushed over by the boys. But it could have gone under its own power. The demonstration was a revelation to the spectators and showed that the youthful engineers had profited by their training of the past year.

There were many other remarkable exhibitions of skill which pleased the spectators. C. L. Alling, the scout executive, is doing a wonderful work among the boys of Waukegan and deserves the support and encouragement of the citizens. The circus was a success in every way. The work Mr. Alling is doing is making for better citizenship and the people of Waukegan have reason to feel proud of their Boy Scouts.

Keep up the enthusiasm, boys. The lessons you are being taught now will be useful in later life. You are privileged to live in the greatest country in the world and in a few years the government of that country will rest with you and other youths like you. It is a heavy responsibility and the work you are now doing is a fitting preparation.

A COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER.

IF a railroad company would immediately on receipt of a complaint take steps to remove the cause, you would think it a pretty good public servant. Well, the North Shore Line does even better. It removes the cause before the complaint is made. That is the policy of the North Shore Line. If we were to summarize the policy of Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, in a paragraph, it would be something like this: Watch the service carefully day by day and if you see anything that might cause complaint, remedy the condition at once.

It is not often that the editor of the BULLETIN receives a complaint about the service. Most of the letters that come to him are in the line of commendations. Occasionally, however, he gets a complaint and when he does he gets quick action on it. That is one of the things about the North Shore Line that makes it different from some roads. Every person connected with the road wishes to maintain and increase its popularity. If he receives a complaint or observes some condition where an improvement can be made, he doesn't have to stand on any ceremonies. He may not have anything to do with the cause of the complaint, but he can refer it to the man who has and it will get prompt attention. If there was a man in the organization who didn't have that spirit, he wouldn't be in it very long. Teamwork is what makes success and you can bet they have it on the North Shore Line.

How the North Shore Line removed the cause of a complaint before the complaint was actually made, is explained in the following letter and what follows:

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of the BULLETIN for some time and a patron of the North Shore Line for the past six years. For me it is "The Road of Service" between Chicago and Milwaukee and for its convenience when shopping or theater-going in either of these cities it can't be beat.

But I have something else to write about and trust you won't be too bored to read on a few paragraphs. The week of October 12 we three ladies had occasion to attend the Red Cross conference in Milwaukee and made a special effort to get the 9 a. m. train from Racine.

When we entered the car we saw there was S. R. O. and the car filled with men. We stood to Milwaukee. Since that time I have heard it is just the same every morning. Is that train especially important to everyone?

And coming home on the 5 p. m. there was such a huge crowd pushing and crowding to get on it must have looked like an exciting football match on Stagg Field. "We Three" stood back to let the angry mob on, then stood again to Racine, much to the annoyance of the conductor. He murdered us with his looks several times, but what could we do? There were husbands waiting us and a six o'clock dinner to see about and we were needed at home. Why not line up at this new station as we buy our tickets and enter the train one by one? A woman has no show struggling with a strong man heavily armed with bags and suitcases and swinging them around recklessly. Why not have him line up?

Is this suggestion out of order? You see, I was appointed the one to write you by the ladies of our community, for we all make just the same complaint. We like the North Shore, but we don't like to stand both ways and have our new hats and new shoes stepped on and mistreated.

Perhaps just a word from you would make an impression on your traffic management.

I hope you aren't quite fagged reading this lament and we may look for an answer in your BULLETIN before long.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Foster.

Racine, Wis.

The truth is that the crowded conditions on the morning and evening trains mentioned in Mrs. Foster's letter, were observed by the superintendent some time before the letter was written. That was the reason for the change made in the timetables on Octo-

ber 31 and the inauguration of another fast train. The time of the "Badger Limited" was changed to 7:15 A. M. out of Chicago for the purpose of taking care of part of the heavy load that went on the 7 o'clock, the train of which Mrs. Foster complains. At the same hour the "Interstate Limited" leaves Milwaukee. It is a new train, mentioned in the BULLETIN last month.

In the evening the "Badger" leaves Milwaukee at 4:45, which takes the pressure off the regular 5 o'clock Limited, the train mentioned in the letter as being crowded. The "Interstate" leaves Chicago at the same hour, also relieving the regular Limited at 5 o'clock. It will be seen, therefore, that the cause of the complaint was removed at least a week before the letter was written, as it was dated November 7.

On the particular morning mentioned by Mrs. Foster—Oct. 12—there was an unusual condition. On that morning there was a big fire in Chicago at Harrison and Wabash avenue, which city firemen had to fight from the elevated structure. The power had to be shut off at that point while the fire-fighting was in progress and, of course, it interrupted service for a short time in the early morning. As Cartoonist Briggs would say, "it happens in the best regulated families."

We haven't any excuse to offer for the way the men jostled the women as described by Mrs. Foster. It's a way they have. They do it in Chicago as well as in Milwaukee. That is one of the reasons why so many women remain single nowadays. They form their opinion of men by the way they see them behave in street cars and naturally the opinion couldn't be a favorable one.

We're very glad to hear from you, Mrs. Foster, and to be able

to inform you that the cause of your complaint has been removed and that no passengers now have to stand in cars between Racine and Milwaukee.

WITH BULLETIN READERS.

WELL, Family, here is another Thanksgiving Day, and as usual some people are thinking over the things they have to be thankful for. Personally, we have so many things to be thankful for that we couldn't begin to enumerate them in a pamphlet the size of the BULLETIN. We can mention, however, one of the most important things, and that is the number and quality of the friends we make through this publication.

Acquaintances are easily made and, while all of them may be friendly, there is a big difference between an acquaintance and a friend. Just think it over and then count your real friends. You may have hundreds of acquaintances who wish you well, and all that sort of thing, and you may still be able to count your real friends on the fingers of one hand and not take in the thumb, at that.

Since we began getting out this little BULLETIN we have made lots of acquaintances and we believe some real friends. We have reached that conclusion as a result of some letters received in the last month. We haven't tried to borrow any money from them, which some consider the acid test of friendship, but they showed they had faith in us anyway.

As you may recall, in the October BULLETIN we printed a story about the Scottish Old People's Home, incidentally remarking that it was in need of funds. Would you believe it that the BULLETIN hadn't been mailed a week when we got a couple of checks, one from our old contributor Mr.

Peebles up in Plymouth, Wis., and one from a much later contributor, Mr. Miller of Canton, Ohio. Of course, the contributions were for the Old Home, but that simply heightens our appreciation. We consider it a great tribute to us personally, that the checks should be sent to us. It shows that at least some of our readers have faith in us and we hope they never may have cause to feel that their faith was misplaced. The checks will help make some of the people out in the Old Home happy, but we venture that none will feel as happy over the gifts as we did personally. When an editor has readers who act that way, it gives him a lot of encouragement.

Mr. Peebles lost no time in responding to the hint we gave, which proves what we discovered long ago, that his heart is in the right place. There may be readers of the BULLETIN who have bigger pocketbooks than Mr. Peebles but there isn't one who has a bigger heart, and after all, that is what counts most in this world.

Mr. Peebles writes in part:

I read with much interest your writeup of the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside. That was a fine picture you drew of the Scotch character. It is true to nature. Yes, you said it; the Scot is tight-fisted and loves to hug and squeeze the eagle, but should the eagle happen to sink his talons into Sandy's hide once, he will tell the eagle to be gone in a hurry and may liberate a few more should he happen to have them caged up.

That is a rather neat way of expressing it. We said the Scot will respond to an appeal to relieve human suffering as quickly as any one and Mr. Peebles expresses the same idea in another way. Mr. Peebles says he always has a soft spot in his heart for "Grannies" as he was brought up by one and his wife used to tell him he was "spoiled" as a result. We don't think Mr. Peebles was "spoiled" a bit. From what we

have seen of the grandson, we have a lot of respect for the memory of the "granny."

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Miller of Canton, Ohio, who had occasion to pass through Chicago recently to visit a son who is in Kenosha. As he had a few hours to spare we took him out to Riverside to see the Old Home, but let him tell about it in his own way.

This is what Mr. Miller writes:

Having read so many of your pointed and sensible remarks in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN that impressed me very much, I wrote you in July that I would be in Chicago some time during the summer and would look you up. I did not get there at the time I expected, but early in October, and although not the summer season, it was summer weather and very pleasant.

After getting through with the business I had in hand, I told C. M. Morderwell, our mutual friend, I was going to see you. He could not go along just then—although we all met afterward—but he put me on the track for the Edison building, and there I found my man, and in him all the word implies, as every reader of the BULLETIN knows, a man of sound, common sense.

After a little talk—pleasant I thought for both—for me, at least, and having a few hours to spare before leaving on that great North Shore Electric to visit my son in Kenosha, at your suggestion I visited the Scots Home at Riverside. Like yourself, being a native of Scotland, but full-fledged American, it was a great sight and pleasure for me. I need say nothing by way of description, as I have since read your description and all pertaining to the place in the October NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I can simply vouch for all you state, that it is a home in all the word implies. In arrangement it excels anything for such a purpose I have ever seen. I shall never forget the pleasure of my visit.

Having traveled nearly all of Scotland, I am familiar with the country, and being up in years myself, I was at ease among those "auld lads and lassies" whose ages are from 75 to 90 years and who, I found, were from "A' the airts the wind can blaw." One was from Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles; another told me he was from Fife. I told him that I was from the "Kingdom of Fife" myself, that I was a direct descend-

ant of a Scottish king, explaining that my father was so poor that he was considered honest, and Burns said, "An honest man, though ere so puir, is king o' men for a' that." That's the royalty of man—honesty.

I talked a few minutes with all, or nearly all of them, men and women, as to how they liked their home. All were pleased and seemed happy, and Mrs. Cummings, the manager, assured me that upon the whole they were very contented and happy.

While they were gathered in the sitting room, I gave a short talk, calling attention to the fact that they were living out the last chapter of Burns' "John Anderson my Jo, John." Mrs. Cummings, grasping the significance of the remarks, requested me to sing the song, which I did, she accompanying me on the piano. I must have been at my best, for I got an encore.

No matter where a Scot may travel they never forget the color and beauty of their native heather. Knowing this, and having some recently sent from Scotland, I took it along for distribution. In this transaction it occurred to me that with all its beauty, these people could not live on heather, and I concluded, without solicitation, to go a little farther.

Visitors I was told are always welcome and indeed there are many. Every Scot who visits it must feel proud of the home, and all Scots and those descended from Scots should visit it. After visiting it I feel sure if their hearts are in the "richt" place an endowment fund will be provided that will keep the institution for all time. Small amounts would do it, and here is an opportunity for even the widow's mite.

Besides the pleasure of visiting the home, I had another unlooked-for pleasure. In company with ye editor, we ran into "Loophound." I, of course, was introduced. In the introduction he in some way must have got me mixed with Wizard Burbank or Mr. Peebles, for he commenced to explain how to raise and cross cabbages. I explained that I had tried and failed in farming and horticulture. Had it not been for that mistake I might have saved the American people from the high cost of living, but alas and alack, too late before I found it out. I had been spreading the manure upside down. That has much to do with success in life; keeping things on the right side and on being on the right side of things.

I enclose check for \$50. You can endorse it over to the right person.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. G. Miller.

Well, Mr. Miller, we enjoyed the visit and are glad to know that

you did also. We like the philosophy in that last paragraph of your letter. So many of us make that mistake in life. So many spread gloom instead of sunshine. It contracts the soul while the sunshine expands it. In your case, however, there is nothing to worry about. One who is as profound a student of Burns as you are, is not apt to have a soul that can be encompassed in a thimble.

Was it last month we gave a hint to Mr. Bent of Libertyville that he was about due for another letter? If so he evidently took it, for he writes:

I don't see how you can expect me to write stuff for your yellow-backed novel. Dontcha know that us farmers have been busy? However, after having finished husking the pumpkins and threshing the pigs I may be able to devote more of my time to journalism.

I want to remark right here that the BULLETIN has been a great help to me this last summer, because in the hustle and hurry of the above mentioned farming operations, I nearly lost track of what was going on in the rest of the world. But thanks to the BULLETIN all the information necessary to keep abreast of the times was supplied in a concise way that took very little reading and little or no mental effort. I didn't even have to worry about election, because the BULLETIN said long before Nov. 2 that Harding would be our next President and of course there was nothing left to do but elect him.

If you still have a little room at the bottom of your mailing list, I wish you would please add my name to it. When I hibernates for the winter I want to have plenty of reading material like the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN.

Sincerely yours,

L. A. Bent.

We'll see that your name gets on the list. In fact we thought it was already there. One who reads the BULLETIN as closely as you evidently do ought to get it regularly. The reason for that observation is that we can't recall having predicted Mr. Harding's election. We knew it, of course, nearly everyone did, but we're non-partisan here. We

maybe did give a pretty strong hint, because another contributor guessed how we felt about it. Well, it's all right, anyway. Everyone's satisfied.

We have this month a new contributor in the person of Julius Peck, buyer and department manager for the Espenhain Dry Goods Company of Milwaukee. He writes:

For the last year or so I intended to write to you and tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy your little but mighty good magazine, and while I go to Chicago quite often—in fact, I was one of the first buyers from this house to use your road for business trips to Chicago—I do not want to miss any one number and would appreciate your placing my name on your mailing list.

I certainly appreciate the service on your line, especially the 5 o'clock train from Chicago with its good meals and splendid service. While I have been in Chicago lately I have not yet used the new "flyers," which are no doubt even better than your famous 5 o'clock train. By the way, while in Buffalo last summer I was told to take the high tension flyer to Niagara Falls, Buffalo folks bragging so much about the fast time this train makes. After trying it I told some of them that as far as time and service were considered, they were not in it with the North Shore. The only criticism I have to offer is that you keep your trains too hot. There seems to be something wrong with your heating system. When one comes out of the washroom one feels as though he had been in a Turkish bath, and the smoking section of the dining car is also too warm. That is the only fault I find with your otherwise perfect service.

Your dining car conductors are well above the average in neatness as to their uniforms, excellent manners, etc.

Did not expect to make this letter so long, but after getting a good start I did not know when to finish.

Trusting that you will keep up the good work, both as to your little magazine and boosting not only your road but all the cities which you serve *with the exception of one*. I am

Respectfully yours,
Julius Peck.

Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Peck, and will follow your advice and keep on boosting all the cities the North Shore Line serves, without even one exception. As to your criticism about the heat, we understand the new dining cars, which are almost ready for

delivery, will be a little different in arrangement. There is nothing the matter with the heating system, but the washroom is pretty close to the kitchen and naturally gets a lot of heat. You see a dining car is not the same as a hotel. There isn't a basement in which to locate the kitchen. Those chefs do wonders, at that, in the limited space they have at their command.

Here is another new one, evidently a traveling man. The traveling men, from "Loophound" down the line, are great boosters for the North Shore Line. He writes:

Permit me to join the large flock of those who praise the service offered to the public on the C., N. S. & M. R. R. The writer has used your road to make the larger towns reached by it and has always found your conductors extremely courteous and your cars very comfortable. The food served in your dining car is very palatable and the price reasonable. Why anyone would use the steam roads between Chicago and Milwaukee is a mystery to yours truly.

May I ask you to put my name on your mailing list? Thanks.

Yours truly,
B. Robt. Pascal,
The Chilcote Co.,
Cleveland, O.

Well, Mr. Pascal, it's a mystery to us why any one should use any other road than the North Shore Line between Chicago and Milwaukee. We think the reason is that a good many do not know what changes have occurred in the character of the service on the North Shore Line under the present management. They are gradually getting to know about it, however, and once they try it they become steady patrons.

Funny how they feel about this BULLETIN when they don't get it. Here is a postcard from Oktaha, Oklahoma, and from a minister of the gospel at that:

May I have the October and November issues of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN? My education is neglected when I do not read the BULLETIN.

L. B. Plumer,
Minister Congregational Church,
Oktaha, Okla.

Well, Mr. Plumer we don't wish to see your education neglected, so we will send the bulletins post haste. With the help of Mr. Burleson you may get them in ten days and maybe not for two months. One never can tell about it nowadays. But we'll have a new postmaster soon.

From the tone and the handwriting we take it this one comes from a youthful contributor in Chicago, but they're all welcome. We have schoolboy correspondents and grandpa correspondents and we like them all. This correspondent writes:

Would you be so kind as to send me every month the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN? I enjoy reading it very much, as there are many interesting things in it. Sunday night I returned home from where I visited and rode on a North Shore train. It sure was a fine ride. I love to ride on the Limiteds because they are so clean and comfortable and have such polite conductors. I think the North Shore Line is by far the best railroad around here—electric or steam.

Yours truly,
Roland Nystrom.

Do you know, Roland, we quite agree with you and we don't think it either. We know positively that the North Shore Line is the best. Write again.

We have another new one from Highland Park, who seems a trifle peeved about something. He writes:

Excuse me, I just want to get something off my mind \$ \$ * * * There, that's better. Now let me explain all the cussin'. I told two different ticket agents at two different times to put in an order to send the BULLETIN to two different addresses and I haven't received them yet. I always thought I shouldn't be bashful in sending you a letter. Lotsa grief.

Well, anyhow, them's bygone days, so I'll forgive you if you promise to send it by next month's ending at least. I sure do like the BULLETIN; that is why I got so peeved when I found out there was a mistake somewhere. I don't like to make promises, but I think you will hear from me quite often. Every time I ride in one of your big, roomy coaches I have a feeling of pride that the North Shore can boast such a road.

Well, I guess I gotta go. See you later.

Raymond Bopp.

No need for all the cussin' Mr. Bopp. You are the one who made the mistake. Of course the ticket agents of the North Shore Line are courteous and obliging, but it isn't their business to look after BULLETIN subscribers. They have troubles of their own. We never heard of you until we received your letter, so you made the mistake in not writing direct to headquarters. Now you will get the BULLETIN and we're glad to admit you to the family. But take this tip: When you want a thing ask for it direct. It saves time and is surer of results.

Here we have one from Oshkosh, b'gosh. He used to live in Milwaukee and wishes the BULLETIN to be sent to his new address. He writes:

I find the BULLETIN very interesting and derive a great deal of pleasure from it. For that matter so do the rest of the bunch here. We are frequent users of your estimable road and can say it is indeed the Road of Service.

Yours very truly,
O. W. Hagedorn.

We'll see that the BULLETIN follows you to Oshkosh. We have a few more letters, but it seems we have a lot of stuff this month and may have to hold some over. Write, anyway, as we find that this column is quite popular with our readers and it is up to you fellows to keep it going.

HE WOULDN'T GAMBLE

An old Scotch golfer was asked to lay two to one on a match in which he was likely to be much the better.

"Na, na, my mon," was his reply; "gowf isn't a game to be degraded by the vice of gambling, like your horse-racin', your pigeon shootin', an' the rest. It is to be played for the pure love o' the game. Besides," he concluded, "there's nae twa tae ane aboot it—but I'll lay ye sax to fower."

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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JANUARY, 1921

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"The Road of Service"

THE GREEN BAY TRAIL.

HAVE you seen "The Green Bay Trail," an educational motion picture film, showing scenes along the North Shore Line from Chicago to Milwaukee? It is now showing in a number of theaters and is quite interesting. It depicts the difference in methods of travel of today with that used by the Indians when they followed Green Bay trail and camped along the shore of Lake Michigan.

The picture begins with some scenes of old Fort Dearborn in Chicago and contrasts them with the modern skyscrapers in the loop as viewed from the windows of a North Shore train. It shows a North Shore dining car with the passengers enjoying the unequaled service which Tom Welsh provides. A little girl is watching the scenery as the train dashes along and her father explains how the Indians used to travel the same road, building their camp fires in Ravinia Park.

Places of interest are shown along the line, especially good views being given of Great Lakes with jacksies drilling and doing athletic stunts. The film ends with some good views of Milwaukee's parks and driveways. Any clubs or associations who plan giving entertainments during the holidays and who wish to exhibit this interesting and instructive film can have the use of it by communicating with the BULLETIN. It isn't merely an ad for the North Shore Line—in fact, that feature is kept in the background. But in case you shouldn't know what railroad gave such good service and ran through such scenery and served such good meals in its dining cars, we are telling you that it is the North Shore Line.

Here's a chance for the various Kiwanis Clubs, Racine Boosters' Club and such organizations to put on an interesting show at

some of their meetings. To relieve your minds of any anxiety on the point, we might add that you can have the use of the film free of charge. Just write the editor of the BULLETIN and we'll have it fixed up for you.

MADE FAST TIME

MOST of the readers of the BULLETIN know "Loophound," who writes such breezy letters. In another column appears a letter of his from Minneapolis. As a postscript to that letter he adds the following, showing how he got up there in a hurry. We are quoting it exactly as it was written, and we do not doubt that it is true, because the North Shore timetable confirms it. He says:

When I got home last Thursday night (he lives in Rogers Park) at 6 o'clock I found a wire to be in Minneapolis at 9 o'clock Friday morning. I couldn't catch the only C. & N. W. train at the downtown station—it leaves at 6:30 o'clock—so I tried to catch it at Evanston and missed. The North Shore Limited, leaving the Loop at 6 o'clock was delayed on the Elevated, so that instead of reaching Evanston at 6:43 it arrived at 7:01, fifteen minutes after the "North American" on the Northwestern had gone through. I took a chance of making it at Milwaukee, although I didn't expect to. Conductor Samuels was on the Limited and we pulled into the new Milwaukee terminal at 8:40, just 1 hour and 39 minutes after leaving Evanston. I got a street car to the C. & N. W. depot and caught the "North American" out at 8:55 o'clock. When I told the conductor he had left Evanston fifteen minutes ahead of me I knew he thought I was a liar. Of course you know different and if you don't, ask Conductor Samuels. Incidentally tell him I made my train.

Yours,

Loophound.

That boy knows how to make quick jumps. The ordinary traveler wouldn't have thought it possible to overtake a fast train on the steam road, but those who know the ropes understand that it can be done. Look at the timetables if you doubt the truth of the above letter.

The North Shore Bulletin


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LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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 463 No 3

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HERE we are writing it 1921. Another leaf has been turned in the Book of Life and before us we have a clean, white page. What shall we write on it?

* * * * *

THAT question doesn't apply merely to this page of the BULLETIN. It applies to all our readers and to mankind generally. We are all writing a record and whether or no we think so, the record we write never can be effaced. We may turn a new leaf but the old record will stand. We ought, therefore, to see that it is one of which we need not feel ashamed.

* * * * *

IT sounds as if we were beginning a sermon. Well, it may turn out to be one, for as we have told you before, we never know exactly whether this page will be a song or a sermon until it is done. Sometimes it is difficult to tell even then. But we can assure you of one thing. If this should turn out to be a sermon it certainly won't be an orthodox one. With orthodoxy we have no patience, but as a writer whose letter appears on another page says, we try to find "sermons in stones and good in everything." We think our correspondent flatters us, but we know there are better sermons in stones and woods and mountains and rivers than you can hear in orthodox pulpits if we only could read them.

* * * * *

THE idea for this sermon—if that is what it turns out to be—was suggested by a recent visitor to the editorial sanctum. Breezing in with his usual cheerfulness he said: "I would like

to suggest an editorial paragraph or two. Tell us what you think of the proposed Sunday blue laws." We replied jokingly that the BULLETIN was a respectable family paper. "I am quite serious," he continued. "You could show that the Puritans were driven out of England and went to Holland, that they were driven out of Holland and came to America and that it may be necessary to drive them out again, say down in the vicinity of Magellan Straits." He spoke of the blue laws in a perfectly scandalous way and the interesting thing about it is that he lives in Wilmette.

* * * * *

AFTER turning the suggestion over in our mind for a few minutes, we considered it a good subject for a few paragraphs. Our friend, like many others, however, seems to have got the Pilgrims and the Puritans confused. It is a very common mistake. The Pilgrims left England and went to Holland, whose laws at that time permitted a religious freedom which the laws of England did not. From Holland they emigrated to the United States and we have just been celebrating the tercentenary of their arrival. The Pilgrims wished only to be let alone to worship in their own way. It was to obtain that freedom that they came over in the Mayflower. They didn't seek to impose their views on others. Now that is exactly what most of us wish in this twentieth century, that is, to be let alone to spend our Sundays in our own way. That being the case we have only respect for the memory of the original Pilgrims.

* * * * *

THE Puritans arrived in this country at a later date. They were a different sect. The Pilgrims left the orthodox church and were known as Separatists. The Puritans stayed within the church and sought to reform it. As we read the history of England for a half century following the arrival of the Pilgrims in this country, we cannot say we approve of the reform methods of the Puritans. They drenched Great Britain in blood to compel people to worship according to prescribed formulas. They instituted blue laws with a vengeance. No wonder that the mere suggestion of a recurrence of those laws is arousing the people of this country today. Perhaps their fears are not altogether

groundless, either, for the liberties of nations, whether religious or civil, have always been taken from them by insidious methods rather than openly. Our modern Puritans have prepared a bill for Sunday blue laws in the District of Columbia, hoping that if it is enacted the various states will follow suit. We cannot believe that they will succeed, but if they should we wish personally to shuffle off this mortal coil before that day arrives.

* * * * *

THE Puritan idea of Sunday observance gives us a pain. No theaters, no amusements of any kind, no baseball, no golf, swimming, boating, or any healthful recreation of that kind, because, according to their narrow conception, such pastimes are a desecration of the Sabbath. Even the play and laughter of little children would be hushed and stilled by the Puritan. Just think what that means! Stop the sweetest music on earth, for there is more music in the laughter of a little child at play than ever was heard in the finest cathedral in the world. Let them laugh and shout to their heart's content. Send them out to the parks and playgrounds, to the green places, to the streets if there is no better place, but send them out in the sunlight and let them shout and play. It will do them more good than going to church and please them infinitely more. Does that sound irreligious? Not according to our notion of religion. So many confound religion with theology. So many blindly adhere to forms and dogmas, most of them of pagan origin, and think they are religious. If that is religion we personally haven't any and don't want any. And no Sunday blue laws will make us think differently, either.

* * * * *

WE believe the friend who suggested that we express our views on Sunday blue laws had in mind the subject of prohibition. That isn't what we have in mind. The liquor question, in our opinion, is less a moral than an economic question. It is an economic question as we view it. The liquor habit had become an abuse and a menace to society. It was sapping the economic strength of the country. From that standpoint closing saloons on Sunday was in every respect commendable. Personally we're glad they were closed on Sunday and we can't say we feel sorry that later they were closed every day. If the re-

formers who put the saloons out of business did so in the hope that closing the saloons would fill the churches, they probably are disappointed. But closing the saloons on Sunday filled the parks and the bathing beaches and the golf links and baseball grounds. That was good for the health of the country. We believe the closing of saloons increased bank savings which was good for the economic life of the country. But to give us Sunday blue laws in the hope it will drive people into the churches is another proposition. If the churches cannot compete with the theaters, the golf links and ball parks as attractions, that is their lookout. If the people are progressing faster than the theologians, it is up to the theologians to keep pace with the procession. They shouldn't ask Sunday blue laws to reform the people. They should begin at home and reform themselves, so that the people will go to them without laws.

* * * *

IN certain directions we believe it is necessary that the idea of being our brother's keeper be applied. The liquor question is one direction. But the idea may easily be carried too far. We are in danger of having too many self-constituted "keepers" when we don't need them. There are too many who think we need more laws. The enforcement of some of the laws we have would do more good than the enactment of new laws. The reformers who knocked out the saloons can rest on their laurels for a time. If they attempt to go farther and give us Sunday blue laws they will find it hard sailing. There were hundreds of thousands who favored abolishing the saloons, who do not favor blue laws. A people may be made moral by education, but we doubt if they can by legislation. The pages of history tell the unhappy results of a union of church and state. They are separate now and let us forever keep them separate. There never was and never can be any real affinity between them.

* * * *

NOW you know what we think about blue laws, but before we come to the "lastly" in this little lay sermon, we must take a glimpse at the industrial future. We have unbounded faith in this great country of ours and know that it will emerge successfully from the present little business depression. But we cannot

help thinking that some employers of labor are pursuing a course that is anything but helpful. During the war when the country was united as never before with a single purpose, many of us hoped that out of all the struggle and sacrifice would come a better human understanding between those who work for daily wages and those who pay the wages. There has come a better understanding, but it is not as general as we could wish to see it. Some plans that were evolved during the war which promised to give the workers a larger voice in determining the conditions under which they work, have been thrown into the discard and the old conditions restored. It is a pity and we think a grave mistake from both an economic and a social standpoint.

* * * * *

WE understand, of course, the temptation of some employers to return to the old conditions. They will justify their actions by saying the workers brought it upon themselves by their arbitrary methods when they had the power. In many instances the workers were arbitrary, that may freely be admitted. But this is, in our opinion, a very inopportune time to engage in reprisals. It was a natural thing for the workers to take advantage of their power when they had it. It was natural that they should abuse that power, for it was a new thing to them and they had little experience in exercising it. The employers on the other hand are accustomed to the exercise of power. Their long experience should enable them to see that it is unwise to exercise their power arbitrarily. The employers who are now engaging in reprisals are more to blame than were the workers a year ago, because they ought to know better. It simply means jumping from one extreme to another, which is not the way to make progress toward a better understanding. All progress has come through moderation. The extremist, no matter on which side of a question he stands, never gets anywhere. He hinders progress. Two wrongs have never made a right and never can.

A GLANCE at some recent industrial history in this country confirms what we have said. Take a few of the worst strikes of the last year or two, the steel strike, the switchmens'

strike, the anthracite coal miners and the Illinois coal miners. They were all unauthorized by the conservative leaders of the unions involved. They were revolts brought about by the radicals. The conservative leaders were not able to control the men, nor convince them that they would have their grievances adjusted through conciliatory methods. Why can't the employers, who are now resorting to methods of reprisal, see that they are furnishing those same radicals with ammunition and weakening the influence of the conservatives? When the radicals get up in their meetings and point to the actions of some employers, what answer can the conservatives make? They haven't any answer. They are being forced against their better judgment to believe that after all the radicals maybe were right. There can be only one result, that is another revolt when the opportunity presents itself. The old "class" spirit, which has prevented a better understanding, is being fostered and strengthened, when there was an opportunity to remove it, or at least to weaken its influence.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY we believe that the employers who have taken the course we have criticized are comparatively few. There are many, among them some of the largest corporations in the country, which are continuing a liberal and enlightened policy, evolved during the war period. The machinery organized for the adjustment of grievances when the employes were in a position to dictate, is still functioning since the pendulum swung the other way. That machinery which functioned successfully when the trend of wages and prices was upward, has, in some instances at least, stood the strain when the trend is downward, which is a much more severe test. The workers have in many instances proved that they are fair when there was a disposition on the other side to treat them fairly. Where employers laid their cards on the table face upward, they found their employes reasonable. Where it seemed that a reduction in wages would procure orders and keep factories running, which otherwise would be forced to close, the workers of their own volition accepted the reduction. They had, however, in such cases to be convinced that the reduction was necessary. The employers had to be open and above board so that the employes could understand. What we criticise

is the method adopted by some of closing down without a word of explanation to employes and opening up later at a reduced scale of wages. Some may say: "Hasn't the employer that right? Isn't he responsible if he conducts his business at a loss?" Why, of course, he has the legal right to do as he pleases. He is responsible for the losses. No one is disputing that. But is he morally right in depriving hundreds or thousands the opportunity to earn a livelihood without a word of explanation? And if we concede that he is morally right, is it good business policy? We don't believe that it is.

* * * * *

A SHORT time ago we talked with a man engaged in a business which was one of the hardest hit when the slump came. The outlook wasn't encouraging. His employes number several hundreds, more than a thousand in fact, and he follows a liberal policy of letting them know the exact business conditions. He did not wish to reduce wages and did not even suggest it, but he faced a condition of closing down for a time, or of at best running two or three days a week. He laid the situation frankly before the representatives of the employes. After some discussion they asked if a temporary reduction in wages would help to procure orders and keep the factory running. He told them of one large contract that was pending and which he might be able to get if he could figure it on a lower cost basis than he did on a previous contract. The employes took a secret ballot on accepting a 10 per cent reduction in wages and it was carried by about 8 to 1. The contract actually was secured and the factory kept running. Now the plan worked well in that particular instance. It might not in some other case, but the point is that this particular employer showed business sense by putting the question squarely up to his employes. They were satisfied that it was to their own interests to accept a lower wage per hour and work more hours per week. In other words he convinced them he was not taking advantage of them but was giving them a square deal. They in turn showed that they understood and appreciated the situation.

* * * * *

WE have read in the newspapers of some other instances where similar action was taken, but we do not always rely on what we read. The case we have spoken of, we have directly from the owner of the factory and know it to be true. The greatest gain which comes from such action, as we see it, is not that the employer obtained a large contract and the workers steadier employment. The greatest gain in the long run lies in the fact that harmonious relations continue undisturbed and that the cause of a better human understanding between workers and employers has been advanced. What is most needed in the industrial world is more human understanding. As long as employees are kept in ignorance of the financial conditions of their employers, just so long will they be suspicious. As long as they are treated as so many cogs in the machinery and their labor as a commodity like raw materials, just so long will they harbor a feeling of resentment toward their employer and believe they are engaged in a "class struggle." Employers have an opportunity now to do something really constructive in the way of bringing about better industrial relations. The business depression has placed them in a position of greater power than they have had in some years. Are they big enough and broad enough to exercise that power judiciously? Are they willing to approach the subject in the proper spirit, or must they think only of reprisals and of "getting even" for some of the arbitrary things which their employees did when they had the power? They have before them the clean page of which we spoke at the beginning of this little sermon. Much depends on what they write on that page.

* * * * *

WELL, it's time to quit our sermonizing and pronounce the benediction. Our readers seem to enjoy these little monthly messages and that is why we write them. As we have pointed out before, they are just the views of one individual and are worth that much and no more. We don't ask you to accept them. We would like, however, to have you read them and then do your own thinking. We might fill this page up by telling you about the good qualities of the North Shore Line, but you know them from experience. You know it is giving you excellent

service, so why should we point out the obvious? The things we have been writing about are more or less in the realm of speculation. At least there is room for an argument. We may be all wrong in our ideas and are willing to be shown that we are. But when we say that the North Shore Line is the best electric railroad in the country, there is no room for argument. That isn't giving an opinion; it is stating a fact. Anyway, we hope you will take this little sermon in the spirit it is offered. In fact we know you will and we wish you all prosperity and happiness throughout the coming year. That shows that our heart is all right at least, whether our head is or not. That will be all for this month.

TO NORTH SHORE EMPLOYEES

EVERY employe of the North Shore Line should have a personal interest in the success of the company. The company is engaged in serving the public. Its success depends upon its rendering a service that will please and satisfy its patrons. In supplying that service every employe is a factor, but more especially those whose work brings them in direct contact with the public.

Good service does not consist entirely in the speed and frequency of trains. An important part of the service is the attitude of the employes toward the public on whose patronage the company depends. In a large measure the public judges the company by the conduct of its employes.

The employes of the North Shore Line, and of any other company giving a public service, are in the position of salesmen. They are daily selling the service of the company, which is the only thing it has to sell. If they are good salesmen, if they are interested in increasing the number of their sales, they will aim in every way possible to please their customers. They will be polite

and courteous; they will give customers any information they may seek and give it cheerfully; they will in every way try to have that customer "come again" just as does the good salesman in a commercial establishment.

Employes should not forget that their own personal interests are closely connected with the character of the service they give their customers. A situation entirely different from that obtaining a year ago exists today. There are dozens of applicants for each vacant position. The company will not tolerate any incivility from any employe toward any customer or any prospective customer. There is no room on the North Shore Line for the employe, man or woman, who does not show by his or her work that he, or she, is endeavoring to give the public service.

This is a matter in which Britton I. Budd, president of the company, is deeply interested. He wishes every employe to understand exactly what is expected of him. Every employe is expected to give the best service of which he is capable. If he feels that he cannot do that, if he feels that he cannot put himself wholeheartedly into the service, he had better resign.

We are beginning a new year, so that the season is particularly appropriate for taking stock, as it were. All of us are working for a company which does everything possible to make our work pleasant and agreeable for us. Every employe knows that he will get a square deal. He should endeavor to give the company a square deal in return.

A good many years ago we read a book, the title of which was "Put Yourself in His Place." Although the book did not impress us so particularly, the title of it remained firmly fixed in our mind and almost daily we have occasion to think of those five words. You know how you feel when you go into a store and the salesman who waits on you is surly and discourteous. You may not walk out without buying, but you certainly will avoid that store in future. The proprietor of the store may himself be as courteous and polite as it is possible for one to be, but his business has been given a black eye by a surly and discourteous employe.

Now on the North Shore Line a similar situation exists. One discourteous employe may do the company more injury in a day than a dozen good employes can overcome in a year. It is possible also to give offense to a patron without being positively discourteous. Employes of the company are expected to have at their finger ends such information as the average patron would be apt to ask for. Should a patron enter a station and inquire about a train for a certain destination, the agent should be ready with that information. It does not satisfy the patron to be told that the agent doesn't know. He or she is supposed to know and to keep informed on any changes that may

be made. The information should be supplied promptly and pleasantly. The impression which the customer gets of the company depends on the conduct of employes under just such circumstances. Sometimes the questions asked may appear a little foolish. Frequently they are, but even so, they must be answered correctly and politely. That is what the employes are being paid for and what is expected of them when they are hired. If they are not fitted to give that kind of service, then they are in the wrong place.

This word of advice is not intended in any captious, criticising way, but is intended to be helpful. The editor of the BULLETIN is just as much an employe as is the trainman or ticket agent, so that what we have said applies to ourselves as much as to any other. We personally do not come in contact with patrons as much as conductors and ticket agents, but we receive a great many letters from customers and if we did not reply to them courteously and give the information asked for, we would not consider that we were doing our duty.

We are all proud of the North Shore Line and of the reputation it is building up for giving the public real service. Let us feel that it rests with us individually to uphold that reputation. Let us begin the new year with a firm determination to do everything we can to increase the patronage and popularity of the road. It is individual effort that counts and if every individual could feel a sense of responsibility and take a real interest in his work, it could not fail to bring good results.

All together now to give the public real service throughout the coming year.

Increasing the Efficiency of Transportation.

By George H. Ingalls,

Vice President New York Central Lines.

[In an address before the Traffic Club of New York two months ago Mr. Ingalls, vice president of the New York Central Lines, presented the case of the American Railroads in a very clear and able manner. The limited space in the BULLETIN precludes the possibility of printing the full address, but we have selected portions of it which are worthy of the careful consideration of readers.—Editor.]

The problem of greater railroad efficiency really is the problem that has been common to every American industry in this reconstruction period. Transportation is such a complicated industry, touching as it does, every branch of human activity and necessarily participating in the widest variety of regular lines of endeavor, that its disruption and disorganization naturally were felt and lamented more generally than the unhappy conditions that came also to agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising. The business man generally suffered from the same symptoms and effects of the delirious fever of war that the railroads did, but none of their activities seemed to touch the American people at quite so many points and create quite so many sore spots. The extra heavy demand for coal at home and abroad, with decreased production and aggravating strikes, sorely tried the public, but even this was largely put up to the railroads, which were held responsible alike for hauling the lumber and steel for ships and camps as well as the soldiers to them.

Why should we, the carriers, have any fight with the various

commissions? It seems to me that the entire country has had enough fighting and with the end of the war wished normal conditions restored as soon as possible and the railroads placed upon a pre-war basis as rapidly as could be accomplished. Furthermore, the new fabric of rates necessarily must be studied and given a fair trial, so as to judge how they will affect the commercial needs of the country. Each city, each county and each state must pay their proportion of the new rates, and it is only with that condition existing that we can decide whether rates are too high or too low, and only in this way can we avoid discrimination, or to speak bluntly, wipe out legalized rebates, because that is all in reality that such rates are. I can give you no hope for reduction in fares—in fact, I think it is due to the magnificent railroads we possess that we in this country have come out of this great crisis better than any of the other countries that participated in the war.

The British Board of Trade Journal has made computation of the percentage of increases in other parts of the world as follows:

Austria, 390 per cent.
France, 140 per cent.
Holland, 70 to 140 per cent.
Norway, 150 per cent.
Sweden, 200 per cent.
Switzerland, 180 per cent.
United Kingdom, 101 to 114½ per cent.

The Bureau of Railway Economics has announced that the increase in American freight rates for the years 1914 and 1920 has been only 67 per cent, and one must bear in mind in considering these figures that all the above countries prior to the war had much higher rates and fares

than were in effect in the United States.

High Mark for Future

I cite these general facts merely to remind you of actual conditions and am not here tonight to offer any alibi, as the responsible railroad officers of this country long since put behind them any vain regrets for past events and set their faces firmly to the future. The moment the disturbing question of wages was settled by the award of the Federal Board and the later rate increases were granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the American Railroads gave definite and tangible evidence of their determination and purposes through the action of the Association of Railway Executives, which embraces representatives of 95 per cent of the Class 1 railroads of the country.

The executives set for themselves an efficiency program which was indeed a high mark and included the following three principal aims:

First, to increase the average freight car mileage to thirty miles per day. In 1919 the average daily mileage of a freight car for all railroads was 23.1 miles.

Second, to increase the average load per freight car to not less than thirty tons. In 1919 the average loading per car was 27.8 tons.

Third, to reduce the percentage of "bad-order" cars to not more than 4 per cent. At the end of Federal control the reports showed 6.7 per cent of our 2,362,000 freight cars were in bad order, but of the box cars, a survey showed that they had been permitted to deteriorate from the floor upward to such an extent that from one-fifth to one-third of all box cars were actually unfit to carry general merchandise, such as grain, flour, etc., and two months after Federal control had

ended the percentage of bad order cars had increased to 7.4 per cent.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's statistics show that despite the "outlaw" railroad strikes which restricted operation in April and May, more freight was handled during the first seven months of this year than in the same period of any preceding year and that 1920 as a whole also will show a record of freight service by the railroads exceeding any earlier year in history.

For the seven months' period ended with last July, the increase was 17.1 per cent in ton-miles of freight over the same period one year ago.

The I. C. C. figures for July show that the average daily freight car mileage had been increased to 26.2, as against 23.1 miles in 1919.

In passenger carrying there is similar conclusive evidence of increasing efficiency by the railroads. I cannot give you the records for all railroads, but the New York Central Lines during the eight months ended August 30, 1920, handled 65,873,333 passengers, an increase of 9,654,885, or 14.5 per cent, over the same period of 1919. The higher fares seem thus far to have had no deterrent effect upon travel. As an example, I would tell you that the Twentieth Century Limited last month carried into New York an average of 207 passengers per day, as compared with a daily average of 197 in August. During the month of August 425,000 persons traveled to view Niagara Falls.

My observation during the war was that the real shipper, the man who paid the freight and who had to get his goods to the market, was disposed to co-operate and helped out at all times. It was the man who used to buy a ham sandwich for 5 cents and

now has to pay 10 cents who was making the most complaints and using the Bureau of Railway Complaints. The majority of men, such as you, realize the carriers cannot be restored to their full efficiency overnight. It is going to take a long time and a great deal of patience. I think what you and I have to do is to go into a campaign of education for the general public, get them on our side, eliminate the obstacles that prevent equitable rates, convince the country that now is not the time to branch out in wider fields; that at the present time the crying need is to lend all their energies, time and money toward helping the railroads to rehabilitate themselves.

As you know, under the Esch-Cummins Bill, Congress appropriated \$300,000,000, which is to be advanced to the carriers under the rules as outlined by the I. C. C. It does seem to me, while I appreciate it was necessary that Congress take some action toward helping the railroads finance themselves, it does seem a sad commentary upon us—that is, you and I—not the railroads—that while we all have voted and talked against Government ownership and were glad to see the carriers returned to their owners, that at the same time, it is not possible for the carriers in all instances to finance themselves in the open market, and had to obtain Government assistance for the purchase of equipment and terminals. Why should you and I not go out and make an investment in a well-managed railroad in the United States, as good as a Government bond?

WITH BULLETIN READERS

THIS is the season of the year to look forward. Not that we have any objection occasionally to looking backward. We don't agree with the philosophy that looking backward is a waste of time, but we also like to look forward.

Some folks have a notion that when one begins to look backward—to grow reminiscent—that it is a sign that his arteries are hardening, or, in other words, that the journey ahead is shorter than the one behind. But there is no way of judging the future except by the past, and for that reason it is well occasionally to look back and ponder a little on the foolish things we have done and how to avoid them in the future.

What we had in mind, however, when we spoke of looking backward, pertains to this particular column. We have had a lot of fine letters in the last year and we look forward to having a lot more in the year to come. We are getting so many new contributors all the time that unless we look back once in a while we are apt to forget some of the old ones, which, in our case, would be the unpardonable sin.

We have a few "regulars," like "Loophound" and Mr. Peebles, who would no more think of forgetting us than they would think of forgetting to eat, or in the case of "Loophound" (according to himself) to drink, but there are others who are not quite as constant. Some of them came and saw and conquered, and apparently they have passed on to pastures new, for we never hear of them. Mr. Peebles keeps a close tab on them and he asks in a recent letter what has become of "Kentuckian" and our Glencoe correspondent and a few others. That question set us thinking about some fine correspondents who seem to have forgotten us

and this is the season of the year to jog their memories a bit.

We enjoyed "Kentuckian's" breezy letters immensely, but haven't seen any of them in many months. Once he called at our office, we understand, when we were absent from the city, but there is nothing about the office that should scare a correspondent. Had we been in when he called, we might be able to account for his deciding to have nothing further to do with us. Still others have called and recovered from the shock. "Loophound" is a regular visitor and seems to be able to stand it all right.

We don't know what we did to our Glencoe correspondent that caused her to forsake this column. We know she is still a devoted reader and she hasn't forgotten us entirely, for we received a nice Christmas card from her, for which we return our thanks. But we would like a letter for this column once in a while.

Then there is "Railbird" in Waukegan. He used to send us excellent letters which occasionally supplied us with an idea for editorial comment. As he never met us personally, we couldn't possibly have scared him off, and as our views seemed to pretty nearly coincide with his, we don't see that we can have done anything to cause his desertion.

There are a few others we might mention who have neglected their duty lately. You know, family, what is expected of you to keep in good standing in the Ancient and Accepted Order of North Shore Prevaricators? Let us remind you that one letter a year to this column is the minimum. "Michigander" got under the wire last month and "Kentuckian" is now in the home stretch. Better take this hint and get busy.

What we wish to impress on you old-time correspondents is that we miss your letters. Never mind how many new ones come along; they never will crowd you out. What was it that Polonius remarked to Laertes: "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-hatched, unfledged comrade." Well, that's how we feel, at least in part. We're willing to hear from the new-hatched, unfledged comrades, but we wish to retain a stranglehold on the old ones. Now, come on and do your duty in the coming year.

We believe our regular correspondent, "Loophound," still maintains his popularity, and as he hasn't appeared for a month or two, we give him the top of the column.

Here is what he writes from Minneapolis:

Dear Mr. Editor:

The top o' the morning to you—I'll keep the rest of the day to myself.

A year ago today in Minneapolis it was 26 degrees below—today we are enjoying Florida weather. How come? When I asked the colored waiter to account for such balmy Minnesota weather, he said he done guessed Providence was grateful for a Republican administration and was rewarding us for voting right.

You may think I've moved to the northwest, since several letters have been penned from this sector, but I am still paying my gas bills in Chicago.

Where does this annual event labeled "Michigander" get his license to kid me, an old contrib, about Detroit. Before attempting to make merry at the expense of an old settler in this column, he ought to do as Battling Nelson used to say "Go get a reputation," which in this case means become a regular in this column so the gang will know him. Maybe he feels that because we are, or were, members of the Ancient and Diligent Order of Bar Flies that he can get fly with me, but I can't permit it, when my distress signals in Detroit fell on deaf ears, or should I say on blind pigs.

He's probably correct in that the stuff is coming in from Canada all ways. I hope it so continues—always.

There's no doubt they get their share in Detroit, it's the only town on the map where I've seen a man fall aboard a street car alone and insist on paying two fares. Maybe though they aren't bunned up at that. He might have been a Detroit census-taker who has the habit of counting double, one of those fellows who put Detroit ahead of Cleveland in the census race. If Detroit is bigger than Cleveland I'm a toe dancer. How does Michigander account for the dearth of ball players in his town? Can't they find nine ball players in a city of one million people? Now in Cleveland—oh, well what's the use?

Yours truly
Loophound.

We know "Michigander" reads this column carefully, so it is up to him to send along a comeback. We know "Loophound" likes a foeman worthy of his steel and "Michigander" is no mean adversary.

We have with us a new correspondent who has just made his acquaintance of the BULLETIN. He seems to like it, judging by his letter. Only at rare intervals have we been accused of writing "literature" and we believe in the very first issue we disclaimed any such intent. We advised readers who were looking for "literature" to read the local papers along the line. But the accusation doesn't give us any offense and the new correspondent seems to know what he is talking about. Being, at least, partly in the writing game himself, he ought to know, or are the writing men the poorest critics? Anyway, this is what he writes:

Today for the first time I saw the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, it was the October issue. I liked it so much, the fine spirit of the little publication and the literary flavor of the copy that I have been moved to write this note, telling you of my praise for it and yourself, the editor.

The article, "A Little Bit of Heaven," a write-up of the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside is one of the finest compositions I have seen in any periodical. Filled with sentiment and yet not sentimental, with much thought and yet not dull, with wit and yet not too clever, this description of the Home and the Scots is more than newspaper copy—it's a bit of literature.

With my best wishes to the BULLETIN and yourself for the future,

Very truly yours

William Lewis Judy,
Advertising and Circulation Mgr.,
British American.

We have heard a lot of comments about that story in the October issue. We knew, of course, that it would please the Scots. It had a sort of Scotch flavor to it, and you know how hard it is nowadays to get anything with that sort of flavor. We know, also, that if it pleased the Scots we wouldn't be likely to hear much about it from them, for, as we said in that story, they are not given to praise. But we heard about it from others who are not Scots, who liked it.

While on that subject, let us introduce another new correspondent, who evidently is a Scot and a lady. We like to hear from the women folks, as we have only a few women correspondents, and, really, without throwing any bricks at the men, we think the women correspondents are sometimes the cleverer. The new correspondent lives in Chicago and writes:

I wish to acknowledge receiving the October and November numbers of your inspiring and delightful BULLETIN. Accept my heartiest thanks.

Your article on our beloved Scottish Old People's Home is a gem. It seems so refreshing in the present "Dark Age" to find someone who is able to find "sermons in stones and good in everything," and willing to tell the world.

I wish you and your NORTH SHORE BULLETIN and the North Shore Line a "gude New Year and mony may ye see."

Sincerely yours,

Annie C. Fraser.

That's the sort of letter we like to get. We don't know that we find "sermons in stones and good in everything," but we know that the sermons are there. We try sometimes to find them and they are much more impressive than any you hear in the average pulpit. We welcome Miss Fraser into the North Shore Family and hope we may hear from her again.

Here is another new one who promises well. We hope to hear more from him and become better acquainted in the coming year. He writes from Caledonia, Wisconsin, and as proof that we are very ignorant we might say that we don't know just where it is located. But we like the name, anyway. He writes:

Well here's just a few lines from a country burg, so maybe it won't be very interesting, but anyhow I took the liberty to write. I have been reading the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN for the past year and think it is the finest and most interesting little paper published.

I also praise the service of the North Shore Line which I must say is excellent. I always use the North Shore Line when traveling between Chicago and Milwaukee. My local stop is the 7-mile road. Please put me on your mailing list for the BULLETIN.

Wishing you and all the BULLETIN readers a Happy New Year.

Yours truly,
Raymond Rought.

We are very glad to hear from you and must get acquainted with Caledonia. We used to have some acquaintance with another place of that name. That was:

Caledonia stern and wild

Meet nurse for a poetic child,
or words to that effect.

Occasionally we print a joke or two in the BULLETIN. They come in handy as "fillers" and help in the "makeup." If they produce a laugh so much the better, because most of us don't laugh enough. But sometimes the jokes may serve a useful and laudable purpose. One that we printed lately promises to do that. It may start our faithful correspondent Mr. Peebles to play golf. It was that joke about all the Scots in heaven being out playing golf, as they were the only people the Lord could trust out of his sight. Well, that joke seems to have tickled Mr. Peebles, for he writes that he will be forced to take up golf so that he won't be lonesome when he

goes to heaven.

Mr. Peebles in part says.

I am going to get out and learn the game of golf. I am convinced that if there is a chance of my entering heaven, I want to be along with other Scots and have all the liberties and privileges they enjoy. I have been more interested in other lines of sport heretofore. We have in Plymouth the best basketball team in the country and you may tell Loophound Jr. that we are ready for his U. of P. team at any time. The Plymouth team has played so far six games and won them all. We beat three Milwaukee teams and they were good ones, too, although there doesn't seem to be anything good down there since they stopped the brew. Mr. Matthewson got up a team in Sheboygan but he has been having poor luck with it. His team lost the last three games they played.

I notice that "Michigander" came to bat just in time to hold his membership in the BULLETIN Family. He ought to thank Loophound and Sol N. Lasky that they woke him up to the fact that his subscription had expired. He ought to do better this year and keep himself in good standing.

Well, we also think that Michigander ought to do a little better, but of course one letter a year is all that the rules require. As to your taking up golf, Mr. Peebles, we would strongly advise it, regardless of how it might improve your standing with St. Peter. We are not sure that all golfers go to heaven, anyway. In fact we have heard one occasionally use language which would indicate that he was headed in the opposite direction. But it's a good game.

A Milwaukee reader wrote asking to have his name placed on the mailing list and to have a copy of the November issue sent him. He wrote an acknowledgment as follows:

Received the BULLETIN and wish to thank you. I enjoy reading it very much. It gets better all the time, and I wish you all the luck in the world. I should have written you sooner. Well, here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year for the good old North Shore Line and many of them.

Very truly yours
Norman J. Forsman.

We already have one correspondent in Kansas City, but here goes to welcome another one. The latest Missourian writes:

Some time ago I had occasion to go from Kenosha to Milwaukee and took the opportunity to ride on the North Shore Line. In the station I found some copies of the BULLETIN, I put a copy in my pocket and fully intended to write you on my return home to ask that my name be put on your mailing list as I would enjoy receiving the BULLETIN.

However, I am hoping that it is not too late to put this into action, and if agreeable I will be very glad to receive a copy of the BULLETIN each month. It certainly is a big little publication.

Yours very truly,

E. S. Shoecraft,
Truck Sales Manager,
Nash Sales Company, Kansas City.

It's never too late, Mr. Shoecraft, and your name goes on the list. We are glad to admit you to the family circle. One letter a year is the minimum required to keep you in good standing. We hope you won't become delinquent.

We have another good letter from a new correspondent, written from Racine, but whom we suspect lives in Chicago. He writes:

As a salesman of the Sprague Canning Machinery Company of Chicago I frequently take the North Shore because it takes me, and I always come out ahead by nabbing a fresh BULLETIN.

Last summer I became prejudiced against the North Shore because it ran over a cow. I sell dairy machinery. But I am satisfied now that the cow must have been crazy to get in the way. There is no excuse for walking on the North Shore, because there is a train every little while.

I went to Milwaukee to buy some fittings. The salesman asked, "Will you have these sent by freight or express?" "Send it on the North Shore Line, I'm in a hurry," says I. So they did and it got here before my customer got impatient. Such service would suit the man who went on his honeymoon all alone.

Send the BULLETIN to my Chicago address so that I won't have to get on a train to obtain one. The only road that has the North Shore "skun" a mile is one in Indianapolis that does

not charge anybody for riding on it, but it is too short.

Yours respectfully

A. J. Davis.

There's always a fly in the ointment, isn't there? We never heard of that road in Indianapolis that doesn't charge anything, but we expect its service is in keeping with its charges. With the exception of this BULLETIN we never knew anything that was free that was worth a hang.

Another good one, the second we have had from this contributor:

Thanks for the November copy of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I have just got through reading it and I'll tell the world that you have surely got a wicked line of dope. I am sure you never get time to go to Cuba for your inspiration, so before I write anything again it would be well for me to take a trip to the Cream City via the Road of Service and investigate the town that made Wisconsin famous.

Keep the good work up, and if the increase in business warrants it we'll all vote you a raise in salary, just so you won't lose your keen sense of humor worrying over the h. c. l.

In the morning rush hour on the Elevated the other day, when trains are only three minutes apart, an old guy came rushing out on the platform just in time to see a train pulling out. He stamped and swore and said if the d---d agent hadn't been washing her hands he wouldn't have missed the train. I smiled, put my hand on his arm and told him it was a good thing she wasn't washing her feet or he'd probably missed a couple of more trains. He got laughing and almost missed the next one. Oh yes, even the blackest of them have that proverbial silver lining! Cheerfulness is infectious, so Merry Christmas to you.

Yours truly

J. A. Clarke.

We would advise you by all means to investigate Milwaukee, Mr. Clarke, but if there is any place there dispensing inspiration, we haven't been able to find it. But honestly we don't need it. The North Shore Line is an inspiration in itself, that's why we enjoy working for it.

We've had a number of Christmas cards from busy correspondents and while they don't quite take the place of letters, they are nevertheless welcome. Among

those sending cards are "Loophound, Jr.," now at the University of Pennsylvania, Harold E. Rasmussen, still at the University of Illinois, one from Norman J. Forsman of Milwaukee and one from our Glencoe correspondent, who refuses to let us tell her name.

By the way, Mr. Rasmussen called the other day. He will get his degree in February and maybe will have more time to write a letter occasionally. As for Loophound, Jr., he's about due for a letter, but the card proves his good intentions.

PRAISE NORTH SHORE CONDUCTORS

RECENTLY there appeared in the Chicago Tribune a letter written by Hugh W. Fisher, chief clerk at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, commending a North Shore conductor for courtesy. In his letter Mr. Fisher said:

"Among other instances which have struck me with force was one occurring this morning on the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad, car No. 400, passing Lake Bluff early in the forenoon, I inquired of the conductor as to where I might find a certain banking institution in Lake Forest. His conduct and attitude could not possibly have been more accommodating had he suspected that I might be one of your reporters charged with the privilege of substantially rewarding exceptional courtesy."

The conductor referred to in the above letter is M. Lundgren and to him the BULLETIN extends congratulations.

The BULLETIN is in receipt of a letter on the same subject from A. C. Klein, who is a steady patron of the North Shore Line and is connected with the Shoe

and Leather Reporter. He writes: "A collector on one of the North Shore trains displayed so much courtesy, politeness and all other things that go to make a long ride a short and pleasant one, that the writer asked the gentleman for his name. He is to be commended for the excellent service he renders to patrons of the line. His name is Carlo Pearson."

"Sincerely yours,

"A. C. Klein.

"P. S. I think the habit of giving patrons of your line a Christmas card is a wonderful idea and hits the right spot.

"A. C. K."

Good work boys, keep it up.

PRAISES MERCHANDISE DESPATCH.

THE following letter was received from the Zana Proprietaries Company of Chicago which speaks for itself:

May we say a word in commendation and appreciation of the efficiency of your Merchandise Despatch service between Chicago and Milwaukee? We believe in giving credit where it is due, instead of following the time honored practice of fault-finding.

Our product—Zana Stomach Tablets—is dispensed in large quantities in Milwaukee. Recently one of our most extensive dealers in that city found himself out of a supply when he had several calls for our tablets. The best he could hope for either by express or parcel post was delivery in forty-eight hours and he wished quicker delivery if possible. He called us up by long-distance, asking us to rush a dozen as fast as we could. We had experience with express and decided to try the North Shore Merchandise Despatch service and so advised our customer. The result was that our customer had his supply the same day we received the order.

Hereafter when we want anything done right and done in a hurry it is the North Shore Merchandise Despatch for us.

Yours very truly,
Zana Proprietaries Company.

That is the way they all speak of North Shore service when they give it a trial. If you have any doubt about it try it yourself and be convinced.

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

FEBRUARY, 1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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"The Road of Service"

CHALLENGE FOR PLYMOUTH.

IN last month's BULLETIN we mentioned the fact that our Plymouth correspondent, J. D. Peebles, believes his town has a basketball team that is unbeatable. The team has a chance to prove it, for Hartland has issued the Plymouth boys a challenge. We hope the match can be arranged and negotiations are now under way.

The challenge from the Hartland team comes through our old friend, "Dave" Wilson, professional at Blue Mound Country Club. "Dave" writes to the BULLETIN, in part:

My January copy of the "wee bookie" came the other day, thanks for the same. I am teaching at the Milwaukee Athletic Club this winter, so when you come up this way, please look me up and I will watch you put in a few licks.

I notice your friend, Mr. Peebles, intends taking up the Grand Old Game, and I notice also that he has some basketball team. There is a basketball team here in Hartland, made up of young fellows whom I started in as caddies at Chenequa, some eight or nine years ago, and if I do say it, they are some basketball shooters. Could you arrange a game between the Hartland and the Plymouth teams? Kindly write Mr. Peebles and ask for a date. I will bet Mr. Peebles his first golf lesson, which I will give him myself, if Plymouth beats these boys of mine, or I will bet him a club, or both, if he cares. Now please get after this and let's have a real test.

I am living at Hartland and go to Milwaukee every morning, except Sundays. Gee, I wish you would extend the North Shore Line out this way, so we could get some real service. I took a run down to Chicago about four weeks ago; went down on a fast train at noon and had a dandy luncheon on the train. I hustled and attended to my business and came back on the "Interstate Limited," leaving at 4:45 o'clock, hence my failure to call you up or call on you. I may add that I had my dinner on the train coming back and enjoyed it. Everything tasted so good.

Very sincerely,

Dave Wilson.

Now, Mr. Peebles, it is up to you to make good on that Plymouth team. We will be glad to do what we can to arrange the match.

