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The North shore bulletin

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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

NOVEMBER, 1921

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“The Road of Service”

PRAISES FREIGHT SERVICE

THE traffic manager of a large Milwaukee concern writes to say that the BULLETIN emphasizes the passenger service on the North Shore Line to the exclusion of the freight traffic.

We suppose we do say more about the passenger service, for the reason that most of the letters we receive commend that branch, but we are equally glad to get letters commending the merchandise despatch. This particular correspondent knows what he is talking about from actual experience and his letter is well worth reading. He writes:

We enjoy very much the articles in your BULLETIN, some of which are very clever and amusing and most of which are good common sense. The only difficulty which we experience is that only one copy is received in this department and it is a "neck and neck" proposition as to whether the manager of the department or his secretary secures the BULLETIN first, and as the manager endeavors to be as courteous as your employes, he is obliged to concede precedence to his lady secretary.

Your idea of commending thru this medium the courtesy and efficiency of employes in the passenger service and in praising the passenger service itself, is certainly a fine idea.

We have been rather surprised, however, at the entire absence of mention regarding freight traffic. By this we do not refer entirely to the excellent time in which shipments move in so far as train service is concerned. We wish to call your attention to the prompt and efficient manner in which trucks delivering freight to your stations at Milwaukee are handled. It is certainly gratifying indeed to be able to send a truck to a station and not have it held up hours before being taken care of and it is also a large item of expense saved when a truck can make several trips in the same time that it ordinarily only makes one. This is not due to any lack of business, as your stations are certainly exceedingly busy places and handle a great volume of freight. It is entirely due to the excellent organization and the fact that sufficient competent help is maintained to make this possible.

We recently questioned a truck driver relative to the service given

at the North Shore Line Stations and his answer expresses the situation exactly. It was this: "None better, can't be improved upon." We also wish to express our opinion of the freight employes and the employes in your city office in Milwaukee in the same language, "None better, can't be improved upon." "Courtesy and consideration" quite obviously is their motto.

Unless your BULLETIN is exclusively a passenger publication, we believe that this other branch of your service should come in for its full share of commendable and favorable mention, as it is certainly a live and efficient organization.

L. C. and S. B.

Nothing we could say about the Merchandise Despatch service of the North Shore Line could be any better than that letter. Merchants and manufacturers who do not know about that service would do well to get in touch with the Traffic Department and learn more of what the electric road can do for them in the way of prompt and efficient handling of shipments.

STUDENTS ENJOY TRIP

A CLASS of students in the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Illinois recently made a trip from Chicago to Milwaukee on the North Shore Line and the following letter from Professor Ellery B. Paine, head of the Department shows how much they enjoyed it. Professor Paine writes as follows:

Every member of our inspection party expresses the greatest appreciation of the splendid service which was rendered by your road at the time of our recent trip to Milwaukee and return. Your most cordial treatment of our party won the hearts of the students and instructors alike. No part of our trip seems to have made a more distinct impression on our party than the service rendered by your road.

Yours very sincerely,
Ellery B. Paine,
Head of Department.

That is the way they speak of North Shore Service after they have given it a trial.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V Chicago, November, 1921

Editorial Comment

*Some smack of age in you, some
relish of the saltiness of time.*

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HERE we are entering our fifth year. How the time does fly. Doesn't seem that long since we began telling you all our family secrets. And what a lot of fun we have had!

* * * * *

WE have waxed strong and healthy with the exercise. We do not feel the need of "Mellin's Food," although it seems as if it might be possible to procure it soon without violating any laws. We look for a hard winter and a lot of sickness, unless a certain ruling is changed. It's comforting, though, to think that the breweries are busy preparing the medicine in anticipation of the epidemic.

* * * * *

WHAT a busy four years we have spent, too. In that time we have licked the kaiser, revamped the map of Europe, formed the League of Nations, passed the eighteenth amendment, brought about world disarmament and almost freed Ireland. In fact, when we think it over, we have saved the world in about fifty-seven different ways and are still going strong. Of course, we have done other odd jobs between times, but we mention only a few of the more important accomplishments of our trusty typewriter.

* * * * *

WE didn't do it all single-handed, of course. We use both hands in operating our typewriter, and we received considerable help and encouragement from our standing army and navy of contribs, under the joint command of General Loophound and Admiral Peebles. That army and navy has grown out of a mere nom-de-plume to a mailing list that requires two days to get it out and new recruits flock to the standard every month. Without that aid and encouragement we feel that we might have faltered, for it isn't as easy a job to run a universe as you might think. We know only one other man capable of handling the job. You have read his newspapers.

LOOKING over our first number, now four years old, and comparing it with the last issue, we are inclined to think that the BULLETIN has improved with age, just like another kind of tonic that we might mention. A good many of our contribs seem to agree with that idea, although we had their hearty support from the first. We expect, of course, to have our "off" days. Something like playing golf. We go out one day and, no matter how hard we try, we can't make even a respectable showing. Another day with a great deal less apparent effort we do fairly well. That's what makes us keep on playing the fool game. It's the uncertainty of the thing. Well, in a way, it's that way with life. The uncertainty adds zest to the game. But whether it's the game of golf or the game of life, we just try to do our level best.

* * * * *

WE have an idea that this is one of our "off" days, as we can't think of any new ways of saving the world. Seeing that this is the beginning of a new volume we have a notion that we ought to get back to "normalcy" and talk about some subjects closer to home than has been our custom recently. We realize that if we had talked all these years only about the North Shore Line, we probably wouldn't have the number of valued contribs that we have. We wouldn't get so many letters speaking about our "wonderful" editorials and all that sort of thing. The average reader doesn't care for too much shop talk. That is why we usually give them something else in this column and why they say the BULLETIN is "different." But after all it is the North Shore Line that gives us all the fun of writing this stuff and you all the fun of reading it. So we believe we are going to devote this issue largely to family affairs and let the old world look out for itself for a month.

* * * * *

SEVERAL things have combined to help us arrive at that decision. In the first place, we have a letter from a reader in Racine suggesting that we might make some comments on the many advantages of living on the shores of Lake Michigan between Chicago and Milwaukee. Of course, the advantages are so obvious that it hardly seems necessary to point them out. Four years ago, in our first number, we gave you a short historic sketch of the principal cities along the North Shore Line. They have all grown in size and importance since then and the North Shore Line has grown along with them. You might say that the growth has been simultaneous, each dependent on the other. A city cannot grow and be prosperous without good transportation facilities and a railroad cannot grow without business. The north shore cities and the North Shore Line recognize their dependence on each other and pull together. That really is the secret of their success and growth. To sum up the advantages of living on the north

shore, we, as an impartial observer, rise to remark that the greatest single advantage is that the people in that locality are served by the North Shore Line.

* * * * *

ANOTHER reason for us talking strictly family affairs this month, is something of which we feel rather proud; in fact, we might say chesty. We notice in glancing through the pages of the first few issues of the BULLETIN that we talked a good deal about what the North Shore Line was doing in the direction of what is commonly called "Safety First." We have neglected that phase of activity to some extent in the BULLETIN, but it hasn't been neglected on the road by any means. On the contrary it has been carried along so persistently and successfully that the North Shore Line stands without an equal among interurban roads today as regards safety to the public and to its employes. Now that is a record which one can take pride in and the employes are proud of it. There is a spirit of loyalty among employes of the North Shore Line that isn't seen on some roads. Passengers have noticed it and commented upon it. Every employe feels that it is his own road and talks of it in that way. That is why every last one of us feel proud that it is the safest high-speed electric road on earth.

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MAYBE you want some proof to substantiate that statement. We are coming to that but might remark incidentally that we never write anything here that isn't the truth. Oh, sometimes we write about subjects on which there may be differences of opinion and all that, but when we deal with questions of fact, well, we stick to what we firmly believe to be the facts. That is one of the reasons why so many readers rely on what we say. We try to be absolutely honest with them and they know it. What was it we had in mind when we started this paragraph? Oh yes, we were going to give you the proof that the North Shore Line is the safest high-speed interurban railroad in the country. Well, in a general way that can be shown by the per cent of gross earnings which go to satisfy damage claims, but we are going to give you a more concrete example which was demonstrated only a few days ago.

* * * * *

YOU no doubt read about the "No-Accident—No Fire" week, staged in Chicago by the Chicago Safety Council of the Association of Commerce to commemorate the semi-centennial anniversary of the big fire which destroyed the city in 1871. It was a splendid idea and resulted in a material reduction in the number of accidents and fires during that week. Large industrial concerns, insurance companies, railroads, merchants and manufacturers joined in the campaign. When the statistics were compiled at the close of the week's cam-

paign, what concern was at the top of the list? Why the North Shore Line, of course. Why? Because during the entire week there was only one minor accident occurred on the road. A packing case fell over and smashed the finger of a freight clerk and even that was not a serious accident, for he was laid up only three days. How is that for a record, for a railroad doing the daily business done by the North Shore Line? You don't blame us for feeling just a little chesty over that, do you?

* * * * *

THAT record wasn't made merely by chance, either. It was the result of perfect organization. Accidents happen as a result of someone's carelessness. There is no escape from that conclusion. Eliminate carelessness and you eliminate accidents and there is no railroad, or industrial concern in the country that has done, or that is doing more, to eliminate carelessness than the North Shore Line. The safety campaign goes on all the time and every employe is on his toes, ready and willing to do his bit. It really is remarkable to note the enthusiasm of the boys in that respect. It is an exemplification of that fine spirit of which we spoke a minute ago, which makes every man feel that it is his own road and he has a personal pride in it. Where a spirit of that kind prevails, it is comparatively easy to get results, and in the case of a railroad, to please and satisfy patrons.

* * * * *

HOW to create a spirit of that kind and keep it alive is the real secret. We believe we have that secret, although if we told you too much about it, the boss would object. But the real answer is Britton I. Budd. If he saw that before it was printed, he would blue pencil it and tell us to find another answer. Very likely he would ask us to substitute the name of Charles B. Scott. Mr. Budd never wishes to take credit to himself for anything, but he knows that practically every employe would work his fingernails off for him and take pleasure in the task. We admit that we, personally, can be placed in that category, although we don't like to say it, seeing that he is the boss. On one occasion, shortly after the BULLETIN made its first appearance, we attended a dinner of employes and supervisory forces at which Mr. Budd spoke. He didn't make a long speech or attempt oratory. That isn't his style, but he said in a very earnest way that he would rather have the North Shore Line known as the *safest* railroad in the country, both for the public and the employes, than known as the best money maker. He meant that, too, and every one who heard him knew that he meant it. That was shortly after the road was re-organized and he became its president. There are some men in this world who merely wish for what may appear at the time unattainable. Other men work to reach the goal

and realize their wish. Mr. Budd is that kind. He has accomplished what he set out to do and has made the North Shore Line the safest high-speed electric line in the country.

* * * * *

IN giving Mr. Budd credit for being the mainspring of the machine, as it were, we do not mean that others are not entitled to credit also. We spoke of Mr. Scott. He is head of the Bureau of Safety, an organization incorporated in Illinois and operating in a number of states in the Middle West. He has made a life study of accident prevention and of building up organizations of employes and supervisory forces toward that end. He is an enthusiast in his chosen work, while at the same time practical. He has built up a safety organization on the North Shore Line that, perhaps, is without an equal in the country. He has driven home to the employes the human misery and suffering, the great economic loss and utter waste of accidents, he has visualized it to them from every angle, until every committee has absorbed some of his zeal and enthusiasm and have become devoted workers in the cause, because they believe in it. His work on the North Shore Line has demonstrated clearly that accidents can be eliminated with perfect organization and teamwork. Mr. Scott is deserving of a lot of credit for the fact that the North Shore Line headed the list in the recent "No Accident—No Fire" contest.

* * * * *

WHILE every organization depends for its success largely on the directing head, the co-operation of the workers in the ranks is just as essential. The North Shore employes have done their part in making the road the safest in the country. They have shown their zeal in the cause by their attendance at the meetings which are held regularly and by the great number of safety suggestions they have made. Every employe is a worker for safety. If he observes a condition that might lead to an accident, he at once makes a report on it and frequently accompanies that report with a suggested remedy. In no other way could safety work be made successful, for it is the employes in their daily work who come into closest contact with dangerous conditions and practices. In giving credit for the splendid record made by the North Shore Line in the way of eliminating accidents, the employes deserve their full share. Without their co-operation the record could not have been established. They merit the commendation of the public, for in the last analysis it is to make travel safe for the public that the work is carried on.

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IN this discussion of safety work a closing paragraph might be written about the company. The improvements made and the safety devices which have been installed have involved a large ex-

penditure of money. The employment of safety experts and the organization of safety committees are relatively small items. Carrying out the recommendations made by these experts costs a great deal and that is a point which the traveling public is apt to overlook. Travel has been made safe for the public, but it has not been done merely by wishing it. A good part of the price paid by the public for transportation service has been devoted toward making travel safe and comfortable. Every one engaged in business knows what the condition of the money market has been for the last year or two, and how difficult it is to obtain capital, except at enormously high rates. While these conditions forced curtailments in other directions on the North Shore Line and delayed the carrying out of contemplated improvements, safety work has gone on without interruption. That is something to the credit of the company.

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WE have several other things in mind to write about, but we are nearly up to our space limits. We have decided to make a little change in the size of the type in this column, so that it will give us more space. If we hadn't called your attention to it, you probably wouldn't have noticed it, but we are gathering around us such an able corps of assistants nowadays in the shape of contribs, that we just have to find more space, or say what we have to say in smaller type. The latter is the less expensive method, so we will give you our monthly lecture hereafter in 8-point. We have an idea that it will improve our appearance anyway, besides saving a page or two.

* * * * *

ONE thing we must tell you about before closing. You know the city of Chicago has been building a new bridge across the river on Wells street. How long they have been at it we can't tell without looking it up, but it has been a long time. The new bridge was supposed to be ready last April, but it wasn't. Well, it will be opened, or rather the present bridge will be closed to traffic on Saturday morning, November 26, just after the morning rush hour, according to present plans. The engineers estimate that it will require about seventy-two hours to remove the old bridge and lower the new one. Maybe it will be done in less time, but the estimate is that the new bridge will be ready for trains on Tuesday morning, November 29. While the bridge is closed to traffic North Shore trains will be run into the North Water street terminal of the Northwestern Elevated, during the non-rush hours. In the rush hours there won't be room for them in the terminal, so one or two trains will have to be turned at Grand avenue. Everything possible will be done to cause the least

inconvenience to passengers. The temporary inconvenience is unavoidable, but we are just letting you know about it in advance, as we like to tell you everything. And that's that until next month.

Among Kenosha's Famous Industries

HAVE you put 'em on yet? The season is near at hand for the change, unless you happen to be one of those bugs who wear the same kind throughout the year and brag about how hardy and tough you are.

At this writing our own are still laid away with moth balls, but we got thinking about them the other morning and it gave us an idea for a story. We have so many famous industries along the North Shore Line, that we can always find something new to tell our readers about. Why not tell them something about the way their winter underwear is made, we thought, so we wrote our friend Conrad Shearer, secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Kenosha and asked him what he had to show in that line.

Back came a letter by special delivery saying in substance to come up and be shown through the finest underwear establishment in the country, or words to that effect. Seeing that the said establishment is located in Kenosha, we had no doubt that it was one of the best of its kind, for they do make reliable goods of all kinds in that busy, bustling city.

When we reached Kenosha we found Mr. Shearer and Tom Lockhart, the jeweler, waiting for us. They're a great pair. When we intimated, rather weakly, that we hoped they wouldn't neglect their business on our account, as we could get around alone, Mr. Lockhart exclaimed, "Oh, to the devil with business; you don't come

very often." That's the kind of fellow he is to a stranger within his gates, more especially if the stranger can roll his r's or tell a Scotch joke.

Well, after luncheon and a drive around the city we repaired to the big factory of the Cooper Underwear Company to see the latest styles in underwear. Of course we could have seen them on almost any billboard or on the advertising pages of almost any magazine, but that kind is made by an artist's brush. We wished to see the other kind, the manufacture of which we had an idea would be much more interesting.

Robert S. Cooper, president of the company, was willing to show us everything in the plant, but suggested that he would rather have his father pilot us through the various departments, as he was the originator of the business and knew it from the ground up. The elder Mr. Cooper is now retired from active participation in the affairs of the company, but he soon showed the visitors that his knowledge of the business was as thorough as the son had said.

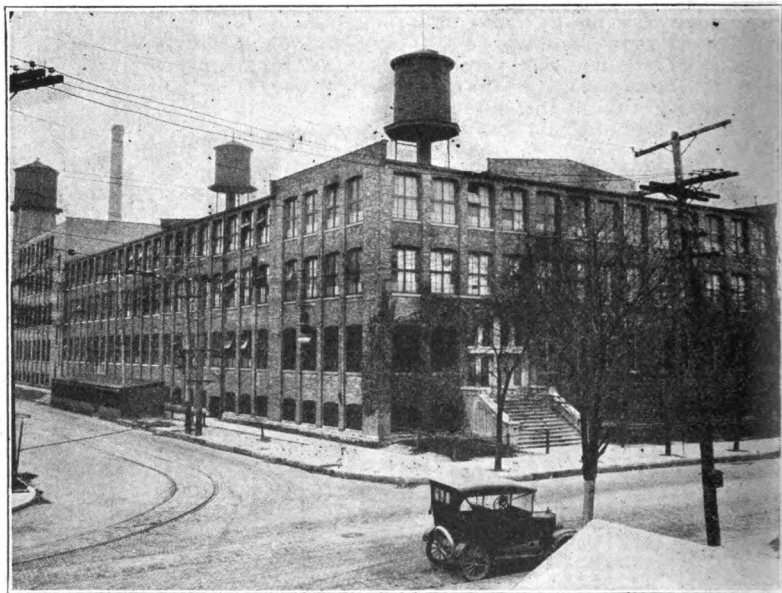
Active and spry as a school-boy, in spite of the fact that he laid the foundation for the Cooper Underwear Company back in 1876, Mr. Cooper first led the visitors to the basement, to show the works from the ground up. The most interesting thing in the basement was the clubrooms, which the company maintains for its men employees. There were two bowling alleys, several billiard tables, reading and lounging rooms and shower baths. The

men use the club rooms for recreation evenings and Sundays. The laboratory also is located in the basement where expert chemists are employed in making dyes and coloring materials.

This was our first visit to an underwear manufacturing establishment and it was one of the most interesting plants we have ever visited. Hurrying through the department where they were

Cooper said that the firm always had to carry about \$300,000 worth of goods in stock, as there are so many sizes and styles.

Being interested in that phase of the subject, which had never before occurred to us, we made some inquiries about sizes and styles. It appears that the company makes 108 sizes and as there are over 250 styles, it will be seen what it means to carry even a



Cooper Underwear Company Plant, Kenosha, Wis.

shrinking the woolen and cotton goods before cutting them into the various patterns, Mr. Cooper showed us through the stock-rooms. He said the stock was pretty low at this time, as the winter goods were all on the market and the factory is now making underwear for next summer. It didn't seem to us that the stock was very low, which prompted the question as to the amount ordinarily carried. Mr.

dozen or two of each size and style in stock.

The work of making underwear is highly specialized and sectionalized, so that a garment goes through a great number of hands and separate operations from the whole cloth to the finished article. In spite of that the work goes through rapidly as on receipt of an order it requires only 52 hours from the time the cloth is taken from the batch room

where it is stored, until the finished garment is packed ready for shipment.

Of the 800 employes in the Kenosha plant of the company, about 500 are women. A visitor expecting to see women with pale, emaciated faces bending over swiftly moving machines, would be disappointed in going through the Cooper establishment. He would notice that the great majority are



Robert S. Cooper, President
Cooper Underwear Company

young women with the glow of health on their cheeks, not the kind that is bought in the drug stores, although a little of that too might be seen. He would notice also that many of the nimble fingers which fed the cloth into the machines were adorned with diamond rings and that a number of the girls wore watches on their shapely wrists.

We confess that our first interest in most establishments we

visit, is in the men and women who work in them. In the Cooper establishment we noticed a great many things which showed a humane interest in the welfare of the employes which no doubt is one of the reasons why the firm in its long career has never had labor troubles of any kind. Of course the girls and the men, too, have to work and to work hard, but in many ways the work is made as pleasant and agreeable for them as it is possible to make it. For instance, we noticed one type of sewing machine that we had never seen before. Perhaps they are common in such establishments, we do not know. Anyway, they have a raised arm which brings them up on a level with a woman's chest as she sits and feeds the cloth into them, so that she does not have to stoop over as in the ordinary sewing machine.

Another noticeable thing we saw in our hurried trip through the big plant, was a well-equipped domestic science school. The city of Kenosha supplies a vocational school teacher and the firm furnishes the necessary equipment to give the girls under eighteen years of age a course in domestic science, one hour a day for five days in the week. The need of teaching the young women how to cook for their future husbands, is recognized by the firm and as it would mean loss of time and earnings to have the girls go to school, the school is brought to them. The hour they give daily to their lessons comes to them as a sort of relief from their regular work, so that in all probability they make greater progress in the art of cooking than would be the case if they did nothing but attend school. That, however, is mere conjecture; the convenience of the arrangement for those who are obliged to work admits of no argument.

Another noticeable thing was a large lunchroom with ample

floor space to permit of dancing. Occasionally the company brings an orchestra from Chicago or Milwaukee for Friday evening dances which are held in the lunchroom.

In another section of the building is a hospital, containing three beds and with a trained nurse in charge. Perhaps it is rather a First Aid station than a hospital and is used also as a restroom when any of the girls feel fatigued.

Most of the girls are paid on the piecework plan and we noticed a system of checking that we had not seen before. Every girl is in effect her own time-keeper. A printed slip with as many coupons attached as there are operations on a particular garment is kept on the machine in front of each girl. As she performs the operation she clips off the corresponding coupon and deposits it in a small box kept for that purpose. A certain price is fixed for each operation, so that the girl at the close of the day's work can count the coupons deposited in the box and know exactly what will be in her pay envelope for that day. It also gives the inspector a line on the work, so that imperfect work is readily traced to the operator.

Throughout the entire establishment the aim seems to be to turn out only perfect work. One-eighth of the entire working force is made up of inspectors for every garment is inspected many times as it goes through the process of manufacture. It is upon the quality of its work that the Cooper Underwear Company had built up its nation-wide reputation and it is jealous of that reputation.

Under the piecework system the natural tendency on the part of the worker is to turn out the most work he can, as it means the most money in his pay envelope. Imperfect work in many establishments is penalized in the form of fines. In the cutting room of

the Cooper establishment, a system is in effect which encourages perfect work rather than great output, although it combines the two. In the preparation of the cloths small holes are occasionally made in it and these must be cut out as the garment is being cut. A bulletin board stands in the cutting room on which appears the names of the cutters in the order of the quality of their work for the previous week. The man who did the best work with the least waste, gets first choice of the cloth for the next week, the second man gets the second choice and so on. Of course, the man who gets first choice picks the most perfect cloth, consequently his output is likely to be greater and the waste less. Through that system keen competition is kept up all the time and perfect work encouraged.

To give even a short description of the many interesting machines we saw in the Cooper plant, would require more space than we have in the BULLETIN. We watched a few operations on one machine that was a revelation. The opening at the neck of the garment was traced in semi-circular shape in one machine and was passed on to the next operator. With lightning-like rapidity she sewed around on the circular mark. It took only a second or so and when we looked at the garment, we saw that the machine had cut the under thickness of the cloth and had sewed it on to the upper thickness, forming the semi-circular opening which appears in the neck of an undershirt and the reinforced piece which appears opposite on the back of the neck. One simple operation that did not appear to take a second of time, yet the piece was sewed on the back of the neck with fancy stitching which required nine threads, for the machine sews with nine threads at the same time.

Another machine sewed on but-

tons so fast that it was bewildering. We asked Mr. Cooper if the buttons wouldn't fall off the first time the garment was worn and he invited us to try to pull one off. It was sewed on to stay, for the machine had knotted the two ends of the thread and cut them off neater than it possibly could be done by hand by the most skillful seamstress. We're not throwing any hints at Friend Wife, but we couldn't help thinking that a machine of that kind would be handy around the house.

Mr. Cooper is the originator of the Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits which first appeared in 1910 and revolutionized the manufacture of union suits. The Cooper underwear is known throughout the country as being exactly what is claimed for it, for honesty in business has been the motto of the firm since its inception.

The Cooper Underwear Company is one of the firms of which Kenosha is proud, for its products carry the name of the city into the most remote parts of the country. The name "Coopers," which is copyrighted and which appears on every garment turned out of the big establishment, has been found by merchants everywhere to be sufficient guarantee of the quality of the goods. The company has a second factory in Manistee, Mich., which is about half the size of the Kenosha plant.

CLOSING GOLF SEASON

SOME time ago we mentioned in the BULLETIN that George S. Whyte, president of the MacWhyte Company of Kenosha, extended us an invitation—or should we say issued us a challenge—to play him a game of golf. Anyway, while there are other golfers on the North Shore Line who are better able to uphold its reputation on the golf links than we are, we wouldn't let a challenge of that kind go by.

Before we got around to that game we received a pleasant reminder from Mr. Whyte. In writing thanking us for the write-up we gave the MacWhyte Company in a recent issue he said: "Don't forget that you have a date to come up here and play a game of golf with me. I understand that we will have to vacate by October 15, as our old course—around which so many pleasant memories cluster—is to be dismantled and turned into a subdivision. Please do your best to get up here before the 15th. Just drop me a line stating when you will be here and I will do the rest."

We decided that Oct. 6 would be as good a day as any for that contest. We didn't have as many "pleasant memories" of the Kenosha course as did Mr. Whyte, for on the only previous occasion we played it, we got trimmed by Chief Engineer Fallon and he crowed over it for two years. Well, we had a good game with Mr. Whyte in spite of the fact that it rained most of the afternoon. It was a real battle, too, for we ended all square on the eighteenth green and as it was raining pretty hard we agreed to wait until the new Kenosha course opens next season to have it out. Mr. Whyte, who kept score, said we had the better of him by a few strokes on the medal score, but at that we didn't break the course record by any means.

We are looking forward to playing off that tie next summer, for hope springs eternal in the golfer's breast. Our feelings on the subject are ably described by Edgar Guest in the following lines, which every golfer will appreciate:

I've golfed thruout another year,
The drifting snows will soon be
here,

And now I view with discontent
The season that so soon was spent;
Once more I've dubbed the whole
year thru
Nor did I make an eighty-two.

High hopes were mine that glorious day,
The time I started out to play;
"This year," said I, "I'll keep the line
And surely make a seventy-nine;
I'll play as Ray and Vardon do,
And show the gang a thing or two."

I blundered on thru early June,
I could not use my trusty spoon,
But hope still stayed—ere summer fell

I knew I should be playing well;
Then by the fourth day of July
I lost my drive and knew not why.

August still found me keeping on
With scores unfit to look upon;
I felt that I possessed the skill
To do my bidding with the pill,
And then one day I summed the score
And found I'd made one hundred four.

The same old dub that was am I,
I don't improve howe'er I try;
Lessons and practice all are vain,
With me the hook or slice remain;
But still to hope I fondly cling,
I know I'll play the game next spring.

Bad as we are, however, we annexed two golf cups during the summer. One was the championship of the Chicago Elevated Railroads and in that case we happened to be the official handicapper. The other was the championship of the Illinois Electric Railways Association and in that case a good friend was the handicapper. It helps to stand in with the handicap committee.

A COURTEOUS EMPLOYEE

Employees of the North Shore Line are noted for courtesy to the public, but usually it is confined to passengers on trains. That it sometimes is extended to pedestrians, the following account of a recent incident proves. The story is told by Conductor E. J. Whiting, who witnessed it, as follows:

SOME SERVICE

Speaking of service that is given
On our dear old North Shore Line,
I wish to relate an instance
Of service and courtesy sublime.

We had had a considerable rainfall,
And a deep puddle had formed on the street,
Which caused the ladies to wonder
How to cross without wetting their feet.

Our hero of whom this is written
Was enjoying the plight of those
Who were trying to cross this puddle
At our freight house down at Montrose.

Quite a number of ladies approached to the edge,
Of this puddle of which I write,
Saw conditions, pondered, quickly decided,
Then turned back and vanished from sight.

Not so with one damsel so pretty,
Dressed and primped up out of sight,
She was bound to cross over the puddle
If it took the best part of the night.

Now for Charlie, our hero,
And the courtesy of the boys on our line,
He sized up the situation quickly
And murmured "now is my time."

Bracing himself for the ordeal,
Charlie blushes until he turns black,
Spoke to the damsel and offered
To carry her across on his back.

The damsel was at first dumfounded,
No such thing to her had occurred,
But to carry the joke a little further,
She took him up at his word.

It was then Charlie's turn to take action,
His bluff had been called, quite true,
So being a sport and a joker,
He decided to see the joke through.

Across to her side he waded,
Stooped over, she climbed on his back;
Across he came with the damsel
And never a smile did he crack.

Of course the damsel was thankful,
And rewarded our hero with pay,
Charlie did not want to accept it,
Still he hopes it will rain every day.

E. J. Whiting.

Although that particular method of transportation is not mentioned in any of the North Shore schedules, it appears to

have given satisfaction in the emergency.

HOW'S THIS FOR SERVICE?

A GENTLEMAN stopped at the North Shore ticket office at Wilson avenue and asked Miss Derlis, the ticket agent, if he could leave a call for the following morning as he wished to take the 7:33 Badger Limited.

Miss Derlis has called up homes many times to say when hubby would be home, etc., but this was a new wrinkle. She rose to the situation, however, and said she would call.

Next morning at 6:40 she called the number. It was a sleepy voice that answered the ring, but when he was reminded of the call he said cheerily, "Good morning; thank you very much."

Later as he bought his ticket the agent asked him if he really expected the call. "Well," he said, "I was rather doubtful but I certainly appreciate it."

The ways in which the North Shore Line serves its patrons appear to be unlimited.

AN ACCOMMODATING AGENT

F. W. (Dick) Glesselman, general baggage agent of the North Shore Line, makes a point of accommodating passengers with baggage and they appreciate it. On the afternoon of October 21 a gentleman appeared at the North Shore baggage room at Congress street, just a few minutes before the Interstate Limited was scheduled to leave for Milwaukee. He was from New York and he wished to catch a boat at Milwaukee that evening, and of course, take his trunk with him. Dick informed him that the Interstate Limited does not carry baggage and that the regular 5 o'clock Limited, which follows it, had already gone south to the terminal at Roosevelt Road and had picked up all the baggage for that trip.

The stranger looked at his

watch, tore his hair and bewailed his hard luck. He could not get a train on the steam roads to connect with the boat and he could not go without his trunk. Dick thought for a moment and suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"I'll get that trunk to Milwaukee in time for the boat," said Dick, "but will have to carry it to Adams and Wabash to catch the 5 o'clock Limited."

"Carry nothing," exclaimed the man. "I'll get a taxi in a hurry."

The taxi was called and the passenger and his trunk hurried to Adams and Wabash. The passenger left on the Interstate and his trunk followed fifteen minutes later on the Limited and was in Milwaukee in plenty of time.

"That is what I call service," said the New Yorker.

"It's all in the day's work," answered Dick. "You know this is the Road of Service and we live up to our name."

"You certainly do," said the stranger as he shook hands and thanked Mr. Glesselman for the accommodation.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE

THE following letter received by Ray H. Ziebell, general agent of the North Shore Line in Milwaukee, speaks for itself. It reads:

On behalf of Racine Lodge, F. & A. M., it affords me pleasure to express to you our appreciation for the very able manner in which you arranged for our special train to Chicago last Saturday and likewise to Conductors Buffham and Thomas and Motorman Harris for the very efficient manner in which our train was operated.

It is indeed a pleasure to travel on the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad. It has well earned the right to term itself "The Road of Service."

Yours very truly,
H. M. Saugman.

Mr. Saugman is cashier in the Racine office of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee.

With the Bulletin Family

HERE we are beginning the fifth year of the BULLETIN and as we start to write this section devoted to "contriBs" we grow retrospective. We haven't any idea as to the number of the BULLETIN FAMILY, but we're quite sure they run into the hundreds.

This department has always been a favorite with us. We have made a good many friends through it—personal friends, we mean—and a host of others known to us only by their letters.

Our most popular contrib "Loophound" strikes a sort of plaintive note in his latest contribution, asking where are the friends of yesteryear, or words to that effect. He misses some of the old-timers like Mr. Peebles, Rasmussen, Kentuckian, et al. While he enjoys the letters of the newer arrivals, he feels the loss of the original contributors to this column.

Well, we miss some of them, too, but the fact that their letters do not appear in this column each month is not because we do not hear from them. At least not in every instance. Sometimes a month or two passes without a letter from Mr. Peebles appearing here. But we get the letters just the same. Mr. Peebles would no more let a month go by without writing than he would think of neglecting his dinner. In fact we usually get two or three a month from him, but we sometimes must be guided by space. Last month, for instance, we had to leave out a good letter from "Michigander" after it was set up in type. As it was chiefly about the world's series it is "dead" now, but we appreciate it just the same. Sometimes we have to leave out one from Mr. Peebles

for similar reasons, but we know that the omission doesn't offend him.

We do miss Kentuckian's letters, though. That boy wrote such interesting stuff that we feel sorry to lose him. We suppose he is too busy with his mining interests down in Kentucky to find time to write, although we venture to say that he is still a reader. Then there was "Railbird" who used to write us excellent letters from Waukegan. We have no idea what became of him but we haven't heard from him in a year.

On the whole, however, the Family has been a most devoted one and sticks together pretty close. We hope Loophound is not serious when he threatens to become an alumnus. We simply couldn't get out this column without his help and he appreciates it.

That makes us think of the first time we met Loophound personally. The truth is we had guessed wrong about him. We had attributed his first letter to an old friend in the writing game, then when we got a second letter we knew we were wrong and wondered who our clever contrib might be. One day a man breezed into the office. He made a few inquiries about things as he sized us up and thought we were decidedly serious, if not grouchy. When he said that he was Loophound, he admits that we did thaw out a bit. Maybe we thought he was going to try to sell us something, for if we recall the visit correctly, we had an idea that he was going to talk "printing" and we are on to those fellows. Anyway we soon became acquainted. We'd miss him if he became a silent member of the family, but we don't believe he

will. It would be impossible to keep that fellow quiet with the keen sense of humor he possesses, besides he knows that in getting out this column a "feller needs a friend."

Here is his latest:

Dear Mr. Editor:

Many thanks for the BULLETIN which you sent in response to my S. O. S., or should I thank your competent secretary. Had I waited for the regular delivery it would not have reached me here, if ever, as I am leaving for the east tonight and the better half would have annexed my copy.

Am feeling pretty happy today, considering that this is Sunday in Pennsylvania, and there are no movies, no shows, no entertainment of any kind for a hard working traveling man to take his family to for relaxation. Nevertheless I'm quite reconciled to my lot for the present, for didn't the old Chicago "U" punch the sawdust out of Princeton's kewpies yesterday with the business end of their white-wash brush, while dear old Hawvawd was being jolted by Penn State College for a tied score. Somehow the so-called "Big Three" don't look so darned "big" when they step into these breezy westerners.

Don't you know, Luke, this old BULLETIN that you and I get out doesn't look like it used to when you get over into the last few pages. There's a whole raft of names that never find their way into the contribs' column any more—fellows who used to be steady customers, like Mr. Peebles, Kentuckian, Rasmussen, and a half dozen more at least. Seems to me I'm about the only one of the charter members left, with the single exception of Mrs. Clark, whose young hopeful jumped into the BULLETIN circle in the last issue. (Incidentally, I'll hazard a guess that he qualifies for membership if good looks and brains are scoring points.) It makes me feel like the last rose of summer and I'm rising to remark that if those other fellows have graduated, I guess I'll become an alumnus too. It reminds me of my recent trip to the old home town which I mentioned in last month's letter—all the old schoolmates had left, and I didn't feel at home with the younger generation growing up. Of course I get more fun out of it than out of a penny ante game, but that isn't saying that I want to play solitaire.

If you will stand for me harking back to that aforementioned trip down to the old town again, I will

tell you of a little experience we had that wasn't on the day's schedule. One morning we were awakened about 5:30, their usual getting up time, and there was something unusual happening down in the old apple orchard. We heard a couple of shots fired, but as they were continually shooting squirrels who were stealing apples we paid no attention to it until we heard them talking "bear," and on looking out we saw a big black 350 pound bruin stretched out on the grass in the pasture. He had been driven out of the woods by the scarcity of berries, and was making a breakfast of apples and young lambs, which as you will agree is some swell meal for a poacher. The kid brother (the fellow who used to shoot Heinies in France) is some sharpshooter, and brought him down on his first shot. He says this bear is a great-grandson of the one that chased him out of the oat field years ago—but that is another story, and as this old Underwood is getting pretty hot I guess it's time to lay it aside and we'll save that other bear story for a later issue.

Yours,

Loophound.

That bear story has the earmarks of truth about it. You will notice he admits he was awakened by the shooting and that it was his brother who shot the bear. Had he told us of shooting that bruin himself at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, we should have been suspicious right away. We doubt whether he would get up at such an early hour to shoot craps, let alone bears.

A member of the Family from Canton, Ohio, comes across with a good one. We believe we introduced him once to the members, but it was merely a formal introduction. He is the manager of the R. G. Dun & Co. Mercantile Agency in Canton and if he can give us as high a financial rating as he does in an intellectual way, it will help our credit materially. He writes:

I have feasted at your table so long now, that I am really beginning to feel that I ought to try in some way to pay my way or at least be a good "star boarder."

Of course times have been hard and I might well have been satisfied with Scotch Barley soup or even a little cold water and white

bread, but when I have been permitted to enjoy such a feast of good things at your table or as flow from your pen (I mean ink, for it makes millions think) I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not return thanks.

A little exercise whether of brain or muscle aids in digestion, and I fear that if I do not get busy I may have an attack of mental indigestion of some of the rich morsels that you have kindly handed to me from time to time.

I cannot talk from experience about your wonderful railway system, but I have heard many others make such complimentary remarks about it, that I am led to believe it is the finest in the world, and I long to experience the pleasant sensation of comfort, convenience, and delight that I am sure will some day be mine, in a trip on this far-famed pathway of progress.

Your editorials are so full of useful information, human interest, neighborliness and good will; that I am constrained to believe you to be a really, truly, honest to God brother worker in the vineyard of the Lord; and the gospel you spread rings true, and penetrates even to the center of that brain situated within a cranium of one inch thick or more. In other words your writings are plain, practical, understandable, logical, and all in all give evidence of a master mind behind the pen.

And now for a moment I flirt with the Muse and take pleasure in jingling these to the tune of the rails, as your palaces of steel move swiftly over them and on their cheerful way:

"The Road of Service" always is

A pleasure and a pride;

And it is sure to get the biz

From those who love to ride.

It's like the easy rubber heel,

In taking up the shock;

Its cars run smoothly o'er the steel,

Without a bump or knock.

And men may come and men may go

Upon this road so fine

For pleasure they will ever know

In traveling o'er this line.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Markley.

Well, Brother Markley, as a rhymster you're there. If you can write like that from simply hearing about the road, what may we expect after you have given it a trial, which we are sure you will when you are in this part of the country. Incidentally, you have qualified as a member in

good standing of the BULLETIN Family.

We have several new contri-
butions to introduce this month. One of them who lives in Waukegan writes:

I sure enjoy your remarkable magazine THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Can you send it to me each month? October issue sure is a dandy, best yet I fully believe, and that's going some. Keep the good work up. Especially was I interested in your fine editorials regarding the coming Washington Disarmament Conference. It is a timely editorial and should be read by all red-blooded Americans.

Sincerely,

Kenneth Moody.

Last month's issue appears to have made a hit with a number of readers. One of them, Mrs. Clark of Detroit, writes:

The current issue of the BULLETIN came today. I am always glad to get it and always read every line of it, but this one containing the picture of our Charles is a real pleasure to me. I truly appreciate owning this particular copy.

Your editorial on the disarmament conference is superb. It makes me want to just fly to D. C. an' tell 'em. You have put it before me more graphically than pictures could have done. I never had thought just what world disarmament meant. I do now. Yes, the conference should be the supreme thing on this Armistice Day. I wish I were a pillar of stone holding up the building where the conference will be held.

Yours truly,

Esther B. Clark.

Here is one from a new contributor in Milwaukee. He writes:

Have been reading your pet for so long that I feel I know you from childhood on. I kinda like the idea of giving praise to your employees but when you hear of something good, why not pass it on to the rest of us poor mortals?

Here you are telling us of a good Harry Lauder record at which you laughed and had your morning exercise. Mr. Lyons, I am sure, meant well by giving you that record at the same time thinking you would pass it on.

You are forgiven, old top, but don't let it happen again.

Sincerely,

C. T. Broh.

All right since you wish it. The record is a double-faced one, "Tobermory" on one side and "Wearin' the Kilt" on the other side. We believe it really is an old one, but we hadn't heard it before. Anyway, it's funny.

Another youthful Milwaukee contributor writes:

It is about time that I paid my subscription of one letter per year to the BULLETIN. I really can't get off a "line" like my voluble relative (Mr. Peebles) but at least I can try. I had occasion to use the North Shore Line recently and the service on your "Interstate Limited" is wonderful. My father uses it a great deal in his connection with the City Bank and he has traveled all over the middle west, so he knows a good thing when he sees it.

Yours truly,
Norman Forsman.

A contributor in Rockford, Ill., writes as follows:

Being in Chicago last Sunday with three friends bound for Milwaukee, the question came to us as to what road to use from there. After staking my reputation for veracity and making a wager that they would agree with me that the North Shore Line was the cleanest, smoothest and most comfortable route, we boarded the 2 o'clock Limited. After leaving Waukegan, when the motorman really opened up, they all said, "Nuff sed; you win." To me, who had not ridden on the road for two years, the improvements were a revelation.

Returning home I came direct by a route that was partly over steam and partly over electric railroad. When I hit the electric portion I couldn't help thinking how much it put me in mind of the North Shore. It was so different.

I realize that these nice things said about that pet of yours are becoming more or less stereotyped to you, but thought you might like to hear that a native of this the home of the real "carry out dead" lickie appreciated a real up and coming electric railroad.

Thanking you for the BULLETIN that is eagerly looked forward to each month, and with the best wishes for your health assuring us a continuance of those wonderful editorials, I am,

Yours truly,
Ralph E. Jones.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, has sent a number of contributions and also a copy of the Plymouth Reporter, in which we observe that he has cleared up the controversy over the origin of the Scottish bagpipes. Mr. Peebles doesn't accept the theory that the bagpipes were invented by the Irish and given to the Scots as a joke, which the latter haven't seen yet. According to his explanation in the newspaper, which sounds plausible, the bagpipes were originally invented by St. Patrick, who, Mr. Peebles asserts, was a Scotchman. When St. Patrick went over to civilize Ireland he found that the first thing necessary was to banish the snakes, so he invented the bagpipes and the snakes left the island in a hurry. Some time later St. Patrick's father went over from Scotland to visit his son and the latter presented him with the bagpipes, just for what purpose Mr. Peebles doesn't explain.

Mr. Peebles is quite a baseball fan and the picture of the Highwood team in last month's Bulletin gave him an idea. He would like to have a match arranged between his Plymouth team and the Highwood champions early next season, as he believes his team unbeatable. He then describes a game between the Plymouth team and the Milwaukee Brewers, which not being up in baseball phraseology, we will have to give you just as it comes to us. He describes the game in this way:

The game opened up with Molasses sticking; Smallpox catching and Cigar in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn was at first; Fiddle on second backed by Corn in the field. Matches got a strike and made it hot for Umpire Cheese, who was rotten. Ax came to bat and chopped Cigar, while Brick walked and Sawdust filled the bases. Bunt laid down a bunt and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Dynamite started to pitch, with the bases loaded and exploded killing off three runs. Balloon then took

the job but went up in the air. Then Cherry tried but he was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by the pitcher, then you should have heard Ice scream. Cabbage had a good lead but got stewed and was put out of the game. He was not the only one for Umpire Cheese was devoured. Grass covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on third and tried to pump Organ, but Organ played fast and put out Light in the fifth inning. Cyclone, the next batter up, smashed his bat and the way Steam roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. In the third inning Barley was thrashed by Moonshine, because he couldn't deliver a hit. Trombone followed with a slide for home, but Meat was on the plate and put him out. Lightning pitched and struck three men. Door took his place and shut out the opposing team. In the ninth inning Hammer up to bat made a hit bringing in the winning run that spelled defeat for the Brewers; score one to nothing. There was lots of betting on the game and Soap cleaned up the gang.

Now if you are not up on the fine points of the game I suggest that you call in some of the experts in the building as I am sure some of them could enlighten you.

Very truthfully yours,
J. D. Peebles.

Well, Mr. Peebles, that description is just as intelligible to us as most of the baseball news we read in the newspapers. Years ago we decided that baseball language was beyond our comprehension and we used to wonder how the boys in the sporting department got away with it, when the managing editor was continually posting bulletins in the local room warning the rest of us against using slang or incorrect grammar.

Our old friend, John F. Weedon of Wilmette, sends a clipping from the "London Referee," which contains a rather good story of the peculiar workings of the Scotch conscience. He writes:

"I suppose the Israelites would call this 'Spilling the Egyptians,' and the Jesuits would clap a

Latin motto on it 'Ad majoram Dei gloriam,' but what is it in Scotch? 'The Presbyterian Conscience?'" Well, John, that caption you suggest would seem quite appropriate, so we will let it stand. Here is the story:

The late James Merry, the Scotch ironmaster, whose yellow jacket and black cap were so famous in the seventies, when he won the Derby with Doncaster and the Oaks and St. Leger with Marie Stuart, was Member for the Falkirk burghs. He once owned a horse that ran a race in France on Sunday. This upset the good folks in Falkirk very much indeed, and a public meeting was called and the Hon. Member was requested to attend and give an explanation.

On the day the large hall was packed and a minister was deputed to put the question point-blank to the Member. Mr. Merry at once rose to his feet and to the occasion. "It is quite true," he said, "that, having sent a horse of mine to the Continent, I did so far forget myself as to conform to the customs of the country in which I was staying, and allow him to start for an important prize on the Sabbath Day." (Groans.) "But, gentlemen, I must add that before I thought about the day, I had backed my horse very heavily with the French, and I won their money and brought it back to spend in Auld Scotland."

Then there came a burst of cheering and bonnets were waved enthusiastically, and the meeting broke up with three cheers for the Merry Member and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

That story appears to us to describe the Scotch conscience pretty accurately. The Scotch conscience is, perhaps, as inflexible as most, but we can understand it not being able to stand a strain like that without yielding a little bit.

A GOOD REASON

"Aye," exclaimed Sandy to his bored London acquaintances, "Scotland's the finest place on earth."

"Then what made you leave it," asked a disgusted voice, "since you like it so much?"

Sandy chuckled.

"Aweel, it was like this. In Scotland everybody was as clever as maseel, and I couldn't mak' muckle progress. But here—" he chuckled again, "here I'm gettin' on vera weel."

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

DECEMBER, 1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
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"The Road of Service"

RACINE ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

AN important step was taken by the Racine Commercial Club at its annual meeting on November 14, when it was decided to change the name to the Racine Association of Commerce and unite the various associations of business men in the city in one organization.

Racine is one of the best cities in the country for doing things and the activities of its Commercial Club in the last eight years has proved the truth of that statement, still the business men felt that there was a duplication of effort and a divided interest because of a multiplicity of organizations.

It is proposed to pattern the new Association of Commerce after the Milwaukee Association, having the existing organizations function as separate bureaus under one head. The success of such associations has been shown in Milwaukee, Chicago and many other cities and there appears no doubt that the plan will work in Racine and prove a forward step for the city.

There is an old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth" and the saying might be applied to associations, where a number are attempting to function separately, although all striving to attain the same general end. Under the proposed new form of organization the activities of the various associations will be co-ordinated and each will be strengthened thereby.

The annual meeting lacked something of the spirit of some former gatherings of the kind, for Racine being essentially a manufacturing center has been hit harder in the business depression than many cities, but the business men who attended were forward-looking and optimistic. That civic and industrial activities will take a spurt when the new organization is completed seems assured.

BEG YOUR PARDON

A CHICAGO daily newspaper runs a column under the caption "Beg Your Pardon" in which it seeks to correct some of the mistakes made in a previous issue. You will notice we said "some."

Well, we're going to correct a statement made in a circular distributed among employes and others on the North Shore Line, although we weren't responsible for the mistake, as we didn't write the article. It was a very good article, however, and we are not criticising it. It was entitled "A Mile a Minute with Safety" and was written by Louis Resnick in the National Safety News.

When we read the article which described the safety work on the the North Shore Line, we thought it good stuff and had a reprint made and distributed. It appears in the article in question that the North Shore employes attend safety meetings in the company's time and consequently are paid for their attendance. That is only partially true. Some employes do attend meetings in their working hours, because the nature of their work is such that it would be a hardship for them to get together in the evening, but a majority of the employes attend such meetings on their own time.

The employes who attend meetings voluntarily because of their interest in the work feel that the article was a reflection on them, although we feel sure the writer never intended it to be. They have asked us to correct the statement and we are pleased to do so, for we agree with them that they are entitled to credit for attending meetings regularly and taking such a splendid interest in the prevention of accidents.

A Clean Joke

"May I hold your Palm Olive?"
"Not on your Life Buoy!"

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, December, 1921

 28 No. 2

Editorial Comment

*Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.*

THAT verse seems peculiarly appropriate as a text at this time. The Christmas season is at hand when the spirit of peace and good will is abroad in the land. Incidentally, may we remark, that if Burns had never written anything but the poem from which the above lines are quoted, his name would have been immortal.

* * * * *

NEARLY two thousand years ago at this season, the wise men of the East turned their eyes toward Bethlehem, their hearts filled with hope, as a new star appeared in the firmament. Today the wise men of the whole world are turning their eyes toward Washington, for there, is being held the most momentous conference in the world's history. Our National Capitol is the star of hope in the firmament today, dim and obscure as yet, but destined, we hope, to burst with a brilliance that will bring joy and gladness into a war-spent and war-weary world.

* * * * *

THE opening of the conference was most auspicious. The proposal made by Secretary Hughes to declare a ten-year naval holiday, took the world by storm. It was as bold as it was unexpected, for even the cynical must admit that it was the most courageous step ever taken in modern statesmanship. All the secret diplomacy and hidden intrigue, prolific sources of wars in the past, were swept aside. It needed tremendous moral courage to break away from custom and tradition and strike out on a new path. Secretary Hughes took the lead and chal-

lenged the world to follow: Two months ago in this column we said that America was in a position to lead the world into the pathway of peace, and that it was the only country which could. We rejoice that it has taken the step, and whether the other nations follow or not, we feel prouder of being a citizen of this country than ever before. Secretary Hughes is in a fair way to accomplish, partially at least, what Woodrow Wilson tried to do. His proposal is more practical, perhaps, less idealistic than Mr. Wilson's, but, perhaps, too, the world today is more in a mood to listen. Let us hope so.

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WE notice a little sneering in some quarters, but that is to be expected. From the same sources we saw efforts made to belittle the work of our country in the war. Suspicion and distrust are common to certain types of mind. Suspicion and distrust have kept nations and peoples divided from the beginning of history. This is the time to rise above them, to look forward and upward, as well as backward. The scrapping of battleships alone will not prevent war, it is true. Men fought centuries before battleships and modern weapons of war were dreamed of, but that is not sufficient reason for concluding that we are always going to have wars. The world has made tremendous advancement in the art of killing in the last decade. Why cannot it make as much advancement in human relationship in the next decade? Why should there be so much hate and envy and jealousy and greed in the world? Why should there be so much misunderstanding? After all world peace will come through better understanding of peoples, rather than through the scrapping of the navies. But the one is a step towards the other. The proposal of Secretary Hughes means a great deal more than the destruction of a few ships. It proclaims to the world the good faith and sincerity of purpose of the United States and invites the other powerful nations to show equal good faith. That is vastly more important than the scrapping of battleships.

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HAVE you ever noticed a herd of dehorned cattle grazing in a field or enclosed in a pen? They are sociable and chummy, they rub against each other in a quite friendly way. But turn loose in the herd one long-horned steer and the trouble begins. The rest of the herd at once become suspicious. They fear the intruder and keep away from him. Were it not for his horns he would have been a welcome guest and would not have created fear and suspicion in the others. But he has the horns and knows it. So he becomes a bully and struts around, a disturbing element in the herd. It's about the same with human beings and with nations. Big armies and navies are heavy burdens on the productive forces of nations. Most of the nations are now on the verge of bankruptcy, our own country being about the only exception. And what use will all our gold be if the other nations of the

world go bankrupt? The proposal to limit armaments surely is desirable from an economic point of view and, like the dehorning of cattle, will tend to remove suspicion and distrust and have nations live peaceably together.

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IT has often been said that the scrapping of navies will not prevent war, that the causes for wars must be removed. Well, big armies and navies constitute one of the causes of war, so that limiting them is a step in the right direction. It probably is too much to hope for, even at this Christmas season, that all the nations of the earth can be brought together in a spirit of peace and goodwill, to live together in amity. Disputes between nations necessarily will arise, as they do between individuals, but is it too much to expect that they can be settled without resorting to force of arms? In carrying on trade and commerce within a nation, disputes between individuals and groups occur daily, but the disputants do not settle them by killing each other. At least that is not the common procedure, and when in individual cases violence is resorted to, swift punishment comes to the violator of the established custom. If internal disputes can be adjusted through the arbitrament of courts, or other established tribunals, why not disputes between nations? The task would be more difficult, but why should it be impossible? Why cannot we do on a large scale what every nation does on a smaller scale? As for justice, wouldn't the peaceful method be more apt to establish justice than the forceful method? If history shows us anything, it shows that wars do not always establish justice. The side which is the stronger wins, whether justice be on that side or not.

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THE Washington conference was not called to discuss the formation of an international court, or an association of nations, or anything else to end wars, but chiefly to discuss a cessation, by mutual agreement, of the mad race to build battleships for offensive purposes. The Hughes proposal was clear and definite. In substance it said, if we are going to stop, let us stop now and completely. Let us declare a naval holiday for ten years. Great Britain and Japan accepted the principle. Since the opening of the conference we have read columns of discussion about the ratio of naval strength of the three principal nations involved. The Hughes proposal did not establish the ratio. It was established before the proposal was made. All the talk about this nation being at a disadvantage and that nation having an advantage, is beside the point. How could any nation gain an advantage that it does not now possess by simply stopping where it was with its naval programme on an agreed date? That is precisely what the Hughes proposal amounts to. The sincerity of this country cannot be questioned, either, for should the battleship building race continue, the world knows that the United States can outstrip any other nation.

This country has nothing to fear. Those who are finding fault with the Hughes proposal because of the ratio of power it gives, are those who wish the race to continue.

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THAT the conference will go farther than declaring a naval holiday for ten years, and that it will provide a plan for the settlement of disputes which might lead to wars, is what the world hopes for. Whatever the outcome may be, the holding of the conference is of itself a distinct gain. It is difficult to estimate the good that may come from the intimate meeting of the representatives of the different nations at the conference table. Each nation will learn something of the problems confronting the other and come to a better understanding. We see in our domestic affairs, particularly in industrial relations, the good that comes from frank and open discussion at the conference table. Most of our troubles would disappear with a better understanding of each other. Some of the writers who are writing about the Washington conference see France as the possible trouble-maker. Some others see Japan. Personally we believe some writers are seeing many obstacles in the way that are purely imaginary with themselves. One prominent writer, with a national reputation, points out to his thousands of readers that the conference cannot bind the United States to a naval holiday. He says it would be necessary to amend the constitution, as Congress determines our naval programme through the appropriations it makes for battleships. What a wonderful discovery he has made. What is to prevent Congress from making future appropriations in accordance with the proposed limitation? Of course, there is nothing to prevent it, and the writer referred to knows that perfectly well. But he has to write so much every day and a good part of it is bunk.

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SPEAKING of the reasons being urged against the limitation of armaments programme, one of the most amusing we have read is that the big money interests are for it. If they are, more power to them. They were accused of being in favor of the war. Now they are accused of being in favor of preventing future wars. Isn't it amusing? It would appear that the "money interests," so-called, must always be wrong. That at least is the way that some argue. We don't know who is authorized to speak for the "money interests." We have heard soap-box orators dozens of times tell their hearers that the "money interests" were for this and against that, but we always felt inclined to question their authority to speak for the said interests. We are inclined to think that is the situation with respect to the disarmament conference. And that raises an interesting question. Who, or what are the "money interests?" Can anyone in the class answer? What qualifications are necessary to belong to them? A paragraph or two devoted to that subject might make an interesting digression.

WHO, or what are the "money interests" so-called? Why the big corporations, of course. We suppose that nine out of ten might give that answer. Probably eight out of the nine don't know what a corporation is, nor could they give any valid reason for their opposition to corporations. But we hear that opposition on every hand. If a man is running for a public office, to say that he is in favor of corporations, is many times enough to defeat him. That is due to the lack of understanding of which we spoke a few minutes ago and comes from loose thinking, or rather, we suppose, from no thinking at all. Yet in spite of all that is said against corporations, society could not enjoy many of the comforts and conveniences it enjoys today without them. In fact progress would be impossible without corporations. Society might exist, of course, as it did a hundred years ago, or more, before the advent of corporations, but it wouldn't have the comforts it enjoys today. The traveler between Chicago and Milwaukee, for instance, might cover the distance by ox-team in two or three days, and suffer many discomforts and difficulties on the way. But without the corporation he couldn't make the journey in ease and comfort in two hours, as he does today on the North Shore Line. The resident along the north shore might make candle dips as his forefathers did, to furnish him with light, but we venture to say he would not find it as convenient as he finds it today to touch a button. It is the corporation that has made the electric light possible, just as it made the railroad possible. So with all our public conveniences, the telegraph, the telephone and other modern necessities.

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THE modern corporation in reality is organized to give the people the comforts they demand, which could not be supplied in any other way. Some forms of business, in their very nature, must be done on a large scale, the larger the scale the more economical the operation, as a rule. Take our own North Shore Line as an example. It is a corporation, and although a relatively small one, will serve for an illustration as well as if it owned and operated five thousand miles of track. The building of the line between Chicago and Milwaukee would be too big an undertaking for a single person to finance. So an artificial person is created in the form of a corporation. It adopts a corporate name, procures a charter from the state which gives it many of the powers which a single person would possess, such as the power to buy and sell, to make contracts, to own real estate, to sue and be sued, etc. Its charter gives it what a single person could not get, that is the power to perpetuate itself so that its existence is something quite apart from those who organize it. It will continue to operate and give the public service, after its original organizers and owners are no more. That in simple language is a corporation. It is organized to do business on a larger scale than could be done by an

individual, and in the case we speak of, it is the public's business that is being done. What is wrong about it? Can you think of any other way of doing business on a large scale?

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HOW is this artificial person financed? It must have capital to buy its right of way, lay tracks, build stations, procure equipment and other things necessary to give the public service. It invites a lot of partners to come into the enterprise, by selling stock. Every share of stock sold is an evidence of part ownership. The corporation in that way is much more democratic than is the private firm, owned by one or two individuals, for the reason that it is owned by thousands, every one of whom has a vote in its affairs. In the state of Illinois alone there are upwards of 500,000 persons who own securities in public utility corporations and those figures do not include the owners of steam railroad stocks. Each one of those persons, if he owns only a single share of stock, is a part owner of the corporation represented by that stock. Such shareholders are not necessarily persons of large financial means. As a matter of fact a majority are workingmen and women in moderate circumstances, for under the customer-ownership plan, now being adopted by all the large public utility corporations, one thousand customers purchasing a single share each, are preferred to one customer, purchasing a thousand shares. Don't forget that if you own a single share of stock in a corporation, you are a part owner of it, and when you hear some blatherskite denounce corporations from the top of a soapbox, remember that he is denouncing you and thousands of others similarly situated.

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IT isn't always from the top of a soapbox that such denunciations come, either. A short time ago we heard a college professor, whose business it is to teach economics and business administration, give a lecture on corporations. He told of attending a church in Boston on one occasion, when the preacher made a virulent attack on corporations and to strengthen the position he took, he asked his congregation to imagine Abraham Lincoln in the role of a corporation lawyer. After the services the college professor met the minister and asked him if he felt justified in taking the position he did, especially with reference to Lincoln. The minister thought he was quite right. The professor then pointed out that as a matter of fact Abraham Lincoln did appear in court as attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad and did not think it a disgrace, either. The trouble with many of us is that we think anything that is big must be bad. We hear talk of "Big Business" as something especially wicked. Why should size make any difference? The merchant doing a small business of a few hundreds of dollars a year, is quite as apt to be dishonest as the corporation doing a business of hundred of millions. In fact he is more apt to be, for he is a free agent, subject only to the law of competition, while the large corpora-

tion—the public utility at least—is subject to government regulation. There may be dishonest corporations, as there are dishonest individuals, but size has nothing to do with it. Under present day practice a public utility corporation cannot be dishonest even if it wished to be, for it is under too strict supervision to get away with anything.

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AS we started this little talk with a hope that there may come about a better understanding between nations and peoples, we might wind it up by hoping that a better understanding may come about in everyday affairs at home. Stirring up class hatred at home, is closely akin to stirring up hatred between nations and peoples. Both have their origin in suspicion and distrust of each other. What is needed most in the world today is a better human understanding of each other, less envy and jealousy, in brief more of that spirit which is supposed to come at this season of the year. When we come to understand each other, we find there isn't so much difference in us after all. As Kipling says:

When you get to a man in the case,

They're like as a row of pins—

For the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady

Are sisters under their skins!

So with that we'll wind up our Christmas sermon and wish you all a Happy New Year.

MAKING SAFETY CONTINUOUS

IN last month's BULLETIN we mentioned the remarkable record made by the North Shore Line in the "No Accident-No Fire" week. We told you a little of the work that is constantly being carried on by the road to prevent accidents to the public and to employees. We said that the main reason why the North Shore Line is the safest high-speed electric railroad in the country is because the president of it is a "Safety First" man. His reputation in that respect is so well known throughout the country that he was asked to write a paper on "Safety" to be read before the Transportation and Traffic Association of the American Electric Railway Association, at its annual convention, held in Atlantic City in October. We believe an abstract of that paper would be of interest to BULLETIN readers.

Confidentially we have another reason for wishing to print it here. While attending the convention an enterprising photographer caught a good snapshot of the boss, as he was walking with some friends along the Boardwalk. We got a print of the picture and as many of the readers of the BULLETIN who praise the North Shore service have never seen the man who is responsible for giving that service, we are going to print that picture along with the article.

With that explanation let us give you an abstract of the paper to which we have referred:

BY BRITTON I. BUDD

(President, North Shore Line)

In industry we find that a concentrated effort to reduce accidents keys up those concerned to the highest tension for the period and reduces the number of acci-

dents materially. But does it pay? At the end of the drive the impressions gained wear off and we are again back in the old rut. If we can concentrate on safety for a short time and obtain results, why not make it a systematic and co-operative drive for 365 days in the year and obtain these results every week instead of for only one or two weeks of the year. It can be done; safety work in industry has proved it.

To educate the employee we find that we must first educate the employer, for in safety, as in other things, the attitude of the employee toward the work is dependent on the attitude of the employer. To accomplish this object the employer must show the employee that he is behind the safety movement heart and soul; that any recommendation that may be made by the employee tending to reduce or eliminate hazards and to establish safe working conditions is closely investigated and if found practicable is carried out. The employer must establish an efficient first aid system to care for employees who may become injured and must see that all injuries, no matter how slight, are given proper treatment immediately.