By one of those curious coincidences, we happened to be in Mil-

waukee the day Mr. Wilson wrote that letter. Having an hour to spare before our train left we sauntered into the Milwaukee Association of Commerce to say "hello" to its business manager, Phil A. Grau. When leaving the building the thought occurred that Dave Wilson was conducting an indoor golf school in the same building, so we decided to call on him.

"Just the man I wished to see," he said, as we walked in on him giving a lesson. "My sister just mailed you a letter a few minutes ago. Now that you are here, you'll come out to my place in the country tonight and meet my mother." We pleaded that we had an engagement to take Friend Wife out that evening and had promised to be home before 7 o'clock.

"Pull off your coat and hit a few, while I put in a long-distance call to Chicago."

What could one do under such circumstances? We telephoned Friend Wife to call the engagement off, thinking, but not saying, that we would be more pleasantly employed. You married men understand the situation. Well, we pasted the balls for a little while and drove out to Mr. Wilson's home in Hartland, where we met his mother, sisters, and brother. It was a very pleasant visit which we greatly enjoyed. All the family are BULLETIN readers, so little introduction was necessary.

We regretted exceedingly that we had a luncheon engagement in Chicago the following day, which we could not cancel, so we had to make an early start from Hartland. What an enjoyable ride of thirty miles in Mr. Wilson's automobile through the crisp morning air. That's the thing to blow the cobwebs off the brain.

We might say incidentally, for the benefit of Mr. Peebles, that during the evening in Hartland-

(Continued on Back Cover)


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EDITORIAL COMMENT

*"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."*

THE lines quoted came to our mind the other morning, as with our friend, Dave Wilson of the Blue Mound Country Club, we drove in from Hartland to Milwaukee to take an early train.

* * * * *

THE sun was shining gloriously as on a spring morning, and although it was frost that pearled the hillsides rather than dew and there were no larks on the wing or snails on the thorn, there was a tang in the air that made the pulse beat faster and made keener the joy of living. Isn't it great to enjoy such moments?

* * * * *

AS we speeded toward Chicago on a North Shore Limited we kept mentally repeating the lines. Sometimes it's tantalizing the way a few lines run in one's mind. That's especially true when they come into one's mind about bedtime and keep him awake half the night. Why do they come up that way? We never have been able to understand it, but then there are more

things in heaven and on earth than was ever dreamed of in our philosophy, as Hamlet was wont to remark.

* * * * *

ON this particular occasion perhaps it was because the lines expressed what we felt so infinitely better than we could express it. They seemed to fit so aptly into the background, and the panorama unfolded on that bright morning as the Limited rushed through the sunlight at the rate of a mile a minute kept recalling them in spite of us. All at once it occurred that maybe they were suggesting themselves as a subject for a little sermon. Ideas often come that way, you know, just when you least expect them. There is material in those lines, we thought, for a score of sermons. As we need only one to fill this page, we thought we would stick to the last line.

* * * * *

THAT last line gives a challenge to the whole philosophy of Schopenhauer and to his disciples of today who are forever hanging crepe and taking the joy out of life. We don't exactly mean the blue law fellows, to whom we paid our respects in the last issue. There are other crepe-hangers, who are taking advantage of the present industrial situation to point out that Schopenhauer was right and that really "the times are very evil." Why not take the opposite view and with Browning say, "All's right with the world." It's actually more correct and besides it's vastly more comforting.

* * * * *

IN the last month we expect we have had a score of men ask what we thought of the present industrial and financial outlook. Now we don't flatter ourself that they asked that question because they thought we were possessed of any superior knowledge, or that our opinion amounted to anything. No, that wasn't the reason. It's a state of mind. Too many are asking that question at this time. They are timid and fearful of ghosts and shadows and their very timidity aggravates the situation. They seem lacking in confidence in themselves and in others. Brace up, we say. If everything is not as you would like to have it, just think how much worse it might be. "All's right with the

world," and especially with the northern half of the western hemisphere, which interests us most.

* * * * *

CONDITIONS in the country are fundamentally sound. From a debtor nation at the beginning of the world war, the United States now is the greatest creditor nation on earth. The balance of trade in our favor for 1920 was close to three billions of dollars. Our exports for the year were about eight and one-quarter billions of dollars in value; more than three times the total shown for the last pre-war year. All the world is applying for American capital because we are the only country with the necessary productive machinery to supply it. True, there has been a slump in domestic trade, as was inevitable when the process of deflation set in. We are going to get through with it sooner, however, by taking an optimistic view and showing that we have faith in our country and its financial institutions. Spreading distrust and suspicion does incalculable harm. As we have pointed out before in the BULLETIN, the whole world was on a spree, and when we indulge that way we inevitably take the consequences of the "morning after."

* * * * *

A GOOD illustration of what we mean was shown a few days ago during an investigation at Washington. They're always investigating something there. As we glanced at the headlines of our evening newspaper on our way home, we were startled to read that Charles M. Schwab had been shown to be just an ordinary grafter. We read the story with interest and mentally said there must be some explanation. Someone has gone off half-cocked, as they do so often when making investigations. Well, the explanation wasn't long in coming. The man who made the charge later apologized to Mr. Schwab and said he had done him a grave injury. Mr. Schwab doesn't need any defense here. He is able to take care of himself, but as we read the account of his breaking down on the witness stand, we couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Such an accusation cuts deep and the harm was already done. We expect there are thousands all over the country who read the charge and didn't read its retraction. There

are so many who regard an attack on a public man's reputation as a choice morsel, to be fletcherized and rolled around in the mouth. They are the same ones who go around saying that the present industrial depression is caused by manipulation in Wall Street, when the fact is they could find it much closer to themselves.

* * * * *

THE chief trouble today is that many of us are unwilling to take our share of the losses as prices are being deflated. It was a different story about two years ago when the inflation was going on. Then we were all out for our share of the profits. Some got more than others, owing to greater ability or opportunity, but everyone tried to get all he could. That applied equally to the men working for wages and to the men paying the wages. They were all after profits. The worker, with only his labor to sell, sold it as high as he could, for which he was not to blame, but he was to blame for not delivering the goods he sold. The records show he did not in many instances do an honest day's work. He was no exception among the seekers after "easy money." The merchant whose shelves were filled with goods bought on a low market, didn't sell on an original cost basis, but on a replacement basis. When he was caught with his shelves filled with goods bought on a high market, he sold on an original cost rather than on a replacement basis. At least he tried to do that and found the people wouldn't buy. When the buyers' strike got well under way, prices toppled, and along came industrial depression. The distributor could not sell his goods, so he could not buy from the manufacturer. The manufacturer could not sell his goods, so he had to close his factory. That meant that the workers who made those goods couldn't sell their labor. Unable to sell their labor, they couldn't buy the goods from the retailer. The whole system is like an endless chain, and we may just as well make up our minds that everyone of us must be prepared to take our share of the "morning after" consequences.

* * * * *

THE farmers thought they were given the worst of it in the deal and they held their produce because they could not get the prices of two years ago. The wheat growers of Canada be-

gan shipping in their produce and our farmers appealed to Congress to pass a tariff law that would bar out Canadian wheat and help keep up prices. The lower branch of the Congress promptly passed the bill, which was held up in the Senate and is still there. Personally, we think the action of the Senate proved the wisdom of having an upper chamber. Our exports to Canada are nearly three times our imports. Last year they were some 925 millions of dollars, as against 325 millions of imports. Now how can we expect Canada to supply us a market for our manufactured products if we refuse to let her pay them in part with her products, the principal one of which is wheat? We have no grudge against the farmers of our country, but we believe that like the rest of us they will have to be satisfied with smaller profits than they have been accustomed to in the last few years, during which the law conveniently set a fixed price on wheat in defiance of the natural law of supply and demand.

* * * * *

WE appreciate the difficulty of dropping from a higher to a lower standard. It is much easier to step up and it is remarkable how readily we all adapt ourselves to a higher standard. From the plebeian street car to the Ford is an easy step, and from the Ford to a real automobile isn't so much of a jump, but it's hard to drop back to the street car again. Two years ago, or so, we remember reading an advertisement for bricklayers, in which it was explained, at a cost of about fifty cents an agate line, that there was plenty of space at the particular job for parking automobiles. We don't read ads of that kind today. But there's no use in grumbling about it. Why not take the other view and say you had a good time while it lasted. That, we understand, is what some say when they are sobering up on the "morning after." That's better than to grumble that you always get the worst of it and that your troubles are all the fault of some other fellow. They really aren't, you know. And half your troubles are psychological anyway, and will disappear if you look at them in the right light.

EASY for you to talk that way, someone will say. You don't have any troubles. Well, we haven't many. We enjoy our work and we like our boss. But sometimes little things come up that would trouble us if we allowed them. The other day, for instance, the same mail brought us an income tax schedule and a notice of an increase in rent of 55 per cent. The landlord was so anxious to see we got the cheering news that he had the letter registered. He needn't have gone to that expense; we'd have taken his word for it. As we had a raise in rent last May, that makes it just exactly 100 per cent higher than it was a year ago. Well, we didn't faint or anything. As we knew what he paid for the building when he bought it a few months ago, we took a pencil and figured out that he would make about 25 per cent gross on his investment. Not having consulted the janitor we didn't try to estimate what the net might be, but concluded that the landlord was getting at least all he was entitled to have. But what then? We consoled ourself with this reflection: If the darned apartment is worth what he is asking for it now, just think how well off we were when we paid only half the amount. There is a cheerful way of looking at things if you try to find it. Besides, we're not going to let any landlord or income tax collector disturb our peace of mind. Like Mark Tapley, we're jolly.

* * * * *

WE thought of going into the financial situation a little further just to back up our contention that "all's right with the world," but we have an awful lot of other stuff this month and ever so many letters held over for lack of space. That being the case we are going to wind up soon with a little advice. Chase the gloom and look on the bright side of things. Begin buying again; this buyer's strike, so-called, has gone far enough. It may be that some commodities will drop still further in price, but don't wait for that. Don't be in too much of a hurry to reduce wages; wait at least until the drop in commodity prices has become general. As shown in the preceding paragraph, rents are not coming down, but are going up. We know our individual experience isn't exceptional and rents won't come down until more houses are built. Start to build them now. There has been quite a drop

in material prices, and if wages have not been cut, the labor costs have been reduced through the higher efficiency of the laborer. He is ready today to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay and that, after all, is the important thing. Start the wheels going again.

* * * * *

IN advising you to buy the other fellow's product, so that he will be able to buy yours, we don't mean that you should be extravagant about it. We have had altogether too much extravagance in the last few years. What we mean is, don't hesitate to buy what you need. If you have to cut out some of the luxuries in order to get the needful things, it won't hurt much. Do you know that the people of the United States spent \$650,000,000 for amusements in the year 1919, and that, while the figures for 1920 are not available at this time, the estimate is \$750,000,000? Quite a lot of money, isn't it? It amounts to about three cents a day for every person of theater-going age in the country. Now, if you were asked to pay that extra three cents a day for street car fare, or gas, or electric light, or some other essential, wouldn't you howl? We are not knocking the theaters. It is quite necessary that the people should be amused. The old Roman emperors knew that when they used to order games in the arena to keep the people from grumbling about their taxes. It was so comforting to see the gladiators kill each other, or the lions eat up a few Christians. We have them killed and eaten up in the movies today, which shows that we have advanced just a little in a coupla thousand years.

* * * * *

AS a concluding paragraph to our little discourse, we would advise you to talk in a reassuring sort of way. Talk of factories opening up instead of closing down. Show you have faith in yourself first of all and it will strengthen your faith in your fellowmen, for they are just the same as you. This is the best country in the world and you should be proud to be a citizen of it. Don't grouch and grumble that it is going to the devil, because it isn't. All's right with the world; see that all's right with yourself. That will be all until next month.

School of Engineering of Milwaukee

THERE are many universities and colleges in the United States. A recent list we looked over gave the names of 522, but we suspect it was not complete. In most of the universities and colleges electrical courses are given along with other studies.

The distinction, however, of having an electrical university—an institution devoted exclusively to teaching electricity—belongs to Milwaukee. The School of Engineering of Milwaukee is in a class by itself. The boy entering it after he has finished eighth grade in the grammar school, may take his high school course, his engineering college work and graduate at the end of six years with the degree of B. S.

Not only does this university give the boy a complete education after he has completed his grammar school work, but it gives him the opportunity to earn while he learns and work his way through.

We have often thought that our educational system was lacking in one important respect; that is, that it does not generally link the class room and the job together as they should be linked. Too often the boy leaves school with a little knowledge of everything, except how to earn a living in the world. We do not mean to belittle the advantages of a cultural education, and would not sacrifice culture for purely technical knowledge of a trade or profession, but sometimes we think that more should be done in the direction of hooking them up with each other. There has been a marked improvement in that direction in recent years, but it might be carried still farther with benefit to the youth of the country.

The School of Engineering of Milwaukee is doing that thing ad-

mirably; better, perhaps, than any other educational institution in the country. That accounts, no doubt, for the remarkable growth of the university in the fifteen years that it has been in existence, and for the name it has acquired, not alone in the



Oscar Werwath, President and Founder, Milwaukee School of Engineering.

United States but in many foreign countries as well.

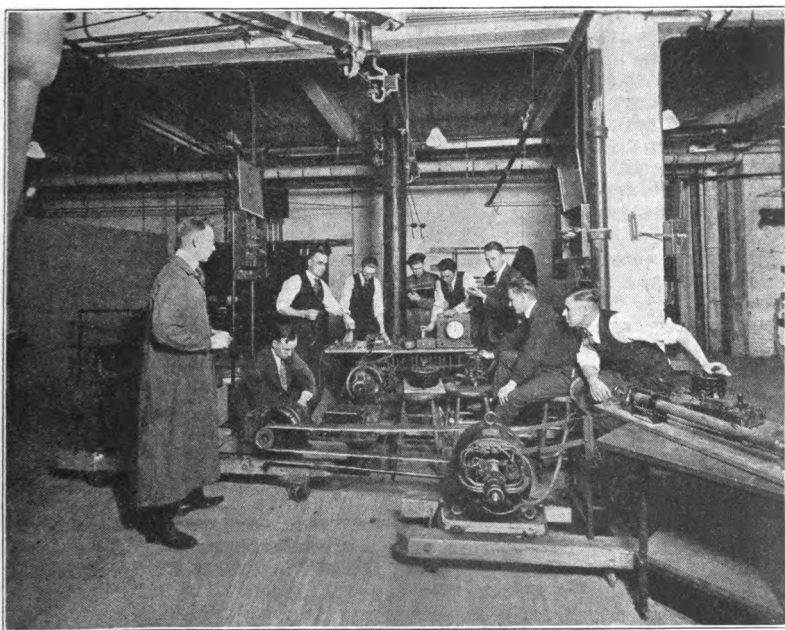
The 1920 roster of the School of Engineering shows an enrollment of 2,308 pupils, representing practically all the states in our country and some twenty-two foreign countries. It has students from far off Australia and the Philippine Islands, from Hawaii and from Yucatan, from Brazil

and from Finland. It is an interesting fact that of the 2,308 students in 1920, 1,407 were from Wisconsin, thus disproving the old adage that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.

Most of the students at this school have earned all, or a large part, of their expenses while getting an education. There are in Milwaukee at this time 133 factories and business institutions co-operating with the School of Engineering, enabling the stu-

it. His practical knowledge in dents to work half-time in the factory this way keeps pace with his theoretical knowledge and at the end of his course he is turned out ready to take his place in the world with a practical working knowledge of his profession.

This plan of co-operation, which goes under the name of the Industrial Service Department, is one of the outstanding features of the university. It is under the direction of C. H. Ferguson, a



Opposition Test on a Transformer.

tries, or on the alternate week plan, according to circumstances.

The advantages of such a plan of co-operation can readily be seen. As the student in the class room learns the theoretical and scientific side of a particular problem, he steps into the factory and gets the practical working end of

man of much experience in vocational guidance work. He is assisted by W. E. Boren, also an expert in vocational training, and by Miss Exilda Gillette, a woman who has shown rare tact and ability in finding the right man for the right job. A student desiring employment for the first time,

with no experience and no definite ideas about his future work, goes to the Industrial Service Department and has a heart-to-heart talk with the staff. His peculiar problems and his qualifications are carefully considered and he is then fitted to a job. It may be that after a trial he will be transferred to another job, but before he is finally settled it is a safe bet that he is in the right place, or as near it as it is humanly possible to place him.

Class schedules are arranged with respect to work schedules. A student working on the half-day plan has a side partner with whom he changes off. One of the team is at work in the plant while the other is in the class room. Some other students work on the alternate week plan and arrange with partners so that one is always on the job.

Earnings of students under the plan vary according to the individual and the nature of the work, so that it is difficult to compute even an average. Few earn less than \$40 a month for half-time and they are young boys. The average for men ranges between \$50 and \$75 a month for half-time, and many cases are on record of students earning more than \$100 a month at the same time they are acquiring an education.

The School of Engineering of Milwaukee was founded and has been developed by Oscar Werwath, its president, an electrical engineer who ranks high in his profession. He has assisted hundreds of ambitious youths to become successful electrical engineers and he never spares his time and energy when the advancement of young men is concerned.

The students issue "Electric Sparks," which helps to keep the various departments in closer touch with each other.

EMPLOYEES' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

EMPLOYEES of the North Shore Line have organized a mutual benefit association, which ought to prove helpful to them and to their families. Every employe who has the physical requirements provided in the by-laws, is eligible to membership, and although such membership is voluntary, the value of having such a protection is so great that it will no doubt be taken advantage of by all.

Briefly summarized, a fund is established and maintained by the employes and by the company from which benefits are paid in the event of sickness, incapacitation, or death. An initial contribution of \$500 was made by the company to establish the fund, which will be maintained by the dues of the members, the company contributing a sum equal to one-half the dues. The dues of members are \$1 a month, while the company will contribute 50 cents a month for each member. Sick benefits at the rate of \$15 a week are paid after the first week of illness, provided that if the employe is sick and incapacitated for longer than twenty-one consecutive days, benefits will be paid from the first day of his illness. The sick benefits are limited to twenty-six weeks in any one twelve-month period. The death benefit is \$300. These sick and death benefits are independent of any amounts which may be paid under state compensation laws.

The plan offers a splendid form of cheap insurance and a protection for employes and their dependents. When the average wage-earner falls sick or meets with an accident, his family usually are the greatest sufferers. When, as frequently happens, contributions are taken up among fellow employes, the recipient cannot escape the feeling that he

is an object of charity. If he is a member of the Mutual Benefit Association, the benefits are his by right. He feels he is independent.

The temporary officers of the Association are:

President—George Bernard.

Vice-President—Theodore Fincutter.

Secretary—O. E. Foldvary.

Treasurer—G. F. Lenfesty.

The temporary trustees, who administer the affairs of the Association and have charge of all funds and property, are: C. Hutton, J. S. Hyatt, J. W. Simons, G. T. Hellmuth, W. R. Helton and J. A. Seymour, representing the company, and O. E. Foldvary, Thomas Deely, George Wheelock, Richard Dreger, George Bernard, Theo. Fincutter, C. C. Leech, G. F. Lenfesty and John Osborne, representing the employes. As a protection for themselves and their families all employes should join the Mutual Benefit Association.

UNUSUAL COURTESY.

CONDUCTORS on the North Shore Line are noted for their courtesy to passengers. Most of them do everything that the "Book of Rules" specifies, but some of them do more, which shows they have initiative. Conductor W. N. Smith is one of that kind. This is what a patron writes to Mr. Budd about him:

In many trips to and from Milwaukee I have used the North Shore road with entire satisfaction.

Yesterday I had first occasion to become somewhat "peevish" due to the fact that some very thoughtful person had deposited upon the seat which I occupied a fresh wad of well chewed Spearmint, of Mr. Wrigley's plant.

Having just had suit all cleaned and pressed for an extended trip around a few of the states comprising the center of this country, the discovery met with anything but my approval.

After disclosing the cause of my grief to the conductor, I was pleased to note the concern shown by him, viz.:

He took his pocket knife and proceeded to scrape that famous brand from the seat of my trousers and succeeded fairly well until he reached the cloth, where he discovered further attempts were useless.

This train left Milwaukee for Chicago at 2 P. M. yesterday (the 12th) and the car was No. 163. I wish to commend the conductor for his kindness and assistance.

Being a good conductor, you see, Mr. Smith didn't wish to see a passenger carry anything away with him, except, of course, pleasant recollections of his trip. If he hadn't performed that operation the passenger would undoubtedly have carried more of that wad away with him than he did. We are often assured by the esteemed Mr. Wrigley that "the flavor lasts." We positively know that it sticks. Anyway, you don't get the flavor by sitting on it. Why can't they put more mint and less glue in the stuff? The inquiry is respectfully directed to Mr. Wrigley, and we hope he won't attempt to wriggle out of an answer.

DID you ever hear of a railroad delivering a consignment of merchandise in too short a time to suit the consignee? It happened a few days ago on the North Shore Line. We received a copy of a letter sent by an agent in Milwaukee to an agent in Chicago, which, we believe, is unique. For obvious reasons we omit the names, but the letter reads:

"Your W/B 3352 of January 19 covers one churn consigned to _____, by the _____. Consignee has refused this shipment on account of its arriving here one day too soon, and have instructed us to send it back. Kindly advise disposition."

The consignee in question evidently is not well acquainted with the North Shore Merchan-

dise Despatch Service. If slow service is required, we suppose the operating officials could delay a consignment, but that is not the usual practice. A day between Chicago and Milwaukee is the maximum time required, but frequently delivery is made in a few hours. Until we saw the above letter we supposed that sort of service suited everyone. It would appear that there are some exceptions.

SUNDAY BLUE LAWS.

By "Loophound."

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 21.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun

Sees no brand new reform, by the Blue Law League begun.

WONDER if it ever occurred to those killjoys that there was less backsliding in church before they switched from wine to grape-juice at communion?

It's easy to pick out the regular church-goer today. His clothes are all wrinkled. Of course, sleeping in your clothes will muss them up, even on a North Shore coach, but that's no reflection on the North Shore Line. In other respects it is different. Frinstance, the conductor who shakes you by the shoulder to get your fare has two good arms—in church it's getting so they have a one-armed deacon pass the plate.

Then, on your Milwaukee Limited, you can choose your destination when buying a ticket. In church the parson sends you to hell without a return ticket.

I have never met Tom Welsh, but I take it for granted he's human, like the cash passengers, even if he does ride deadhead, and I want to tell him how they are going to run dining cars in the east when the Blue Laws overtake us. Here's hoping my advice need never be used: Serve "holy" food on Sunday—they can't confiscate the silver then.

But imagine the looks of those North Shore epicures when Tom's able carps slips them a menu like this:

Appetizers—Life Savers.

Sandwiches—Swiss Cheese.

Pastry—Doughnuts.

Cigars—Holy Smoke.

(That menu does seem more "holy" than appetizing, but what's the matter with a little Angel Food cake? That might pass the censor.)

Recently I had a harrowing experience with Sunday Blue Laws which I would like to pass along:

I reached . . . late Saturday night, cold and hungry as a flock of Siberian hounds. Had heard of their peculiar laws and how in some localities they tied the cat up Saturday night so it wouldn't catch mice on Sunday, but this night my physical needs were more urgent than my spiritual requirements, so I perched myself on a stool in the Glory B. Cafe and ordered what it said on the menu with coffee, and then to bed.

Ordinarily when away from home I look forward to Sunday with the same pleasant anticipation I do the first of the month—rent day. I can remember years ago when as a kid I visited my Grandfather Campbell on the farm. On Saturday night he would fill the horses' stalls with hay and their stomachs with water to last over Sunday, so the Lord's day would not be desecrated by ministering to their needs. They showed the effects, and when summer tourists asked whose animals they were, the native would smile and say: "Oh, them's Cam(pb)ells." I'll say they were, but I am digressing.

I hit the springs this Saturday night and dozed off to sleep after humming a few bars of "Good Old Saturday Night Back East," having no care of the morrow. But

O boy! About time for industrious folks to hit the floor I reached for the button to switch on the lights, but there were no lights. Blue Sunday laws apply to engineers as well as to newsboys. There was no steam in the pipes and no hot water to shave with. I rang for a bellboy, but none appeared. He probably had gone off to Sunday school with the kid who sets them up in the third alley.

I was getting peevish by this time and my matches (made in Sweden) weren't striking well, so I tried to phone the office. No operator at the board. I decided to dress and see the manager, but here a new situation developed. I couldn't find my clothes and my grip with the extra trousers were gone. While the patrolmen were conforming to the Blue Sunday ordinance, as all good officers should, some low-down sneak thief who couldn't read the law climbed the fire escape and relieved me of my first aid in cold climate.

It seemed incredible. Visions of the house detective chasing me out in my pajamas because I had no baggage arose before my mind. A knock on the door brought me to my feet and when I opened it, in walked a delegate of the Lord's Day Alliance—a living skull and crossbones—and he sure looked like poison. He was wearing men's clothes, though, and clothes were what I craved most at the moment. I didn't ask him which paragraph of the blue law statute I had fractured, but tackled low and made a forward pass with my right. Soon we were on the bed in a whirlwind of clothes. I fought as only a man can who sees his last chance slipping, but he had me by the neck and my breath was coming in gasps. I couldn't hold out much longer and was wondering

how I'd look in the purity squad's court Monday morning in flannels, when miles away it seemed I heard a gong. Police, of course, I thought. It came nearer and louder, and as the pressure on my throat was gradually withdrawn, it dawned on me that my phone was ringing. I picked up the receiver and a clear feminine voice wished me a cheery "Good morning, it's 8:30," while my bewildered brain tried to piece together the events of the last thirty minutes.

There was no Lord's Day Alliance delegate in sight, but on my bed was a clothes tree on which were still hanging my overcoat and suit. It had been toppled over on my Adam's apple by the early morning breeze through the open window. Man, but it was a relief to know that only a prank of the wind had caused those unpleasant moments. My hair came back to the horizontal and contentment was about to envelope me when I thought, oh, what the hell—when these dudes find out that the wind cuts such capers on Sunday they'll solemnly pass a law to stop it blowing.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE.

Henry Cordell, master mechanic of the North Shore Line, is a great joker. Recently Henry put new castors on his office chair and they work very smoothly. One day while decorators were working in the office, the chair was pushed out in a hallway. Henry was busy about something when a traveling salesman called to see him.

"Just take a seat," said Henry, pointing to the chair, "and I will be with you in a minute."

The salesman dropped into the chair, which promptly rolled out from under him. He pulled the cushion off the chair and it fell

under him as he sat down on the floor.

"That's a good trick chair you have, Henry," he remarked.

"Yes," said Henry, "but this is the Road of Service. We furnish you a cushion to break the fall."

WITH BULLETIN READERS

THAT little reminder we gave some of our old contribs last month brought results. We knew, of course, that they hadn't forgotten us, but we like to be reminded of it once in a while. Our Glencoe correspondent, to whom we alluded as being among the delinquents, hastened in a long letter to assure us she was still a member of the BULLETIN Family. Maybe that other good contributor — Harold Rasmussen — helped to jog her memory a bit. He paid us a visit at Christmas and we told him that our Glencoe correspondent had evidently forsaken us.

She writes in part:

Harold paid us a visit around Christmas time and he said he had seen you and that you were going to make some sarcastic remarks about me in the BULLETIN. Now, please don't do that. You know my heart is in the right place, even if I'm not built right, like Perce in "Happy Go Lucky."

Besides I need hardly tell you that I have been very busy. I got an ambitious streak and decided to take a course at the Art Institute, three evenings a week. I take your Limited, and let me tell you I appreciate that service. I do wish, however, that you would recommend that no fat conductors be allowed on crowded cars. It's no fair to be pulled all out of shape in order to have the conductor take 34 cents off you, now is it? (It is not, and fat conductors are hereby ordered to reduce forthwith.) I must say, though, that it doesn't happen often, and I am with you, fat conductors and all.

Enclosed with the letter was a clipping with the suggestion that it might interest us. It did, and with the idea that it might interest others, we present it here:

"In the war of 1739, when the Russians and Turks agreed to treat for peace, the commissioners appointed were Marshal Keith on the part of Russia and the Grand Vizier on the part of Turkey. These exalted personages met and conversed by means of interpreters. When the negotiations were concluded the Marshal made his bow, hat in hand, and the Vizier made his salaam, with his turban on his head. But the Vizier suddenly abandoned the solemn farce and cordially shaking Keith by the hand exclaimed that he was 'unco happy to meet a countryman in so exalted a position.' The Vizier continued: 'I mind weel seein' you and your brither passin' by to the school in Kirkcaldy. My fither was bellman o' Kirkcaldy.'"

Now that it's all over, we'll tell you a secret. The December issue of the BULLETIN caused us a good deal of worry. We seemed more than usually dull that month and couldn't think of a good topic for our editorial comments, so we wrote that Christmas stuff in a spirit of desperation. We hesitated about sending it to the printer, but we had nothing else. When the proofs came back, we felt then like throwing them in the waste basket. We showed them to a man in the adjoining office and told him about our inclination to destroy them. "I wouldn't put that in the waste basket," he said. It was just that little encouragement that saved the stuff. We were more dissatisfied with it than any number we ever wrote, but it seems to have pleased a lot of readers. Here is a letter from one who seems to have been pleased with it:

The NORTH SHORE BULLETIN for December arrived today. I have read your editorial comment and stopped right there. I would not profane that editorial by reading another line to-

night from the best book in the world. It is not an editorial; it is a classic. It is a picture as true to life and memory as ever appeared on canvas. I thank you and congratulate you on your genius. May you long continue to elevate your readers and inspire them to aim at higher ideals. With best wishes for yourself and the service you represent, I am

Sincerely and gratefully,
Robert Falconer.

That is, perhaps, the most flattering letter we ever received. We can understand how our comments might appeal to Mr. Falconer, as we suspect his boyhood days were not unlike our own and he readily recognized the picture. It appealed also to our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Peebles. He writes asking that we dream a little more and tell our dreams to readers. "I don't know what the January issue will contain," said Mr. Peebles, "but I can tell you right now I won't like it as much as I did your Christmas Carol. Keep on dreaming and writing." A lady in Milwaukee wrote Friend Wife and said her whole family greatly enjoyed the Christmas story. So it would appear that a little sentiment goes all right, even in a publication of this time. We won't feel so apprehensive next time we indulge in a day dream.

Here is one from an old correspondent but from a new location:

Will you please change my address on your mailing list to Freeport, as I have recently transferred here and miss the BULLETIN. Sorry that having moved from the North Shore I will not be able to see you personally as often, or enjoy the service of the North Shore Line as frequently, but you may be sure that I shall always count both you and the road personal friends of mine and consider the BULLETIN a personal friendship letter from both. Count me always a booster and as often as possible a patron.

I did not write all this purely for advertising bunk with a possibility of seeing my name in print again, but assure you they are my sincere sentiments. Accept my best wishes for a

prosperous New Year for both yourself and your road.

Sincerely,

C. L. Alling.

We wish Mr. Alling success in his new undertaking. As BULLETIN readers may recall, Mr. Alling formerly was Scout Executive of the Waukegan Boy Scouts and is now engaged in a similar capacity with the Boy Scouts in Freeport, Ill.

From Maxwell, Iowa, comes the following:

I have moved here from Redfield, Ia., and would very much like to read the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I always feel after reading it as if I had taken a breezy spring ride on the North Shore Line and in these days of blue laws when someone is always taking the joy out of life such sensations are all too rare. I asked the Redfield postmaster to forward the December number, but it never showed up.

Wishing you the best-ever New Year.

Cordially,

Richard L. Mitchell.

We're glad to keep you in the BULLETIN Family, Mr. Mitchell, and will see that it follows you to Maxwell. Drop us a line occasionally.

Our recently found friend, William G. Miller of Canton, Ohio, is not only a devoted reader but a good booster, as we have had several requests from that city to be put on our mailing list. Well, we are working for a railroad which ought to be known everywhere and you can't make us mad by helping us advertise it. Mr. Miller wrote us on January 22, and as his favorite poet's birthday is January 25, we expect he is preparing to celebrate the event, judging from the number of quotations from Burns in his letter. We don't know more profitable reading at that. Mr. Miller writes:

A few days ago the January BULLETIN reached me and, like all previous copies, was read with interest. I note you had a visitor who is very much disturbed over the blue laws,

but did not have the courage to write out his complaint and put it up to you to do so. He certainly put his case in able hands, prompted, probably, by the fact that tobacco comes under them, and you admit refilling your pipe before commencing your editorials for the December BULLETIN. He wants you protected, so you will continue writing these "Gems" for your readers.

His visit brought forth a sermon, not one that would pass without comment in a strictly orthodox church, but there are many Christian churches where the views held by you are being preached, believed in, and practiced. They are the best filled churches, too, which is proof of advance in enlightenment.

Your definition of the difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans is correct and according to history. It has been the rule in all ages for a portion of the human race to go to extremes, some upward, while others would pull down the whole fabric of human progress. Happily the great majority move slowly and in due time adopt the best the extremists have to offer, if worth while.

The Puritans wanted all the actions of all the people governed by law and precept, especially relating to religion, their weak point being that their example did not always coincide with their precepts. There were too many "Holy Willies" who thought "sullen gloom was sterling true devotion." They did not realize that the things of this earth are put here for the people, and not the people for the things. They did not hear music in stones and streams purling down beautiful valleys as you and many others do. Their ideas were "I am holier than thou and so I must be your guardian and protector." They carried their beliefs to extremes and that is what we are passing through now—extremes in everything. When the world gets back to normal, and I think that won't be long, for America, at least, we will hear less of extremes from many quarters. When times are normal and people busy working, they act saner. Observing this, I have long since had a doubt about people getting inside the pearly gates, walking the golden streets and spreading their wings when they move around in their new quarters. I rather think we will have to do some work there to keep us out of mischief and going to extremes.

I imagine you asking will all the Scots be there? No. Mr. Peebles expects to be there, as I note he is going to learn golf so he can be among the elect or "trusties" when he gets there. If he is looking for pleasure and Scots' company when he throws off this mortal coil, he need "tak' no fear," he

will find them wherever he goes. Climate is no barrier.

We know there are Scots in the nether regions, and on no less an authority than "Honest Tam o' Shanter." He does not mention seeing other peoples there, but if there were, the Scots were the only ones enjoying themselves. That's encouraging, to the Scots at least, and maybe to others. When Tam took a peep and heard the music, did he get scared and run, leaving a doubt as to what he saw? He did not run until he had to, after breaking up the dance, and only saved himself by a horse-hair. (Didn't the witch take the whole tail, Mr. Miller?) And the dances were truly Scotch—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels. The music furnished by the De'il himself came from the bagpipes.

To all who wish to better this world, with a good chance in the next, read and carry out the advice the Muse gave to Robert Burns when she crowned him poet laureate of Colla:

"Preserve the dignity of man with
soul erect
And trust the Universal Plan will
all protect."

If we would all do that the churches would be filled at services and the people properly occupied at other times.

It has been raining all day, and I thought this was a good way to while away the time.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. G. Miller.

Not wishing the people of Canton any hard luck, or anything of that sort, but we're glad it rains there once in a while.

We expect Mr. Miller also is responsible for this one:

If not too great a strain on your liberality, generosity, sociability or impecuniosity, kindly put our club on the mailing list for your NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, and I will cheerfully reciprocate by putting you on the list for the Adcrafter.

James L. Orr, Secretary,
Adcrafter Club, Canton, O.

A Highland Park correspondent, from whom we heard on a former occasion, writes:

I am sure obliged for the bawling out received in December's issue of the BULLETIN. I need something like that now and then to wake me up. I know I should have written to you in the first place, but the ticket agent promised to fix it all up pretty when

I asked her if she couldn't take my subscription. She deserves honorable mention anyhow for being so polite. But when all's said and done it's pretty hard to find one who isn't the same.

I was reading about the Tribune's politeness reporter going to Joliet and finding a 100 per cent town. I wish he had consulted me, or some other user of the North Shore Line before he went. He would have got some good information as to where he could spend a whole day, see a lot of scenery and be all bollaed up at the end of the day as to who should get the \$50.

Goosh! I nearly forgot to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, same as you did me in the last issue, so I'm taking this opportunity of doing so. Thanks awfully for adding me to the family.

Raymond Bopp.

We haven't had a letter from John F. Weedon of Wilmette in the BULLETIN for a long time, but he is still reading it and sends the following as his annual contribution:

Rather late to wish you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year, but my memorandum to do so has just worked up to the surface of my desk impedita, which should be sufficient to establish the fact that I thought of you at the right time and precipitated the spirit of the message in your direction.

I liked your telephone directory card very much. It was useful, neat, and not gaudy, as Mephistopheles remarked when he painted his tail a modest pea-green. Your Christmas card, too, was a happy thought, and had its place on my mantelpiece with those from other kind people who wish me well and take pleasure in putting the fact on record. One of them sent me a reprint of the first edition of "Christmas Carols," which complemented your editorial in the BULLETIN very nicely, each adding value to the other. Of course, I have a weakness for old books. For the most part I had rather find a work I wanted in a second-hand book store than procure it new, and a "reprint" always interests me. We print better today, perhaps, than they did a hundred years ago, but I think we have advanced little in the way of illustration. I could show you some of John Leech's and Cruickshank illustrations that for conveying the real human interest to the reader are superior to most of the stuff that passes as illustrations today.

Good luck to you and may you find much happiness in your work. After hunting that object myself in various

and sundry places I have come to the conclusion that is the best place to look for it.

Yours truly,
John F. Weedon.

We agree with you, Mr. Weedon, that one's work can be made a source of pleasure, and as we always find plenty of it, we ought to be the happiest mortal on earth.

Our old friend, Sol N. Lasky, of "Ever-Ready" razor fame, sends a post card from New York, on which he says: "Regards to the best electric line on earth. Will be using it again in a few days."

We are pleased to welcome a new contributor in the person of J. G. Eager, proprietor of the Elite Laundry of Racine, and, incidentally president of the Racine Kiwanis Club. He writes:

I am just in receipt of your December issue of the BULLETIN and, while I believe I have been a reader of it from its first appearance by picking it up on the trains, I think this is the first time I have received it by mail, for which I thank you.

I notice that the Kenosha Kiwanis Club had you on the program, and as I happen to be president of the Racine Kiwanis Club I want to at this time extend an invitation to you to have luncheon with me and at the same time give us a 15-minute talk on the North Shore Line. We meet every Thursday and would be glad to have you any Thursday in February. If you will kindly let me know if and when you can come I will be at the station to meet you.

While I cannot say that we can give you the wonderful time that you write about in Kenosha, yet I feel sure that you will get a chance to brush elbows with Racine's leading business men and that it will be well worth your while as well as ours.

Yours very truly,
J. G. Eager.

We thank you for the invitation, Mr. Eager, and will surely avail ourself of the opportunity to get better acquainted in Racine. We have been at meetings of the Commercial Club and the Twelfth Ward Boosters' Club on several occasions and will be glad to meet the Kiwanians, as we know they are a good bunch.

Another Racine correspondent this month is Commissioner Joseph Blessinger, who writes:

Will you please consider the placing of the six fire companies of this city on your mailing list? The BULLETIN mailed to me usually reached the No. 4 company, and now that they have grown accustomed to reading your paper they have asked me to have them placed on your mailing list.

At some future time I will write you and quote my experience with your railroad.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Blessinger.

We hope your experience with the railroad has been pleasant, Mr. Blessinger, and if it hasn't just let us know what the grievance is, as the North Shore Line is in business to give service that will please its patrons. We are glad to have the Racine fire laddies readers of the BULLETIN and will see that it goes to each of the six companies.

Our correspondent at Plymouth—Mr. Peebles—wrote suggesting that we put the name of the Rev. W. T. Dorward of Milwaukee on the mailing list and send him a copy of the October issue, which contained a little story about the Scottish Old People's Home. We, of course, complied with the request, and Mr. Dorward wrote as follows:

I thank you for your kind letter and copies of your BULLETIN. I have just read the article *in re* the Home for Scotland's needy and aged. If I were one of the trustees interested in securing funds, I would look no farther for campaign literature. Your fine article should reach the hearts and pocketbooks of many who are blessed, or otherwise, with this world's goods. I have no hesitation in saying your article ought to be reduced to booklet or letter form and sent broadcast. What more can I say?

I do not remember Mr. Peebles of Plymouth, Wis. But, you see, I meet many men in the course of the busy years and cannot remember them all. It was a real pleasure to meet the Illinois Scots and address them at the annual banquet.

May I take the liberty of sending you a copy of my Master Key with the

wishes of the season. It is now in the tenth thousand.

Very sincerely yours,

W. T. Dorward.

We are glad to know Mr. Dorward. We had heard of him as a public speaker and good storyteller and also as the author of the "Master-Key", a series of interesting essays on character building.

(Continued from Page 2)

we saw a fast basketball match between Mr. Wilson's team and one from Pewaukee. They're fast boys, Mr. Peebles, and your Plymouth team will have to get some to beat them.

If this match is arranged we'll be there to see it if we break a leg in getting there. Besides, Mr. Peebles is going in for golf, we don't know anyone who can give him better instructions than Mr. Wilson on the fine points of the game. Mr. Wilson knows them all and what we envy is, he can put them into execution. We know how it should be done, but can't do it.

GOLF VS. THE GIRL

"It's graund weather that we're hae'ing the noo," remarked Sandy to Jock. "I'll go ye a round on the links t'morrow mornn, just to celebrate it."

"T'morrow mornn?" repeated Jock, slowly.

"Aye, lad, the mornn," replied Sandy.

"Ah, weel," said Jock, "I'll go ye." Then, after a long pause, he added: "But I had intended t'git married t'morrow mornn."

A BOY'S IDEA OF IT

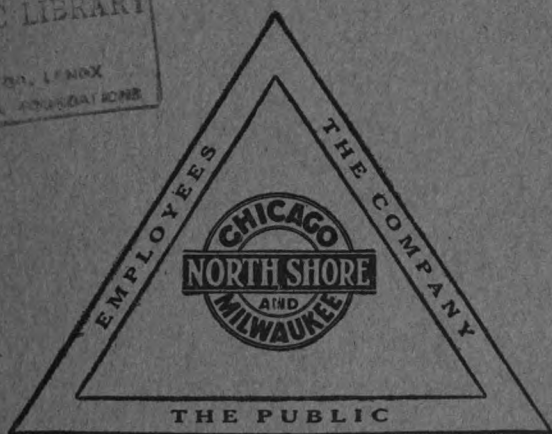
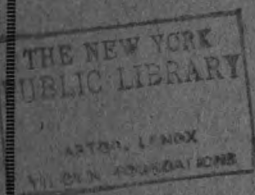
Tommy—"But, mother I don't see any reason for washing my neck and ears."

Mother—"You can't go to Jones' for supper unless you do."

Tommy—"But they said it was to be more informal!"

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MARCH, 1921



"The Road of Service"

RACINE KIWANIS CLUB

IN the February issue of the BULLETIN we printed a letter from J. G. Eager, President of the Racine Kiwanis Club, inviting us to attend a luncheon and tell them a few of the good points of North Shore service. We never overlook a bet of that kind, so we attended that luncheon on February 17 and found it all that we expected and more, too.

We hadn't met Mr. Eager until that day, but judged from his letter that he was the kind of man one ought to know. Well, he is. His friends say that he has put new life and vigor into the Kiwanis Club, and we believe it. At least, there is plenty of life in the club now, that, we can vouch for.

Never have we met a jollier crowd of business men than attended that luncheon. It was a pleasure to meet them and, while we said something to that effect at the time, we repeat it here, and actually mean it. We met a number who were readers of the BULLETIN, and some who wished to be, so we added their names to our mailing list.

After the luncheon, Julius Jappe, the jeweler on Sixth street, and a devoted BULLETIN fan, insisted on showing us a little of the city. Mr. Jappe is a member of the County Board and, after introducing us to the men in his jewelry store, he escorted us to the county jail. Oh, he was quite innocent of any intent in the matter; just wished us to meet the sheriff, who has proved to be a holy terror to the bootleggers. The sheriff proudly displayed the proceeds of some recent raids, in the shape of a few miniature distilleries. We saw a cell filled with stuff which, judging from the labels on the bottles, wasn't any moonshine.

Mr. Jappe then conducted us to the courthouse where he introduced us to a number of officials, including Judge Burgess. The annual is a constant reader of the BULLETIN. May 1, 1906, and we were pleased to give you a copy

to meet him under such circumstances. There might be circumstances under which we wouldn't wish to meet him. He sprang a good one during our little talk that is worth recording here. Mr. Jappe said something to the effect that he had long wished to meet us, as he enjoyed the Scotch jokes in the BULLETIN and, turning to Judge Burgess, he remarked: "You don't have many Scotchmen brought before you, Judge." "We haven't any," quickly replied Judge Burgess. "No Scotchman would pay 75 cents for a drink of whisky."

We thought it a clever explanation of the law-abiding propensities of the Scot.

Mr. Jappe originally came from Denmark, but has lived in Racine for forty years, and knows everyone. He is a great booster for the North Shore Line. He says he always carries a mileage book, and he thinks that Tom Welsh, the genial superintendent of the dining-car service, is the best fellow in the world. Well, we agree with him that Tom is a good fellow and is always anxious to please his patrons. That is one of the reasons why the dining-car service on the North Shore Line is better than on other roads.

Anyway, here's wishing success to the Racine Kiwanis Club and hoping we may have the pleasure of meeting with its members again in the near future.

GREAT SCENERY

The American tourist in Scotland was being shown around by a guide, and was affecting great contempt for everything he saw.

"Loch Lomond? That puddle?" he exclaimed. "Why, we have lots bigger ponds than that in the United States, and those mountains we would call foothills in my country."

"Ah, but mon," retorted Sandy, "d'ye see thae three big buildings yonder? Weel, they're distilleries, and they're a' workin'."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, March, 1921

 463 No. 15

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE month for celebrating famous birthdays is almost over and the month for inaugurating new Presidents nearly at hand.

* * * * *

RATHER a remarkable coincidence that so many famous people should have been born in the same month. There's Friend Wife and Lincoln and Washington. From two we draw inspiration and for the other we draw a check. That's one reason why we're in no danger of forgetting Lincoln's birthday. She won't let us, as hers comes on the same day.

* * * * *

BY the time this reaches the reader the country will have a new President. Months ago, about election time, we remarked that somehow we couldn't get enthusiastic over any of the candidates. Certain things have happened since to cause us to modify our opinions. We're strong for the new President and firmly believe, as well as hope, that he will make good. This in spite of the fact that we studied his golf swing in the movies and concluded it was as bad as, if not worse, than our own.

* * * * *

WE noticed that the President, like a lot of us, "hit" at the ball instead of "sweeping" it off the tee. His "follow through" was anything but graceful and ladylike. When he takes up the reins of government, his "hitting" practice may come in handy. There are plenty of things for him to hit, and hit good and hard. But he might practice "sweeping"

them off, too, for there also is considerable sweeping to be done. And we hope his "follow through" will improve, so that it goes to a finish and doesn't stop halfway, like his golf swing.

* * * * *

IT wasn't either politics or golf we had in mind, though, when we started out. We had in mind talking a little about business. We heard lots of favorable comments on the cheerful prescription we gave you last month. We don't know whether we can be quite as cheerful this month, as we have just finished reading the annual report of the North Shore Line. It isn't quite as cheerful reading as it might be; still, of course, it might be worse. It reminded us of a little old woman who kept a small country store. When asked how business was she replied cheerfully: "Well, I have a little loss on nearly every sale, but I have a splendid turnover." That was about the way with the North Shore Line. It did a lot of new business last year, which gave it a "splendid turnover." If only it could have kept a little more, everything would have been lovely.

* * * * *

HOW would you like to do a million dollars' worth of new business in a year and find when you came to balance up that you weren't a bit better off? And if you borrowed more than a million and a half dollars at about 9 per cent and earned only about 5 per cent, it would at least set you thinking, wouldn't it? If your business made that kind of a showing, you would take immediate steps to increase your revenue. You would raise the price of your products, assuming, of course, that everything possible had been done to keep down expenses. That is what you would do if you were engaged in a private business. If you were in the public utility business—well, that's something else again. That biblical suggestion: "Ask and ye shall receive," wasn't meant for public utilities. Commissions and rate-regulating bodies seem to think that if electric railroads are allowed to keep one lap ahead of the sheriff, it is all right. Some of them haven't

been able to keep even that lap ahead, which is the reason why more than 17 per cent of the electric railways of the country are now in the hands of receivers.

* * * * *

IT isn't often that we discuss the financial affairs of the North Shore Line in this column. It isn't because we are not interested in the success of the road. The company is a mighty good employer and we think any employe who hasn't an interest in the success of his employer ought to quit, or get fired. Our philosophy is that when a man sells his services to an employer, he sells his loyalty at the same time. If he can't be loyal and give the best that is in him, he ought not to work for that particular employer. By being loyal we don't mean that one has to be a toady, or that he has to lose any of his independence. The most loyal may be the most independent, and usually is. But we digress. There are several reasons why we take the annual report of the North Shore Line as a subject for a little discourse. Fares were increased during the last year and, as the volume of business also increased very materially, some may get the impression that the company is making more money than it fairly is entitled to make. We believe, therefore, that the facts will be interesting.

* * * * *

THE North Shore Line did a gross business in 1920 of \$4,193,669, an increase over 1919 of \$955,748. That was a very substantial increase and indicates that the excellent service which the company is giving is finding popular favor with the traveling public. But the increase noted was practically all swallowed up in increased operating expenses, which were \$3,229,047, as compared with \$2,319,464 in 1919. After deducting operating expenses and taxes, the gross income was \$823,207, as compared with \$773,235 in 1919, but the fixed interest charges increased \$48,800 during the year, so that the increase in net income was just \$1,172. Study those figures closely, because they tell the whole story. If you will take that gross income of \$823,207 and apply it as a return on about \$16,500,000, the book value of the property, you will find that it is not quite 5 per cent. By "book

value" we are not speaking of total capitalization, or of the actual physical value of the property devoted to the public service, but of the price paid under receivership proceedings, plus the new capital that has been put in since the present management took control in 1916. When the valuation now under way is completed, there is no doubt that it will show a higher value than the amount given as book value, which was, as you might say, a bankrupt sale price.

* * * * *

INTELLIGENT readers, such as we have along the north shore, understand that there can be no such thing as dividends on "watered stock" under public regulation. The capitalization of a utility is not considered by any Commission in fixing rates of fare, only the actual value of the property devoted to public use. The "book value," or bankrupt sale price, of the North Shore Line has to be taken as its actual value, until the valuation is completed, and that is a work which requires time. It has been going on for months. It is pretty certain, however, that the price determined during the receivership proceedings in the federal court is a low one. The return on that price, as shown by the figures quoted, was less than 5 per cent last year, which no one will contend is a large, or even a fair return. Especially is it a low rate of return under the present conditions of the money market, for, during the year, the North Shore Line had to borrow about \$1,600,000, and pay a rate approximating 9 per cent for it.

* * * * *

NOW for a little explanation of operating expenses. On the North Shore Line, as on any electric railway, the big item of operating expenses is wages. On an average, it may be said that 75 per cent of the operating expenses go to wages. Since August 1, 1919, a period of about eighteen months, wages on the North Shore Line have been increased about \$2,000 a day. The first increase, effective August 1, 1919, amounted to more than \$30,000 a month, and a second increase was granted June 1, 1920, which amounted to approximately \$28,000 a month.

The increases granted show that the company recognized the need of taking care of its employes during the period of inflated

war prices, but what of the investors who had their money tied up in the property? When the reorganization was effected in 1916, holders of first mortgage bonds were required, under the receivership proceedings, to exchange their bonds for participation shares. The holders of the first and second class of shares are entitled, under the terms of the reorganization plan, to a return of \$5 a share, a year, when earned. Now, while the North Shore Line has been prosperous, as railroads go these days, that is, its volume of business has shown a remarkable increase, the facts are that these shareholders have not received a dollar of the dividends to which they are entitled. Surplus earnings have been put back into the property, together with a lot of new capital, to put the road in a first class condition to give the public service. The shareholders "hope" that some day the deferred dividends will be paid, but "hope deferred maketh the heart grow sick" and we imagine some of the shareholders are a little heartsick. The facts show that the employes have been well cared for by increased wages, and the public well cared for by being given improved service, while the shareholders have been given nothing more tangible than "hope."

* * * * *

ANOTHER reason why we have mentioned the wage advances is to show that the employes are, relatively speaking, well paid, and that the owners of the property are, relatively speaking, getting a very low rate of return on their invested capital. We understand that just comparisons are impossible, because the employe invests his life in his work, while the owner invests his capital. But capital also is entitled to a just return when invested in a utility engaged in supplying the public with an essential service. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in a recent public utility decision, said: "Critics should appreciate that private capital devoted to public service is entitled to a fair return, and that it requires more courage and character to render just than popular decisions." That hits the nail on the head. If the employe who serves the public is entitled to fair compensation for his work, which none will dispute, the owner of private capital devoted to public service, also is entitled to fair compensa-

tion. The figures we have quoted show that the owners of the North Shore Line are not receiving fair compensation under existing conditions.

* * * * *

THERE is another thing in connection with the annual report to which we wish to direct attention. Although conducting business at a loss, or at least at less than a fair profit, the North Shore Line has steadily kept on improving the service it is giving the public. That fact is generally appreciated by its patrons, so that practically no opposition was offered when the road asked authority to raise its rates a little. The *Kenosha News*, some months ago, summed up the situation truthfully when it said, in an editorial, that the North Shore Line had taken its losses gracefully and had gone ahead and built up an excellent service before it asked for higher rates. It did give the service before asking for higher rates, and it is continuing to give that service, after it was found by actual experience, that the rates granted were not sufficient. The company has asked that its intrastate rates of fare, both in Illinois and in Wisconsin, be increased to equal the present interstate rate of 3 cents a mile, and it hopes to get a favorable decision. The increase asked would not alter the through rates between Illinois and Wisconsin points, but would abolish the present discriminatory state rates and add considerably to the revenue of the company. A study of the annual report should convince any fair-minded person that the increase asked for is a reasonable one.

* * * * *

A RAILROAD company is just as much the slave of the balance sheet as is a private concern. When the balance shows in red figures, something has to be done. Either revenue must be increased or expenditures reduced. But a utility company, engaged in giving a public service, cannot reduce its expenses as easily as a private concern. It cannot shut down its plant and lay off its employees. It must keep on giving the public service. Should it allow the quality of the service to deteriorate, business will fall off and conditions will go from bad to worse. The North Shore Line cannot reduce its expenses any more than

it has already done, for the present management never has tolerated any waste or extravagance. The boss is fair, even liberal, in his treatment of employes, but they have to deliver the goods. He hasn't any use for drones or deadheads. He is on the job every hour of the day, too. If expenses in any department appear unusually high, you can bet an explanation will have to be forthcoming in short order. Operation is as economical and as efficient as it is possible to make it, and if returns are unreasonably low it is because the public is getting service at less than it is worth. It costs money to give the kind of service given by the North Shore Line.

* * * * *

THERE are lots of other things in the annual report that are interesting, but we don't like to tire you with too many figures. We have given you a few of the more important facts, so that you may understand that the high cost of living affects the corporation as well as the individual. It doesn't always follow that because a company is doing a lot of business it is making a lot of money; at least, not if it is in the utility business. During the year the company spent, in additions and betterments, the sum of \$1,338,000. Of that amount about \$800,000 was spent for new cars. They have been in service now for several months, and you know how comfortable they are. The roadbed, too, has been improved, and a lot of 65-pound rail replaced with 80-pound rail. That saves the traveling public from jolts, and hands them to the investors, who have to pay for the improvement at the expense of a reasonable return on their capital.

* * * * *

ONE of the most striking items in the annual report is the increase in the Merchandise Despatch business. It more than doubled in the last year, which shows that the merchants and manufacturers along the line are becoming wise to this service. The report is not without some grains of comfort for the owners. The big increase in both passenger and merchandise traffic, indicates the future possibilities of the road, and it may be that some day the public will insist that a utility which renders such a service shall be allowed to earn a fair rate of return. It

does require a rather lively imagination to picture the arrival of such a day, but there are indications that it is dawning. The attitude toward public utilities is undergoing a great change, as the people begin to realize the difference between real service and lip service. The demagogue and cheap politician have been giving them lip service for years and they are getting wise to it. The people usually decide questions fairly, when they are given the facts. That is why we have given our readers a few facts about the financial side of the North Shore Line.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Stores

*"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."*

EVERYONE in Milwaukee knows about the "Three Schuster Stores." There is said to be no counterpart for them anywhere in the world. We don't mean by that that there are no larger stores, neither do we mean that there are no stores handling a similar line of merchandise.

tance to the dependability of its merchandise.

The story of the growth of the Schuster Stores is one of the most interesting in Milwaukee's commercial history. Like many of the successful business enterprises of today, the Schuster Stores began in a very small, modest way. When the first store on Third street opened for business in 1885, it consisted of a small room, 25 by 75 feet in size.



THIRD AND CASS



SIXTH AND MITCHELL

What we mean is, that the Schuster Stores are unique, in that they embrace three large metropolitan stores, all in one city, and not one of them located in the so-called downtown, or shopping center.

The Schuster Stores in Milwaukee have demonstrated that it is possible for the community store to expand and draw business from all parts of the city and suburbs, as well as from the surrounding country, and that its location is secondary in impor-

With the opening of that store, however, was inaugurated the policy which made possible the great future growth of the enterprise. That policy consisted in selling popularly demanded goods, of thorough dependability, at as low prices as could be made possible.

It was this policy which won the patronage of the community and the confidence and good will of customers, and in a short time the business grew to such importance that it was necessary to

move into a new building at Third and Harmon streets. Shortly after, a branch store was opened at 12th and Walnut streets, and that, too, soon proved inadequate to meet the steadily increasing volume of business. When the business outgrew the store, it was transferred to the old Katz building, at 11th and Winnebago streets.

Meanwhile the 3rd street store had been adding to its capacity by first one building to the north and then another, until finally it was necessary to erect the present store at 3rd and Garfield, which, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, is one of very large proportions.

The branch store had been steadily growing and suffered for lack of room, so the next move

The explanation of the growth of the Schuster Stores is that there was a need for business founded on such a policy, that the store recognized the need and endeavored to fill it. It signifies that the Milwaukee public has found Schuster merchandise of dependable quality and has confidence in the Schuster way of doing business.

The Schuster Stores have found the Merchandise Despatch service of the North Shore Line a quick and reliable method of transportation and use it a great deal. That is further proof that the firm is up-to-date in its business methods and that it not only gives its customers good service, but that it appreciates receiving good service from others.

CONVENIENCE OF NORTH SHORE SERVICE

A FEW months ago we printed a letter from W. F. Schramm, of the Burns-Hall Advertising Agency in Milwaukee, telling of a remarkably fast and comfortable trip he had made between his former home in Elmhurst, Ill., and Milwaukee, by going the electric way.

The following letter from Mr. Schramm shows how conveniently it can be done, allowing stopover privileges:

"You may be interested in knowing that yesterday—Sunday, Feb. 13—I left Elmhurst, Ill., at 6 o'clock P. M., on the Aurora-Elgin electric; changed at Marshfield Avenue station, took the "L" around to Adams and Wabash and there changed to a Wilson avenue express. We arrived at Wilson at 7:30 o'clock, got out and paid a visit to a friend of ours on Wilson, got back to the station about 7:45, waited a few minutes and caught the North Shore Limited to Milwaukee. We arrived at the North Shore Milwaukee terminal at 10:15 and



was the erection of a new building at the present location at 12th and Vliet streets. But the business grew faster than the buildings, and in 1913 it was found necessary to erect a third store, which was located at 6th avenue and Mitchell street.

There is no end in sight of this enlargement of the Schuster Stores. The 3rd street store recently added to its depth and three new stories to its height, the Mitchell street store is now undergoing alterations, which will nearly double its floor space, and arrangements are being made to add three additional stories to the 12th street store.

were home in our house at 10:30 o'clock.

"Had I attempted to do this by the steam road—well, it would have been absolutely impossible—and make the stopover at Wilson.

"With kindest regards,

"Very truly yours,

W. F. SCHRAMM."

Just one more proof that in the matter of service and convenience the North Shore Line is the only way to travel between Chicago and Milwaukee. They all admit it after giving it a trial.

UNDESERVED CRITICISM

THE following letter and the answer explain themselves:

Editor NORTH SHORE BULLETIN.

Dear Sir:

For some time I have been interested in reading your BULLETIN, and have noted that you invite criticisms of your service by your patrons. About two years ago I moved my family to the north shore, since which time we have used the North Shore Line on an average of twice a week, and have been particularly impressed with the excellent service rendered and the courtesy of your employees. The one slight criticism which I have to offer is the absence of drinking water facilities at the north-bound Central Street station.

Recently I heard some children begging for a drink, when a man remarked that the North Shore Line purposely refrained from installing drinking-water facilities at that station in order to force its patrons to patronize the soft-drink parlor adjoining the station and thus derive a larger rental income from the stand. In my opinion, this is an unjust criticism, but I would be interested to learn through the BULLETIN why there are no drinking facilities at the Central Street station similar to those at Church Street.

Yours very truly,

WINNETKA.

We are very glad to be able to answer this criticism. There are drinking water facilities at the station in question. In both washrooms in the Central Street station will be found drinking water and sanitary drinking cups. They always have been there since the station was built.

As to the company wishing to compel patrons to patronize the soft-drink parlor, so as to obtain a larger rental income; the facts are, that the North Shore Line is the tenant. The building, including the station, belongs to the proprietor of the soft-drink parlor.