In an examination of the reports of the injured and killed we find that in 1920, out of 82,000 fatalities, 15,000 were children under fifteen years of age. What have we done to prevent the report for 1921 being a duplicate of that of 1920, or, in fact, what measures have we taken to prevent this list from being doubled this year? The number of autos on our streets has already increased 30 per cent over last year, and automobiles were the cause of a great number of these deaths. An energetic and systematic public safety campaign throughout the country is the only way we can accomplish our object. We must reach the public at home, on the streets and in

business; in fact, the prevention of accidents must be brought home to the citizens of our country at every turn; they must not be allowed to forget it for an instant.

The establishment of safety in-



Britton I. Budd,
President, North Shore Line

struction in our schools will give us a firm foundation which will not only bring results during the present generation but in the generations to come. The instruction of the children has begun on a small scale in many schools; in some it consists of periodical lec-

tures and in others a half hour or an hour a day is being given over to this instruction. The older children have been given instruction in accident prevention at street crossings and in some cities have acted with the police department as traffic officers at the crossings during the hours that the children are going to and coming from school. In the instruction of children the effect of the word "don't" on the average ones results in their doing the very thing they have been warned against, while if they were told what they must do to accomplish a certain thing the result will be much more satisfactory.

The public safety work is in its infancy and to succeed must have the support of the management of the industrial plants who are experienced in safety work. It is just as much a part of their work in the upbuilding of the community to make it safe to walk the streets of their city as to make their shop or factory a safe place to work. With this support and with the chambers of commerce, clubs and civic organizations, police departments, boards of education, Boy Scouts and the general public, it is certain that we will make a material reduction in the list of preventable deaths and injuries.

The Chicago Safety Council operates as a department of the Chicago Association of Commerce, in conjunction with the National Safety Council. Its sole purpose is to make Chicago a safer city. Its activities are divided into four major divisions, known as public safety, industrial safety, railroads and public utilities and business administration.

The plan of the Public Safety Division, as shown in the progress report issued by the council, is as follows:

"1. On the committee composing the Public Safety Division are representatives of the homes, in-

dustries, churches, schools, women's clubs, civic bodies, city, county and state authorities, insurance companies, automobile clubs and all other organizations which have an interest either in the prevention of accidents or the education or prosecution of those who violate laws designed to safeguard vehicular traffic. This group of representative citizens, who have banded themselves together for the purpose of accident prevention, is already making its influence felt in an aroused public sentiment against the careless and many times inexcusable accidental deaths and injuries which occur altogether too frequently.

"2. Under this division there is a police and traffic committee, which is co-operating with the city and park police and the public generally in educating motorists in particular to have proper regard for enforcement of traffic laws and regulations. It is also developing plans for educating motorists in safe driving by means of bulletin boards installed at filling stations, garages, etc.; to conduct a school for chauffeurs and truck drivers, with a definite course of six lessons in safe driving, rules of the road, mechanical operation, etc., and to operate a school for women automobile drivers.

"3. The women, homes, churches, schools and colleges committee of the Public Safety Division has undertaken as its most constructive immediate function the matter of having safety instruction made a part of the curriculum in public schools and parochial schools.

"4. It also is preparing to carry on safety in the homes by means of distribution of illustrated bulletins describing the many home hazards. This subject is being presented to the women's organization of the city and it is contemplated that safety will be given

due consideration by the clergy in their sermons from time to time.

"5. Another arrangement about to be launched by the highway safety committee is one by which its reporting members will report to the safety council any dangerous practice or condition coming to their attention, including violation of laws and rules by motorists and others. These men will have neither insignia of any kind nor authority to stop or arrest violators, but reports made by them will be taken up with the offenders and an earnest appeal made for their assistance in the elimination of accidents. The plan provides for education and co-operation rather than prosecution, except that prosecution may be resorted to in extreme cases."

With the co-operation of the members of this association in a concentrated public safety campaign, along the lines of the National Safety Council's plan, the citizens of our great country will be brought to realize the value of human life and the necessity of exercising care and caution, which is a duty each and every individual owes to himself and to his fellow man.

BEWARE OF THE "TWISTER"

WARNINGS have been issued by the Chicago Association of Commerce and by the Milwaukee Association to look out for insurance experts, so-called, who are known in the business as "twisters."

Many workingmen are being victimized by these sharps, who are smooth talkers and whose operations may be within the law, yet are fraudulent in their effects.

The method of operation of these "twisters" is to approach the workingman and talk insurance. If the man already has an insurance policy, the "twister" wishes to see it and after looking it over he "discovers" that it has a value which its owner never

dreamed of. This great value is nothing more or less than the surrender value which every policy carries on its face, but the "twister" induces the man to turn the policy into cash to be invested in some security, which may or may not be good and then take out another policy in the particular insurance company which he represents.

Reliable insurance companies, of which there are many in the country, do not permit their agents to engage in such practices, so that it may be taken for granted that the new policy is not as good as the one which has been surrendered, if, in fact, it is of any value at all.

An insurance policy in a reliable company is for all practical purposes the same as money in bank. It carries a cash surrender value and also a loan value, so that the holder of it can obtain either the full cash value or a loan, as he may wish, and he has only to call the agent of the company on the telephone to obtain that service and without any charge.

Workingmen should be exceedingly careful about giving up insurance policies and should consult with one who understands the business and in whom they have confidence.

During the war and after its close, thousands of workingmen were induced by some of these "twisters" to part with their Liberty Bonds and invest in some securities which promised a high rate of return. They are sorry now that they did so.

Oh Mercy!

He and the Sweet Thing were conversing earnestly. "Oh," said she, "If I only had a little window in my heart for my love to peep through."

Said the Cynic: "How would a little pain (pane) in your stomach do?"

With the Bulletin Family

HERE'S wishing all the Family a Merry Christmas.

We can't have a Christmas tree for the Family, the members of it are too widely scattered for that, but we can at least exchange good wishes at this festive season.

It would be a jolly idea to have a Christmas tree, but we can see many difficulties in the way. Assuming that we had one, and that Ye Editor was playing the role of Santa Claus, how could he select appropriate gifts for his children? For instance what would be a suitable gift for Loophound? We might present him with a fancy lariat. Every reader will agree with us that he is an expert in its use. He has been down in Mexico a lot and became an adept at the great Spanish game.

For Loophound, Jr., we had planned to get a case of "medicinal beer," whatever that is, but President Harding the other day spoiled our plans. No encouragement for thirsty souls to get sick.

A sprig of heather might suit Mr. Peebles and that is procurable. We saw scads of it at a dinner we attended the other night. For Jim Ham we'd have to get some sort of a wreath, myrtle or laurel or something like that. He's a poet and ought to be crowned. Something sharp and keen, like the blades of his "Ever-Ready" razors would do for Sol Lasky.

The problem would be easy if we were like our two esteemed morning newspapers in Chicago and had a few millions of dollars to give away in "smiles" and "cheer" coupons. What intrigues us is how they can afford to give away so much money. The transportation companies couldn't afford to do it. And they are the same

newspapers that have been so anxious to save the "dear peepul" two or three cents a day on their carfare or ten cents a month on their gas bills. We haven't seen any newspaper offer to reduce its price, although they raised prices 200 and 300 per cent during the war.

Well, we don't have to give our readers a million dollars to get them to read the BULLETIN. They read it of their own free will and accord. Of course, we haven't raised our prices. In the first BULLETIN we issued we said it was "priceless" and it is still.

When we started getting out this column we thought it would go to the printer without a contribution from Loophound. In fact, we had it all ready to shoot when his monthly contribution arrived. We had to change our plans and rearrange the copy, for we haven't the heart to deprive our readers for a month of the pleasure of reading his latest. We really believe he is getting better and more truthful all the time.

Here is Loophound's latest from Pittsburgh:

Dear Friend Grant:—

Please accept my thanks for the November BULLETIN with the golden-rod cover. I sneeze every time I try to read it though a magazine with the BULLETIN'S class is not to be sneezed at. Can't help being subject to hay fever—that's one of my inherent defects. It reached me only on Thanksgiving Day as I had been in the east, but I was sure of finding it on my desk when I returned as I was of having turkey hash on Friday last. I enjoyed the editorials and the other contris say-so, but wasn't expecting such an artistic kidding from you. Never realized how vital were my literary efforts to the future issues of this glorious sheet until I read your glowing terms of appreciation (?). O well, I don't mind being kidded by an expert and the well known world knows you're no amateur.

Possibly it was because I had temporarily sworn off smoking that I felt reminiscent or blue or whatever it was. The head of our house kept telling me how my health and good looks were being ruined by an over indulgence in the weed, and I tried the "straight and narrow" for a week. It near ruined me, I mean the swearing off part. NEVER AGAIN. I'll smoke tobies, Xmas cigars or chair rungs from this day and date as the spirit moves, and may some guy's guardian angel be hanging around to pick him up if I hear him say that Lady Nicotine isn't SOME Queen.

I noticed Marshal Foch enjoying his Jimmie pipe in Philadelphia recently—what a wreck ole tobac' has made of him, eh? If his health is breaking down blame it on our institutions of higher learning. They are stepping on one another's toes in their efforts to wish a string of letters on him to be worn behind his regular monicker. He'll soon have more degrees than a thermometer. I don't know how the old warrior stands this life in Pullmans where the lowers are as hard as the way of the transgressor, and in diners where they serve you portions of a step-child. These Gauls must be a hardy race, no?

When I passed through Quebec this summer I cogitated more or less on the change which Father Time has wrought in the French whose forefathers pioneered in North America three hundred years ago. The old Mother country, France, is probably the best (or worst) example of race suicide in modern history. In Quebec the inhabitants raise families like Ford raises money. By the time Pere and Mere get the last kid to bed the first ones are getting up. Yea, verily, it's a long drag from gay Paree to Gaspe.

Earlier in the month we celebrated our young heir's second anniversary. Doesn't seem two years since the news of his arrival was chronicled in these columns, does it? Took home a horn for him to toot so he would think he was back in that Chicago town, and eke a doll for the little girl. (Never told the fans about her, did I?) It wasn't two minutes till she had the horn and he the doll. When they were put to bed an hour later she still clutched the horn while he was singing the doll to sleep. And yet some folks say votes for women was a good thing. I'll bet anyone that when her next birthday rolls around that she'll be yelling for a football or a pair of boxing gloves. It's all wrong, Luke—it's all wrong.

The Missus says that was a flat bear story in my last effusion and says I should tell you about the old bear we used to take fishing when we were kids. He would hunt up a nearly empty molasses can that the camp cook had thrown out and when his right front paw was properly smeared with molasses would strike out for the fishing grounds on three legs. By the time he arrived there his paw was covered with flies and he'd wade out in mid-stream and hold the paw up to tempt the fish. Every time the fish nabbed at one of his flies Mr. Bear would slap him ashore, and we kids soon had a basket full. He got tired of being the Isaak Walton for the village finally and we missed him. He never showed up to this day, though a Barnaby River guide claims to have surprised him one morning in a hen house. When he came up on him he had chased the hens off their nests and was mixing an egg-nogg. And I believe this to be the bare facts. We sure missed him though.

Yours,

Loophound,

That bear story is an improvement on the last one. It bears out our original idea of a Christmas gift for you. As to giving up smoking, all we have to say is "don't." We heard a story of a man who went to see a doctor to have his life prolonged. "You must cut out tobacco in every form," said the doctor. "But I never used tobacco in my life," said the patient. "Then you must quit the booze," said the physician. "You have made a wrong diagnosis," said the patient. "I never used alcohol in my life."

"Well, why in hell do you want your life prolonged?" asked the doctor.

We have a few new contributors this month and will begin with one from Cleveland. He writes:

I had occasion recently to make use of the North Shore Line, first going from Chicago to Milwaukee. The experience was so pleasant that I deliberately planned to return from Milwaukee ten days later by the same route.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the service you are giving the traveling public. It is a pleasure to note the courtesy and efficiency of the trainmen and

other employes with whom the traveler comes in contact. I have at hand two copies of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN and if you will put me on your mailing list I shall appreciate the favor. There are so many interesting pages in this BULLETIN that I believe I must find a few minutes out of a busy day to go over it carefully.

Sincerely yours,

C. W. Stowell,
Director of Branches, Electric
Vacuum Cleaner Co.

We are glad to put your name on the mailing list Mr. Stowell and hope we may have the pleasure of your company in the Family Circle. Of course, the employes of the North Shore Line are the most courteous in the business and as for the "interesting" pages in the BULLETIN, we might say that they number only sixteen and cover, except when we take a fit and make them twenty-four. Anyway, we'll be glad to have your assistance in keeping the pages interesting.

We have another interesting letter from a new contributor who lives in Chicago. He writes:

Permit me to add my humble share to the words of commendation which are being offered for the lady who dispenses tickets at your Wilson avenue station. Many nights I have boarded the 6:21 Limited at that point and she never fails to smilingly hand me my ticket to Great Lakes without awaiting my request. Very soon after I started boarding the train at this point she recognized me and added not only to the ease of travel by prompt and courteous attention, but also added to the pleasure of travel by the personal attention considerably afforded.

The spirit of courtesy to the public manifested by your organization's personnel is frequently demonstrated. I have seen a trainman lend an unfortunate passenger fare—not forgetting to register it, either—and have observed another conductor spread newspapers on a seat for a tired gentleman to rest his feet without soiling the seat. None of these incidents seem to occur in the ordinary course of present commercial life, and one cannot help but congratulate the Line.

Yours very truly,

D. E. Hobelman.

It is just the little things mentioned in the foregoing letter that makes the North Shore Line different from other roads. Every employe takes a personal pride in the road and gives patrons personal attention. You are a real honest-to-goodness customer on the North Shore Line and not a mere "fare" as is the case on some roads.

We have another one here marked "Personal" from our old friend Conrad Shearer, secretary of the Manufacturers Association of Kenosha, but as it isn't so terribly "personal" and as this is a "personally conducted" column we are going to use a part of it. Mr. Shearer is a real Kenosha booster and he likes to have us write anything about his city and its industries. Besides he evidently wishes us to feel that when we pay a visit to Kenosha, we needn't worry about taking up too much time. Really, Conrad, we don't worry much about that, because you and a few other good fellows always make us feel that you enjoy the visit as much as we do.

Mr. Shearer writes:

Allow me to express my sincere appreciation of your splendid article in the November BULLETIN on the Cooper Underwear industry. Bob Cooper says he is going to write you himself on the subject, for he wishes you to know how well you performed the task of giving a fair review of one of Kenosha's best industries.

We do not wish you ever to worry, Brother Grant, about taking up our "precious" time when you come to Kenosha. Tom Lockhart, Sandy Whyte, Bob Cooper and even his Honor the Mayor, together with your humble servant, will be ready at any time to let business rest while we show you a few of the principal points about our city. Just say you are coming and if you find any of the old bunch in town, you may rest assured they will stretch several points to see that you are not lonesome. Even though you fail to find the Manufacturers' secretary on the job it will not be necessary for you to repeat the ex-

perience of your first visit to my office, when you walked about the streets to put in time. You are making new friends on every trip and will never lose any of them.

But I must close now and proceed to business. I expect soon to send you another contribution for the BULLETIN. We are learning to appreciate the splendid service of the North Shore Line more and more, if that is possible, and we want your people to know it.

Thanking you again for the nice boost you are giving our industries and extending my very best wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Conrad Shearer.

Well, Mr. Shearer, we haven't touched many of the famous industries in your busy city, but we'll get around to them from time to time. Certainly we enjoy our occasional visits to Kenosha. We have had letters recently from both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Whyte. We also appreciate the nice boosts we get from Mr. Marlatt, editor of The Kenosha News, every time we say something about Kenosha. He is the kind of editor we like, always ready to boost his home town. There are so many editors of the other kind, unfortunately.

We haven't heard from Sol Lasky for several months, but he is still on the job selling "Ever-Ready" Safety Razors. At least we suppose that is still his "line," although he doesn't say so in his last letter. He writes from Detroit:

The November issue of the BULLETIN has just been forwarded here from my Chicago home and I will read it through from cover to finish, you can bet. Met one of the BULLETIN contribs in Milwaukee last week and he said, "How come? I don't read your letters in the BULLETIN any more." I had to explain to him that I have been real busy of late and have neglected to write, so he said I had better let you hear from me or else you and the BULLETIN Family will forget all about me.

As I was saying I have been pretty busy. When asked how I find business I always tell my inquirers "by going after it." It sure is there if a fellow plugs hard enough.

However, I will admit I have run

up against some pretty tough customers here in Michigan. In comparison, Wisconsin looks like a million dollars. I cover just those two states and I'll say I cover them.

They have so many elections here in Michigan I can never remember what they are all about. A couple of weeks ago the dear public gave the city authority to oust the Detroit United Railway from two of the principal streets, but the mayor has decided that the D. U. R. doesn't have to move after all. The D. U. R. has a vast system and cars run as often as they change signboards in Zion City, but the cars are of the 1820 vintage. The city operates some lines but the last report showed a loss. Still the people clamor for municipal ownership. The city of today has enough to do to keep the streets clean and enforce the laws and should stay out of the street car business.

I have used the North Shore Line to Milwaukee about umpty-eleven times since August and I never enjoyed the service so much before. On time trains, courteous employees always. You should charge a courtesy tax and put it in a fund for the men, but I imagine all the North Shore employees are well paid for their services, because they perform them so cheerfully.

Henry Ford has again broken out with printer's ink. He wants to buy up all the abandoned battleships and junk them. Of course it wouldn't be Hank if he didn't pop up every day or so with some idea. Sometimes he has good ones. No doubt he can run railroads at a profit, own copper mines and a score of other enterprises, but he should change the spirit of the Dearborn Independent and quit knocking the Jewish people. Someone recently remarked that Ford disliked the Jews because they could get more for a second-hand Ford than he could get for a new one.

Speaking of Ford I was interested in your editorial some time ago where you spoke of the "minorities" he had worked with the D. T. & I., a broken down road. I have never traveled on that line.

Well I will have to close and get busy.

Yours,
Sol N. Lasky.

We like your philosophy, Mr. Lasky, about business. The way to get it is to go after it and if more would adopt that policy instead of sitting around and grumbling, business would be much better than it is.

Here is Jim Ham at it again. We didn't hear from him last month, but he is still able to get around. He writes:

Receipt of November BULLETIN yesterday reminded me that I have been somewhat dilatory, but then Chief, you know I love you, don't you?

Some fellow was babbling the other day about the times, allowing as how the disarm pow wow will be for nix, being as we Americans are shy red chips in the big poker game. Told him I couldn't agree that

"All the joy left in the land
Lies with a lily in its hand."

I never talk about the ladies—know better, am married—but may I not compliment our Detroit lady friend in the way she put it in commenting on your worthy editorial on the amputation conference. Been hoping these birds down in Washington would really get together, and I think they will in a measure, but then Chief, you've been in on these conference things and know a prescribed lot of bull must of necessity be pushed around before the human element in the congregation is satisfied to kid themselves they've got what they thought they were after, or the party breaks up in a row, diplomatic or otherwise. Somehow these diplomatic rows don't seem to satisfy the animal instinct in us humans, but then likker doesn't abound as freely as in days of old.

Recall back some years ago being an innocent bystander, or bysetter, at a Roundup Conference at Miles City, Montana, and incidentally ice cream has replaced snake likker out there also. Well, the conference was settled on the basis of the quickest trigger. Our diplomats pulled a quick trigger stunt at Washington and may we not say at least, got on the target. Let's hope subsequent shots will be bull's-eyes.

Thanks for the indulgence.

In conclusion permit me to state I intend going to Milwaukee today the "proper way."

Cordially,
Jim Ham.

P. S. Raving again:

When the spoils of war were parcelled

Amongst the hungry crowd,
Our nation found peace prospects
Hidden 'neath a cloud
Of envy, hate and malice

Which bitter greed embroils
If we cling to that old adage
"To the victor belongs the spoils."

And now we have in session
A great conclave of men
Who would show the way whereby
War will not come again.
Time will tell the story,
In a short time we shall see
If our friends from o'er the water
Have in mind full equity,
In relations among nations
As they their navies scrap
And lay a noble legacy
In every Mother's lap.

Jim Ham.

We have heard before from Roland Nystrom of Chicago, although not for some months, until a few days ago, when he wrote:

I reckon it's about time that I should write again to the BULLETIN Family. I am receiving the BULLETIN regularly and wish to thank you for it. Now I would like to have you send it to my father's farm monthly. The milk or freight trains of the North Shore Line are of as great service to the farmers as the Limiteds are to the city folks. I must recommend the milk train crew for waiting for farmers who are late, if they are seen speeding toward the depot.

Best regards for the good old North Shore Line.

Yours truly,
Roland Nystrom.

All right, Roland, we'll see that a BULLETIN is sent to your father's farm.

Our valued Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, seems to be alarmed over the implied threat of his co-worker, Loophound, to desert the column. He writes:

The BULLETIN has entered on its fifth year and keeps going strong and is getting stronger as the days go by. I see that General Loophound is just a little bit serious about quitting his job, but I don't think he will. He is not made of the kind of stuff to quit. He thinks that after four years of service he should get an honorable discharge. Nothing doing. Too valuable to let go. I might consider the suggestion of giving him a vacation of six months, provided that he finds some one to take his place in the meantime who is just as good. But where, oh where is such a person to be found? My advice to you, Loophound, is to stick to your job like molasses to the stick.

Mr. Peebles then discusses what we said in the BULLETIN last month about safety work on the North Shore Line and relates two tragic incidents which happened in his neighborhood within the last two weeks. Both shotgun accidents resulting in one case in the death of a 15-year-old boy and in the other of a 2-year-old child. Careless father and elder brother leaving loaded guns around rooms in which children were playing. In both instances the hunters "thought" that the cartridges had been removed.

It's the old story, Mr. Peebles. The North Shore Line wouldn't have the record for safety it has if the employees only "thought" that everything was all right. They must "know" that everything is right and they are constantly drilled and warned never to take a chance. It is tragic to think how human life is snuffed out every day by carelessness.

Conductor E. J. Whiting, who told a joke on a fellow employe last month, learned of another which he thought worthy of recording. A motorman on a Milwaukee city car had the joke turned on him, which Mr. Whiting tells as follows:

THE BITER BITTEN

Not long ago a traveler came
To visit and to ride,
He jumped on a Milwaukee city
car
And stood by the motorman's
side.
Being somewhat of a joker
He thought he'd have some fun,
So asked the motorman questions
After his friendship had been
won.

The motorman was not so very
dense,
But alert to joke and story.
Thought he, too, would have some
fun
Which would put him in his
glory.
The motorman's name, we'll say,
was Bill,
The stranger's we do not know,
But for asking all kinds of ques-
tions
He certainly was not slow.

One of the questions he asked of
Bill,

Just to see if Bill would know,
Was "What is this electricity stuff
That makes these cars all go?"
Bill smiled to himself when he
heard it,

And thought he had caught a
Tartar,
And to turn a joke on his unknown
friend
Needed only this for a starter.

"You see, those supposedly wires
overhead?

They're only a hollow tube,"
Said Bill to his questioner,
Whom he thought might be a
rube.

"The electricity commonly known
as juice
Is a liquid flowing through
Those tubes you see up over us,
Till it's furnished to the crew."

"It runs along till it hits a wheel
At the end of the trolley pole,
It is then deflected from its course
And drops through a little hole.
It makes its way down through
the car,

Through some machinery into
the ground,
So that is called electricity,
Which makes the wheels go
round."

The stranger appeared to be satis-
fied,

But to him the joke was hard,
So he handed Bill the champion-
ship.

Likewise his business card.
Bill laughed softly to himself,
Thinking he'd taught a rube a
lesson.

But the laugh was turned to a
look of surprise,
The card read—"Expert of
Thomas Edison."

Others from whom we have had letters in the last month are C. G. Tracy of St. Paul; Walter Reed, secretary of the Racine Commercial Club; "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan, who writes from Sacred Heart Sanitarium in Milwaukee; Dave Wilson, golf professional of Blue Mound Country Club, and we have had personal visits from Ralph E. Jones of Rockford, Ill., and Raymond Bopp of Highland Park. We are always glad to meet personally our contribs, so when any of you good scribes are in town, drop in and get acquainted.

COMMENDS GOOD SERVICE

THE Knights of Columbus of Milwaukee took part in the reception given Marshal Foch in Chicago on November 6 and traveled over the North Shore Line. The following letter sent the company shows that the attention given them was appreciated.

"Your service in transporting the Knights of Columbus Band and members of our Council to Chicago, Sunday, November 6, the occasion of Marshal Foch's celebration, was much enjoyed and appreciated. Particularly do we wish to commend the splendid attention given us by your Mr. Welsh, Mr. Moran and the train crew.

"Very respectfully yours,
"A Reisweber,
"Grand Knight."

On occasions like the one mentioned the North Shore Line gives a personal service and attention which can not be obtained from any other transportation line.

GIVING REAL SERVICE

THE following incident, relayed from Kenosha, is an example of the kind of service which the North Shore Line gives its patrons. A Limited rolled into the Kenosha station and a passenger stepped off, handed a message to Lou Gleisner the agent and stepped back on the train, for it does not stop long at that station. The message was a request to call a telephone number in Chicago and to say that Mr. Williams would be at Madison and Wells street, Chicago, at 1.45 P. M.

The Limited reached Kenosha at 11:48 on schedule time, Chicago was called on long distance telephone at 11:50 and the message delivered at 11:53. That is a good record not only for the agent at Kenosha but for the telephone operators in Kenosha and in Chicago.

We're in the habit of complaining most of the time about the public utility companies, but they do give service.

PRAISE FOR CONDUCTOR

THE following letter was received by the Traffic Department of the North Shore Line and is self-explanatory:

"The writer was a passenger on the 5 P. M. Limited from Milwaukee to Chicago yesterday, October 18, and I desire to bring to your attention the very commendable courtesy of the attendant thereon, Mr. H. Cawley. The writer was directed by him with the utmost pains and courteous treatment on his part. This man is a valuable asset to your road from a patron's point of view and it is with a sense of deep appreciation that I place this on record. The writer assumes that you are as anxious to know of such incidents as of reverse ones.

"I am not acquainted with Mr. Cawley. The impression he made on me prompted me to ask his name.

"Yours truly,
G. McDonald,
"Chicago."

We are always glad to get commendations of employes and it encourages all to strive to give perfect service, which is the aim of the North Shore Line.

COLLECTOR IS COMMENDED

THE following letter from a pleased patron was received by Superintendent J. W. Simons at the General Offices in Highwood:

"I take pleasure in complimenting you upon the courteous and efficient men you employ upon your line. As I am a daily passenger on the train that leaves Chicago at 7:00 A. M., I have especially noticed the splendid spirit that the collector in rear car puts into his work. He seems

to have a motto of his own 'Our passengers first.' He is very courteous, efficient, and avoids arguments and the like. From observation of over two months he has proven himself to me to be a most considerate employee. In all my traveling days, I have never come in contact with a better man.

"I therefore feel justified in bringing this before you, for a faithful servant should be justly rewarded.

"You may use this for any purpose you wish with my name attached.

"Again commending you, I remain

"Yours truly,"

"Herbert A. Alexander,
"Chicago, Ill."

The employee referred to is Collector Carlo Pearson.

CHEAPER AND FASTER

ALTHOUGH most of the live, up-to-date traveling men know that the North Shore Line is not only more economical to travel over than the steam roads, but is also faster, there are still some who are inclined to dispute such a statement.

The following incident, relayed the BULLETIN by Z. J. Morey, station agent in Zion, is of interest. Two men who live in Zion happened to be in Green Bay, Wis., and left there on the same train. One had a through ticket on the steam road, while the other left the train at Milwaukee and took a North Shore Limited. The man who traveled over the North Shore reached Zion at 6:58 and telephoned the family of the other man to meet him at the steam railroad station. The train on the steam road reached the Kenosha station at 8:30 o'clock. The man who rode on the steam railroad all the way paid \$5.94 railroad fare. The other paid \$5.61 and reached home one and one-half hours earlier.

It pays to travel on the North Shore Line.

LIKE DINING CAR SERVICE

THE Foulds Milling Company of Chicago, the well known manufacturers of Foulds' Macaroni, recently took a party of Milwaukee business men and bankers to see the big plant of the company at Libertyville. There were more than 100 men in the party and, being good business men who appreciate real service, of course they took a special train on the North Shore Line from Milwaukee to Libertyville.

In a letter to William Petersen of the Traffic Department enclosing his check for the special train, C. S. Foulds of the company wrote:

"Your entire service was satisfactory and the courtesy and politeness shown by your employees was very pleasing.

"Our good friend Mr. Welsh is to be complimented on the splendid dinner served on the return trip. Nearly everyone commented very favorably on this meal and I think the whole trip has made many new friends for the North Shore Line.

"I have always been a consistent booster for the North Shore Electric and this trip makes me even more enthusiastic over your service.

"Yours very truly,

"C. S. Foulds,

"The Foulds Milling Company."

That letter is just a little additional evidence that parties who show good judgment and charter a special train on the North Shore Line get service that pleases them.

Smith—Do you see that muscle? I could stop a car with my right arm.

Brown—Then you must be a professional athlete?

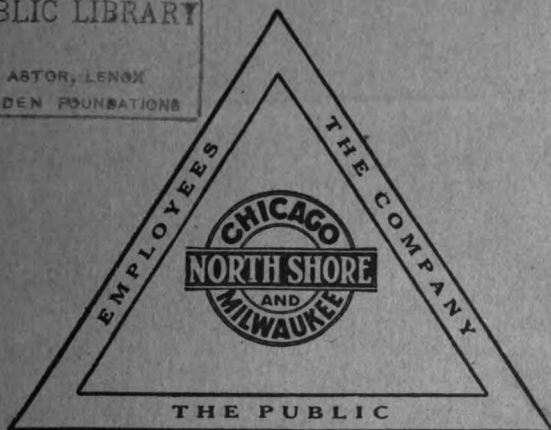
Smith—No; I'm a motorman.

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

JANUARY, 1922

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



"The Road of Service"

An Appeal for Safety

(By G. T. Hellmuth, Chief Claim Agent)

AS chairman of the committee on arrangements for the annual entertainment held at Highland Park, December 29, and as an employe of the North Shore Line for eleven years, I wish to make an earnest appeal for co-operation in the avoidance of accidents throughout the coming year.

The splendid attendance at the two sessions of the annual meeting was very gratifying and the committee is pleased to think that everyone had an enjoyable time. Personally I wish to thank all the employes who took the time and trouble to make the trip to Highland Park and am glad to think they found the entertainment provided for them worth while. At the same time I wish to remind all my fellow employes that the primary object of the meeting was to promote safety work and urge them to be even more vigilant in the year just beginning.

The number of automobiles in daily use is steadily increasing and that is the most prolific source of accidents. The careless auto driver, standing at the curb on a street on which our cars run, will continue to turn into the tracks without a warning, or without looking to see whether a car is approaching. Motormen must be constantly on guard to protect such drivers from the consequences of their own lack of care. It is well to have trains always under control and to keep a close watch on the parked automobiles under such circumstances.

At highway crossings there is always great danger. Trainmen must assume that automobile drivers will neither stop, look or listen as they should, so the motorman should make good use of his whistle and try to save the other fellow, who will not save himself.

Our record in the matter of accidents in boarding and alighting from trains is a splendid one, due to the vigilance of conductors and the co-operation they are given by motormen. Let us strive to make that record even better in the year 1922.

Employes working on the tracks, in the shops or in the offices should all strive to make this the banner year on the North Shore Line in the way of avoiding accidents. They should never take a chance themselves and if they see an unsafe condition, which might lead to the injury of another, they should bring it at once to the attention of the Safety Committee.

We are proud of the record we have made on the North Shore Line, but we cannot afford to rest on our laurels. We must keep up the good work constantly and it is that thought which prompts me to write this message at this time. It is the season for making good resolutions and I would ask all my fellow employes to make a resolution to strain every nerve to make the splendid record of our road for safety even better in the year 1922.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS SCOT

"An enterprising drummer," says a New York business man, "once attempted to bribe an old Scotch merchant by offering him a box of cigars."