We are glad that attention was called to this matter so that a wrong impression may be corrected. There are so many, like the man mentioned in the foregoing letter, who make statements without the slightest regard to their truth, or without making the slightest effort to get at the truth.

THE GREEN BAY TRAIL

SEVERAL requests have reached us for the loan of the film, "The Green Bay Trail," and in every instance it has been shown. In the January issue we told you about the film, which is now being shown in a number of theaters.

The story centers around a man, his wife, and little child. They are seated on a North Shore dining car, and as the train runs along the man tells the child of the old methods of travel used by the Indians. Indians are seen trudging along the Green Bay Trail, which parallels the North Shore Line most of the way from Evanston to Milwaukee. The contrast in the Indian and the North Shore methods of travel are striking and instructive.

The film was shown in Milwaukee on January 31, in the parish hall of the Capuchin Fathers, in response to the following letter:

In the January number of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I notice that an educational film, "Green Bay Trail," is obtainable through you for performances. We are arranging a jubilee celebration performance in our parish hall, on the occasion of the diamond jubilee of the City of Milwaukee on January 31. May we entertain hopes of obtaining this film through your kindness, for the day specified?

Incidentally, I may mention that this is the first BULLETIN issued by the North Shore Line that I have ever seen. I read with interest the letters which have been received from various patrons. I feel that they are expressing the sentiments of every patron of the railroad, for, though this being the first time that I have traveled to Chicago on the North Shore, I was strongly impressed with the service rendered as regards accommodations, time saved in traveling, and the courtesy shown the travelers by the employees.

It is indeed gratifying to note such conduct on the part of employees of the road, since it vouches for the harmonious understanding existing between the employers and employees. Traveling under such circumstances, surely makes travel most agreeable, removing the tediousness of a long journey. I am glad to be able to add this bit of encouragement for both the employers and employees of the North Shore Line.

Yours sincerely,
REV. SEBASTIAN SCHAFF.

The film was enjoyed, especially by the young folks. It also was given a good reception at an open meeting, under the auspices of the Twelfth Ward Boosters' Club of Racine, and has been shown at two or three entertainments in Chicago.

Anyone wishing the loan of this film can have it, free of charge, by writing to the editor of the BULLETIN.

NORTH SHORE DANCES

Have you heard of the dances being given every Thursday evening in Jones' Hall, Wilmette avenue, Wilmette? They are being conducted by Arthur W. Schmidt of Chicago, B. B. Baumgartner of Evanston and A. J. Fisher of Lake Forest. The dance hall is only a half-block from the station of the North Shore Line, and we need hardly remind you that you can get a train at any time that suits your convenience.

WITH BULLETIN READERS

DIDN'T we once suggest leaving this column out of the BULLETIN? We must have been feeling blue or something when

we did. There isn't any danger, though. The truth is we get so many fine contributions nowadays that sometimes we find it difficult to get space for them. Don't let that discourage you, though, because we enjoy the letters and if we can't print them all in one month, we try to do it the next.

Then again we get some fine letters with a request that we don't print them. The writers are too modest or something. They just wish us to know that they are with us. Well, we always respect their wishes in the matter of not using names, but we like to have the names so we can reply to the letters. For instance we have a splendid letter this month from a new contributor and he gives us only his nom-de-plume. The letter is so good that we are going to use it anyway, but as a rule we don't use the anonymous kind. When the writer reads this he will no doubt write again and give his name, not necessarily for publication.

We have some good news for readers this month. The long lost has been found. Yes, "Kentuckian" comes through in his old way. Weren't we tickled, though, to have him back in the family? He asked us to kill the fatted calf. Being somewhat short on fatted calves, we wrote him that we had just gone downstairs and had calf's liver and bacon. That was as close to it as we came. However, as a mark of appreciation we give him the top of the column: He writes as follows:

Kill the fatted calf, the prodigal is back. Hazard, Ky., from which point I write, is one of those towns at the end of the earth, where Sunday is the hardest of all days to live through. I overslept this morning and missed church service—miserable sinner that I am—losing the opportunity to share in the only excitement this queen city of Kentucky coal fields affords on the Sabbath. I was bordering on home-

sickness and gloom was spread about me an inch thick when I went to the postoffice and found a batch of mail from home, including the latest copy of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I hastily turned to the contributor's column, to see where "Loophound" had gone in search of the elusive hootch, and found that I had not been forgotten by members of the good old North Shore family. Oh-h Boy! It was a gran-n-d and glor-i-ous feel-in'!

Like the prodigal of biblical fame, I haven't a legitimate excuse for my long silence. But I have been a faithful reader of the BULLETIN during the period, even if I was not among those present in the contrib's column.

Luke, you're a regular old city cousin, always away from home. Twice I called at your sanctorum and found you off fishing or hunting. I confess that the last time I was in Chicago I neglected to let my presence be known. I intend to hop up your way again soon, and if I don't find you in I'll camp in your office until you return. Last time I was in the stenographer was sufficient attraction to make me want to stay until your return, but she said you were in Wyoming, or Florida, or somewhere else in the distance.

I am striving for a foothold on the ladder of success up here in the Kentucky mountains, land of mud, moonshine and murders. Incidentally, I am in the heart of what many geologists believe to be the largest coal field in the world, Pennsylvania notwithstanding. My school days are over and for the past several months, at least, I have believed, like most young men of my age, that I know all there is to be learned. I am beginning to see the light now. I count myself much better off than most young men of my age, in that I know what I want to do, and have a definite goal.

Friend "Loophound" defends Cleveland and extols the merits of its champion ball team, seemingly forgetting that his home town, the village by the river, turned out the champion four-flusher ball tossers. But I echo the remarks of my distinguished contemporary contrib and tell "Michigander" to "go get a reputation." Loophound and Mr. Peebles appear to be established institutions in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, like the cannon in the courthouse square at home. If Loophound is worried about the future supply of "likker" let him acquire a suit of armor plate and take a stroll up in these hills. Which reminds me that a man opened up an "army goods store" near here and got rich selling moonshine in a back room, I am told. That "greetings, greetings

everywhere, and not a drop to drink" line, wouldn't draw a laugh here.

I see by the daily papers that Mr. Schwab of the Shipping Board was given a clean bill of health by the congressional investigating committee. Yet those same congressmen refused to send a "speedy recovery message" to the greatest man of this day, when he lay fighting for his life, after having given his very life blood for his country—the man who committed no crime but to determine what was right and attempt to do it.

Luke, I endorse your remarks on the Sunday blue laws. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Woodcock of the Episcopal Church in Kentucky declared, the other day, that the blue law agitation was an attempt of certain churchmen to obtain cheap publicity. That is what I believe is the cause of the hubbub. The same day one of our Presbyterian ministers in Louisville denounced the practice of girls wearing only four garments to dances. What does he expect the poor girls to do in these days of high prices? And might I be so vulgar as to ask, how does he know? (No doubt, his wife told him.)

The lights in this town usually go off when the engineer gets sleepy, and I know he must be getting drowsy at this hour. I have a couple of hills to climb before the lights go out. Permit me to close with the sincere wish that this finds you and the BULLETIN family happy and in the best of health.

Cordially,
"KENTUCKIAN."

Well, if Kentuckian was a little delinquent in the payment of his dues he makes up for it by the letter he writes, so we call the account square.

Our newly found friend, the Rev. W. T. Dorward, of Milwaukee, has joined the family. We have a number of ministers who are contributors and we like their letters, although we got quite a panning from one for the views we expressed on the blue laws. He was the only objector, however, and we have had at least a dozen commendations on that editorial, so we judge we are on the popular side. However, we appreciate the good intentions of the objector and may say that we read every word of the material he sent and

it at least didn't do us any harm. Rev. Dorward has given us a new title and addresses us, even on the envelope as "Doctor." It's a sort of "honorary" degree and it's all right. He writes:

I cannot resist the temptation to thank you for the February number of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I dub you "doctor," since a writer of one of the Gospels and the Acts was named after you—or you after him—was a physician. Yes, and a beloved one, at that, which, I am afraid, cannot be said of all doctors.

I mean that the medicine you offer for the present industrial crisis, if taken regularly and in large doses, would bring men and things back to normal, with a perfectly healthy pulse-beat. In fact, I think you did so well in that editorial that I rise to move that your salary be raised forthwith for various and sundry reasons, but chiefly because your rent was raised which you took with philosophic grace.

The next best article in the issue at hand was, to my notion, the one entitled, "The Road of Service." Surely the North Shore Line is getting the desired and deserved name for "service," when it can furnish cushions to break falls. To say the least, such service is commendable, for cushions, in such cases, are good for corns.

Sincerely yours,

W. T. DORWARD.

We like the tone of that letter. Sometime Mr. Dorward when you are in the mood send us some good Scotch jokes, for we know you are an adept at telling them, having had the pleasure of hearing you once at a banquet.

We have with us a new one who has just been admitted to the family. He is a promising youngster, for we have had two letters from him in as many weeks. We shall have to content ourself with printing one only in this issue, but the other will hold over. He lives in Milwaukee, which is in his favor. He evidently is a traveling man, which is a second point in his favor. We're not going to print his name, because he evidently desires to be known by a pen name, so here is introducing "Jumbo" to our readers:

One day, feeling rather blue, whatever caused it, I don't know, and marching into the Milwaukee terminal of the North Shore Line, going through to the trains, my eye got fixed on something on the wall. I gave another look and concluded there was something in it. There was. It was just as blue as I was, so I fell in sympathy with it, snatched it, and carried it off to a train.

It was a NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I read only a part of it when I decided to apply as a regular member of the Ancient and Accepted Order of North Shore Prevaricators, and ask you to have a copy of the BULLETIN sent to my address regularly. Thanks!

I have often heard fellows boost the North Shore Line and on several occasions even helped the Booster Committee, but never tried the service until last fall, and I fully agree with Loophound as to the "pep" shown and his catching the "North American" at Milwaukee.

My recollections of the first trip seem good. We left Harrison Street, Milwaukee, and within two minutes the trolley poles were flying by like spokes on a wagon-wheel plus a runaway horse. Oh Boy! We did go a-whoopin', so that I forgot all about the BULLETIN, watching the scenery fly by. It sure was great.

At another time we had a race with a steam train, which had fully one-quarter-mile lead, but within two miles we had the same lead on it. Say, Bo! Talk about a bunch of jealous eyes staring over at us from the coaches on the steam train as we passed them up. We just couldn't help it. We gave them the ha, ha.

Yours truly,
"JUMBO."

P. S.:

The North Shore Line has the crust, It's motto is "Go or bust," With open control, Oh, Boy, does she roll? You're not able to see her for dust.

JUMBO.

Now, Mr. Jumbo, we haven't any objections to your limericks, but you should have them conform to our truthful advertising. Here we write screeds that we have "no dust or cinders" on the North Shore Line, which is true, and you come along with your limerick and say you can't see the train for dust. Admit that you fixed that last line-up so it would rhyme and that it does not describe an actual condition. We know the trains go at an awful speed sometimes, but we

must insist that there is "no dust, smoke or cinders." That's why the North Shore Line gives superior service.

We have another new contributor, who appreciates a golf story and sends one in for the benefit of Mr. Peebles. He is honest about it and admits he took it from the Literary Digest. While we admire his frankness we might suggest that jokes, like umbrellas, are common property. Lift one whenever you run across it and don't bother to give credit. If you did, the chances are you wouldn't be giving credit to the right person, anyway. He writes:

Dear Brother of Service:

I guess I must be like our friend in Glencoe, but, at least, I have got together enough spunk to tell you what I think of your road. I have ridden on it almost every Sunday and holiday since June, 1917, and have also been a constant reader of the BULLETIN. There is only one complaint I have, "too much good service." And, courtesy! Well, it is a treat on a Sunday to hear a trainman say "Please," and "Thank you," after riding on the surface lines of this city.

I see our good friend Mr. Peebles is thinking seriously of golf. First, he had better read the rules carefully, then read this over, then THINK.

Good Links

"The man in the rainbow stockings was trying to play golf. The difficulty was, of course, to hit the ball. It was so much easier to hit the ground. He hit that every time. The turf flew in all directions. Swish! Swosh! Plof! More excavations. Something was wrong somewhere. It couldn't be his stockings. It must be the links. He turned helplessly to his opponent.

"What do you think of these links?"

"What do I think of them?" gasped his opponent, wiping a bit of soil from his lips.

"Pouf! Best I ever tasted."

(That's a pretty good story, Mr. Peebles, and gives an idea of the pleasure you have ahead of you.)

That editorial in December edition was real good and I read it to two elderly fellows, one a Scot and the other a London man. You would have blushed if you had heard them.

In your January issue, under the caption, "To North Shore Employees," I would recommend that to be read by every employee of the department stores here and elsewhere. In our firm a discourteous employee is not tolerated. As our sales manager says: "Everyone is a salesman. We all sell our services to the public." Keep up that kind of stuff. It gets under the skin of all classes.

Isn't it about time for Loophound, Jr., to chime in with his dreams? His namesake had a terrible pipe-dream, but what I'd like to know is, what kind of a pipe he hit to get that wallop.

Let us all know how Mr. Peebles' team comes out with Mr. Wilson's.

You are always preaching service, the service your men and road give, but did you ever think of the service your patrons give? A short time ago I returned something I found on Car 184 on January 30. Tell the conductor I appreciated that smoke, though it wasn't necessary. This train, a Limited, left Hubbard Woods, southbound about 9 P. M.

Please send the October issue to Capt. Daniel MacGregor Potts. That is my Scotch friend. He says he thinks he had better go back to his old home and get a smell, then he'll write you a flowery essay.

Sincerely yours,

"DICK."

As our friend seems to appreciate the courtesy of North Shore employees after riding on the surface lines, we would suggest that he try the Elevated. He will find the employees there just as courteous as on the North Shore Line because the boss won't tolerate any other kind.

Well, if this isn't our old friend, Sol N. Lasky, he of the "Ever-Ready" razor fame. He writes from Duluth as follows:

Are you still publishing your BULLETIN? You see, the P. O. department hasn't delivered me a copy of your valuable publication in quite some time. (You don't stay home long enough to give it a chance. It has been mailed all right.)

I have been riding the rails more than usual of late. Was in Detroit a couple of weeks ago and would have looked up "Michigander," but didn't know where he could be located. If you give me his address, as well as his name, I will look him up when I go there again, in about three weeks.

In the lobby of the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul, the other evening, I heard two traveling men discussing the various traction lines of the U. S. One fellow traveler thought the line between Rochester and Syracuse took the brown derby, and the other fellow thought the line between Columbus and Springfield was the goods. Well, I listened as long as I could, and then I horned in, just like an Elk, and declared myself absolutely for the North Shore Line, between Chicago and Milwaukee and vice versa, as the finest example of speed, coupled with safety and service. Yes, sir, the road of the three S's. One of the salesmen said he guessed I was right, and the only reason the other fellow couldn't say the same was because he had been unfortunate enough never to have had the pleasure of using your system.

Came up here today from St. Paul and Minneapolis. I believe it was a Swede in Minneapolis who once got sore on the Bible because it referred so much to St. Paul and not once to Minneapolis. I hope to be in Milwaukee before another ten days and shall look forward with pleasure to using your line on the first opportunity. I will certainly be glad if you will mail me a copy, at once, of your last BULLETIN to Stoddard Hotel, La Crosse. I sure would feel as if I had been cheated out of a book of knowledge if I failed to receive one issue of your most worthy publication.

I guess this will be all for this time. I hope Mr. Hays, our new P. M. G., will see to it that the BULLETIN hereafter is given right-of-way over all other fourth-class matter. Mr. Burleson didn't care how long I had to wait for my copy. You have entered your publication in the wrong classification. It should be listed as first class, because it is.

"Ever Ready."

S. N. LASKY.

We agree with that last sentence, Mr. Lasky. The fact is, we never entered the BULLETIN as anything at all. As long as our readers think it first class what does it matter how Mr. Burleson classifies it? Anyway, we have sent you a copy, first class, as you request and we'll bet it will get there all right.

We have lots of friends among the traveling men and we may soon add another to the list of contributors. We have a letter which comes indirectly from one,

through a recent convert. He writes:

I have a friend and neighbor, "Jack K.," a knight of the grip, who makes regular trips to the Cream City and has recently become an enthusiastic patron of your Road of Service. After digesting all the good things in your February BULLETIN, I passed it on to him. After perusing the poetical outburst and a few of the following paragraphs in your editorial comments, he broke loose as follows: "Gee, but that editor is an optimistic cuss. If he hadn't had a square meal in a week, he could imagine the buttons were bursting off his vest. Where is that Blue Mound Country Club? I haven't seen anything as damp as dew drops around Milwaukee for a year. Well, maybe it's all for the best. On the North Shore 'C' used to stand for corkscrews, but now it stands for courtesy. Of course, 'C' still stands for cows that graze along the right of way, but since the drought, their backs are humped up so they look more like camels to me."

You see, there is nothing poetical or sentimental about Jack, but maybe he will tell you later how he likes your up-to-date service.

Yours truly,

J. A. CLARKE.

We'll be glad to hear direct from "Jack K." about the service. He may not have any poetry in his soul, but the fact that he has recently transferred his patronage to the North Shore Line, proves that he has common sense.

As our faithful contributor Mr. Peebles remarks in a recent letter, a little prod seems to do good, so we have with us a new contributor from Milwaukee, although an old reader. He is in the shipping department of the Waltham Piano Company and if he hasn't had much experience with the passenger service of the North Shore Line, he is enthusiastic over its Merchandise Despatch Service. He writes:

Another delinquent, Mr. Editor. Since away back in Vol. 1, the BULLETIN has been coming regularly—occasionally the whole office reads it before they slip it into my basket—and I am just sending you my first contrib. I had hoped by this time to have made a trip to Chicago, so that I might have a few nice things to

say about your passenger service. That treat will have to wait a bit, but one of these days I am going to find out what a real ride is like. I do know, however, what your freight service is like and I am strong for it.

We have phoned Chicago many a time, had the goods shipped "Rush" via the North Shore Line and had it repacked on our out orders in less than half a day. Sometimes phone service was bad and express pickups worse, but the North Shore Line was always Johnny-on-the-spot. All we had to do was to call the North Shore and say, "Let us know when a shipment for us gets in." Within a few minutes after its arrival we would get the call.

Some time ago we were receiving piano backs from Waukegan. We needed the goods badly and were working them up as fast as the Waukegan factory could turn them out. To get them shipped by freight meant at least three days. North Shore handled them—heavy stuff, and each shipment a quarter carload or more. When they left Waukegan your operator here was notified. She would notify us and our truck was usually loaded direct from the car. Our driver often spoke of the courtesy shown him and said he was always given plenty of help.

Once a shipment was unloaded at Harrison Street station. I asked if we could get the shipment sent up to Sixth and Clybourn. "Up on the next train," was the answer, and they kept their word. I'll say that the North Shore Line is the Road of Service. Another slogan for the freight department is: "Nothing Too Large for Us to Handle."

I had occasion to ship several bulky crates of woodworking machinery, etc., down the line. Thinking their bulk might cause the North Shore Line to refuse the shipment, I called up, giving them the dimensions. There must have been half a carload. How they got it into the car, I don't know—they may have shipped it on a flat car—but they said, send it down any time. I know blizzards have no terrors for those fellows and nothing seems too big or heavy for them. What could a fellow put over on them to make them throw up the sponge? I believe those fellows, on an hour's notice, would be ready to move the whole Ringling Brothers' show.

You may appreciate a Scotch story told me by Wee Jamie Clark, the dancer with the Canadian Kiltie Band. The band badly needed a tuba player and for a time the place was filled by a big German, who could speak no English. This, of course, was a long time before the war. Jamie, wherever he went, picked up

with Scotchmen. One day in Pittsburgh he met a Mr. McDowell. Jamie was telling McDowell about Sandy Burns, the trombone player, when he spied the German in his kiltie uniform. "There's Sandy noo," said Jamie, "come over and I'll introduce you. They walked up to the German and Jamie said, "Sandy, meet Mr. McDowell." They shook hands and the German said, "Guten tag, shoenes, vetter," or whatever they say when being introduced. McDowell stared hard for a moment, gulped and said, "Ye'll hae tae excuse me, Mr. Burns, but I never learned Gaelic."

In closing, let me thank you for each and every editorial you have printed in the BULLETIN. I truly appreciate them. I enjoy the letters and last, but not least, I appreciate the annual greetings.

With best wishes to the North Shore Line, the BULLETIN and its editor,

Yours very truly,

F. H. SCHMITT,
Waltham Piano Co.

For a new contributor, Mr. Schmitt, we'll say that you are all right. We appreciate your letter and hope we may hear from you again.

We have had several letters from Ohio, due to the boosting of our friend, W. G. Miller, of Canton, a letter from whom appeared last month. In the same issue we intended to print one from Joseph M. Markley, manager of the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency in Canton. What happened to Mr. Markley's letter we haven't discovered. It must have got lost in the "makeup" for we know it was set up in type, but it didn't appear in the February issue.

Mr. Markley writes:

I have read with great interest, pleasure and profit, a number of your monthly magazines, handed me by my friend, Wm. G. Miller. I would like to have you put my name on your mailing list, as I would enjoy the feast each month, and perhaps could do something for you in return.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH M. MARKLEY.

We, of course, put Mr. Markley on the list and if his agency gives us a good rating, we will call it square. But Mr. Markley is a booster. He wrote us to

send a copy to Robert C. Hopkins, president of the Alliance Brass and Bronze Company of Alliance. We sent the copy and a note explaining that it was on Mr. Markley's request. Mr. Hopkins wrote as follows:

Received your letter and copy of the January issue, for which please accept our thanks. Mr. Markley informed me that you would send the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Having a high regard for Mr. Markley's judgment, knew your publication would be very good, and today find that all this is confirmed.

Sometimes we fear that the public schools have not hit the mark in preparing young people for good citizenship. The only interest the State could have in providing public instruction would be the making of good citizens, but when we look around and read of the murders, holdups, etc., and then note the utter disregard of basic principles by some young people, there is a question whether the vital thing has not been overlooked. And so today, as never before, do we need good instruction, sober admonition and correct judgment, and it is such periodicals as yours that help out in getting matters properly before the people, so that their judgment should be clear and that ambition shall not include the impossible things nor the illegitimate conquests.

THE ALLIANCE BRASS & BRONZE CO.,

ROBT. C. HOPKINS, President.

There is food for some good editorial comment in that letter which we may consider later on.

From Whitewater, Wis., comes a letter, which might indicate that the BULLETIN really is doing something in an educational way. The writer says:

As a student of Whitewater Normal School I have not the pleasure of using your road very much, but I should like to get your BULLETIN, as I think it will help my education to read it every month. The last BULLETIN I got was the December number. May I hope to hear from you?

Very truly yours,

NIELS A. LARSEN.

All right, Mr. Larsen, we'll send you the BULLETIN whether it helps your education or otherwise.

This column has run to an unusual length and we still have a number of letters left over, but we cannot close without a word from Mr. Peebles of Plymouth.

He writes that he quite agrees with our views on the Sunday blue laws and thinks it was handed to the satisfaction of hundreds of BULLETIN readers. "I particularly liked that paragraph where you spoke of the little children," he says. "God forbid that they should try to stop the sweetest music on earth. People can't be legislated into the church, although I am in sympathy with it and think it the greatest organization on earth."

Mr. Peebles says he has not heard anything more of that basketball match. He thinks that perhaps "Dave" Wilson has heard of the prowess of the Plymouth team and got scared. We haven't heard anything more of it either, but expect to be in Milwaukee in a day or two when we will find out what the trouble is.

Just as we are sending this to the printer "Loophound" comes to bat with a little offering from Pittsburgh. He almost missed it this trip and if it wasn't that it is short we would have to leave it out until next month.

He writes:

I'll lay a bet with you, or any of the BULLETIN family, that Mr. Harding has read some of Michigander's stuff in the BULLETIN and picked Denby to head the Navy Department on account of Detroit's wetness. As I expect to see Warren next Friday in Washington, you'll have to cover this bet pronto.

I am writing this next door to the Mellon National Bank, where our next Secretary of the Treasury was educated in money matters. So far he has escaped when the directors voted to slice a melon, and being such a useful citizen, I am glad to see him move away for four years. Here's hoping he remains a melon in the public's estimation. Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

Your reasoning, Mr. Loophound, seems as logical as usual. It never occurred to us that "Michigander" might have given President Harding the tip to appoint Mr. Denby, but since you suggest it, we think it quite likely, NOT.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS

WE don't often advertise concerts in the BULLETIN, because, as a rule, they don't greatly interest us. This one is an exception, however, so we are going to tell our music-loving friends along the north shore that there is a treat in store for them if they attend the Hislop Concert at the Auditorium Theater on the evening of April 18.

Joseph Hislop is regarded by musical critics as the greatest "find" of the year, and during the Grand Opera season he sang himself into the hearts of Chicago music lovers. He has scored an equally brilliant success in New York in grand opera, and when the New York newspapers praise an artist who made his first American appearance in Chicago, that in itself is evidence that he is good.

Mr. Hislop is giving this concert on April 18 for the benefit of the Scottish Old People's Home, of which we once told you in the BULLETIN. That accounts for our personal interest in the matter, in a large degree, but aside from that we think Mr. Hislop a great artist as well as a good scout. During the opera season in Chicago we had the pleasure of meeting and hearing Mr. Hislop on several occasions off the stage. Once we accompanied him out to the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside and heard him sing. We liked his singing, of course, but we liked even more his fine sympathetic attitude toward the old folks. As we listened to his friendly greetings and saw the warmth and genuineness of the hand clasps, we thought that Mr. Hislop was a real man, as well as a real artist.

When he first became known to fame it was as the "Swedish Caruso," but he is a genuine Scot, and, we believe, rather proud of it. He got his musical education in Sweden and for three years sang in grand opera in Stock-

holm. He talks the language like a native, but in fact he does the same with the French and Italian languages. He speaks five languages, besides Scotch, and sings equally well in all of them. Mrs. Hislop is Swedish, and is a very charming woman.

In addition to his rich, fresh young voice, Mr. Hislop's appearance is in his favor. He is good-looking, slim and graceful, and an accomplished actor. Somehow we never could appreciate a fat Romeo, no matter how well he could sing. And for a 200-pound Juliet appearing on a balcony—well, you know the effect. You can't enjoy her singing, as you keep expecting the balcony to fall under her weight. Mr. Hislop, as Romeo, has a figure such as we like to think the original had and it adds to the enjoyment of the music.

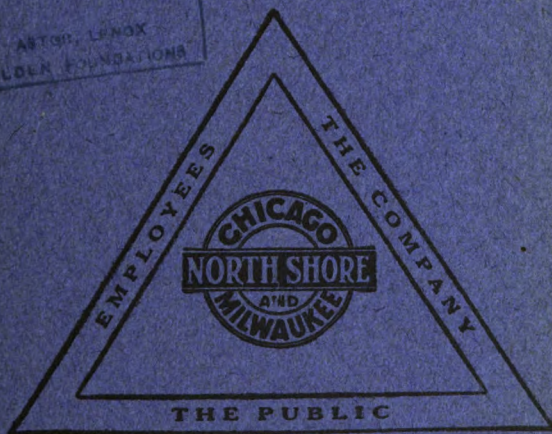
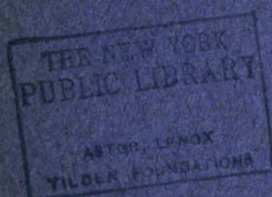
At the Auditorium concert, Mr. Hislop will sing a group of American and English ballads; a group of Swedish ballads and folk-songs, a group of Scotch ballads, and arias from several operas in Italian and French.

The famous Kiltie Band will start the trouble, just to get your blood in circulation, and Professor Dewar will furnish a whole lot of Scottish dancers. It's going to be a great concert, and for a worthy cause, so we are giving you timely notice. Popular prices, too; the entire first floor being only \$2.50 a seat and ranging down to 75 cents for the gallery. It's really a shame to furnish such an entertainment so cheap.

Last, but by no means least, remember that North Shore trains take you to the doors of the Auditorium. Why not some of you folks in Racine, Kenosha, Waukegan and other places get up a party for this concert and get a special car on the North Shore Line? We're sure the transportation department will be glad to look after your needs and give the usual North Shore service.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

APRIL, 1921



"The Road of Service"

A REAL BOOSTER

THOSE who are not familiar with the character of the service given by the North Shore Line should wake up and investigate. Naturally the BULLETIN keeps boosting it because that is what we are here for, but we have lots of able assistants, who speak from experience. The following letter from a patron tells its own story: Editor NORTH SHORE BULLETIN: Dear Sir:

Your company is to be congratulated on the wonderful service it is rendering the public in this day and age of general unrest. The writer practically lives upon the steam and electric lines of this country and I must honestly say that your company has them all beat when it comes to real, genuine service, comfort and courteous treatment from each and every one of your employees. It is indeed a pleasure to travel on your line, everybody is congenial and happy. This means a whole lot to a knight of the grip.

I ride your line quite often and boost it constantly to all my fellow travelers. I have arrived in Milwaukee often from northern points. Each time my steam railroad trip ends at Milwaukee and my trip home to Chicago is completed over the North Shore Line, where I ride in real solid comfort. One's business is appreciated by the North Shore and that is more than I can say of some other roads I know.

I will see to it that hereafter all our freight consigned to Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Waukegan goes over your road. When it leaves Chicago we will know that it will arrive at destination promptly and safely.

Would be pleased to receive your BULLETIN regularly. It sure is a great little go-getter.

Yours for continued success, you surely deserve every bit of it.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT E. DIXON,
Undertakers' Supply Co.,
214 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago.

That is a sample of the unsolicited testimonials which we get from patrons. If the North Shore Line wasn't giving real service, patrons wouldn't write letters like the above.

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore.

"I'm living right across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."

SOME SERVICE

The "Interstate Limited" was speeding north the other evening, for, as you know, it makes no stops between Church Street, Evanston, and Kenosha, and a young mother was having quite a little trouble with a baby. The young one was hungry and was willing that everyone in the car should know it.

Calling Conductor Elwell, the young mother asked if she could get the baby's feeding bottle filled on the train. The request being rather unusual, Mr. Elwell hesitated for a moment before saying that he believed she could. The young mother got out a bottle and prepared baby food and gave the conductor directions as to the amount of warm water required, the number of teaspoonsful of food, etc. Mr. Elwell hurried through the dining car, held a conference with the chef, and soon returned with the feeding bottle rolled in a napkin to keep it warm.

A lady in the opposite seat, who had heard the conversation and witnessed the incident, remarked: "Well, this is known as the Road of Service, but I never expected it could give service like that. Just think of that on an interurban train. I must write the BULLETIN about that."

The young mother was greatly pleased and offered to compensate the conductor for his trouble. He courteously refused to accept anything, saying that the North Shore Line wished to look out for the comfort of babies as well as grown passengers.

Isn't that giving service? —

SHEER WASTE

"Are ye feelin' better, Sandy? I brought ye to wi' a drap o' whuskey."

"Did ye, mon? An' tae think I was unconscious."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, April, 1921

 463 No. 6

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NOW that we have a new skipper at the helm of our Ship of State, we may expect soon to sail into the port of "Normalcy." Let us pray for fair winds.

* * * * *

THE going may be a little rough for a time, for we changed crews during a period of exceptionally foul weather. Some of the crew, too, were little known until called upon to man the ship. They appear, however, to be competent mariners and we should have confidence in their seamanship.

* * * * *

WE have a lot of confidence, personally, in the first mate. We think that next to our own Jim Ham his whiskers make the finest facial adornment to be seen in our broad land, although, as a rule, we don't admire any sort of hirsute camouflage. Our tastes run more to the open face variety of statesmen.

* * * * *

SO far the skipper hasn't asked any help from us to steer the ship and we hardly expect him to, but we are not going to wait for an invitation. Ever since we can remember we've had a habit of hanging around, watching people work and offering them advice. It's a quite common habit, too, we've noticed. It doesn't raise callouses on one's hands. It has always been fascinating to us to watch other people work.

* * * * *

IT seems to us that we have been sort of neglecting things lately. We used to save the country regularly once a month. We haven't engaged in a world-saving stunt in quite some time and, although this old world seems to have been wagging along

much in its usual way, we believe there are a number of things which require our immediate attention. For instance there's the rent profiteers and the bootleggers and booze runners and ever so many other kinds of malefactors, which the strong arm of the law should grab by the scruff of the neck and shake until they behave themselves.

* * * * *

OF course that doesn't apply to any of us along the North Shore Line. It has always been very interesting and not a little amusing to us to study the working of the human mind with respect to observing the law. We all wish to see the law enforced against the other fellow. If there isn't a law which seems to apply, the American people are the most obliging in the world in that respect and forthwith propose to have a law enacted. Somehow most of us seem to think that all we need to cure every social and industrial ill is a few new laws, so we do our best to have our legislative mills grind them out. At the present time we have a lot of people here in Chicago who have fully convinced themselves that the only hope of relief from the oppression of the landlord, lies in the enactment of regulatory legislation. We, of course, don't know the people who are clamoring for this particular piece of legislation, but we're willing to bet a red apple that none of them is a landlord. And we are not aware of any law which would prevent them becoming landlords. But as we remarked, we want the laws for the other fellow.

* * * * *

NOW the editor of the BULLETIN isn't a landlord. We plead guilty to a great many crimes, but landlordism isn't one of them. Somehow we cannot wax eloquent in favor of the proposed legislation, however, although we are a renter at the present time and have had our rent increased more, we believe, than the circumstances warrant. We are opposed to the proposed legislation because we are of the opinion it will, if enacted, make matters a thousand times worse than they are now. It isn't laws that we need to protect the "dear peepul" from the rapacious landlord. What we need is new houses, not new laws. If we had the new houses the rent question would settle itself without

the aid of our legislators, wise and otherwise. As we look at the question the proposed legislation is the thing best calculated to stop all building, so that we are quite liable to have a law regulating landlords without having the landlords to regulate. We think the proposed legislation is wrong in principle, but even if it weren't, it is likely to defeat the very purpose for which it is intended.

* * * * *

THERE are hundreds of acres of vacant land within the corporate limits of the city of Chicago. There are thousands of idle workmen ready to put up buildings. There are thousands of families in need of houses. Now what do some of our brother world-savers propose as a remedy? Pass restrictive legislation so that no one with capital to invest will think of investing it in buildings. Taxes are going up all the time and most of the municipalities are pleading with the legislature to knock the roof off and let the sky be the limit. At the same time the legislature is being urged to curb landlords by limiting the income derived from the buildings on which taxes are being increased. Now suppose you had money to invest, what would you do with it under such circumstances? Wouldn't you feel inclined to tell the legislators to go and jump in a cool spot in the lake and invest your money in some other form of investment? Of course, you would, and if everyone did the same thing how are the homeless people who are complaining of high rents going to be housed? Doesn't that seem a perfectly common-sense way of looking at it? We are not pleading the cause of the landlord by any means.. Rather are we pleading the cause of the renter, because we know that if there are three flats to rent for every two families of renters, the question of rent will take care of itself. On the other hand, while there are three renters for every two flats and they are bidding against each other, as actually is the case in Chicago to-day—well, our guess is that it will take more than an act of the legislature to keep rents down.

* * * * *

WHY is there an almost complete suspension of building operations? The building trades workman will answer

the question in a minute, and tell you it is because the prices of materials are too high. The material man will answer the question in thirty seconds. He says it is because wages are too high. Both probably are right, but anyway the investor, who really has the deciding vote in the matter, says that the cost of building is out of proportion to the income from the investment and he is investing his capital elsewhere. It is a bad situation, so our legislators are being asked to rescue the "dear peepul" and further limit the income from buildings and raise the taxes on them at the same time. From the depths of our swivel-chair we can see that the remedy proposed is not going to work. In fact, in our capacity of world-saver and regulator-general of everybody's business, we might go as far as to say that the idea is about as absurd as anything we can imagine.

* * * * *

SOME landlords have no doubt taken advantage of the present situation to exact more than a reasonable rate of return, which is one reason why some citizens, who are commonly level-headed in most things, are in favor of regulatory legislation. Did it ever occur to those level-headed citizens that if the income from rented buildings is as great as they think it is, every one with a dollar to invest would go into the building business? You can't escape it any way you look at the thing, or rather we can't, for we have tried to look at it from various angles. As we have said, capital is not seeking investment in the building industry now, because the cost is considered prohibitive. If the income was attractive the cost wouldn't be prohibitive, would it? And if the investment isn't attractive now, do you think that restrictive legislation will make it so? We confess we can't see how it will. But, as we already observed, there are so many of us think that all we need is a new law to solve our problems.

* * * * *

ON general principles we personally are opposed to state regulation of private industry. If an industry is a natural monopoly, such as a public utility company, the common weal requires that there should be a fair and reasonable regulation of its business. But the building industry is not a natural

monopoly. There is no economic reason why thousands shouldn't engage in it. There are sound economic reasons why there should not be competing gas companies, or telephone companies, or street railways, or utility companies of that character, because such competition could not be other than wasteful. For that reason it has become an accepted principle to recognize the monopolistic character of the industry and regulate it by law. But when we attempt to extend the principle of regulation to an industry that is not monopolistic in character, we throttle private initiative and stop progress. That at least is our idea of it, although we know that there are some world-savers who disagree with us. They wish to see state regulation of every kind of business, because they haven't any business of their own, consequently they think they have nothing to lose by the experiment. It's the same idea we spoke of a few minutes ago, applying a law to the other fellow.

* * * * *

WE don't know, as a matter of fact, that there are artificial restrictions which hamper building operations. We hear of combinations of material men and we hear of combinations of labor men with material men and manufacturers. If such combinations exist, the legislators should apply themselves to breaking them up. That would do infinitely more to help the renter than any restrictive legislation. Free the industry from artificial restrictions of all kinds, including legislative restrictions, and it will take care of itself. If the supply of buildings is equal to the demand for them, there will be no need of any rent regulation. As long as the demand exceeds the supply, rents will be high in spite of laws. In the neighborhood where we live we have noticed a number of apartment buildings plastered over with so-called "unfair" rent signs. Well, we like anything that amuses us, but really we wonder what kind of brain process enables one to believe that that sort of thing will remedy the condition complained of. Of course, there was old Mrs. Partington, who thought she could keep the tide back with her broom. There's one born every minute.

* * * * *

SPEAKING of the tendency to have a law enforced against the other fellow, we must tell you of a little incident which occurred recently which illustrates the point. We had luncheon one day with a party of four acquaintances, all of whom would ordinarily be termed high class citizens. The talk turned on the prevalence of crime in Chicago, the shooting of policemen, payroll robbers and such things, which seem to be inseparable from life in a large city. The party generally deplored the seemingly growing disrespect of law and sagely discussed causes. After a time the conversation drifted to the prohibition question and we were a little surprised to hear that liquor might be purchased almost anywhere in the loop in Chicago, if one knew how to go about it. We listened very much interested as one after another told where he had bought liquor. Finally when we thought they had all committed themselves sufficiently we asked if they did not think they had answered the question propounded a few minutes earlier, as to the cause of crime and disrespect of the law. One asked if we meant that the stuff being sold drove men crazy and made them commit crime. We said we didn't have that in mind at all, except, perhaps, as a contributory cause; that what we really meant was that the gentlemen present, all of whom believed in law and order, had just admitted violating one of the fundamental laws of the United States—a part of our Constitution—and that seemingly they gloried in their iniquity. We noticed that the shot went home and hit the mark.

* * * * *

FOLLOWING up that first punch we asked the party how they could expect men whose natural tendencies ran in the direction of crime, to observe the law, when eminently respectable citizens violated it and boasted of the accomplishment. Of course explanations followed to the effect that if any law is not backed up by popular sentiment it becomes unworkable. That is no doubt quite true, but the Constitution of the United States is not easily amended, and when an amendment is passed it may be assumed that popular sentiment favors that amendment. And whether popular sentiment is behind the prohibition amendment or not, the fact is that the law is there and the man who violates

it is just as guilty as the payroll bandit. It must be quite obvious that if we observed only such laws as suited our convenience, popular government would become a farce. Laws against robbery interfere with the business of the robber, but society cannot afford to have such laws repealed on that account. The laws against the liquor traffic interfere with the tastes and desires of some who wish to drink, but that is not sufficient excuse for violating such laws with impunity. We have often remarked in this column that the man who lives in a glass house should be careful about throwing stones. The man who violates the eighteenth amendment should think carefully before condemning the holdup man. We know that is putting it pretty strong, but we have a habit of saying what we think.

* * * * *

TO wind up this discussion we would like to suggest one more thought. Why is it that we send the man who *sells* liquor to the penitentiary—sometimes—and admit the man who *buys* it into our very best society circles? If there were no buyers it would follow that there could not be any sellers. If it is a crime to sell liquor, it appears to us to be just as much a crime to buy it. Is there any escape from that logic? Yet it is true that a very large percentage of the men one happens to meet on the street nowadays, can tell where to get liquor in violation of the Constitution of the United States. And, as we have said, these very same men deplore the prevalence of crime. Think it over. We know that you very likely will disagree with us, but we don't mind that. The liquor question has furnished the jokesmiths with a subject ever since war prohibition first went into force, and we plead guilty to having indulged in the joking with others. In all probability we shall joke more about it, but right down in your heart, do you believe it is a joke to violate a fundamental law of our country? Of course you don't when you look at the matter seriously. That will be all for this month.

* * * * *

Among Milwaukee's Famous Stores

MILWAUKEE is noted for its wonderful stores. As a shopping center it attracts women from long distances, for you know women are inveterate bargain-hunters and many find it economical to travel a long distance to trade at some of Milwaukee's mercantile establishments.

There is character in stores, just as there is in individuals, although the average shopper or visitor might find it rather difficult to locate or explain. Each

him and get better acquainted. When we called at Espenhains and made ourself known to Mr. Peck, we received a very cordial welcome. He introduced us to Mr. Cerlettee, the advertising manager and to Mrs. Flora Ellinger, whom we at first understood to be a department manager.

Mrs. Ellinger at once began asking questions about the North Shore Merchandise Despatch, the time required to make deliveries,



Espenhain Dry Goods Store, Milwaukee

store has some characteristic which makes it just a little different from every other store. It was in search of a store with some individual characteristic that the editor of the BULLETIN journeyed to Milwaukee a few days ago.

We did not go altogether in an aimless way, for some months ago we printed a letter from Julius Peck, a department manager and buyer for Espenhains. Other letters followed, for Mr. Peck is a great admirer of the BULLETIN, so we arranged to meet

the rates, character of goods transported and a number of other things. As we answered the questions, ably supported by Mr. Peck, we thought Mrs. Ellinger a most remarkable woman, but the fact that she was general manager of the establishment and a part owner did not dawn on us until later.

After luncheon at the City Club with Mr. Peck and Mr. Cerlettee we returned to look around the store and get some material for a little story. In glancing over

some historical matter about the store, handed us by Mr. Cerlettee, we noticed that Mrs. Ellinger was the general manager. We immediately felt a new interest. We thanked Mr. Cerlettee for offering to show us around, but said that all stores were more or less alike, but women managers were rare. Being a former newspaper man, Mr. Cerlettee saw the point quickly. We said if he could arrange another interview with Mrs. Ellinger, we thought we could get a story without going any farther. He left and returned a minute later to say that Mrs. Ellinger would be pleased to see us again.

When we entered her office the second time we explained that on the previous occasion we did not know she was the general manager and owner and we had come back to ask why she was.

She laughed heartily as she repeated the question. "Well," she said, "one reason is that I had nothing else to do and I enjoy hard work. I find plenty here to keep me busy. But there is another reason," and there was just a trace of sadness in her tone. "I am doing what I think my husband would have wished. I am trying to make this such a store as he would have done. He died about three years ago. He had many other interests in Racine and Chicago and gave little attention to this store. I am going to make this a store of which Milwaukee can be proud. That is my ambition and while I have not yet realized it, I believe we have made some improvements in the last two years."

Mrs. Ellinger was a little reluctant to talk of herself, saying it was the store in which people were interested. We tried our best to convince her that most people are vastly more interested in individuals who are doing big things than they are in the things

being done. Besides, we confess, we had a personal curiosity to learn why a woman, not compelled by economic reasons, should give herself up to such a career. So we asked if she had had any business training during her husband's lifetime and how she acquired such a knowledge of business in such a short time.



Mrs. Flora Ellinger

"When my husband was alive I never had to think about anything," she said. "Of course, we often talked over business matters, because I always wished to be a companion to him and to take interest in the things in which he was interested, but I never had any sense of responsibility. Perhaps it comes naturally to me. You know there were four girls in our family and no boys. Down in South Bend, where I was born, my father owned a large furniture factory. He used to say he had to have a boy, and

I guess I was the boy. I remember as a little girl how I used to sit in the factory and watch the machinery. It always was fascinating to me. They thought I was a 'tomboy' because I was interested in such things, but do you know I am beginning to realize the value of the things my father used to talk about."

From business and more or less personal things, Mrs. Ellinger's talk drifted on to sociological questions and she showed a remarkable knowledge of human nature, incidentally disclosing a thoroughly democratic character.

"I tell you that people in the very poorest circumstances appreciate good surroundings," she said. "The poor woman, scarcely able to make herself understood in our language, is entitled to the same service and consideration as is shown the woman of wealth. I do not care if she only has a dime to spend in this store, I am going to see that she is treated exactly as if she had thousands to spend. I am going to make this a store of service, and I believe all the department managers and salesmen understand it. I'll give you an illustration of what I mean. I visit every department once a day. The other day I saw a woman looking at some goods. I expect she was rather trying and the saleslady became a little impatient. I took her in charge myself. I spent more than three-quarters of an hour with her and didn't make a sale. She asked before leaving if I would be in that department next day about noon. I told her I was new in the store and that they were trying me in different departments and I could not promise to meet her, but said I would see she was given attention. That woman came back the following day and made a very substantial purchase, because I kept a close watch on it. I made a customer of her because I gave her service. I

enjoy doing things like that. You have no idea of the satisfaction it gives to overcome little difficulties of that kind. I like to feel that I can do it."

In concluding quite an extended interview, Mrs. Ellinger laughed: "If you write anything, make it about the store. The people do not care anything about me. They want value for their money and they want service. That is what we try to give them in this store. Every customer is treated alike, whether she comes in a limousine, a street car, or walks. 'Service and Satisfaction' is our motto here and while I have not yet realized my ambition, nor made the store all I wish to make it, I believe we have made some advance toward the goal."

Espenhain specializes in silks and linens, although it is complete in all lines of goods. As Mr. Peck said: "We like to speak of this place as the biggest little store in Milwaukee."

The store started in a small way in 1878 at the corner of Third and Prairie streets, under the name of Espenhain & Bartel. After the death of Mr. Bartel in 1890 the firm incorporated under the name of Espenhain Dry Goods Company and moved into a 5-story building at East Water and Wisconsin streets. The business having outgrown the quarters, the firm moved into its present location at Grand avenue and 4th street in 1906, occupying the entire seven floors of the building. Mrs. Ellinger assumed the management in 1918.

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

A good place to eat when you are in Milwaukee is the restaurant in the new terminal of the North Shore Line. Everything is new, clean and neat. The quality of the food is good and the service excellent. Try it next time you are in Milwaukee.

THE FAST ELECTRIC WAY

HAVE you ever thought about the way we cling tenaciously to old established customs and how hard it is to make us try something new?

There are some travelers today who do not ride on electric railroads, for the reason they think the electric lines are *too slow*. Of course, it isn't the electric lines that are slow, it is the travelers. A trial would convince them of that, but they are too slow to make the trial.

Recently we happened to be attending a dinner in Milwaukee and at the table the conversation turned on trains to Chicago. We remarked there was a train every hour on the North Shore Line up to midnight. One gentleman remarked it was too slow. That touched our pride a little, and we recited an incident published in this BULLETIN some two or three months ago, where a passenger missed a fast steam train at Evanston, took a North Shore Limited fifteen minutes later and connected at Milwaukee with the fast steam train. He was too well bred to doubt our word, but he seemed incredulous nevertheless. We told him if he stayed in Milwaukee for the night, which he intended doing, he could take the Interstate Limited on the North Shore Line at 7:15, have breakfast on the way and be in his office in the Lytton Building by 9:30 and we asked him if he could do as well on a steam train. He admitted that he could not and said: "I had no idea the electric trains made such fast time."

Following is a letter to the BULLETIN from a man who hasn't to be convinced. He has tried it and knows. He writes:

I have had occasion to patronize the North Shore Line quite frequently and yesterday a matter came up that I believe is worthy of mention. I had occasion to go to Chicago, leaving Milwaukee at 7:15 on the Interstate

Limited, arriving in Chicago at 9:25. My business kept me in Chicago until noon, at which time I took a Monon train to Hammond, Ind. My business in Hammond did not take me more than half an hour and, taking the electric from Hammond to 63rd street, Chicago, then the Evanston Express on the Elevated, I got to your terminal at Adams and Wabash in time to make the 3 o'clock Milwaukee Limited out of there, arriving in Milwaukee at 5:35.

I believe that is quite a record and stands as a good mark for electric service, especially between Chicago and Milwaukee. The distance from Milwaukee to Hammond and return is 210 miles. You will note that I left at a reasonable time in the morning, stayed in Chicago two and one-half hours, went to Hammond and returned to Milwaukee in time for dinner at home. I believe this is as good a record as can be made and attend to business at the same time, and thought that probably you would be interested in knowing about it.

I will be pleased to have you come up to our plant, so that we may have an opportunity to show you around and get you acquainted with the concrete mixing machinery industry. Would appreciate it very much if you will place my name on our mailing list for regular copies of the BULLETIN.

Very truly yours,
W. C. SAUER, Traffic Mgr.,
Koehring Machine Co.,
Milwaukee.

Mr. Sauer evidently is a hustler. That was pretty good time he made, but it can be done any day in the week and is being done by the live fellows who keep abreast with the development of electric railroads.

An American was touring through Scotland and in the manner of a few of his race, depreciated everything he saw in comparison with "li'l ole New York." His guide took it all in without a word. When they got to the top of the Braid hills, the American seeing the Forth Bridge, said, "Say, Jock, what's that bit of trestle work up the brook there?" Jock, aroused at last, answered, "Ah dinna ken, maister. It wisna there yesterday onyway."

WITH BULLETIN READERS

HOW the BULLETIN Family does grow! Several new contribs added this month besides ever so many letters from older ones.

This column is becoming quite a feature of the BULLETIN. It always has been in our estimation, but our readers appear to enjoy it as much as we do. Most contribs, and especially the new ones, throw us a few bouquets about our editorials, which they say they enjoy, but the older contribs seem to be more interested in this column. We enjoy this column more than the editorials. You see, writing the editorials is more or less like work, dependent on the mood we're in at the time, while copying and editing these letters is merely a pleasant recreation.

We have long felt that this column was lacking in one respect. We don't get as many letters from women contribs as we would like. We have tried to encourage the women folks and really some of the finest letters we have had have come from women. With a few exceptions, however, they write once and then rest on their laurels. They haven't the staying qualities of our men contribs. We are, therefore, particularly glad to give the women folks the top of the column this month and to invite other feminine readers to show their colors.

Here is a good one for a start from Milwaukee:

I have been for a long time a patron of the North Shore Line, also a reader of the BULLETIN. On account of illness in the family I did not get out much during December and January, and incidentally missed getting a copy of the January issue. I made up my mind that I would do a thing I had long promised myself to do, that is, to write you and ask to be put on the mailing list.

I certainly appreciate the service of the North Shore Road, its polite employes and all that goes with it to make it what it is. I also, with the members of our family, enjoy greatly

the BULLETIN, but have thought for a long while that the gentlemen of your "Correspondence Family" have had things too much their own way in taking up the space each month and, true to womanly instinct, and in keeping with the modern trend of things, I am, with your permission, just going to edge in. I hope this will encourage others of the women patrons of the North Shore to follow suit.

Thanking you for the courtesy that I am sure will be extended.

Sincerely,
MRS. DAISY D. CALLOW.

From her letterhead we note that Mrs. Callow is the district representative of the American Insurance Union. We quite agree with her that the men folks seem to monopolize the space in this column, but that is the fault of the women readers. We plead not guilty to any charge of favoring male contribs.

Another woman contrib comes back to greet us this month after a protracted silence. As she was one of the earliest contributors we had—over three years old now—we take particular pleasure in hearing from her. She writes:

"J'ever" get all dressed up and have no place to go? Well, that's just the way I feel this very instant—only different. Here I am, with a clean sheet of paper, time, pen and ink and I can't think what to say that would interest you.

The February BULLETIN came home today and as I read over the letters from the "contribs" I had a sorta "this-means-you" feeling, so I decided that I should write you a word or two. Then the problem of what to write came up, for verily one must have something to say before one may write—*n'est-ce pas?* Seems about all I do is to market, look after the home, husband and baby and truly this does not furnish me with enough material to write to an ed.

However, I can tell you that the BULLETIN always finds a very hearty welcome each month and I enjoy and profit much by the editorials, not to mention the real pleasure I derive from reading the very entertaining column "With Bulletin Readers." It's like a family reunion. Isn't Loop-hound a scream? There are others, too, whose contributions I like to read.

This is primarily to let you know that I am still receiving the BULLETIN and to thank you for it and also thank

you for the pleasant holiday greeting which came in one of the recent issues.

Very sincerely,

MRS. ELLEF S. CLARK.

We're surprised that you, Mrs. Clark, a former newspaper woman, should have trouble about finding something to write about. Tell us all about the baby. We know he is the most wonderful baby in the world. We have been through that stage, you know, and all babies are just the most wonderful things. When our young hopeful was a baby we used to get real money for writing the cute things he said. Maybe we helped him say them, but the editors didn't know it, they were interested only in getting original sayings.

That word from Mrs. Clark about this column being like a family reunion is true. It has brought lots of contribs together. For instance our old friend and devoted contrib, "Loophound," happened to be in Philadelphia and hunted up his namesake, Loophound, Jr. What they did when they got together, we can only guess. The first intimation we received of their meeting was in the form of a post card signed by both of them. It said: "Everybody in bed except us," and both signatures. Then on the side was written: "From one damn good Irishman to another." As our new postmaster, Mr. Hays, let that ride, we guess we can do the same.

We expected a further explanation would follow, so a few days later the following letter came from Loophound:

Dear Mr. Editor:

I entered the corporate limits of Philadelphia in fear and trembling. Had heard there was an epidemic of sleeping sickness here which no serum could cure, but it's a libel on the town. There are hundreds of them here who never sleep at all—they can't find a room.

When I started for Philadelphia I had two objects in view. One was to locate Loophound, Jr. You know I missed him last year on my eastern

trip, but had better luck this time. He is going to Chicago for the Easter holidays and will probably see you himself. He was in strict training this week, being a point winner on the U. of P. swimming team, but he cheated a little on the coach and showed me a royal time. If this higher education would only affect all people as it does Jr. this would be a wonderful old world. I was fortunate in being here while he was competing with the Princeton team and he won his event all by himself. He is now in New York at the intercollegiate meet.

Incidentally I had my eyes opened to what a really wonderful school the U. of P. is. Like a lot of other middle westerners who have never been on the campus, I haven't considered Pennsylvania as being in the same class as Yale or Harvard. You can't appreciate the Pennsylvania spirit until some good scout like Junior comes out of his shell and shows you their inside works here. It's a truly wonderful institution and there's more unselfish energy in the student body than in 4,000 volts of Commonwealth Edison.

You probably have heard of the stone-throwing incident, which has been practiced elsewhere. Well, it originated at Pennsylvania. Two classmates used to carry a rock each to class and when one threw his rock through the window the other would drop his on the floor, making it appear that it came from the street. The old Prof. would run to the window to discover the miscreant, much to the students' delight. There's no two ways about it, a college education is as wonderful as nature.

Outside the university, though, Jr. won't admit the East has anything on Chicago and the Middle West. He insists the Liberty Bell was originally a curfew, and when it cracked, the 9 o'clock habit was so firmly established in Philadelphia that a new bell hasn't been needed since. He takes great delight in telling them what a wonderful sight Davis street is, compared with Chestnut or Broad, and how the Milwaukee avenue stores have it over their best here, including Wanamaker's. He is so earnest about it that I believe he would swear to it on a stack of prescription blanks, temperance tracts, or what have you?

We had several lunches and dinners together in Philadelphia, but agreed they can't serve a dinner that compares with a North Shore dining car spread and we are looking forward to a dinner together on the North Shore Line when Jr. is back in Evanston for his holidays, a few months hence.

Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

That dinner on the North Shore Line sounds pretty good to us and we hope to get in on it. Now that we have brought the two Loophounds together, it seems only reasonable that we should make it a trio. The duet seems to have performed creditably.

We had an idea that the panning which Loophound and others have recently given "Michigander" would, in the language of Milton, get his goat, and it did. Here he is with a comeback:

Well, here we are again, only this time we did not wait until the world's series started, but are writing before the grand and glorious season starts. At this rate we may be able to squeeze in another letter before the annual fall classic takes place.

We understand from "The Column" we have been receiving considerable panning during the past few months, being called an "annual event," etc., due to the fact that we had written only once in the space of twelve months. Not desiring to arouse any further comment we have decided to write oftener during the coming year and wish to start right now.

One so-called "Loophound" has taken fiendish delight in referring to us as an "annual event," as we have hinted above, and suggested we "go and get a reputation." Well, a "rep." is what we are after and a "rep." is what we shall have if it takes the last drop of ink in our Conklin.

Why is it that this "Roving Romeo" seems to doubt the count of Uncle Sam in crediting Detroit with a million, thereby putting it ahead of Cleveland? While our Buckeye neighbor across the lake has been snoozing for the past ten years, Detroit more than doubled in population. A word of warning: Detroit, before many years pass, will be crowding Chicago as the second city and will have more than a census-taker's count for it.

Baseball! That's our meat. Dearth of baseball players in Detroit? Far from it. Nothing but improper management. Now that we have the "Georgia Peach" at the managerial reins, watch our smoke. We will make Cleveland look like Pumpkin Center.

Perhaps this Loophound can tell us how often, previous to last year, has Cleveland won the pennant. Do I hear anything? Not a word. And would Cleveland have won if the White Sox hadn't confessed to crooked baseball, causing the "Old Roman" to break up his team before the end of

the season? When one hails from a burg represented by players such as the eight or nine White Sox who confessed to throwing the 1919 world series, he should speak of baseball in a stage whisper.

By the way, Detroit is contemplating building a suspension bridge across the river to Canada. This ought to be encouraging news to Loophound, as he will be able to walk across in search of spirits—bottled or otherwise. For his information there seems to be plenty of "bottled in barn" with a kick like a Missouri mule floating around.

Let us again congratulate you upon your wonderful editorials. They sure are right from the shoulder.

Kindest regards,

MICHIGANDER.

Well, that ought to hold Loophound—but it won't. He is a dangerous opponent with a fountain pen. As to that suspension bridge across to Windsor, if Detroit is going to build it for Loophound, it might as well save the money. He has moved his headquarters to the east and can get into Canada by the back door.

Here is one from LaCrosse from "Ever-Ready" Sol Lasky. He writes:

I wrote you earlier in the evening on my arrival here, thanking you for the BULLETIN which you kindly rushed to me. Since writing you I have read it from "kiver to kiver" and the Doctor is right. You sure have the proper dope on this situation. I have been preaching this back to normal stuff, too.

What all of us need to do in 1921 is to talk prosperity and everlastingly boost, boost and boost and keep on boosting—not prices. Mike asked Pat what he was doing, and Pat replied he was working on a railroad. Mike asked what kind of work he was doing and Pat said: "You have seen the fellow go around and tap the journal boxes? Well, I help him listen."

There are too many of those listeners. What we need is more tappers. Thanks again for the BULLETIN.

Yours,

SOL LASKY.

Since writing that letter, Mr. Lasky was in Chicago and dropped in to see us and learn "Michigander's" name and address, so he might look him up when in Detroit. Incidentally he told us an amusing incident.

Talking with another "knight of the grip" in Minneapolis, who was a stranger to him, he mentioned the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN, saying that he was one of the contribs to this column. "So am I," replied the other traveling man, so they began to feel quite chummy and compare notes. There's nothing we enjoy more than we do the letters from the traveling men. As a rule they are pretty keen observers as well as good boosters. Our friend, Loophound, is always boosting both the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN, but he seldom admits being the author of those letters of his. And he's a big fellow, too, able to take care of himself.

One of our Canton correspondents—William G. Miller—writes:

Yesterday I received the February BULLETIN. Those editorials are grand for the times. I have a couple of friends to whom I would like to send copies. I know they would appreciate them. I had written them along the same lines a few days before the BULLETIN reached me, but cannot speak to the heart as you do. If you can spare me two copies, mail them and oblige.

Yours,
WM. G. MILLER

That's just a sample of the way Mr. Miller and some other correspondents boost the circulation of the BULLETIN. Well, we write it with the idea of having it read, so we are always glad to send copies whenever they are called for.

We do not often hear from Lake Forest. Sometimes we have wondered if the BULLETIN was too lowbrow for the residents of that aristocratic suburb, but it seems there are some who read it. Here is a letter from a correspondent in Lake Forest whom we welcome into the family circle. He writes:

Just finished reading the March BULLETIN from stem to stern and enjoyed it, as I have many of the previous issues. In fact, using the North

Shore Line as I do on an average of three or four times a week, I have got into the habit of looking for new editions long before they are due. I wish yours was a weekly instead of a monthly.

As I stated, I am a frequent user of the Road of Service, but fear that familiarity breeds contempt. In other words, the service, courtesy and, in fact, all the good points of your system, are so common to us that we take them as a matter of course. However, though we have been negligent in uttering our praises, still the fact remains that we do appreciate the entire service.

And may I now offer a suggestion? I frequently am compelled to board a North Shore car at night at a local station and am all set to hop on an approaching train when it speeds past and I realize it was an Express. But I nearly lost my hat in the scramble and got peeved. Therefore why not designate Limited, Express and Local trains by the display of a different colored marker or sidelight. We frequent users would soon learn to know which was what and would appreciate the arrangement.

Here's one for some of your speed fans. I have frequently overheard passengers guessing as to the speed of the car they were in, when a very simple method may be used to tell them exactly at what speed the car is traveling. Here it is: Count the number of rail joints (the clicking of the wheels will tell you this that are passed in twenty seconds. This will give you the miles per hour the car is traveling. Figure it out, or I will send the formula.

Best wishes,

A. S. L.

It isn't often we personally bother about the speed, but when we do we have a still simpler plan. Mr. Fallon, the chief engineer, will dispute the clicking of the wheels on rail joints. In fact when they click he thinks it's time to attend to them, but the trolley poles are always there. They are set 100 feet apart, so when you catch the fifty-third pole you know you have traveled a mile. Of course you can't count the poles at night, but who cares how fast he is going at night?

We have one here from one of our first contributors who encouraged us in this diabolical work

in the days when we wore swaddling clothes and were making a bid for popularity. It must be three years now since H. M. Brehm wrote praising the BULLETIN and he never has quite forgotten the habit. When he first acquired the habit he was helping to run the big Nash plant in Kenosha. Now he is running the Kenosha Wholesale Grocery Company. He writes:

After an absence of four or five days from the city I returned yesterday to find the latest copy of the BULLETIN at home and naturally I spent a very pleasant evening with this cheerful purveyor of news and happy thoughts.

I was particularly interested in the little article relating how the man refused a shipment that came over the "Road of Service" because it arrived too soon, as we experienced this very same thing only yesterday.

In the morning our stock clerk reported a shortage of a certain item and immediate need of replacement and I at once telephoned Evanston—our source of supply for this article—at about 9:30 A. M., with instructions to rush it on the North Shore Electric. Immediately after lunch we found a quantity of the goods in question in our warehouse which had been overlooked and again telephoned to Evanston—at about 1:15 P. M.—to cancel the order, but were advised that the shipment had already been delivered to the North Shore, and, furthermore, that it was then rolling on its way to Kenosha. "Road of Service" is right.

Incidentally myself and a party of friends were all unintentionally your guests for quite a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas morning. We had gone to Milwaukee to spend the evening and left there about 11 o'clock, headed for home. As you may remember, it was a particularly cold night and we were only about ten miles out of Milwaukee when we ran into a section of your road where the wires had snapped, due to the sudden change in temperature. After an hour's delay the crew had the track cleared and our car backed up some distance and then, with a flying start, made a run for the gap of approximately 3,000 feet, which was without overhead wires. We made it all right in total darkness and then repeated this experience twice more before we arrived in Racine.

It was something like 2:30 o'clock on Christmas morning when we finally arrived at home, but the experience

was rather enjoyed as it was exciting to say the least. Dodging under high voltage wires and watching the great arcs as the wires touched the rails, is not an everyday experience. Fortunately our car was well supplied with coal and the usual courteous crew, which, mixed with the proper amount of Christmas spirit, made a very happy combination.

In closing, allow me to say to you once more how much I enjoyed your little talk before the Kiwanis Club of Kenosha on your recent visit.

Yours truly,

H. M. BREHM.

P. S. Can you punctuate the following sentence: "That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is"? It is guaranteed to contain good sense if properly handled and is a direct importation from our literary center, Boston, Mass.—H. M. B.

We believe we'll leave that postscript for some of our clever readers to punctuate. It may be good style in Boston, but in Chicago we like to economize in space and words and get the idea across in the fewest words and simplest form. However, we tried it on our office assistant and it took her about one minute to do it, so we guess it does make sense.

What a wonderful thing that Christmas spirit is of which Mr. Brehm speaks. We didn't know there was so much of it in Milwaukee. Some people under such circumstances would have cursed the railroad and everything in sight, but here Mr. Brehm saw beauty in the electric flashes and enjoyed them. Maybe he saw more than were really there, such is the Christmas spirit. Ain't nature wonderful?

Our new correspondent, "Jumbo," is a hard worker. He first appeared in last month's issue and we have had two letters since. He numbers them consecutively, so as we can use only one in a single issue, we'll give you No. 2 and leave No. 3 for later.

Here it is:

Dear Editor:

Be happy and the world will

happy with you, but if you are a kicker you will sleep alone. Good morning, honorable members, scribes, patrons and onlookers!

Recently, on a trip to a little jerk town, I made the acquaintance of a very young but intelligent little chap. He was looking at a souvenir folder of Colorado. I asked him what mountains were, upon which he replied: "Mountains are big hills." "Correct," says I, "but what were mountains made for?" After thinking it over a few minutes he said: "Mountains were made so people when riding on a train would not get more than their money's worth of scenery."

I had to giggle to myself at first, but I am beginning to think how generous our Lord has been and with the help of the North Shore Line, millions of people can see the scenery at a big sale price, as there are no mountains. All those who have never seen it, should take a North Shore train and get an eye full. However, there would be a few—kickers who sleep alone—who do not appreciate art or scenery. All they usually claim to get is an eye full of sand and dust. Nevertheless the air would do these birds a lot of good. But please, dear Editor, tell them we're not talking of *hot* air but of *fresh* air. Even if there is great friction between the air and North Shore trains, there's never been a train that was stuck because the air ran hot.

Hoping to meet you all at a "scenery sale."

Yours truly,

JUMBO.

P. S.:

Ye patrons of the North Shore Line, When traveling near or far,

You'll get the best, if you are a guest On a North Shore Dining Car.

JUMBO.

You will notice that "Jumbo's" verses improve with age. Last month we took issue with his limerick as not being strictly in accord with our truthful advertising. This month there is no room for criticism, at least not on that particular point. His last verse is quite true, as everyone knows who has tried the dining car service.

Many months ago, maybe, two years, we got a letter from W. S. Young of Milwaukee stating that he was sending the BULLETIN each month to Father Colton, in St. Michael's College, County Louth, Ireland, and he asked if we would place Father Colton's name on the mailing list. Of

course, we did so, and recently Mr. Young sent us a letter he received from Father Colton in which he said:

I must thank you for sending the BULLETIN so regularly. I still enjoy reading it, as do many of my friends. Best wishes to the North Shore Line and its interesting BULLETIN. Long may they keep up their reputation in the earnest wish of

Yours sincerely,

W. J. COLTON.

You see, they're boosting for the North Shore Line even in Ireland. We appreciate Father Colton's good wishes. We recall that last time we mentioned a letter from him, we said something of his being 82 years old and learning to ride a bicycle.

We have a new correspondent this month who hails from Cedarburg, Wis. As far as we can recall it is the first one from that town and we're glad to admit him to the BULLETIN family circle. His letter was written aboard a Limited and is as follows:

Just finished one of those delightful dinners, and while it was not the first one, it is the first time I have taken the time to write you—I had almost said trouble. The food served is always appetizing and the service is excellent. Keep up the good work.

There is only one suggestion I might offer and that is, hurry up and take over the "Northern" and give us some of that North Shore Service.

Very truly yours,

LEON S. TOENNESSEN,

The Rexall Store, Cedarburg.

We're glad to know that Mr. Toennesen had a dinner on a North Shore Dining Car, otherwise we probably wouldn't have heard from him. You know how one feels after a good dinner. Satisfied with himself and the whole world. Well, that's the way they all feel after they have partaken of one of Tom Welsh's North Shore dinners.

If we closed this column without some reference to the most faithful of all our correspondents—Mr. Peebles—some readers might think there had been a funeral or something in Plymouth.

Well, we had the pleasure of a personal visit from Mr. Peebles since the last BULLETIN appeared. He came down to Chicago to visit a few old friends and we accompanied him around a little for a day or two and on his departure we ran up with him to Milwaukee and had him meet Dave Wilson, Tom Kidd and some other good scouts in that city. We took him up to Dave Wilson's golf school in the Athletic Club and tried to coax him into the game, but we fear he won't take it up. We had better luck with Tom Kidd, who took to it like a duck to water.

While in the city Mr. Peebles paid a visit to the Scottish Old People's Home and left an enthusiastic booster for it. He intends to journey all the way from Plymouth to attend that Hislop concert at the Auditorium on April 18 and bring as many friends with him as possible. That is the sort of booster we like to see.

APPRECIATED HER NERVE

A NORTHBOUND Limited slowed down at Linden avenue station, in Wilmette at 8:45 P. M. one night recently. A lady leading a large dog stood on the platform and signaled the train to stop. The conductor opened the door and alighted to assist the lady aboard. "Milwaukee Limited," he said, as the lady approached.

"Would you mail that letter in Milwaukee?" she asked, handing him a letter as she turned away. When the conductor entered the car the passengers, who had witnessed the incident, began joking him about flagging a limited train to have a letter mailed. He turned the letter over in his hand and discovered that there was no postage stamp on it. The passengers laughed still more.

"Well," said the conductor, placing the letter in his pocket, "I will invest two cents on that, just to show that I appreciate nerve."

AN ENJOYABLE DINNER

A FEW of Milwaukee's golf enthusiasts spent an enjoyable evening on March 18 at a dinner in the Athletic Club, arranged by Dave Wilson, the golf professional of Blue Mound. Mr. Wilson laid out a nine-hole course on an immense rug, with bunkers and traps and everything. Then he pulled off an unique stunt. He secured the services of two Highlanders to entertain his guests, James MacArthur, who served through the war as a piper in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and Captain J. Burlington Rigg, who served in the Canadian army. Captain Rigg is a noted baritone singer and with MacArthur as piper, was playing that week at a local theater. The Highlanders in their picturesque dress made a hit with the golfers.

It was the first time the editor of the BULLETIN played golf to the music of the bagpipes and that may be the reason that we beat our opponent. Anyway we enjoyed the evening immensely, as everyone present seemed to do. You see, with the service given by the North Shore Line it is no trouble at all to run up from Chicago to Milwaukee for an evening and beat the milkman home by hours.

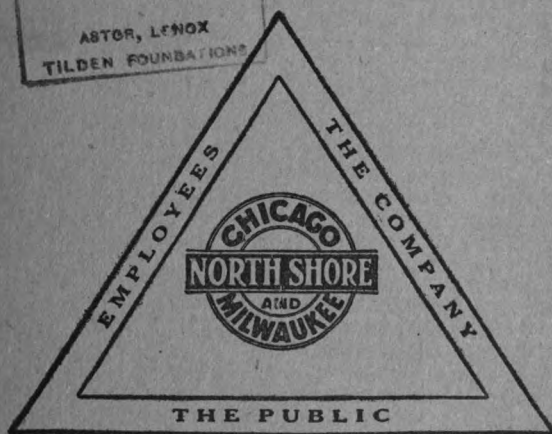
MILWAUKEE ART INSTITUTE

A visit to the Milwaukee Art Institute will repay the lover of art, for there is now on exhibition a fine collection of paintings. Nine canvases recently exhibited in the Macbeth Galleries in New York are on view, representative of the latest phase of the art of Hovsep Pushman. Frederick J. Waugh is showing a dozen marines and Sigurd Schou is represented by twenty wonderful paintings, including landscape, figure and still life. There is also an exhibit of sculpture by Jo Davidson in the shape of bronze portrait busts of the leaders of the great war.

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

MAY, 1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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"The Road of Service"

NORTH SHORE HOLD-UP

DON'T get alarmed when you read that headline, as we did. That is one of our Plymouth correspondent's jokes. A North Shore Limited was held up at Wilmette avenue on the afternoon of April 19, but it wasn't serious. Our well-known contributor Mr. Peebles was the hold-up man and every reader of the BULLETIN knows that he isn't a highwayman. This is the story:

Mr. Peebles, like the good scout, also the good Scot, that he is, journeyed all the way from Plymouth to attend the Hislop concert at the Auditorium on April 18. Next day as he was going to take a North Shore train at Wilmette, he found he had tarried a little too long with his friends. Rushing to the station in an automobile, he sighted the train as it was ready to start. The driver of the automobile tooted his horn and attracted the attention of Conductor John Garthy. The conductor held the train until Mr. Peebles got aboard. Mr. Peebles writes that the conductor was all smiles and sunshine, that after collecting the fare he noticed a more comfortable vacant seat and called Mr. Peeble's attention to it. He afterward lowered the window a little and in other ways tried to make his pasenger comfortable.

"It surely is the Road of Service," writes Mr. Peebles. "I never traveled with a finer conductor on any train, smiling and pleasant, courteous and accommodating. I feel that such employes as Conductor Garthy and Conductor Elwell, who prepared the feeding bottle for the lady's baby as told in the last BULLETIN, should be rewarded."

Mr. Peebles enclosed a check for \$5 to start a fund to reward such service. While the BULLETIN and the officials of the company appreciate the good intentions of this pleased customer,

the check cannot be accepted. The employes of the North Shore Line are paid for giving that kind of service and while letters of commendation please the company and the employes, pecuniary rewards would be quite impracticable. However, Mr. Peebles, your letter shows that your heart is all right and we are sure that it will please Conductor Garthy to know that his courtesy was appreciated.

MOTORMEN AS FIREMEN

Ralph L. King of the Waukegan Daily Sun sends the BULLETIN a good story to show that motormen on the Waukegan city cars can not only take in fares but also take in a situation and act promptly. Motorman G. Horton was operating a car at midnight one night when he noticed a large barn on fire as he passed Fourteenth street. He stopped his car, backed up opposite the barn and with his chemical fire extinguisher he attacked the blaze. He was joined by the crew of an express car carrying chemicals and the trio extinguished the blaze before much damage was done. The fire was not even reported to the fire department until the next day.

UNEQUALED SERVICE

The following letter is self-explanatory:

Just a word to compliment you on kee to Kenosha. Several times this year we telephoned the L. Teweles Seed Co., at Milwaukee for seeds at 9 o'clock in the morning. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the seeds were on sale at our place of business.

Thanking you for the service rendered and hoping that it will continue.

Sincerely yours,
Peter Jacobs and Co.
Kenosha, Wis.

The foregoing is just one illustration of what the Merchandise Dispatch service of the North Shore line really is. It is that sort of service that makes the North Shore line so popular with live merchants along the line.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, May, 1921

No. 7

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHEN our favorite poet said:
"Oh wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,"
he uttered a mouthful.

* * *

DID you ever see a little leaflet issued by a certain Chicago school entitled "The Human Balance Sheet?" No? Well, we didn't either until a minute ago when we sat down at our trusty "Royal" to grind out our monthly alleged "Food for Thought." There it was reposing on our desk.

* * *

THE fate of empires has been settled sometimes by a quick decision. At least we have read something to that effect, but never having settled the fate of an empire, we can't say of our own knowledge. Anyway, that leaflet changed the first few paragraphs of this comment. After a while we may get around to what we had in mind when we sat down, which had little to do with character analysis.

* * *

PICKING up the leaflet we opened it and glanced at the heading. There it stood: "Inventory of Your Positive Success Qualities." It won't take long to make that inventory, we thought, because we haven't any such qualities. But we were just curious enough to look at the list and then the lines quoted from Burns came into our mind. The list of qualities began with "Activity" and ended with "Truthfulness" and there were sixty-two others in between.

HOW do we stack up on the first quality we thought. We're pretty active in our own estimation and thought we would rate ourself at 75. Then we thought what the boss would rate us at and we scratched out the 7 to be on the safe side and let it stand at that. It isn't our habit to read the last chapter of a book first, but we did jump from the first quality to the last to rate ourself on "Truthfulness." There we said we can give ourself an even 100, for every reader of the BULLETIN knows that we write only truth and we thought the boss wouldn't object to the rating. He wishes us to tell the truth, and so far he hasn't caught us in a lie. As for the other 62 qualities in between,—well, the less said about them the better. There were a few of the qualities, however, which struck us as being worth looking into a little.

* * *

HERE among the R's was the quality of "reverence." We read the rules and found that we couldn't rate ourself minus on anything. The rating had to be somewhere between 1 and 100, so we marked ourself 1 on reverence. Running up the column we came to "Persistence in Obedience to Higher Motive." There we thought is where we shine. We don't know exactly what it means but we like the sound of it. We recall that a correspondent once complimented us on making our readers aspire to higher ideals, or something like that, and we decided whatever it meant we had it. We hadn't any doubt about the meaning of persistence and know we have that in large measure.

* * *

TO prove that we have persistence—if any proof is needed—don't we persist each month in telling you what you ought to do? And do you do it? Didn't we tell the legislature last month that the proposed rent regulation laws were futile? But the legislature is going to pass them anyway. Didn't we tell you that it was wrong to violate the eighteenth amendment and we have reluctantly been compelled to refuse a drink a half dozen times in the last month, so that we might practice what we preach. In spite of it all do we get discouraged and quit? Not on your

life. We keep on telling you what you ought to do just the same. Persistence! Why, we're the most persistent cuss on the north shore.

* * *

THE next quality that caught our eye was "Gracefulness" and we promptly rated ourself at 2. For the enlightenment of readers who haven't seen us we might remark that we are about as graceful as a young hippotamus, so the rating seems a fair one. We're going to attend some school and learn to wear open-faced clothes like a head waiter and see if our mark can't be improved. We know there is room. Isn't there anything on the whole list on which we can give ourself a decent mark, we thought. We kept reading up the column. Most people would read down but there's generations of Scotch blood in our veins which makes us contrary in spite of ourself. We got up among the O's and halted on "Originality." We wondered if we couldn't claim just a little credit on that score. After a little analysis we concluded that the only thing original about us was original sin and that was wished on us by Adam when he fell for that apple stuff. We couldn't claim any credit for that so we moved up to "Optimism." We can at least give ourself a pretty fair rating on that. The rules of the game say "you make yourself today what you will be tomorrow." So we gave ourself a rating of 50 on "Optimism" and if you BULLETIN readers do your part, we may be able to push it up a notch next month.

* * *

STILL moving up we came to "Honesty" and we thought of giving ourself a good mark, but in our eagerness we struck the wrong key and our rating came out like this? Well, we thought many a truth has been accidentally hit upon and we decided to let it stand. The same rating would stand for a lot of us if we made an honest analysis of ourselves. We're speaking of honesty in its broad sense. We know lots of people who are honest in the sense that they wouldn't steal, but who are intellectually dishonest in being ready to believe almost anything they hear, without making an effort to obtain the facts. Also we know

some who are perfectly ready to accept pay for work that they do not perform, which is merely an indirect way of taking something that doesn't belong to them. Think it over and see if that interrogation point we struck accidentally doesn't express a fair rating for some of us after all.

* * *

AT last, we thought we have struck a quality on which we are entitled to a good mark, as our eye fell on "Desire to Serve." The desire to serve is pretty strong on the North Shore Line. We christened it the "Road of Service" some three years ago, because that's what it is and we believe in calling a spade a spade. We were about to mark down 100 in that space when we hesitated and thought that we weren't analyzing the North Shore Line. Its desire, as well as its ability to serve is well known, but how about the BULLETIN? Well, that is a horse of another color. We're not so sure about it. Another line of Burns comes to mind—we haven't a copy handy and quote from memory :

"God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,

Nor am I even the thing I could be—"

That's a serious confession to make, we mean the second line. One isn't to blame, perhaps, for not being all he should be, because perfection is seldom attainable. We doubt whether we should like to see a perfect man or woman. But there isn't as much excuse for one not being all he could be. There's a world of difference in the meaning of the two lines. Burns understood human limitations. Nearly every line he wrote contains a sermon if analyzed. But let's stick to our text. We were speaking of the "desire to serve." That word "desire" lets us out. In fact that is the kernel of the proposition, anyway. It is the "desire" to serve that is listed as a quality and not the ability. We are strong on the "desire" end of it. We really desire to serve you and if we fall short it is due to the limitations of which we spoke. Don't we offer you advice month after month? That shows our "desire" to serve you—with advice.

* * *

NOW let's lay that leaflet aside and get down to serious business. For the last few months we have been pretty serious

and we just pulled off the preceding paragraphs to keep our hand in. But there are lots of serious problems that require our immediate attention and we're aching to give a little more advice. We can give that without a pang, because it doesn't cost us anything. The first thing we have to settle is the industrial problem. We'll let Lloyd George settle with Berlin and our own esteemed Senate settle with Bogota. If we had our way on the latter question, those pirates down there wouldn't get any twenty-five millions. They haven't any right to it and who cares for their goodwill, anyway? Their oil concessions is another matter, but if that's what we are buying, our esteemed Senate ought to say so. However, as we said, we are not going to settle that. If we settle the industrial problem that will be a fairly good afternoon's work, so we are going to pull off our coat and get at it.

* * *

WHEN Abe Martin said there isn't much more unemployment now than there was a year ago, that the only difference is they are not getting paid for it now, he said a whole lot. What's all this fuss between the railroads and their employes over working rules? When we get down to brass tacks it is just about what Martin said. Of course, the representatives of the shop workers charge that it is a conspiracy on the part of the railroads to break up the unions. As we see it, it is a conspiracy to economize by not paying men for work they do not perform. The railroads are sending a lot of work which formerly was done in their own shops into other shops, because they can get it done cheaper there. That seems to be about the size of it and the reason it is done cheaper in the outside shops is because the mechanics are being paid only for the work they do, instead of what the rules call for in the railroad shops. When any group of workers get paid for work they do not do, it means that other groups have to foot the bills. There is no escape from that. Wealth isn't created without work. Men may be paid wages without working to create any new wealth, but when they are it means that the wages are being drawn from wealth already created. The readjustment which is now going on in the industrial world is aimed to stop that drain, which in the interest of all of us ought to be stopped.

WE would like you to get the idea clear. We have said before in this column that we think employers should go a little slow in the matter of reducing wages. It may be true that in the process of liquidation labor will have to stand its share, just as merchants and manufacturers are doing. That appears to us to be only reasonable. But what we have said does not mean a reduction in wages necessarily. It means only stopping economic waste by not paying men for "time" instead of for "work." Recently we read a circular which illustrated what we have in mind. We haven't the circular at hand at this moment and may not be able to give the exact figures, but we can give the circumstances accurately enough to make the point clear. A wreck occurred on a railroad some miles distant from the division repair shops. Repair men were hurried to the scene to get the wreck cleared up as quickly as possible. The workmen were paid for the time they took going to the scene of the wreck, which was perfectly proper. At the end of their regular working day they began drawing time and one-half. That, perhaps, might not be considered unreasonable. At midnight they began drawing double time and in an hour or two the federal law which prohibits railroad men from working more than a certain number of hours without a rest period, became operative. The workmen went to bed, but they were "on duty" under the meaning of the rules, so they drew double time while they slept. In the morning they began work and cleared up the wreck. As we recall the figures each man had about 40 hours time for about ten hours of work. The railroad, of course, had to foot the bill in the first instance, but in a broader sense every citizen had to pay his share.

* * *

AN even more striking illustration of what we have in mind was related recently by a railroad conductor. He was an old employe and declared that he considered some of the rules were not fair, but being human he didn't want to see them changed. This conductor has a run which takes three hours or less of actual time, but he is paid for a full day. Now while he is drawing his pay for waiting, if the railroad should send him out

on a funeral trip to a cemetery, a run of less than two hours for the round trip, it has to pay him another eight hours. Nor is that all. Suppose there was an idle conductor who might have been called on to take out that funeral train, the railroad would have to pay that idle conductor a full day's pay. That is pure economic waste and does no one any particular good. It adds to railroad rates, which every citizen has to pay indirectly. It is an entirely different proposition from paying a man good wages while he is working. The railroads, as we understand it, are not complaining so much about the wages paid per hour as they are about the wages being paid for which no service of any kind is rendered.

* * *

WHEN there is the eternal question of trade jurisdiction, which until the time of federal control was not a serious factor in railroad shops, although it has been the bane of the building trades for many years. How does it operate in the railroad shops? A writer in "Commerce and Finance" recently put it this way: "In order to change a nozzle tip in the front end of a locomotive it is necessary to call a boilermaker and his helper to open the door, because that is the boilermaker's work; to call a pipe man and his helper to remove the blower pipe because that is a pipe man's work; to call a machinist and his helper to remove the tip, because that is a machinist's work. These same three forces must be employed to put in the new tip." To one not familiar with trade jurisdiction disputes, that no doubt sounds absurd. Before federal control, one handy man would have done the whole job, and would have done it, we expect, in less time than it now takes three separate classes of mechanics to do it. It is to stop that sort of thing that the railroads are engaged in a "conspiracy to wreck labor unions." Do you think there is any exaggeration in that little story? Well, there isn't, for we have known of scores of such cases in the building trades. We have seen one set of mechanics sitting on their benches drawing full pay, while a different set did a particular kind of work, which the men sitting on the benches claimed should be theirs. Economic waste which every one of us has to pay for.

IT doesn't seem there is any solution of the problem. We recall that we indulged in a quiet chuckle some months ago when we read a long newspaper story to the effect that jurisdictional strikes were to end in the building trades. Prominent labor officials and building contractors were quoted. The whole matter was settled in a perfectly lovely way by a national board at a conference in Washington. We suppose it was settled until the labor officials and contractors got home from the conference. They have been settling it as far back as we can remember, and we have a pretty good memory at that. It won't be solved by calling each other names, or by strikes and lockouts. It might be solved by both sides being perfectly honest with each other. As long as one side seeks to take advantage of the other, the other side will retaliate when it has a chance. What is most needed is ordinary common sense and a lot of it. The organized worker and the organized employer should both realize that the unorganized public has some rights in the situation. If the unorganized public, which largely holds the purse-strings, believes it is being held up by either organized employers or organized workers, or by a combination of both, it refuses to buy. That is one of the chief troubles of the railroads today. Rates are as high as the public will stand for, if indeed they are not too high. If the railroads cannot live on the present rates, and their reports indicate that they cannot, then there is nothing left for them to do but reduce expenses. They are seeking to do that by eliminating some of the wastes we have pointed out.

* * *

THE workers on the other hand should take a common sense view of the situation. Some few individuals, who are paid for work they do not perform, may think they are being benefited. In the long run they are not, because it means adding an unnecessary cost to the commodity they are engaged in producing. That in turn means a buyer's strike and loss of work for those in that particular industry. There are thousands of railroad workers idle. There are thousands of building mechanics idle. The public will not buy railroad transportation, nor will it buy houses while it believes the costs are unnecessarily high. Who

suffers most? It is the workers in those particular industries, who suffer through loss of work. It simply simmers down to this: That it is uneconomic to pay for something that you do not get. Where is the worker who would pay a tailor for a suit of clothes that he did not get? Why then should he expect some one to pay for what he has to sell, namely his labor, when that some one doesn't get that labor?

* * *

IN the newspapers this morning we read that a strike is threatened in the printing trades, because the employers refuse to pay the employes forty-eight hours pay for forty-four hours work. They are willing to pay for what they get, either on a forty-four or a forty-eight hour basis. That is the way it is stated in the newspapers, but we expect that it really means that the employes are asking the same pay for forty-four hours that they received formerly for forty-eight. No doubt the employes will say that they are merely asking a wage increase. We haven't looked into the facts in the situation and are merely commenting on newspaper reports, which, we know, is not a safe thing to do. But whatever the facts are, it is evident that the employing printers are like the railroads, objecting to paying for something they do not get. The building trades in Chicago are to be locked out because the men evidently prefer a nominal wage scale of \$1.25 an hour, without work, to an actual scale of \$1 an hour, with work. The wisdom of their stand, seems questionable, to say the least of it. It may be argued that the difference in wages is too slight to either stimulate or retard building but we are not so sure about that. There is a psychology in such matters that must be reckoned with. The public believes that building costs are too high and while it believes that it will not buy houses. If the public learns that wages and material prices have been reduced, it will start buying. If the public did start buying houses, the demand for mechanics in three months would be so great that wages would rise automatically, no matter what the nominal scale might be. At least that is the way it looks to us. Another instance where common sense is needed.

WELL, we started an hour or two ago to settle the industrial problem and if we haven't succeeded, we at least, have run over our usual space in trying. What we really aim at in this column is to give you something to think about. We would like to bring home to your mind the fact that the war is over and that the law of economics—sidetracked for a time—is beginning to operate again. It is contrary to that law to pay for goods not delivered, whether the goods are in the shape of a suit of clothes, or so much labor. We might just as well all face the cold, hard facts, and the better we understand them, the easier will it be for us to meet them. As we have said before in this column, the world went on a spree during the war and the inevitable headache followed on the morning after. In real life there isn't any such thing as vicarious atonement. We must all get away from the idea that we can get something for nothing, or that somehow we can increase wealth without working. It simply can't be done.

* * *

AN INTERESTING SCHOOL.

DID you know that the North Shore Line is conducting a school for Americanizing men of foreign birth? Well, it's a fact and what is more it is a success. It started only recently and the results are surprising. Men employed in the road department, track laborers, etc., who could not speak or understand the English language are learning to read and write it. They seem eager to learn, too. That desire may have been stimulated a little by a rather direct hint that their chance of steady employment would be enhanced by their attending school and by becoming American citizens. Anyway they are attending the classes regu-

larly and are making fine progress.

One school is located in the offices of the roadmaster at the Racine station. Part of the room has been fitted up with bench seats and desks. There is a blackboard on the wall and plenty of large placards on which are printed simple sentences which the students are required to copy. Samples of the work were shown the editor the other day when he visited the school and they appeared quite creditable.

Two more schools are being fitted up, one at Waukegan and one at Highwood and will soon be ready for pupils. The teacher at the Racine school is C. G. Goodsell, who was an industrial secretary for the Y. M. C. A. during the war and is now employed by a number of industrial concerns. He is assisted by J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way and his assistant, F. J. Cramer.

ACTIVE IN CIVIC AFFAIRS.

THE North Shore Line gives excellent railroad service to the cities through which it runs. That fact is recognized by all who live along the north shore, but it is doing more than that. Many of its employes take an active interest in the civic affairs in the various communities in which they live, thereby doing their part as good citizens in working for the common weal.

superintendent of the dining car service, was elected mayor of Highwood. George C. Kenry, chief despatcher on the Chicago division, was elected city clerk of Highwood, and J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way, was elected president of the Village Board of Libertyville. John Anen, foreman carpenter, was elected mayor of Winthrop Harbor.

It is rather significant that these men were elected on reform

**"AFTER ELECTION SMILES"**

Thomas E. Welsh and George C. Kenry.

Mr. Welsh, who has been elected Mayor of Highwood, is well known to patrons of North Shore dining cars, as he has been superintendent of that branch of the service since it was inaugurated. He will continue to provide those famous North Shore dinners just the same as though he wasn't a mayor. It won't be necessary to address him as "your honor" either.

Mr. Kenry, elected City Clerk of Highwood, has been in the service of the North Shore Line since 1911, beginning as a brakeman. He was promoted to Train Despatcher in 1914 and to Chief Despatcher in 1917, which position he holds at the present time.

In the recent spring elections several employes were elected to positions of trust and responsibility. T. E. Welsh, the genial

platforms pledging themselves to give their respective communities honest and efficient administrations. That they will do so the

congratulates the citizens of the respective cities and villages for

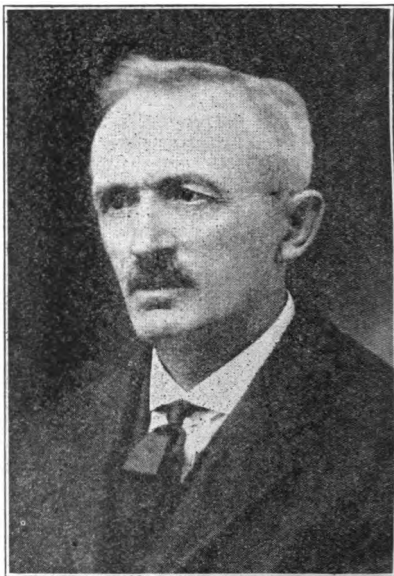


J. S. HYATT.

Mr. Hyatt, the newly elected President of the Village Board of Libertyville, first entered the service of the North Shore Line in 1903 as a rodman. Later he was employed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and returned to the North Shore Line in 1905 as assistant engineer during the period of construction work. He was secretary and treasurer of the Lake County Telephone Company from 1910 to 1912, returning to the North Shore as engineer maintenance of way, which position he now occupies.

BULLETIN has no doubt. They are trained in the work of giving the public service, for that is what they are doing daily on the North Shore Line and what they will continue to do. Men who are capable of filling responsible positions on the North Shore Line are capable of giving good service to their fellow citizens. That is the view taken by the voters who elected these men in spite of active opposition in some localities.

The BULLETIN congratulates the newly elected officials and also



JOHN ANEN.

Mr. Anen, elected Mayor of Winthrop Harbor, has been in the service of the North Shore Line since 1914, occupying the position of carpenter foreman in the maintenance of way department.

the good common sense they showed in casting their ballots.

NO HURRY

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would stop in and see what you can do for her."

DENBY DAY AT GREAT LAKES.

GREAT LAKES made good its title as "the greatest naval training station in the world," on the occasion of the first official visit of Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby on May 2.

On the same notable occasion the North Shore Line clinched its title as the "Road of Service" by

the Union League Club, headed by Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line. The distinguished visitor and his party went to the Drake Hotel to review the Boy Scouts and afterward inspected the Municipal Pier of Chicago.

A special train, consisting of three dining cars and a parlor car of the North Shore Line, was



Secretary Denby and Official Escort of United States Marines.

giving Secretary Denby and the official reception committee a sample of the kind of service which the "greatest electric railroad in the world" gives its patrons.

Secretary Denby arrived in Chicago shortly after 9 o'clock and was met at the station by Captain Wurtsbaugh, commandant at Great Lakes; Gen. Lejeune, commander of the Marine Corps, Lieut.-Col. Frank L. Halford and a delegation of business men from

held in waiting at the North Water street terminal of the elevated. The party boarded it about 12:30 o'clock, being served luncheon on the way to Great Lakes.

Arriving at the station an inspiring sight greeted the visitors. Nineteen guns boomed a salute of welcome to the Secretary and from the Main Gate to the administration building the road was lined on both sides by sailors

and marines. The famous Great Lakes Band, which earned such a splendid reputation during the war, showed that it still can lay claim to being one of the finest bands in the country.

From a reviewing stand in front of the administration building, Secretary Denby addressed the sailors and marines, expressing his gratification over the won-

man and in the World War he served with the Marines. His sturdy Americanism showed in his actions and in every word he spoke. He is thoroughly democratic in his ways and in a few simple words he told the men what an honor and a privilege it is to serve their country in the uniform of a sailor. He said he hoped they never would be called



Welcoming Secretary Denby at Great Lakes.

derful showing they made. He told them that Great Lakes was the greatest naval training station in the world and that it would continue to flourish as long as he held the position of head of the Navy. In a brief sketch of his own career, Secretary Denby showed that he was the right man for the job, for he knows naval service in all its branches. During the Spanish-American war he entered the Navy as an enlisted

man and in the World War he served with the Marines. His sturdy Americanism showed in his actions and in every word he spoke. He is thoroughly democratic in his ways and in a few simple words he told the men what an honor and a privilege it is to serve their country in the uniform of a sailor. He said he hoped they never would be called

upon to fight, but if they should be he felt satisfied that they would fight American ships in keeping with the best traditions of our country. Although the day was rather cold and disagreeable, a large number of civilians, among them many women, visited Great Lakes to witness the review. They were not disappointed, either in the Secretary of the Navy or in the fighting men they saw going

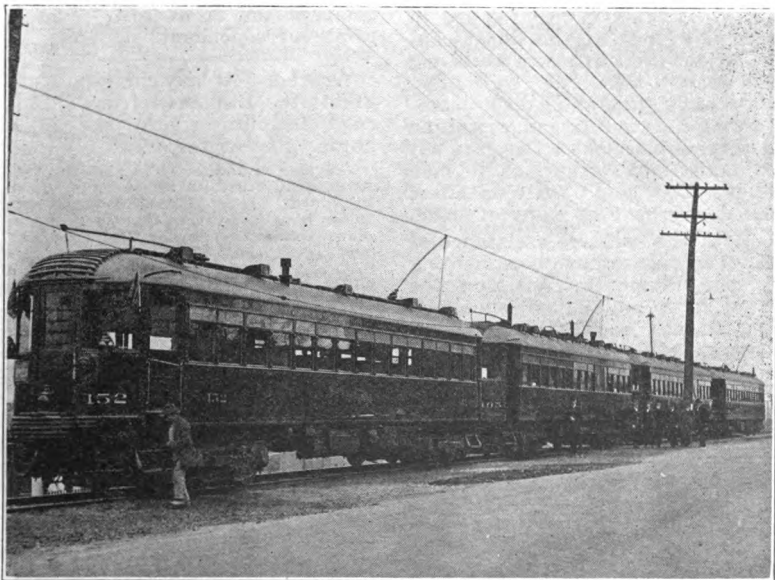
through the various formations on the drill grounds. The men supplied the best arguments that could be advanced in favor of the retention of Great Lakes as a training station.

Many prominent business and professional men of Chicago were in the party which accompanied Secretary Denby to Great Lakes, some of whom were inclined to

look after the comfort of dining car patrons as a regular business, doing his mayoring as a side line. Patrons of the North Shore Line know that he looks after their needs in a satisfactory manner.

FIVE AND TEN

Mary (meeting old school friend)—“Are you married? How many children?”



The Denby Special on North Shore Line.

marvel at the kind of service which the North Shore Line can give on its dining cars. It was the first trip on the line for a number of them, but from the expressions of satisfaction on the way going and returning, it will not be the last. Mayor Thompson of Chicago was in the party and, of course, Mayor Welsh of Highwood saw to it that his brother mayor and all the other distinguished guests received the proper attention. Mayor Welsh

Friend—“Yes; two little folks.”

Mary—“How old?”

Friend—“Five and ten.”

Mary—“H-m, I see, Woolworth twins!”

Customer: “I say, do you ever play anything by request?”

Delighted Musician: “Certainly, sir.”

Customer: “Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch.”

WITH THE BULLETIN FAMILY

LAST month you may recall we gave the women contributors the top of this column, partly because we wished to encourage them and partly because their letters were good anyway. It was a lucky hunch we had.

Whether due to that encouragement or something else we don't know, but this month we are in receipt of one of the finest contributions we have ever received, and from a lady, too. Of course, we always knew the women members of this family can write fine letters, but somehow they are not as industrious workers as the men folks. They don't write as often, nor do we have as many of them.

With the valuable assistance of Mr. Peebles we have been helping to put Plymouth, Wis., on the map, in a manner of speaking. Oh, it was on the map before, known for its cheese, chairs and children, but in a small way we have helped it out, or rather Mr. Peebles has. Now Mr. Peebles had better look to his laurels for we have a new Plymouth correspondent. She is a good one, too, as the following letter will show. She writes:

"Greetings from Plymouth, Wis." A copy of your "peppy" little magazine just read and I enjoyed it so very much I wish to tell you about it. It is lightnin' boiled down, always. I get sermons, lectures, high class wit and humor and all around common sense out of it and look forward with much pleasure to the coming of the next copy, which I know will be crowded with original matter. Hoot mon, it is better than many a magazine with a heavy price, with 75 per cent advertising matter, 25 per cent divided between "censored for the big interests" and "try-it-out-on-the-dog," before we get to the copyright novels in the raw.

Please tell Mr. H. M. Brehm I cannot let Boston put anything over Plymouth in cheese or beans, baked or otherwise, so I have punctuated the little job he handed out as follows: "That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is."

With best wishes,

Sardonyx.

We knew that puzzle in punctuation propounded last month by Mr. Brehm would be easy for some of our clever readers. We told you our office assistant did in a minute and we were sure others would. We are very glad to welcome "Sardonyx" into the Family Circle and invite her to a chair in the front row. She is some correspondent.

Another new lady correspondent greets the BULLETIN from a Chicago hospital where she is a nurse. She writes:

You may be interested in knowing that on Sunday, April 10, while coming from Highwood, to get home by 12:30—all nurses have to be in at that hour—I was shown special courtesy by Conductor Roland Thompson. I'll admit I was very tired and he gave me his raincoat for a pillow. Let me say further that a finer lot of conductors, as polite and courteous cannot be found. I certainly enjoy riding on the North Shore Line for a better road could ne'er be found. Kindly send me your BULLETIN each month, because even though I am not living along the North Shore Line I most certainly enjoy reading the BULLETIN.

Respectfully,

E. R. S. E.

We'll see that you get the BULLETIN, Miss E. What with the conductor giving you his coat for a pillow and us giving you the BULLETIN to read, you ought to fall asleep easily when you're tired.

We have another lady correspondent this month, but she doesn't know it. She is an artist. We are going to produce her handicraft on the back cover of the BULLETIN if the cut turns out all right. She is Miss Ella Rasmussen of Highland Park. The BULLETIN readers are familiar with Harold E. Rasmussen, who used to write such fine letters from France and Germany when in the service overseas and who occasionally finds time to send a

post card, or better still, drop in to see us when in the city. Well, Mr. Rasmussen came in the other day and showed us a card he had received from his cousin Miss Rasmussen of Highland Park. We asked for it to use in the BULLETIN, when the artist sees this issue she may be surprised. Her theme, as you will notice, is one that cannot fail to inspire artists and poets. It supplies the source of our inspiration and you know that sometimes we write like an inspired idiot. However, Miss Rasmussen ought to be a regular member of the family and we hereby extend her an invitation to join the charmed circle.

Our two faithful hounds, Loophound and Loophound, Jr., are both with us this month. Last month you heard of their meeting in Philadelphia and getting acquainted. The original Loophound sings a sort of swan song this month, but don't take him too seriously. It is true that he is moving his family to Pittsburgh, but he won't desert the BULLETIN. He will come back occasionally and even if he shouldn't he is going to write. We'll bet that about the first thing he does after getting settled will be to write and ask to have the BULLETIN sent to his new address. He writes:

Of all sad words I've ever penned
The saddest are—"They've raised the rent."

But that's nothing in our young life. We're sad because we're moving—going to Pennsylvania. It's hard luck, Luke, just when my game is getting good enough to make you hustle. Man; but I don't like to leave Chicago and the North Shore Line, not to mention the friends I've made through the BULLETIN. But, as Cleopatra said to Mark Antony, "The best of friends must part," so soon we'll ride towards the rising sun and hard coal.

The frequent mention of my nom de plume in these columns by my esteemed contemporary contribs (to quote Kentuckian) might have caused enlargement of the ego in time, but the jolt this Michigander fellow handed me in April sent my self-esteem way below par. What a wicked stream of ink he throws—

Lordy! There's but one redeeming feature to it—he has put me in Ham Lewis' class now. We've both been kidded by experts. He has made me regret sincerely and copiously having made disparaging remarks about the "Fourth City."

I used to live in Detroit myself long before she dreamed of her present supremacy in the motor world. Half the time I spent in the Harper hospital and the other half waiting for a train out. She was known as "The City of the Straits" in those days, which Michigander recalls to mind by his reference to our crooked White Sox. Wonder if there's a reason for dropping the soubriquet "City of the Straits." Maybe their whole town went crooked—who knows? Detroit may be a good town, nevertheless; Michigander can't always be wrong. Only politicians like Bryan and Thompson have that percentage copyrighted.

We know they broke census records and they brag about it, but they also broke the eighteenth amendment. Ask the "gander," he admits it. So we agree on one point at least. I'm also a Ty Cobb admirer and am for the "Peach" regardless of which end of the percentage column the Tigers occupy, but as for living there, I can't see it. It's like the view from an insane asylum—you must be squirrely to appreciate it.

Henry Ford is a much maligned man, whether justly or not, but we must admire any one who keeps a million people busy the year round. Of course, only 50,000 work in his plant; the other 950,000 will be found at every cross road in the country trying to make the darn things run. But you can't discourage a Ford owner. I may drive one east myself—there's no North Shore Service to Pennsylvania. Well, it's time to fill up the gas tank, so good-bye to Lake Michigan. (Don't drink her dry if you can help it—Vokstead may relent.) Adios to County Cook's golf courses. I hope they may soon be the regulation 19 holes. Au revoir to our BULLETIN friends. I would like to say the latch string will always be hanging out for you in our new home, but as a matter of "Safety First" I think we had better send you a pass key—we may not trust the new neighbors as we have the old.

Our friends are apprehensive that the change of climate may not agree with the young hound, but they don't know him. There's nothing on earth would dare disagree with him. He says "No" in 57 languages.

When I think of parting with the Road of Service and the North Shore personnel, a feeling comes up in my throat like an old hen experiences when she hatches a duck egg and sees the little yellow devil run for the lake.

We hope it won't be long till we can rearrange the opening verse to read: Of all glad words of tongue or pen The gladdest are—"We're back again."

Yours,

Loophound.

We heartily echo the sentiment expressed in the closing couplet. But we refuse to take that farewell note as final. Like all stars who announce farewell tours for a dozen years or so before they have any intention of quitting, we expect to hear from Loophound in the next month or two.

We are sorry that Loophound, Jr., didn't have time to call when he was home for the Easter holidays, but no doubt he was more profitably occupied otherwise. He is building an electric railway between New York and Philadelphia—on paper—and he wishes to pattern it after the North Shore Line. In his letter, he says he is going to finance it after breakfast for sixty-five millions. Well, it isn't hard to do it that way, but if he can get away with that capitalization for ninety miles of road, we'll change our views about the I. C. C. Anyway this is what he writes:

Have been trying to get time to write you ever since my return from Cuba after Christmas, but you know how things go when you decide to wait until tomorrow to do something that you ought to do today. Pardon the bum typing, but I am using an ancient typewriter, and occasionally I get too fast for it, or something. Maybe it's a hot box—I don't know.

As you doubtless have read in the Eastern papers, Loophound and Loophound, Jr., met in Philadelphia some few days since. We surely had a bully time together. The first thing we did was to tell each other what we had thought we were going to look like, or something to that effect. He had evidently expected to find me one of those tall, lanky, chinless, Adam's apple, long-haired geniuses, with tortoise shell specs, and the like—fortunately I disappointed him. We had that long promised steak together, then to see "Honeydew," which we considered quite some show. Then we tried the oysters at Broad Street Station, and then, after looking unsuccessfully for an Irish postcard to send to you, dispersed for the evening. The next evening he came out and saw Pennsylvania whip the tar out of Princeton in swimming. He certainly is a corker.

Have tried unsuccessfully to get over to call on you this trip, but have been engrossed with the construction of a high speed electric railway between New York and Philadelphia (on paper) for the

course in Corporation Finance at Pennsylvania. It has kept me busy, I can tell you. Tomorrow morning I finance it for sixty-five million dollars, and tomorrow afternoon I set sail for 201 Brooks. A fine way to spend an Easter vacation, isn't it?

Went to Milwaukee on the noon diner last Tuesday to get some data and pictures for my report—still as good as ever. Met the genial dining car superintendent again. He informed me that he was running for mayor of Highwood. Best of luck to him. I suggested that he run for mayor of Wilmette instead. Told him if he could mayor as well as he could feed North Shore passengers, he'd fill a long felt want there. While we were talking, the train stopped at Kenosha, and a man came in in great excitement. He wanted food, and was leaving at Racine. I timed him—he got away with two cheese sandwiches, a cup of coffee, a heap of French fries, and a slab of the famous apple pie, wiped his mouth, paid his bill and a tip, and dismounted in exactly ten minutes in Racine. If that doesn't beat anything I ever saw for service, I want to know. We came back on the Badger that evening. It certainly is a splendid train. We had a fine meal, and then enjoyed the clubby atmosphere of the dining car when the waiter removed the tables, and everybody smoked and got acquainted. It certainly is a pleasant trip.

Well, I must gather up my precious belongings and head back to Evanston. Will try and write more often after next month and will promise to call on you, if you will permit, etc., immediately on my return.

Yours,
Loophound, Jr.

Through the BULLETIN the two Loophounds were brought together and now we have two other correspondents meeting as a result of reading each other's letters in this column. They are S. N. Lasky and "Michigander." They appear to be good friends already.

"Michigander" has recently been getting some jolts from the regulars for being an annual event and he is going to reform and become a quarterly, or maybe a monthly contributor. Atteny-rate he write as follows:

Men may come and men may go, but the BULLETIN keeps right on coming. I am not sure whether or not the foregoing is original, but that is what came to my mind just now.

The March BULLETIN reached our desk some few days ago, and to keep our name clean, we thought it best to write

"pronto." You know we are out to get a "rep," for even Kentuckian took a jab at us in the last issue. We hope that our letters come so thick and fast you will be forced to holler "nuff" and that we will be awarded the reputation of being a nuisance.

So friend Loophound believes that President Harding appointed Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy on account of the wetness of Detroit? Loophound himself cannot prove that the Detroit River is not the wettest part around here, as this seems to be the original Sahara when he is in the vicinity.

I suppose you have been rummaging around looking over the brassies, niblicks, and the other sticks with queer names in anticipation of the golf season, while I have been looking over the "dope" sheets trying to figure out the Tigers' chances for the pennant this year.

Our friend Sol N. Lasky called us up at the office the other day and we met him and had lunch down town together. We found Mr. Lasky to be a real he-man, and hope to see him often, as he has decided to make Detroit his residence for a while. He took us to see his apartment, which we found to be only a block or so from our own domicile. We were so pleased with it we have practically decided to take a similar apartment in the same building. We shall, therefore, be neighbors, and hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lasky's wife and baby, of whom he thinks and speaks considerably.

Mr. Lasky very kindly presented us with an "Ever-Ready" shaving brush (having remembered our hint) and we now have no further cause to be envious of you.

The local street railway was dealt a severe blow as a result of an election last Monday in which the majority (about 68%) voted for municipal ownership. There has been a bitter fight waging between the street railway and the City Hall forces who were backed by the leading yellow daily, the Detroit News. The street car people sought to show where municipal ownership in other cities, such as Seattle, was a losing proposition and only resulted in increased fares, while the Detroit News published reports tending to prove that the plan made money and reduced fares. With our opinion of the News, we did not swallow these statements whole but took them with a grain of salt. However, the plan won and we hope, for the sake of the city and the people, that it will come out to best advantage, although we cannot see it at the present time.

By the way, won't you set forth your opinion on municipal ownership?

Sincerely,

Michigander.

Well Mr. Michigander, our opinion on municipal ownership mightn't be worth much, but facts are worth something and we

haven't been able to find any place where it has been a success in this country. Our prediction is that Detroit's experience will be about the same as Seattle's. The theory sounds very plausible but it doesn't seem to work out well in practice. Some one has said that what is needed is less politics in business and more business in politics. That about expresses it. When the local transportation business is brought into politics, we doubt that it will be as efficiently handled as by private interests under proper public regulation. It is a big subject which we are not going to discuss in detail at this time, but some of these days we may go into it a little more fully.

Occasionally we receive letters from ministers of the gospel and college professors who are interested in some of the comments made in the BULLETIN. Here is one from the Principal of the Waukegan High School, who writes:

I just wanted you to know that I am in full sympathy with your article on obedience to law in the recent number of the North Shore BULLETIN. I am going to use the material in a talk to my students some day.

Truly yours,

Paul G. W. Keller.

Another one of the same kind comes from away down in New Jersey. They seem to know about the BULLETIN in the most unheard of places. This one writes:

I was intensely interested in your little pamphlet, the North Shore BULLETIN, and would appreciate a copy every month. Thanking you in advance.

Very truly yours,

Chester W. Williams,

Teacher of Modern History,

Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.

We used to teach a little modern history in the BULLETIN during the war and if this anti-British, pro-German propaganda keeps up we may have to tackle it again.

We welcome a new correspondent to the family fireside who writes:

I am setting out to do something which I promised myself I would do a long time ago, and that is to write you and tell you all that I think of the North Shore Line and its service.

Yesterday I rode to Milwaukee again and the first thing I did was to pick up the BULLETIN and in it I found an article by your friend Michigander, which was, in a certain sense of the word, a "slap in the face" to me. At any rate, I decided that right now is the time to make good my promise to myself, but I also find that as a result of my delay I am confronted with a series of topics to discuss with you, and inasmuch as I don't think you have time for too much of a cosmopolitan letter, I will just comment briefly on each of three subjects.

First of all, to express my opinion of North Shore Service, just pick up all the nice things which everybody says about it and I add thereto, "Them's my sentiments." It sure is a great road, and like Mr. Dixon, when I arrive from any points north, my trip home is always completed over the North Shore.

Almost a year ago, you will recall that you contemplated having a game of golf with my intimate friend, Mr. P. C. Holm, formerly of Racine. I am interested in knowing whether "The Scotchman" showed him how and really did it. I derived a lot of good out of the little episode on knowing how to do things but not being able to do them. Incidentally, I don't know much about golf, but now that I have taken up my residence in Chicago I have hopes of running across someone who will exercise the necessary amount of patience to teach me.

Speaking of moving to Chicago, this brings me to my objection to Michigander's statement, or rather his comments. Being a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio, I naturally took great pride in the outcome of the last world's series. If Michigander gives Detroit credit for winning previous pennants, why does he discredit the former management and at the same time make a reflection on Cleveland not having won a pennant before. I don't want to start a baseball argument in your columns, but if you don't hear from me in the meantime, you can sure expect a message to Michigander at the end of the present season.

With best regards to yourself and the future welfare of the North Shore Road and its service, I remain

L. J. Rosol.

P. S.—Kindly put me on your mailing list for the North Shore BULLETIN.

If these baseball fans keep up this discussion they may get us interested enough to go and see a game. It isn't our notion of sport, however. Of course, we like all sorts of healthy sports, but like to

be in the game ourself. We can't see that it is great sport to sit on a bench and watch others play. At least it isn't as good as to get into the game and play oneself. That is why we prefer golf as an outdoor sport. A very few play that game, but hundreds of thousands play at it and get just as much fun and as much exercise as if they could really play it.

Still they come. Getting acquainted with new ones every month. If this keeps up we believe we'll have to speak to the boss about making the BULLETIN larger. This one is an editor himself, a brother booster and we always have a welcome for a booster. One gets a lot more out of life by being a cheerful booster. He gets out a good little publication, too. He writes:

I have taken the liberty of placing your name on the mailing list of "Kiwanipep," the weekly publication of the Waukegan Kiwanis Club. I cannot hope that you will find it as interesting as the BULLETIN is to me, but it is probable that you will find time to give it a casual glance now and then.

I have been a patron of the North Shore Line for some five years, during which time I have noticed, not only the service improve, but the patronage increase right along. While riding to and from Milwaukee, the idea struck me several times to write something about the BULLETIN and the splendid service of the North Shore Line, but thus far I have neglected to do so. However, one of these days I will send you a little story that may be of interest to your readers.

W. D. Lambert.

We'll be glad to get a story Mr. Lambert. Some contributors seem to think they must write about the BULLETIN, while others think they must praise the service. Of course, we're always glad to get bouquets, whether about the BULLETIN or the service on the North Shore Line, but they speak for themselves. Contributors are free to write about other things, in fact some of the best of them do. Give us some boosts about your home town, about places to spend a day outdoors or anything you wish to write about.

That industrious correspondent "Jumbo" has been hit with spring fever or something. We hope it isn't anything more serious than that, but his last letter is cause for anxiety on that score. We realize that this is the open season for poets so we are going to let this outburst from "Jumbo" go by, but we caution our correspondents not to overdo it. Here it is:

THE BREAKERS.

Reposing, while my eyes are fixed
Upon our mighty lake,
And listening to the murmurs of
The breakers, as they break.
They give an inspiration which
Real human love will teach,
If you have idle moments soon,
Do spend them on the beach.

You'll see a mass of water there,
Which has a mighty strength
To batter up the biggest ships,
Regardless of their length.
And when the angry waves cool down
You'll notice at the strand,
The breakers will apologize
And bow before the land.

So now, good friend, just stop and think
Of all the wrongs you've done;
What would your dear old mother say
To hear it—that her son
Has not apologized to those
Offended long before,
But if you lack the courage yet,
Go get it at the shore.

—Jumbo.

P. S.:
Hurrah! for the North Shore BULLETIN,
It's worth its weight in gold,
Just make it your habit to read it
And your spirit will never grow old.

—Jumbo.

We think the postscript is the better part of the poem and if "Jumbo" knows any one willing to pay for the BULLETIN what he says it is worth, we shall at once increase its size and weight. As for spending your idle moments on the beach listening to the breakers—don't have any idle moments. The only time we spend on the beach is during the swimming season and we haven't time to see the breakers. Too many attractive bathing suits to divert attention. Despite the inclement weather we conclude from the foregoing "poem" that spring actually is here.

It is several months since we heard from "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan, but he is still there. He writes:

I do not know whether you owe me one, or whether I owe you two. However, I received the April BULLETIN today and it reminded as Pat said, "Let's have one anyway, be jabbers"—I mean, of course, a letter, as I am sure we don't indulge in anything stronger than soda water.

This is pink stationery but you know I am not a pink tea sort of fellow, although I can wear my glad rags as gracefully as my overalls. I have always been partial to pink. I wonder if it is because the first time I met Mrs. Kade she wore a pink dress. She was a curly-headed, blue-eyed girl of 14 then. That was over thirty-five years ago.

Well, this is a great old world. Sometimes I wonder if we are not progressing too fast when I think of transportation forty years ago. We had ox-teams then along the Green Bay Road. Now we have the North Shore Line and yet we kick because we don't get there fast enough. Sometimes I think:

This world is but a circus ring,
Over tented with the blue
Sunlit canvas stitched with stars
Of gold and silvery hue.
Within the ring, ringmasters stand
There proudly, quite a few,
The audience sits and sees the show,
But then we all have acts to do.

Some of us are ringmasters, some of us are clowns, all are actors and we all must play our parts whatever they may be. Sometimes we are misunderstood and have our intentions misconstrued. Some think that everything is done for money. You know and I know that isn't so. Sometimes one has a big idea, a hobby, and some one else has nerve and money to carry out the idea. The result is that while some one may have gone broke, the world is better off for that idea.

I cannot help but compliment that conductor who mailed that letter for the lady and put a stamp on it. He was made of the right stuff. In spite of the jollying of the passengers he did what he felt was right. I hope all your employees play their part as well, for if we all do that when the final curtain is rung down on the big show we will no doubt hear, "Well done thou good and faithful servant" whether an individual or a public utility corporation.

Sincerely,

Dad Kade.

If we keep on with these letters we'll be getting the spring fever, or something, and we are too busy right now to even think of woods and waters and tented blue and all that sort of thing. But like

"Dad" Kade we're somewhat partial to the dreamers. Most of the big things accomplished in this world have been the result of some one's dreams.

INTERESTED

Mistress (to cook)—"I have some friends coming to dinner today, Mary, so I want you to do your very best. I'd like something especially nice if you can manage it."

Cook—"You can depend upon me, mum; I've got some friends of me own comin'!"

"Cohen, I've lost my pocket-book."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but de left-hand hip pocket."

"Well, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't der I'll drop dead."

Employer: "Not afraid of early hours, I suppose?"

Young Man: "You can't close up too early for me."

"Are you Doctor Smith?"

"No. But I know where we can get some."

CONSISTENCY

"Oh, George," reproached the young wife, "it was after 12 when you got home last night."

"Well, well," exclaimed the young husband. "you women are certainly insistent. Before we were married you didn't use to worry a bit about how late I got home."

WHO WOULD?

Daughter—"Now you've gone and spoiled everything. George doesn't come to see me any more."

Mother—"Well, what more could I do? Didn't we treat him like one of the family?"

Daughter—"You did. And he wouldn't stand for it."

A REAL LIVE ONE.

THE Milwaukee Association of Commerce is a live organization. At the head of its many bureaus and activities are real "live wires" with snap and pep.

One of the most wide-awake is Senator Oscar H. Morris, secretary of the Better Business Bureau. He may not know personally every citizen of Milwaukee, because there are about half



SENATOR OSCAR H. MORRIS.

a million of them, more or less, but he knows a lot of them.

When Senator Morris was a little kid he used to run messages for the Western Union. Even at that age he had what is known in the newspaper world as a "nose for news." He tipped off a good story to the *Sentinel* and it offered him a job. He chased copy for a while and later became a reporter, specializing for

a time on sports and later on politics.

Twenty years ago, although he didn't know much about automobiles, he went to Cleveland and became editor of one of the biggest automobile papers published at that time. He had a notion, however, that Milwaukee needed him and he drifted back and worked for a dozen years on the *Daily News*, writing baseball, boxing and other sporting news under the nom-de-plume of "Haskell," which happens to be his middle name.

Senator Morris handled so many political campaigns for others that he thought he would try the game on his own account and got elected from the fourth district. As a newspaper man he was pretty well acquainted in the legislative halls at Madison, and the only difference now is that they let him sit in the senate chamber instead of in hallways and hotel lobbies.

Among his other activities, Senator Morris is secretary of the Milwaukee Lion's Club. Not being a Lion, we can't tell you much about the organization, but we like its creed, written by some budding Walt Mason. Here is the creed: "Don't sit supinely on your roost, but come along and help us boost for better things of every kind, and leave your kicking clothes behind. O, let us boost for better streets and softer beds and longer sheets; for smoother lawns and better lights and shorter-winded blatherskites; for finer homes and larger trees and hats and boots and bumble bees; for shorter hours and longer pay, for fewer thistles in our hay; for better grub and bigger pies; for two more moons to light the skies, and let the wolves of war be loosed on every man who doesn't boost."

As secretary of the Better Business Bureau, Senator Morris is interested in checking up on fake

advertisers, blue sky operators and other get-rich-quick artists, and we are told that, through his activities in that line, he has saved business men many thousands of dollars.