"'Na, na,' said the old chap, shaking his head gravely, 'I canna' tak' 'em.'"

"Nonsense," said the drummer. "If you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a quarter for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the old Scot, "I'll tak' twa boxes."

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, January, 1922

 No. 3

Editorial Comment

*"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

HERE we start our 1922 journey full of pep and high purpose. We're off with a whoop. Listen to the jingle of the sleigh-bells. Hold on there, it's only out in the country that merry tinkle can be heard, and we're in a big city. It's the click-clack of the flapper's galoshes we hear, as she trips along the sidewalk. Why do they wear them unbuckled, anyway? Not that it is any of our business, and besides we should be looking higher than galoshes on this first morning of the new year.

* * * * *

SHOULD we look forward or backward? Youth looks forward, age looks backward and a crosseyed man looks to both sides at the same time. Generally speaking, we believe in looking forward with stout heart and firm purpose, but it helps to take an occasional glance backward at the dangerous spots on the road we have traveled and endeavor to avoid them on the journey ahead. To do that doesn't betoken either age or cowardice. In fact, it is the way to progress, for it is only by a little honest self-analysis that we can learn our mistakes and overcome them in the future.

* * * * *

THIS is the season when the business man takes an inventory of his stock. It's a pretty good season for a little mental stock-taking, too. Not that we believe in making the common, or garden variety of New Year resolutions. Most of the time they are just a little bit silly and they are usually made to be broken. They do no harm, though, and so far as they furnish one a little mental exercise they may do some good. It used to be popular at this season to "swear off" drinking, but Mr. Volstead has relieved us of that bother. We're glad of it, too. Same way about smoking. Should the reformers succeed in making indulgence in the fragrant weed unlawful, we would submit

to it as gracefully as possible, although we wouldn't like it. But such things are of minor importance. What we should be thinking about this morning are the more important things in life. We should be thinking about casting out of our hearts all the bitterness and rancor, the racial and religious prejudices which keep mankind divided and substituting charity and good will. If we would all do that, how much pleasanter would be the 1922 journey on which we have set out this morning.

* * * * *

SOME of us in this world look at things in a big way. Others look at them in an extremely narrow way. The man with the narrow view will say: "Here it is three years since the armistice was signed and nothing has been accomplished." The man with the broader vision will reply that in the three years since the armistice was signed, more has been accomplished than in all the centuries that have gone before. Human progress is marked more by tendencies than by actual, definite accomplishments, which are often hard to point out. The pessimist, with the narrow vision, already sees the failure of the Washington conference. The man with the broader outlook, who is concerned more with tendencies than definite accomplishments, sees the success of the conference, whether a definite understanding will be reached or not. It may be that the conference will adjourn without the nations represented agreeing on any well-defined programme. Personally we hope that will not be the case. But the thing that is tremendously significant is that the conference has been held. That shows the tendencies of the nations in the direction of better relationships. That marks real progress and in big affairs actual accomplishments necessarily must come slowly. What we are trying to point out is, that when you start upon a journey, it is very necessary that you are headed in the right direction. The journey may be long and tedious and the destination so far away as to seem obscure, but every step brings you just that much nearer to it. That is what we mean by tendencies.

* * * * *

TO ILLUSTRATE the thought we have in mind, let us take a look at the Irish situation. As this is being written the Irish parliament has not ratified formally the peace treaty, but all newspaper reports indicate that it will do so before this reaches our readers. If that is so and the Irish Free State becomes an actuality, just think what that accomplishment means. The end of some eight centuries of strife and bitterness, which have kept peoples divided. What a change has come about since Gladstone introduced his first home rule bill in 1886. It was promptly rejected by the house of commons, although compared with the present peace treaty, it was only a semblance of home rule. The second bill introduced by Gladstone in 1893 got through the

house of commons, but was thrown out of the upper house. At that time the Irish people would have accepted it gladly, although it offered them little compared with the present measure. Now we find the British parliament assenting by an overwhelming majority to a real home rule plan. The world is progressing, when viewed in the light of history, which is the only way to view it. Why feel discouraged and say that nothing is being accomplished? That feeling comes from taking a too narrow view and failing to get the right perspective. When the Irish peace treaty is formally ratified, that will then be a definite accomplishment, but the tendency showed itself with marked clearness when the first bill was introduced thirty-six years ago. Gladstone didn't live to see the fruit of his work, nor Parnell, nor Redmond, but they helped because they were headed in the right direction.

* * * * *

SO IT is with the Washington conference. We feel this old world of ours is headed in the right direction, although those who try to throw monkey wrenches into the machinery are not wanting. They are always with us, always stirring up hatred and jealousy, kindling fires of racial and religious prejudice, always taking the narrow, selfish view and measuring events by the extent that their material interests may be affected. Honestly, we believe that there are some newspapers and magazines, supposed molders of public opinion, which advocate things they know are wrong, but which they think will help their circulation. Why do they do it? Simply because they understand human nature and know that most of us are mean and petty and enjoy having our narrow prejudices catered to. They give the people what they like to have, so before condemning them too severely, just indulge a little in that honest self-analysis of which we spoke and see if you can discover where some of the fault lies. That is a pretty good thought to keep in mind as you start out on the 1922 journey and may help you to avoid some of the pitfalls that line the road. As some poet has aptly said:

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

* * * * *

WHAT of the North Shore Line in 1922? It starts out full of faith and hope in the future and with a firm determination to serve the public even better in the coming year than it did last year. That is rather an ambitious programme, for you know that it gave you good service last year. But the North Shore Line is progressive. It is forward-looking and doesn't believe in simply marking time. That

is bad for corporations as well as for individuals; in fact it cannot be done for any length of time. If there is no forward movement, there is sure to be a backward movement, or else dry rot sets in. Well, there is no danger of any dry rot setting in on the North Shore Line. It has too much work to do in the interest of the public and everyone connected with it is too full of pep and the go-ahead spirit. No corporation, or individual for that matter, can have a higher ambition than of being of service to others, and that is the ambition of the North Shore Line. That is why it is known as the "Road of Service" and why it is determined to clinch its right to that title. Now let us tell you some of the things the road has in mind to give the public even better service.

* * * * *

ONE of the most important things in view is to equip the road with a block signal system. That is, of course, a rather big proposition and one which involves a large expenditure of capital. It may take some years to complete the job, but as we have been telling you about the importance of getting a start in the right direction, it is the intention of the North Shore Line to make a start this year up on the north end of the road. In view of the record which the road now has in the way of safety of passengers, it may seem to some that a block signal system is not needed. It is just another evidence of the progressive spirit of the company. Serious accidents have practically been eliminated on the North Shore Line, due to the persistent work of the management and of the employees, but a block signal system will make travel still safer. That is why the company is willing to appropriate money for that improvement, just as soon as the money can be found, and it is hoped that some of it may be found before the present year closes.

* * * * *

ANOTHER important improvement, which our friends in Kenosha will appreciate, is the building of a new station in that busy town. We know the people of Kenosha are entitled to that station and we know also that they have been promised it for a long time. They have been patient about it, too, because there is a real spirit of co-operation in that city and they understand what financial conditions have been during the last two or three years. The desire to build that station has been strong for two years, but you can't build stations on that. It takes real money to make improvements of that kind, and bids taken on two or three occasions were so high, that work had to be temporarily deferred. There isn't going to be any more delay, though. The excavation work is already done, and as soon as the building season opens, about the month of March, that station will be built. It will be a good station, too, in keeping with the importance of its location.

COMING on down the line, we might call your attention to the importance of the improvement at Lake Forest, where the road has been doubled-tracked for a distance of 2,000 feet. That was the only section of single track between Chicago and Milwaukee, with the exception of a short distance at the extreme north end as the road enters Milwaukee. That Milwaukee section, however, does not seriously interfere with operation, although it, too, will be double-tracked before many years go by. But the section of single-track at Lake Forest was a cause of occasional short delays. If a train happened to be two or three minutes late and entered that block, a train bound in the opposite direction had to wait until the first one cleared. It did not happen very often, because North Shore trains, as a rule, are on time. The work has been under way for quite a while, as it was a big undertaking, but the new track has been laid and trains have been running over it for the last two or three weeks.

* * * * *

STILL moving south we come to Wilmette where a big project is under way. A new right of way is being acquired, which eventually will take the tracks off Greenleaf avenue. About two-thirds of the right of way has been acquired and a petition of public necessity and convenience has been filed with the Illinois Commerce Commission to give the company the right to condemn such property as it may need. It is likely to require several years to carry this project to completion as it involves an expenditure of more than a million dollars, and while the money market is more favorable than it has been for two or three years, that is quite a sum to raise. The new route is south on Railroad avenue from Greenleaf to a point just south of Jenks street in Evanston and then directly east to a junction with the present tracks just north of the bridge across the drainage canal. The route is entirely over a private right of way, except at street crossings.

* * * * *

AT THE Chicago end of the line, a new station will be built at Wilson avenue in conjunction with the Northwestern Elevated. That project is being delayed temporarily through court proceedings, brought by tenants of the building on the northwest corner of Wilson and Broadway, where the new station will be built. It is expected that the matter will soon be adjusted, however, and the plans for the new station have all been prepared. The new station will cost about \$100,000 and will occupy the entire corner with a frontage of 112 feet on Wilson avenue and 273 feet on Broadway. It will be a great convenience for the patrons of the North Shore Line who use Wilson avenue and will be one of the finest stations on the line. It is one of the things which the North Shore Line has in store for its patrons in the coming year.

WE HAVE mentioned only the larger improvements contemplated this year to show that the North Shore Line is very much alive to the needs of its patrons. Not only does it keep abreast of the times, but it takes the lead in many respects, as is shown in the recent equipping of one of the dining cars with a radio phone system. Passengers may sit in that car and listen to the market reports, or grand opera or big news events which may be broadcasted. They may send messages from the car, too, for it has complete sending as well as receiving apparatus. That the apparatus works perfectly we personally can vouch, for we went out on the first experimental trip and while the train was running at a good speed over the elevated tracks, we heard conversations very distinctly sent out from a station on the top of the city hall building. We heard music also from a phonograph in the same sending station. Isn't that wonderful? And the North Shore Line is the first in the country, at least in this part of it, to equip a train with wireless telephones. Doesn't that show it is very much alive?

* * * * *

SPEAKING of contemplated improvements, we cannot close without telling you about an important piece of new equipment just acquired by the North Shore Line. You may recall the big snowstorm four years ago when the North Shore Line was the only road operating between Chicago and Milwaukee. We crowed a little over that achievement. The road wasn't quite as fortunate when that blizzard struck the north end of the line last April. No one expected such a storm late in the spring, with the result that the North Shore Line was caught a little unprepared and was tied up for a night. No wonder when one considers that the snowdrifts were as high as fourteen feet in some cuts. But that was a lesson and the president said "Never again." So a week or two ago there appeared on the road a new snowplow that is the latest thing in snow-fighting implements. In fact it is the only snowplow in the country that has all the latest features combined. The Transportation Department isn't exactly praying for a big snowstorm to put the new plow to a test, but if it comes—well, the tracks will be kept clear, and there will be no delay or inconvenience to patrons. That snowplow cost \$10,000, but it's a humdinger. It is fourteen feet in height and weighs 76,000 pounds and is warranted to go through a snowdrift fourteen feet deep. Just one more thing to insure still greater reliability in service. So with all these things, either accomplished or on the way, is there any reason why the North Shore Line should not feel cheerful this first day of a new year? As for the BULLETIN, it's always cheerful. We wish to thank our big family of "helpers," and hope they will continue to keep us in good humor. We have made only one resolution today and that is to keep on smiling. We never did like a grouch. That's all for this month.

Making Macaroni on the North Shore

YOU all eat it, of course—Foulds' Macaroni—but did you know that it was manufactured right on our North Shore Line at Libertyville? Well, it is; in fact it is the principal industry in that town. The cheese which goes so well with macaroni to make a perfect combination, is made along the North Shore Line, too, but everyone knows that, because Wisconsin invented cheese.

Among the letters printed in last month's BULLETIN was one from Mr. Foulds, in which he commended the service given on a special train which carried a group of Milwaukee merchants to Libertyville to visit the plant of the Foulds Milling Company. That letter gave us an idea for a story, for although we have eaten macaroni, spaghetti, noodles and such products many times, we had never thought anything of its manufacture. We might as well admit our ignorance at the start and say we didn't know such a plant was located on the North Shore Line.

With us to get an idea is to act. As ideas come so rarely it doesn't keep us particularly busy in following them up, but here we thought is a chance for an interesting story. We wished particularly to know how they put the hole in the center of the macaroni and why they didn't make spaghetti so that one might eat it without having to wind it around a fork for half an hour or so. Our curiosity in both respects was gratified, so we are going to tell you about it.

Getting in touch with Mr. Foulds at his Chicago office, we got an invitation to visit the plant, and as a lot of the company's salesmen were in the city and had planned an inspection trip for December 28, we decided to ac-

company them to Libertyville. The party, being made up of good business men, as a matter of course, traveled over the North Shore Line and enjoyed one of Tom Welsh's special North Shore steaks on the way.

After looking around the big plant a bit, we could have guessed at least one of the reasons for locating it in Libertyville. It was spotlessly neat and clean and anyone who has lived in a large city like Chicago, which burns soft coal, could readily see that it would be well-nigh impossible to maintain such cleanliness in the midst of all the soot and grime. The plant is all electrically operated, with power furnished by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, which is another argument in favor of cleanliness.

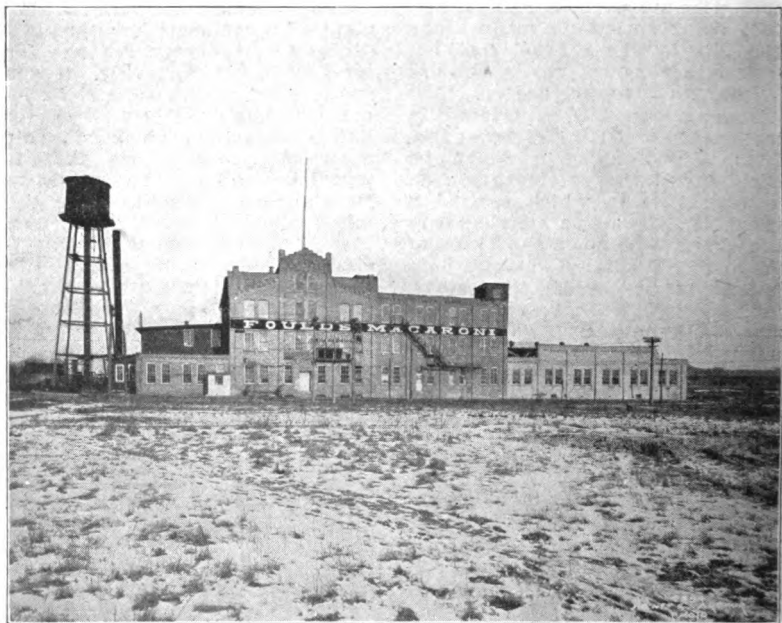
There are other advantages of being located in a small city which a visitor like ourself, who didn't know a thing about the business and had never been in a plant of the kind before, could see after talking with some of the girls employed in the plant. There is no labor problem to worry about. The employees all live in the town, most of them so close to the plant that they go home for lunch. That means that they are steady workers, so that there is not the constant labor "turn-over" which is common in industrial plants in a large city, and which, incidentally, is so expensive to large employers of labor.

Probably the fact that the Foulds Milling Company gets all the water required in its business from its own artesian well, is another advantage in being located where it is. That at least might seem an advantage so far as consumers of the product are concerned, for they are sure there can be no impurities in artesian

well water and can feel satisfied that Foulds Macaroni is pure and wholesome.

Somehow one usually associates macaroni with the Italians. The word itself is of Italian origin, and we believe the wheat from which macaroni is made was originally peculiar to Italy and Algeria. That doesn't hold good today, of course, for the wheat from which the American maca-

teresting fact that while most industries suffer in a time of business and financial depression, the reverse is true with the macaroni manufacturer. At least the output of the Foulds plant increased during the present business depression, due no doubt to the fact that macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli and similar foods are both cheap and nutritious and an excellent substitute for meats



FOULDS MACARONI PLANT, LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.

roni is manufactured is grown in North Dakota and Montana. The Italians call it "grano duro" or "grano da semolino." We call it durum wheat and we call the flour "semolina," the same as the Italians, so they haven't anything on us in that respect. It is a food of national importance in Italy, and it wouldn't hurt Americans if they used it more extensively than they do.

In that connection it is an in-

teresting fact that while most industries suffer in a time of business and financial depression, the reverse is true with the macaroni manufacturer.

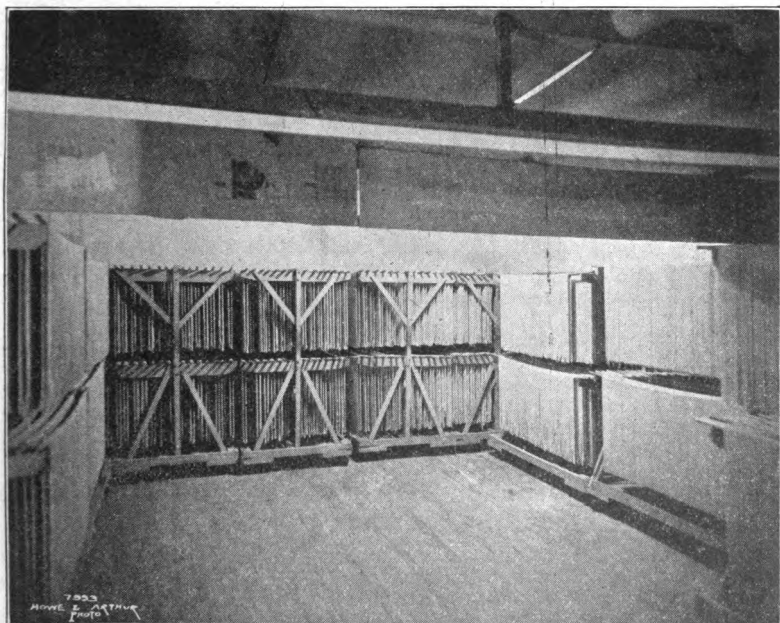
The durum wheat from which macaroni and similar products is manufactured is much richer in gluten and other nitrogenous compounds than is the wheat from which we make white bread, but it is not popular with bread eaters because of its brown color. The American bread eater insists on white bread, although it isn't necessarily the most wholesome

kind. However, this isn't a "how to keep well" story, so we'll tell you briefly how macaroni is made.

As the flour is unloaded from the railroad car, samples from each bag are sent to the laboratory and tested for classification. As chemistry is one of the many subjects we don't know anything about, we'll take the flour out of that laboratory at once and put

edge runners and finally lands in a big steam-jacketed cylinder.

As we said we wanted to know how the hole was put in the center. We supposed it was quite a simple operation and probably we might have figured it out had we been greatly interested in the subject. It is quite simple, too, but rather interesting. We left that batch of dough in the steam-



FOULDS MACARONI IN PROCESS OF DRYING

it in the machine where it is thoroughly mixed with boiling water. That is quite an exact operation, for the superintendent who showed us the various things of interest said that a little too much or too little water would spoil the dough. So the amount of water is carefully measured and after the semolina is thoroughly mixed it is put into a kneading machine and kneaded into a stiff dough. It goes through a lot of rollers and

jacketed cylinder a minute ago. Well, when it comes out the hole is in the center, in fact it comes out macaroni, except that it has to be dried and maybe go through some other operations that we didn't see. Anyway, in the bottom of that cylinder is a die, perforated by a lot of small holes, in the center of each hole being a small pin. Then a plunger or piston is forced down into the cylinder at a pressure of 3,600 pounds to the

square inch. That dough, under such a pressure, just naturally has to go through that die and it comes out perfectly good macaroni. Now do you understand it? If you can't we're sorry, for that is as good an explanation as we can give.

Spaghettl is made exactly the same way and from the same dough, except that it is forced through a different die, with smaller holes. The same applies to vermicelli, only it goes through a die with still smaller holes. We didn't see them making noodles, but they do make oodles of them and we saw them in finished form. They are made from the same ingredients as the others, with the addition of eggs.

As the macaroni comes from the machine we have described, the tubes are hung on wooden rods, like broom handles, to dry and transferred to a drying room. We didn't investigate that drying room very thoroughly, as we didn't care for a Turkish bath in the middle of the afternoon, but we stayed in it long enough to know that it is quite warm. These rooms must be kept at a certain steady temperature, which is regulated by a thermostat. They must also have a certain degree of humidity all the time, and to give them that, the hot air is forced through a spray of water, which serves the double purpose of washing the air and leaving in it the required moisture.

That briefly describes what we saw in going through the Foulds plant at Libertyville which manufactures more than a million pounds a month of macaroni, spaghetti and like products. The company employs about one hundred persons, one-third of whom are women. The women are employed mostly in the packing department.

The Foulds Milling Company was established in 1891 as a milling concern, with its principal mills at that time in Cincinnati.

It began the manufacture of macaroni and similar products at first as a way to use up its surplus flour. It grew to such an extent that instead of a by-product it became the chief business of the company and in 1907 it absorbed the National Macaroni Company and located in Libertyville. The milling business was discontinued. The company is the largest in that line of business in this section of the country and its Libertyville plant is a model for cleanliness and completeness of equipment. F. W. Foulds is General Manager, and C. S. Foulds is Sales Manager. The products of the company are sold in every state east of the Mississippi River and are known in almost every household.

BAGGAGEMEN THANKED

BAGGAGE is handled with great care and with a desire to accommodate passengers on the North Shore Line. Sometimes a passenger with baggage arrives at a station with very little time to catch his train, but the baggagemen are always on the job to help out under such circumstances. The following letter comes from a passenger who received such accommodation:

Permit me this word of appreciation for the courtesy which I received from F. W. Gieselman and Bernard Devenny. These two gentlemen very kindly assisted me and made it possible for me to have my trunk with me en route to Milwaukee last week. If it had not been for the thoughtfulness and willingness and the co-operation of these men I would have been put to a great loss and inconvenience, and I feel that the least I can do in their behalf is acknowledging to you their faithful service.

Very truly yours,

HARRY ANDERSON.

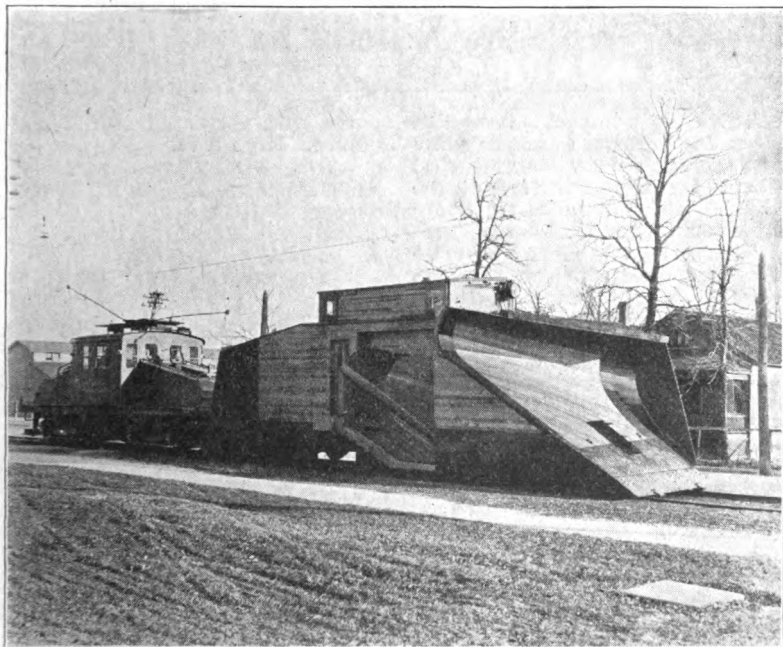
All the employes of the North Shore Line are just like that. The comfort and convenience of passengers always come first with them.

OUR NEW SNOWPLOW

HAVE you noticed a new snowplow on a side-track as you whizzed by in a North Shore train? If you are interested in mechanical appliances it would be worth your while to look it over, because there isn't another one just exactly like it anywhere in the country. There are snow-

which can be raised in crossing bridges or roads at the will of the operator.

The plow is equipped with side elevation wings, which may be folded up or dropped as circumstances require. When the side wings are dropped they scoop up the snow and throw it as high as the car and out on the side, so



NEW SNOWPLOW ON NORTH SHORE LINE

plows of the same type, of course, but this particular one combines all the latest improvements.

It is what is known as a double-end plow, that is, it works from either end. It is designed for a double-track railroad, throwing the snow to one side only and cutting a path two feet wider than the width of the car. It has a drop nose which runs close to the rails in ordinary service, but

that it will keep the tracks clear in a cut. The flanger, with which it is equipped, cuts the ice and snow between the rails.

The new plow is not self-propelling, but can be pushed by any locomotive, steam or electric, or by a motor car. The fact that it is not self-propelling is an advantage on the side of reliability, as when such implements are equipped with motors and put to

a hard test, it invariably is the motor which gets out of order.

All features of this plow, the drop nose, the side elevation wings and the flanger are operated by air at the will of the operator without his having to change his position in the cab. The plow was manufactured at a cost of

\$10,000 by the Russell Car & Snow Plow Company of Bridgway, Pa. It weighs 76,000 pounds and the height of the shear is ten feet. The total height of the plow is fourteen feet. They're not wishing for snow on the North Shore Line, but they're ready for it when it comes.

With the Bulletin Family

IT'S really wonderful, as well as quite flattering to get so many letters and cards conveying all kinds of good wishes for both the BULLETIN and the North Shore Line for the coming year.

That is the kind of spirit we like to see and which we strive to develop and cultivate. Really, you know, that is the kind of spirit that gets results. The men who run the North Shore Line do the best they can to please the public. That is good business. Being human these men, of course, are pleased to know that their work is appreciated. It's the same way about the BULLETIN. We try to please our readers and being human, oh yes, very human—it pleases us immensely to hear from our readers.

We have on one or two occasions been twitted about giving the male members of the big BULLETIN Family preference in this column. It isn't true, of course, because we are decidedly partial toward the women folks. But they do not seem to be quite as numerous as the men, at least, they do not write as frequently. When one of the women members of the Family does write, however, we have noticed that usually she says something worth while. This morning's mail brings us such a letter, so it goes to the top of the column. When you read it we feel sure you will

agree with us that it is not misplaced. Here it is:

I wish to thank you for your kindness in keeping my name on the mailing list of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. No current literature gives me greater pleasure than your BULLETIN.

I am sure you are voicing the true spirit of American Big Business, when, as a representative of one big business you hold up to the view of the public, ideals that are morally and economically sound and perfectly possible of attainment. I like the fact that you recognize "service" and "compensation" as terms that make a "team"; capital deserving fair (fare) returns on its investment and "the laborer worthy of his hire." With such ideals the Road of Service is not only "on its way" but seems to "know where it is going."

Wishing you, the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN and the Road of Service a happy and successful new year, I am

Yours very sincerely
ANNIE C. FRASER.

Miss Fraser, we understand, is engaged in that very honorable profession of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" and from the tone of her letter we would say that she is capable of aiming it in the right direction.

Having read the foregoing letter from a lady who ministers to the mind, we might now give you one from a lady who ministers to the body, or to make it plain, nurses the sick. She is a nurse in a Chicago hospital we gather

from her letters, although we have never met her. Anyway she writes:

Had to write to show you how much I have appreciated the BULLETIN you sent me last year. Please oblige by sending it each month in the coming year, as I still want to remain a member of your BULLETIN Family. Nothing has been more pleasant for my nurse friends and I than to receive the BULLETIN each month. We certainly enjoy reading it and with an editor like Luke Grant, what could be more interesting? He as well as the conductors and motor-men strive very hard to please and with a disposition like they have I don't think they find it very difficult. (My dear, you just ought to see us).

I have already written the BULLETIN about the courtesy of trainmen and here is another evidence of it: Monday, Dec. 26, I took the 10:26 express from Highwood to Chicago and after being seated I asked the conductor if there was any fresh H₂O on the train. He replied there was and immediately brought me a drink. (That is the only kind they serve on the North Shore Line). That is what I call service. The employees certainly live up to their slogan "Road of Service."

Compliments from a faithful booster of the North Shore Line,
BETTY THE NURSE.

Glad to hear from you Betty and will see that your name remains on the mailing list.

Speaking of nurses and hospitals we mentioned last month of receiving a note from "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan from the Sacred Heart Sanitarium in Milwaukee. We hear that he has fully recovered, for which we are glad, but he was still in the institution when he wrote the following:

Have your letter of the 29th, in which you ask why I am here. Well, I will try to answer your question frankly and honestly. I am here because I am one of those blamed foolish mortals who did not know enough to take proper care of his nerve energy in the past. Tried to make myself believe I was one of those machines that could not wear out. Worked about 27 years without a real vacation—work never hurt me any, however—sometimes 16 hours a day or

more. Never learned to play and like a chump worried too blamed much, trying to carry the troubles of others as well as my own; never had any hobbies except my family, my friends and by business and finally I had what they call a nervous breakdown. I know now I made a mistake. If I had learned how to play as well as I learned how to work perhaps it would have been better, but to worry was foolishness and I am now trying to live without worrying unnecessarily.

I hope, however, to be all repaired and good as new by Christmas. Have been here about three months and am feeling better every day. The doctor said he thought the only reason why I didn't have heart, liver and kidney trouble as well as a nervous breakdown was that the good Lord must still have something for me to do on this earth. Well, Friend Grant, I am anxious to get back into the harness again and do whatever that may be. In other words I want to do my part to make this world better, though I think it is a mighty good old world at that.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hicks of the North Shore Line here, his wife being a patient, and like the rest of the people I have had the pleasure of meeting from your road, I found him a real gentleman.

This is a wonderful institution, people here from all parts of the United States. It is more like a fine hotel than a hospital and the doctors, the sisters, the service and the treatments are just wonderful. You ought to come up and visit it and write it up in the BULLETIN, for they surely do find out what is the matter with your machinery and get at the cause of the trouble. They have specialists here who are wonderful in their lines and have facilities from baths to X-rays, electrical treatments, physical treatments and games in the open air and it is not a place merely for the rich, for the poor are taken care of just the same as the rich.

I hope I have not made this too long, but I am not a four-minute man when it comes to making a speech.

Sincerely,
DAD KADE.

Well, Dad, we believe your philosophy about learning to play is sound. The machine will get out of order, hot bearings or something, unless it gets a little tuning up once in a while. Our own system is to get a little fun out

of our work day by day and it seems to do all right.

You saw the little Christmas cards handed out by conductors to passengers and enclosed with last month's BULLETIN to members of this Family? Pretty neat, weren't they? One appreciative passenger writes:

Well, I say it did cheer a fellow up when this card was handed me early this morning. It is these little things that make it a pleasure to use your line. May I reciprocate with a "Happy New Year," and may it be a prosperous one.

L. S. TOENNESSEN.

Our popular correspondent "Loophound" fell down on the job, or off the wagon, or something, as his regular contribution failed to materialize. We did get a note from him marked "Personal" so we know he is all right and will be heard from in due course. His side-kick, Mr. Peebles, is very much on the job, however, as the following will show:

I received the December BULLETIN a few days ago, with the pretty little Christmas card inside with the wishes of the North Shore Line for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Very fine idea. Another boost for the Road of Service. All together with one big whoop. Let everyone travel the North Shore way, it is the straight and narrow way that leads to a safe and tireless landing.

Your editorial comment this month is fine. I don't mean by that that other months have been

poor, not by any means. When you have an off month I will remind you, but I haven't seen any yet. That one paragraph about taking the bull by the horns is worth a 500-mile ride at double fare.