Senator Morris has been a member of the Milwaukee Press Club for 17 years and has also served as its president. He is a good booster for the North Shore Line and for everything and everyone who is on the square, for boosting is his long suit. We like boosters and that is why we introduce Senator Morris to BULLETIN readers.

THE FOREST PRESERVE.

DID you know that one of the finest pieces of Forest Preserve in Illinois is situated right on the North Shore Line? One day recently in passing the Braeside station, between Glencoe and Ravinia, we noticed a "Forest Preserve" sign and the fine old woods just west of the track and a despatcher on the Chicago division to take passengers back to Chicago once decided to make an early exploration of that district. A few days later we visited the spot again and thought it an ideal place for picnics and outings of all kinds.

The woods extend from the North Shore tracks west to the Skokie, with open spaces here and there where outing parties could hold games. We were told that the first open space, which runs from Braeside west to Green Bay Road is to be prepared for a baseball field for a ball club being organized in Glencoe.

West of Green Bay Road is another larger open space, fringed with trees extending west to the Skokie marshes. Although it was early in the season when we rambled through the woods, there was a great profusion of violets and other wild flowers. It isn't necessary to carry a lunch along unless you wish. At the corner of Green

Bay Road and County Line Road is located the Chateau Maxim which is being overhauled and converted into a large dance pavilion on one side and a dining room on the other. The place is to make a specialty of chicken dinners, but will also provide sandwiches or light lunches. The proprietor, Mr. Maxim, told us he intended to conduct a place that would appeal to families on outings.

Keep this spot in mind when you are thinking of spending a day in the woods among the birds and wild flowers. The season for such outings is almost at hand and the North Shore Line is always ready to furnish the transportation facilities.

THAT SPRING BLIZZARD.

BLIZZARDS late in April are of rare occurrence and we're glad that they are. We think it was rather mean of the weather man to turn loose anything like that which visited the vicinity of Racine and Milwaukee on the afternoon and evening of April 16.

We didn't think that anyone had a grudge against the North Shore Line, not even the weather man, but he acted that night as if he had. Maybe he just wished to see whether the North Shore Line could make good its claim of giving 100 per cent service under the most trying circumstances. Certainly Old Boreas put the road to a severe test.

Well, in spite of it all the North Shore Line came out with flying colors, if not with flying trains. The operating officials are only human. Supermen couldn't have operated trains through that storm, for in one place there was fourteen feet of snow to buck. Worse than even that, the ice on top of the rails was three inches thick, so that trains could not be kept on the tracks. And it was so sudden and unexpected, too.

In the big storm three winters

ago, you may remember that the North Shore trains operated when all other means of transportation failed. This time the road was harder hit and it simply was impossible to get trains through for a few hours. It wasn't that the operating officials didn't try. Every bit of storm-fighting apparatus on the road was put into use and train crews and officials worked like beavers. Passengers in stalled trains realized that everything that was humanly possible was being done and almost without exception they took the situation good-naturedly.

When it was found that there was no hope of being able to push trains through to Milwaukee that night, arrangements were made to take passengers back to Chicago, or transfer them to the steam road, whichever they wished. Everything that was possible was done for the comfort of passengers, so that the road upheld its reputation for giving service. It is unfortunate that some were inconvenienced for a time, but the delay was unavoidable.

CADDIE WISDOM.

Dave Wilson, golf professional at Blue Mound, Milwaukee, opened the season with a lot of other professionals down at Pinehurst. Before leaving an admirer presented him with a pair of golf stockings, with garters and red tassels. They are quite the latest thing and a friend of Dave's tells the BULLETIN editor they created a mild sensation.

Dave was fortunate in having a Scotch caddie recently imported, who knew all about the game. The caddie observed that Dave was a little off his game one day and noticing that he wore new knickers to match the stockings he remarked sagely: "Ye shudna wear new breeks when ye're playing gowf. Ye keep lookin' at them when ye shud be lookin' at the ba'."

COMMENDS TICKET AGENT

HE following letter, received at the general offices of the company, explains itself:

On Friday last, March 4, I purchased a ticket at your Milwaukee station for Wilmette and in my rush for the 4 P. M. train I left my pocketbook on the outside of the ticket window and did not miss it, or even think that it was missing. When presenting my ticket at the train gate, the collector, looking at my ticket, said: "You are wanted at the ticket office." I was surprised for I did not even wink at the lady ticket seller; but when I again faced this good-looker, she handed me my pocketbook, stating I had left it on the window ledge.

This young lady's name, I learned, is Miss Baker, and I sincerely trust that your company will take cognizance of her honesty and promote her to a position of trust. The "Road of Safety" to its patrons in transit, backed as it is by honest employes, will always enjoy the good will of the public.

Cordially,
George E. Pratt.

That is part of North Shore service and such things happen every day, although everyone is not as thoughtful as Mr. Pratt about giving the employee credit.

GOOD SERVICE APPRECIATED

The North Shore line wins the good will of patrons by the quality of its service, with the result that there is a fine spirit of co-operation all along the line. The following letter from Harry H. Wheeler of the State Line Stock Farm is a fine example of the spirit of co-operation for the common good. He writes:

I have pleasure in reporting the saving from fire of your station platform at State Line station last night. One of the cedar posts which supports the platform became ignited when section men were burning grass late in the afternoon. At 9 P. M. it was burning lively, fanned by a high wind. A few buckets of water put things right.

We so appreciate the excellent service of your road that any service we can render is cheerfully given.

Harry H. Wheeler,
First Artillery.

The management appreciates the thoughtful act of Mr. Wheeler and wishes to thank him for it.

Here is a letter from a new contributor, who evidently had a troubled conscience over "lifting" copies of the BULLETIN when he had occasion to call at some of the company's offices. We have given him absolution, as the truth of the matter is, we place copies in some of the offices in the hope and expectation that they will be "lifted" and read. He writes:

A confession is good for the soul, so here goes; I have been guilty of lifting copies of your Bulletin "often" the desk of Charles Jones, et al., and at times, while waiting for friend Kretschmer, have spent enjoyable moments digesting contents of your publication. Seldom doth a peddler spend happy moments on the anxious seat in the "bull pen" of a purchasing office, but then you fellows are distinctive in many respects. It seems you have solved the problem of making the public know they are sure of a "good ride." They just don't have to kid themselves.

The really human "touch" here and there in your service renders one anxious to add his word of appreciation along with the many others who have had sufficient contact with your line to really realize the difference. Ask the C. and N. W., they know what I mean.

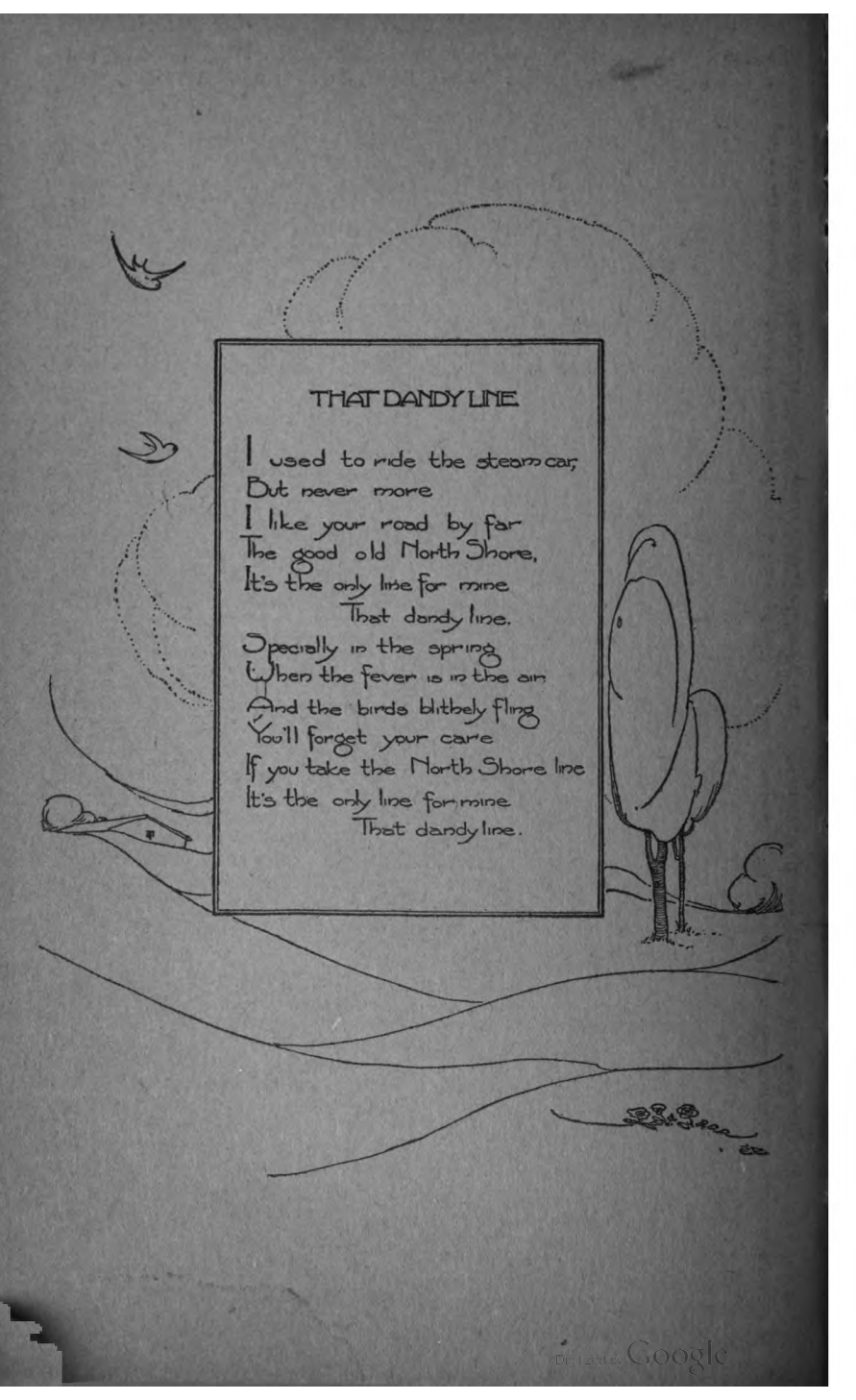
With best wishes,
Jim Ham.

We are glad to have "Jim Ham" in the family, but in order that his conscience may be appeased, we have put his name on the mailing list, so that it will not be necessary to "lift" any more copies.

"WRITE LIKE THE DICKENS," IS RIGHT

An Oriental paper having an English section, printed the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each one been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."



THAT DANDY LINE

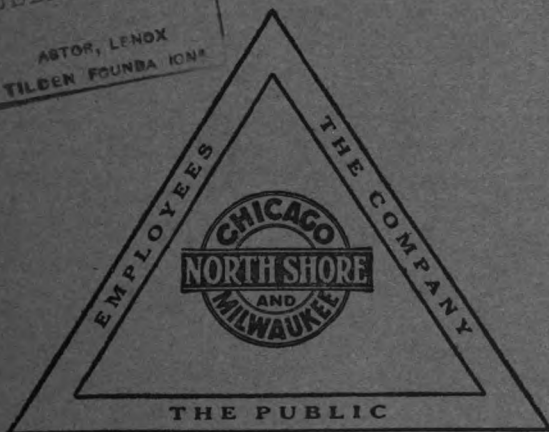
I used to ride the steam car,
But never more

I like your road by far
The good old North Shore,
It's the only line for mine
That dandy line.

Specially in the spring
When the fever is in the air
And the birds blithely fling
You'll forget your care
If you take the North Shore line
It's the only line for mine
That dandy line.

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

JUNE, 1921



"The Road of Service"

PRAISE NORTH SHORE SERVICE

SOME time ago the members of the Chicago Women's Musical Club chartered a special two-car train on the North Shore Line to make a trip to Hubbard Woods and were greatly pleased with the character of the service rendered them. The Traffic Department has received the following letter referring to the trip:

"What can I say in praise of that wonderful North Shore Line that has not already been said? Everybody extolled everything. We had only two empty seats and everyone was comfortable. Mrs. Schwarz came to me on the train and asked me to express to you, Mr. Petersen and the superintendent, our heartfelt thanks for those princely cars. The service men were extremely polite, courteous and solicitous. I was surprised to see how everything was done so perfectly and quietly. One lady—a great traveler—said she had been all over the United States and had never seen such perfect service. Another said that the North Shore office ought to know our great pleasure over the service. It was just that way from each of the 104 ladies in the party. The day, the environment and the service was a fitting three leaf clover out there. The luncheon, coffee, and later the music and Mr. Allbright's many canvases, inspired us to sing 'Perfect Day.'

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. F. Thompson."

Another lady who was in the party wrote: "Our trip to Hubbard Woods was one of the most delightful it has been my good fortune to make. Permit me to compliment the North Shore Line by saying that a good share in the making of a perfect day was the perfect service, free from smoke and cinders, given by the road, the ideal transportation along the North Shore. There is so much to criticise these days it

is a pleasure to praise when deserved.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. T. Leman."

We have frequently told you in the Bulletin that for outings of women's clubs and such excursions, the North Shore Line is the most convenient because the operating officials make it their business to see that personal attention is given such patrons. When a party is planning an outing of that kind, all that is necessary is to get in touch with the Traffic Department and all details are arranged to meet the wants of the party. If it is desired to have a luncheon or a dinner on the way, a dining car is attached to the special train and meals served on the way.

This is the season for outings and there are many delightful spots along the North Shore. Before making your arrangements for transportation, get in touch with the Traffic Department of the North Shore Line.

RAVINIA PARK

The 1921 season at Ravinia Park opens June 25 with a program that makes a special appeal to music lovers. Everyone on the North Shore knows the sort of musical entertainment furnished by this great outdoor opera-house and nearly everyone knows that the best way to reach Ravinia is over the North Shore Line. Trains stop at the entrance to the park and are run to suit the convenience of patrons. Special opera trains are run from Chicago, arriving at the entrance in time for the performances and leaving immediately they are over.

An old farmer from Ala,
Hit his wife on the head with a
ha,

When they questioned him why
He replied with a sigh—
"She drank all my lick up! Da!"

The North Shore Bulletin


Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, June, 1921

 28 No. 8

Editorial Comment.

*My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.*

THAT'S a pretty good text for a little sermon in these more or less parlous times. Quite appropriate around Decoration Day.

* * * * *

WE maintain that this is still the land of liberty, the best country in the world, although there are some who seem to think that personal liberty vanished with the passage of the eighteenth amendment.

* * * * *

ALWAYS when we hear such questions as "personal liberty" and "individual rights" brought up in a discussion, we are inclined to smile just a little. You know what Lincoln said: "We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing." In the sense that some use the phrase "personal liberty" there is "no sich animal," nor can there be in any organized state of society.

* * * * *

SOMETIMES we wish that those who talk so freely of "personal liberty" really got a taste of it. We can conceive of one having perfect personal liberty on some uninhabited island in the South Pacific, or maybe in a boat in the middle of the Atlantic, were he the only one in the boat, but in a civilized community it is out of the question. One's individual rights end where the other fellow's begin, and there can be no real liberty except that which

comes from observance of the established laws of society. That, at least, seems perfectly clear to us.

* * * * *

WE are not going to give you a lecture on temperance or anything of that kind, although we are a stickler on the subject of observance of law. The whole structure of society rests upon that and while we hear a great deal these days about the need of a return to "normalcy," what we really need most is a return to the principles laid down in the Constitution of this great republic of ours. We are prompted to make these remarks because of some letters which appear on another page of this issue, in answer to comments we made two months ago on the subject of observing the law.

* * * * *

IN our comments two months ago we expressed no opinion relative to the merits of the eighteenth amendment. The point we strove to make is that the amendment was passed in the orderly way provided for under the Constitution; that such being the case it was now one of the fundamental laws of our country and must be observed by all law-abiding citizens. If it is repealed in the same orderly way in which it was enacted it wouldn't concern us greatly one way or the other. However, our personal opinion is that it won't be repealed very soon, because it would require a two-thirds vote of the Congress to submit it to the states and three-fourths vote of the states, just as it did to pass it. By the time that could be brought about, maybe we may all be agreed that it shouldn't be repealed. Be that as it may we still stand on our original ground that while it is a law of the land it should be obeyed.

* * * * *

WE enjoy receiving letters like that which appears in this issue from our youthful friend and contributor, "Loophound, Jr." There is much of it with which we don't agree, but the whole tone of the letter is good-natured and that is what we like. We never could understand why men should get angry or personal over a difference of opinion. Seems to us life would be terribly monotonous if everyone agreed with everyone else. We feel somewhat like the old Scotchman, who when told he could not live throughout the

night and his housekeeper suggested she should read a chapter of the Bible for him, exclaimed testily: "I dinna want tae hear ye read the Bible, but rin ower tae MacPherson's and tell him I want tae see him. I wad like tae hae an argument wi' him afore I go." A case of the ruling passion being strong in death.

* * * * *

WHEN we started speaking about "liberty," however, we didn't have only the eighteenth amendment in mind. Really we believe there are lots of things much more important than whether beer shall be one-half of one per cent or six per cent. There is a lot of anti-American propaganda being carried on at the present time, more insidious and more dangerous than the differences of opinion over the merits of home brew. Some of it is being conducted under the guise of "personal liberty" appeals, some of it pro-German, some of it anti-English, but all of it anti-American. Anything which tends to weaken confidence in our own institutions, or to stir up envy and hatred toward our English-speaking allies in the late war, is to be condemned, and there is a lot of it going on. It should be counteracted on every opportunity. Had some of those who are now complaining over the loss of freedom and liberty in this country had their way about it, the allies would have been defeated and our freedom and liberty really would have been gone.

* * * * *

SINCE the retirement to private life of Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, we haven't heard much about revolutions nipped in the bud. You remember how we used to get a new revolution every morning at the breakfast table. With Mr. Palmer on the job, of course, the revolutions were always squelched with neatness and dispatch before they happened. They weren't particularly dangerous then and they are not particularly dangerous now. The anarchist and bolshevist who openly advocates the overthrow of our government by force of arms from his soapbox on the street corner, isn't greatly to be feared. His radical, seditious vapors have some effect, it is true, especially on those who are out of work, but in the long run that type of agitator doesn't accomplish a great deal. Nevertheless we would be perfectly willing to see a few of them sent to join Emma and Big Bill Haywood in Russia—the land of perfect

freedom and starvation. We would be willing to contribute toward paying their passage there, so that they might enjoy the kind of freedom and liberty they are so anxious to give the rest of us.

* * * * *

THERE is another kind of propaganda that is more insidious and really more dangerous, because it sounds more plausible and cannot be traced to its origin as easily as the vaporings of the soapbox orator. During the war it was kept pretty much in check, but many of us have forgotten that our country was in a war. Now efforts are being made to show that we did wrong when we entered the war. It would seem that Germany will never understand the psychology of other nations. Her blunders in that regard throughout the course of the war are now pretty well understood. She blundered with respect to Belgium, then with respect to Britain, and finally she utterly failed to understand the people of the United States. If she had understood the psychology of the American people the Lusitania would not have been sunk. She seems not to understand America any better today, if we are to judge by the kind of literature which is being distributed. There has recently been formed in this country a joint stock company, whose objects are, according to its prospectus, to give a "systematic and well-organized enlightenment service in all parts of the world." It does not hesitate to state that a part of this "enlightenment service" will be to set the world right and combat the "ostensible untruth about German guilt for the war."

* * * * *

IF Germany understood the American people she might save the money to be spent in such propaganda work and devote it to paying her war indemnities. The whole world, outside of Germany, is pretty well agreed on the responsibility for the war and it isn't likely to change its opinion, in this generation at least. To us it would seem that such a campaign of "enlightenment" will only keep alive and intensify the feeling against Germany of which the joint stock company complains. But we are not surprised that Germany is guessing wrong again, as she did all through the war. The most important business Germany has on hand today, is to settle with the reparations commission, and when she has shown a

disposition to do that fairly and honorably, as she agreed to do at Versailles, she will be more likely to gain the good will of the rest of the world than by conducting a campaign of "enlightenment."

* * * * *

THERE is now being circulated a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About the World War." The name of the author is given as "August Schinderhans" and he calls his book an "expose for better Americanism." The first chapter is headed, "Germany Did Not Start the War." Mr. Schinderhans says: "It is only a malicious and bigoted ignoramus who says Germany started the World War." Of course, you can easily guess who started it. The author goes on: "Belgium, like Luxembourg, could easily have permitted the German army to pass through her territory, made money, stayed happy and prosperous, but for the evil advice of Great Britain." Quite interesting are the views of this patriot for "better Americanism." He says: "The United States in the world conflict were never neutral. A venomous, unbridled press took early sides with the robber entente and vile epithets against everything German were the rule." In spite of that statement the author concludes that this country did not want to join the war. He says: "The whole West said plainly that Americans on the Lusitania had no business on a British ship in wartime carrying ammunition. Think of the German women and children suffering the inhumanity of a slow death. Think of a brave people who hitherto had earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, fought off the robber entente for almost three years, and here comes the mighty United States to help the robbers and finish the poor and honest victims." The author says that the Americans "bled and died for pelf, plutocracy and snobocracy, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer." He closes his book with an appeal to his fellow American citizens to pass it along, so that light may be cast in the dark places, as the press one and all will ignore it.

* * * * *

NOW what is the purpose of a pamphlet like that? Does it tend to make better Americans? If one believes that our boys who fell in France "died for pelf," is he likely to be loyal to the

flag under which they fell? Isn't that the most pernicious kind of propaganda? That is the sort of stuff that is more dangerous than the wild talk of the soapbox orator. We understand it is being circulated freely. An "expose for better Americanism" forsooth! But it has a double purpose. Not only is it calculated to weaken one's loyalty to America, but it is intended to stir up hatred toward Great Britain. If these mischief-makers could only divide the English-speaking nations they would be happy. And we repeat here what we said during the war, that in our opinion the future of our present civilization depends on the dominance of the great English-speaking democracies represented by the United States and what is known as the British Empire, which in reality is a federation of independent commonwealths. It is up to the 100 per cent Americans to see that such efforts to divide the nations which have a common language, common laws and customs are not permitted to gain headway.

* * * * *

THE best weapon with which to fight such dangerous propaganda is the Truth. You no doubt heard the stories generally whispered around a few months ago of the alleged mistreatment of German women by French black soldiers in the occupied territory on the Rhine. It was a revolting story and calculated to arouse animosity toward France. But there wasn't a word of truth in it, for the reason that there are no black French troops in the occupied territory, nor has there ever been. The Outlook magazine was the first to expose that lie. At least we first read the actual truth in its columns, but the same lie also was ably refuted by the American Legion, the organization that stands for 100 per cent Americanism all the time. The story appears occasionally today, although its utter falsity is pretty generally known. Equally untrue is the story that the British government is conducting propaganda work in this country with the idea of influencing public opinion. We know that the British government is not doing anything of the kind, nor has it any intention of doing so.

* * * * *

DURING the recent visit to Chicago of Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, the editor of

the BULLETIN happened to be one of a number of men invited to meet him at a luncheon at the University Club. At that luncheon the question of anti-British propaganda was mentioned and some suggested that the British government should supply the ammunition, in the shape of literature, to help counteract it. Sir Auckland replied that the government of Great Britain had not, nor would it take any measures to contradict the calumnies being circulated, that the truth was available to anyone who was interested enough to seek it. "Britain," said Sir Auckland, "certainly has no intention of interfering with the internal affairs of any nation, and she expects the same consideration from every other nation as to non-interference in Britain's internal affairs." That statement is clear-cut and should convince anyone open to conviction. Yet when a pro-German or a Sinn Fein canard is exposed, the writer, or the publication, is branded as pro-British. During the war we used to express our view on the hyphen pretty freely in this column and received lots of commendations for it. We haven't had occasion to do that for some time, but we haven't changed a bit. When we hear or read some of these attacks on America, for that is what they are, no matter how they are disguised, it gets us fighting mad, so we feel we have to get a little of it out of our system. We're neither "pro" or "anti" but American all the time.

* * * * *

SPEAKING on the subject of Americanism, the North Shore Line is now engaged in Americanization work with which our readers may not be familiar. In the last month or six weeks more than fifty track laborers have taken out their naturalization papers as a result of that work. That is the kind of propaganda with which we are in hearty accord. We told you in last month's BULLETIN about the school which Mr. Hyatt, maintenance of way engineer, had started to teach men of foreign birth to read and write the English language. Mr. Hyatt has followed up that work by getting these men to become naturalized citizens. He arranged with the courts in Racine, Kenosha and Waukegan to keep open on a certain evening and more than fifty men took out their papers in one day. Many of the men had their first papers for years, but were not interested enough to become full citizens, largely because

no one had ever shown enough interest in them to ask them. If more of that sort of work was done there would be fewer bolshevists to preach revolution and the overthrow of government. The more one knows about our form of government and the history of our country, the less attention he pays to the yaps who advocate its overthrow by violence.

* * * * *

SOMETIMES we think our public schools do not do all they should in the way of teaching American history. Our school curriculum is so arranged that in the four years a pupil attends high school he gets one year of American history. If we had our way about it he would get four years of it and then he wouldn't have any too much. He could well afford to have that study at the expense of some of the stuff he gets, which isn't much use to him while in school and isn't any use after he leaves school to take his place in the world. It would help also, were a little more emphasis laid on our form of government, how our laws are enacted, how the representatives, state and national, who make our laws, are elected, how changes in our fundamental laws can be made in a regular, orderly way, why ours is not a class government and can never become one, the soapbox orators to the contrary notwithstanding. As we already remarked, the truth is the best antidote for all the un-American propaganda which we hear on all sides.

* * * * *

AS we began this line of chatter with a plea for observance of law, we can't think of a better way to end it than with a quotation on that subject from Lincoln: "Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

A Famous Hotel on North Shore

YOU have heard, of course, of the Moraine at Highland Park. For twenty years it has been known as the most famous hotel on the north shore of Lake Michigan. From all part of the country come families to spend the summer months, and, what is not true of all hotels, when they have spent one summer there, they wish to return the next.

To Highland Park, and in fact to the whole north shore, the Moraine is more than a hotel. There are hotels in Chicago and in Milwaukee and in other cities more pretentious in many ways than the Moraine, but they do not appeal to the guest in just the same way.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "There's a mighty amount of character in sticks." Dickens, in his delightful way, used to find character in door knockers. We don't recall ever reading anything about the character in hotels, but it is there, as everyone who has had occasion to patronize them to any extent understands. One goes to a hotel in a strange city and no matter how elaborate the surroundings may be and how good the service may be, he somehow feels lonesome and wishes he were at home. He goes to another hotel, and while it may be less elaborate in some ways, it has a sort of home atmosphere that he enjoys. The Moraine has that kind of an atmosphere.

There is a lot of difference in hotelkeepers, too. Some are very excellent men, as hotelkeepers, but they are just hotelkeepers. You know what we mean. They are engaged in the business of running a hotel and their world is largely confined to its four walls.

Frederick W. Cushing, the proprietor of the Moraine, is altogether a different type. The fact

that he built and made the Moraine what it is today is evidence that he has been successful as a hotelkeeper, but one would not need to meet and talk with him to find out that he is something more. A glance around his own apartments in the hotel would tell the story. The pictures on the wall, the rows of bookcases with their well-filled shelves of books, many of a scientific character and showing evidence of being used, would tell an observer that Mr. Cushing is something more than a capable hotelkeeper. But if other evidence of Mr. Cushing's activities were needed, almost any one in Highland Park can tell you that he is now and has been for years one of its most public-spirited citizens. He is the father of its park system and is now at the head of the board. As one of the old guests of the hotel said, "Mr. Cushing is a fine public character."

When the editor of the Bulletin breezed into the Moraine the other day the first man he met in the lobby was Philip Payne, author of several books and now an editorial writer. It was the first time we had met in some years, although we used to be intimate friends. He lives at the hotel during the summer, as he has done for several years. His greeting was as cordial as it is possible for such accidental meetings with old time friends to be in these arid times.

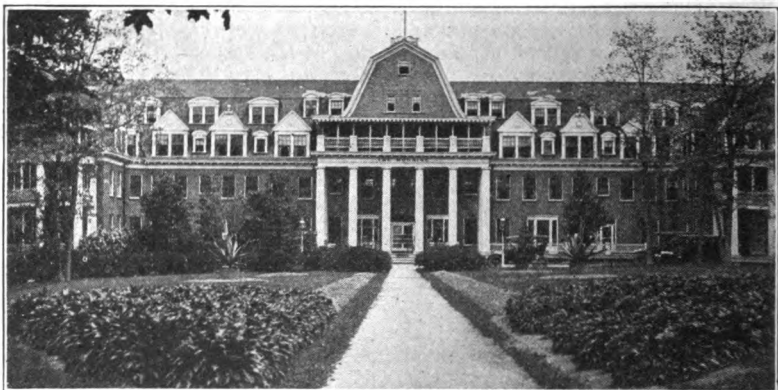
We told Mr. Payne we were scouting for material for a little story and thought we might find it in the Moraine. "Fine idea," he said, "but everyone knows about the hotel. Write something about Mr. Cushing, who has an interesting history and is a fine character. I'll go and find him."

Mr. Cushing came through the lobby a few minutes later and we

were introduced. "I am glad to meet you," he said, "because I read your Bulletin and I think it is as readable a little publication as I have ever seen. I particularly enjoyed an editorial you had nearly a year ago on 'profiters.' I thought at the time, and still think, that was one of the best things I ever read. I was going to write you about it but I never did." Our chest expanded about two and three-quarters inches after that and we thought Mr. Cushing a man of fine discernment. Now if he had said—but what's the use of conjecturing?

"Ah, give him what he wants," said Mr. Payne. "He knows human interest stuff. He doesn't care about the hotel, you can get that from a circular. If you don't tell him about yourself I will."

We agreed with Mr. Payne that the average reader likes something of human interest rather than a description of bricks and mortar, but Mr. Cushing remained obdurate. He did, however, consent to give us a picture and took us into his apartments while he looked for it. The first thing that attracted our notice was an oil painting of two very pretty little girls. "My daughters when they



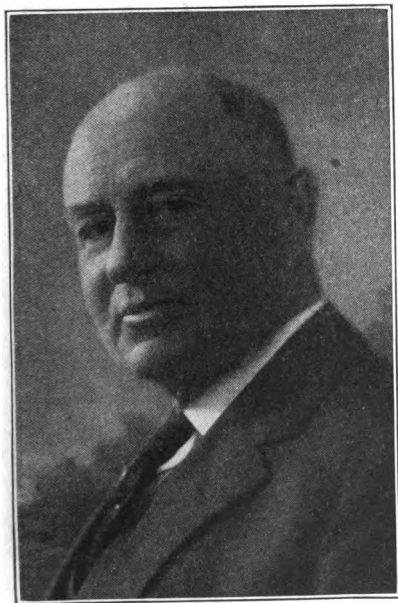
Moraine Hotel, Highland Park, Ill.

We talked a few minutes on industrial questions and learned that in his early career Mr. Cushing had been a telegraph operator. "Yes," chimed in Mr. Payne, "and he worked the instrument that sent the first message across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He also had a lot to do with inventing the telephone, although Bell perfected it. I tell you he has an interesting history." "Never mind him," said Mr. Cushing. "I should be pleased to have you write something about the hotel, but leave me out of it."

were little girls," explained Mr. Cushing, following our eyes. "I have another picture of them that might interest you." He showed a photograph of the two daughters now married, one of them with a little baby of her own in her lap, taken under the oil painting. His picture also is in the group, showing three generations below and the two daughters as little girls in the background above. Just a simple little thing, but isn't it just such little human things that give a glimpse into one's character?

Regretting that he had to leave

to keep an important business engagement in Waukegan, Mr. Cushing introduced us to the hotel manager, Robert W. Larke, and asked him to show us around. Mr. Larke's hobby when he is not managing the hotel, is hunting big game in the Canadian Rockies in the winter months. He is an expert rifle shot and we understand



**F. W. Cushing, Proprietor
Moraine Hotel**

has many trophies to prove it, although he did not speak of his prowess in that direction. His talk was all of the hotel, which was being prepared for the summer rush of guests. Of course, it is open all the year, but with fewer guests in the winter, so that the annex is closed. In the summer months the hotel usually accommodates about 250 guests, mostly families, the rooms being arranged in suites of two, three

or four rooms, with one or two bathrooms, according to the size of the family.

What splendid sleeping porches it has, too, overlooking the lake. The setting of the hotel is beautiful, on the edge of a cliff, with a deep wooded ravine on the north, through which winding paths lead down to the fine bathing beach at the bottom. There are plenty of tennis courts and croquet grounds. There was once an obstacle golf course, but it was abandoned as the guests did not indulge to any extent in the game. Why should they with so many fine golf courses nearby where they may indulge in the real article?

Leaving Mr. Larke we found Mr. Payne awaiting us in the lobby, ready to supply any information we needed. He said he considered Mr. Cushing a very fine character. Born in Canada, he has spent most of his life in the United States, although he has traveled extensively and lived for a time in London and in Paris. Has been successful in the hotel business, although his getting into it was rather an accident. Has a fine library and speaks French fluently. Has done a great deal for civic betterments of all kinds in Highland Park and is really a fine public character. Of a scientific turn of mind with a genius for solving mechanical problems. That is one reason why everything of a mechanical nature around the hotel is as perfect as it is possible to have it.

"Now," concluded Mr. Payne, as he fired off the foregoing information as if he were dictating a biography for the Congressional Guide or the Blue Book, "that gives you the basis and you write your own story."

Well, we have, and if it isn't interesting, blame the writer, for one couldn't find a better subject to write about on the whole North Shore.

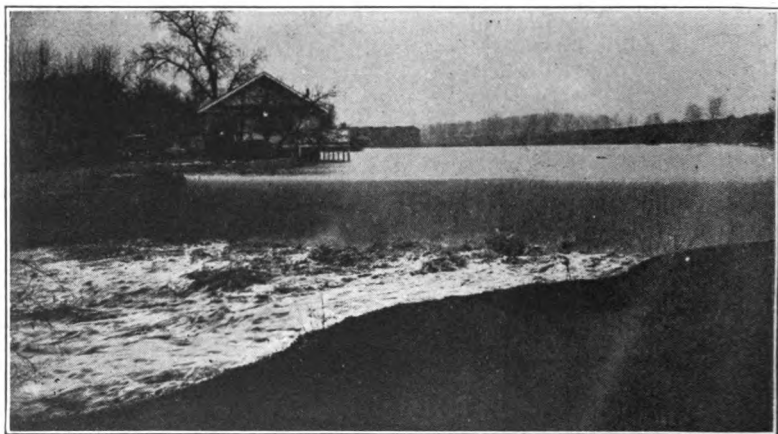
ROOT RIVER FALLS.

OLD readers of the Bulletin will remember a little story we printed some two years ago about the falls on Root River near Racine, at the site of "Ye Olde Mill." The pictures we showed in connection with that story have been the source of many a joke at our expense.

You know there are a few birds around these offices who have insisted that the "falls" was just another "pipe dream" of ours, as there isn't any water there. Some one would say, "Where are the wonderful falls that Grant tells about?" Another would smile and

smile. One of the places to be inspected was the stone quarry and stone crushing mill near the famous falls. It was shortly after that big snowstorm up Milwaukee way and the Root River at the stone quarry was a raging flood. From the quarry one can't see the falls, owing to a bend in the river, but we invited a few of the skeptical birds to take a walk with us round the bend and we would show them some real waterfalls.

Well, some of them only laughed and winked and said something about us trying to make good. A few sauntered around the turn, however, and



Root River Falls, Racine, Wis.

reply: "Ask him. No one but Grant ever saw the falls." Well, you know we like to have a joke on others and can stand one on ourself as good naturedly as any one, but we had an opportunity a short time ago to turn the tables on our tormenters, in a manner of speaking.

There was an inspection trip over the North Shore Line one day and most of the operating officials were there. We went along to see that they behaved them-

they saw the falls. It was raining a little and not a good day to take pictures, but we had our kodak along and snapped a picture or two, anyway. A little under-exposed an account of the cloudy day, but good enough to convince those doubting Thomases that we tell only the truth in this Bulletin and when we said we saw beautiful waterfalls, we actually saw them.

We couldn't produce clear, sparkling water that day. To be

truthful it was as muddy as we ever saw the Mississippi, but it was there in large measure. Tree trunks that had been uprooted by the flood, drifted down the swift current at a tremendous speed. One is shown in the picture nearing the falls. As it rushed along we thought again of that other mill—"The Mill on the Floss" of which we were so fond of reading years ago. We could see Tom and Maggie Tulliver in their boat struggling in that torrent and see their reconciliation, with Tom clasping his sister in his arms before they went under.

The loud tooting of the whistle on the special car brought us back to earth, because we didn't wish to get left there. We hurried back to the car wearing a sort of satisfied smile as if to say: "Can you birds believe your eyes?" Even M. J. Feron, the general superintendent of transportation was convinced. M. J. doesn't care a great deal about waterfalls, except as they might prove an attraction to passengers to fill up his trains, but he did say that we had made good. "It's some sight, boy," he said. "I never believed we had anything like that on the North Shore Line."

Visitors to the spot this year won't see the picturesque old mill that formerly stood there. It was burned to the ground and all that is left is a mass of brick and stone walls and machinery. But there is a new dance pavilion, as shown in the picture, and the surroundings are prettier than ever. It is an ideal place for a picnic or a day's outing.

EMPLOYES MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

THE Mutual Benefit Association, started among the employees of the North Shore Line last February, is proving a great success. In the three months of

its existence the Association has paid out \$1,066 in claims to members. The membership is now 500, but it ought to be more. In fact everyone connected with the company should be a member of the Association.

As outlined in the Bulletin when the Mutual Benefit Association was organized, the dues are \$1 a month from members and the company contributes 50 cents a month for each member. Sick benefits of \$15 a week are paid after the first week, but if a member is ill and incapacitated more than twenty-one consecutive days, his benefits begin with the first day of illness. A death benefit of \$300 is paid on the death of a member.

The promptness with which all claims for benefit have been met has pleased the recipients. That is one point in favor of such an Association. When the breadwinner is down with illness, that is the time his dependents need assistance, not weeks after he has recovered. The Mutual Benefit Association pays promptly.

The officers are beginning a "drive" to get new members. It is to be hoped they will succeed, for just think what it means to the wife and babies to have such a protection. It should appeal just as strongly to the unmarried man or woman. The fact that you never have been sick is no assurance that you won't be some day. Even if you should never have occasion to draw any benefits, your dues are helping to pay others who are less fortunate.

Join the Association now. You can't have too much protection of that kind and the dues are not high. You know you spend ten times that amount foolishly every month and have nothing to show for it. Get in and help yourself and help others.

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT.

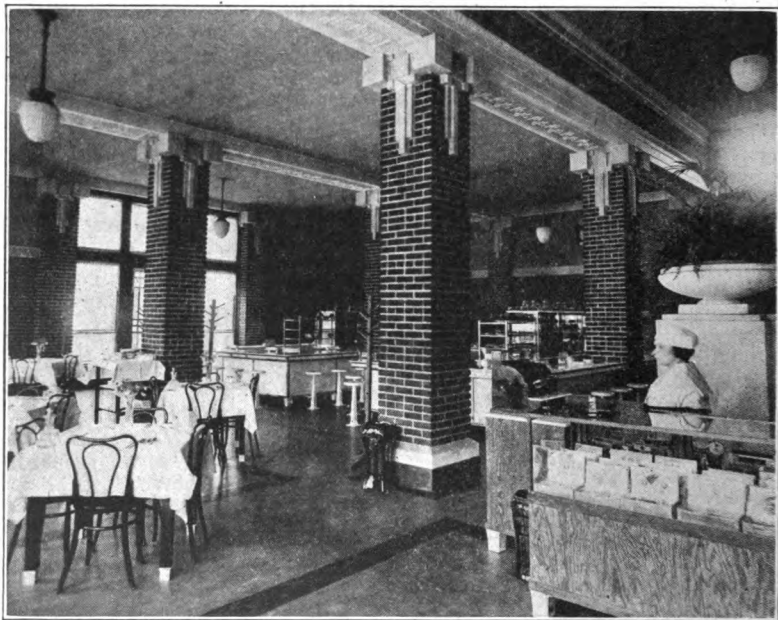
SOMETHING cool and inviting in this sort of weather is that restaurant in the new terminal of the North Shore Line in Milwaukee. The quality of the food served is just as good as in the North Shore dining cars and that is all that need be said of it, as everyone who has patronized the dining cars knows.

The manager of the restaurant has an eye open all the time for the comfort of his patrons. That

CHICAGO'S PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

YOU have no doubt read of the wonderful "Pageant of Progress" which Chicago will hold from July 30 to August 13. It will be worth traveling a long distance to see.

The exposition will be held on the Municipal Pier, the greatest exposition site of its kind in the world. You may not know it, but the pier extends into Lake Michi-



Restaurant; North Shore Terminal, Milwaukee, Wis.

is one reason why a visitor is always sure to get good service. He also has an eye open for business, as he asked us why we didn't mention his restaurant in the Bulletin. He appreciates what a good advertising medium this publication is.

Now that we have told you about it, give it a trial.

gan a distance of 3,000 feet. The display of Chicago products will occupy a floor space of 164,000 square feet. It is going to be the biggest thing ever held in the city and, of course, you will want to see it.

Keep the date in mind and visit the show. We needn't tell you to travel on the North Shore Line.

With the Bulletin Family

WELL Family, this month you seem to have "lain down on the job, as the saying is. At least we have not had as many letters as usual, but after all you are not to blame. We are writing this before the last Bulletin has reached you, so, of course, you haven't had time to comment on it. A number of circumstances beyond our control interfered with the last issue, so that it was very late. Oh, it wasn't our fault. We wrote it in time but printer's strikes and other things came along so that we were lucky to get it out at all. But we did and it was a pretty good one, too, at least as far size goes. Seeing it was late we gave you a few extra pages to make up.

As a result of the delay the letters we have refer to the previous issue, but then they are just as good at one time as another. We like to get them and if they are a month late what's the difference?

One thing which always interests us is to get the views of our readers on subjects on which we happen to comment. Most readers seem to agree with us and while that is flattering, really we enjoy hearing the views of some who disagree with us. Having two divergent views from readers on our comments on "law observance," or whatever you wish to call it, in the April issue, we give them the top of the column, beginning with the one who agrees with us. It came from the Chicago Law and Order League and is as follows:

My son, who lives in Hubbard Woods, sent me a copy of the April issue of the North Shore Bulletin and called my attention to pages 6-7, marked. I desire to commend your publication, and yourself as editor, for this article regarding

law and order, which is one of the finest I have ever read. In that article you have emphasized the necessity of every person obeying the law along with the quotations on the back of this letterhead from Hoar, Hooker, Lincoln, Polk and President Harrison.

President Lincoln said this country could not live half slave and half free. I think every student of the history of this nation, of the states and of the large cities, realizes the danger of the lawlessness that is in existence today in America. It seems to me that President Lincoln's statement as to slavery is equally applicable to the question of law and order. As Hoar said: "Obedience to law is liberty" and I appreciate very much what you said to these men regarding the constitution of the United States.

I personally have been interested in the enforcement of law in Chicago now for over half a century and it gives me great encouragement to read such a fine document as you have written regarding the duty of American citizens to obey the law—not one law, but all laws.

Yours very truly,

Arthur Burrage Farwell.

We believe we could write a good editorial from that letter and from the one which follows giving the other side, just to show the truth of a statement made by Abraham Lincoln who said: "We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing."

The next one comes from no other than our young friend Loophound, Jr., and the way that boy gives us a lacing is amusing as well as interesting. He writes:

I must apologize for not writing you before, but friend Loophound can testify how busy I am. You know we have only a few more weeks before the examination that decides our destiny, as 'twere. So the old midnight oil is going full blast.

Loophound doesn't exaggerate a bit when he tells you what a wonderful institution Old Penn is; but as to comparing Philadelphia to

Evanston, I'm afraid he misunderstood me. Since the W. C. T. U. settled on Evanston (the "on" is intentional) I come from Chicago to strangers, although my home is on Davis street. But there is small need of going further into that. Anyone familiar with Chicago who has to spend some time in this city knows how things stand. Oh, yes, Philadelphia is a great place. One of the cleanest spots in the country. Instead of street cleaners here they pray for rain. They call it Delafilthia now, with the accent on the filth. The university's one drawback is the city it's in. But the stone-throwing incident is a fact. My dad did here along with others in a German class back in '86. By the way, I'm studying commercial German now in the same room in College Hall.

To jump to Loophound's aid, I can't see where Detroit has anything on Chicago in baseball. Let me remind "Michigander" that the two Chicago teams have won more pennants than any other two cities in the country. As for crooked players—we handled them a lot better than some other clubs did and what is practically our second team isn't sitting in the cellar at the present time by any means.

The Bulletin's editorials, as usual, are bully. Still, if one considers that there were about two million voters absent, staking their lives for freedom and for the safety of the folks back home, when those same said folks sneaked over the prohibition bill, knowing full well that it would have been defeated were their protectors here to speak for themselves, one might wonder at the fairness of the act and the advisability of branding those who disobey it as criminals. Were the colonists criminals for upholding their rights at Boston in revolutionary times? Personally, I don't think so. The habit which has lately been acquired in this country of prohibiting this and that is in itself a violation of the principles upon which this country was founded and has grown. I wish some one would start the Anti-"Anti"-Society. Saw a cartoon some time ago showing a prohibitionist amending the "Star-Spangled Banner"—blue penciling the last line. It is still the home of the brave all right, but as to the "Land of the Free" business—well, sometimes we have our doubts.

The prohibition movement doesn't seem to have decreased attendance at our jails

much. In fact it has made criminals of a lot of decent citizens who simply believe in maintaining their rights as did the patriots at the Boston Tea Party. Personal liberty is a quality inherent to Americans. There is a difference, too, I think between a robber and a man who buys liquor. The robber injures society; a man who takes a drink hurts no one but himself. We have a moral right to control public welfare by protecting life and property of citizens, but controlling the personal acts and home life of the citizens is a step which we have neither the legal nor moral right to take. The eighteenth amendment is of itself unconstitutional, even though it is a part of the constitution, by its very nature. Whiskey and gin may be harmful to the public welfare. They can be taxed out of existence. But wine and beer never wrecked homes or made wife beaters in a thousand years.

The worst thing about prohibition is that it has done away with the places where men were most likely to gather. It has destroyed the poor man's club. We notice a great change in college life since prohibition was thrust upon the country. In past years from fifty to a hundred men would gather in the buffets of several downtown hotels every Friday and Saturday night. They would drink a few steins of beer and eat a few sandwiches, talk over studies or things of general interest, smoke, sing college songs and have a good time in general. The buffets are gone today and what of the college men? Perhaps they go to a soda fountain—meet a few girls. Then down to a dance hall to spend the evening. Which do you think better? Personally I prefer the former. Prohibition has hit young men in general throughout the country in just this way. When you consider that Pennsylvania has twelve thousand students, Columbia twenty odd thousand and that there are loads of other universities in the country with enrollments over ten thousand, the problem becomes serious.

Perhaps the saloon was a bad thing, but it is properly controlled in France and other European countries. It can be controlled here. It is an interesting fact that in the time I spent in Havana this year I didn't see a single intoxicated man on the streets save Americans and the average American goes on a spree for about two days when he hits Havana, then gets used to having liquor around

again and controls his use of liquor.

Here I have used up almost two sheets of paper talking anti-prohibition. You must think I am a rum hound, but I'm not. However, I am a staunch believer in the "Rule of Reason," and it seems to be sadly lacking in America today. We'll have to thrash this out together on the Badger Limited in June. Better get "Michigander" over, too, and we will have two subjects to "argy" over instead of one.

Best regards,

Loophound, Jr.

Well, Loophound, Jr., there are some things in your letter with which we can agree, but there are a good many that we think we can riddle in that coming argument on the Badger Limited. We admire the spirit with which you stand up for your ideas, which made us think of ourself when we were about your age. We were very positive and cocksure of everything in those days. Now that we are much older we are not nearly as sure of anything. But we might suggest that you had better not overwork that phase of your argument about prohibition being put over while our soldier boys were across the seas. In addition to its not being a fact, it seems to us to be an insult to the soldiers. Anyway, the constitution of the United States isn't changed by popular vote, as you know, so had the boys been at home it would have made no difference. Many of the states from which they came had voted dry long before they left for France and long before the eighteenth amendment was passed in the regular constitutional way.

Here is one from a new correspondent in Kenosha. We haven't been hearing much from that hustling city lately and are glad to welcome a new contributor into the family circle. He writes:

First of all I want to ask you as a favor to put me on your mailing list. I feel a little backward in asking so much for so little, namely, the asking. I read your BULLETIN every time I can get one, but as I am only a poor "news-

hound" and am kept in Kenosha nearly all the time, I often miss the issues as they appear, hence the request.

You are always getting letters from the public telling you how much they like your editorials and your railroad, so I will only fall in line with the gang. I like your editorials better than any other part of your paper, but it is all O. K. I like the road, too, and ride the North Shore whenever I have occasion to ride at all. The whole works is just about right, only I sometimes wish they ran a few more trains between Waukegan and Milwaukee as they do between Evanston and Waukegan. But I am not kicking. I have never had to wait long, but when anything is good we always want it better. I have to go to Waukegan once in a while and am always anxious to get out of there. You know Kenosha and Waukegan are old rivals and I am particularly antagonistic because I played football against them and our high school loves Waukegan like bichloride of mercury.

Anyway, we like the service and the BULLETIN and will appreciate receiving the latter every month.

The Cub.

We are glad to add your name to the mailing list and hope to hear from you again. We can imagine what Waukegan did to your football team, so it was not necessary for you to go into detail. But you shouldn't harbor any illwill for that. In such contests one team just has to lose.

Another new contributor breaks into the column from Racine. He evidently is quite a booster and that is what we like. He writes asking to have two or three names put on the mailing list, one a man who lives in LaGrange. He writes in part:

This gentleman from LaGrange I met one day and talking about railroads I asked him if he ever rode on the North Shore Line. He said he had not, so I told him he didn't know much about real railroads. He went back to Chicago on the North Shore.

I have not seen you at any of our Twelfth Ward Booster Club meetings lately, but as the road is doing everything it can to beautify the place we have had no reason to enter any complaint. Boost the ward you live in, boost

the road you ride on and keep on boosting is my policy.

Yours truly,

W. E. Millstead.

That is very good policy Mr. Millstead. The North Shore Line needs boosters right now, because business isn't what it might be. Of course, it might be worse, so we keep on boosting anyway.

Here is one from a new contributor who evidently is an authority on "transportation" and seems to think that the North Shore Line is pretty good. He is the representative of Fernand de Gueldre, the well-known Chicago photographer in the Fine Arts Building. He writes:

I was born and brought up in France and came to this country about five years ago. I have traveled a good deal throughout Europe and naturally have some knowledge of the different systems of transportation. Yes, dear sir, I know just how it feels to be riding in an "arabah" in Constantinople or a "kotchak" in Roumania and different trains and electric cars in Greece, Italy and France. You will undoubtedly wonder why I am telling you all this, but it is with the idea of telling you that I have never enjoyed a ride like the rides I get on the North Shore Line. Believe me, that road beats all records, comfort, speed, courteous service, fine table service and good editorials in the dear old BULLETIN. Speaking of the BULLETIN, will you please send me one, for I have to go and ask for one every month.

Yours sincerely,

Charles Elisee.

We'll see that the Bulletin is sent you, Mr. Elisee, and we wish to have you keep on riding on the North Shore Line. Some day when we summon up enough courage to have our mug photographed we'll call on you. We notice the name of your company, however, on a picture we are reproducing in this issue, of Mr. Cushing of the Moraine Hotel, so we conclude you have patrons along the North Shore Line. May their number increase.

Last month you may recall we predicted that "Loophound's"

swan song wasn't to be taken too seriously. We knew that while he has transferred his family to Pittsburgh for a time, he still would be heard from. We guessed right, and although he marks his latest letter as "not for publication, as I am going to give some of those other birds a chance," still we are going to print a little of it. He writes in part:

I can imagine you tearing your hair for a subject for your BULLETIN editorials and being a helpful sort of a guy, I suggest you give us a ray of light on Einstein's theory of relativity. I haven't even a glimmer of an idea of what is meant by relativity, but if its about our relations, go as far as you like. I'll endorse anything you write if you make it strong enough.

Here it is almost the end of May with the season of June brides and sweet girl graduates almost here, so the high cost of living becomes the high cost of giving, while the size of a dollar doesn't compare with the sighs of the guys who are broke.

The May BULLETIN had not arrived when I left Pittsburgh, but suppose your printer was having plenty of grief. You may say what you wish about mail deliveries, but give me the good old days under the Democrats—the days of prosperity and plenty—them good old Wilsonian days. There's nothing will equal the good old days, whether mail deliveries, industrial activity or the brew in brown bottles. The old days, the old friends and the old scientifically brewed were best. I'll say they were.

Yours,

Loophound.

We'll be glad to explain Einstein's theory of relativity, although we didn't meet him while he was here. It's like this: You've got to judge things relatively to other like things. Frinstance the North Shore Line by itself might not stand out so vastly superior, but when it is considered relatively to other electric railroads, there is nothing in the country that anywhere equals it. Do you get the idea? If that isn't it you can take a day off and explain it to yourself. From your letter we judge that in days gone by you were more familiar with "ein stein" than we were, anyway, relatively speaking.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JULY, 1921



"The Road of Service"

WISCONSIN STATE FAIR

OF course you are going to attend the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee, from August 29 to September 3. Nearly everybody is, for it is to be the biggest affair that has been held in Wisconsin since state fairs began and that is seventy-one years ago.

Not only is this going to be the biggest affair in Wisconsin, but it will be one of the few big expositions in the entire country this year. There will be \$132,000 in premiums, for Wisconsin is proud of its resources and is determined to show its products to the world.

You know that Wisconsin excels in farming. One of the reasons will be shown at the state fair, for there will be fifty acres covered with farm machinery and tractors.

There is going to be automobile racing and harness racing, and a great horse show in the stock pavilion four nights of the week.

Another attraction is the Al. Wilson Flying Circus, which will provide enough thrills to satisfy the most exacting. Wilson will do his well known stunts of changing from the upper to the lower plane and back again while flying and will jump from the plane with a parachute when up one mile in the air.

A special feature this year will be the fireworks which will close each evening's performance. The big \$20,000 spectacle "Montezuma, or the Last Days of the Aztecs" will be shown each evening during the fair. There are a lot of other attractions, among them being ten bands and orchestras each day and, ladies and gentlemen, you can see the whole works for an admission fee of fifty cents.

We almost forgot to mention that the best way to get to Milwaukee and the state fair is over the North Shore Line. It seems hardly necessary to mention that, as everyone who is abreast of the times in transportation matters, knows it already. But it is pos-

sible that there might be a half dozen or so who are not acquainted with North Shore service and we wish them to get wise.

THEY WILL DO IT

A safety director tells this one apropos the difficulty of teaching some people to observe the rudimentary principles of "safety first."

Wash White got a job in a saw-mill. The boss put him in charge of a buzz saw, showed him how the saw worked, warned him of its dangers, and then went away.

Wash was fascinated by the shining whirling saw. But was it, truly, as sharp and terrible as the boss had said? To test it he touched it gently with his finger. Bzz! and the finger was no more.

As Wash was ruefully tying up his hand in his bandana the boss came back.

"Hullo there, Washington. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done cut off my finger, sah."

"How the dickens did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, sah," said Wash. "Ah just touched de darn contraption like this an'—Fo' de lands sake, der's anudder gone!"

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a government job."

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieut. Worley. "Any pharmacists in the company?"

A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward.

"Ye gods!" said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?"

"Shure ay bane pharmeris," was the indignant reply. "Vy, ay bane work on pharm all mae life."

The North Shore Bulletin


*Issued Monthly by
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LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, July, 1921

 **28 No. 9**

Editorial Comment

G LANCING at the thermometer in our sanctum and noting the mercury standing around the 90 mark, it occurred this might be an opportune time to write a few "hot" editorials.

* * * * *

I T DOESN'T seem to work out that way, though. We can't think of a thing to write about. But we're going to stick to it. It isn't hard to stick to a thing in this kind of weather, we're sticking to our chair right now. If we had any brains we might have a suspicion that they were softening with the heat, but being devoid of any incumbrance of that kind, we conclude that can't be the trouble.

* * * * *

L ACK of brains isn't a serious handicap, anyway. Look at Professor Dempsey. He pulled down a quarter of a million, more or less, for being a caveman for about ten minutes. Most of our brainy fellows couldn't make that much money in a lifetime. Not that we have any grudge against him. He did his chosen wor with neatness and despatch, and although we are not an ardent admirer of the eminent bruiser, we feel a sort of sneaking elation over his victory. We're glad to see Americans excel in everything, fisticuffs included.

* * * * *

S PORTIVELY speaking, there's another American, and a Chicagoan at that, who won an even more notable victory, and that is the honorable Jock Hutchison. Professor Dempsey did only what was expected of him. Any one who has read history knew what the outcome of that little New Jersey engagement would be. Nowhere in history can you point to an instance where a Frenchman licked an Irishman. But the honorable Jock's victory

was the most notable in the sporting world. He invaded the sacred home of golf and beat the natives at their own game. For years, yes for centuries, these St. Andrews golfers have laid down the golfing law for the rest of the world. They have considered themselves invincible at their particular game. Now we know they are not invincible. Jack trimmed them in good shape. More power to his backspin mashie.

* * * * *

WE HAVEN'T any intention of making this a sporting edition, but while we are on the subject, we might say that we rejoiced, with exceeding great joy, at the way our American polo players took the conceit out of those English chaps. If Scotland is the home of golf, England is the home of polo, and America has shown both countries that they are back numbers. Some day America may take up cricket, and if it ever does, we'll bet a red apple that in a year or two we could send a team over there that could trounce the best they have. However, they're good sportsmen and can take a defeat gracefully. Every time Sir Thomas comes over here to try to "lift" our yachting cup, we beat him because that's part of the game, but we boost him and drink his tea because he is a good sportsman.

* * * * *

NEXT in importance to the settling of our international affairs in the world of sport is our making peace with Germany. Maybe you have been so busy reading the columns of rot that the papers print about the boxing match, that you may have failed to notice in an obscure corner of your paper that Congress suddenly woke up the other day and declared peace with Germany. It's a fact. You recall that nearly three years ago we celebrated the signing of the armistice. Well, you know that our Congress is the greatest deliberative body in the world, emphasis on the deliberative. The fact that it has just recognized what the rest of us knew for nearly three years, proves that it is deliberative, also deliberate. Now if it would wake up again and in one of its lucid moments remove from business some of the taxes which are strangling it to death, we would all be happy. But probably it won't for another two or three years and by that time there won't be any business to tax. Long ago Adam Smith pointed out that the

surest way to kill a business was by the tax route and Henry George and others have elaborated on the same subject. It is beginning to look as if they had the right idea. That excess profits tax looked like a world-beater during the war, but it isn't producing much revenue today. The tax is there, of course, but the business isn't, and as Dooley would say, "There ye a-are."

* * * * *

GOVERNMENT these days is quite an expensive luxury. According to the preliminary estimates made it will require \$60 from every man, woman and child in the United States to pay the expense of the federal government for the coming year. That's merely the federal tax, you understand, and has nothing to do with state, county and municipal taxes. And what gets our goat, to use the language of Milton, is that there are quite a lot of people clamoring for further extension of government control of industry, which can only result in increased taxes. We keep complaining all the time about the increase in our taxes, while at the same time we clamor for an extension of the functions of government. We don't seem to be able to see the connection between the two. Our reformers and world-savers insist that the national, state or municipal government take control of this, that and the other industry. Of course, if we are going to insist that government regulate this and that, we must be prepared to pay the price of such regulation. That is what makes government so expensive these days. The dear people demand that it shall do work for them that they could do a great deal more economically for themselves, then they complain when they have to pay the bills in the form of increased taxes.

* * * * *

TAKE the proposition to have the government control the meat packing industry. If that comes about do you think you will get better or cheaper meat? If you think so you're foolish, that's all. Of course, such a plan would benefit a horde of small-bore politicians who would get jobs and get paid for ostensibly doing work for which they are utterly unfitted. The rest of the people, however, would have to foot the bills. It always works out that way. Some administrations may be more wasteful than others, but in the very nature of things all governments, whether na-

tional, state or municipal are wasteful when compared with private enterprise. There isn't the incentive to economize that private enterprise offers. It follows, therefore, that the more duties we impose upon government, the more waste and inefficiency we shall have, which must be paid for by higher taxes.

* * * * *

TWO very hopeful events have taken place in the last month or two in the direction of greater economy and more efficiency in government. One is the adoption by Congress of a national budget system, which we should have had years ago, and the other is the appointment of General Charles G. Dawes to put the budget system into effect. The advantages of a budget system to end the log-rolling methods that have hitherto prevailed in appropriating public monies, are too apparent to require any argument and the appointment of General Dawes to work out the details of the plan will inspire the confidence of the entire country. General Dawes, however, has a herculean job on his hands, for the Augean stables he has undertaken to clean out have been accumulating a lot of dirt in the last generation or two. That he will do the job if it is humanly possible to do it, is the confident belief of the nation, for he has the ability and he showed before a recent Senate investigating committee that he has the courage. We really think it is the most hopeful sign pointing to a reduction of taxes and a restoration of business, for the people will object less to the payment of heavy taxes, if they feel confident that waste and inefficiency have been eliminated as far as possible. We wish him success in his undertaking, but in gauging results the country should consider the tremendous power of the entrenched politicians opposing him.

* * * * *

AS WE haven't anything else on our mind to write about this morning, let's talk a little business. That ought to be an easy subject to handle. The other day when in Milwaukee, we dropped in to call on a friend and naturally our first greeting was, "How's business?" "Business is fine," he replied, "we haven't any. We'd save money by shutting up shop." If that is correct generally, it ought not to take us long to cover the subject. The only comfort we see in the situation is that the more trying the

ordeal now, the sooner it will be over and the sounder will be our business footing after the readjustment. Every one who had foresight knew that a period of depression and deflation was bound to follow the war period of abnormal activity and consequent inflation, but it came a little sooner and a little harder than was generally expected. Prices, however, are being readjusted and the inequalities being straightened out and when a level is established, we may look for a revival of business on a sounder footing than it has been for several years. We should not forget that we are much better off now than any other country.

* * * * *

RAILROADS of the country are in a rather serious predicament and as all other industries are dependent upon them, it follows that unless they are accorded fair treatment by the public, a return to normal conditions will be delayed. Although the April earnings of the railroads showed an increase in gross receipts and a reduction in operating expenses over April of last year, when a switchmen's strike was in progress, they still fell far short of paying the return of 6 per cent. provided for in the transportation act. The deficit for April was more than \$51,000,000, or 64 per cent. of the amount necessary to pay the 6 per cent. return. Since then the railroad labor board has made a substantial reduction in wages, which it is expected will be accepted by the employes, as it is much less than the increase awarded them in July of last year. There can be no doubt that a reduction in inflated operating costs is a matter of life and death with the railroads and consequently with the millions of people directly and indirectly dependent upon their continued successful operation.

* * * * *

THE railroad in which we are most directly interested—the North Shore Line—is going through the same experience as the large steam railroad systems. As we told you in the March issue of the BULLETIN, at the time the annual report was reviewed, although the North Shore Line did nearly a million dollars in increased business in 1920, all of that increase except about \$1,100 was absorbed in increased operating costs. Since then, of course, there has been a falling off in business, so that a reduction in operating expenses was inevitable if the road was to live and

give the public the service to which they are accustomed. The employes of the North Shore Line are intelligent, there is a fine spirit of co-operation among them, and when the situation was put up to them in cold figures and in a perfectly frank and above-board manner, they realized that it was to their own interest to accept a slight reduction in wages. Every employe on the road, from the president to the porters, took his individual share of the cut, feeling that he was directly interested in the future success of the road.

* * * * *

IN THESE days when wage readjustments are in order and the reader of the daily newspaper is accustomed to read of this, that and the other industry reducing wages, he is apt to overlook the significance of it from a public point of view. The wage reduction on the North Shore Line may be taken as an illustration. The traveling public is the beneficiary. Had there been no wage reduction it would have been impossible for the road to continue to give the public the character of service which prevails on the North Shore Line. Any impairment in that service would have affected public comfort and convenience. The employes of the North Shore Line are deserving therefore of the goodwill and hearty support of the public. They voluntarily accept a reduction in their own compensation, so that the public might have a continuation of the good service they have had. That showed the North Shore spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness as well as anything could. Probably you never thought of it in just that light. If not, just think it over and you must agree that the North Shore employes deserve favorable public consideration.

* * * * *

THIS fine spirit of co-operation of the company, the employes and the public, is better exemplified on the North Shore Line than on most railroads and industries. It is typified in the little triangle on the front cover of the BULLETIN, which has appeared there since the first issue and which really has a great deal of significance. It is this spirit of co-operation that has enabled the North Shore Line to build up its business and constantly improve its service, which, it is generally admitted, is unequalled on

any electric railroad in the country. It is the spirit of co-operation and organization, so well expressed by Kipling in these lines:

Now this is the law of the jungle,
As old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
And the wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that circles the tree trunk,
So the law runneth forward and back;
For the strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack.

It is the law everywhere as well as in the jungle. Without that spirit of co-operation, the best service cannot be given. It obtains in a marked degree on the North Shore Line and it is to be hoped it will continue.

* * * * *

IN THIS connection there is another matter of some importance to patrons of the North Shore Line, which should be explained. You see we have always been very frank with our readers in the BULLETIN, telling them our family affairs, for contrary to a common prevailing notion, the public service corporation has no secrets. The affairs of a public service company like the North Shore Line, under the regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the state commissions of Wisconsin and Illinois, are always open to the public. You may recall that away last fall we told you that application had been made to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abolish the discriminatory rates prevailing in interstate and intrastate traffic. On the North Shore Line from Chicago to Milwaukee there were three different rates of fare, one in Illinois, one in Wisconsin and another for through travel. This condition not only was unfair discrimination against the through passenger, but it was the cause of a great many disputes between conductors and passengers. Occasionally a passenger from Chicago to Milwaukee would buy a ticket to the farthest point north in Illinois and then offer the conductor on the train the fare between that point and Milwaukee. The conductor, acting under instructions, would refuse to accept the fare and would charge the passenger the full interstate rate, the same as if he had bought a

through ticket. That practice, of course, was in strict accordance with the law, which specifically forbids a passenger to make an interstate journey by using intrastate transportation when the sum total of such local fares is less than the interstate rate. The interstate rate on the North Shore Line since November 1, 1920, is 3 cents a mile, while the rate in Illinois is 2 cents a mile and the Wisconsin rate 2.7 cents. The Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered the discriminatory rates to stop, making a flat ticket rate of 3 cents a mile in Illinois and the Wisconsin commission has acted in that state, so that the new rate will be uniform over the entire line.

* * * * *

OF COURSE, when the decision was announced in Washington a short time ago, the newspapers carried an account of it as an increase in rates on the North Shore Line. That is only partially true, because an increase in rates would imply additional revenue to the company, and it is doubtful if the change will make any increase in the company's revenue. The interstate rate remains the same as it was and there is no change in the rate for 10 and 25-ride commutation tickets in Illinois. The result will be that patrons will, in all probability, buy commutation tickets between Illinois points and actually get a lower rate than they did when the fare was 2 cents a mile. When the fare was 2 cents a mile in Illinois and the commutation rate was 1.6 or 1.84 cents a mile, many patrons did not take advantage of the differential and bought single ride tickets. With the increased differential they will no doubt buy commutation tickets, so that the company will derive little, if any, additional revenue as a result of the change. It will, however, do away with the discriminatory rates and put an end to the disputes between passengers and conductors.

* * * * *

THE Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the rates effective not later than September 1, but they may be put in effect at any time prior to that date upon five day's notice. It is probable that by the time this issue reaches its readers the new rates will be in effect. The rate for a 1,000 mileage book remains the same, 2.5 cents a mile. The 60-ride monthly ticket

is at the rate of 1.5 cents a mile, the 25-ride ticket between Chicago and any station in Illinois, 1.6 cents a mile and the 10-ride ticket at the rate of 1.84 cents a mile. We are giving you all this information so that if you wish you can take advantage of the lower rates and the increase will not affect you at all. In fact if you have been riding on single ride tickets in Illinois, you will save money by buying a commutation ticket, notwithstanding the so-called increase in rates. Having thus disposed of everything on our mind in a satisfactory manner and as the thermometer is still hovering around the 90 mark, we are going to call it a day and go and jump in the lake. Of course, we'll swim out and let you hear from us again next month.

HELP GET BUSINESS

THERE is a great deal of unemployment in the country at the present time. We don't like to see it, but it is a fact. Of course, the business stagnation affects transportation companies and the North Shore Line is no exception.

Every employe of the company should try to be a business getter at this time. When any employe hears of an outing of any kind, picnic of employes, or anything of that sort, he should at once communicate with the Traffic Department. The amount of business which may be procured by one employe might not be great, but if every employe got a little business, it would in the aggregate amount to a whole lot.

We must not forget that as employes we have a very direct interest in the company. The individual success of each one of us is bound up in the success of our company. Team work is needed at this time, so let us all get together to boost for the North Shore Line.

How can it be done? Why, there are lots of ways. As consumers we patronize grocery stores, meat markets, drug stores,

etc. Why not ask the proprietors of such stores to reciprocate? They receive the goods they sell to us by rail. The North Shore Line has service to sell, and it is service of such a character that no one need be ashamed to recommend it. You're helping the grocer or the butcher with your trade. If approached on the subject he in turn is very apt to help your company by giving it some of his trade. It doesn't cost him any more and it probably would cost him less. Call his attention to it anyway. If you do not get the business, no harm is done.

Do you know that it gives one a good deal of satisfaction to make an effort of that kind, whether he gets any business by it or not. One feels that he has at least done something.

Let's go to it boys. We can get business for our company if we all work together. In getting business for the company, remember that you are doing it for yourself, for if the company hasn't any business, we won't have any work.

All together to BOOST for the NORTH SHORE LINE.

Milwaukee's Most Modern Hotel

MILWAUKEE is a progressive city. Nothing original in that remark, as every one knows it, at least every one in Milwaukee and many who are not Milwaukeeans subscribe to it. Ask any man, woman or child who lives in Milwaukee what they think of their city and they will promptly tell you it is the greatest city in the country.

Not being called upon to express an opinion on the subject, we will content ourself by saying—in our exceedingly modest way—that Milwaukee is fortunate in being situated at the north end of the greatest electric railroad in the world. It isn't necessary to name the railroad, as it is as well known as Milwaukee itself.

Really though there are a great many things about Milwaukee which justify the pride its citizens have in their city. In previous issues we have told you about some of Milwaukee's big stores, factories and hotels. This time we are going to tell you a little about its newest and most modern hotel, which is the last word in modern hotel construction.

In many things Milwaukee keeps a step or two ahead of other big cities. In nothing does it lag far behind the best of them, for if any city gets up something new in the way of hotels or theaters, Milwaukee is right after them with something as good, or better.

Hotel Astor, Milwaukee's newest hotel, has all the latest features possessed by the most modern hotel in the world. Some of the features and conveniences are entirely new in Wisconsin, if indeed they can be found in any hotel in the country. For instance, how does it strike you to drive into a hotel in your automobile to within twenty feet of

the elevator which takes you to your room? You can do that in the Astor and there are accommodations in the garage in the basement for more than 100 cars.

There are so many modern conveniences in the Hotel Astor that it is hard to say which one makes the strongest appeal. The roof garden is a big attraction at this season for the folks who enjoy dancing and nearly everyone does. It is the only hotel roof garden in Milwaukee, consequently it is popular.

When the editor of the BULLETIN sauntered into the Astor the other day looking for something that might furnish two or three pages of copy, he hadn't any idea what sort of a story the visit might develop. The manager of the hotel, H. O. Wood, who also is manager of the Hotel Wisconsin, greeted us cordially and asked the local manager of the Astor, A. LeVant Hall, to show us around. Mr. Hall showed us everything from the roof garden to the provision stores and refrigerating plant in the sub-basement. We were glad that he didn't ask us what feature impressed us most, because if he had, we would have had difficulty in answering. We saw so many things in a few minutes that it was hard to think of any one thing that stood out above the others.

Thinking it over after we left, we know now what appealed most to us about the Hotel Astor. It is the location. Probably that admission may surprise Mr. Wood and Mr. Hall, because they are so much interested in the mechanical effects that it is quite possible they have overlooked what really should be the biggest attraction to guests. The location of the hotel at Juneau avenue and Astor street is really wonderful. No

doubt that matter was considered carefully before the building was erected by those who invested their capital in it, but old Mother Nature really ought to play a big part in making the Astor the most popular hotel in Milwaukee when it becomes better known.

The Astor is located on what is called the East Side of Milwaukee, although it is within ten minutes' walk of the heart of the

with all the latest conveniences. The apartments occupy two wings of the building, while one wing is given over to the guest rooms, of which there are 125, every one having both tub and shower baths.

The apartments, consisting of three and four rooms each are models for comfort and convenience. Each has a delightful breakfast room, the kitchenette being equipped with gas range,



The Hotel Astor, Milwaukee, Wis.

city. It is almost on the edge of Juneau Park, overlooking Lake Michigan. From the roof garden one can look out on the bay and the blue waters of the lake and on the hot, sweltering day we were there, it looked so quiet and cool and restful that in our opinion it was easily the crowning attraction.

The Astor is a combination of the apartment hotel and of the regular hotel for transient guests. It has 126 apartments, equipped

steel kitchen cabinets and refrigerator. All the corridor doors in the hotel are the Servidor type, a feature not found in any other Milwaukee hotel and in very few hotels in any city, as it is a recent invention. Probably you haven't been in a hotel which is equipped with the Servidor. Well if you haven't we may say that it is a door with a raised hollow panel. On retiring you hang your clothes inside that panel and lock the door. An indicator on the out-

side of the panel in the corridor displays the word "service" and a valet opens the panel with another key, takes your suit to the tailor and you find it in the morning sponged and pressed hanging where you left it the night before. The first one we saw was in the Pennsylvania in New York, through which each

ment. If the family wishes to go riding after breakfast, the car is there at the foot of the elevator. If the garage attendant shouldn't be around, it isn't necessary to walk across the garage floor to open the door. Just press a button and the huge door is raised up to let the automobile out. Quite convenient isn't it? The



View of Lobby, Hotel Astor, Milwaukee

guest gets a morning newspaper and thinks that he is getting wonderful service. Really he is, too, for a little thing like a morning paper counts for a lot in the way of creating a favorable impression of the service.

The family living in one of the apartments in the Astor is not required to leave the hotel for anything, at least anything in the line of edibles. Meats, vegetables, fruits, milk and cream can be had in the storerooms in the base-

Astor is the only hotel in Milwaukee that has a garage connected with it in that way and in these days when walking has almost become a lost art and everyone must have a car to travel a block, it is a great convenience.

Although the Astor has been open only three or four months, it is already the most popular hotel in Milwaukee with women's clubs and societies. The women folks like it for their meetings

because it is in a quiet residential section and because it has so many conveniences. Since it is so popular with women it seems superfluous to say that it is popular with men, because where women go men follow. They have been doing that since the days of Adam and will no doubt continue until Gabriel blows that trumpet or cornet, or whatever instrument he is supposed to blow.

Had we unlimited space in the BULLETIN we might go on indefinitely telling of the many features of the Astor. The dining room, for instance, has windows on three sides, which makes it cool and inviting in this sort of weather. Of course the building is fireproof construction and everything that engineering skill could devise has been done to make it absolutely noiseless. That is not the least of its attractions for the tired traveler looking for rest and quiet.

We know there are many traveling men who ride on the North Shore Line and quite a number of them are readers of the BULLETIN. We know from the letters we get from them. It may seem presumptuous to give traveling men a tip about hotels, because they usually know all about them. It is possible though that they are not yet familiar with the Astor, as it is a little distance from the downtown district, so we are telling them they are overlooking a good bet in not making its acquaintance. The distance from the North Shore station is only a matter of between five and ten minutes in a taxi and it is worth it. Mr. Hall, the local manager of the Astor knows the hotel business and can make his guests feel that they are welcome.

She: "I hear you came home on the Crap Shooter's Special."

He: "What is that?"

She: "The 7:11."

EMPLOYEES HOLD OUTING

THEY'RE still talking about that outing which the employes of the North Shore Line held at Diamond Lake on June 21. Everyone had a great time with games and sports of all kinds.

One of the leading features of the day was the fat man's race, which, after a considerable struggle, was won by hissoner the Mayor of Highwood, Tom Welsh. M. J. Feron, general superintendent of transportation, gave the mayor a better run than did his opponent in the recent mayoralty race. Mr. Feron used to be a great sprinter, but he hasn't been in training of late. Welsh on the other hand has been running for mayor and also running Highwood, so he was in good condition. At that the first race was a dead heat and it had to be run over again. We have a suspicion that Mr. Feron sort of lay down in the last race when he saw that Mayor Welsh was anxious to win. Anyway, it was some race and everyone was happy including Henry Cordell the master mechanic, who really was never a serious contender. Henry knows how to make a car run, but as for running himself—well, you can't blame him on a hot day. If there had been a fishing contest we would have bet on Henry.

It was the first outing that has been given by Division 900 of the Amalgamated Association and it was such a success that they are going to make it an annual event.

Judge—"What brought you here?"

Prisoner—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"

Prisoner—"Yes, both of them."

"You must isolate the patient."
 "All right, doctor; where shall we put the ice?"

Americanization Work on North Shore

SPEEDING along at sixty miles an hour, or faster, on an easy-riding North Shore Limited, over a firm stone-ballasted roadway and without a jolt or jar, do you ever give a thought to the men who keep the tracks in repair? Very likely you do not, although your safety and comfort, in a large degree, depend on these men.

The class of labor employed in track gangs on the average railroad has never in the past received a great deal of consideration. Usually it is plentiful, easily replaced when needed and not requiring a great deal of skill. As you ride past a gang at work on the track, you are apt to think of them as so many "hunkies" and let it go at that. "Creatures of another kind."

Well, it's different on the North Shore Line, so we are going to tell you a little more of the work that is going on making these track gangs Americans. We have mentioned it briefly in one or two previous issues, but there really is a big human interest story in it. We don't know that the same kind of work is not being done on other railroads but we doubt it. There are many reasons why it is being done on the North Shore, but probably the big controlling reason is that on the North Shore we have a president who is human. He wishes to see every one given a square deal and as far as possible he sees that it is done.

The traveling public knows what has been accomplished on the North Shore Line since Britton I. Budd became president about five years ago. The road has been transformed from one of the poorest to one of the best, many say the best, electric railroad in the country. To bring about such a change it is neces-

sary to have an organization as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it, and in this organization the humble trackman plays his part as well as the president. For that reason anything done to improve the condition of the track laborer is in the interest of the public, because the higher the degree of intelligence in the worker, the better is the character of service he can give the public.

When it was decided a few months ago to begin a campaign of Americanization work among the track gangs of the North Shore Line, a general survey was made to obtain accurate information. The survey disclosed that at the time there were 129 men, including foremen, in these gangs and that 101 of them, or 78 per cent were not American citizens. Twelve men were eligible to full citizenship, but 85 men, or 66 per cent had not declared their intentions to become citizens, although they had been in the country upward of five years, in fact the average length of time in the United States of all the men was 11 years. The men ranged in age from 18 to 60 years, the average being 36 years.

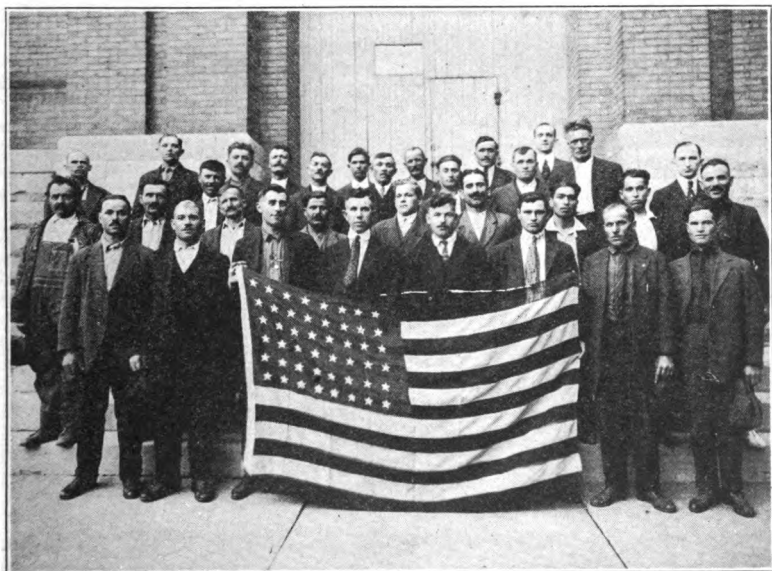
The survey showed that 82 men, or 64 per cent could not write the English language and that 58 per cent could not read it. Twenty-nine of the men, or 22 per cent could not speak English and 27 per cent could neither read nor write their native tongue.

When the subject of attending evening school and learning to read and write English was broached to the men, the response was instantaneous and almost unanimous. True they were given to understand that the company preferred to have American citizens on its payrolls, who could speak and write our language and that may have influenced

some. There could be no mistaking, however, of the earnestness of most of the men to attend school and of their eagerness to learn. One of them expressed what was in the mind of many when he said he would give a thousand dollars if he could learn to read and write English. His statement was made through an interpreter. A thousand dollars means a great deal to a man like

agency work to be done which necessitates the men absenting themselves from the classes. In spite of that a number of sections showed an 80 per cent attendance and Section No. 4 was 100 per cent. That section appears to have 100 per cent attendance week after week.

On the whole road there are fourteen regular section gangs and one extra gang, and the



North Shore Trackmen Taking Out Their Naturalization Papers

that, but he was in earnest in saying he would give it. We hope he will attain his ambition and it will not cost him anything but the time he spends in the evening in study.

That the men are taking a great interest in the work is shown by a glance at the weekly report of C. G. Goodsell, director of Americanization work, showing the attendance. A full attendance is, of course, hardly to be expected, because at times there is emer-

schools are located to make it as convenient as possible for the men to attend. There is one school in Racine, one in Waukegan and one in Highwood and the classes are arranged so that each gang is given two evenings a week. There is also a school for foremen, who are showing as much interest as the men who work for them.

The classes are given "home work." You remember in your school days how much you dis-

liked that home work? These men seem to like it, at least some samples we have on our desk indicate infinite pains. The men were asked to write letters to their teacher and the letters were kept with the idea of comparing them with later ones to show the progress made by the class. The handwriting in every one of them is plainly eligible and the grammar and spelling isn't half bad. The class appears to be making remarkable progress.

As many readers of the BULLETIN know, the North Shore Line does a great deal in the way of "safety first" work among its employes. A regular Safety Organization is maintained and the employes in every department hold regular meetings to discuss methods and practices to eliminate accidents of all kinds. The result of this work is shown in the few accidents which occur on the road. The North Shore Line has become known throughout the country as the safest high-speed electric line in operation.

The teaching of English among the track laborers fits in nicely with the safety work. Each month a special car is run along the line from Evanston to Milwaukee and it picks up the track gangs wherever they happen to be at work. The car is then run on to a side track and a safety meeting is held at which some speaker gives the men an instructive talk on safe practices. The gang is taken back at the end of the meeting and dropped off at the point where it was picked up and the car proceeds to the next point. That method insures a full attendance of the men at safety meetings, because they are being paid for their attendance, but if they do not understand the English language they cannot derive much benefit from the talks.

From that it will be seen how the public benefits by the course in English being given the track

laborers, as it tends to safer operation. That alone would justify the efforts being made to educate the trackmen, although that was not the only reason for the work being taken up.

Behind the whole plan is the big idea of making American citizens out of a class of laborers who are under a heavy handicap. The subject of immigration has always been a serious problem. Those who have favored restricting immigration, or shutting it off entirely for a time, have contended that immigrants have been taken in faster than they could be assimilated. There is a great deal in the contention, too. The process of assimilation can be greatly helped, however, by more of the work that is being done on the North Shore Line. The experience there has shown that most of these foreigners wish to become American citizens if given a chance. They need a little assistance and a little encouragement. They need to be made to understand that "somebody cares." If they see that no one in authority cares about them, naturally they take less interest in the country. They remain foreigners and as such they give a ready ear to the agitators and disturbers who prey upon them.

The accompanying picture shows a group of North Shore trackmen in front of the courthouse in Waukegan, where they went to take out their first naturalization papers. In the evening classes they are being taught that taking out their papers is not a mere formality. They are being given some understanding of the duties and the responsibilities of citizenship in the greatest country in the world.

There is need for a lot of similar work in the country. We feel rather proud of what the North Shore Line is doing in

Americanization work and when we see or hear a good thing we believe in passing it along. We

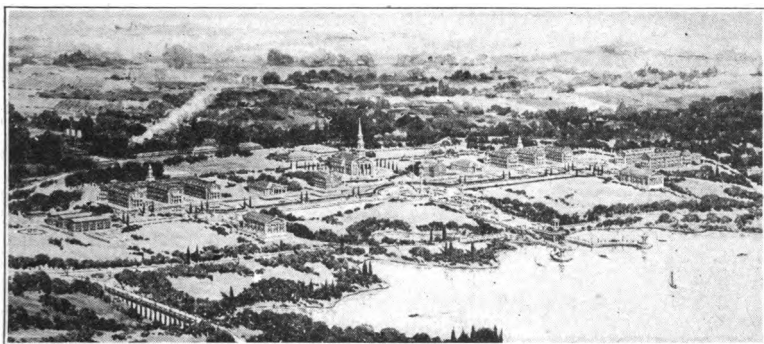
believe our readers will be interested in reading about this work.

Great Educational Institution

IN a beautiful natural setting of rolling landscape, fine old woods and sparkling waters, there is gradually rising into form on the North Shore Line, one of the greatest educational institutions of its kind in America.

Little so far has been written of the University of St. Mary of

Although still a long way from completion, St. Mary of the Lake is well worth a visit at this time. From the work already completed and that under way, the visitor can form a good idea of how it will appear when finished. Already steel and concrete bridges span the deep ravines, roads are



St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Area, Ill.

the Lake, the Catholic Seminary being built on Lake Area, but the work has been steadily progressing and the first of the buildings—the school of philosophy—will open to students in September.

The St. Mary of the Lake Seminary is situated in the center of a 1000-acre tract of ground, selected by Archbishop Mundelein as the best location to be found in the Chicago archdiocese. When completed the Seminary will represent an improvement costing upward of ten millions of dollars and will be one of the greatest attractions for visitors in this part of the country.

under course of construction and the whole landscape is being transformed into a scene of beauty that delights the eye.

In the general plan the buildings are grouped facing beautiful St. Mary's Lake. To the west is the central plaza of the Immaculate Conception, in the center of which will be a large statue of the patron saint of the institution.

The philosophy hall, which will be ready for students in September, is of the early colonial style of architecture, built of red pressed brick with white marble trimmings. It contains four lecture rooms, a physical laboratory

and a chemical laboratory, and living rooms for the students. Accommodations are ready now for 124 students and six prefects.

Trains of the North Shore Line on the Libertyville branch run past the entrance to the 1,000-acre tract of ground. St. Mary's station is located right at the entrance. From the main line passengers transfer to the Libertyville branch at Lake Bluff and it is only twenty minutes ride to the end of the line at Area, where the new university is situated.

You should not let the summer pass without paying a visit to this wonderful institution. The surrounding country is wonderfully beautiful and the architect and builders of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary are erecting an institution that in point of beauty is in keeping with the natural setting.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY at Evanston opened its summer school on June 27.

All who are in touch with summer schools over the country and who know the beauty and the summer attractiveness of Northwestern's campus agree that Evanston ought to have regularly one of the greatest summer schools in America. The Summer Session combines under one direction the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Commerce, the School of Education, the Graduate School, the School of Music and the School of Speech. Each of these schools has an attractive faculty list and is offering special courses. Applications for admission to the summer term are pouring in at a rate which bids fair to sweep away all previous records. They have come even from Belgium, Japan, the Philippines, Honolulu, Porto Rico and from points on this continent in Saskatchewan, Ontario, Texas,

Maine, Arizona, California, Oregon, etc.

Since it is the function of summer sessions to provide adequately for teachers and others interested in the study of education, Northwestern University has a liberal allotment of courses in the department of education. Naturally these courses include the work in educational psychology and the history and principles of education, which have come to be required of all teachers; in addition courses will be offered in Methods of Teaching and in Educational Measurements, which give the latest scientific developments in those lines. Then, too, the needs of teachers and administrators in the public schools will be met by the courses in School Administration to be offered by principals and superintendents whose experience and whose successes amply qualify them for instructional service.

Prominent educators from many other institutions will be in Evanston as a part of the Summer Session faculty this year.

An unusual feature of the Summer Session is a series of public lectures at five o'clock every afternoon. These lectures, which are designed specifically for the benefit of the public, will be semi-popular treatments of those subjects in the program of study which are of most general interest.

The University accepting the responsibility to acquaint students with the educational resources of a great city has organized excursions for summer students to the leading points of interest in and around Chicago. The first of these excursions will be to the Sand Dunes of Indiana on July 2. Other trips will be made during the Session to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ravinia Park, the Ghetto, the Chicago City Hall, the Art Institute, the new Field Museum and the Stock Yards.

With the Bulletin Family

WHAT'S the matter with some of you old-timers? Has the warm weather dried up your fountain pens? We might mention a dozen by name whose letters used to amuse and instruct the readers of this column, from whom we haven't heard in months. Just because the weather is hot, and business is, in a manner of speaking, rotten, you shouldn't forget the duty you owe the Family. Let's hear again from you.

Have you ever noticed as we journey through this vale of tears that life usually provides some compensations to offset the disappointments? That is seen in this column. New contribs come along each month to help us bear our sorrows over the seeming neglect of the old ones. But as we have said before the BULLETIN FAMILY fireside is quite wide and there is room for lots of new members, without any of the old ones having to get out.

Among the new contribs this month we have with us one from Wauwatosa, Wis., who, from his letterhead and card is connected with the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin. And by the way, we note that the secretary of that Commission is an old acquaintance, with whom we collaborated a little a few years ago, when he was still a student at the University at Madison. We ask our new contrib to give Secretary Witte our regards. Our Wauwatosa contrib writes:

Recently the writer received a copy of the May issue of your monthly bulletin and it is so different from the usual things of similar kind issued by some industrial concerns and railroad companies, that if not inconsistent I would ask for it monthly by mail.

Your publication is a fund of good information instead of the

"personal gossip" and "gush" such as many print. Your paper on accidents, work of your safety men, etc., was also duly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

I. N. CONKLIN.

Why surely Mr. Conklin we'll send you the BULLETIN by mail and are glad that you found it "different." Of course, it's different, if it wasn't—oh well. But we're working for a different kind of railroad. That's the reason. As the North Shore Line gives a superior kind of service to any other electric railroad in the country, we'd be derelict in our duty if we didn't give you a superior kind of bulletin. The boys in the transportation department set a fast pace, too. Anyway, we're glad to welcome you into the Family and hope to hear from you again.

We have with us another new contrib from Racine. It seems he has been receiving the BULLETIN by mail, although it was sent to another man. As the man to whom it was addressed died last December, the BULLETIN wasn't delivered to him. Uncle Sam doesn't pretend to deliver mail on the other side of the Styx, and as a matter of fact he isn't always very prompt in delivering it on this side. However, we're glad to think it fell into appreciative hands. The new contrib writes:

The stenographers are on a week-end outing and as it would take me entirely too long to type this letter myself, I am writing it long hand. (Don't let that worry you, they nearly all come that way.)

You have on your mailing list a former employee of this factory who died suddenly last December. I have been taking care of his work since his death and have also received his copies of the Bulletin. Your paper is certainly a credit to your railroad and it seems too bad

that there is no public way that the employes of your road can tell about the Bulletin and return the compliments that you pay them each issue. I believe that a medium such as the Bulletin tends to strengthen the loyalty of every employe of your entire organization. (That's one of its purposes and the employes do contribute items occasionally. We'd like to have them do it oftener if they would.)

When the employe mentioned died his family moved away from Racine and I not only took over his duties in this organization, but I also rented the house in which he lived. For several months the gas bills were delivered in his name. I called at the gas office and informed them that he was dead and I wished to have the bills sent in my own name. I was informed that it would be necessary to deposit \$10. As I had been paying the bills regularly each month in the other man's name, I couldn't see the humor of the deposit, so I told them I was joking and would continue to pay the bills as usual. Now I have been wondering if you will stop sending the Bulletin when I give you my own name. If, like the gas company, you cannot extend the courtesy to me, please forget that the other man is dead and keep on sending it to him.

Your description in the June issue of the dam at Root River falls was very interesting and I hope that soon we may have rain to make the volume of water as large as shown in the picture. My residence faces the Root River and the present dry spell has certainly cut down the torrent you saw when you wrote that article.

Please accept my thanks for the copies of your illustrious paper which I have been receiving in a dead man's name. I consider myself quite a live one and would request that you send me the copies direct.

Yours very truly,
 ROSCOE P. GUILBERT.

Your name has been substituted on the mailing list Mr. Guilbert and you don't have to deposit a ten-spot, either. We'll take a live one in preference to a dead one any day.

A recent recruit to the Family circle—"Jim Ham" is making heroic efforts to live up to his nom de plume so he favors us with two contributions this month, one in prose and the other in

something or other which we are not going to classify. We're going to print it though and you can classify it yourselves. Here is his prose contribution:

My Bulletin was delivered by "Uncle" yesterday and was lamped by the gang in the office. One of the young ladies said "Ain't the editor got a grand name?" "Yes," I replied, of course, not adding "he ain't." (You should have said you would grant that he had.)

A bunch of us "bird dogs" were inhaling a meal on your line recently, and as usual with such a flock of flickers, were reciting experiences. One fellow allowed that you had a soup railroad, i. e., one can gargle his soup without back lashing or spill. Another fellow told of trying to eat on a steam road, having ordered lamb and peas, and not being able to see the lamb for some time he finally located it hiding behind one of the peas. Per usual we had a pleasant journey and friend wife recognized us upon arriving at the sanctuary. Thanks for your indulgence and for your Bulletin.

Cordially yours,
 JIM HAM.

Here's the other one:

The following "raving" has occurred to me. Not that I don't like you but then the weather has been warm.

UPS AND DOWNS SMILES AND FROWNS

Our elevator man's a genial cuss,
 He seldom ever frowns,
 Although compared to most of us
 He has more ups and downs.
 A wet, bedraggled, mangy pup
 Will wag his tail with glee
 If given just a half a cup,
 While many such as we
 Kick and rave and storm and blow
 And really cannot see,
 Why things with us are not just so
 In their entirety.
 Ladies' skirts when up are down
 And when they're down they're
 up,
 Things never have been what they
 seemed
 To Hector when a pup.
 The cripple, like the morning sun,
 Spreads rays of cheer around,
 While we incline to weep and pine
 With gloomy thoughts abound.
 'Tis all the way we look at things
 That makes for joy or woe,
 Cherish the "ups" which our fate
 brings,
 And "downs" are sure to go.
 Spread the cheery word a bit
 And to yourself be true.

The dark clouds then will surely
split

And sunshine trickle through.

JIM HAM.

We think you've made it pretty
clear

No killjoy 's worth a dam,
So keep it up, be of good cheer

And write again, Jim Ham.

The weather certainly is warm.

Here is one from a new correspondent in St. Paul who recently made the acquaintance of the North Shore Line and incidentally of the BULLETIN. He writes:

Have just returned from an eastern trip and thought I would like to let you know how much I enjoyed my ride between Milwaukee and Chicago on the North Shore Line. I wanted to vary my journey a little, so went your route as far as possible, and believe me when I say it was the best part of the entire trip between St. Paul and New York, being a swift, clean, safe, enjoyable ride.

I had no idea what a large, well equipped line yours is. I knew there was an electric line between Milwaukee and Chicago and so arranged to use it, not really expecting such good service. It's too bad more people at a distance from your territory cannot know of the pleasure of your electric flyers.

I found a copy of your Bulletin which was also enjoyed and if it is your custom to mail same to your patrons would be glad to see other copies.

Such a line as the North Shore is a credit to the country and I wish such service could be extended from Chicago to New York. Of course the territory is not as thickly populated as between the two lake cities, but if people knew about it they would certainly patronize it in preference to steam travel. I think I am right-minded when I say I believe the government should finance such an undertaking in preference, say, to a new dreadnaught, as it would be of more benefit to the people, but, of course, it hardly will be done and probably the cost of such an undertaking would be prohibitive to private interests. Don't think I mean by that government ownership of railroads.

At any rate I am glad your line is in operation between Milwaukee and Chicago and hope it will long be of service to its patrons.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. TRACY.

We don't know Mr. Tracy but we give him credit for knowing

a good thing when he sees it. Once a stranger tries the North Shore Line he becomes a strong booster for it. It's really in a class by itself.

Our correspondent in Canton, Ohio, Mr. Miller has been somewhat derelict lately, but when he does write he usually sends a letter that is worth while. He is quite a booster for the North Shore Line as well as for the BULLETIN. He writes as follows:

It's a long time since I wrote you and shame only compels me to write now. Why is it that most people when they have something to do, go and do it, but put off letter-writing until the mind will stand it no longer? Here is an aggravated case.

I did not receive the May Bulletin until June and got all upset over it. I said to myself if it is not received by June 8 I will write and find the reason, but it came on the 7th. For the pleasure it gave I should have sat down and written my thanks at once, instead it has been put off until now. How ungrateful in me, considering my feelings which were fully expressed by a correspondent a few months ago who wrote that when he missed his copy he felt his education was being neglected. Like him I missed those educational gems and was pleased when it came though late, and thank you, though much later.

I note that all the readers of the Bulletin like myself enjoy it, those who ride on the North Shore expressing their pleasure for the service, speed, and safety. They are travelers, part of the general public and to please the public means something. It means something unusual, but there are others I find who take notice.

I have a very warm friend, I say "very" because there are different degrees of friendship. When a young man he worked for me in the mines. He left the mines and went to work for the Northern Ohio Light and Power Company. He commenced at the bottom and worked up to the position of Safety Inspector. His duties take him all over the road, so he is familiar with all that goes well and has to make himself more familiar when it goes otherwise. You will see that his duties being in the interest of his company and also the safety and comfort of the public, he must have his eyes and his mind always open, even at times when off duty. One

can easily imagine a man like that, holding a responsible position, if he should happen to travel on another line, having his eyes open to observe all movements, such as employees handling passengers, condition of the cars, track, etc.

Meeting him a short time ago I asked him if he ever heard of a road called the North Shore. "Yes," he said, "it runs from Chicago to Milwaukee. I traveled over it attending a convention of electric railway men in Milwaukee some time ago. That is the best electric railroad I know of and I doubt if it has an equal in America or anywhere else," and he went on to describe the time runs, the speed, safety, condition of track, joints, roadbed and cars. There was nothing he had overlooked and he praised it highly. I knew it to be the truth, having been over the road myself. Talking of the motormen and conductors he said he never saw so many employees so uniformly courteous to passengers, and eyeing them on the cars to see that they were comfortable. "Do you know," he said, "that a nice, clean, courteous set of employees in charge of cars makes it more pleasant for passengers and is an asset for the company? No matter what a company may undertake to carry out in the way of improvements if the employees do not co-operate, much money may be spent without accomplishing the results expected. I know this to be the case with the company I am with." Just then something occurred to him that he had overlooked mentioning and he said: "Do you know they serve meals on the through cars, splendid meals served a la carte." That sounds good and in keeping with other service on the "Road of Service."

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM G. MILLER.

It will be seen from Mr. Miller's letter that they know all about the North Shore Line down in Ohio and that an official of another electric railroad is willing to concede its superiority.

As we got acquainted with Mr. Miller of Canton through Mr. Peebles of Plymouth, it seems fitting to have the letters of these two worthies follow in succession, so here are a few words from Mr. Peebles:

I fully expected to write you long ago and started several times,

but the weather has been so terribly hot that I have felt like a dishrag most of the time. Everything around here has dried up, even my ambition to write. Don't think I am going to write you fifteen or eighteen pages, for I am not, even if I have cast my collar and rolled up my shirt sleeves.

I did not tell you that I had quit gardening altogether and am glad of it. I would have had a lovely time this hot weather keeping things alive and growing. You set a bad example when you quit, so I thought if you could get along without a garden, I could, too.

The June Bulletin came last Friday and I must say, as Loophound Jr. says, its editorials are bully. Loophound Jr. has a long letter in this issue. Has he taken to the prohibition platform or what has gone wrong with the boy? I think that Loophound Senior must have got the Junior in bad when he paid him that visit at the U. of P. I think father and son will bear watching, but my advice to the two is if their tongues are clinging to the roof of their mouths and their throats are parched, let them drink to their heart's content of good cold water. There is nothing to beat it.

Loophound Jr. says wine and beer never wrecked homes or made wife beaters. Oh man! Oh, man! Whiskey or gin never did either, that is providing a person would only take a teaspoonful every ten hours.

Before I close I must tell you the latest golf story. I have not seen it in print, so it may be new. A golfer was walking along the street with his bag of sticks slung across his shoulder. A woman across the street saw him and shouted, "Come over here, I have two umbrellas to mend."

Will write you again next winter when the weather cools off.

Sincerely yours,

J. D. PEEBLES.

Too bad Mr. Peebles that you followed our example and gave up your garden. It's such splendid exercise, you know. It always amuses us to hear a man tell of the fine exercise he gets working in a garden. In our most enthusiastic days when we had a nice garden, we never thought of it as exercise. It's work, and back-breaking work at that. And what's the reward? About 25 cents worth of vegetables for \$25 worth of work. On the whole it's more satisfactory to patronize

your neighborhood grocer for vegetables and play golf for exercise.

Our versatile contrib Jumbo recites a little experience he had during that blizzard which visited Wisconsin a few weeks ago. At least we suppose it must have been about that time. He writes:

Ignorance, in some cases is bliss, but listen to what I ran up against a few days ago. I would not know whether to call it ignorance or what. Perhaps our good old friend Loophound could give it a definition.

Having been asked to call at a certain farmer's, I boarded a train out of Milwaukee, and reached my destination to find that this burg carried a nickname, which was Pretzel Station, no doubt owing to the fact that it had only a general store, THREE saloons and a railway station.

After walking about two miles, I came to another saloon, and as it was rather cold, I decided to go in and warm up a bit. I entered and found only one customer in the place, and he, appearing to be a farm hand, had his shoes pulled off and was warming his feet on a bracket of the stove. I went over to the stove myself to absorb a little of its warmth, when Oh! I stepped back a little and said to the lad, "Too bad that you folks haven't got the conveniences that the city folks have, like electric lights, hot water heat, and BATHS." Upon which he replied, "Oh, we have all this at the place where I'm working, but whenever I take a bath I must keep my feet hanging out over the top of the bath tub, because the doctor's orders were to be careful and not get wet feet at this time of the year because I would surely catch my death of cold."

But before leaving I suggested to him that when he came to town not to forget to consult some French Dry Cleaners.

Yours,

JUMBO.

These traveling men certainly do run up against some amusing incidents in their travels. And they are so truthful in relating the incidents to us. That one sounds like one of Loophound's.

We don't often get any complaints about service, but when

one does come we see that the matter is immediately looked into. Here is a letter from a Waukegan contrib that is in the nature of a complaint. He writes:

Are Waukegan city cars on the Edison Court line supposed to wait for passengers getting off limited trains when said city car is at the station (Edison Court) when the Limited pulls into the station?

I get off the southbound Limited at 7:10 a. m. daily and very frequently miss connections. This morning six of us were left standing when city car No. 321 pulled out without us. We (the patrons) were talking and wondering if we were to throw a rock through the car window, would the conductor stop? We'd be perfectly willing to pay for a pane of glass once in a while. I thank you.

Very sincerely,

F. G. Braun.

Throwing a rock through the window might scare the motorman and make him go faster. Besides it isn't a satisfactory way of signaling a car in the long run. We believe you threw the rock in the right direction, because we at once sent your letter to the superintendent and he informs us that the schedules are arranged so that connections may be easily made if trains are on time. He is making a careful check of the situation, however, and we believe that there will not be any further cause for complaint.

A new contributor connected with the Milwaukee Tank Works writes as follows:

I have traveled on one of the electric roads in this state for the last two days and I have wondered how some of these roads get away with the practice of their offending air whistles which are so nerve-racking to occupants of the car. On several trips my attention was called to this offense by fellow passengers—strangers to me. On investigation it developed that the motorman did not use good judgment, as he could see for a half mile on either side of the track. Moreover, the whistle was blown many times where there was no necessity to signal anyone.

I merely wish to contrast this condition with that on your well-equipped, well-regulated road,

whose conductors and motormen are courteous and use good judgment in their respective positions. My work brings me in contact with a large number of public utilities which justifies my opinion in the premises.

Meanwhile, good luck to you and the BULLETIN. Don't forget to put me on your mailing list.

Sincerely yours,

W. G. FRY.

THE CANNY SCOT

HERE is an original Scotch story. We're telling it because some of the company officials around here have dared us to do it, seeing that it is on ourself. Recently there was an inspection trip over the North Shore Line. When the party of operating officials reached Milwaukee they went to the washroom to wash their hands before having luncheon. The editor of the Bulletin took the only remaining linen towel to wipe his hands, but not for the reason ascribed by some members of the party, that he was too "stuck up" to use the ordinary paper towels. Anyway, as he finished wiping his hands T. B. MacRae, the general auditor of the company, began looking around for a towel. "This is the only one left, Mac," we said, "but you can use this." Mac took the towel and when he had used it and dropped it in the towel basket the porter walked up and said, "Five cents for the towel, please." By that time we had beat it to the door of the washroom, so Mac paid for the use of the towel.

"Can you beat it?" said Mr. Fallon, the chief engineer, as Mac told the story with great gusto. "Why didn't I know that the other night at a dinner party when I told a manufactured joke on him about his crossing to drink out of his neighbor's side of the river? He came back at me, though, and said it was a libel on the race, as no real Scotchman ever drank out of a river, either on his own or his neighbor's side of it. At

that he's entitled to some credit for being able to put one over on you, Mac, for it's in your blood, too."

"It's perfectly simple," we replied. "Mac's blood has been modified through a few generations and he stands no show against a thoroughbred."

Mr. MacRae saw to it that the incident was given wide circulation and for a few days everyone we met around the offices asked why we didn't pay for towels.

LIKES NORTH SHORE SANDWICH

The following letter to the BULLETIN explains itself: It reads:

"The Harris Brothers Company, who are having a sale of government buildings at Camp Perry and Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, wish to say that we have been buying our lunches at the Great Lakes concession of the North Shore Line and that we have received very courteous treatment and that the food served is exceptionally good.

"These people serve a sandwich called the 'North Shore Special,' which is without equal in the sandwich line and should be served at all the North Shore concessions and on the diners.

"Very truly,

"D. C. HARRIS, V.P."

"Harris Brothers Company."

We're not surprised to hear that a sandwich with a name like that excels. There's magic in the name, but evidently there is something more than magic in the sandwich.

TRAIN CREWS COMMENDED

TRAIN crews on the North Shore Line are uniformly courteous and obliging and while most of the patrons take such courtesy as a part of the service which in fact it is, occasionally some

pleased patron writes a letter of commendation. It pleases the train crews to be commended in that way and it always pleases the editor of the BULLETIN to give such letters space.

Here are some letters received in the last month commending employes:

"When a man does a good deed he should be commended for it, shouldn't he? That's what I think, too. So if you can squeeze in a few ems in your next copy of the BULLETIN, I should like to see the name of Trainman J. E. Bennett of the Milwaukee line.

"It certainly is a pleasure to travel when such men as Mr. Bennett are in charge of the cars. His attentiveness and courtesy to my family and myself is surely noteworthy.

"Sincerely,
"J. G. HULBERT,
"Waukegan, Ill."

Here is another letter of similar import:

"The writer takes great pleasure in commending the courtesy and attention of the train crew on the electric for Milwaukee, leaving Adams and Wabash at 9:30 a. m. last Sunday morning, June 19.

"While trying to open a window in the forward smoker, a sudden movement of the train caused my hand to slip, breaking the glass and lacerating my wrist quite severely. The motorman rang for the conductor who rendered first aid and on arrival at Milwaukee exerted himself in locating the company doctor—Dr. Miller.

"As an old traveling man, in contact with train crews for the past twenty years, it is a pleasure to find men of the stamp and caliber of this crew and they deserve whatever credit can be given them. I might mention that owing to the crowd on the train numerous women were riding in the smoker and the diplomatic way in which your men gave me the necessary attention, no confusion was caused, which is the usual case at the sight of blood.

"This crew are total strangers to me and through you I wish to thank them as well as the medical officers at Milwaukee and here, who are now dressing my cuts.

"Yours very truly,
"B. CERF, Chicago."

The train crew which gave this timely and efficient assistance to Mr. Cerf are Motorman T. M. Gilkson and Conductor E. Golden.

Another letter of commendation comes from Charles E. Mason, Justice of the Peace in Waukegan, sent to R. H. Ziebell, general agent at Milwaukee, enclosing check in payment of a special chartered car on which the Waukegan Lodge of Elks had an outing. He writes:

"As chairman of the committee in charge I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you, and through you the North Shore Line for the splendid service given us on this trip. There was not a stone left unturned on your part to make this trip a success in every respect, every detail, even to the ice water. And the personal service of the crew in charge—Roy Kellner, motorman and James Hayward, conductor, was all and more than we expected. We look forward to many more trips of this kind and are now convinced that the North Shore Line is the 'Only Way.'

"Yours truly,
"CHARLES E. MASON."

Of course the North Shore Line is the "Only Way" for discriminating persons like Elks and we are pleased to think they enjoyed their outing.

NO PINK TEA RECEPTION

"Notis—Trespasers will B persecuted to the full extent of 2 mungrel dogs which never was oversochibel to strangers and one dubbel barl shotgun which ain't loaded with sofa pillars—dammed if i aint gittin tired of this hell raisin on my farm."

VACATION SEASON OPENS.

WITH the temperature somewhere around the 90 mark—we never look at a thermometer—along to our desk comes an illustrated booklet issued by our friend Walter Reed, secretary of the Racine Commercial Club, telling us all about the advantages of Eagle Knob Lodge as a place to spend a vacation. Sort of tantalizing when you can't go, isn't it?

We insist on looking on the bright side of things, anyway. We can enjoy a little vacation by just looking at the pictures in that booklet. The very first one is entitled "At the Edge of the Great Outdoors." We don't need to tell you what the picture is like. With a title like that you can use your imagination. It does look tempting, though.

Some of the fishing scenes are almost good enough to cause Henry Cordell, the master mechanic of the North Shore Line, to quit his job. Henry is the champion fisherman of the North Shore. We understand that the bug hit him so hard the other Sunday that he turned the goldfish loose in the bathtub and spent the afternoon fishing for them. He says he didn't, but at this season of the year we could believe anything of him in that line.

We never heard Mr. Reed boast of his prowess with the rod and reel, but among the pictures we notice one of him holding up a pickerel that looks like a ten-pounder. It doesn't appear to be a stuffed one, either. We know the trick of having your picture taken with a stuffed fish. We have been there. There are other pictures of fishermen with big strings, so we conclude that the fishing at Eagle Knob Lodge is good.

Some of you may recall that we spoke about this resort last year when Mr. Reed first opened it. He had accommodations then for only thirty-five guests, but he has since built additional cottages so that he can accommodate about

sixty this year. It is necessary, however, to make reservations early, for the place is very popular and many applicants were turned away last season.

It is a real camp for campers, where one can wear old clothes and be in style. The guests live in separate cottages and there is a common dining room for all, right at the water's edge, for the resort is on Lake Owen in the northern part of Wisconsin.

Looking at the pictures we can positively smell the pines. Pretty good imagination, you may say. Of course, if you never smelled pine woods it might be difficult to get a whiff of them from a booklet, but we have lived among them and that helps a lot. If you have never smelled pines, except in a cough medicine bottle, you have missed half your life.

From Chicago, Eagle Knob Lodge is a night's ride by way of Ashland. It is five hours from St. Paul and three hours from Duluth. We are sure that anyone looking for a place close to nature in which to spend their vacation, will enjoy this place and Mr. Reed is the sort of fellow one wishes for a host.

"I give it up, Mr. Bones," said the interlocutor. "What is the difference between a young man, an old man and a worm?"

"There ain't no difference, the chicken gets 'em all."

"Did the doctor know what you had?"

"Seemed to have a pretty accurate idea. He asked for \$10 and I had \$11."

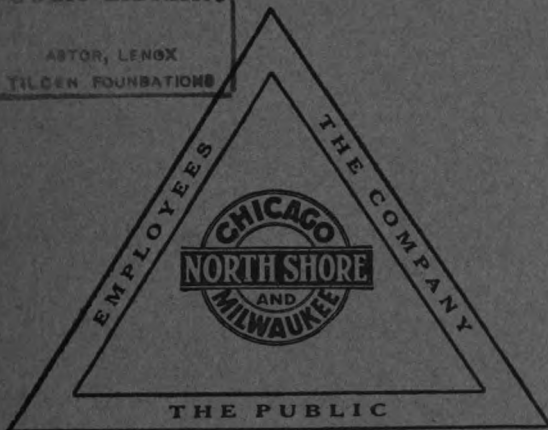
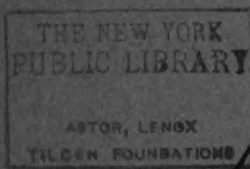
The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

AUGUST, 1921



"The Road of Service"

APPRECIATE GOOD SERVICE

THE North Shore Line really serves the public. What we mean by that is, that it tries to accomodate its patrons and meet their requirements, even if it is necessary to rearrange schedules to do it. Here is a letter from a patron in Kenosha which gives the idea:

"As the services at St. Thomas Church have changed to a summer schedule it is not necessary to hold the car to leave Kenosha at 11:30 any longer. We certainly thank you for the accomodation given us. I do not think there is another railroad in the world that would accomodate so few people as you did. But this service is your reputation from us and we are always boosting the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad."

"H. M. Thomas,
Kenosha, Wis."

Among the many ways in which the North Shore Line gives service which pleases patrons, is the prompt manner in which claims for refunds on unused tickets, or portions of tickets are met by the auditing department. The following letter from the president of the Citizens National Bank of Merrill, Wis., illustrates that phase of North Shore service. It reads:

"We acknowledge receipt of yours of the 12th inclosing \$2.23, covering refund on ticket No. 2130. I thank you for the prompt attention you have given the matter.

"Just let me add to this that I find your service between Chicago and Milwaukee a very convenient one, especially during the hot months and far preferable to steam railroad service.

Yours truly,

George A. Foster, President,
Citizens National Bank, Merrill,
Wis.

Circumstances occasionally arise where a patron may be un-

able to use a ticket, or where he may be entitled to a refund. In such cases claims are promptly taken up and adjusted. Recently a patron left a Limited at Racine to purchase some oranges in the station. When he came out the train had left. It was his own fault entirely, but nevertheless he had bought a ticket which he did not use. He didn't expect a refund, but he wrote explaining the circumstances and a check was promptly mailed him. He said it was the finest example of square dealing he had ever known on a railroad. Well, they all get a square deal on the North Shore Line, and that is why it makes so many friends and keeps them.

Here is a letter on the same lines from an official of Pickands, Brown and Company of Chicago.

"In connection with our trip to Milwaukee and return on July 3-4 on a chartered car, the writer, on behalf of the organization transported, wishes to express his appreciation of the uniform courtesy and efficient service rendered by the entire personnel connected with this special run, from the superintendents of both terminals down to the train crews.

Yours very truly,

R. K. Krogman.

We have remarked before that the difference between the service on the North Shore Line and that given by other lines, is that patrons on the North Shore Line are given real personal attention. They are made to feel that they are in reality guests of the company and every one tries to please and give courteous and efficient service.

PROBABLY A BOXING MATCH.

She (just back from Paris): "I can't go to this dance tonight, my trunks haven't arrived."

He: "Good Lord, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"

The North Shore Bulletin

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Editorial Comment

WITH a Pageant of Progress—the most wonderful exposition that our city has seen since the World's Fair—going on at the Municipal Pier, and “the greatest circus on earth” holding forth in Grant Park, on the lake front, how the dickens can we settle down to write anything?

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WELL, we never were accused of playing “hookey” and can't afford to get a reputation of that kind now, although we admit the temptation is strong. Our early training helps some in a situation of that kind, for in our childhood days we recall how our mother always insisted on our doing our work first—whatever the task might be—and playing afterwards. Not a bad rule, as we many times have found out in later life.

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DID you notice that the July BULLETIN contained one-third more pages than usual? It contained also some comments on financial and business conditions on the North Shore Line, which necessitated a reduction in wages for everyone on the road, from the president down to the station porter. There was a connection between the size of the BULLETIN and the wage reduction. You see we have always said in this column that increased production is what is most needed. So we increased our production one-third, just to show that sometimes we practice what we preach. That, of course, was rather easy, as it required only a little more individual effort. The North Shore Line can't increase its business as easily as that.

get it within the last century, yes half-century, for that matter. A short trip around the Municipal Pier will show one that the ordinary laborer, in the most humble circumstances, today enjoys comforts that the multi-millionaire could not have purchased with all his millions fifty years ago. Still we hear the demagogue shouting to the multitude that "the rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer every day." The rich may be growing richer, because the opportunities for acquiring riches are steadily increasing, but we can't see that the poor are growing poorer. It is just one of these sophisms so frequently heard, which some unthinkingly accept without challenge. An exposition like the Pageant of Progress will remove such fallacious notions, if the visitor goes through it with his eyes open and a desire to learn. He will see the advances made in science and art and literature which have been of benefit to mankind and not to any particular group.

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NOWHERE can this advancement be more clearly traced than in the world of transportation. The visitor can see the first steam railroad train run in the United States and he has an opportunity to contrast it with the magnificent passenger trains of today. A modern steam locomotive of the latest type, is longer than the entire train of the early days. As for comfort there is no comparison between them. Strange though it may appear, when that first train made its initial run down in New York state, it was the occasion for a general celebration. The people hailed it as a public benefactor, which it was. Today the people look at such things differently. They hail the railroads as public malefactors, or something akin to that. They demand laws and regulations to cripple the railroads and impair their usefulness and efficiency. And such laws sometimes are enacted. But public sentiment toward railroads and other utilities is gradually undergoing a change. The public is getting to understand that the same economic laws which govern private business, also govern utility companies, and that the demagogue who has made political capital out of attacking utilities is a false prophet. Expositions like the Pageant of Progress help to educate the people in such matters.

THE development in electric railway transportation is graphically shown at the exposition. Forty years ago the electric railway was unknown. Today the electric railways of the United States carry approximately 14 billions of passengers a year, or seven times the population of the world. The number of car miles operated by the street railways in Chicago alone in a year, is greater than the distance from the earth to the sun. Less than sixty years ago the first street car line in Chicago was built. It was operated by "hay-burners"—horses or mules. It made the wonderful speed of four miles an hour, when everything was going well. A single fare allowed the passenger to ride two miles. On the same lines today the passenger can ride 32 miles for a single fare and that fare is only 3 cents more than it was for the two-mile ride in the days of the "hay-burners." Still there are some who think the fare excessive. Think, too, of the comfort of the passenger in the modern car, compared with the passenger in the earlier type. The first street car in Chicago was "heated" with straw spread over the floor. There wasn't a thermometer in every car in those days to permit the passenger to note the temperature and complain to the city authorities if it should be lower than that required by ordinance, as is the case today. Neither could the passenger read his newspaper as he rode, for the only light in the early car came from a smoky kerosene lamp in the ceiling. And occasionally we hear some old-timer speak of the "good old days" before the advent of the large public utility companies.

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IT is not so long ago that the "prairie schooner" was the medium of transportation in rural communities. Some relics of the earlier days may still be seen out on the western plains. It is quite a step from the "prairie schooner" to the all-steel cars on a North Shore Limited, yet that step has been made within the memory of many who will visit the Pageant of Progress. It also is quite a step from the ox-cart to the modern automobile. Both the ox-cart and the automobile can be seen at the exposition. The visitor stops and looks from one to the other and wonders if the swain of the ox-cart period took his best girl out for a spin in the evening. We suppose they didn't need speed limit laws in those days. The ox-

incandescent light of today, as the Pueblo citizen can testify from experience. The telephone may at times be a little exasperating, but it would be difficult to transact the ordinary business of today without it.

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WE have touched only a few of the high spots of the Pageant and those are among the exhibits inside the building. There is plenty to attract the attention of the visitor on the outside. The Municipal Pier itself is a wonderful attraction. Conventions and gatherings of all kinds have been attracted to Atlantic City because of its wide advertising of its "Million Dollar Pier." Why the "Million Dollar" pier of Atlantic City is a mere toy compared with Chicago's Municipal Pier. Chicago has never before sought to advertise its "Five Million Dollar Pier", although the pier cost that much, and is the greatest recreation center of its kind to be found in the country. Outside the exposition proper, daily and nightly water events will be held during the two weeks of the Pageant. Hydroplane and motor boat races, high diving contests and other events are on the programme daily. Many lake cities have entered motor boats in the speed contests.

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WISCONSIN Day at the Pageant will be August 8. Of course every loyal son and daughter of Wisconsin will wish to be there on that date. We need hardly tell them that the most convenient way to get there, is over the North Shore Line. All North Shore trains are stopping at the new Grand avenue station in Chicago during the Pageant, which makes it quite convenient. The Municipal Pier is at the foot of Grand avenue, and the surface cars run out to the end of the pier. The exposition is decidedly well worth seeing. It ought to prove a great stimulus to business, something that is greatly needed at this time. Do not fail to pay it a visit. Such a visit will increase your pride in your country and strengthen your faith in its future.

Among Milwaukee's Manufacturing Plants

D ID you know that Milwaukee is the home of the largest plant in the country devoted to the manufacture of concrete mixing and paving machinery? We said the largest in the country, but that really means the largest in the world. Well, we went through the plant of the Koehring Machine Company a few days ago, and while it was the first one of the kind we had ever visited, we are willing to take the word of the officials that it is the largest of its kind to be found.

Some months ago W. C. Sauer, traffic director of the Koehring Machine Company, wrote the BULLETIN a letter describing a fast trip he had made from Milwaukee to Hammond, Ind. and return by electric lines. In that letter he invited us to call on him some time when in Milwaukee and look over a real concrete mixing machinery plant. When we called Mr. Sauer received us very cordially and accompanied by K. H. Talbot, manager of field service, showed us around the big plant, where we saw various types of concrete mixers and graders in different stages of construction.