Well, I must hurry along, I have to write a letter to Loophound, for I feel sorry to think he tried to quit smoking and failed. I have been very busy the last two weeks or so. I had letters from Loophound, Jr., Rasmussen, Michigander, Kentuckian, Sol N. Lasky and some others asking me about Loophound's condition. They all seem to fear we may lose Loophound through a nervous breakdown on account of his being such an inveterate smoker. With one accord they asked me to try to do something for him and restore him to his original self. From the way they write it seems that all of them heard a faint echo from the housetop of Loophound's dwelling, of the groans and moans of those agonizing days when he was engaged in that terrible fight with Lady Nicotine, the villain queen.

I asked the BULLETIN readers what they wished me to do and they suggested that I compose some poetry. I told them that was out of my line, as Jim Ham was the poet laureate of the BULLETIN. Well, Michigander said to patch up something, as he had a score to settle with that fellow Loophound anyway, so on the following page you will find the aftermath of what took place in the Pennsylvania home.

Yours in love and truth,
JAMES D. PEEBLES.

Here is the aftermath referred to in the foregoing letter and as everyone is probably feeling pretty strong after double holidays at Christmas and New Year's, we'll just let it go:

A GOOD CIGAROE IS SOME SMOKE

(With Salaams to Loophound)

Open the old cigar box, give me a Cuban stout,
For things are running crosswise and the wife has bawled me out.
We squabbled over cigaroes, fought over a cigaroot,
I'll say I pulled a boner and the wife gave me the boot.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a space,
In the thin blue veil of the vapor, how to put you, wife in your place.
I know I am pretty to look at, but you make me out an ass,
You have paired me off with Villa, put me in the bandit class.
There's peace in a good cigaro of burro hair and hay,
But they're not made in a minute and you've thrown two away.
Thrown them away to pickers, old pals who done me brown,
I got a bum decision; made the laughing stock of the town.
I could smoke in the days that have been, but not in the days that are,
I ha'nt got the price of a twofer, let alone a good cigar.
Who'd dream that my pals would soak me? and wife my pockets clean,

Strip me down to a frazzle, pinch me for every bean?
 Now on a freezing, cheerless morn, when mercury is low,
 I haven't even a wrapper to light and keep aglow.
 When I think how wife got the decision, we fought so hard to get,
 But again I'm roosting high and dry and am in out of the wet.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a while,
 You say, wife, I'm a whiner and it makes the gang all smile.
 Which is the better portion, to puff and blow smoke rings
 Or hike off to Chicago, where you can pull no strings?
 And sit in Luke Grant's sanctum and smoke his stubs at will,
 And should he have chair rungs around, I'll surely smoke my fill.
 But Friend Wife made a bad decision, made me the goat between
 Half a dozen Christmas boxes and the great god Nicotine.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew,
 Dear Wife, who is this guy Peebles, who was lately in a stew?
 Anyway a million of his kind can't fuss us, that's the joke—
 And though a cigaret is not a cigar, it makes a damned good smoke.
 I have been stung and roasted, old pals give me no cheer,
 But I've got a full head start again and the going looks quite clear,
 And the gloom of my hard fought week is flecked with cheery light,
 Some day I'll see these birds down low and will do them brown and right.

Just see, Loophound, what your swearing off for a week brought down on our innocent head. Rather than have a thing like this happen again, we'll provide you with smokes. It appears to be a choice between your health smoking, or our going bughouse reading poetry. We're pretty far gone now.

Two interesting letters have come recently from our Canton, Ohio, correspondent, William G. Miller. Mr. Miller finds in Burns a theme for the whole year, but when January and the poet's birthday comes around he grows unusually eloquent. His last letter was almost entirely about his favorite poet, but as he is scheduled for a Burns address he probably was rehearsing it and we forgive him. Not that we don't enjoy reading anything about the poet, for we confess to being something of a bug on the subject too, and we wish there were more who could see the real Burns as Mr. Miller does. If they could they would find him one of the greatest moral teachers and reformers who ever lived.

Mr. Miller writes:

This is the season for compliments and I certainly must compliment you on those editorials in the October NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Facts were presented so truthfully they set my hair on end. It is beginning to lie down again.

As it would appear at this writing some good may come out of the Washington conference, also between Britain and Ireland. Those boys of the "green" are getting about all they asked for. . . .

I spent last week in New York on private business and while there I met a fine Scotsman and a student of Burns. He gave me a grace attributed to the poet which only lately was found and which never has appeared in print. The story is that one day Burns' father was away from home and the mother said that Robert, being the eldest of the family, must say grace. Robert responded with the following:

Oh Thou wha blessed the loaves
 and fishes,
 Look doon upon thae twa wee
 dishes,
 And though the 'taties be but sma',
 Mak' them sufficient for us a',
 And if they should oor bellies fill
 'Twill be another miracle.

Those lines have the real Burns ring and how applicable and truthfully they might be repeated in many homes this coming winter, more so in other countries than in the United States, but much of it here.

With the compliments of the season, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
 WM. G. MILLER.

That is a very good grace Mr. Miller and if it has never appeared in print before, this is a good place for it. We confess we never heard it before and as you say it has a real Burns' ring to it. It was just such delightful touches of humor that made the preachers of his day say that

Burns was a scoffer and sacriligious when he had more true religion in his heart than their narrow minds could grasp.

Our worthy Milwaukee correspondent Jumbo writes:

As long as there is life there is hope. My conscience tells me that I have been tardy in behalf of the BULLETIN, which I regret, but as you know we all make mistakes. It is because of that the pencil manufacturing companies put erasers on pencils. However, there are some—mostly hypocrites—who claim they make no mistakes and who use a pencil without an eraser. It is for their benefit erasers are made, which they can slip into the vest pocket.

I am at present with the Wobst Shoe Company of Milwaukee and I am glad to say that shipments to Chicago, which have been made heretofore by express, are turning to the North Shore Line—the Road of Service. There's a reason.

When you take an inventory at your desk, be careful not to throw away my address, but keep right on sending the BULLETIN, or you'll hear a war whoop.

Wishing you and the North Shore Line a very happy and prosperous New Year and may all your undertakings prove successful, thereby achieving the ideal for which you are striving.

With a rah, rah for the North Shore, I am,

Yours very truly,
JUMBO.

As you are one of the "active" members of the family, there is no danger of your name being dropped, Mr. Jumbo.

Here comes one from Blairsburg, Iowa. Ever hear of the place? Well, neither did we, until we got the following letter:

According to your very reasonable requirement of "one letter a year at least" I am no longer entitled to the BULLETIN, which has come to me regularly, and been read through and usually passed on to others. However, I have again changed my address and want to be kept on the mailing list. If you haven't heard of this town before, it's nothing against you, 'cause it was a new one on me until three months ago. It's quite a bit smaller than old Chi., but it isn't half bad when one gets acquainted. Everybody around here seems to get plenty to

eat, which is more than can be said for some other places.

Mighty glad to read such good things about the North Shore Line. We all need the spirit of your road and your BULLETIN. Not having the loquacity of Loophound and some others of your interesting correspondents, I'll wind up with a Christmas greeting that caught my eye a few days ago:

If I sent you cigars you would smoke 'em

And I don't know the kind you prefer,

If I sent you rare gems you might soak 'em.

Or maybe you'd give them to her.

If I sent you a book you would read it

And carelessly toss it away,

If I sent you a Ford you might speed it

And eat turkey in jail Christmas Day.

But a good wish needs no rhyme or reason

And I'm sending a million to you, That this be the best Christmas season,

Old Man, that you just ever knew.

Cordially yours,

RICHARD L. MITCHELL

Our regular correspondent, Jim Ham, writes:

In addition to extending my heartiest wish for a most prosperous New Year to you and the flock, I want to say you spilled some great logic in pages one to seven of the December BULLETIN.

Hope you affixed a white or pink bow to the wreath of myrtle, or laurel, page 11 of the BULLETIN. But say, it would have been a great idea if Old St. Nick had left a Christmas tree in your sanctuary, with us glistening contribs dangling more or less—mostly less—gracefully by the neck from its virgin branches. 'Twould be hard to duplicate such a novelty. (Too severe punishment, Jim, in spite of the enormity of the crimes. As to that laurel wreath, you notice, we said you should be "crowned," but we didn't say how. Maybe we should have said "beaned.")

Am prone to comment on paragraph in December BULLETIN in re "dehorned" cattle. Seems to me that there are many of the "dehorned" variety among us humans, and when a long-horned bull comes bustin' round, we get all gummy and start milling things up among ourselves. There's some excuse for the cattle, because man hath deprived him of his horn and the l. h. bull has the advantage, but

what excuse can we offer for us humans who throw away their horns so readily?

Wonder if you've had any appreciative comment on that gratis nip of coffee, so gracefully served on your morning diners? You know it's sort of comfy to inhale a sip of Java while waiting one's grapefruit and digesting The Line in the W. G. N.

Well, Chief, am sure we all feel that 1922 will be a great year for the BULLETIN. If you can keep some of us from "poeting" am satisfied space will be available for additions to the family. Am not making any resolutions, because few of them live their natural lives, but will promise to be as lenient as possible in abusing your consideration.

Devotedly yours,

JIM HAM.

You probably are right, Jim, in suggesting that the family would increase if we killed a few poets, but we're just naturally too soft-hearted to do it. While we repeat for the seventy-ninth time that we prefer prose, still poetry is better than nothing at all and it seems to amuse the poets. So we're going to let them ride Pegasus until he drops dead. A good many of them have ridden him lame now.

Where we haven't made personal acknowledgment we wish to thank everyone who so kindly remembered us with Christmas and New Year cards, among them, Conrad Shearer, Tom Lockhart, John Boswell, "Jumbo," Mrs. Clark, Harold Rasmussen, Norman Forsman, F. W. Cushing, Miss Lyall Smith, Stanley R. Osborn, J. F. Robertson, Walter Reed, Jim Ham, John F. Weedon, Bill Strandborg, Dwight Burroughs, etc. They came from all parts of the country between Baltimore, Md., and Seattle, Wash. You see, we have a rather widespread family.

We'll close this column right here, wishing you all happiness and prosperity in the year which hasn't arrived as this is written, but will be well on its way by the time you read this.

THE EDITOR'S PRAYER

THE esteemed (more or less) editor of this BULLETIN has been grossly slandered. He has been charged with imploring Divine assistance to improve his golf game when, as a matter of fact, he believes that lack of practice is the chief trouble.

Anyway, here is the story, relayed to this desk by John J. Moran, although we have a suspicion that one J. D. Peebles is mainly responsible. The story goes that the editor was seen on a North Shore train one day recently, engaged in an animated conversation with B. J. Fallon, the chief engineer and one of the chief golfers. Presumably the conversation had to do with golf, for when Mr. Fallon left the train at Kenosha, the editor is said to have closed his eyes and assumed an attitude of prayer and this is what was heard:

Oh God of Golf, now hear my plea:
Make a fair putter out of me!
I do not ask of you too much,
The champion's sure and certain touch,
The master stroke—just teach me now
To get a four-foot putt somehow.

Upon the practice green I can
Get down my ball with any man;
But when the game grows close
and tense
Somehow I lose all putting sense.
Teach me, I pray thee, then, to stand
As one whose brain controls the hand.

Teach me to know that "never up
Is never to get in the cup!"
Grant me a little sense in this.
To give the ball a chance to miss,
And when the line describes a curve
Defend me from a faltering nerve.

Let me be bold, as bold as they
Who win my golf balls when I play;
Teach me in every circumstance
At least to give the ball a chance.
And let me hope, as other men,
To hole a long one, now and then.

Well, whether the editor prayed in that fashion or not, it is a perfectly good prayer and voices our sentiments.

ANNUAL SAFETY MEETING AND ENTERTAINMENT

THE third annual safety meeting and entertainment of the North Shore Line was held in the Deerfield-Shields High School in Highland Park on the afternoon and evening of December 29 and was in every way a big success. In point of attendance nothing like it ever took place on the North Shore Line, for more than 1,000 employes and their families enjoyed themselves at the two sessions.

Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, congratulated the various committees and all the employes for the good work they had done during the year in the direction of accident prevention and urged them to continue. An amusing incident occurred while Mr. Budd was speaking at the evening session, which was significant. A curly-headed youngster, of probably four years of age, broke away from his guardians and walking up to Mr. Budd, took his hand, and throwing up his head, he stood there facing the audience. The significance of the incident was that at the particular moment Mr. Budd was speaking of the suffering which accidents brought upon the women and children. The chubby, curly-headed boy illustrated the point admirably, for who would take a risk, and through carelessness, deprive such a boy of the parental care which is his due?

An interesting part of the program was the exhibition given by Dr. Fisher's First Aid Team of the Chicago Elevated Railroads. The team showed how to act in an emergency, how to resuscitate a victim of electric shock, how to apply splints to broken limbs, bind wounds and perform other first aid services for an injured fellow employe. The general comment was that the team had been splendidly trained and it is probable that in the near future such a team will be organized by Dr. Fisher on the North Shore Line.

While the social side of the occasion seemed to overshadow the serious side, it should not be forgotten that the main purpose of the meeting was to keep alive and increase the interest in accident prevention.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR TRACK LABORERS

WE have told you before in the BULLETIN of the good work being carried on by the North Shore Line, under the direction of C. G. Goodsell, to make American citizens out of the section hands and to teach them the English language. Well, the work goes on continuously and with gratifying results. The almost perfect attendance of the men at the meetings, shows their interest in the work.

On the Friday evening before Christmas, Mr. Goodsell arranged a party for the men, which was a great success. Some of them do not understand English, but they all understand Santa Claus. They also understand music, for that is a universal language.

The party was held at Highland, with L. C. Torrey, engineer-auditor acting the role of Santa Claus. Some of the married men brought their wives and children and Santa Claus distributed candy and fruit and cigars freely. Talks on citizenship and the Christmas spirit were given by George Koshchak and John J. Moran, Miss Gertrude McGraw gave some recitations and Louis Ocian supplied the music.

Everyone enjoyed the party immensely. One of those little things that may not seem much in itself, but means a great deal to the alien men and women and their families. It gives them to understand that some one really is interested in their welfare. No matter what country one may come from, or what language he may speak, he knows and understands the language of human kindness and there is a lot of that floating around on the North Shore Line.

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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

FEBRUARY, 1922

THE NEW YORK
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"The Road of Service"

EXTENSION OF SERVICE

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

Northbound

Lv. Dorchester

6:50 A. M.
7:35 A. M.
11:35 A. M.
4:17 P. M.
8:35 P. M.

Lv. Chicago

7:15 A. M.
8:00 A. M.
12:00 Noon
4:45 P. M.
9:00 P. M.

Ar. Milwaukee

9:30 A. M.
10:35 A. M.
2:35 P. M.
7:00 P. M.
11:35 P. M.

Southbound

Lv. Milwaukee

7:15 A. M.
12:00 Noon
4:45 P. M.
6:00 P. M.
9:00 P. M.

Lv. Chicago

9:25 A. M.
2:31 P. M.
6:55 P. M.
8:31 P. M.
11:31 P. M.

Ar. Dorchester

10:00 A. M.
3:06 P. M.
7:30 P. M.
9:06 P. M.
12:06 A. M.

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

20th Century Connection

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

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

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

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, February, 1922

 28 No. 4

Editorial Comment

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THIS is going to be a clean story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

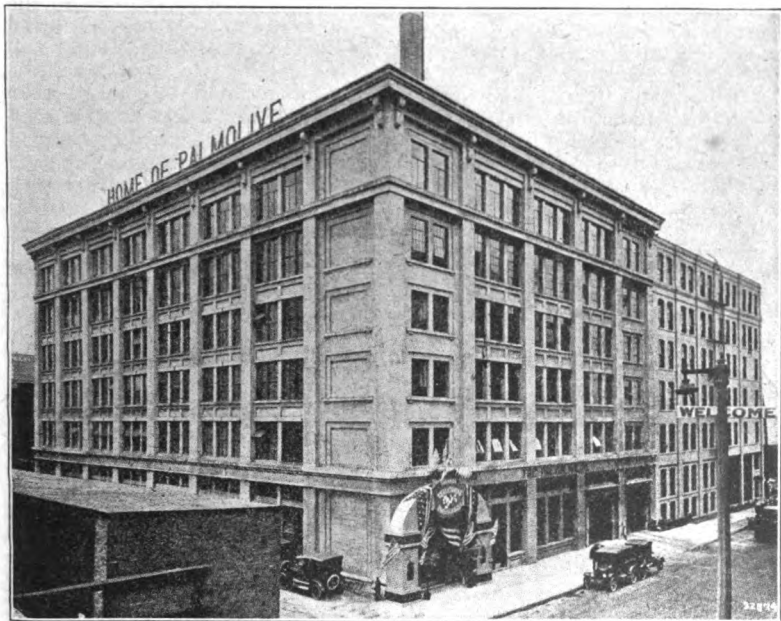
While this boiling process is under way, alkali, which must be of a certain strength, is daily put into the seething mass. That is one of the most expert processes in the making of soap, because of the chemical action of the alkali on fat. Too little alkali would leave fat in the finished product to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

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

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

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

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



Main Plant of Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCKY FRIDAY THE 13TH

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Very sincerely,

"F. G. Braun, Waukegan."

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

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

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

PRAISES NORTH SHORE COFFEE

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

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

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

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

"Your respectfully,

"Sam'l H. Bloom."

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

THE RULING PASSION

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

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

With the Bulletin Family

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hastily,
"Ras."

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

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

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

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

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

got even, though. She married into the family.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,

Loophound.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sincerely,

J. D. Peebles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jerker Bob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cordially,

Jim Ham.

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

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

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

best railroad in America for comfort and attention to travelers.

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

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

Yours sincerely,

W. J. Colton.

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

Mrs. Clark, of Detroit, writes:

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

Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

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

Our Milwaukee correspondent, Jumbo, writes:

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

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

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

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

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

CLEAN CARS; GOOD SERVICE

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

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

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

"Very truly yours,

"L. L. Wolf, Cincinnati."

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

ESSAY ON SCOTLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The chief national characteristic is reckless expenditure.

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

COMMENDS COURTESY OF CREWS

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

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

"Yours very truly,

"Edwin A. Douglass,
"Milwaukee."

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

A COURTEOUS COLLECTOR

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

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

"Very truly yours,

"J. D. Taylor, Chicago."

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

HE COULDN'T BE WRONG

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

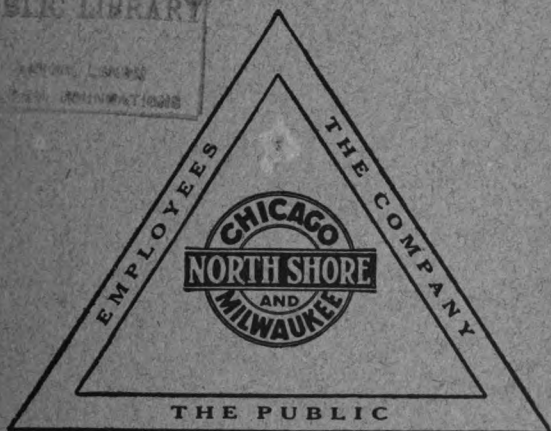
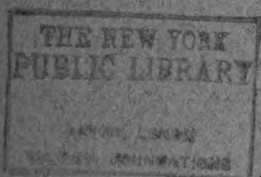
"I must confess that when I joined this regiment I was prejudiced against you and your religion, but association with you has quite overcome my prejudice and made me ashamed of it."

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

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

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MARCH, 1922



"The Road of Service"

THE MASTER KEY

READERS of the BULLETIN may recall having seen in the Contributors' Column one or two letters from the Rev. W. T. Dorward of Milwaukee, author and lecturer. He is a pretty busy man, but finds time occasionally to send a line to the BULLETIN.

Recently Mr. Dorward made a trip to Chicago to deliver his address on "The Master Key" to the supervisory forces of the Chicago Elevated Railroads. Every one who listened to Mr. Dorward agreed that he was the most interesting speaker they had ever heard, and that his message to workmen was something very much worth while.

The editor of the BULLETIN had read The Master Key before he heard the author lecture on it, which added to his enjoyment of the lecture. Mr. Dorward is in great demand among big industrial concerns, but it should not be necessary for him to travel to Pittsburgh and other eastern cities to lecture, when there is so much need of his message in Chicago, Milwaukee and other industrial centers in this vicinity.

In speaking of the Chicago lecture one foreman on the Elevated Roads said: "I never heard anything like it. One minute he had us all crying and the next minute we were convulsed with laughter. It was wonderful."

Mr. Dorward has a fine sense of humor and is a wonderful story-teller. Every point in his lecture he illustrates with a humorous story, so that an audience will never get tired listening to him.

Large industrial concerns who have foremen's clubs and educational clubs among their employes, should have Mr. Dorward address them. His lecture is, of course, educational, but it is so interspersed with humorous anecdotes that it also is highly entertaining. Mr. Dorward is a past

master in the art of putting his point across with a funny story, which, as every one knows, is the way to make it stick.

CARRYING COAL TO NEWCASTLE

DOESN'T it seem like carrying coal to Newcastle to have a man in Homestead, Pa., write for "Baby Lobsters" from Milwaukee?

Well, the North Shore Terminal Restaurant received such a letter, with enclosed check, from Lawrence Oeffner, of Homestead, Pa., requesting that two broiled baby lobsters be sent him by parcel post.

Of course the broiled lobsters served in that Milwaukee Terminal restaurant are exceptionally fine, but they must come from somewhere in the east in the first place. Anyway, the lobsters were sent, as requested.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE

A RECENT sleet storm in upper Michigan and Wisconsin played havoc with telegraph and telephone wires, and the North Shore Line was of material assistance in restoring means of communication.

The Wisconsin Telephone Company needed a lot of new wire. It called the Western Electric Company, which in turn called the North Shore Line to find how long it would take to get a carload of wire from Chicago to Milwaukee. It was nearly noon when the inquiry was made. The Western Electric hurried the wire to the North Shore terminal and the carload was in Milwaukee by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

That is the way the North Shore Merchandise Despatch functions. Other carloads followed the first one, with similar results. That is the kind of service being given every day. If you have any doubt about it, give it a trial.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, March, 1922

 28 No. 5

Editorial Comment

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
Or whether pigs have wings."*

WHEN one hasn't anything to say, it is a good rule not to say anything. Strict observance of such a rule, however, would be tough on Chatauqua lecturers, U. S. Senators and editors. If this particular editor observed the rule this morning, this, and the succeeding few pages would appear blank. That, of course, would never do.

* * * * *

WHEN a minister has to preach a sermon and can't think of a live topic, he falls back on some story a few thousand years old and elaborates on that. It's hard on the congregation, but some of them keep awake from a sense of duty. Well, we aren't going back a few thousand years, but we have an idea that a little North Shore history would be interesting. You see the North Shore Line to us, is what the Bible is to the minister—a good subject to talk about in a pinch.

* * * * *

THOUSANDS of patrons of the North Shore Line, who ride in ease and comfort between Chicago and Milwaukee, in easy-riding steel cars, over a stone-ballasted track, on heavy steelralls at a speed of a mile a minute, for a good part of the way, do not know anything about the early history of the road. As this is the month in which the annual report of the North Shore Line makes its public appearance, the idea occurred that in making some comment on that report, a little sketch of "How the Giant Grew" might interest readers. The road isn't old in years, only just entered its 'teens, but it is a lusty youngster and is rapidly overcoming defects which it inherited, or

which developed in childhood as a result of too many, and too care-less nurses. It isn't one of those infants born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

* * * * *

THE report for the year 1921 isn't anything to make the owners of the property wildly enthusiastic, so far as profits are concerned, but then it might be worse. During the latter half of the year, an increase in intrastate rates and a reduction in wages and salaries, helped materially, but the relief came too late to overcome losses incurred in the first half of the year. The net result was that the road earned about 4.6 per cent on the value of the property, which isn't a big return on the investment, in view of the fact that the company had to pay between 8 and 9 per cent on capital borrowed for improvements during the year. The return on the investment was less than for the year 1920, but that was not reflected in any way in the character of the service given the public. The high standard of service, which has made the road popular with the public, was maintained throughout the year and a number of important improvements made. More improvements are planned for the coming year, too, as we told you in a previous issue of the BULLETIN, for the North Shore Line is on the jump all the time, even if it isn't making as much money as many suppose.

* * * * *

IN giving the foregoing brief summary of what the annual report shows, don't get the idea that it is given in a complaining spirit, because it isn't. The North Shore Line, like every other business has felt the depression of the last year, but feels that it got its share of the business that there was. It would, of course, like to see a business revival and could very easily take care of a lot more than it has at the present time. It appreciates the hearty co-operation of its patrons and asks for increased patronage on the ground that it has a superior service to sell, rather than it isn't earning a fair return on its investment. In other words it is a reciprocal proposition. The public needs the service and the company needs the business. That's the whole spirit of the North Shore Line. Help ye one another, or something on that order. It's the right spirit, too, and accounts for the steadily increasing popularity of the road with the traveling public and with shippers. It isn't the policy of the North Shore Line to get as much as it can and give as little as it can in return. The policy is to give the public the most that can be given for the money, and the annual report shows it.

* * * * *

WE'RE not sure whether that always was the policy of the road, but we know it has been its policy since it was re-organized in 1916 and came under the present control and management. In that

year—1916—the road had gross earnings of \$1,157,000 and carried between seven and eight million revenue passengers. Last year its gross revenue was \$4,500,000 and it carried about fourteen million revenue passengers. That doesn't necessarily mean that its net income increased in proportion, but it does mean that its usefulness as a public servant has increased tremendously. As we have explained before in the BULLETIN, a public utility company differs in many respects from the ordinary business enterprise, because of the large initial investment of capital. The ordinary public utility has to invest about \$5 of new capital for every \$1 of new business that it gets, so that the ratio of its net income to its gross revenue, must be much greater than is the case with a private concern with a relatively smaller investment and greater "turnover." The average private concern turns its capital over three or four times a year, the utility company once every four or five years. That is one reason why there is so much confusion in the public mind about the earnings of public utility companies. We might repeat here, what we have said many times in the BULLETIN, that under state regulation there can be no such thing as paying dividends on "watered stock," because the companies are allowed to charge only rates sufficient to provide a reasonable return on the actual value of the property devoted to the service of the public. Whether the rate earned by the North Shore Line last year, of less than 5 per cent, is "reasonable" may be left to the reader. Certainly it cannot be said to be "unreasonably" high, and had it not been for the foresight of the Management in trimming the sails last June, the outlook would have been pretty serious.

* * * * *

WE made a promise—or was it a threat—at the beginning of this discourse on nothing in particular, to give a little history of the North Shore Line. We mean, of course, something of its early history. So far we have discussed only "current events" as you might say. But we have been asked so many times about early events on the road, about things we didn't know, that we decided to dig up a little past history. It's mighty interesting, too, to trace the development of a road like the North Shore, which began in such a humble way in 1895. At that time its equipment consisted of two single-truck cars and a piece of single track, running from the center of the city of Waukegan, south to 10th street. The two cars were second-hand ones, at that. But it had quite a pretentious name. It was known as the Bluff City Electric Street Railway Company. Gradually the line was pushed south, through North Chicago to Bluff City—now Lake Bluff—which was then a Methodist camp meeting ground. It wasn't a continuous line, however, for there was a gap at the crossing of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The original idea appears

to have been to build simply a local line connecting Waukegan with Lake Bluff, but it did not take the promoters long to see the possibilities of an interurban road to connect all the municipalities in that section.

* * * * *

IN 1897 a new company was formed known as the North Shore Interurban Railway Company and the line was extended south through Lake Forest, Fort Sheridan, Highwood and Highland Park, where it ended in the woods. The gross earnings of the company were \$20,802 in 1898 and they increased to \$84,365 in 1899. It was in the latter year that the idea of an electric line connecting Chicago and Milwaukee was conceived and a new company was formed with that end in view, known as the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railway Company. With the organization of the new company and the larger idea, the construction of a double-track line was pushed south to Evanston, with a gap through the village of Kenilworth owing to a delay in procuring a franchise. This part of the road was built largely on a private right of way and the construction was up to the standard of that time. With the completion of that section, continuous operation began from Evanston to Waukegan, except for a short period when there were no tracks through Kenilworth. In a short time the original line from Waukegan to Lake Forest had to be reconstructed and was built as a double-track railroad on private right of way, the greater part of the original line having been built on public highways.

* * * * *

WITH the completion of the road between Evanston and Waukegan, the next step in development was to extend it north to Zion City, Kenosha and Racine. It was about 1902 that the idea occurred of building a high-speed interurban and an extensive construction programme was laid out. To build the line north meant the use of a great deal of gravel for ballast, and as that could be procured in abundance from the gravel pits near Libertyville, the Libertyville Branch was projected and speedily pushed to completion. In 1904 construction work was started on the present line, from a connection with the Libertyville Branch at North Chicago, through the western part of Waukegan and north to the state line. Another company was formed, with only a slight change in the name, known as the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Company, which leased, and later purchased, the lines of the predecessor company and pushed the line north. In the same year the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Company of Wisconsin was organized. By 1905 the line was opened for traffic to Kenosha, the Kenosha City Railway having been purchased and operated in connection with the interurban line. One year later the line was opened as far as Racine and construction

pushed on toward Milwaukee. This work, however, was delayed because of financial difficulties which overtook the company during the panic of 1907, so that it went into the hands of receivers in January, 1908.

* * * * *

THE receivers completed the line to Milwaukee, so that through operation began in October 1908, but the service would not compare very favorably with that given today. The road was operated by receivers continuously for the next eight years, or until the present management took charge of it in July 1916. Some of the records examined in looking up this little history of the road are interesting, and a moral might be drawn from them. From 1909 to 1915 the gross earnings of the road remained practically stationary, as did the number of passengers carried. In fact the gross revenue of the company in 1909—the first year under the receivership—was slightly in excess of the year 1915, the last full year in which the affairs of the company were administered by a receiver. What is the inference to be drawn from the records? It is that the public always is the loser when a utility company is forced into a receivership. If the North Shore Line under the receivership had been giving the public good service, it is natural to suppose that its business would have increased. The gross revenue in 1909 was \$919,074 and in 1915 it was \$911,120. The figures tell the story. The road wasn't exactly dead, but it was in a state of coma, just hanging on to life. The public always is the heaviest sufferer in such cases, because it is deprived of the service which it should have, and federal courts are not apt to be moved by petitions for improvements.

* * * * *

THAT receiverships bring about stagnation is a fair inference to be drawn from the figures quoted. We wish to emphasize the point, because so many electric railroads throughout the country have been forced into receiverships in the last three or four years. About 17 per cent of the total electric railway mileage in the country is now in that unfortunate predicament, brought about by various causes, the chief and important cause being the lack of a proper understanding on the part of the public, of the needs of such companies. We venture the assertion that in every city in which the electric railways are being operated under the jurisdiction of the courts, the service is inferior to what it was before the receivership. We would like to have you think that over, because it is important, and applies, not to electric railways alone, but to every utility which is providing the public with an essential service. The public utility company is just as much subject to the tyranny of the balance sheet, as is the small grocer or the butcher. It has to meet its bills and it cannot pull money out of the air any more than can an individual. If it is not

allowed to charge rates sufficient to meet its expenses, a receivership is inevitable and the public, as well as the owners of the property lose by it.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the truth of what we have said in the foregoing paragraph has been demonstrated time and again, and although it is clearly proved in the history of the North Shore Line, which we have outlined briefly, there are many who refuse to see it. They raise a hue-and-cry against the utility companies, call them public robbers, etc., and do their best to bring about the receiverships we have been speaking of. There hasn't been quite as much of that sort of thing in the last two or three years, it is true, but there still is more of it than there is any need for. You have heard the soapbox fellows. If these orators would use the soap more and the box less, we have an idea that everyone would be happier. What really brings results is a spirit of co-operation, not a spirit of antagonism. That is the spirit that prevails on the North Shore and that is why the business of the road has increased, year by year, since the present Management took charge. That is why the employes show such a hearty willingness to serve the public and to render little acts of courtesy and kindness, as shown by a number of letters printed in another portion of this issue of the BULLETIN. And why shouldn't that spirit prevail? As we have already said the public needs the service and the company is there to supply it and needs the patronage. Both get what they need through working together.