To the average person there isn't anything particularly interesting in a machine for mixing concrete. The human machines who used to mix concrete, were more interesting in a way. At least we have often noticed a crowd of onlookers watch two husky laborers with shovels mixing a batch of concrete on the street. You have noticed how they do it. The cement, sand, and crushed stone are all spread out in a long narrow pile. One laborer stands on one side and his partner on the other, each armed with a shovel and they

turn it over a shovelful at a time. When they get to the end of the pile they spit on their hands and start back again, turning it over again in the other direction. How many times they repeat their performance we do not know, as the watching crowd invariably moves away when the end of the pile is reached. Funny how fascinating it is to some to stand around and watch others working. We have seen a man in such a hurry that he would dash across the street in front of a street car or automobile imperiling life and limb, and then stand on the curb for an hour watching some structural ironworkers hoist up a steel girder.

There are fewer of these human cement mixing machines nowadays and the reason can easily be found, even in a hurried walk, such as we took around the plant of the Koehring Company. Machines not only do the work so much faster, but they do it much better.

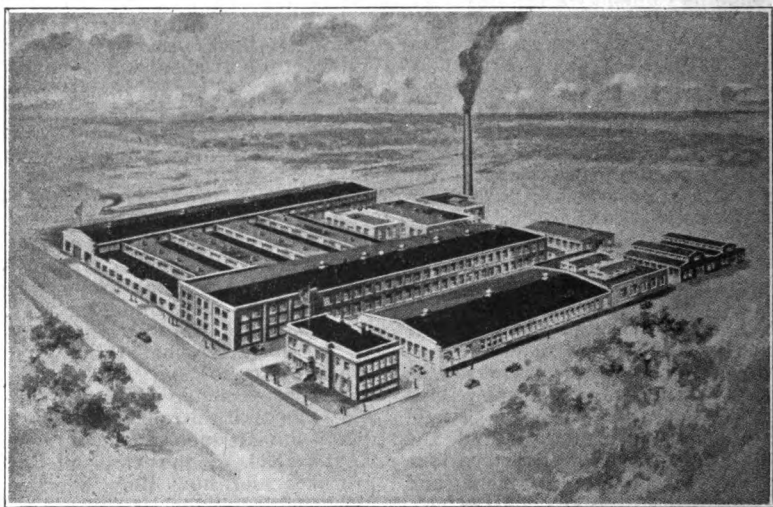
Many years ago when machinery was first introduced to supplant human labor, you have no doubt read of the riots of the workers and how they wrecked the machines which they believed were to take the bread and butter out of their mouths. Even today, when the fallacy of the early ideas have been amply demonstrated, we hear of isolated cases where workmen object to a machine. We wonder if anyone who had to mix cement by the old back-breaking and muscle-racking methods, really could object to the machine. Having seen something of both the old and new methods, our opinion is, that firms like the Koehring Company, which are developing new machines and new ideas, are in reality public benefactors.

Were we to attempt to describe

our trip around the Koehring plant, the description would no doubt prove tiresome. We followed the course of the machines from the foundry where the castings are made to the shipping room, where they are shipped all complete and ready for use, and although there is a sameness to all shops of that kind, we found the trip quite interesting.

One machine in particular interested us and set us to think-

always when he rested leaning on the handle of his shovel. And Pat always looked up from the ditch they were digging and made a funny reply. Without the pick and shovel we can't have any funny Irish jokes and that will be a distinct literary loss. Well, we could see the passing of the pick and shovel in that machine, for we expect it is here to stay and we shall be obliged to find another setting for the Irish joke.



Plant of Koehring Machine Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

ing. It is known as a Rotary Grader, for it should be understood that the Koehring Company manufactures three types of concrete mixers, a locomotive crane and an excavating grader. As we studied that excavating machine we thought that in time it will revolutionize our literature, as well as our methods of digging with pick and shovel.

From time immemorial you know the Irish joke has always had to do with a pick and shovel. Mike said to Pat something, but

As pick and shovel experts, Pat and Mike have been quite efficient, but they are not in it with this machine. We have it on good authority that the utmost capacity of hand shovel labor is loading five two-yard wagons a day. Well, this machine will load more than six hundred such wagons in a day, so that it didn't require much of an imagination to see in it the passing of the pick and shovel.

This Rotary Grader is a more expert digger than either Mike or

Pat. It will dig a trench any depth from one inch to two feet, and five feet seven inches wide. All that it asks of the operator is to adjust it to the desired depth and give it a start. It moves forward on its own power with caterpillar traction, digging the trench and scooping up the dirt at the same time and loading it into the wagons which move alongside.

saying in a slightly derisive tone, "Stand back, you poor, puny little mortals, and I will show you how to do it." Then the rotary cylinder will start to revolve, the rooting teeth on the buckets will bite into the clay, a steady stream of dirt will flow along the conveyor belt and be dumped into the waiting truck or car at a rate of from 60 to 100 cubic yards an hour.



"The Passing of the Pick and Shovel." Koehring Rotary Grader at Work

We have many times seen a crowd of laborers loading dirt wagons on some grading work. Usually there is such a crowd around a wagon that the most any one can do is load about six shovelfuls, when the wagon moves away filled up. To the onlooker it appears like fast work, due to the great number of laborers. But we can imagine the machine we have been describing

Yes, it means the passing of the pick and shovel and the emancipation of Pat and Mike.

The Koehring Company has branch offices in all the principal cities of the country and ships its machines all over the world. Its big Milwaukee plant is a model in the way of convenience. Among the recent additions to the plant is a large, well-equipped cafeteria, which was to be opened

for the convenience of the employees the day following our visit to the plant. The company ordinarily employs about 500 men, a great majority of whom

are highly skilled mechanics, for the company is proud of the name it has established and is careful to see that only perfect machines leave its plant.

With the Bulletin Family

WELL, Family, we notice that some of you are having vacations, which are in order at this season. As our chances of taking a vacation seem rather slim at the present time, it helps a whole lot to get cheerful letters from some members of the family who are more favorably situated.

That boy Loophound, Jr. seems to be having a great time away up in northern Wisconsin, near Hayward. He has found a new cause to espouse, too. We like an enthusiastic youngster of that kind. A month or two ago, you recall, he took up the cudgels for the poor thirsty mortals who have been deprived of their "beer and light wines" by an unfeeling and unsympathetic government. We couldn't feel very sorry for them, somehow, and intimated as much in replying to our correspondent.

We are inclined to sympathize a little more with the new cause he has espoused, that of poor Lo, although we confess we do not know a great deal about the subject. What he says sounds all right, but not long ago we read an interesting story of the wealth of the Indians, which rather surprised us. You know when your Uncle Samuel chased the Indians on to a reservation down in Oklahoma, he probably thought he had disposed of them. But along came the oil prospector and the Indian lands became the most valuable in the whole country. A pretty good joke on the government and the rest of us, but the result is that the per capita wealth of the Indian down in that

part of the country, is so much greater than the per capita wealth of the rest of us, that there is no comparison. We haven't the figures handy at this moment, but would suggest to our young friend that he look them up, as they are very illuminating.

Anyway, Loophound, Jr., writes a very interesting letter as follows:

Away up in the north woods! But still we have to come out of our reverie on sight of the BULLETIN. Yes, you made some pretty good points in your rebuttal—still I think we'll have to talk this over later. Prohibition is too big a thing to write letters about.

Had a great trip up here. We motored from Chicago, stopping at the Milwaukee restaurant for breakfast the other day. It is very fine, of course. We made the six hundred and some odd miles in three days—took things very easily, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. On the way through the woods near Ironwood, Michigan, we saw countless wild animals, including many deer, porcupines, weasels, and wolves. Strictly back to nature!

The other day we went down to the Indian reservation to see their big fourth of July dance. I wish that you could meet some of these Chippewa Indians. It would give you material for a year's batch of editorials. The members of four tribes gathered for a six day festival. On the advice of our Chippewa guide, we went down to see the last day. As we jolted over the rough road, we heard the tom-toms, at a distance of some miles. As we reached the dance place, the noise was awful. They had built a roofed over pavilion affair. In the center sat ten braves, (according to the old story books), beating in perfect rhythm on a huge drum. All about them danced the Indians, in beaded and fringed costumes, kiying in the best Indian fashion. On the outskirts stood the squaws,

marking time to the music. It was very interesting—the dance was the old-plea for victory in battle, which had been used in the tribe for hundreds of years.

But there was a sort of irony in the thing. Above the pavilion floated the American Flag. All around the roof hung red, white and blue bunting. Off to one side sat a number of young Indians, dressed in the uniform of United States infantrymen. Each had been wounded and decorated. Several wore medals for bravery in action. Some had crutches. Yet it seemed almost unbelievable that this nation of ours, built on a foundation of liberty, and standing for the liberty of oppressed peoples, could take these folk, put them on a small reservation, on land which no white man could be induced to attempt to eke out a living—land which has not been cleared in any way; to put them on such land without money or tools, without giving them seeds of any kind, to destroy the forests upon which they formerly lived, and to prohibit their hunting except at certain seasons of the year, and expect them to exist. It is, to me, the greatest crime of the years. And though their sons have fought for the United States—and they were REAL fighters, they are not even granted citizenship. One of them bitterly compared their status with that of the negro. The negro was brought over from Africa in slavery, ignorant, unclean, and uncivilized. He was given his freedom, and with it full citizenship. He can come and go as he pleases. The Indians, of far greater mentality, are reduced to a serfdom worse than that of the negro—he was at least granted the means of making a living. This the Indian has not.

I met a state official from Illinois who was camping on the reservation. He said that, given half a chance, the Indian would make the finest kind of citizen. They have a jail on the reservation, which has stood there for fifteen years without a man in it. They have no magistrates nor courts of any kind. They have no need of them, except to protect themselves from designing white men—but they have so little worth stealing that even unscrupulous white men can't find it worth their while to bother them any more.

I see that President Harding is going to take a hand and see to it that conditions are bettered among them, and I surely hope that he succeeds. Because if there were ever a blotch on our history, it is

our treatment of the Indians. You really should get up here some time, and look things over. It would give you lots to think about. If some of our loud-mouthed friends who spend their lives depriving other people of their rights and privileges would spend half the energy in trying to help these needy folk, they would stand a much better chance of getting to Heaven, or wherever it is they hope to get to.

The drums have stopped at last—the tribes have gathered on the steep river bank, to watch a log rolling contest between the champions of the various tribes. Did you ever see an Indian mount a log, and stick on it in deep water, while it spins at a high rate of speed? Of course they wear spikes, but it is some job. In the contest, they mount two men on a log some twelve feet long and two in diameter, and then one spins the log while the other tries to stay on. It is quite a lively pastime. Finally comes the big bout. The champion and the challenger mount the log, and pole out to deep water. It is the privilege of the champion to roll the log first. He starts running on it, much like a horse in a treadmill. The log revolves faster and faster, sending out little ripples in widening circles. The feet of the contestants are moving so fast that they seem almost a blur. Suddenly the champion "spikes" the log, causing it to stop almost instantly. The challenger, his eyes on the feet of the other, has been expecting such a move, and is ready for it—so he sets his spikes in the log also—but a moment too soon, and topples backward into the water. But his frantic efforts have also upset the champion, and both have to swim ashore and start over again, while the crowds on the bank shout their approval.

Will send you in some pictures of the festival, if they come out well. All in all, it was a great day—and one which gave us quite a bit to think about. Well, if I don't stop and get this letter into the mail, it won't leave for three days, so will have to call a halt.

As ever,
Loophound, Jr.

Isn't that boy some correspondent? An old friend of ours, a former Chicago newspaper man, is secretary of the Indian bureau at Washington. Guess we'll send him a copy of that letter and ask him to get busy.

As Loophound, Jr. has given a fairly good account of himself, we suppose our readers would like to hear of Loophound the original. You know he moved to Pittsburgh, but we hear from him occasionally. He writes that he will kick in with a letter for the August issue, but we expect it will have to go over until September. He says he probably will be on a vacation in August and will write something about that. His latest letter wasn't intended for this column, but we are going to print some of it, just to let readers know that he is all right. He writes:

We expect to go to New Brunswick, Canada, for a month to give the natives of my old home town a treat. The kids are the only grandchildren on our side of the family and they want to see them particularly, though they probably will tolerate the missus and myself. It has been ungodly hot here for three weeks and Friend Wife says there ain't no hell if it isn't Pittsburgh.

I wish some of those Chicago knockers could compare the street car service here with what they are getting for 8½ cents on the "L". We live in Beechview, a 15-minute ride from downtown. When we want to go to Forbes Field to a ball game we change cars downtown, walk three and a half blocks and pay another fare for another 15-minute ride, or a total of 16 2-3 cents for a 30-minute ride. The same thing happens if we want to go to East Liberty, a section similar to Englewood. And I wouldn't want to compare the cars here with anything that runs on wheels in Cook County. The artist who draws the "Toonerville Trolley" must have got his idea in Pittsburgh.

Send the BULLETIN along as soon as it comes out and address it to the office, as Friend Wife holds it out on me when it comes to the house.

Yours,

Loophound.

We'll be glad to hear about that visit to the old home and whether they killed the fatted calf or otherwise.

Another correspondent is doing a little vacationing. He writes:

I am doing some more traveling and in doing so I am using all sorts of transportation. So far, however, the jerkwater road which runs from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth Cave, Ky., sure takes the prize. It needs it. I have interurbaned some and what a pleasure it was to be clean and cool after the other sort of travel on the steam lines. I have wished for a pocket edition of the North Shore Line to use in these travels, but no such luck.

H. E. Rasmussen.

We've found a new correspondent in Highland Park and he's original, too. He is Bob Robinson, the clerk at the soda water fountain in the new North Shore station and believes in sticking close to his job. At least we suppose he does, for he writes a poem about his job on a paper napkin. Here it is:

I know you love a good surprise,
A bit of something new,
So let this napkin advertise
The job I have to do.

But first of all, just let me tell
Whereof I work and how,
Or let me name the stuff I sell
And tempt your stomach now.

Just let me say the North Shore
Line
Was looking for a guy,
And 'cause the job looked kind of
fine,
I grabbed it with a sigh.

I jerk the stuff and hand it out,
Ice cream and strong jim-fiz,
I try to please the folks about
For they give me the "biz."

It ain't so worse as it may seem,
To tell the truth 'tis fun;
Of course, it isn't just a dream,
But it brings me in the "Mon."

And then you know once in a while,
I give myself a treat,
And just one such will bring a smile,
For it surely can't be beat.

Oh, by the way if at some time
You land in Highland Park,
Just kid me once with but a dime,
I'll prove that we're a shark.

And if you come, like other men
You'll want to come just fine,
So take the Road of Service then,
The speedy North Shore Line.

I've shot a line, but 'tis all true,
We sure are on the job,
But till the time I hear from you
I'm yours forever Bob.

We might say the foregoing wasn't originally intended for the BULLETIN, but was written to apprise a friend of the new job and the friend relayed it to the BULLETIN. Since receiving it we have made the acquaintance of this promising youngster and have had one or two more "pieces" which will have to wait for another month.

We haven't heard for several months from our genial friend Harry Lyons, branch manager of McGuire & Orr at Kenilworth, until the other day, although he drops in to call once in a while. He is always in such a hurry that we expect he doesn't find time to write very often, but he is some artist at slinging ink when he gets going. After reading the last BULLETIN, in which we made a side remark that business wasn't very good, or something like that, he came right back to say we were a liar. Of course, he didn't say it that way. He said it this way:

Business is really good. I am selling more vacant lots in Kenilworth than I did a year ago and at a higher price, too. Like you I hear that business is rotten, but the man who was most emphatic in telling me so bought a lot from me and refused to let me sell another one I sold him a year ago, although I could have made him a neat profit on it. I went to his office to see if I couldn't list the lot I had sold him a year ago. He said he had never seen business in his line so bad.

"Then" I said "let me make you a nice profit on that lot." When he found out what I could sell it for he decided to hold on to it and bought another at \$10 a front foot more than it would have cost him a year ago. Desirable building sites in Kenilworth are already becoming scarce and what will it be when Chicago has four million of population? It won't be how much a desirable site will cost, but where is the site.

The firm of McGuire & Orr has

been doing business on the north shore for thirty years and its reputation is such that it makes sales easy for me.

Can't he hand it out, though? We have omitted a few paragraphs of very glowing descriptive writing about the particular advantages of living on the north shore. Of course, we quite agree with it all and we like to boost his business, as he is a good booster for the North Shore Line. Besides he thinks we may be related in some way. It seems his grandmother's name was Janet McKay. Our maternal grandmother was named Jane McKay, so that is the connecting link. Well, anyway, Mr. Lyons, we can both hand out the bunk rather fluently, so it may be there is some relationship there after all. He called at our office the other day when we happened to be out and left this note on our desk:

When you raised your fare to Kenilworth, you lowered it for me. I had been paying for one ride at a time or 34 cents. I bought a 10-ride ticket for \$3.11 for 31 and a fraction cents. I have never paid the new rate of 55 cents. You are FOILED.

Harry Lyons.

Well, Mr. Lyons, that is just what we predicted last month that most of our patrons would do and that the increase in rates would probably not result in any increase in revenue. Some patrons do not take the matter in the same spirit you do and we have had a few verbal bricks thrown at our devoted head. But a transportation company has to live, just as has a private concern and unless it is reasonably prosperous it cannot give the best service of which it is capable. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

Another cheerful patron, who takes the slight increase in rates in the right spirit, is our genial correspondent "Jumbo," who, as our readers know, lives in Milwaukee and travels around the

country a great deal. A month or two ago we said we were a little alarmed about "Jumbo" as he burst into verse or something of the kind, but we are glad to announce that he has recovered from the spasm and is writing plain prose again. He writes:

Every dog has his day. Now that the spring fever days are over, I believe the dreams are over. At any rate this hot weather takes the dreams out of everybody.

I will have to admit that I became a little delinquent, but now that I have come to myself I will have to snap into it. The June BULLETIN was so late that I became worried, thinking that perhaps it had been discontinued, and I was about to start a popular petition to have it restored and vote it back to life.

A few Saturdays ago I tried a little experiment which worked out fine and I want to tell you about it. It was very hot and we were not in a hurry to get anywhere, so I proposed to the other seven friends that we take the 8 p. m. boat to Racine, just to keep cool. So we did. We arrived at Racine at 10:15 p. m. and stayed a little while. As it was getting rather late we wished to get home in a hurry, so we boarded a Washington street car which took us to the North Shore station and, you tell 'em, we got home in a hurry, all right.

I enjoyed it more than a two-way boat trip and it was far better than an excursion. It is indeed a pleasant way to spend a hot evening and makes you forget all about Einstein or even swi stein. (Draw Loophound's attention to the fact.) You can bum around all evening and when it's time to go home the Road of Service is right there to bring you to your destination, and bring you there in a hurry. Without apology to Briggs or anyone else, "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?" If you doubt my word, try it yourself. But Chicago people are out of luck in this case. Get me?

With best wishes to the service —Naw, we don't mind the 3-cent fare; the service is worth it.

Yours truly,

Jumbo.

We don't doubt your word Mr. Jumbo. Didn't we even swallow, or pretend to, that story you told us last month about the man who hung his feet over the edge of the bathtub.

It doesn't take much to encourage the poets. Last month we gave a little encouragement to "Jim Ham", who, by the way, is attracting attention, as we have had several inquiries about him. We don't know much about him, as we have never met him, but he has qualified as a regular member of the Bulletin Family, and that goes. Here is his latest contribution:

It has been said that the fellow who named near beer was a damn poor judge of distance. Likewise is a near poet a poor substitute, but then you're to blame for adding a word of encouragement.

As one goes 'round about today,
'Tendin' to his knittin',
Tryin' to keep too busy to

Watch the time a-flittin'
He seems to meet too many folks
All loaded up with woe
Who really might get somewhere
If they knew just how to go.

Last week I said "Good Mawnin'."

To a clerk in a hotel
And whether he understood it
I really cannot tell,

But ne'er-the-less he seemed surprised

To hear a cheery word,
The like of which it seems these days

Is very seldom heard.
To carry 'round great gobs of gloom
On top our normal load,
Transforms a rose-strewn pathway
Into a rocky road.

'Tis hard I grant to find much joy
With business as it is
And pop's a damn poor substitute
For the good old-time gin fliz.
But let us make the best of it
And if we have to weep

Let's choose a proper time and place,

When others are asleep.
Sympathetically yours,

Jim Ham.

It might help matters some if we did our weeping "in silence and alone," for our own philosophy is that spreading gloom doesn't bring satisfactory returns.

We have a new correspondent this month from the "seat of the mighty", or whatever you might call Washington. We think he must have a government job, because he comments on the November 1920 issue of the BULLETIN.

TIN. That is about as near being up to date as one could expect under the circumstances. He writes:

I have before me the very interesting November, 1920, issue of the BULLETIN, which I picked up in the Milwaukee station last fall and like all other things connected with the North Shore, it is right up to the minute.

First I wish to say that I am a former Wisconsin boy and may possibly be just a little prejudiced in favor of anything north of Chicago. But I do say the Creator sure did a good job when he made Wisconsin and filled it with some of the best people in the world.

But about the North Shore Line. I have traveled this old U. S. A. from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico and there is no better service anywhere and it's the cleanest road in existence.

Referring to your article on page three—and begging your pardon—we haven't got the League of Nations yet, but we are going to have it and that very soon I think. Also we have "Hell and Maria" Dawes of Chicago here now and Oscar F. Kellar of St. Paul and with the noise I make and the things they do, I think things will run pretty smoothly from now on, not forgetting our very popular hustler Will Hays, who will give you interest on your savings from date and a few more things to his credit in the U. S. Post Office.

With best wishes and good luck,
Yours truly,

H. E. Pearson.

We don't know Mr. Pearson, but we're glad to think he is helping to run this old country of ours, as we need his help. The BULLETIN has been running it single-handed, you might say, for months, and as it is a big job, we welcome Mr. Pearson's assistance. We haven't said much about the League of Nations for a long time, but our ideas on the subject remain unchanged. You see we never really cared much what they called it and if the end is to be accomplished through a mutual agreement on disarmament, that will suit us admirably. What we advocated was something that would at least tend to end wars and we believed, and still believe, it might have been accomplished through the League of Nations. But as Old Bill Shakespeare used to remark, "a

rose by any other name, etc.," so we are not worrying.

Our old correspondent Julius Peck, department manager of Espenhain in Milwaukee, sends us an interesting page of the Wisconsin News. The employes of the Espenhain Store held a picnic and outing and from the newspaper we gather that the affair was under the management of Mr. Peck and that it was a great success. Among the pictures shown are a number of bathing scenes and it seems that Mr. Peck was the judge and had to award the prizes for the most fetching bathing costumes. And he never said a word about it until it was all over. Now we have plenty of work to keep us out of mischief, but had Mr. Peck called on us for a little assistance in the judging line, we would have made a great effort to be there. We are so anxious to help in some ways.

We haven't quite reached the bottom of the pile of letters, but we are over the usual space and must let a few wait until the next issue. However, it is so unusual for one editor to hand another a bouquet that we cannot refrain from giving ourself this little boost from R. M. Van Sant, editor of the employes' magazine of the B. & O. Railroad. He writes:

I enjoyed reading the leading editorial in your June issue so much and agree so unreservedly with the sentiments expressed, that I just wanted to send you this note to thank you for the privilege of having read it.

Yours truly,

R. M. Van Sant.

When we said it is unusual for one editor to praise another, we didn't mean that editors are necessarily knockers. They aren't. They have so much stuff to read, however, that they seldom think of praising the writer, at least by letter. They also have so much stuff to write that they are seldom "vox poppers." Anyway, we appreciate the compliment, brother editor.

COURAGE

WHAT if the morn no joy to you shall
bring,
No gleam of sunbeam shine across your
way;
What if no bird one joyous note shall sing
Into your listening ear through all the
day!

WHAT if no word of comfort you shall
hear
As through the hours long you toil and
strive;
What if to you no vision bright appear
To keep your hungry heart and soul alive!

WHAT if the blest companionship men
crave
Come not to you through all the day's
long length,
But, bound and fettered even as a slave,
Within yourself you have to find your
strength!

AND if, when you have toiled and wrought
alone,
The sweet reward you sought you do
not gain,
And find the hoped-for bread is but a stone,
In that sad hour for grief, should you
complain?

AH NO! It matters not if shade or sun,
Or good or ill, your efforts shall attend;
In doing you have but your duty done
As best you knew—and should do to the
end.

THOMAS F. PORTER.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER, 1921



"The Road of Service"

EVANSTON'S MOUNTAIN

NATURE favored Evanston in a great many ways. Its location on the shore of Lake Michigan is ideal. It is a seat of learning and the home of refinement and culture. It has a daily newspaper—The News-Index—which would be a credit to a much larger city. Among its other advantages is its splendid transportation facilities, supplied by the North Shore Line and the Northwestern Elevated.

But Nature didn't give Evanston a mountain and that is what we meant to speak about. Evanston is planning to supply that little defect and build a mountain of its own. It has the material ready at hand and the best of the idea is that the material is otherwise in the way of Evanston's expansion, and it wishes to expand.

There are mountains of dirt piled along the banks of the drainage canal. Not only are they unsightly, but they prevent the city extending west and that is the only direction in which it can expand. Lake Michigan keeps it from going east, Chicago hems it on the south and Wilmette on the north. If those spoil banks on the drainage canal were removed, Evanston could extend west for miles, through a beautiful country. Therefore, the spoil banks must be removed.

Now the idea which is agitating Evanston and is meeting with public approval is to take that dirt and build a mountain, or rather a mound, and erect on its top a great shaft to the memory of its soldiers and sailors who fell in the line of duty. The proposed mound would have a base area of five acres and tower to a height of 300 feet or more.

The idea seems a good one, for the mound would make one of the most attractive show places on the north shore. It would attract thousands of visitors, for it would be unique. It would perpetuate the memory of Evanston's heroes

and remove the unsightly piles of clay that prevent the expansion of the city.

Go to it, Evanston, and build your own mountain.

PICNIC A HUGE SUCCESS

EMPLOYEES of the Chicago Branch of the Studebaker Corporation of America held a successful picnic and outing at Foss Park in North Chicago and were so pleased with the service given them by the North Shore Line that the following letter was sent to the Traffic Department:

"Our first annual picnic held at Foss Park was a huge success. We wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your suggestion of Foss Park, as one could not wish for a more ideal place to hold a picnic.

"We also wish to compliment your train crews for the efficient and courteous treatment we received.

"Yours very truly,
The Studebaker Corporation of America,

"V. J. Lagergren,
"Chicago Branch."

The North Shore Line is always ready to give outing parties special accommodations on short notice.

SAFETY ATTENDANCE CONTEST

KEEN rivalry exists between the various safety committees on the North Shore Line, as to which can show the best attendance record. The two electrical leagues have long held the honor, or rather they have had the reputation of attending meetings better than any other league.

Now the Waukegan City trainmen intend to show them up and have challenged the electrical leagues for an attendance contest for one year, from July 1. Go to it, you Waukegan boys, and show them up.

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV Chicago, September, 1921  28 No. 11

Editorial Comment

HERE we are, close to the "dead line" and not an idea in sight to fill this space which we reserve for alleged "editorial comment."

* * * * *

YOU see we write this BULLETIN backward, or something like that. Our readers, or most of them, anyway, begin with the editorials. Well, we write all the other stuff first and just leave these comments as a sort of choice morsel for dessert.

* * * * *

WE get so many flattering letters about these comments that we feel we have a reputation to sustain. There's an old saying that if you get a reputation for early rising, you may stay in bed all day. It isn't so in the writing game, for that kind of a reputation is rather fleeting and evanescent. The editor has got to be on the job all the time and he can't afford to slip.

* * * * *

SOME time ago we read that our old friend William Jennings Bryan of free silver and grape juice fame, was pinched in a north shore town for exceeding the speed limit. He always was a fast talker. Well, when he announced his full name, which he no doubt thought was one to conjure with, the cop who pinched him said he had never heard the name before. And the cop lives on the north shore. Just proves what we said that reputations are fleeting and evanescent.

* * * * *

THE other day we read of some tourists who visited the city of Hannibal, Mo., and wished to see the old home of Mark Twain. They asked an old resident to direct them. He said he

never heard of any Twains in that burg. Thinking the famous humorist might be known by his correct, rather than his pen name, the tourists asked where the former home of Samuel Clemens was located. "Never heard the name in these parts," said the resident. "What, did you never hear of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn?" asked the visitor. "Never heard of either of them." "Oh, surely you must have heard of Puddenhead Wilson," said the visitor in desperation. "Yes," said the resident, "I've heard tell of him. Voted for him four years ago."

* * * * *

SPEAKING of reputations, which we believe we were, doesn't Henry Ford get away with it in great style? We haven't the slightest ill-feeling toward Mr. Ford, as we never operated one of his alleged automobiles and we respect his genius for organization. We suspect, however, that he has been the cause of more profanity than any other man in the country and we have never been able to look upon him as a philanthropist. True, he has sold cheap cars, but he hasn't sold them at a loss, by any means. He has made, and is still making millions and millions off his business every year. We're inclined to think, therefore, that he charges for his products all they are worth. Many think the darned things would be dear at any price. But he's a great advertiser and gets away with it.

* * * * *

NOW he is in the limelight as a great railroad operator and that intrigues us. To read some of the newspapers about the success Mr. Ford has made of his personally owned railroad, one would suppose that he is a sort of a Moses, sent down from heaven to teach railroad operators how to run their business. Yesterday we think it was that we read of a resolution introduced in the city council of Minneapolis by a Socialist alderman, proposing that Mr. Ford be invited to that city to show them how to run the street railway system. Isn't it perfectly wonderful to have a reputation like that? Even some of the New York newspapers have been saying that what the railroads of the country need is a half dozen men like Henry Ford to run them. We'll bet a red apple that Henry won't tackle the job. He's a lot wiser than newspaper writers and editors in that respect. He'd probably find it a harder

job than fitting out a peace ship and "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" and he made a miserable fizzle of that. Our guess is he'll stick to making tin lizzies. There's more money in it and he hasn't any competition.

* * * * *

WHAT are the facts about Ford's wonderful success in operating his railroad? He bought it about a year ago at a bargain sale. He paid fifty cents on the dollar for the bonds, five cents on the dollar for the preferred stock and one cent for the common stock. The road was in bad shape, of course. It hadn't any business to speak of, because it was not in physical shape to handle business even if offered it. It had been a source of expense to its owners and they were glad to get rid of it and charge their losses up to experience. What was the miracle that Mr. Ford performed? He had at his command the capital to rehabilitate the road and also the business to give it when it was rehabilitated. From a losing venture he turned it into a paying one, but there was nothing miraculous about it. Any railroad man could have done the same thing under similar circumstances. The road was all run down when Mr. Ford acquired it. It wasn't hard to diagnose its trouble. It needed a tonic. That tonic was new capital and Mr. Ford was in a position to supply it. When the road was restored to normal health, it needed business to keep it in exercise. Again Mr. Ford was in a position to furnish that business from his own factories at one end and his coal mines at the other. The road carried the Ford manufactured products from the Detroit factories and the coal and raw materials back to the factories. Give any railroad a good profitable haul in both directions and it cannot fail to be prosperous.

* * * * *

THERE are some other advantages enjoyed by Mr. Ford's privately owned and operated railroad—the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. It connects with most, or all of the trunk lines running between Chicago and New York. The output of the Ford factories constitutes a volume of business that none of the railroads can afford to overlook. Consequently Mr. Ford is in a position to force other railroads to route business over his road, wherever it

is in a position to handle it in return for the business that such railroads get from his factories. Nothing wrong about that, perhaps, but it all brings grist to the Ford mill. It helps to make his railroad prosperous, so that he can petition for a reduction in rates that might be ruinous to a railroad less favorably situated. The point is that Mr. Ford hasn't performed any miracle as a railroad man as far as we can see. The success of his railroad is easily explainable, so that the public should not be fooled by the glowing accounts which appear in the newspapers and which tend to reflect on the ability of other railroad operators, who have forgotten more about the business than Mr. Ford will ever know.

* * * * *

AS we have said, it's a funny thing how the public falls for that sort of stuff. There's one thing which puzzles us, as we sit in our swivel chair and run the affairs of the nation on a typewriter. The railroads of the country are not allowed to engage in any other business than transportation. They are not supposed to have any financial interest in any mining or manufacturing concern whose product they are engaged in transporting. The same newspapers that are praising Mr. Ford for running a railroad as a side issue to his factories, are the same ones who print stories about the evils of interlocking directorates and things of that kind. They attempt to show every once in a while that some railroad really controls some coal mine or something of the kind and they demand that an investigation be made. Now there isn't any question about Mr. Ford owning big factories. There isn't any question that he owns a railroad to haul the products of those factories. We believe he owns or is interested in coal and iron mines, which furnish the raw materials for his factories. And he is hailed as a great public benefactor, while others accused of doing similar things are pointed out as public malefactors. And he gets away with it and gets lots of free advertising, just as we are giving it here. The workings of the public mind are truly wonderful.

* * * * *

WE read columns about the wonderful system of efficiency in the Ford factories. A few days ago we read something to the effect that the output of the Ford factories was as great, now

that some 36,000 men are employed, as it was a year or two ago, when 52,000 men were employed. The casual reader says to himself that Mr. Ford is a wonderful man. Well, so he is, for that matter, but what does a statement like that mean when you stop to analyze it? If 36,000 men are now doing as much as 52,000 formerly did, it indicates that there must have been a screw loose somewhere when the larger force was employed. The truth of the matter simply is that the experience in the Ford factories is the same as the experience everywhere else. When labor is plentiful and jobs are scarce, efficiency increases and when labor is scarce and work plentiful, production decreases and that is all there is to it. Mr. Ford's wonderfully scientific management doesn't upset any economic law, except in the newspapers and in the minds of those who do not stop to think for themselves.

* * * * *

NOW that we have given Mr. Ford all the advertising which we believe he is entitled to in one issue, let's take up the affairs of the nation and dispose of them. The afternoon is young yet and it doesn't take long to do a job like that when we go about it. Seems as if we hadn't saved the world for several months and for the affairs of this nation, we have been letting them slide to give Congress a chance. We don't like to be hoggish and we are perfectly willing to have Congress help out on the job. Besides that is what Congress is being paid for, while we do it just for the fun of the thing. But our patience is nearly exhausted, for Congress is terribly slow. Did you ever watch a man puttering around in a sort of aimless way and getting nowhere? That always gets on our nerves. We feel like pushing him out of the way and doing the job ourself. That's what we feel like doing with those tariff tinkers and tax revisers at Washington. Maybe they think there isn't any need for them hurrying and really we doubt if it would make much difference, anyway. The deficit of the government for the month of July was only 113 millions of dollars, just a mere trifle. No need to be in a hurry to cut down the waste and extravagance or decrease the burden of taxation.

OF course Congress is doing a little something. It has decided to reduce the supertax on large incomes to 32 per cent. It may not be able to get away with it because there has been an awful howl about letting the rich escape taxes. The loudest howl has come from the fellows who don't pay any direct income tax. Not that we are particularly worried about the poor fellow with a million a year of an income, but let it be said for him that he doesn't dodge taxes. He gets hit pretty hard. The reduction to 32 per cent will help him a good deal. If his income is a million a year, the government will only take \$400,000 of it away from him under the new rate, whereas it took away \$700,000 under the old rate. And still we hear a lot about the "rich tax-dodger." It's largely bunk and is a very popular phrase with those who don't know a darned thing about it. In fact that is the great trouble. A little knowledge is dangerous. With a lot of knowledge one is reasonably safe, but we have noticed that it is the fellow who knows least who usually shouts the loudest.

* * * * *

WE said we weren't particularly interested in the man who had an income of a million a year or more. That isn't strictly correct, because we ought to be interested in him. We are in favor of reducing the rate of taxation for him, because we believe that will help to reduce our own small quota. We know, of course, that is exactly opposite to what most working men think. But here is the logic of the situation. In 1916 there were 3,833 persons in this country paid income tax on incomes of over \$150,000. In 1919 there were only 2,543 persons paid on that size of an income. In 1916 there were 376 persons paid on incomes in excess of \$500,000 and in 1919 there were only 189. What does that decrease mean? It means simply that persons with very large incomes are investing their capital in tax exempt securities and keeping it out of the industrial field where it is needed. If the supertax is so heavy that it eats up the difference in the return from an industrial bond paying 6 or 7 per cent and a tax exempt security paying 4 or 5 per cent, you can see what will happen. In fact it has happened. Capital is seeking tax exempt investments. We all know that the cost of government

must be met and that it must be met by taxes. If the man with a million invests in tax exempt securities, those of us who may be a few cents short of a million must pay more taxes, for the revenue has to be raised from some source. It's perfectly plain and simple when you think it over. We are inclined to think, personally, that there shouldn't be any tax exempt securities, but there are, and if they are to continue the supertax has got to be reduced as Congress has proposed.

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EVERYONE knows now that the excess profits tax is a failure as a revenue producer. It sounds fine to the unthinking but it is wrong in principle. It is useless in practice at the present time, too, for the tax is there but the excess profits aren't. A great many chambers of commerce and industrial organizations favor a tax on sales, but Congress seems scared of it. It appears to have worked out successfully in Canada and probably would here. But you can understand why Congress shies at it. That excess profits tax sounds so good to the great mass of voters that Congress hasn't the heart to take it away from them. You see there will be another election coming on. And as Dooley once remarked to his friend Hennessey there may be some doubt about trade following the flag, but the divil a doubt but Supreme Court decisions follow the election returns.

* * * * *

HAVING disposed of the vexatious question of taxes to the extent of our space, and almost to the extent of our knowledge, let's tackle that other plaything of Congress—the tariff. The making of an American tariff is a fearful and wonderful thing. We're watching it with rather keen interest at this time, because we remember some four or five years ago when we were actively working for the creation of a non-partisan tariff commission. We personally handled one angle of the publicity campaign that was carried on for months. Used to trot around the country and have resolutions adopted and make speeches on the iniquities of the log-rolling methods of making tariff schedules. Our chief argument then was that the making of tariff schedules should be placed in the hands of experts and taken out of politics. And we actually

believed in what we wrote and said. Well, the law was passed and the commission was created. Did it take the tariff out of politics? Not so you could notice it. The commission appears to have worked away quietly and effectively during the latter part of the last administration, but the wheel has turned and our old friend the tariff is with us again.

* * * * *

WE understand, of course, that a tariff is a tax and that Congress is the only power which can impose a national tax. Our argument during the campaign was that Congress would be guided by the advice of the tariff experts, who would sit on the job permanently and revise schedules piecemeal as conditions and careful and scientific investigation seemed to warrant. We don't believe that all the provisions of the Fordney bill were recommended by the experts on the tariff commission. If they were, we're inclined to think we need a change of experts. We have faith in the tariff commission, however, but we think its recommendations are being ignored. We appreciate the size of the job. A tariff bill in Congress is bigger than a Sears Roebuck catalogue and contains a whole lot more items. So it's some job for a body like Congress to handle, where each member thinks the world centers in the district that elected him. When we started on this subject we meant to tell Congress how to settle the tariff question, but on second thoughts we're not going to do it. Let the Congressmen settle it to suit themselves. They'll do that anyway. At least it's quite certain they won't settle it to suit all the rest of us no matter what they do about it.

* * * * *

WILL the class all rise and tell us what's the matter with business. Are we all turning our eyes toward Washington when we might better have them centered nearer home? Sometimes we think that has a whole lot to do with the situation. Waiting for George to do it instead of doing it ourselves. It rather amuses us when we hear some one wailing over lack of business and saying "Why don't Congress do something? Why doesn't President Harding do something?" You've heard them. Why don't they do something themselves? Everyone waiting for some one else to start the ball rolling. Of course it is going to

start soon, but we might all help it just a little instead of standing by with our hands in our pockets. Buy something that you need and encourage the other fellow to buy something you may have to sell. Show a little confidence in yourself and in your fellowman. Spend a little money and keep it in circulation. That reminds us that we are thirsty and are going out right now to spend 15 or 20 cents, according to where we go, for a Horlick's Malted Milk. We deserve one after settling everything of consequence in the matter of two or three hours. That will be all for today children and the class is dismissed.

COMMENDS THOUGHTFUL CONDUCTOR

IN the attitude of employees toward the traveling public, we have often remarked in the Bulletin that it is the little things which attract attention and which please patrons. The following letter from a pleased patron proves the truth of what we have said and it also shows originality and initiative on the part of the conductor who is commended:

This note just means to give a word of commendation for the conductor on the 7:11 train from Wilson avenue to Ravinia Park last Friday night, Aug. 19. You may remember an awful thunderstorm came up while we were en route and when we reached Ravinia Park the downpour was terrific.

As each person was leaving the car in the rain, the conductor handed him or her a few sheets of newspaper in a quiet, thoughtful way. Everybody was pleased, took the paper and ran for shelter, using it as an umbrella. I happened not to need the paper since we were provided with umbrellas, but I do think such thoughtful courtesy should be brought to your notice.

Though we did not see the motorman, we really wished to thank him, too, for piloting us safely through such a dark and terrible storm.

Theda Doniat.

The conductor referred to in the foregoing letter is Lewis A. Klepfer and his thoughtfulness is appreciated by the management,

as well as by the patrons whom he tried to accommodate under unusual circumstances.

PRAISES CONDUCTOR

THE following letter from a Milwaukee patron of the North Shore Line explains itself:

Devoting most of my business time to travel, I had the pleasure of riding on the North Shore Line last week. It behooves me to say that the trip was most enjoyable. I left here on the 4 p. m. Limited for Chicago and it was a pleasure, while at the same time I received the courteous treatment extended to me by Conductor Kinzie, who was in charge of the train. I have traveled a great deal in the past years and it always has been a pleasure to see the different types of railroad men that one meets, but the courteous manner in which this young man handled his passengers sure made a hit with me.

You are to be commended for having such a clean, courteous bunch of men on your road.

Respectfully yours,

James Brasier.

It is always a pleasure to print letters like the foregoing and they help to encourage the boys who are striving so earnestly to please the public. There are so many people in this world who would rather give censure than praise. When you meet a trainman who merits commendation, give him a word of encouragement. It doesn't cost you anything and it means a lot to him.

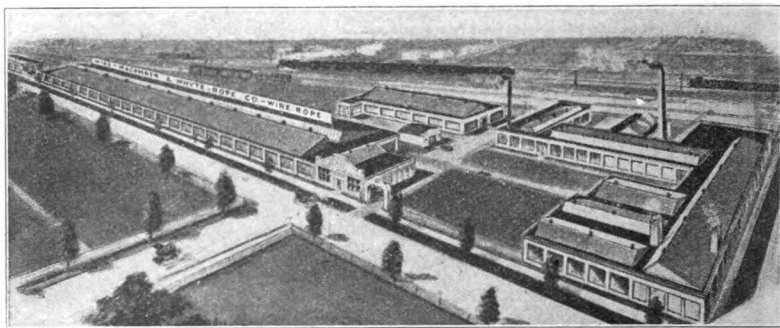
One of Kenosha's Famous Industries

KENOSHA is the home of a great many industrial plants. Its products are known all over the world. The particular plant of which we are going to tell you a little, is the only one of its kind on the North Shore Line, or indeed in this section of the country, for there is not another one nearer than St. Louis.

You may have heard of the **MACWHYTE COMPANY** of Kenosha. The wire rope it manufactures is pretty generally known all over the world, for modern industry couldn't be carried on successfully without wire rope. Its

Hun submarine in check, for it supplied about 10,000,000 feet of galvanized wire rope to be placed in the North Sea to hem in the submarines. It also made a great many streamline wires for airplanes, for this particular kind of wire gives an airplane about 10 per cent greater speed than if it was equipped with solid wires or with wire strand.

Believing that a little story about the manufacture of wire rope might be of interest to readers of the **BULLETIN**, we hied up to Kenosha the other day to pay a visit to the **MACWHYTE**



Macwhyte Wire Rope Plant, Kenosha, Wis.

products are known in China and in South America, in Cuba and in Mexico, in fact everywhere where mining or oil-production is carried on, as well as in the logging camps in the northwest. To bring it a little nearer home, we might say that without wire rope the beautiful Wrigley Building in Chicago wouldn't be possible and incidentally we might say that it is **MACWHYTE** wire rope that pulls the elevators to the top of the Wrigley Building tower.

During the World War, the **MACWHYTE COMPANY** played no small part in helping keep the

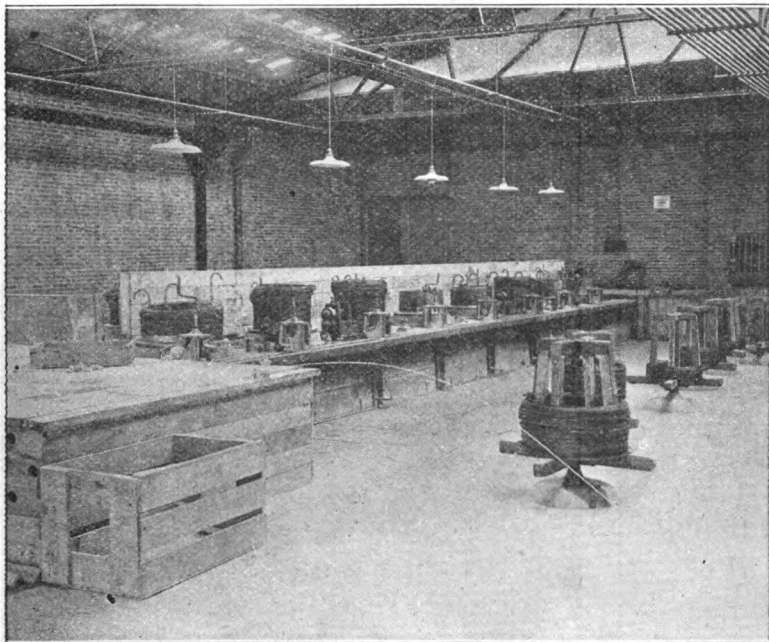
plant. On a previous visit to Kenosha, of which we told you something some months ago, we had met George S. Whyte, president of the **MACWHYTE COMPANY**. He's the sort of man that having met once, you wish to meet again, because he is a real fellow. He's quite a golfer, too, we understand, but we are going to put that to the test in the near future, for we have an invitation to go up and play a game with him and we mean to do it.

After luncheon with Mr. Whyte at the Elks' Club, we drove out to the **MACWHYTE** plant, north

of the city. It is quite a large plant, located on a 15-acre tract and having about 205,000 square feet of floor space. Mr. Whyte piloted us around the plant, among the whirling machines and explained some of the processes necessary in the manufacture of wire rope. The last place we visited was the extensive laboratory in the basement of the large office

strength of that rope, so that only the best materials can be used. It can readily be understood why the laboratory is an important part of the plant.

The raw material comes from the steel mills in the shape of heavy wire one-quarter inch in diameter. It first gets a thorough cleansing in a solution of muriatic acid and is then washed under a



Wire Drawing Benches, Macwhyte Plant

building. In giving a brief description of wire rope making the laboratory really should be the first place visited instead of the last. The laboratory is now an important department in most manufacturing plants, although it was unknown a few years ago.

All the raw material used in the manufacture of wire rope is first subjected to a laboratory test. Human life depends on the

stream of water at a pressure of eighty pounds. The next step is a bath in lime to neutralize the effects of the acid and in that condition it is put into an oven and baked for from ten to twelve hours. It is then ready to be drawn.

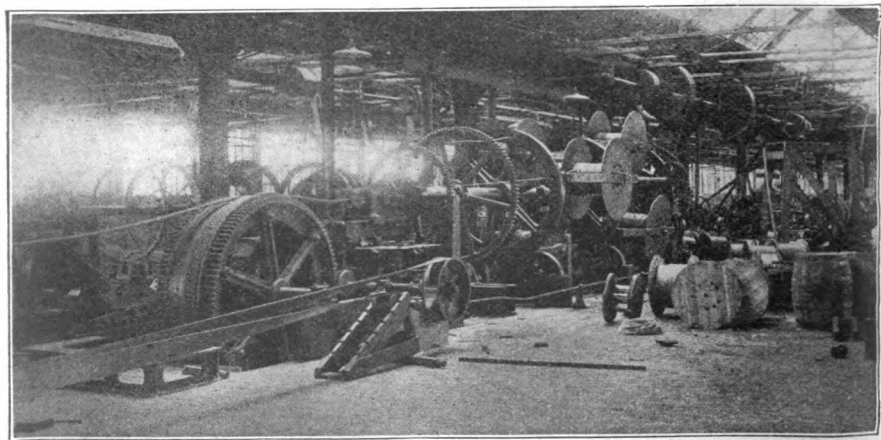
The drawing process is quite interesting. The wire is all drawn cold, going through dies of different sizes until it is of the re-

quired thickness. Nothing is scraped off, so that the wire weighs just the same at the end of the drawing process as it did at the beginning, but instead of being one-quarter inch, it is drawn out to as fine a wire as $\frac{8}{1000}$ of an inch, or such intermediate size as is required for the particular kind of rope desired. Galvanized ropes are made in all sizes from 2 inches diameter, for use as ship's hawsers, to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, used in raising and lowering arc lamps in our public streets.

The finely drawn wires are first twisted into strands, then the strands are twisted into the finished rope. It is interesting to watch the machines doing their work with such unerring precision. We stood and watched one heavy rope—it must have been $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter—being twisted into shape. The core was a heavy hemp rope, which was first run through a vat of lubricant that looked like tar. Until we saw that we did not know that



George S. Whyte
President Macwhyte Company



Rope Machine in Operation Macwhyte Plant

the large wire rope had a hemp core, but here Mr. Whyte explained that the hemp core served a

double purpose. It serves as a cushion to keep the wire strands from rubbing together and it acts

as a constant lubricant to preserve the rope on the inside.

As we walked around the plant and saw thousands of coils of wire, we could not help wondering how it ever could be used up. Then we thought of the many uses to which wire rope is put and how dependent we are on it in our everyday affairs. For instance, the BULLETIN wouldn't be written if it weren't for wire rope. At least it wouldn't be written on the eleventh floor by the present editor if he had to walk up that number of flights of stairs. The modern skyscraper wouldn't be popular if there were no elevators and elevators couldn't be operated without wire rope. The North Shore Line couldn't run without wire ropes, for it runs on steel rails and the ore from which the rails are made is taken out of the mines by means of wire rope. So is the coal which generates the "juice" used to run North Shore trains. Neither could the ties on which the rails are laid, nor the stone ballast in which the ties are imbedded be procured without the aid of wire rope. Oh, there are thousands of uses for it when you sit down and think it over.

We couldn't have had a better guide to show us around than Mr. Whyte, for we imagine he understands every detail of the great business he has built up. As we sat in his office and chatted with him a little, he told us he had worked in the coal mines in Scotland as a boy and as he was only seventeen years of age when the family came to this country, it was evident he learned how to work at an early age. He spoke a little of the big family of brothers and sisters—eleven in the family—and all of them sat at the same table a few years ago, when his parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Waukegan.

"When I hear these Socialists rant against this country, it

makes me mad," said Mr. Whyte.

"I should say it is the Land of Opportunity. I sometimes think of that in the case of my own brothers and sisters. All have done pretty well. I have worked hard all my life myself, but I have at least something to show for my work."

As we thought of the big plant we had just walked through, we agreed with Mr. Whyte that he had something to show for his work and that for the immigrant boy America is really the "Land of Opportunity."

RECOVERED HIS HAT

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Waukegan Sun, recently printed a story illustrative of the efficiency and courtesy of employees of the North Shore Line. The editor of the Libertyville Independent, Charles D. Nally, was riding on a North Shore train, when his new lid blew out of a window opposite Crabtree Farm. It appears that Mr. Nally has lost several hats in that way on Chicago street cars and on steam roads, but this was his first experience on the North Shore Line.

After losing his hat, the editor as was natural, lost his head and shouted to the conductor to stop the train. It had gone too far past the point where the hat was lost, however, so the conductor told his passenger he would have the boys look out for it and get it on the following trip.

He did, too. It had been picked up by a motorman and carried to Evanston. The editor recovered it the next day and the conductor even refused a good cigar.

NO PRESENT EXPECTED.

The Judge (to prisoner):—"When were you born? (No reply.) Did you hear what I asked? When is your birthday?"

Prisoner (sullenly):—"Wot do you care? You ain't goin' to give me nothin'."

OUTING SPOTS ON NORTH SHORE

THERE are some beautiful spots for outings along the North Shore Line and every lover of the great outdoors knows that the fall of the year is the best time to visit woods. When the trees begin to show different colors and there is just a little crisp tang in the air, it is then that one can feel the real joy of a ramble through the woods.

There are two spots we recently visited that are delightful. One is just north and east of Ravinia, extending from the North Shore Line to the shore of Lake Michigan. Wonderful trees and wild flowers.

The other is about a mile and a half west of the North Shore station at Highland Park. It is one of the finest forests that can be found in this section of the country. Both are privately owned, but they should be taken over under the Forest Preserve Act and kept for the benefit of the people. It is true the woods at Ravinia are open to the public on the payment of a nominal admission charge, but such spots should be made public property.

The Ravinia woods are so magnificent that they have inspired one of our North Shore poetesses to write the following about them:

CAMP

O come with me to the forest green
And pitch your tent in its cool
shade,
Where the wild-rose often blooms
unseen,
And the wild-bird's home is
made.

Or stroll with me through the dim
ravine,
Where the baby sunbeams filter
through
And touch the leaves with a golden
sheen,
As I walk by the side of you.

Then sit with me on the great high
bluff
And watch the ripples softly
play

On the sandy shore 'til the waves
grow rough
At the end of a joyful day.

And at night when the moonbeams
come and go,
Through the clouds that tell us
a storm is near,
The whispering trees bend to and
fro,
But the distant thunder brings
no fear.

The sudden rush of a summer
storm
Drives us to shelter in quick
alarm,
Where the rain's pitter-patter, soft
and warm,
Lulls us to sleep, safe from
harm.

O the rosy glow of the coming
dawn,
The crisp brown perch in the
frying pan,
As we plunge from the water cold,
new born,
With sparkling eye and cheek
of tan.

I do not care for pomp and show,
Nor do I care to wine and dine,
Just give to me the camp-fire's
glow,
And a warm heart beating next
to mine.

We don't need an automobile, my
dear,
The transportation's fine,
There is joy for you and service,
too,
On the North Shore Electric
Line.

Margaret Van Higgins.

That invitation sounds tempt-
ing, doesn't it? What was it that
old Persian philosopher said a
thousand years ago, more or less:
Here with a loaf of bread beneath
the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse
and thou
Beside me singing in the wilder-
ness
And wilderness is paradise enow.

We don't know whether Omar
Khayyam's philosophy of life was
correct or not, but we are in-
clined to think he wouldn't get
far with it today. What would the
League for Making Virtue Odious
say about that wine, women and
song stuff? We're afraid Omar
wouldn't be popular enough to
have a cigarette named after him.
Anyway, we certainly could en

joy a ramble in the woods at this very minute, for as Loophound remarks, it is almost as hot as the place where business is supposed to have gone.

THE JEWEL OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO is the original home of the modern skyscraper and is noted for its tall buildings. But

it needed one distinctive jewel in its diadem and that is supplied by the new Wrigley Building, at the end of the famous boulevard link bridge.

Being a loyal Chicagoan, we used to feel a little disappointed that it had nothing to compare with the Woolworth Building in New York. We feel that it is not



Wrigley Building, Chicago

necessary to apologize any more, for the Wrigley Building supplies the want. The main part of the building is 210 feet above the street level and on top of it is the magnificent tower reaching 188 feet into the sky, making the total height 398 feet above the street level and 466 feet above the level of the river on whose bank it stands.

The clock in the tower is two and one-half stories high, being 20 feet in diameter. Above the clock

is an observation platform, where the visitor may look all over the city and across Lake Michigan to Michigan City, if he can see that far. The tower is brilliantly illuminated at night, which is one of the distinctive features of this beautiful structure.

The Wrigley Building cost approximately \$3,000,000 and covers an area of 11,496 feet. No visitor to Chicago should leave the city without seeing its tallest and most conspicuous building.

With the Bulletin Family

WE believe we have remarked before that no more ideal place in which to raise a big family could be found, than along the North Shore Line. Every month we get added proof of it, for the BULLETIN Family keeps growing right along.

What we particularly enjoy, too, is that many of them stay in the family circle after circumstances call them away from the north shore. This month we have had letters from a lot of the "regulars" as well as a few new ones. Indeed, we have received so many that we may have to abbreviate some and perhaps leave some for a future issue.

The poets, especially, seem unusually industrious in spite of the hot weather and occasional hints we give that we prefer good prose contributions. Of course, we can stand for a little rhyme once in a while and so far we have had no complaints from the other members of the family, who send plain prose. If objections are made to the rhymsters we may have to consider choking them off. The sin of rhyming is one common in youth. So strong is it in a few that they are never able to quite overcome

it, but most of us get it under control as we grow to manhood and womanhood. We can speak feelingly on the subject, because we used to commit the sin of rhyming when a very small boy. Later in life when we took to writing for a living we learned that prose pays better. However, that's neither here nor there, so let's get down to business.

Our best known correspondent, Loophound, has, we expect, gone on a vacation to Canada by this time and as the League for Making Virtue Odious hasn't as yet killed all the inspiration in that country, we expect to get an inspired contribution from him soon. Last we heard from him was just a line requesting that the BULLETIN be mailed to him in Philadelphia, but we have a letter here that we didn't use last month so here goes:

The Bulletin came in an hour ago, so you know what I've been doing for the last sixty minutes. It was worth the first-class postage; the editorials were a treat, as smooth as the other popular Scotch product or, if we must stick to realities—the North Shore Line.

Hope you reconsidered jumping in the lake. It would take a lot of Scotch to make Lake Michigan

palatable, and you flavor the Bulletin just about right for most of us. I wish there was a lake near Pittsburgh, so I could jump in occasionally. It's as hot here as the place where business went.

Pittsburgh, as you know, has been pre-eminent in the steel business for years, but Illinois seems to have qualified as runner-up. That Illinois "Steel" was soft stuff, eh, what? And wasn't it perpetrated by the same hombres who have been squawking for a nickel fare, even if we had to pay two or three of them? They better go back to their nickel-plated platform. It has a prettier ring than "steel" even if it is phoney.

The local morning educator gives our old friend Bryan more than passing notice. It seems the Great Commoner was trying to make better than sixty miles an hour in his auto through those north shore towns and a cop pinched him for endangering the lives of pedestrians. Now there's a cop with brains. Any one with good sense knows the only way to travel sixty an hour with safety through that country is on the North Shore Line.

I sure miss Chicago. As friend wife said this morning, "That town's on the level" You could appreciate that if you climbed these hills for a week. There is one golf course out in the east end here that, like Rome, was built on seven hills. A fellow who has lived for years on the Illinois prairie is out of luck here, like a bumblebee in the stockyards.

Yours,

Loophound.

Our old friend Conrad Shearer, secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Kenosha, hasn't been heard from in some time. He is a good correspondent, however, and a loyal member of the North Shore Family. He writes:

The August issue of the Bulletin at my desk reminds me of a promise I made myself to write a few lines of appreciation of the dining car service and the restaurant of the North Shore Line.

One day in June, Thomas Williamson, commandant of the local corps of the Salvation Army, and myself, made a business trip to Milwaukee on the North Shore. Arriving about noon we decided to replenish the inner man and tried the restaurant in the terminal station. We were highly

pleased with the prompt service, courtesy of the waitress, the excellent meal and last, but not least, the reasonable prices. Everything proved so satisfactory that we resolved to make the restaurant a return visit the next time we were in the Cream City. Since then we have had the pleasure of eating on the diner and found it on a par with the restaurant. Our only kick was that the train traveled so fast it spilled our coffee. It really ought to have stopped while we were dining.

My brother, Herbert, who lives in New Haven, Conn., and receives the Bulletin regularly, writes as follows:

"Business continues pretty slow. As one of our fellows says, 'It is looking up.' Being flat on its back it can't look any other way. When do you look for a real pick-up? My guess would be about the first of next year, maybe. You remember my friend Forbes, don't you? I hand him the North Shore Bulletin whenever there is anything especially good in it, which, as a rule, is every issue, and he expresses the opinion that it is one of the greatest magazines printed. Says he drops everything when he gets it and doesn't miss a word in it. So you see there is at least one New Havener who fully appreciates your friend Grant."

Having fulfilled my promise I can now look ye editor in the eye the next time he comes to Kenosha.

Sincerely yours,

Conrad Shearer.

Well, Mr. Shearer, that acquaintance of yours, Forbes in New Haven, must be a man of remarkable intelligence. Only in that way can we account for his appreciation of the BULLETIN. Too bad about your spilling your coffee. Had you told the crew who you were they would have stopped the train long enough for you to drink it. There is a knack in drinking it which requires a little practice, so you must ride more on the diner and get used to it. We admit that we used to kiss our coffee two or three times before swallowing it, but have become used to it and never miss a drop nowadays. And then, think of the fast time you're making.

A new contributor, whose letter appears to have been overlooked for a time, as he comments on the June BULLETIN, must be introduced to the family. He writes:

I was highly gratified on reading your June number of the North Shore Bulletin, more especially for its pure ring of loyalty as a genuine American. As I am a B. Franklin, an A. Jackson and a T. Roosevelt American, it hit the mark. Kindly add my name to your mailing list for your Bulletin and if I can be of any help in the future let me know.

Yours truly,

F. M. Cook, Chicago.

We must apologize, Mr. Cook, for having overlooked that letter. It was slipped into the wrong file. We're glad to have you in the family and will place your name on the mailing list forthwith. Genuine Americans are always accorded reserved seats in this Family Circle.