* * * * *

WOULD that spirit of co-operation prevail under so-called public ownership and operation? We doubt it, judging from the few experiments that have been tried along that line. It sounds plausible in theory, but it doesn't work out in practice. That makes us think of a talk we listened to a few nights ago. The speaker was an old acquaintance and reads the BULLETIN. At least he read the last issue, for he took exceptions to what we wrote about Alexander Hamilton. He doesn't agree with the Hamiltonian philosophy, his ideal statesman being Thomas Jefferson. So he gave us a few good-natured digs in his talk, which, of course, was perfectly proper and helped to advertise the BULLETIN. During his remarks on democracy he drew a pretty picture of what would happen on a ship out in the middle of the ocean, if the passengers were divided in opinion as to whether the ship should proceed north or south. The old method, he said, would be for the passengers to fight it out. The new method would be to take a referendum on it and the minority would have to go with the majority, because walking is bad in the middle of the ocean. After the lecture we said to the speaker that it was a pretty picture he drew about the way the passengers on that ship would decide its

course. "The only trouble with it," we said, "is that it isn't so. All the passengers would go the way the captain of the ship determined, and they wouldn't be consulted, either." We added that we thought it a mighty good thing for the safety of the ship, that the authority and responsibility rested with the captain, otherwise the ship would never reach its destination. Well, he laughed and said that we were right about what the practice is, but he wished only to drive home the idea of majority rule. We haven't any quarrel with majority rule, of course, but the majority rules under our present form of government through its chosen representatives.

* * * * *

WELL, we have almost reached our space limits and we're just as glad over it as you are. Our sermon may be a little dry, but facts usually are. Running through this dissertation on the history, past and present of the North Shore Line, there are one or two thoughts we wish you to get. The road isn't making big profits, as its owners know and as we have shown our readers. But it isn't complaining and it looks forward with confidence. It is giving the public excellent service and means to continue and do better if possible. Its success as a railroad and as a servant of the public, dates from the time it was taken out of the hands of the federal courts and placed under efficient private management. It made no progress during the eight years it was in receivership. The fact that it stood still while the communities it serves kept growing steadily indicates rather clearly that receiverships are to be avoided, if the public is to be given good service. To avoid receiverships there must be a spirit of co-operation between the people being served and the company supplying that service. That spirit exists on the North Shore Line, but it doesn't exist everywhere. A little better business understanding and a whole lot better human understanding is needed, if the best results are to be attained. With that explanation of what we have been grinding out for the last few hours, we'll bid you goodbye until next month.

HE WAS THE WINNER

An American sojourning in Scotland was approached by a neighbor Scot with a request for a subscription for a golf cup to be offered as a prize in a local tournament. The American contributed \$10 and, turning to the Scot,

asked when the match was to be played.

"It was played last Tuesday," said the Scot.

"Indeed," said the American, "and might I ask who won the cup?"

"Masel'," said the Scot.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

EVERYONE is familiar with the old saying of "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." That is supposed to be the height of efficiency, and it isn't such an easy job, either, as anyone knows who has tried to make a lawn out of his back yard.

The saying may be applied to undertakings other than raising grass. Modern industry, fighting for existence under a heavier tax burden than it has ever been required to carry in the past, is striving these days to produce maximum results at minimum cost. New machines and improved methods are daily being devised—using the same metaphor,—to make two blades grow where one grew before.

Recently we ran across a pamphlet issued by the Pawling & Harnischfeger Co. of Milwaukee, which on the last page contained an invitation, "When in Milwaukee, pay us a call." There seemed something friendly about that invitation and as the P. & H. machines for reducing costs are known all over the world, we thought we would accept the invitation and pay the big plant a visit.

We found the officials of the company, whom we met, quite as friendly as the invitation on the back page of the pamphlet. They were quite ready to show us through the plant, which is one of the largest, if not the largest of its kind in the world. The company manufactures all kinds of excavating machinery as well as electric traveling cranes, overhead hoists and monorail systems. It makes machines which dig trenches, fills them up again and tamps them. All parts of the machines are made within the plant,

which covers an area of 28 acres, so that it is the most complete in that respect that can be found. Most firms specialize on one or two types of machines, but the P. & H. Co. specializes in a great many.

In going through the plant we visited the pattern shop, where the patterns for the various types of machines are made. Then to the foundry where the castings are molded, to the machine and blacksmith shops, to the electrical shops where we saw men and women winding armatures, for the company makes the motors used in electric and gasoline operated machines, as well as the engines used on steam shovels.

One machine in particular attracted our attention and made us think of the saying quoted about the two blades of grass being made to grow in place of one. Although we don't profess to know much about machinery the advantages of this particular machine were so striking that they could not escape the notice of even a layman. It takes the place of eight different machines by means of various attachments, which can be adjusted in a few minutes. That spells economy for the contractor by greatly reducing the investment in machinery.

The machine, a picture of which is here re-produced, is known as a super-tractor crane, driven by a powerful gasoline motor. While it is a standard crane and is being used by the American Steel and Wire Co. to handle wire coils and other products, it is being used in Hartford, Conn., with a magnet attached to handle pig iron and scrap, and in Honolulu it is used to handle sugar cane. The machine is mounted on corduroy traction, similar to that used on

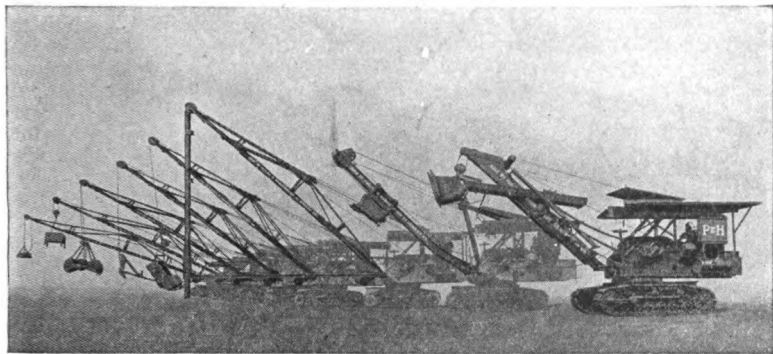
the famous army tanks, so that it can climb hills or hurdle ditches if necessary.

As a shovel it recently proved its efficiency in digging for the foundations of the new government tuberculosis sanitarium at Milwaukee. Several steam shovels were on the job, but the gasoline shovel was used to dig the frozen surface of the ground because of its greater power.

The reason for the greater

for tearing up roads, doing shallow grading and leveling off.

Ordinarily the connection between a steam shovel and a pile driver is rather remote. They are separate and distinct machines. But the "8 in 1" combines the two. The shovel attachment is removed and a pile-driving rig substituted. What was an efficient gas shovel is now a gas pile-driver and it has some advantages over the steam pile-driver, too.



P. & H. "8 IN 1" MACHINE

power of the gas shovel is easily explained. It has only one power unit so that the full power of the engine can be put behind any single movement when necessary. The steam shovel has three smaller engines, one for hoist and travel, another for swinging and a third for the thrust, or "bite" into the earth. Its power therefore is divided between the operations, whereas the power of the gas shovel is concentrated where it is needed.

Equipped with a standard boom and a dragline, this "8 in 1" machine is extensively used for sewer excavations. With a regular backfilling scraper it will easily backfill upward of 2,000 cubic yards of dirt in a day. Another attachment is a "skimmer scoop" and the machine is ready

As it stands squarely on its own corduroy traction, it can move rapidly from one pile to another.

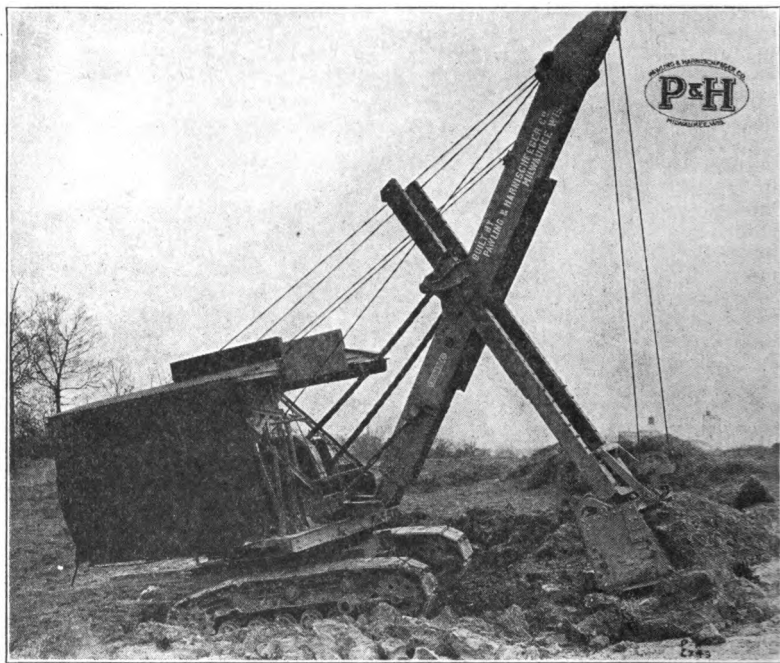
The manufacturers of this machine call it an "8 in 1," but, perhaps, they are too modest in their claims because it handles so many kinds of materials. Some firms use it for handling coal, others for handling scrap iron and steel billets and equipped with a special gooseneck boom it is very efficient in handling lumber, lifting and swinging around a matter of 2,000 feet or more in one movement.

That machine has got a vacuum cleaner beat for the number of uses to which it can be put, and a vacuum cleaner is pretty well equipped with attachments. We recall one occasion when we put a vacuum cleaner to a use that, as

far as we knew, the manufacturers never dreamed of. We had been operating the thing one Sunday when we were gently reminded that the furnace needed cleaning. We just love to clean furnaces, so we figured out an easy method. We had been experimenting with the vacuum cleaner and proved to our satisfaction that it had wonderful suc-

all over the neighborhood, we suppose, but, anyway, it left the furnace in a hurry and we flattered ourself on having made a discovery. We believe the "8 in 1" similarly might be put to even more uses than its manufacturers claim for it.

If the particular machine we have been describing is the last word in utility and efficiency, the



P. & H. GASOLINE SHOVEL

tion powers. We thought if it can suck, why can't it be made to blow by reversing the thing? Did it work? Well, we put a hose attachment on the reverse and inserted it in the furnace, then went out to watch the chimney. The dust going out of that chimney-top resembled the crater of a volcano getting ready for action. The dust and soot settled

process of its manufacture is equally efficient. Everything is standardized with the idea of quantity production. The machines go through the shops in lots of ten at a time, which reduces the cost of manufacture to a minimum. In fact, the thorough organization in every department, is one of the noticeable features in the P. & H. plant. There seems

to be a place for everything and everything in its place, which is not always the case in large plants of the kind, which handle so many different kinds of materials and tools.

Another machine which attracted our attention was a power tamping machine. As we studied that machine, we thought how ineffective by comparison, is the hand tamping which one sees done by laborers on a street under repairs. Between puffs of his pipe the laborer pounds away with a 10-pound tamper, usually at a pretty low pressure if the boss doesn't happen to be nearby. This tamping machine hits a blow with a 150-pound weight and hits it 42 times a minute. One superintendent who had used the machine said it kept eight laborers busy shoveling dirt and it hammered it down faster than eighteen men could have done with tamping bars. It packs it harder, too, which reminds us of an old story about an Englishman who dug a hole for a gatepost on a gentleman's estate. When the job was completed, the gentleman who watched the operation marveled at the fact that all the dirt was put back in the hole. "How do you account for it?" he asked the laborer. "You have put in the post, yet you have put back all the dirt you dug out."

"Well," answered the disciple of Huxley, "you see, sir, the Creator made this earth in six days and 'E couldn't possibly 'ave 'ad time to pack it as 'ard as I 'ave." We don't know whether a P. & H. tamping machine packs the earth harder than it is in its original condition, but it hammers it in to stay.

There is another thought that occurs as a visitor goes through this great plant that has helped, and is helping, to "make Milwaukee famous," and that is the genius of the men who have built it up. The history of the firm

illustrates the wonderful opportunities which this country of ours offers to the industrious workman. The men who founded the business thirty-six years ago in a small way as a modest machine shop, and who have guided its development into one of the greatest manufacturing plants of its kind in the world, are both mechanics who began their careers at the workbench.

Alonzo Pawling was born in Chicago and learned the trade of a patternmaker. He worked as a journeyman for several years with a number of large concerns. Henry Harnischfeger was born in Germany, coming to this country as a young man and working for a number of years as a machinist and toolmaker. Chance brought the two men together, while both were employed as mechanics in the shops of the Whitehill Sewing Machine Company in Milwaukee. The partnership was formed and for a time the firm did a general jobbing business in the machine and pattern line. The principal capital of the partners was a thorough knowledge of their respective trades and plenty of grit and push. Small additions and extensions were built to their shop as their capital increased, then the opportunity came in 1887 when they were given the work of building the first electric traveling crane to be installed in what is now the Allis-Chalmers plant. The operation of the electric crane was a great success and revolutionized traveling crane design. A company was organized to manufacture electric cranes, with A. J. Shaw, the designer of the first crane as one of the partners and Mr. Harnischfeger as president of the company. The concern operated under the name of the Shaw Electric Crane Company.

Mr. Shaw later withdrew from the firm and Pawling and Harnischfeger extended their business

and developed special machinery for brewing, as well as horizontal drilling and boring machines. The present modern plant of the concern was built in 1904 and its products are known all over the world.

Mr. Harnischfeger, the president of the company, is also president of the Associated Machinery Cor-

poration, with offices in New York, India, Burma and Ceylon. At the present time Mr. Harnischfeger is on a business trip around the world, with the expectation of greatly extending his business in Japan, China and India. P. & H. excavating machinery is now being used extensively and successfully both in Japan and India in competition with coolie labor.

North Shore Courtesy Column

SO many letters come from passengers commending the courtesy of North Shore employees, that they deserve a page by themselves in the BULLETIN. The management of the North Shore Line insists that all employees shall be courteous and obliging to passengers, as that is a part of the service which the Company sells the public. The letters of appreciation are gratifying to the Management, as well as to the employees commended. Several letters this month have real human interest value and serve to show how a little kindly act is like a ray of sunshine, dispelling clouds and bringing joy and gladness into the hearts of all who have eyes to see it.

Here is one from a writer in Zion:

Last Thursday evening I took the Milwaukee Limited at Edison Court, train No. 425, due at Zion at 6:38 P. M. I dropped into the first vacant seat, which happened to be the smoker. Across the aisle in the two seats facing each other, were a man and a small boy of perhaps four years of age.

As I sat down I heard the man say—"It's all dirty now." I looked up and saw that the small boy had an "all-day sucker," and had dropped it on the floor. Just then the conductor came in from closing the vestibule door. He took in the situation and said to the boy: "Why, you don't have to lose that. I'll take it and wash it for you."

The conductor picked it up, took it to the water cooler and washed it thoroughly without touching it with his fingers. As he returned it to the small boy he said: "Now

don't drop it again. It is too good to lose, isn't it?" He then went on collecting his tickets.

Service? Courtesy? He might have merely kicked it under a seat where nobody would have stepped on it. He did more for a child than his father would do.

It was a happy, smiling "Thank you" from the child, and it seemed to me a very shame-faced one from the man, that the conductor received. I do not know any of the parties.

Yours truly,
Henry R. Seys,
Zion, Ill.

That was just a little thing, but it meant a great deal and appealed to the man who saw it, although he did not know any of the actors in the little drama. Such incidents always do appeal to those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel. The conductor who performed this kindly act to a little child is Erwin Anderson.

Here is another one, written from a hotel in St. Louis by a resident of Tulsa, Okla., who was impressed with the courtesy shown passengers by a conductor. He writes:

I wish to take this means of saying to you that although I have travelled considerably, and had occasion to ride on many different lines throughout the country, I have never before had the pleasure of receiving more courteous treatment than I received on the two trips recently made over your line, from Chicago to Milwaukee and return. Without any exceptions, I wish to say, that the Conductor on the limited that left Milwaukee at 11:30 A. M., Saturday, the 18th, is

the most courteous man I ever saw, to all the passengers. I noticed him especially for there was an old man on the car that asked him (as we often say) a hundred and one foolish questions and every one of them was answered in the same courteous manner. To the old saying that it is not Civil Engineers that we need but Civil Conductors, I can say that the North Shore has them and the one referred to above especially.

Assuring you that it is indeed a pleasure to find men of the type that I found on your line (and am sorry to say one seldom does) and trusting that you will find out the name of the conductor referred to and let him know that his passengers appreciate the courteous treatment received on his car.

Yours very truly,
T. M. Leslie,
Tulsa, Okla.

The Conductor referred to is Thomas Recktenwald.

Here is one received by Britton I. Budd, President of the North Shore Line, from a representative of the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. He writes: Dear Mr. Budd:

It is not easy in these days of lowering wages for the employees of the Public Utilities Company to be extremely courteous, but I certainly wish to commend you and your company for having a conductor of the type of Mr. Hergstine. He was conductor on the train that left Racine at 5:34 P. M. and his courtesy was so unusual in transferring me from car to car in order that I might be comfortable, that I wanted you to know of it personally.

After having ridden the suburban lines of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois one can easily state that the North Shore lives up to and beyond its reputation for accommodating service.

Hoping this will meet with your favor, I remain

Yours very truly,
F. A. Healy.

Employees of the North Shore Line have a reputation to sustain and the letters of commendation indicate they are doing their best to keep up the good name of the "Road of Service."

Many artists in the theatrical profession use the North Shore Line in traveling between Chicago and Milwaukee. That the

character of the service given them, and the courtesy of employees is appreciated is shown by two letters received from theatrical managers.

One of the letters was sent by the manager of a company to Edward F. Albee of New York, President of the B. F. Keith circuit of theaters. Mr. Albee replied in a letter to Britton I. Budd, President of the North Shore Line, thanking him for the splendid service the road was giving the theatrical profession.

The letter to Mr. Albee is as follows:

Knowing you enjoy hearing of the co-operation the different railroads are giving the performers on the road today, I cannot help but write you about the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad—the North Shore Line—running between Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Chicago.

In all my years of travel, I don't believe I have ever had more courtesy and co-operation shown me—that goes from the highest official down to the humblest employee of the road. Courtesy and service must be their watchwords.

Mr. William Peterson, General Passenger Agent Department, personally takes care of all details of your trips, all departments are notified of the fact that theatrical baggage must be taken care of above everything else, they put on special baggage cars whenever necessary and no excess is charged, no matter how much baggage is carried.

This road is deserving of all theatrical trade going to and from these points and I assure you traveling would be one round of pleasure if such treatment were given on all railroads.

Hoping you will find space in our wonderful paper for this letter and hoping you will be able to write Mr. Peterson acknowledging his wonderful co-operation with theatrical travel.

Very truly yours,
Doc Baker,
Manager Flashes.

In his letter to Mr. Budd, Mr. Albee says in part:

"I not only wish to congratulate you upon the efficiency of the employees of your road, but on the splendid discipline which em-

anates from the President's office down to the humblest position on the road.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for your interest.

"Cordially yours,

"E. F. Albee."

Such testimonials show that North Shore service is appreciated.

Here is another letter of appreciation from a Chicago business man for a service given him by Conductor Edward Stancoe:

Yesterday morning I found myself aboard the Milwaukee Limited out of Hubbard Woods at 7:57 without any money in my pockets.

The conductor, Edward Stancoe, very courteously gave me the attached receipt for fare, with a memorandum of his residence address, so that I could reimburse him personally for his advance to the Company.

Had never met Stancoe before. He handled this embarrassing situa-

tion in such a prompt and gentlemanly way that I feel it is only fair to him that you, and the Officers of the Road should know about it.

In later conversation with him, discovered that he has a family; is saving a little money; is very sincere and loyal in his praise of the Company. He is the type of employe that any corporation should be proud of.

Yours very truly,

George B. Ogan,
L. C. Chase & Company.

Every passenger similarly accommodated does not take the trouble that Mr. Ogan did to acknowledge it, but conductors on the North Shore Line, as a rule, are ready to accept the word of a passenger and extend him credit. We have heard of some instances, incredible as it may appear, when the passenger forgot all about the favor and also about the fare, but that doesn't happen often.

With the Bulletin Family

FOR a long time, in fact ever since we started this column, we have tried unsuccessfully to get a "rise" out of some members of the Family. The hundreds of letters we have received from readers have all been complimentary when commenting on editorials appearing in the BULLETIN.

It could hardly be expected that all our readers agreed with all the views expressed from time to time, which as we have often explained, are the views of one man, worth just that much and no more, but if any readers disagreed they did not let us know about it. Well, last month we drew two letters of the other kind, and welcome them as a change. We are glad to have the writers

enter the Family Circle, although they do not agree with us.

Perhaps we ought not to print the letters, as one of the writers says it is personal and just intended as a friendly comment. That is exactly the spirit in which we take it and if we felt guilty of the charge he makes, we would readily concede that he was right and profit by his advice. We will profit by it, anyway, but do not feel guilty of the charge he makes. The sum and substance of his charge is that we have been guilty on several occasions of making Henry Ford "the butt of many ironical thrusts, alluding to how little he knows," etc.

Now we did give Mr. Ford an "ironical thrust" last month in commenting on his suggestion that the government print paper

money for financing all our internal business and we still think such a suggestion is ridiculous, but we have always spoken of Mr. Ford as a genius for organization and one of the most successful manufacturers in the country. We haven't, as the writer of the letter seems to think, the slightest grudge against Mr. Ford, nor anyone else and we are willing to concede that he possesses many of the admirable characteristics which the writer of the letter takes four pages to describe in detail. Mr. Ford is, perhaps, the most talked of man in the country and when he flies off at a tangent as in his "peace ship" project during the war, and his financing public improvements with paper money with no gold behind such an issue, we fail to see why his views should not be commented upon. We do not believe there is any conspiracy to belittle Mr. Ford, and if there is, we certainly are not one of the conspirators.

What do you suppose the other writer called us on the carpet for? Because he thought we were making fun of the Eighteenth Amendment by quoting the Constitution of the United States in the last issue about the right of the people to be secure in their persons and houses against unreasonable searches and seizures. He says in part: "It seems to be part of our American nature to indulge vigorously in whatever fad occupies our attention. Just now the public press leads one to think our fad is illicit drinking, evasion of the more recent part of our national constitution. Probably most of the jests are cheap playing to the galleries, but even that is hardly compatible with the deep thought and Constitutional appeal you emphasize. Why join the crowd that jeeringly hampers the policeman in the discharge of his duties and why lend your pages to wink at and en-

courage the making of Constitutional enforcement more difficult?"

Our answer to that is that we don't and that our correspondent misunderstood our reference to the Fourth Amendment. What we had in mind in the paragraph to which reference has been made, was that federal agents in raiding private homes and clubs, not only violate the particular provision of the Constitution we quoted, but they make the law a farce. As we understand the prohibition amendment it prohibits the traffic in liquor, which is an entirely different thing from invading a man's home to search for home brew, or any other kind of drink for that matter, which he might keep for his own private use. However, we might say to this correspondent that we are in favor of the enforcement of the law and have said so repeatedly in this BULLETIN.

By way of showing differences in opinion, here is one from a Waukegan correspondent in which he says:

I received the BULLETIN a few days ago and wish to thank you. In reading over your generous array of editorials, I note with special interest the one in reference to baseball on page 4. It sure is a dandy. You could not have chosen a better example if you had tried in all parts of the world. Your other editorials are most educational and interesting and I am looking forward to your next issue with anticipation.

Most sincerely yours,
K. W. Moody.

Our "Special Eastern Correspondent" appreciates his recent promotion. He writes as follows from Pittsburgh:

Please double my allotment of BULLETINS. I need another one if efficiency is required of your Special Eastern Correspondent. One copy goes to a thirsty soul in the building, who hails from Milwaukee, and if I must rely on an unretentive memory in replying,

matters which merit attention may be utterly overlooked.

Thanks for the promotion. Edison says that everything comes to one who waits, and I've been patient. Also pleased be assured of my appreciation of the threat to raise my wages. Hope it's effective May 1, as my rent goes up fifteen points.

Reminds me of the old days when I gambled in mining stocks and the broker kept calling for more margins. One spring,—I think it was '08—I won enough to buy a lot in a swell residential section. It's different now. In the last few months I have been separated from enough change, via the landlord route, to buy a lot with some rooms upstairs, but the landlord retains the deed to the place. I'm in luck if I get the cancelled checks back.

There are times Luke, when I doubt your claim of being 100 proof Scotch. Don't know where the Spanish Main was, but could believe, with a minimum of persuasion, that one of those old-time, rum-guzzling pirates, if sufficiently mellowed with that famed West Indies product, answered to the name of Grant. Otherwise, how come that you are so proficient in Spanish athletics? For a native-born Scot in prohibition territory, you are mighty prodigal with your encomiums in suggesting that as a contributor of merit, I am there. I really don't deserve all the kind words you said of me in last month's issue. I'm not altogether to blame for it—it's a gift, just like freckles or big ears, or whatever is wrong with you.

That Spanish Main idea reminds me of Brother Peebles. After mailing my last letter I received my own copy of the BULLETIN, reading his Christmas stuff again. I wondered if some other good Scot had gone wrong away back in history and called himself Captain Kidd for short. Or maybe Mr. Peebles merely developed his kidding ways, instead of inheriting them.

Admiral Kato is an entirely different kind of sea-dog from those I mention. Differs from the ancient type in that he isn't at sea ashore. When interviewed recently on his return home from the Washington conference, he was shocked at the brevity of women's skirts in America. He seems to have forgotten already that it was an "arms" conference. Never did think those Japs took the thing seriously. I'd give a dime to hear what the European delegates thought of "Dry

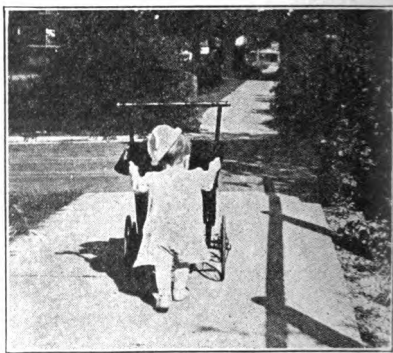
America." At that, we are as well off as Europe, we don't drink and they don't eat.

Now that the conference is over, wonder what Harding will think of next to keep his mind off the fall elections? It's tough to be President. I'd rather pay rent and be a free American. This selling game is the life,—we don't take orders from any one. Harding has to hunt up another postmaster soon. Hays has gone to other fields. Some one else is taking a Fall out of the cabinet and the soldiers insist on slicing A. Mellon. So it's little wonder if his thoughts are of somber Hughes for the next few Weeks. Yes, being President is as tough as a night in jail.

I stayed at the office tonight to work and this is the result. How can I look my wife in the eye and tell her I stayed down for business reasons, with Washington's birthday just rounding the corner? I did try to dope out how much Uncle Sam owed me for all the time I was figuring the income tax blank. It isn't much, either way. Guess I'll call it a draw and go home.

Yours,
Loophound.

We had another short note from Loophound, with a snapshot of Loophound, Jr., enclosed. He says if it is a pet subject with the BULLETIN to print pictures of contributors' babies, we might label his "The Bulletin's Last Baby" as a hint to discourage



LOOPHOUND III

other fond parents. We labeled Mrs. Clark's baby the "First Bul-

letin Baby" or something like that. Well, this one appears to be older than Mrs. Clark's baby and probably should have had the honor. From the way he wears that hat of his, we should say that he probably will be as good a correspondent as his father, if given a little time. Guess we must name him Loophound III, seeing that we have a Philadelphia Junior, although the latter has remained silent so long that we are considering demoting him.

Another correspondent who seems to enjoy the BULLETIN writes from Canton, Ohio, as follows:

Our mutual friend, William G. Miller, is sitting here in the office with me and we were just talking about you and your wonderful BULLETIN. Last Saturday night January 28, we had a Scottish banquet and we wished that you could have been with us. Mr. Miller gave one of the greatest addresses I have ever heard and prominent judges of the country who were there, said his address was inspired by a higher power. His talk was on the life of Burns.

Now I wrote a little poem for the occasion, which I am not asking you to use in the BULLETIN, but which I thought you might like to read. I never knew a great deal about Robert Burns until about a year ago, when Mr. Miller began to call my attention to his great character. I had read of Burns somewhat in my school work, but never studied this great man. During the past year I have read his poems a great deal and what I have learned is quoted in my little poem.

With kind regards and hoping this year may be a great one for you, I am

Your friend,
Joseph M. Markley.

Readers of the BULLETIN have read one or two of Mr. Markley's letters in previous issues and know that he is the Canton manager of the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency, but they may not know that he is a poet. Although it is some six weeks since Burns' anniversary, we are going to give space to Mr. Markley's tribute to the poet, which is all

the stronger from the fact that Mr. Markley is not a Scot as far as we know.

Here is his poem:

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT BURNS

I'm glad to be a Scot tonight,
And be with friends like you;
Who ever strive to do the right,
And help their brothers too.

And for the land across the sea,
That land from which we came;
We hope that we may ever be,
Full worthy of its name.

Or people anywhere;
For not a people o'er the sea,
Have more just reason proud to be,
Than those of Scotland fair.

It was the home of Robert Burns,
An honest man and brave;
Who in his poems ever spurns,
The hypocrite and knave.

Poor Robert Burns of humble birth,
Whose name will never die;
Brought poems down from God to earth,
That we are guided by.

A friend was he to all the poor,
Of man or beast or flower;
He wrote to smooth life's pathway
o'er,
Feared not, nor cared for power.

He scorned the proud aristocrat,
Preached brotherhood of man;
Said "Man's a Man for A' That"
Regardless of his clan.

He never wrought for wealth or fame,
But friendship, love and truth;
He left an everlasting name,
Like Jesus died in youth.

Though poor he was, and poor he left,
The world far richer be;
Now in the Rock of Ages cleft,
His soul with God is free.

Joseph M. Markley.

After reading that third verse, we are inclined to think that Mr. Markley must be a Scot, or have some of the blood in him. Dr. Watson, better known as Ian MacLaren, author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," once said that the principal prayer of the Scots was "Lord, aye gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels," and he added, naively, that the prayer seems to have been answered.

Sometime in the dim and distant past we have a faint recollection of receiving a letter from a Glencoe traveling man, but we are not sure about it. Well, if this is his first, we hasten to extend him a welcome into the family and hope he will take off his coat and stay a while. He writes:

Just finished your "F. R. C. lend me your ears" editorial. More power to ye. Attached clipping from a Newark, Ohio, paper is in the nature of a suggestion which I think would appeal to all your patrons. (The clipping referred to tells of an interurban railroad company which has placed a card bearing the name of the conductor and motorman in a conspicuous place at each end of the car.) The class of men operating North Shore trains deserve some such public recognition and although they probably are all so modest as to object to anything of this kind, the once-in-a-while regulars would appreciate it, I am sure. "Gadders" especially are prone to get acquainted wherever possible, at least my wife says so every time she threatens me with divorce and custody of the ten.

I wonder if you ever thought of the heaps of praise cast upon the operating end of your line and how little upon the maintenance end. How about the fellow walking the track, rain, snow, fair or cloudy? How about the section gang with the pick and shovel and tamp, taking each little bump out of our ride, so that we can knock along at 70 per in fine comfort?

That reminds me—how come that extra fine stretch of two or three miles on the southbound between Racine and Milwaukee? Left Milwaukee at 9:00 P. M. a few days ago and noticed the new steel as soon as we hit it.

Glencoe Gadder.

Well, Mr. Gadder, the North Shore Line does consider the welfare of the section gangs. If you don't think so, ask any of the section men. The BULLETIN also has paid its tribute of respect to these men who keep the tracks in such good condition.

As to that new rail up at the Milwaukee end, that is just one

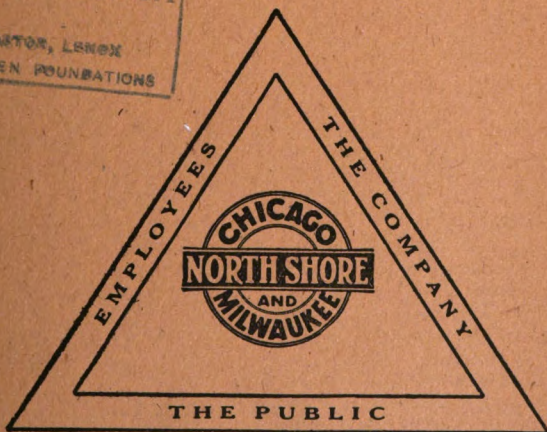
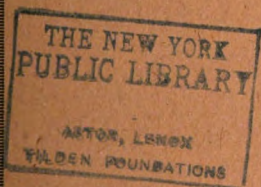
of the things that the road is doing to make travel more comfortable. The old light rail was replaced by a heavy steel rail and more of it will be replaced as fast as conditions permit.

We have had several letters from our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, who is always "on the job," rain or shine. He seems to keep busy in other fields, too, for we received a copy of the Plymouth Reporter, containing a fish story of Mr. Peebles' that would be a credit to Loophound himself in his most imaginative moments. It seems that a friends of Mr. Peebles'—or was it himself—went fishing in one of the lakes for which that part of Wisconsin is noted. The fisherman hooked a large pickerel and had quite a tussle with him, in which the pickerel had the better of it, as he got away. During the tussle the fisherman dropped a \$10 gold piece through a hole in his pocket, and it fell over the edge of the boat into the clear water. The pickerel grabbed it and escaped. About a year later the same fisherman hooked a pickerel near the same spot and recognized him as his former antagonist. In spite of the jeers of his companions he rowed to the edge of the lake and, with the aid of a pocket knife, performed a surgical operation on the pickerel. He recovered his \$10 gold piece and in addition silver and copper coins to the value of 67 cents, the legal rate of interest in Wisconsin for the time the \$10 had been on deposit.

It sounds truthful, and if there is anything in the Darwinian theory, that pickerel probably was preparing to qualify for a Scotch banker in a few million years.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

APRIL, 1922



"The Road of Service"

WOODLAWN CELEBRATES

THROUGH operation of North Shore trains to Sixty-third street in Chicago was celebrated by the Woodlawn Business Men's Association by an outing to Milwaukee on March 22.

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

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

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

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

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

Yours for Pep and Business,

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

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

chester Avenue, over the South Side Elevated.

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

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

HENRY CORDELL'S NEW CAR

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

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

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

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

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

"Where is your car?" he asked.

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

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

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, April, 1922

 28 No. 6

Editorial Comment

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

THAT ten-year naval holiday pleases us immensely. The ratification of the four-power treaty by the Senate was a fine piece of work. The subsequent ratification of the nine-power treaty and the others of minor importance wound up America's part in the most important international conference ever held. In spite of the opposition to ratification in the Senate, or should we say because of the opposition, we believe it insures world peace, for at least ten years. That

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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READY FOR BALL SEASON

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

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

OVERHEARD IN THE DINING CAR

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

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

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

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

PRAISE FROM CATHOLIC GIRL'S CLUB

THE following letter comes from Waukegan:

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

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

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

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

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

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

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

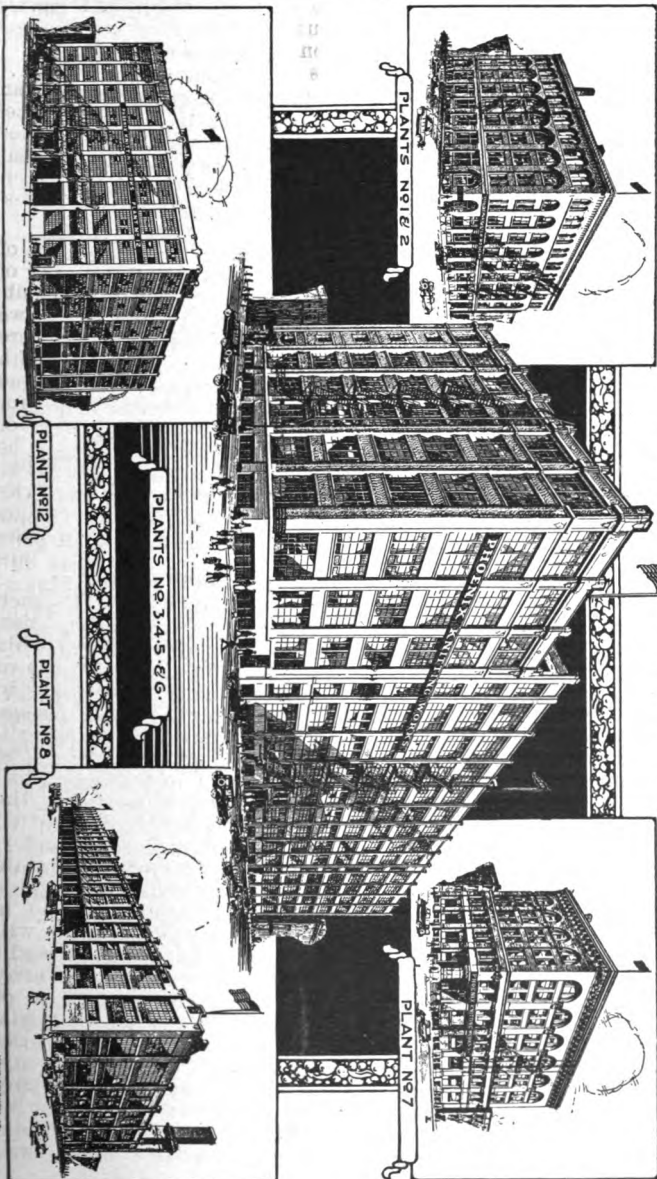
woman's emancipation, when an exposed ankle in public was something to be gazed at in wonder and admiration. It's so different now. However, we are not interested in dress reform. The present styles are good enough.

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

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

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

PLANTS OF PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMMENDATIONS

THE service given on the North Shore dining cars is the kind that pleases patrons and makes them speak of it to others. A passenger on a North Shore dining car is made to feel that he is a guest and he receives a personal attention that is not usual on railroad dining cars:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVERY TRIP A PLEASURE

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

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

Wishing you continued success and prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly,

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

PRAISE FROM PACIFIC COAST

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

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

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

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

DESERVING OF PRAISE

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

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

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

H. O. Wood, Manager.

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

THANKS TICKET AGENT

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

O. Jacobs.

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

ANOTHER AGENT THANKED

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

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

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

Respectfully,

Wilma R. Shields,
Racine.

With the Bulletin Family

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, I didn't see that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,

Loor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From Detroit our old contributor Mrs. Clark writes:

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

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

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

Sincerely,

Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

Congratulations, Mrs. Clark, on that little daughter.

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

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

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

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

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

Ella Louise Rasmussen.

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

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

He writes:

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

W. T. Dorward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Very truly yours,

C. H. Hardesty.

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

everyone who gives the North Shore Line a trial.

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

Wm. C. Bergholz.

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

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

HE WON THE BET

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A VALUABLE ASSISTANT

A Scotsman and his daughter Janet visited some relatives in

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

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

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

PREPARING FOR THE WORST

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

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

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

EASIER TO SAVE

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

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

"How so?" asked his friend.

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

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

ASTOR
TILDEN F.
1923

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MAY, 1922



"The Road of Service"

BEATING HIGH RENT PROBLEM

THE Racine Housing Association is offering an attractive proposition to families in Chicago and Milwaukee, who are being compelled to pay exorbitant rents. Within the last month a good many families have availed themselves of the opportunity.

The association has more than 100 new houses, ready for occupancy, containing all modern improvements and within less than ten minutes walk of the North Shore station in Racine, which it is offering families at rentals ranging from \$26 to \$33 a month, with leases, \$3 a month extra for garages.

The houses are built on 66-foot lots, with 30 feet between buildings. They contain six rooms and bath, cement basements, with both inside and outside entrances, are electrically lighted, furnace heat and all modern conveniences. The houses are very attractive in appearance and would bring easily three times the rent asked for them, either in Chicago or Milwaukee.

The houses were built about two years ago by a large rubber concern, for the use of its own employes, when the housing problem was acute in Racine. When the business slump came—in fact, it came before the houses were completed—it hit Racine hard, so there is little home demand for the houses, because thousands of workers, who were employed in Racine during the period of war activities, have been forced to leave to seek work elsewhere.

The houses are close to the North Shore Line and are very attractive in appearance. The rents have purposely been set at a figure which will enable families to commute daily from Milwaukee, and even from Chicago, and still have cheaper rent after paying railroad fare. The time on the North Shore Line between Mil-

waukee and Racine is only 35 minutes, and commutation tickets are sold at a low rate, so that quite a number of families have moved to Racine, while the bread-winners continue to work in Milwaukee.

Some families have even moved from Chicago, although the time required daily to make the trip on the North Shore Line is two hours from the Loop.

There are 200 houses in all, and the site on which they are located has been treated as a private residential park, although surrounded by built-up sections. About half the number of houses are already rented and occupied.

Full information regarding these houses may be obtained from the Racine Housing Association, 3117 17th Street, Racine. The renting office at the address given is open every day, including Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Take a trip along the North Shore Line and see these houses and figure out how much you can save by renting one of them.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Our friend, John F. Weedon, of Wilmette, editor of the Peoples Gas Club News, tells this one, which he says he saw on one occasion during his sea-faring days, when his vessel put into a little town named Grantham on the Firth of Forth, and the boys set out to explore the village. The first sign they saw read:

WINES AND SPIRITS

Mrs. MacConnachie
Licensed to be Drunk on
the Premises.

He says it made a lasting impression on him, as to the law-abiding qualities of the Scots, as most people get drunk without a license.

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor,

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, May, 1922

 28 No. 7

Editorial Comment

THIS being the thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of the modern overhead trolley car, and not having anything else on our chest, it occurs that we might write a few readable paragraphs on the development of the electric railroad. Besides, we have promised to let the printer have the copy today, and, as the poet sweetly sings: "When the Goat is Right Behind You, It's No Time to Lace Your Shoe."

REALLY it's an interesting subject, anyway. Traveling over the North Shore Line at sixty miles an hour, in a comfortable, clean dining car, enjoying one of Tom Welsh's "Special North Shore steaks," one must marvel at the advance made in electric railroad development, since Frank J. Sprague built the first commercial electric railroad and began its operation in Richmond, Va., on May 4, 1888. Mr. Sprague's effort wasn't the first, for the idea of applying electricity as a motive power had been tried fifty years earlier, but the earlier years were spent in groping and disappointing experiments. The Richmond venture embraced a complete electric railroad system, which worked successfully, so that Mr. Sprague, who is still alive, is usually credited with being the father of the modern electric railway.

AT THE time of Mr. Sprague's venture, there were only nineteen electric railways in the world, ten of them in the United States, and they had a combined trackage of sixty miles. A short line was operating in Ohio and another in Kansas City when the Richmond system was started, but they had failed to attract attention, or to induce capital to invest in what seemed such a dubious enterprise. When Mr. Sprague had demonstrated the possibilities of electricity as a motive power, the industry went forward by leaps and bounds, so that within the first twelve months, fifty companies had been formed in the United States to build electric lines. In the next twelve months the number of companies had tripled, and the end of

the third year saw 275 electric railway companies in this country, and 2,250 miles of track in operation. The development was rapid, so that the close of the sixth year after the Richmond demonstration, saw 880 companies in business in the United States, and 10,860 miles of track in operation, or under construction. Today the electric railroads of the country have a combined trackage in excess of 44,000 miles and they carry approximately fifteen billion passengers a year.

IT IS interesting, as well as instructive, to read of the early struggles and disappointments of those pioneers, who made possible such highly-developed railroads as the North Shore Line. We, who chronicle some of the early trials, have only to dig up a little history and write it. The pioneers had no such stored-up knowledge to fall back upon. All the universities in the world could give them no information on the subject, because there was none. It must have been terribly disappointing to them to find that years of patient toil was fruitless, for the first, or experimental period, was made up of a series of failures, due to wrong methods. But each failure, added just a mite to the world's store of knowledge on the subject, and made the road easier for those who followed.

THE first period began with Faraday in 1821, who discovered that electricity could be used to produce mechanical motion. The first motor was discovered and developed by Henry in 1832, but credit for the modern idea is generally given to Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith of Brandon, Vermont, who was the first to show the world that electricity could be made to drive a car on rails. His railroad, however, was merely a toy, but the idea was there. Next came Robert Davidson, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who took away from America the honor of producing the first electric car to run on a standard gauge track. That was in 1838, and after his car had made several successful runs over a steam railroad track, it evidently alarmed the railroad men of that day, who brought about its wreck and destruction. The possibilities of electric power as a competitor was seen by those early steam railroad officials and they managed to stop its development for a time.

THE idea of using rails as current conductors was patented in 1841, and in 1855, an Englishman, in trying to bring about telegraphic communication with a moving train, gave us, in its first form, what is today the modern trolley wire and pole. In 1861, Pacinotti, in Europe, invented the reversible continuous current dynamo, upon which all modern generators and motors are founded. It was this invention of the dynamo, that might be said to have brought an end to the first, or

experimental stage and made final success possible. The years which elapsed between Davenport's experiment and Pacinnoti's invention had been wasted, for the primary battery system, which had been tried previous to the dynamo, was not commercially practical, and little real progress could be made.

ALTHOUGH Pacinnoti's discovery in 1861 gave the world all the underlying principles of electric traction, it was many years before the industry was developed on a commercial scale, for it was 1879 before the first practical electric line was operated, and, as has been said, it was in 1888 that the first successful line was built on a considerable scale. In the late '70s, Siemens, a German, and Edison and Stephen D. Field, Americans, filed claims for patents within three months of one another. Field, having been the first to enter the preliminary papers, received the honor, but he did not get his line into operation until 1880, whereas Siemens had his line built and carrying passengers at the Berlin exposition in 1879. Siemens' motor could haul eighteen passengers in three small trailer cars, along a one-third mile of track, at a speed of eight miles an hour. He used the third rail method. Two years later, in 1881, a line one and one-half miles long, was built at Lichterfelde, near Berlin, and the motor used could haul thirty-six passengers at a speed of thirty miles an hour. The line is still in existence.

IN AMERICA, the first exhibitions of electric traction in the western states, were made by Charles J. Van Depoele, a Belgian sculptor and inventor, who is credited with having been the first to actually draw current from an overhead wire, and by Edison and Field, who operated a line in the gallery of the American Railway exposition in Chicago and Louisville in 1882 and 1883. Previous to that time, in 1880, Mr. Edison built and operated a small road in his laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey. Van Depoele made experimental installations in a number of western towns, and in 1884, the first practical electric line in America began operation in Cleveland. A two-mile track was operated there with an underground trolley sliding in a slotted wooden box. In Kansas City, in 1884, a line was built by J. Henry. He has a right to share with Sprague the honor of introducing modern methods. Henry's line is said to have given us the trolley rope and the word "trolley," which is a corruption of the word "troller," the name used for the little four-wheeled carriage that ran on the wire and transmitted the current, through a flexible cable to the car. Before the introduction of the trolley rope, it was necessary to have a small boy ride on top of each car. Henry is doubly entitled to credit because of the obstacles he had to overcome to make his enterprise a success.

He had to use horseshoe nails to bond the rails, and copper wire for the trolleys could be had then only in sixty-foot lengths.

THE application of electricity as a motive power, gave the country a new form of local transportation, which has been of inestimable value in the growth and development of our great cities. In the days of horses and mules, or "hayburners," as they are known, travel in our large cities necessarily was slow and tedious. The result was congested areas, for the workers were compelled to live as nearly as possible to their places of work. The open spaces in the suburbs were denied them. Today the workers may live ten or fifteen miles from their places of work, out in the open where they have fresh air and sunlight, and reach their work, or their homes, in less time than it took them to travel two miles before the advent of the electric railway. Sometimes we wonder if the great mass of the people appreciate what the electric railway has done in the way of making life more livable.

THE great benefits of the electric railway are not confined, however, to the cities. With the development of the industry came the interurban railroad, which has opened up the country to the city dweller, connected one city with another and with the small villages, which could not support a local line of their own. The farmer, situated miles away from a city, has an interurban line passing his door, furnishing him with a cheap and convenient method of transportation, not only for himself and his family, but also for carrying the produce of his farm to the city markets. The benefits of the electric railroad extend to remote rural communities, enriching the lives of the people, and bringing them social and economic advantages which their forefathers never dreamed of.

IN TRACING briefly the development of the electric railroad, one thought suggests itself, which it might be well to dwell upon for a moment. We have seen the struggle on what may be termed the mechanical side of the industry, before it was brought to its present day success. Are we going to have a similar experience on the financial side? Is progress to be retarded, or entirely stopped, by reason of the unthinking attitude of the people toward an industry, which means so much in their daily lives? There are many indications that we may have such an experience. While the outlook for the electric railroad is much better than it was a year or two ago, the industry is yet in a perilous condition financially. There are fewer miles of electric railways being operated in the country today, than there were two or three years ago. More than one thousand miles of track have been dismantled and junked within the last three years, because of the lack of financial support of the companies. About

six thousand miles of track are now being operated under receiver-ships. No new lines are being built, because capital will not invest in an enterprise which does not offer fair and reasonable returns on the investment. The public clamor for lower fares goes on incessantly, most of it without the slightest consideration as to whether a company is making any profit, or otherwise. That is a subject which deserves the most careful consideration, because if the industry is wrecked, or crippled, the public will be the losers in the end.

THE working of the average human mind, with respect to electric railroads and other public utilities, is an interesting study. Most of us agree that habits of thrift are to be encouraged. In spite of what we may say, few of us, away down in our hearts, have much confidence in the man who hasn't a cent to his name. There are, of course, many exceptions, depending on the circumstances in the particular case, but speaking generally the rule applies. On the other hand, we do have a good deal of respect for the man who has saved and prudently invested his savings and has made a success in his business. That is just human nature. There is another point on which we are all pretty well agreed, which is, that savings should not be hidden away, taking money out of circulation. We are pretty well agreed that savings should be made to work and earn something for their owner, while at the same time being of benefit to the community. But suppose these savings should be invested in the stock of a public utility company, or in its bonds, the opinion we have of the thrifty saver seems to undergo a radical change. The saving, which we regarded as a virtue, immediately becomes a crime. If the saver had a good bank account, he would be respected. If he invested his savings in the stock of a railroad, in the hope that it would bring him a better rate of return, he would be regarded with suspicion. He would be spoken of sneeringly as a "bloated" bondholder, or stockholder, not deserving of any consideration whatever. In fact many would speak of him as a "crook," or something of that kind. Isn't that so?

IF WE give the subject a little serious thought, we must see how foolish such an attitude really is. What is the difference between a person who puts his savings in a bank, and the one who invests them in stocks or bonds? The difference is just this: The person who puts his savings in a bank, lends them to the bank to invest in stocks and bonds, the bank receiving the larger return, so that it can pay interest on the savings and the expense of handling the account. The person who invests his savings direct in stocks and bonds, receives the larger return direct. That is the only difference. No one is foolish enough to suppose that a bank can pay interest on deposits if they are

kept locked up in a vault. Capital must work, just as labor must work, to earn. Neither can earn if they remain idle. Why, therefore, should the person with a good account in bank be looked upon as a respectable member of the community, and the person who owns stock in a railroad company be regarded with suspicion? Can you figure it out? Personally, we can't, but we know that it is true. Not true of everyone, of course, but true of perhaps ninety-nine per cent of those who clamor for municipal and government ownership of everything on earth; and who insist that a utility company is not entitled to earn any returns on its investment.

WE SPOKE of the difference between the man who invests his savings in stock and the one who puts his savings in bank. There is another difference which might be pointed out, which has a direct bearing on the question of "public ownership." The man who invests his savings in the stock of a railroad, or other utility, becomes, to the extent of his holdings, a part owner of the company. The man who puts his savings in a bank, does not become a part owner in the bank. Now, if a thousand, or ten thousand persons, invest their savings in the stock of a public utility company, everyone of them becomes a part owner of that company. Isn't that public ownership in a real sense? All railroads, electric light companies, gas companies, telephone companies and other utilities are publicly owned in just that way. There are more than five hundred thousand owners of public utility securities in Illinois, exclusive of steam railroads. That is real public ownership, not the kind advocated by the theorists. That is the kind of public ownership which does not destroy private initiative or private responsibility. It is the kind which does not remove the incentive to operate a utility economically and efficiently.

THE attitude of mind of which we have been speaking, which regards the investor in stocks and bonds as "an undesirable citizen," must be changed, if electric railroads and other utilities are to develop and be of still greater service to the public. It is because of that attitude of mind that we said the electric railroad industry is liable to have a period of retarded progress, such, as we have seen, it went through in the early days, when men were groping along hitherto untrodden paths, in their desire to solve the mechanical side of the problem. The pioneers were successful in their quest, after many reverses and disappointments, and the world is now enjoying the fruits of their work. The financial side of the problem is equally important if the industry is to grow, for no industry can expand without new capital, and new capital will not invest in any enterprise if it cannot have reasonable assurance of a fair return.

WHEN we started this discussion we had in mind showing the many advantages of an electrified railroad. We meant to point out how much more efficiently coal can be utilized in producing electrical energy than in producing steam in the boiler of a locomotive. However, we have reached our usual space limits and must reserve that for a future discussion. It is an interesting subject, and in some future issue we shall tell you something about it. For the present our school in economics is dismissed. We hope to be able to run away and enjoy a short vacation before calling the class to order again, and, maybe if we have an interesting time, we may tell you about that, too.

NORTHWESTERN SUMMER SCHOOL

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY announces the opening of its Summer Session at Evanston, on June 26.

The Summer Session combines under one direction the Graduate School, the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Commerce, the School of Education, the School of Journalism, the School of Music, the School of Speech and the American Institute of Normal Methods.

Students from all parts of the United States, and some from foreign countries, take advantage of the Summer Course offered at Northwestern, for it affords many advantages, other than educational, that are not possessed by many universities.

The location of Northwestern is ideal for a summer course of study. It is close to the shore of Lake Michigan, with its wonderful bathing beaches and natural advantages for all kinds of aquatic sports. It is within a few minutes' ride to the north of some of the most picturesque scenery to be found in this part of the country, as well as the wonderful grand opera, heard during the summer season at Ravinia Park.

All the wonderful resources of Northwestern University itself are open to the students who attend the Summer Session, and in addition are the public library, the

Newberry library, the Crerar library, the Art Institute, the Field Museum and many other educational institutions in Chicago.

As a part of the curriculum of the Summer Session, excursions are organized, under a member of the faculty, to all the places mentioned and many others, so that students really can enjoy a summer vacation at the same time they are acquiring an education, such as few institutions of learning afford.

While a majority of the instructional staff are members of the faculty of Northwestern, a number of instructors for this course come from other universities. The standards of academic work at the Summer Session are fully as high as those of the other terms, and the student in addition is offered some courses which are reserved especially for this session.

SPEAKS WELL FOR HYATT

J. S. Hyatt, engineer of the North Shore Line, is President of the Village of Libertyville. Recently a farmer in that vicinity advertised that he would give "a drink from a bonded bottle" for the return of one of his pigs that had strayed. Within twenty-four hours, twenty-six pigs were delivered to him. What better evidence could be produced that Libertyville respects the eighteenth amendment?

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THIS is going to be "the sweetest story every told."

We know some poet used that phrase before, but he was speaking of love, or some other such foolishness as poets indulge in. When we say this is going to be a sweet story, we mean it literally. We're going to tell you something about candy.

You know, of course, that Milwaukee is quite famous for its candy. At least we take it for granted that you know, because we do. The reason we know is that every time we take a trip up there, the first thing Friend Wife wants to know when we get back, is, did we bring a box of candy. She insists that the candy one gets in Milwaukee is better than can be bought in Chicago. Not being an authority on the subject, also having been married for several years, we take her word for it and let it go at that.

We can, however, vouch for the fact that Johnston's candies are good. We sampled a great many varieties as we went through the big factory and found every sample excellent. In fact, we might say, quite truthfully, that our hurried inspection of the plant of the Robert A. Johnston Co. was the most pleasant of any of our trips through Milwaukee plants. As the girls say, it was just too sweet for anything.

Johnston's chocolates have a national reputation, so you might like to hear a little about their manufacture. Our inspection of the plant began at the top, with the bags of cocoa beans from which chocolate is made. Did you know that chocolate was made from a bean? Really we didn't

know until we visited this plant, although it is a matter of common knowledge which a third grade pupil should know. Anyway, chocolate is made from cocoa beans.

Now what are cocoa beans? They are the seeds of small trees belonging to the genus *Theobroma*, of the natural order of *Sterculiaceae*. We know that sounds terrible, but it must be correct, because we found it in the dictionary. From the same authority we learned that the generic name is derived from two Greek words meaning "god" and "food" and was bestowed by Linnaeus, who considered it food fit for the gods. The old boy wasn't far wrong, at that. Originally the cocoa bean tree was a native of tropical South America, but it is now cultivated in Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico and other countries in Central America, as well as in West Africa, Ceylon and the Dutch East Indies.

The value of cocoa, or more properly speaking "cacao," as it was originally named, was appreciated before the discovery of America by Europeans. The Spaniards found in use in Mexico a beverage known by the Aztec name of "chocolath," from "choco" (cacao) and "lath" (water). At that time bags containing a specified number of cacao beans were recognized as a form of currency. That may be the origin of our slang phrase, that an article cost so many "beans," when we mean dollars. We are not giving you that as authoritative, however, but it sounds reasonable. Chocolate as a beverage was known in London as early as 1657, and was a popular beverage

in the early part of the eighteenth century.

What has all that got to do with Johnston's chocolates? Not a thing, but what's the use of our digging up that sort of information unless we make use of it? We'll get around to the manufacture of chocolates after a little. Besides we'll bet you didn't know a thing about all that. It's always well to get to the bottom of things before telling about them. So many tell about things without getting to the bottom.

terial, such as vanilla. The result is a semi-liquid mass, molded into tablets.

Of course, you have eaten chocolate-dipped candies. Some kinds we saw are dipped by machines, but the high grade ones are dipped by hand and we saw scores of girls dipping them in the semi-liquid mass we described. We can imagine that it is a rather pleasant occupation for girls, but it must require considerable skill, for although we had only a minute to stay in that particular depart-



Candy Factory, Robert A. Johnston Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Well, we started out to tell you something of the way chocolate is made. The cocoa beans are roasted in rotating iron drums at a temperature of from 260 to 280 degrees, which develops the aroma and partially converts the starch into dextrin. After the beans are roasted they are crushed and winnowed. The fat is extracted by great hydraulic pressure in heated presses in the manufacture of cocoa, but in preparing chocolate the fat is not extracted, but sugar is added and some flavoring ma-

ment, we noticed that the design made on each chocolate, was exactly alike in size and shape. They tasted alike, too, for although we couldn't linger on the job, we made very good use of the time to sample the different wares.

We couldn't begin to tell you about all the different kinds of candy we saw in the process of manufacture, and besides we must tell you a little about the manufacture of crackers, for, as you may know, the Johnston Company

manufactures crackers of all kinds as well as candies. One-half of the big building is devoted to candy manufacture and the other half to the manufacture of crackers and cookies and all kinds of fancy stuff in that line.

There are many things of interest to a visitor in such a plant as that of the Johnston Company, and if the visitor, as in our case, doesn't know a thing about the business, he will no doubt observe one or two things which will stand out and make a lasting impression.

Two things about the Johnston plant made more than a passing impression on us. One was the cleanliness of the plant. The building is a new one, and was specially designed for the purpose for which it is being used, which no doubt has something to do with the immaculate cleanliness. But it was observable everywhere. Order and cleanliness. A place for everything and everything in its place.

The other outstanding feature was the labor-saving machinery. For the volume of business done, the number of employes is comparatively small. Machines do the work and they seem to require very little attention. There is something fascinating in watching such machines. As one watches them perform the most delicate operation, one wonders how the world got along before the age of machinery. The answer, of course, is that the world did not enjoy the comforts and luxuries that it does today.

In the Johnston plant the machinery seen in the cracker section is, perhaps, more interesting than in the candy section. We did not inquire about it, but it

appeared to us that there was less hand labor required in the manufacture of crackers than in candy manufacture, because there appeared to be a machine for doing everything.

In manufacturing crackers the flour is sifted and carefully tested. It is run through a shoot to the mixers, and is delivered from the mixer to a pair of rolls, where it is rolled into sheets of uniform thickness. It is carried forward on conveyors to a set of stamps, which mold the surface and cut the edges. We stood a minute to watch the stamping machine. It never makes a mistake. The conveyor carries along the huge sheet of rolled dough, the stamping dies descend on it, the molded circles go on while the molded dough left after the punches have stamped out the crackers, is carried by another conveyor back to the rollers to be re-worked over.

The ovens are much longer than the ordinary bread oven. They are provided with endless chains on which the trays rest, as they are carried through the ovens. The rate at which the trays are carried through the ovens can be adjusted according to the particular kind of cracker, as is the heat. Some varieties require a gentle heat, consequently a longer time in passing through the oven, while others require a fierce heat. The ovens probably are fifty feet in length and the speed at which the trays travel through may range from 3 to 25 minutes. For some varieties the heat may be as high as 500 degrees. The whole process is rapid and continuous and in the Johnston plant one gets the idea that it is remarkable in the way of efficiency.

COMMENDATIONS

HEARTY co-operation of the employes of the North Shore Line with the management has made the road the safest high-speed electric railroad in the country. The following letter from a passenger explains how it is done:

From time to time I have noticed in the BULLETIN letters telling of incidents of special service by employes of your road to those traveling upon it. I like this idea, for such acts should indeed receive publicity. Accordingly, I am glad to pass on to you a description of one which came under my own observation. This case of extreme thoughtfulness for the safety of passengers is, I believe, worthy of mention.

The south-bound Limited due at 11:35 A. M. Saturday, April 15, was standing at the Racine station. The Eastern Limited from the south was just pulling in, while passengers were crossing the tracks behind the south-bound train. It was a fine chance for an accident. Suddenly the conductor on the first car of the stationary train crossed through his car onto the north-bound track and motioned for the motorman of the other train to come on. Then he ran ahead of it for the full length of the other two cars to the rear of his train, where he stood guard until the other had passed.

Such thoughtfulness as this of the possibilities of accidents deserves much credit, for it illustrates the spirit that has made your road famous in Safety First annals. Can you not compliment this conductor for me?

Robert W. Allen.

The conductor referred to, who showed such interest in his work and in the safety of the public is Ben West. The management appreciates such care and thoughtfulness and thanks Conductor West for his good work.

We have mentioned before that North Shore Service includes many things in addition to the fast and safe transportation of passengers. The following letter

from the Assistant Advertising Manager of the Schuster Stores in Milwaukee, tells of one kind of service given which is not shown on timetables:

I want to thank you for an exceptional favor that you people have rendered me. Monday morning I had to make the 6 o'clock train for Milwaukee from Wilson Avenue, Chicago. My alarm clock being out of order, I called the Chicago office and asked to be called on the telephone at 5 o'clock Monday morning—and sure enough, at 5 o'clock sharp the telephone rang for me. I need hardly express how invaluable the service was, as it would have been very costly for me to miss that train.

Again—let me thank you.

M. E. Wollen.

Agents of the North Shore Line are always ready and willing to perform just such services. You know when we christened the line the "Road of Service" it wasn't because the name sounded pleasant to the ear. It was because it is really descriptive. Every day and many times a day, employes of the North Shore Line do little favors to please and accommodate patrons. That is one of the reasons for the popularity of the road with travelers.

A GENEROUS PEOPLE

In a small town on the north-east coast of Scotland stands a monument, which the people of the village take great pride in showing visitors. The principal inscription on the monument reads:

"Dedicated to the memory of the fourteen brave men who lost their lives in the wreck of the schooner Nancy Lee, off this coast, November 14, 1874."