Was it last month that we introduced Bob Robinson, the soda fountain clerk in the new North Shore station at Highland Park? He's with us again enclosing a "poem." Even the letter he writes with the poem has a jingle to it, so we'll give it to you a la Walt Mason:

I'm bothering you again with just a little rhyme. I know I should be shot for taking up your time, but when I get a spell of inspiration stuff I'll sure have to admit I do get kind of rough. But then it pays to brag where business is concerned and when you're out for work you can't say "jobs be durned!" But coming back to biz and bothering you again, I send this rhyme on trial. Oh, darn this doggone pen, to see if it would please the public and the road, for reading such as this is sure an awful load. I guess I've said enough, the rhyme I here enclose; there's folk whom it will please; 'tis written just for those. I guess I've told you all, your time I will not rob and till the time I hear from you I'm soda-jerker Bob.

We're going to take your advice, Bob, and try that poem out on a defenseless public. But where do you get the "inspiration

stuff" of which you speak? Does it come out of the soda fountain? Soda fountain stuff never affected us that way. Anyway here's the poem. It is entitled:

PASSING IN THE NIGHT

The air was cool and breezy

And the star-specks in the sky
Were twinkling, like new diamonds,

At the nightly passer-by.

I walked in dewy meadows,

While I whistled a soft tune,

I marveled at the beauty

Of that starry night in June.

From somewhere in the distance .

I could hear a long, weird cry,
Like the howling of a monster,
It reechoed in the sky.

I stopped and listened, listened

To that louder growing sound,

Which kept drawing nearer t'ward me

From behind a distant mound.

I stood and waited, waited,

Until from yonder hill

There shone a stream of daylight
Which pierced darkness like a drill.

A monster bore down t'ward me ,

Which, to me, seemed all afire;

It glided swiftly past me

Like a supernat'ral flyer.

I watched its disappearance

And its red lights, which did shine,

Seemed to tell me, "It's a Lim'ted"
Of that speedy North Shore Line.

I saw it in the distance,

As it swiftly onward ran

And I marveled at the greatness
Of inventions made by man.

—Bob Robinson.

Thanks, Bob, for that tip about the headlight on a North Shore Limited. We have noticed that it throws out a pretty strong light, but until we read your poem we never dreamed it was "day-light." However, our advice to you is that when you are "seein' things" like that o' nights, keep a safe distance away from the tracks.

Our new contrib Jim Ham is a hard-working cuss. He wished to meet us face to face and was scared to come into our sanctum

alone, so he got a friend in the building to bring him in and introduce him. For the benefit of other timid poets we might say that we aren't dangerous. We have no fewer than three of Jim Ham's offerings, but with so many poets, we don't see how we can give space to more than one in a single issue. However, we are not going to put the others in "File 23" just yet and may use them in a future issue.

Here is his latest:

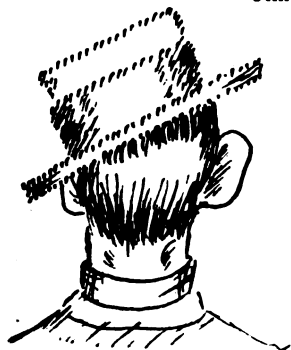
Gosh, I'm all perked up 'bout "attracting attention," per August Bulletin. Now, I just can't keep still. Thinking things over in general, the following imposition suggests itself:

"HANG ON TO YOUR GOAT"

Let 'em talk and deride you;
 Let 'em pan you far and wide;
 Let 'em balk and chide you;
 Let 'em accord an awful ride;
 Let 'em coax and caress you;
 Let 'em pat you on the back;
 Let 'em hoax and impress you;
 Let 'em take in all your slack;
 Let 'em tease and persuade you;
 Let 'em take your hat and coat;
 Let 'em ease and dissuade you; but
 Hang on to your goat.
 In order that you may know me
 I enclose a pen picture taken by
 myself through a mirror.

Cordially,

Jim Ham.



Jim Ham.

Here is one from a new contributor in Ohio. You see the North Shore Line is known all over the country. He writes:

Although I am not on your mailing list, yet I have been reading your Bulletin for some time and enjoy it very much. I read your Bulletin with intense interest because I myself have been engaged in the railroad business for the past twelve years and at present hold the position of Instructor and Safety Inspector for the Northern Ohio Traction & Light Company. In conversation with a friend of mine, Mr. W. G. Miller of Canton, Ohio, he asked me if I had traveled over the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Line. I was pleased to tell him I had. He then presented me with a number of copies of your Bulletin.

Last September Mr. E. C. Carpenter, Chief Claim Agent of our company, and myself boarded one of your Limited trains at Chicago and went to Milwaukee to attend the National Safety Council Convention, at which place I read a paper on "The Necessity for and Importance of Observing Operating Rules." At the convention, through Mr. Carpenter, I became acquainted with your Mr. Thompson, and the thought impressed me then and since that if all the officials of the North Shore Line were men like him (so easy to approach, so easy to get acquainted with) your company should have a bunch of loyal-hearted employees. You have a wonderful road.

I was very much impressed with the efficiency of the men who operated the car on which I traveled. The motorman never failed to blow his whistle or slow up when approaching a dangerous place. And in starting his train, how smoothly he fed the controller, a notch at a time, thus avoiding jerking.

Conductors were kind and courteous and very considerate of their passengers. What a big asset it is to a public utility company to have the good will of the people whom they serve and also good, loyal employees. May the name and fame which the employees have built for your company endure.

Now, in conclusion, kindly put me on your mailing list.

Hugh Wilson.

We're glad to put your name on the mailing list, Mr. Wilson, and will be pleased to hear from you again.

Our Detroit correspondent, or rather one of them, "Michigander," does not propose to rest under the imputation put upon him by Loophound, when the latter called him an "annual event." He is trying to make up for past delinquencies and although on a vacation he finds time to write as follows:

Quite a while since I have written, and as I am bound to no longer be an "annual event" I decided it was time to write, even though I am at present some two hundred odd miles from Detroit.

Am spending my vacation in the Detroit Y. M. C. A.'s camp on Lake Huron, 200 miles north of Detroit. The camp has accommodations for one hundred men, housed in huts of two, three or four occupants. The camp itself is located on Lake Van Etten, about three miles from Huron as the crow flies. All modern conveniences, including electric lights, running water, tennis courts, good boats and good fishing. Quite a few pike, ranging from 16 inches to 38 inches, have been brought in by the experts of the camp. The food is excellent and there is plenty of it. It is undoubtedly the only camp of its kind in the world and is due to the generosity of Mr. Phillip Gray, president of the Detroit Association. Mr. Gray's own summer camp and club house are only a short distance away and is a thing of beauty.

I think I had better "pipe down" on this record and "turn it over."

Apparently my remarks regarding Cleveland and her pennant chances have rankled Mr. L. J. Rosol and Loophound, Jr., seems to take exception to my remarks regarding the "crooked White Sox."

Now, Mr. Rosol, without detracting any from the credit due Cleveland for winning the 1920 pennant, as they certainly had a fighting team, you will have to admit that had Chas. Comiskey not disrupted his entire team last year, due to the confessions of the crooked players, the outcome of the American League race would certainly have been different. I maintain that the White Sox would have "copped" the bunting had the team finished the season intact.

Now don't get me wrong. I am from Chicago and have always been a loyal White Sox fan until the scandal and today am sincerely sorry for the "Old Roman," who spent so many years in doing

everything possible to give Chicago a team to be proud of in the American League. However, that is all over and today my wish is that some day the White Sox may again have to be reckoned with when figuring who is who in the American League race.

As for the "Junior," I hope the foregoing will answer the question you hold against me. This is in no way a "back-down." I am always for all that is fair and square and do not tolerate crookedness in anything. It is a grand old game and it shall ever hold a warm spot in my heart, but the game must be played "on the level." Am I not right?

I have rambled on without realizing how far I have gone, so will close for this month, hoping that you are managing to keep cool these hot days.

Before closing, however, let me say that you are absolutely right and that Loophound Junior's essay on prohibition in the June issue of the Bulletin can be shot full of as many holes as there are in a sieve.

Michigander.

Aren't those baseball fans terrible? Well, we must be lenient with them for it wouldn't do if everyone took as little interest in the game as we do. We confess to a rather keen interest in the game of golf and lots of people do not think that game interesting at all. They are the ones who never played it, though, for we never knew anyone take it up who didn't get enthusiastic about it.

We have a number of correspondents in Milwaukee and every one of them we believe is a booster, but we are inclined to award the palm to our well known contributor "Jumbo." That boy is a real live wire. He writes:

We prevaricators make good salesmen when it comes to selling the North Shore Service. Directly speaking, when it comes to convincing some Ivory-head about it. During this Pageant of Progress at Chicago I was boosting the Road of Service right along and urging some Milwaukee folks who have never tried it to be sure to travel the North Shore way. They did. The rest is equal to what all boosters say.

Some time ago I read a little article somewhere, but I cannot remember just exactly where. However, it may find a good corner in OUR Bulletin. It read something like this:

"After the Creator had made all the good things, there still was some dirty work to do, so He made the reptiles and poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had some scraps that were too bad to put into the rattlesnake, the hyena, the scorpion and the skunk, so He put these all together, covered them with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow stripe, and called it a **KNOCKER**.

"This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam, put it into the heart of a child and the brain of a man, wrapped this in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it a **BOOSTER**, made him a lover of fields and flowers, and manly sports, a believer in equality and justice.

"And ever since, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his **ASSOCIATES**."

Let's call the meeting to order and ask all the Knockers to rise. But I'm quite sure OUR associates are all Boosters.

Last week I came across a bird and was trying to tell him about real transportation service, but I was too late. He is a student at Techny, Illinois, and although the steam road is only a mile from the St. Mary's Mission House, he has always gone three miles farther (to Glencoe) to travel via The Road of Service, because he gets real service on that route. He was home on vacation, but before he left he asked me to send him a copy of the Bulletin whenever I can get one. He found one at Glencoe which was very interesting to him. As I have no storehouse of Bulletins and don't care to distribute my own, I ask you kindly to mail him a copy.

Wishing the Road of Service and "The Booster Committee" the best of luck, I am,

Jumbo.

Did we call you a prevaricator, Jumbo? If we did it couldn't have been due to anything you said about North Shore service, for on that subject you are the most truthful contributor we have. You know about a certain Baron Munchausen who contributed

quite a bit to the enlightenment and edification of the so-called human race and still he wasn't what you might call strictly truthful. So keep it up old scout, we like your style.

We have found a new correspondent in Marion, Ind. That's the state you know where all the good writers come from, or, let us say nearly all of them, for we don't come from that state. However, we're always tickled pink when we get a letter from a lady, especially from ladies with pretty names. This one fills the bill admirably. She writes:

Very recently I ventured out of the beaten path and made the trip between Milwaukee and Chicago on the North Shore Line. It was a most enjoyable ride and I want to be considered a member of your "Booster Club."

Your July Bulletin was so entertaining that I shall enjoy seeing other copies. Yours truly,

Nelva DeNoyer.

Always room for more in our Family Circle and your name goes on the mailing list right away. We'll see to it that you don't have to hang on to a strap, either, but that you get a seat, well up in front. Write again.

Another correspondent from Plymouth, Wis. The BULLETIN appears to have lots of friends in that city, due to the persistent boosting of our faithful follower Mr. Peebles. The newest member of the family writes:

I am writing this so you will not think that the BULLETIN is not appreciated by me, for it certainly is a little gem and I have shown gross neglect in not writing before, but letter-writing is not in my line. Were I as good at writing as my good friend, Mr. Peebles, I would write every month.

I have not had the pleasure of riding on your excellent electric line but my wife has, and she is loud in praise of it and constantly recommends it to her friends. I did intend using it this summer

but got fooled, but mean to do so the first chance I get.

Wishing you and the North Shore Line the best of success, I am,

Sincerely,
Allen W. Wiggin.

It's about time for "Sardonyx" of Plymouth to send another contribution. We noticed recently that Hiram Maxim propounded a few questions a la Edison and that one of them was the puzzle in punctuation, which "Sardonyx" solved some months before Mr. Maxim propounded it. Merely another evidence that our clever correspondents keep abreast of the times.

Speaking of Plymouth and its correspondents we got a scare a short time ago when we read in our morning newspaper that a tornado had blown across central Wisconsin and had done terrible damage to the county fair, then in progress in Plymouth. As we had a pressing invitation from Mr. Peebles to attend that fair, which we regret was impossible to accept, we naturally felt interested in reading the news of the storm. A letter from Mr. Peebles relieved our anxiety and explained the probable cause of the tornado.

Our meteorological experts can no doubt give a scientific reason for the storm, but Mr. Peebles informs us that among the attractions at the fair in Plymouth was Andrew Blair and his company of Scottish pipers and dancers and drummers and everythin'. A couple of Scotch pipers and drummers can start a tornado at any time and while that may not explain the storm in a scientific way, still, there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Anyway, it seems that Mr. Peebles told Andrew Blair about us and that he is going to look us up when his company comes to our village early in October. It appears that Andy and his sister, Jessie, are expert golfers as well as pipers and dancers, so there

can be no doubt that we need to make their acquaintance.

It is a long time since we heard from "Babe" of Waukegan, but he evidently is still on deck. He writes:

You haven't heard from me for such a long time I'll bet you thought I was dead. Well, I ain't, but the weather makes me feel like it. I got on a street car the other day and picked up a July BULLETIN and read it. In it you say that lack of brains is no handicap, so I've still a chance of making a success in the world.

Say, that poem Jim Ham sent you is clever, eh? C. J. Tracy has the right stuff about your line, I'll say. I know you're getting tired of listening to this junk so I guess I ought to quit. The old family sure is growing. Here's hoping we accumulate more members every month.

Yours,
Babe.

All right, Babe, we won't object to a few more additions to the Family. Always room for one more, you know.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Here is a letter from a small cotton planter of North Carolina to a fertilizer shipper, which succinctly expresses the spirit of the times:

"I received your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachtent. I ain't forgot you. As soon as the folks pay me, I'll pay you. If this was Judgment Day and you no more prepared to meet your God than I am to meet your account, you sho' going to hell."

—Wall Street Journal.

A REMINDER.

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly that we had no warning of its approach," related the tornado victim. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being corn to pieces I do not know."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated absent-minded little Mr. Meek. "That reminds me. I almost forgot to do an errand for my wife."

Steady Improvements Made on North Shore Line

A STEADY PATRON of the North Shore Line, who lives in Kenosha, writes the BULLETIN suggesting an article which would be of interest to him and he believes to other patrons. He says his letter is not intended for publication, but merely to suggest an idea. Many times he says he has checked the speed of trains on the North Shore Line and has noted the various improvements that have been made. He thinks an article explaining why a single car will roll more than a two, three, or four-car train, and of what is being done to make travel safe and comfortable would be of general interest.

Agreeing with the suggestion of our Kenosha correspondent, we sent a copy of his letter to Henry Cordell, master mechanic of the North Shore Line, and one to J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way, with a request that they write something of a more or less technical nature giving the desired information.

Mr. Cordell sent us an article which seems to fill the bill and as Henry never appeared as a contributor in the BULLETIN, except when we tell a joke on him, we believe we will print his letter just as it came to our desk. So here it is:

By Henry Cordell
(Master Mechanic)

A steady patron of our road in Kenosha writes us a complimentary letter on our service and particularly dwells on the speed of our trains. He is of the type of men who notices things as he travels along the line, but would like further information regarding tracks and cars.

No doubt all patrons of the

road are aware of the enormous improvements which have taken place during the past five years. New rails of heavier section, new ties, new bridges, grading and stone ballasting, double tracking, new stations, new cars, etc., have brought about an entirely different opinion of the traveling public. It is safe to travel on the North Shore.

The strictest inspection of roadbed is carried on. Regularly appointed track walkers make daily inspection of the condition of the rails, switches, etc. Large gangs of track workers replace ties and rails, and level up the roadbed.

During the early spring, it is the experience of all railroads when the frost goes out of the ground, that tracks become slightly uneven. The Mechanical Department must so design the cars that even with imperfections, brought about by weather conditions, the cars ride smoothly. This has been accomplished on our road by designing trucks with great spring action. You notice the easy roll of the Limited cars, free from the shaky, vibrating motion, so commonly noticed on high-speed interurban railroads.

Further, the writer wishes to know what speed is possible to obtain. Under favorable conditions, that is, with no head wind, and good voltage, a speed of seventy-five miles per hour is obtainable.

The writer also wishes to know why a single car seems to oscillate more than where cars are in two or more car trains. This is explained by the steadying effect obtained through the friction of the draft gear.

The cars receive a very close inspection every 1,000 miles. At this time, all parts of the car are carefully examined, and parts worn are renewed or repaired. Meanwhile a terminal inspection is made at each end of the run, and if defects exist, the car is repaired before further service.

When the car has run 100,000 miles it receives a general overhauling. At this time all wheels are turned, axles tested, and motors taken apart and inspected and necessary repairs made, after which the motors are tested before replacing in trucks.

The control and air brake equipment is taken apart, cleaned, repaired, and all parts which will not give reliable service until the next overhauling, are removed and new parts put in.

The trucks are dismantled and all parts carefully inspected for defects, and worn parts replaced.

The car body is inspected and doors, locks, hinges, trap doors, ventilators, in fact, everything and every part is inspected and the necessary repairs are made.

After completing the overhauling, a special run is made and the new parts are given a chance to adjust themselves, to insure uninterrupted performance of equipment when the car goes in regular service.

Every department has a safety organization among its men, meetings being held semi-monthly. At these meetings the department heads address the men. Instructions and criticism are given and encouragement to individuals, who through their observation and interest in safe operation, bring suggestions intended to improve the service, increase the comfort of our patrons and eliminate hazards to employes in the performance of their work.

PRAISES NORTH SHORE SERVICE

IN recommending travel on the North Shore Line to our readers, we really feel that we are doing them a good turn. You know our heart is filled with love for our fellowman, or something like that, so when we can do a fellow mortal an act of kindness, we enjoy doing it. Yes, it is true we get paid for doing our fellowman this particular kind of service, but, of course, that really has nothing to do with it. Far be it from us to put praise of the North Shore Line on such a sordid basis. No brethren, we praise it because we know that when we induce a reader to try the service, we are putting him wise to something that it will benefit him to know. We are doing him a great kindness and the thought of it gives us pleasure.

Having developed a slight cramp in our arm patting ourself on the back, we will now proceed to tell you that there are some patrons of the North Shore Line who really consider that they have received a special favor when induced to give North Shore service a trial. If you don't think so, read the following letter, which was not written to the BULLETIN, but to J. J. Calvey, manager of the Auditorium Hotel, by one of his guests. It reads:

My dear Mr. Calvey:

I want to thank you for your kindness in recommending to me the Chicago and North Shore Road as being the *only way* to go to Milwaukee. On your assurance that I would enjoy the trip I left here at 8 o'clock in the evening, arriving in Milwaukee at 10:35 and had a very enjoyable ride up there. Returning I left Milwaukee on the 4:45 Badger Limited, had dinner on the train and was back in my room at your hotel at 7 o'clock, which is making better time than by steam railroad, and *very much more comfortable.*

The cars are very comfortable, the attendants very courteous, the service in the dining car perfect, and as good food as I have ever partaken of in any first-class cafe.

Personally, I feel under obligations to you for so strongly recommending to me the North Shore Road and I want to thank you again for your kindness.

Yours with best regards,

W. J. Lockwood.

Mr. Lockwood is the representative of John H. Graham & Co., hardware manufacturers of New York and San Francisco.

Now you will understand after reading the foregoing letter, why we feel that we are aiding suffering humanity when we recommend travel on the North Shore Line. That letter wasn't intended for publication, but had we written it ourself for publicity purposes, we couldn't have done a better job.

They all speak of the North Shore Line that way after giving it a trial because it really does give service. It's a pleasure to work for a road like that.

COMFORT

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—

Bust in business, lost your wife;

No one cares a cent about you,

You don't care a cent for life;

Hard luck has of hope bereft you,

Health is failing, wish you'd die—

Why, you've still the sunshine left you

And the big blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder

If it's heaven shining through;

Each so smiling 'way out yonder

Sun so bright it dazzles you;

Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging

All their fragrance on the

breeze;

Dancing shadows, green, still

meadows—

Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;

These, and none can weigh their worth.

What! You're tired and broke and beaten?

Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!

Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,

While the blue sky bends above,

You've got nearly all that matters.

You've got God, and God is love.

—Robert W. Service.

TELL HIM NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him, tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;

He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tomb-stone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;

If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tomb-stone when he's dead.

—Selected.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who faint with strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

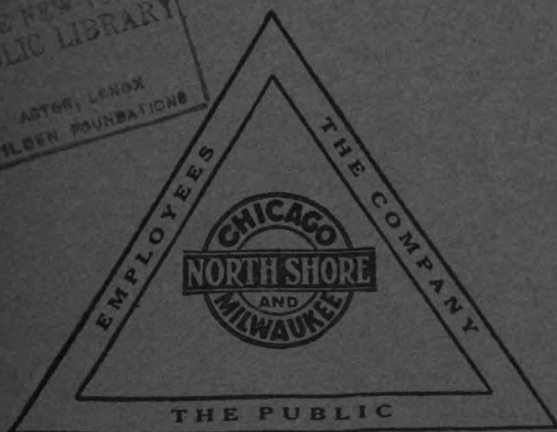
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road,
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

OCTOBER, 1921



"The Road of Service"

LAKE COUNTY FAIR

ACCORDING to all reports the sixty-eighth annual Lake County Fair, held at Libertyville, Sept. 5-9, was the most successful both in point of attendance and exhibits, in the history of the association.

The North Shore Line was one of the exhibitors, giving visitors a motion picture contrast of transportation methods in the days of the Indian and today. The educational film, "Along the Green Bay Trail," which was shown at the Chicago Pageant of Progress and in many theaters in Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities, proved quite an attraction at the fair.

The North Shore exhibit was under the direction of John J. Moran, who has become quite adept as a motion picture machine operator. Through the courtesy of J. Blumberg, of the Columbia Grafanola Company of Waukegan, a new feature was added to the motion picture show in the form of a Columbia Grafanola and a Columbia Magnavox, which amplifies the sound so that it can be heard at a great distance.

The North Shore Line exhibit was one of the most popular at the fair, and thanks are extended Mr. Blumberg and the Columbia Grafanola Company for their co-operation in making it such a success.

COMMENDATIONS OF EMPLOYEES

SEVERAL letters have been received in the last month commending employes for special acts of courtesy. Here is one from an ex-service man, Frank Watson of Chicago, who writes:

Having read your published letters from time to time concerning good service from employes of the road, I wish you to publish in the next BULLETIN something of the meritorious service of the conductor on the 11:50 a. m. Waukegan Express, September 6. He is

one polite and obliging man. We saw him help and direct aged ladies and men, handling one lady's heavy valises, etc., going away into the front car after them. When questioned by myself concerning fare to Milwaukee from Fort Sheridan, he immediately looked it up.

Good man in good service, I call it. The Tribune politeness reporter ought to give him \$50. I would if I had it to give.

Yours for service,

Frank Watson.

The conductor referred to is Bart Moran.

Another letter comes from B. H. Arnold of Milwaukee, who writes:

Last Thursday, Sept. 22, while returning from Chicago on the train leaving at 5:00 p. m. and during service in the dining car, Mrs. Arnold became indisposed and finally fainted. The more than courteous treatment from the conductor and all other employes calls for my heartiest commendation.

I hope this letter is one of others of similar nature that you have received concerning these men and that it will have some influence in their reward and progress.

Very sincerely yours,

B. H. Arnold.

The conductor mentioned who assisted Mrs. Arnold is James E. Mears.

Another letter commends the honesty of a collector as follows:

Am just writing you a few lines to commend the honesty of the conductor who was in charge of the rear coach special on the 11:20 a. m. train which left Wilson Avenue, Sept. 25.

The conductor was offered a couple of dollars to let a few football fans ride free. He said he was not allowed to take money for himself as he was working for the interest of the North Shore Line and he collected the regular fare to Racine.

You are to be commended for having such honest men on your road. I enjoyed the ride very much and when traveling north again will use the North Shore Line.

Very truly yours,

A Football Fan.

The employe commended in the foregoing letter is Collector E. Buck.

The North Shore Bulletin

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LUKE GRANT, Editor

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 28 No. 12

Editorial Comment

*Gold is good in its place; but living, brave
and patriotic men are better than gold.*

POUNDING our head for a text on which we might grind out a few more or less illuminating paragraphs, and getting no answer except a hollow sound, we looked around and our eye fell on the above quotation from Lincoln. We grabbed it.

* * * * *

THE quotation seemed to fit in with what we had in mind, for we had just been reading about the amount of gold that was pouring into this country. A little over five hundred million dollars for the first eight months of this year, more than three times the amount imported for the same months of last year. Then we exported only eleven millions compared with two hundred and forty-two millions for the same months last year. The result is that more than one-third of the world's known gold is in this country.

* * * * *

WHY should we let a little thing like that worry us? Well, we're not going to, because we personally can raise our right hand and say "not guilty." But it is bothering the financial experts very much and is playing the deuce with foreign exchange. Our lawmakers at Washington are going to make it worse, too, if they put through the proposed tariff bill, with its "American valuation" clause. Building a wall around us so that the rest of the world must send us gold and silver because they cannot send us merchandise. And if we won't take their products,

how can we expect them to take ours? If we haven't foreign markets how are we going to keep our mines and mills and factories busy? Maybe you can figure out a way. We can't.

* * * * *

WE'RE not going to give you a dissertation on the intricacies of international finance, however, for we haven't any first-hand knowledge of the subject. We have never found it much of a problem to handle all the finance that comes our way and our visible supply of gold doesn't cause any loss of sleep. It was the other part of the quotation that we had principally in mind and that naturally made us turn our thoughts in the direction of Washington. For in that city next month will open an epoch-making conference. That it will take the first step toward abolishing the scourge of war must be the fervent wish of every one who believes that our present civilization is worth preserving. For should there be another world war—and most of the nations are preparing for one—it is no wild flight of imagination to see in it the downfall of western civilization.

* * * * *

IT seems peculiarly appropriate that the call for a world conference on the limitation of armaments should have been sent out by the Chief Executive of the United States. More than a hundred years ago Secretary of State Monroe sent a letter to the American minister in London which resulted in the disarmament of the borders between the United States and Canada. More than a century of unbroken peace has resulted. There are many other reasons why this nation should take the lead in a movement for permanent world peace. This country, in a way, is in the position that Germany was in 1914. It lay with Germany then to choose between war and peace. She chose war and all the world is now paying the price. Today it lies largely with the United States to say that wars must end for it is the most powerful, the richest and most independent nation on earth and comes into court with the cleanest hands. Comparatively it suffered less than any of the other great powers in the late war and is not actuated either by fear or a spirit of revenge. Its motives cannot be questioned.

IF national sentiment is to be gauged by what one reads in the newspapers, the coming arms conference is not being given the consideration which it deserves. Plenty of newspaper space is being given to the necessity of larger appropriations for war purposes, but very little to the more important subject of limiting armaments, which is the first important step toward world peace. Only the extreme pacifist, whose head is as soft as his heart, advocates a suspension of all war preparation by this country regardless of what the rest of the world may do. That, in our opinion, is impossible, but it is quite possible for all the great powers to unite and by common consent agree that the tremendous sums of money and the national energy now being devoted to purposes of destruction, be turned into the channels of peaceful industry. The same narrow spirit of extreme nationalism which kept this country out of the League of Nations, seems to be still at work trying in advance to belittle the possibilities of the arms conference. When the late world war broke out, no one thought that the United States would be dragged into it. But it was. That it could keep out of another war is unthinkable; the nations of the world are too interdependent for that.

* * * * *

MILITARY experts are already discussing the possibilities of the next war and with the experience gained in the last one, it would seem that their prophecies are no idle dreams. Major-General Swinton of the British army has said that up to the present time the tendency has been to look upon war from the retail point of view—of killing men by fifties, or hundreds or thousands. With the use of gas, he says, it will be possible to kill by hundreds of thousands. Brigadier General Mitchell of the United States army, before the House Committee on appropriations for defensive aeroplanes, said a few planes could visit New York every eight days and drop two hundred tons of phosgene gas, enough to kill every inhabitant. These authorities are not dreamers. They know the progress that has been made in the development of poison gas and they understand that when the Germans let loose the first cloud of chlorine gas on April 22, 1915, all restrictions were cast aside. War is the business of killing and

it might as well be done in wholesale fashion. It will be done that way, too, if another world war is started and the killing will not be confined to combatants. It cannot be, where gas is used and cities attacked. Old men, women and little children must die to appease the gods of war.

* * * * *

WHEN Paris first was bombed by German aeroplanes, the bombs dropped were about the size of grapefruit. In 1918 when the Allies were preparing to bomb Berlin, the bombs prepared and in readiness contained one ton of explosive. It was thought then that the limit had been reached in the way of destruction. The other day at the government testing ground in Maryland a bomb weighing 4,300 pounds was dropped from an army airplane. It dug a crater in the ground 100 feet in diameter to a depth of twenty-five feet. Think for a moment what that means then try to imagine what could happen were a hundred, or a thousand such bombs dropped on a large city. Remember also, that while the first air raiders were uncertain and missed their mark many times for each time they hit, by the end of the war they could hit more often than they missed. Not only have the bombs increased a hundred fold in size, but they can now be dropped with deadly accuracy. They can also be filled with a gas so deadly that any living creature being touched by it meets certain death.

* * * * *

THE chlorine gas first let loose by the Germans, deadly though it was when inhaled in sufficient quantities, was harmless in comparison with the Lewisite gas, invented and manufactured in great quantities in the United States before the signing of the armistice. The signing of the armistice prevented the use of Lewisite, which was being prepared in readiness for the bombing of Berlin. It has all the qualities necessary to kill, swiftly and surely. It is invisible, it is odorless, it is heavier than air, so that it will search into the deepest dugout. If breathed it kills instantly, if it settles on the skin it produces a poison which penetrates the whole system and results in almost certain death. It has fifty-five times the spread of any of the gases used in the late

war. It is inimical to all cell-life, animal or vegetable. Although not yet proved by actual demonstration, because there has not been sufficient time, it is believed it will destroy the fertility of the soil it touches for a period of seven years. Can you imagine what that means? Destroy all life in a breath and make sterile the earth, so that new life could not sustain itself. That is an American invention but it is not at all certain that the formula is not known in other countries engaged in the late war. If not the formula for Lewisite, perhaps some other gas as deadly, or more so, if that could be possible. We recall reading a paragraph during the war to the effect that the British had invented a gas so deadly that it would destroy the fertility of the soil for seven years. The story said the French would not permit its use. In view of known developments the story may have been true.

* * * * *

WHAT has been done in the way of projecting such gas on an enemy country? American ingenuity again has solved that problem. Toward the end of the war an American proved that it was possible to direct an airplane by wireless. The airplane, loaded with bombs filled with the deadly gas, could be sent on its mission of death and destruction without a direct guiding human hand. The bombs can be mechanically released with deadly accuracy at the will of an operator two or three hundred miles distant. One might think that was the limit of human ingenuity in the direction of destroying human life. But it is not. General Swinton said that the next war would not have recourse to gas alone, but would employ every force of nature that can be employed. He said the tendency today is to develop different forms of rays which may be turned to lethal purposes. Why not? We have X-rays, light rays and heat rays. Why not, General Swinton says, a lethal ray which will shrivel up, or poison, or paralyze human beings? It has not yet been discovered, so far as is known, but who can say that it may not be? The experimental work is going on in the laboratories of the great nations, as is also the development of warfare by disease-bearing bacilli. And strange as it may seem, war is not responsible for any of these great discoveries. They are all inventions originally intended to benefit

mankind and war has only adapted them to purposes of destruction.

* * * * *

WHEN one considers the enormous loss of human life in the last war, which military experts say was only "retail" killing, what will it be in the next war when killing is put on a wholesale basis? Is it too great a stretch of the imagination to say that the next war means the annihilation of our western civilization? According to accurately prepared statistics there were 9,980,000 soldiers killed, or died of wounds, in the late war. The permanently disabled probably number three million additional. Nor is that the total loss of life. The same Danish statisticians estimate that thirty million more human beings would be alive today, only for the war. They were civilians and the declining birth rate accounts for a part of them. The American Civil War, for which we are still paying, cost in human life 700,000. The Franco-Prussian war cost 184,600 lives, only a small fraction of the loss in the world war. And that war only "retail" killing.

* * * * *

NOW for a little about the money cost and what it means to the present generation and for generations to come. The money cost is as staggering as the cost in human life when compared with all previous wars. From the beginning of the Napoleonic wars in 1793 up to 1910 all wars had cost the sum of twenty-three billion dollars. The world war cost one hundred and eighty-six billion dollars. These figures mean little, except by way of comparison. They are too stupendous for the human mind to grasp. Will Irwin in his great book "The Next War" puts them in graphic form so they are more easily comprehended. During the last year the war cost all countries engaged in it, not including the destruction of civil property, the sum of ten million dollars an hour. That cost for a single hour would build ten high schools costing a million dollars each. Multiply that by twenty-four to get the cost for a single day, or as Mr. Irwin puts it, the cost for a single day would build in each of our forty-eight states, two hospitals costing \$500,000 each; two million dollar high schools in each state, three hundred recreation centers with gymnasium and swimming pools

costing \$300,000 each and there would be left six million dollars to promote industrial education. Can you see what that money would do if spent for education and the betterment of mankind, instead of being used to destroy life and property?

* * * * *

OUR country was late in getting into the world war yet it cost us about four times as much as all the important wars in which the country has engaged since the republic was founded. At the end of the Revolutionary War the national debt amounted to 170 million dollars. The war of 1812 cost 119 million, the Mexican War 173 million, the Civil War 3,478 million, the Spanish-American War 1,902 million and the World War 22,625 million dollars. The cost of the World War and what it means in the shape of tax burdens on this and succeeding generations may be gathered from the national debts of the principal countries involved. In 1913 the national debt of the United States was 1,028 million dollars, in 1920 it was 24,974 millions. The national debt of France in 1913 was 6,346 million dollars, in 1920 it was 46,025 million. In 1913 the national debt of Great Britain was 3,485 million dollars in 1920 it was 39,314 million dollars. In this country we are complaining of taxes and they undoubtedly are a burden on industry as well as the individual. How light they are in proportion to the population and the wealth of the nation in comparison with other countries, may be seen from the foregoing figures on the national debts. European countries are fairly staggering under the load and it seems almost impossible that they ever can pay their debts. And still the appropriations for war purposes keep on increasing, piling up the debt and consequently the tax burden on peaceful industry, for war does not create, but only destroys wealth. Peaceful industry must carry the burden.

* * * * *

THIS is a peace-loving country. At least we all like to think and speak of it as such and we believe it. But the appropriations for peace and war purposes when compared, seem to tell a different story. As Will Irwin, in the book already spoken of shows, the actual expenditures of the United States for the fiscal year 1919-1920 were 226 millions for primary government functions; 85 mil-

lions for public works; 59 millions for research, education, public health and development; 2,890 millions for pensions, interest and other expenditures arising from past wars and 1,348 millions for army and navy in preparation for future wars. How do these figures look for a peace-loving country? And the end is not yet. During the last war we all were fond of calling it "the war to end wars." Since the armistice this country has been spending much greater sums in preparing for war than ever before. The army and navy appropriations for 1909-10 amounted to 279 million dollars. In 1920-21 they had risen to 828 millions and the estimates for 1921-22 are 1,379 millions. One capital ship of the superdreadnaught type costs upward of 40 million dollars and soon becomes obsolete. Some battleships, built only a few years ago at a cost of about 6 million dollars are now being used as targets for practice for the newer ships. In the last war was developed the "tank"—the land dreadnaught. There is no limit to the size it may be built. Indeed the latest tanks are creeping fortresses, capable of going anywhere regardless of roads, carrying six-inch guns. Why not 16-inch guns?

* * * * *

WE are up to our usual space limit and must break off. We have given you in a hurried sketch some of the reasons why we are turning our eyes hopefully to the coming conference which opens on Armistice Day at Washington. We are not any sentimental pacifist, nor do we believe in the doctrine of turning the other cheek. But the facts and figures we have quoted are appalling when considered in a calm, cold-blooded manner. The democracies of the world *can* stop wars if they will it, and make their wishes and desires known in the right way. Public sentiment must be aroused to the horrors of war. America must lead the way. The other great nations will follow and the first logical step is to agree on limitation of armaments. We all like to speak of the United States as arming only for "defense." In the case of this country that is literally true, but there always is the danger of using the weapons of defense for offense. Germany said she was armed only for defense. She turned her defensive weapons to offensive purposes when the crisis arose, for she was not attacked. Other nations have done the same in the past and will do it again. One nation

cannot disarm under existing world conditions. That would be the height of folly. But if all the great countries get together in the right spirit, they can gradually disarm and they should. Let us hope that the coming disarmament conference bears fruit and that it will go down in history as the most important gathering the world has ever seen.

Among Milwaukee's Manufacturing Plants

"MAKE Milwaukee Mighty." That is a slogan adopted months ago by the Milwaukee Association of Commerce and it is a good one. The alliteration makes it catchy and it means something. As we are strong for that slogan we do our bit to push the good work along by telling BULLETIN readers occasionally about some of the industries that are helping to "Make Milwaukee Mighty."

Among the products of Milwaukee that are known all over the world are those of the Chain Belt Company. We visited its big plant one day recently to learn something about the manufacture of chain belts.

There are different kinds of chains. There is, for instance, the chain of thought that the mere mention of Milwaukee brings up in the mind of the poor thirsty soul who has been deprived of his "beer and light wines." That chain, we suppose had a weak link or something. At least Mr. Volstead or somebody snapped it. Maybe it had been weakened by long friction, rubbing against the Anti-Saloon League or some other solid body, but anyway, it broke, and now there are thousands wallowing over the weak link. We're not among the mourners, however, so we should worry.

Were the matter left entirely to ourselves, we doubt whether we should pick chains as an interesting subject to write about. Some-

how one always associates chains with slavery, or something of that kind. Some kinds of chains, however, are worn easily. We're chained to our job in a way and yet we like the job and wouldn't want to break the chain. We hope the boss feels the same way about it, seeing that winter is approaching. Scores of poets have written about chains. There was Tom Moore, who wrote "Oft in the still night, ere slumber's chain has bound me." Wonder if Moore didn't mean "chilly" night. But then they didn't have steam-heated apartments with union janitors who turn the steam off promptly at 10 o'clock in Moore's day. Moore was strong for different kinds of chains. He said something about "To sport an hour with Beauty's chain, then throw it idly by." Byron spoke about "Striking the electric chain where-with we are darkly bound." Goldsmith made it a "lengthening" chain and Milton made a "golden" chain and hung this pendant world in it.

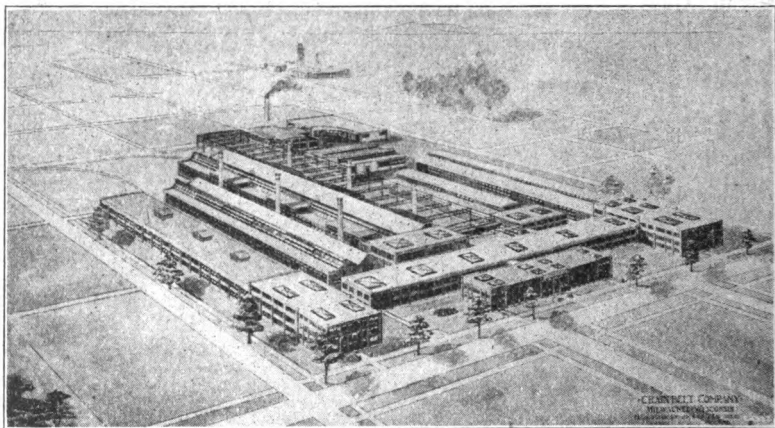
Not one of the poets, so far as we know, said a word about "Rex Chains" and it was then we had in mind when we started to write this. So we have an opportunity to scoop the poets, but the trouble is we aren't a poet. The Chain Belt Company, however, has a poet in its plant in the person of H. M. Landgraf, whom we met on the occasion of our visit and he

can sing the praises of Rex Chains in six or seven different languages.

Knowing only one language, and that one rather imperfectly, we'll quote Mr. Landgraf only in English. We admire Mr. Landgraf. Any man who can wax eloquent, to say nothing of becoming poetic, over a chain is worthy of admiration. We wish we could remember what Mr. Landgraf said about the "rollers" and the "notched side bars" and the "bushings" and the "pins" and the other

chain with a nation-wide reputation for trouble-proof and profitable service—be sure to specify 'Rex' on your next order."

Now that about dependability being cast into every link, is just what has made the products of the Chain Belt Company known all over the country. So far we have carefully refrained from saying that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, because that is a phrase which nearly every one uses, many times without the



PLANT OF CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

thingumbobs which make Rex Chains superior to all others, but we simply can't. He assured us, however, that "for elevators, conveyors and power drives alike it assures a long life of uninterrupted and satisfactory service. It means added protection against expensive breakdowns and delays."

That isn't exactly poetry, but it's pretty good. We didn't want to buy any chains, but Mr. Landgraf spoke with all the enthusiasm of a first-class salesman who believes in his goods and said: "If you want chain with equal dependability cast into every link-

slightest provocation. It isn't necessary to say it here, any way, because there isn't any "weakest link" in Rex chains. Twenty-nine years of experience in the manufacture of chains has enabled the Chain Belt Company to guarantee its customers against weak links.

The dependability of Rex chains is due to the thorough and elaborate system of inspection which prevails in the big plant. The inspection begins with the raw material and extends through ever process in the manufacture of the link until the finished product is ready for the customer.

Although the Chain Belt Com-

pany is most widely known for the sprocket chains it manufactures, it engages also in other lines of manufacture, part of its output being concrete mixers and pavers and part traveling water screens. The company recently installed the largest traveling screens in the world in the Ohio River at Cincinnati for the Union Gas and Electric Company of that city. They have a screening capacity of 200,000 gallons of water per minute, set in an enormous intake well, 60 feet in diameter and 86 feet deep. The extreme length and great capacity of the screens were made necessary by the occasional flood conditions in the Ohio River, which at times has shown a maximum rise of 70 feet at Cincinnati.

The Chain Belt Company is now erecting an immense new plant, the greater part of which has been completed and is now in service. The company employs about 1,500 men, most of whom are highly skilled mechanics, and it shows more than the ordinary interest in their welfare. Schools are maintained by the company in its big plant in which men are trained for higher positions and in which the workman of foreign birth and language is taught the English language, as well as the basic principles of American government.

Indian Summer Days

EVERY good Indian, of course, likes Indian summer, and there are lots of good Indians along the North Shore Line.

These are the days to get out among the woods and revel in the glorious colors in which Nature is painting the landscapes. Why go abroad to view wonderful works of art, or even to our own art galleries to look at pictures painted by some renowned artist, when you can see almost at your

door pictures such as no artist ever transferred to canvas?

In last month's BULLETIN we mentioned two splendid forests near Highland Park in which the nature lover might ramble at will and enjoy the gorgeous browns and golds of the autumn. The little story attracted the attention of Mark Madden of Chicago, the owner of the tract west of Highland Park on West Park avenue, and he invited us to go out and visit it again. Nothing loath we accepted the invitation and were more impressed with its beauty than we were the first time. We didn't, however, ramble very much through Mr. Madden's forest, for the reason that the undergrowth is so dense that walking through it is well-nigh impossible.

Accompanied by Mr. Madden we did ramble considerably over the open space to the west of the forest and penetrated the latter for a short distance at several points. We could hardly believe that such a forest existed within easy reach of the city, and we wondered why travelers will journey hundreds of miles to see something less worth while. We fell in love with the place to such an extent that we wished to buy the tract, but when we learned that the price was about a quarter of a million dollars, we decided to put off closing the deal until next payday at least. In these days of frequent holdups it isn't safe to carry so much money around in one's pocket. However, we did get a picture of it with the owner standing in the foreground, so if we can't buy it right away, we can at least look at the picture occasionally.

The people of Lake county should get busy and take possession of that tract under the Forest Preserve Act. Mr. Madden spoke about the money which could be made by setting up a sawmill and cutting the forest up into cordwood. We said it would be a

crime to do it and he half agreed with us, for the giant oaks on the tract could not be replaced in a century.

If you would see a real forest we can recommend this particular one. It isn't very far from the North Shore Line—probably a little over a mile—and adjoins the famous Tillman's Sparkling

Congratulations to Highwood

THERE are a good many things which might be said commendatory of Highwood. It is the home of the general offices of the North Shore Line, which every-



MADDEN WOODS, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Springs, the waters of which are known to nearly every one on the north shore.

KNEW HIS LIMIT

Mr. McNab (after having his lease read over to him)—“I winna sign that. I havena’ been able tae keep Ten Commandments for a mansion in heaven an’ am nae gaun tae tackle aboot a hundred for twa rooms in High Street.”

body worth mentioning knows to be the best electric railroad on earth.

Then Highwood has a distinguished mayor in the person of Tom Welsh, the genial superintendent of the dining car service on the North Shore Line, who runs the town as well as he runs the dining cars. No higher praise could be given him than that.

Lastly, as the preachers say,

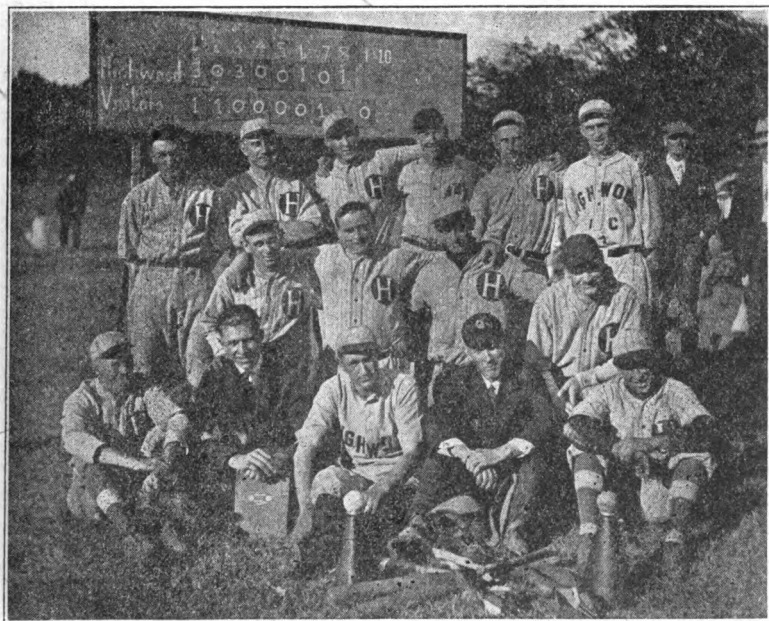
but by no means the least, Highwood is the home of the champion baseball team of the north shore. It won the cup and the pennant for the 1921 season, and is planning to repeat the performance next year.

On the invitation of Mayor Welsh the editor of the BULLETIN attended a dinner given on the evening of September 7, in honor of the champion ball team. There was quite a large gathering

speeches almost as much as we did the chicken served at the dinner and that is saying a whole lot.

Several of the members of the winning team are employes of the North Shore Line, which gives us more than the usual interest in the event.

The league is composed of ball teams from Evanston, Winnetka, Glencoe, Wheeling, Shermerville, Highland Park, Highwood and Waukegan. It seems probable



HIGHWOOD BASEBALL TEAM

Top Row—McGath, Wittry, Dever, Peterson, Berberick, Madison.

Second Row—Roberg, Shannon, Shaw, Muzik.

Third Row—Flaherty, Berberick, Bottner (Umpire), Burke.

and lots of enthusiasm. Mayor Welsh was there, of course, to thank the boys in the name of the city for bringing to it the honor of the north shore baseball championship. A number of baseball experts from Chicago, Lake Forest and Highland Park were among the speakers. We enjoyed the

from what was said at the meeting that Lake Forest will be in the column next year, provided, of course, that the Blue Sunday advocates do not succeed in their efforts to stop all forms of Sunday outdoor sports.

The officers elected for the next year are:

President—O. T. Otis.

Vice-Presidents — Thomas E. Welsh and George C. Kenry.

Secretary - Treasurer — Joseph Koser.

The league deserves encouragement and support, for in spite of the Blue Sunday fellows we believe that a nation which can excel in good clean sports will excel in everything else.

With the Bulletin Family

THE BULLETIN Family Circle is widening every month and even assuming international proportions. Our well-known correspondent, "Loophound," has been appointed, or rather appointed himself, circulation manager, and he has been busy getting readers over in Canada.

We told you last month that he intended going on a vacation to the old home in New Brunswick to give his parents and the natives a treat. Well, he did and, as we expected, he got some inspiration or something which induced him to let the other members of the Family hear about it. We expect he must have taken some copies of the BULLETIN with him, as we have had some requests from Canada to add new names to the mailing list.

Here is one from Toronto:

"While coming to Toronto on the old Grand Trunk the other day I became acquainted with Loophound and he told me of your North Shore Line. He also presented me with a copy of the BULLETIN, which I have enjoyed. I would be pleased if you would place my name on your mailing list.

Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely yours,

Al. R. Cooke.

We are always glad to welcome a new member into the Family, even if he lives across the border, for, as you may have noticed, the BULLETIN doesn't recognize narrow boundary lines. Beside, we have a high regard for Canadians, especially since the late war.

After introducing one of Loop-

hound's new subscribers, it will be appropriate to let you hear from himself. He is, we expect, our most popular contributor, and the fact that business affairs caused him to move from Chicago to Pittsburgh hasn't in any way lessened his interest in the BULLETIN family. Besides, he comes back occasionally. In fact he was in our office a few days ago on a hurried trip and said he expected soon to move to Philadelphia. But we'll continue to hear from him no matter where he goes.

Here is his latest:

Am back in the harness again after a glorious two weeks in the Miramichi country. That was as long as we dared inflict the junior on an industrious people. The BULLETIN arrived here the same day we did, and was just as interesting and a darnsite more truthful than the fish stories I've been listening to in New Brunswick.

No, they didn't kill the fatted calf. Fat calves are almost as extinct in that country as the dodo. You can see more of them on Boul Mich in a minute than at a county fair, and they are easier to look at. The reform element is as busy condemning the short skirt in the Canadian wilds as they are in this latitude, so it was old stuff, as they say in Evanston.

As you may have heard, there is a difference of opinion as to the respective merits of the long and short models, with, I believe, the shorts on the long end. At any rate the majority of unattached male voters favor the short end of the argument, but if you meet these fellows after they have become domesticated and have just paid the last installment on both rings, you'll notice that secretly they prefer that their wives wear them longer, by three or four years

at least. It's a mighty small man who can hide behind a woman's skirts nowadays and get away with it.

But getting back to the vacation again, we were a bit late for the best fishing, but we whipped a few of the old streams with fair success. The kid brother caught one salmon—out of season—weighing 18 pounds, and before we finished eating it I wished he had lost it. As Bobby Brown, the old trapper, said when he was snow-bound for three weeks, "Twenty-one meals t' buckwheat, twenty-one times t' week, it's no good." We left just before the game season opened, so I didn't get a shot at any of the moose or deer that we saw in the fields along the Canadian National Railway, though we had more than one good feed of venison. Accidents will happen, you know."

Irvin Cobb says there is only one great difference between Canada and the United States. In Canada a hiccough is a social error, while here it's considered a sign of affluence. Irvin must have visited Montreal, as that is about the only oasis we encountered. In other parts of the Dominion they have their trouble with old H. C. L. (Hard Canadian Liquor) as we do here.

They run some excellent trains in that country and the better half enjoyed the trip immensely. From Toronto we traveled on the Grand Trunk to Montreal and their International Limited makes 44 miles an hour, including stops. The Ocean Limited, east of Montreal, on the Canadian National Lines, is as good a train as many of our extra-fare trains, but doesn't make the fast time. I think it averages about 35 miles an hour.

At Montreal a party from New York boarded our car and they carried a banner which read: "We have the Statue but you have the Liberty." On further acquaintance we discussed the superiority of Chicago over New York and it was quite an interesting argument, ranging all the way from the city hall to industry. Transportation came in for its share of censure or eulogy and they were loath to believe that their subway was slower than the "L." But when I brought the North Shore into the discussion they hadn't a Chinaman's chance. They were frankly perplexed over the superiority of the North Shore Line and I explained the reason, which every reader of the BULLETIN knows. On learning that Mr. Budd was the answer, one of the party opined that if this Chicago

"bud" was as good as we claimed, New York would wait till he was a full-grown blossom and then transplant him. Now, Luke, you know it takes an awful nerve to kid a Chicagoan like that. If New Yorkers love their neighbors as they love themselves they'll all go to heaven. So I had to give this Gothamite a lesson in history and geography without further argument and it wasn't many minutes till he went up in the air like a curl of smoke from an Indian's wigwam.

Yours,
Loophound.

Knowing Loophound as we do, we would have enjoyed listening to that argument. We imagine the New Yorkers didn't get away with very much, although they do certainly have a good opinion of themselves. Most of them have a notion that the United State extend only from Battery Park to the Harlem River.

We had a short visit recently from Loophound, Jr., who has gone back to the University of Pennsylvania for another year. No doubt when he gets settled down there we will hear from him. If the original Loophound goes to live in Philadelphia, as he contemplates, we can imagine those boys having a great time together.

The beautiful poem we printed on the back cover last month by Sam Walter Foss has inspired a Highland Park poet—E. B. Wales—to add another verse. Mr. or Miss Wales—we don't know which—writes:

Possibly Sam Walter Foss, if he had lived to ride on the North Shore Line, would have added some such plaintive verse as this to his immortal poem.

I live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the men go racing by;
They may be good, they may be bad,

But little of that know I.
I do not sit in the scorner's seat,
Yet my friends are too few by far,

For men pass my house by the side of the road

In trolley and touring car.

Well, Mr. Foss might have written something like that, or, if he had no regard for his reputation as a poet, he might have put it something like this:

Yet I love to sit by the side of the road

And watch the trains speed past.
They tell of the progress made by man,

Which assures that our race will last.

Then why should I sit in a scorn-er's chair,

Or hurl the cynic's ban,
When I see what the North Shore Line has done

As the greatest friend of man.

Really we don't like to spoil a fine poem by making a parody on it, but our Highland Park poet is responsible and shouldn't have started the trouble.

While we are on the subject of introducing new contributors to this column, let us introduce Charles Ellef Clark, a BULLETIN



FIRST BULLETIN BABY

baby. He isn't a contributor yet, but the prospects are bright that he will become one. We have a

particular interest in this baby because his mother was one of the first contributors to this column.

At that time she was a Miss Baker and what you might term a sister scribe, as she worked on our esteemed contemporary, the *Highland Park Press*. She still contributes occasionally and a short time ago when she came from Detroit to visit some friends along the north shore, she dropped in to show us the baby. He's a fine little fellow, too, so we're going to print his picture as the first BULLETIN baby.

Our Milwaukee correspondent, "Jumbo," sends a word of praise for a section crew, which he says prevented an accident, and tells a story of an old railroad man who, after his conversion at a revival meeting, was asked to lead in prayer. He hesitated for a moment and then made the following prayer:

O Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and place them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. May the safety lamp be known as prudence and all couplings of the train, as a strong link of love and let my hand lamp be the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy will to have semaphore block signals along the line, show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule and when we have finished our run on schedule time and pulled into the great dark station of death, may the superintendent of the universe say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants, come and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness. Amen."

Well, that isn't a bad prayer for a railroad man. We don't recall ever having heard one pray, but we have occasionally heard them use some of the words commonly used in prayer.

A new member of the BULLETIN family in Chicago writes:

Being a frequent traveler on your North Shore Line between Chicago and Hubbard Woods, I have been favorably impressed with the courteous treatment I received from the trainmen and everything connected with the North Shore Line service, being Al at Lloyd's, making it very pleasant for everyone traveling on your well equipped line.

I saw your BULLETIN at a relative's who receives it regularly and was very favorably impressed with your editorial's and would esteem it a great favor to be put on your mailing list.

Yours truly,
Henry Dickinson.

Very glad to put you on the list and initiate you in the order. The requirements are one letter a year, but more frequent contributions are appreciated.

Here is a new one from Racine:

I have been thinking ever since last June that I should like to break into the BULLETIN family. At that time I boarded a north-bound train along with twenty-eight school youngsters bound for Milwaukee. We had gone about half the distance when the train came to a sudden stop and backed up a few rods and the conductor climbed back on the car with a flag which one of the youngsters had dropped out of a window.

I thought that a fine example of the desire to serve the patrons of the North Shore by one of its employees, even though that patron was only a child, and I thought that the same men were just as ready to serve me, so I settled back in the seat and doubly enjoyed the rest of the ride, which was entirely free from smoke and cinders and almost free from noise.

I often sit in my breakfast room and look out toward the east and see one of the North Shore trains pass quickly by in the bright morning sun and I know that the men who are responsible for that train are red-blooded Americans, anxious to do their duty and save their fellowmen and so I resolve that for that day I, too, will be red-blooded.

There is a wonderful transportation service between Chicago and Milwaukee, but the North Shore is the pick of the lot and I am proud to be such a near neighbor.

Yours,
P. H. Rood.

Now that you really have broken into the Family, Mr. Rood, we hope you will get acquainted with your neighbors. We're quite sure you'll like them. That was a considerate thing for the conductor to do, but we expect the flag was, of course, an American flag; and there isn't a man on the North Shore Line who doesn't love that flag.

That industrious correspondent, Jim Ham sends us a little plain prose this month. He is best known to readers for his poetical effusions and he is to be commended for the self-control he exercises this month. He writes:

Was down in the sunshine (moonshine) country a couple of weeks ago, where they run stills on the quiet. Saw one local good-for-nix sort of village roustabout gink, who previous to prohibition hadn't a seat in his trousers. Well, this gent has set up in the business of making stills out of gas pipe and reclaimed pots and kettles and now plays around in a Packard.

While in a hotel in the same country observed a poor hungry looking critter amble aimlessly into the lobby. Was just about to offer him a meal in exchange for a recitation of his experiences and why he left home when the bell-hop paged "Mr. Morgan" and the object of my pity disappeared on the wing of a well-groomed Walingford. I learned later they had staged a galloping domino party which would make East St. Louis look like a plker. Ever been to East St. Louis? Well, don't go. Nobody ever does who can help it.

Mother used to each us—you, I and the BULLETIN family—that it was wrong to disobey the ten commandments and we still believe it, hence we're not making moonshine, at least I hope we're not. But evidently some of those fellows in what is sometimes termed God's country haven't heard about what Moses wrote on the mountain. And did you ever see an analysis of this sheep-dip likker? Understand it reads about like this:

Formaldehyde	60%
Gasoline	20%
Fusel oil	10%
Mississippi River	10%

About all there is to drink in this concoction is the water and it

is muddy. However, I understand it's fine for insomnia. But then all's not wrong in our good old world after all. One can find ample evidence of sane adjustment to insane reform if he but seek it out.

Have refrained from "poeting" long enough for you to catch your breath and besides I'd hate to get kicked out of the congregation, but, of course, every family has a black sheep.

May I suggest to your readers that in order to appreciate the North Shore Line they must take a jaunt down through the "sticks" on some of those Toonerville traction lines; and the rate of fare is the same, too.

Greetings to yourself and the Family. Affectionately.

Jim Ham.

Thanks for the recipe, Jim. We doubt whether your formula is correct, however, as gasoline is too expensive to be used in that way. Wonder what "Kentuckian" would say about that. We haven't heard from him in a long time.

It's wonderful how this BULLETIN travels. Here is one from South Norwalk, Conn.:

Some well-wishers in Chicago or Evanston, I don't know which, kindly sent me a copy of the September number of your BULLETIN which my wife and I enjoyed very much as we are old-timers of Chicago and suburbs. We both came east three years ago to take up the science of Natureopathy and are permanently located in South Norwalk. If you ever have a copy to spare, kindly send it along as I feel homesick at times for old Chicago.

With best wishes for your unique little monthly.

Yours,

Dr. Paul A. Zahlman.

A new Chicago correspondent, who evidently is an old reader, writes:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would place my name on your mailing list, commencing with this month's issue. I have been reading it for three years now and like the booklet very much. It is O. K. If you would also put my mother's name on the list I am sure she would like it.

Yours very truly,

E. W. Gardner.

There's always room for a few more in the Family.

We had a few lines from our old correspondent, William G. Miller, of Canton, Ohio, enclosing a good Scotch joke. You see we're not to blame for printing Scotch jokes because correspondents will send them to us. They do it, we suppose, to make us laugh, so that we won't take ourself too seriously. There was our friend, Harry Lyons, of Kenilworth, who came breezing in one afternoon with a parcel under his arm.

"I've brought you the funniest Harry Lauder record you ever heard," he said. "I got one for myself yesterday and it made me laugh so that I went back and got another for you."

Well, we had some engagement that night and it was too late to try the record when we got home, but we tried it early next morning. We didn't need to do any calisthenics that morning, for we laughed enough to give us a good appetite for breakfast and keep us in good humor all day. It isn't a bad way to start the day at that, and we thank Mr. Lyons for his consideration.

HE WAS SAVING

Minister—"I hear your husband is making a lot of money Mrs. MacTavish. I hope he's putting a bit away every Saturday."

Mrs. MacTavish—"Och, aye! About a bottle and a half."

HE EXPECTED COMPANY

An old Scotsman who refused to attend church was being remanded by the minister.

"Why is it, John, that you never attend church?" asked the minister.

"Weel, ye're sermons are ower lang for ae thing."

"John, you'll die and go where you won't hear sermons, either long or short."

"Maybe that's so, but I'm sure it'll nae be for want o' meenisters."

FEB 24 1931