At the bottom of the tablet is this inscription:

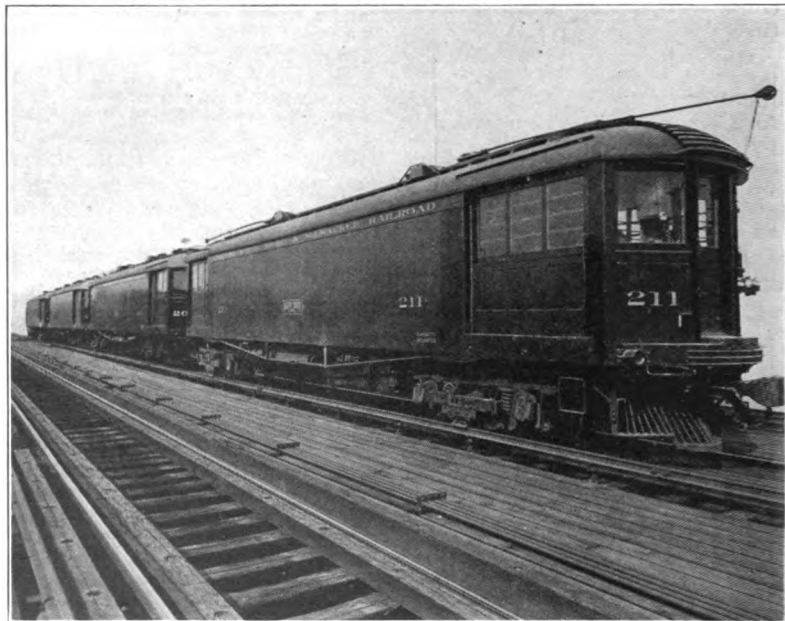
"This monument erected with part of the money found in the pockets of the brave men who perished."

NEW MERCHANDISE DESPATCH CARS

ORDERs have been placed by the North Shore Line for fifteen new Merchandise Despatch cars, which will be ready for delivery about August 1. The new cars will be very similar in appearance to those now in

that the present equipment is insufficient to meet the demand.

Two new Merchandise Despatch stations have been opened on the South Side of Chicago, one at 40th and Union streets and one at 61st and Calumet. At the latter station merchandise is loaded directly into the cars and delivered in



Merchandise Despatch Cars, North Shore Line

use, the main difference being that they will have only one wide door in the center of the car, instead of a door at each end, as is the case with the present cars.

The reason for ordering the new cars is that merchants and manufacturers along the North Shore Line are beginning to realize the superior character of the service given, and are taking advantage of it to such an extent

Milwaukee in a few hours. Goods received up to 6 o'clock in the evening are delivered in Milwaukee before 7 o'clock the following morning. That sort of service appeals to the wide-awake shipper.

Teacher—"How many seasons are there?"

Izzy—"Two! Busy season and dull."

With the Bulletin Family

WERE we in a moralizing frame of mind this morning we might find a text for a little sermonette in the letters which come this month from the Bulletin Family.

Quite a number of the "regulars" are with us and it is comforting to know they have not forgotten. Since we began this publication, more than four years ago, we have received many hundreds of letters from readers. A good many have written only once and before we had a chance to get acquainted with them they have disappeared from the stage.

Others have written two or three letters and have forever after remained silent. A few, however, have stuck like real brothers and a number of them are with us this month.

We haven't had our usual contribution from Loophound. We suppose he is busy, as we believe he intended moving around May 1. But Loophound, Jr., who was threatened with expulsion from the Family, comes forward with a good alibi. It wasn't neglect on his part, the boy has been quite ill, and has fallen so far behind in his studies as a result, that he will have to work night and day to catch up.

Then we have Sol Lasky with us, who hasn't been heard from in some time. He says he has not been receiving the BULLETIN, except when he has an opportunity to ride on the North Shore Line and pick one up in a car. Well, Mr. Lasky, the fault is entirely your own. We haven't your address. You told us many months ago that you intended moving to Detroit, but gave no address. The BULLETIN was mailed to your

Chicago address for a month or two, and was returned when you could not be found. By the way, we haven't your address now, for your last letter was written on the stationery of a hotel in Green Bay, Wis., and we know that you are not located there. Unless we get the correct address we cannot promise that the BULLETIN will be delivered.

Our Milwaukee friend, "Jumbo," also has a good alibi for his non-appearance in the last few issues. He is still with us, however, as he tells the Family in his letter. Michigander is delinquent, but now that the ball season is in full swing we shall no doubt hear from him. As for our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, we get two or three letters a month from him. Jim Ham also is in the "regular" class and never misses a month. We have given up all hope of ever hearing again from "Kentuckian," whose letters were among the best received.

Well, we'll start the column with Loophound, Jr.'s perfectly good alibi. Here it is:

It has been a long time, hasn't it, since the BULLETIN has been honored? I've been reading every copy, but business and illness have made it impossible for me to drop you a note. I read the other day where you were going to drop Loophound Jr. from the family—don't, please!

You know we Seniors are kept pretty much on the go—and then eight weeks of influenza came along. I haven't been to a class this term. Friend Loophound called me up while I was abed, but unfortunately they wouldn't allow callers, so I couldn't see him.

I saved up a beautiful collection of clippings showing conclusively how fanatical and unAmerican this prohibition business is, but of course, left them in Philadelphia, and they were thrown out. One tragedy after another.

I start back to Philly tonight,

with the pleasant prospect of making up about three months' work, and preparing two theses, one on the financial structure of Armour and Company, and the second a lecture on the design and constructing of passenger and freight equipment, to be delivered before the class in Railroad Operation. So if you don't hear from me for a while, you'll know the reason.

Please give my best to the Bulletin family.

Sincerely,

Loophound, Jr.

Too bad we didn't get those clippings on the evils of prohibition, because there is so much to be said on the other side. We are glad to know that you have recovered from your illness and would advise you to apply yourself to your study of the "financial structure of Armour and Company," which, we are sure, was not reared on "beer and light wines," and to forget about prohibition.

Our old friend of "Ever-Ready" fame is back with us again, and seems not to have lost any of his interest either in the North Shore Line or this line. Of course, he has a pretty good line of his own, which makes three good lines.

This is what he writes:

It has been quite a while since I have written to you. I came up from Chicago a few days ago on your line and as soon as I laid eyes on the April BULLETIN, I grabbed it and read every line—in fact, I read some of your editorial remarks twice.

You surely know how to prepare reading matter that has real merit to it, not a bunch of meaningless words, but articles that convey to the reader vital facts, that when properly digested, bring to the mind that **something** that isn't to be had by reading just ordinary stuff.

In your March issue, your editorial went into detail and gave facts that clearly proved that while the North Shore Line was carrying lots of people, it was not earning the profit it should earn. I happened to be enroute to Milwaukee on the day I read this article, and after I had finished reading, a passenger got on the car and took the seat next to me. He lost no time in starting to tell me how crowded your cars always were and what a marvelous business you were doing

and about the huge profits you were making, etc.

Well, I gave this fellow a few pointers along the lines of your remarks I had just read and said seat mate fairly shouted, "It's the bunk—all bunk." This fellow was so unreasonable in his talk that I lost all interest in him and dug out a paper and began reading it.

I don't think it is possible for a line to render better service that your line is giving today, not only passenger service, but freight service as well. I sell the wholesale hardware and drug trade in Milwaukee and we make a great many shipments from our Chicago warehouse, and all I hear is, "Be sure it comes via North Shore Electric. We will be sure to get it on time if it comes that way." Well you can just bet nobody has to fight with me to get shipments over your line.

A person must live on Chicago's great south side to appreciate the wonderful service you are now rendering—44 trains daily—through from 63rd and Dorchester and only 12c more than the fare to the loop. It really is wonderful.

I am sorry the C. N. S. & M. Line doesn't run as far as Green Bay. The Northwestern, after it leaves Milwaukee, hasn't your line to compete with and they sure take advantage of it. Imagine taking over two hours and ten minutes from Oshkosh to Green Bay and distance no greater than from Milwaukee to Zion.

I have just made a trip to Sault Ste. Marie, and even on top of the world, they are not without their street car troubles. I am enclosing an editorial from last night's Sault Ste. Marie News, a very sensible editorial. If more of this helpful sort of printers' ink was used on behalf of the traction companies in the U. S., we would be better off.

Detroit has just bought the D. U. R. for over 19 millions of the dear public's money. Wonder if the people will be sorry or glad? Saginaw and Bay City have their cars locked in the barns and the rails are rusty, while jitney busses fly back and forth rendering an uncertain service, poorly ventilated, and overcrowded.

I sent one of my men to Plymouth the other day. He was almost buried in a snow storm. So much for Brother Peebles' village. The next time I go there I will look him up (Brother Peebles, I mean).

Before I close I want to tell you that Martin Charles Lasky is 23 months old today, and some day soon I will send you one of his latest pictures so you can see for yourself what Lasky Jr. looks like.

Ever ready yours,

Sol N. Lasky.

We are glad to know, Mr. Lasky, that you told that fellow what you thought of him. Any man who says that this BULLETIN is "bunk" should be severely dealt with. We favor having him hung, drawn and quartered as an object lesson for others. Better give us your address next time you write.

Jim Ham has been playing in hard luck, as he was crowded out of this column for two months. We are going to put him back if we have to break a leg. He writes:

Been down in the inundated country for some little time lately—down in the crawfish country where they ain't had prohibition yet and never will. Well, the birds don't have to fly backward down in that country this spring, take it from us.

Was listening in on one of those ear-tickling wireless apparatuses recently; two ladies got their "waves" crossed and messed up and were fussing about "these party lines," etc. The conversation, am sorry to say, was concluded by one of the ladies consenting to get "offen" the line.

Have noted absence of the usual crop of poets in our good BULLETIN, but then you know it has been 'most too cool for the lambs to gambol very far and our dandelions ain't burst forth in golden bloom yet, e'en though good old robin red breast has long since made his call. Admit, however, prohibition does seem to befog one's imagination.

Had opportunity recently to electric to Milwaukee, with the usual satisfaction. Don't know that the public really appreciates the value of your North Shore freight service and the fact that you fellows can and do accomplish overnight what a steam road requires a day and a half to perform. Know whereof I speak, being as how 'twas recently necessary for us to place certain materials in Milwaukee on short notice. 'Twas there in less time than that.

"Brother" Dorward speaks of a wonderful trip to Pittsburgh in April BULLETIN, and friend Loophound sez he's trekking to Pittsburgh after a glorious sojourn in Chi. Having been to both villages and being as how will no doubt be in both places later, maybe Brethren Dorward and Loophound would let us in on the little secret. It seems

to me it would require some home-brew to render Pittsburgh wonderful and Chi. glorious, but then, we know none of us BULLETIN Babies gargle or inhale divorce likker.

Bye-bye, Chief, see you later.

Jim Ham.

The absence of the poets isn't bothering us, Jim. We congratulate you on sticking to plain prose, but are pained to hear you speak of Chicago the way you do. Why this is a "glorious" city all the time. It is steadily improving, too, at least, that is what we are told. We only have ten holdups a day now, whereas we used to have twenty.

From Milwaukee comes this Macedonian cry:

Hey, there!

Step aside! Get an aisle here! Why? Jumbo is stepping this way again. Well, boys, how are you? No, I have not forgotten you. The trouble is: my dad fell in December and fractured his hip, and my leisure time was spent as attendant. I came near being a full-fledged he-nurse and gained considerable knowledge of the business, so I'm thinking of running in competition with "Betty, the nurse." I am now planning to take my dad for a ride on the North Shore Line, to put a little pep into him. I have personally discovered that the North Shore pep is contagious, but not at all harmful.

Boys, I have not even had time to join the poets' club this spring, but our friend Grant will not object. I'm quite sure of that.

Talking about prohibition—here is a tip to Loophound: Indians in Osage County, Oklahoma, have taken to drinking shoe-blackening and red ink, to get pickled. What next? Why not propose to them to try Chicago's green river mixed with crude oil, or better still, some Rocky Mountain goat oil.

I also notice that Mr. Peebles is sort o' missing us rookies, and encourages us by promoting us to regulars. How one good thing will miss another, even among prevaricators.

Methinks we should appoint a committee to arrange for the "First Annual Picnic of North Shore Prevaricators." If it is impossible to become a fact, let us be content with it's being imaginary. Friend Grant can run us out to some fine spot, with one of "his" green cars;

Loophound can take charge of hounding up the things we need; Mr. Peebles can dust off the golf links Jim Ham may have charge of the lunch counter; Sol N. Lasky can be there "Ever-ready" to give a helping hand; Michigander may bring the other necessity by first crossing the boundary to get it. Of course, an affair such as that must have a boss, so I'll boss! How's that?

You know, lads, I'm smoking my corn cob pipe while writing this, so don't hold me responsible. I've got a head like a tack (it needs pounding) but as no one wants to make himself useful, I'll take a few doses of North Shore pep this spring.

Jim Ham may now continue with the new creation—

"If the North Shore Pep can chase the devil,

Why not try it for the Blues?"

Jumbo.

That's a good idea to get all the BULLETIN assistants together for an outing. You are hereby appointed chairman of the committee, but if the party includes all North Shore Prevaricators we're afraid the North Shore Line hasn't enough equipment to move them on one day. Besides, that classification would bar us, and certainly we don't wish to be barred from such an event. However, do the best you can about it.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, appears to be quite worked up over Loophound, because of the mean things he said last month about the dear ladies. He writes:

What in the name of suffering humanity has gone wrong with this fellow Loophound? It seems that he just gets out of the frying-pan into the fire. By golly, I am beginning to think that he is a nut. For the luvomike! He has got into deep water this time. It was bad enough the other time, but now he will have the whole female race on his neck.

I dropped in to see "Sardonix" the other evening and she said she was going after that bird Loophound, so you had better hunt the cellar when the cyclone hits your

town. I'll bet there will be others who will get after him, too.

I don't see why he needs to pick on the women, the most of them are too well picked as it is. In our town most of them walk on the streets in the last stages of moulting, just have the pin feathers on, as 'twere. Still I don't see where the men folks have any kick coming. They don't have to pay so high for a woman's clothes, or so low, either, as they once did.

Loophound is right about them jamming their hats over their ears, that is, if what they wear on their heads can be called hats. But Loophound ought to know that the less a hat looks like a hat, the better the women like it. But then Loophound and the rest of us can close our eyes, or look up in the air. We don't have to look at them. One thing we can be thankful for, there is no danger of us stepping on a woman's train.

I think Loophound must have felt a little grouchy on that train going home, and felt as though he must work it off on the women folks. I have written a few lines of advice to him as follows:

Dear, Friend. I'll give you some advice,

And caution you just once or twice,

If you think a woman doesn't dress nice,

Tell her so.

When you are riding on a train.

And have a racked and weary brain,

If you see a lady not dressed plain,

Tell her so.

If a woman doesn't dress as fine.

As in the days o' auld lang syne,
And the clothes she wears ain't worth a dime,

Tell her so.

But after this where'er you roam,

Think of the wife you left at home,

And if she ought to break your dome,

Tell her so.

In former days you praised her style,

Spent all your time to win her smile,

In a minute flat you made a mile, to

Tell her so.

J. D. Peebles.

There are several other verses but that ought to be sufficient for one issue.

WIT AND HUMOR

GOOD TO THE IRISH

"How much are yer fish, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Eight cents a pound, Mrs. O'Brien."

"I'll take two of them. How much will they be?"

"Let's see: Eight pounds—eight times eight are eighty-four. Take them for seventy-five cents, Mrs. O'Brien."

"Thank ye, Mr. Goldstein, I'll do that. Ye're always good to the Irish, I'll say that fer ye."

HE NEARLY MISSED

Once a famous cricketer who scorned the "ancient game" of golf consented to try his luck in the presence of a number of club members. Strolling languidly to the tee, he adjusted his monocle and let drive. By some miracle the ball fell on the edge of the green and trickled down into the hole.

"You're down in one, sir," shouted the amazed caddie.

"I'm glad of that," said the novice; "I was afraid I might have missed it."

NO EVIDENCE

One afternoon a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the West and headed up the street. Finally he met a man who looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger. "are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "I have been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," said the native, reflectively, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."

QUITE A NUISANCE

Charles M. Schwab is credited with having sprung the following at a dinner recently:

"Some men, retiring from business at fifty-five or so, take bungalows at Los Angeles and do nothing but sit on their front porches and listen to their arteries hardening. A bad thing."

"Others join the Atlantic City colony. There they are sure to become cranks, golf cranks, while their wives, frequenting the boardwalk sales in the Japanese shops, become auction cranks. Rather a nuisance, that."

"I once spent the week-end at an Atlantic City cottage where my host and hostess were cranks of this kind. My bedroom adjoined theirs and I got very little rest, for all night long the golf crank husband kept shouting in his sleep, 'Fore!' and instantly his auction crank wife would yell out, 'Four and a half!'"

THOSE WOMEN

"John," she said to her devoted husband, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of some song for me."

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"

"There is something I want you to get for me tomorrow, and I've forgotten what it is, but I have associated it with your singing, and I am sure I can recall it if you'll sing just a line or two."

"It isn't a canary bird you want, is it?" ventured her husband, hopelessly.

"No, I'm sure it isn't that. Now please sing."

Whereupon he cleared his throat for action and did his best to comply.

"That's enough," said his wife, before he had finished the first line. "Thank you, dear. I remember now. I want you to stop at the hardware store and get me a file."

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then I shall see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

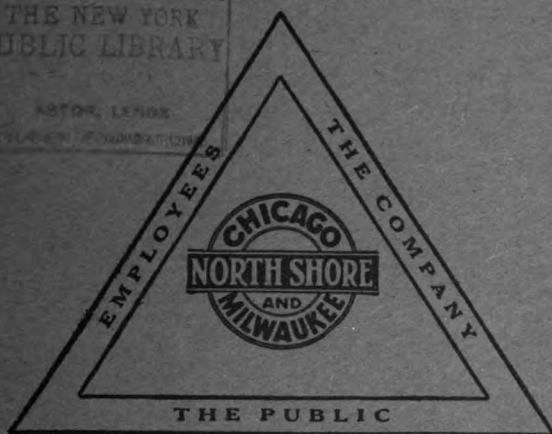
—Henry Van Dyke.

APR 19 '12

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JUNE, 1922

THE NEW YORK
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"The Road of Service"

THE FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

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

Following is the letter:

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

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

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

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

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

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

With kindest regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Geo. L. Ames.

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

RELIEVING HER ANXIETY

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

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

BON VOYAGE

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

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

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

"Thirty days."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, June, 1922

 No. 8

Editorial Comment

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

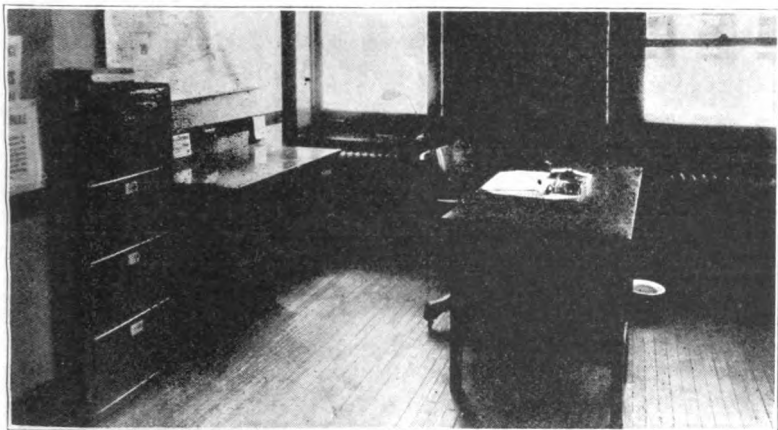
A Surprise for the Editor

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

We are giving you a picture of

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

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



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

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

book, but decided he had everything with him.

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

A REAL HELPMEEET

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

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

By The Girl Reporter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

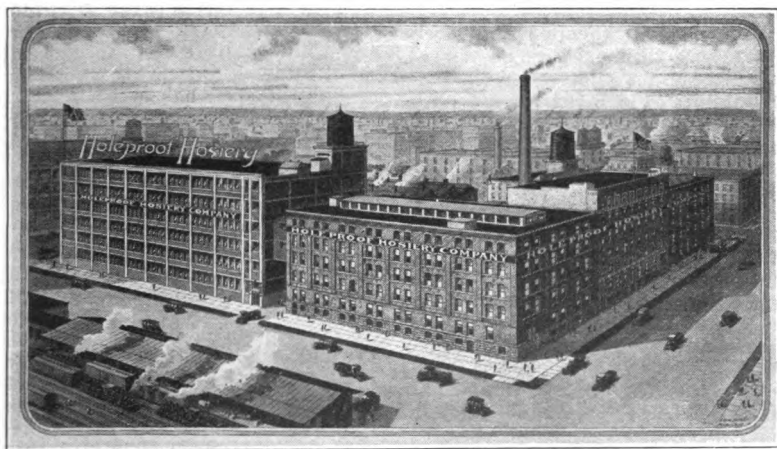
Mr. Chamberlin showed us a small room containing bolts of tricot silk, and said there was about \$50,000 worth of silk ready to be made up into glove-silk hose, gloves and underwear. He showed us a new novelty that is now being introduced on the market by the Holeproof company. It is a short half-hose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

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

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

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

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



Home of Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AROUND NEW YORK

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

COMMENDATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

Weber Printing Co.,

Per. Edw. Weber.

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

Because of my great interest in Woodlawn, and especially those

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

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

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

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

(Signed) S. W. Framheim.

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

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

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

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

The letter follows:

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

containing nine dollars and a few other things.

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

which he brought right over to me.

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

Gratefully,

Mrs. Ella Allen.

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

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



North Shore Girls in Frolic at Ravinia Park

NORTH SHORE EMPLOYEES SHOW

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

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

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

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

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

With the Bulletin Family

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your editorial comment was, as

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

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

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

Kindest regards,
Loophound.

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

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

and have him say, "Old stuff."

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

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

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

"About a week," replied the traveled man.

"What did ye think o' the toun?"

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

Mr. Peebles writes as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. D. Peebles.

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

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

Jumbo writes as follows:

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

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

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

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

Until THAT picnic.

Yours,

Jumbo.

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

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

He says:

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

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

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

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

Yours,

Jim Ham.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George M. Fraser.

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

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

He writes:

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

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

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Yours truly,

H. Walker.

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

WORDS OF PRAISE

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

Tulip Time

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

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

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

CITIZENS MILITARY TRAINING CAMP

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

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

A JOKE ON HENRY

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

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

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

Polonius' Advice to His Son

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

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

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

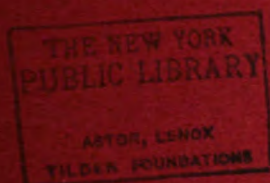
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

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

—Shakespeare.

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

JULY, 1922



"The Road of Service"

With the Bulletin Family

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

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

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

From Cumberland, Md., Loophound writes as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
Loophound.

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

(Continued on Page 16)

The

North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, July, 1922

 28 No. 9

Editorial Comment

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

FIGHT OR RUN

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

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

"Which will yez do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

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

LONG, LONG AGO

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

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

Delightful Summer Resorts in Upper Michigan

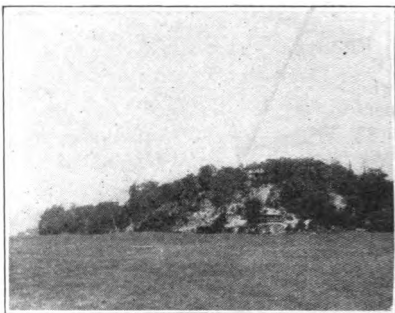
By J. J. Moran.

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

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

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

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

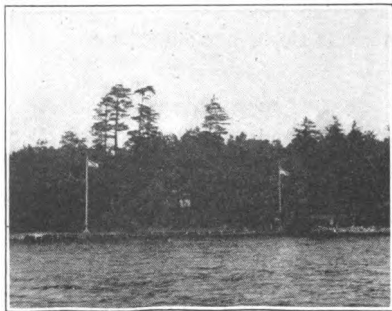


Epworth Heights, Hamlin Lake

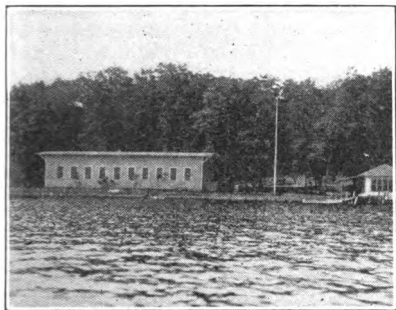
Epworth Heights, summer headquarters of the Epworth League, was the first point on the lake we visited. For several years the league has held its annual congress at this spot.

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

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



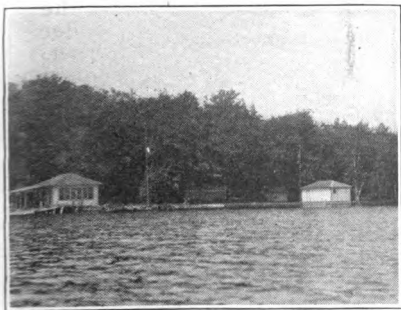
Scene on Hamlin Lake, Mich.



Dining Room, Griswold Inn

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

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



Pleasant Hill, Hamlin Lake

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

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

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

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



A Cottage on Portage Lake

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

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

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

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

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY

THE following letter comes from a new contributor:

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. Jay.

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

Be Your Own Landlord

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

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



Perspective of Addition

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

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

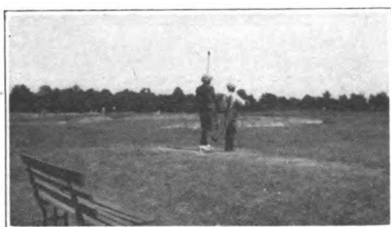
span the water at intervals, affording a very pretty view through the willows which line the banks.

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

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

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

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



Kenosha Public Golf Links

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

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

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

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



Home Across from Addition

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

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

THEN FUR FLEW

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

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

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

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

"I should say we did."

Joe: "May I kiss you?"

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

A SERVICE SUGGESTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,
Justin J. Vlach.

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

Sings Praise of North Shore Line

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

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

LUXURIOUS PLEASURE

I come with a message of what is in store
To all who would travel on the famous North Shore.
There's convenience and comfort, without extra pay
To patrons who travel, no matter which way.

You will find that their service is one of the best;
There's nothing superior exists in the west.
Their management, too, you will find number one.
As there's nothing attempted but what is well done.

As straight as a fir tree, devoid of all limbs,
You will find Superintendent J. W. Simms;
He is capital timber, we will guarantee here
Without imperfection and strictly all clear.

His face is familiar along the whole line
And his workmen are treated remarkably fine.
He is known and respected by all on the road,
Though they dwell in a palace or humble abode.

Get a move on your framework, don't let a day slip,
Go purchase a ticket and pack up your grip
For a ride through the country will do you much good;
It's conducive to health, or it's so understood.

Now call up your friends and your relatives too
And advise them what you have concluded to do.
You augment your party by many a score
If you tell them you travel on the famous North Shore.

You pass through a country that's teeming with wealth
And returning you note restoration to health,
For the acreage there is so charged with ozone
It will strengthen your nerves and replenish their tone.

Then get to the country while the weather is fine
And welcome Nature's handiwork on the whole line.
The scenery displayed, beautiful to the eye,
Would please any artist, even with the country dry.

Now when you return you will never regret
The trip you have taken, I'll venture to bet.
For the treatment received while on the North Shore
Is all one could ask; why say any more?

Should I be permitted to travel again
I will take the North Shore, for they're all gentlemen.
The treatment's superb and there's service galore
And 'tis a pleasure to travel now on the North Shore.

We will sing the road's praise and we'll chant it in hymns,
For what we recovered we owe Mr. Simms.
We trust that our efforts will receive an encore
And the echo reverberate along the North Shore.

Then raise high the banner from every abode
For the local that stops at the Ed Hansche road.
Service reinstated, 'tis fine as before.
There is no road that excels our beloved North Shore.

Good for you, Miss Voight. Keep on warbling, your theme is an excellent one. We have heard about poetic license, but we don't know whether or not it should go to the extent of changing a man's name. Of course, it rhymes better that way, but that may not be the reason for your having it wrong. We know Mr. Simons

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

BOXING AT FT. SHERIDAN

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

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

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

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

HIS SECOND CHOICE

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

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

COMMENDATIONS

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

William A. Colledge.

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

WATCH YOUR STEP

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

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

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

Appreciation of Service

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly,
Charles R. White, Commander.

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

GOT THERE IN HURRY

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

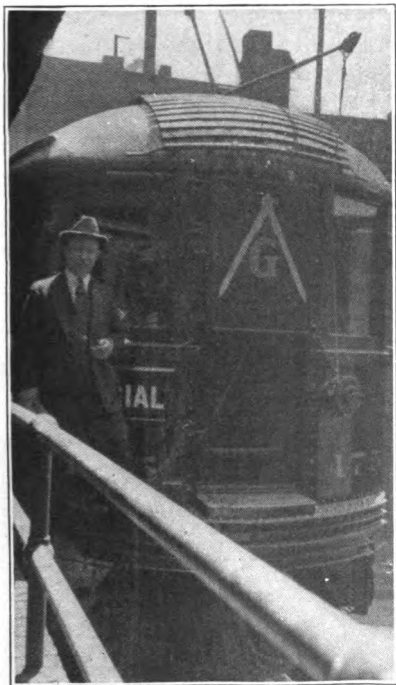
"We wish to compliment you on the service rendered on your line on May 23—movement of a welding outfit shipped by the Imperial Brass Manufacturing Company, Chicago, to us, which left Chicago on train leaving at 6 p. m., arriving in Milwaukee at 8:35 p. m.

"Service of this kind is deserving of special mention.

"Yours truly,
"INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY.

"By S. A. Dugan."

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



Special Car with Insignia

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

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

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,
Wm. G. Miller.

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

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

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,
J. D. Peebles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thanks for the June BULLETIN.
Yours, etc.,

Jim Ham.

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

J. H.

We had overlooked that invitation of Brother Peebles in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

Struggling onward,

Jumbo.

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

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

as Michigander, but to our way of thinking golf is a lot better sport than baseball. It is a good thing that all of us do not relish the same sport or we would not be able to crowd into the grandstand, and the golf enthusiasts would have to make their reservations for space weeks ahead. Michigander writes as follows:

My twelve months' grace must be nearly up and in addition the baseball season is well under way, so I decided to wait no longer but write immediately.

I suppose you have an idea that I am "bugs" on baseball. Not quite; but I certainly enjoy a good game. By the way, have you noticed that the Tigers just got through beating the New York Yankees four straight games, making ten out of the last twelve played? They certainly are the "berries" so far. And to think that the mighty "Babe" Ruth did not get anything that looked like a homer. One did, however, clear the fence and would have been a home run had not fate sent it foul by inches.

As Sol N. Lasky wrote in the last issue of the BULLETIN, Detroit is now the "proud owner of a street railway system."

The common "peepul" must have wanted it badly for the purchase was given the affirmative by more than two to one. One now sees three styles of cars on the city streets—the old D. U. R. cars, the new Birney one-man type and the new Peter Witt cars.

I am thinking of driving the old "Henry" to Chicago this summer just to ride once more on the "Road of Service" and possibly drop in and shake hands with Ye Ed. What say?

We have several Scotch foremen in the shop and I took great pleasure in reading to them the story of Sandy MacPherson and his wife going up in an aeroplane for the first time (on the back cover of the April issue). For several days after all I had to say when I went into the shop was "I'll give you \$35," and I would be greeted with roars of laughter for these sons of the heather certainly enjoyed that particular tale. I might say for myself that I think the Scotch stories in the BULLETIN are much better than some of the so-called "Scotch" in this vicinity.

I have been neglectful in writing on account of being really very busy and hope you will see fit to overlook this misdemeanor. I will

try hard to write oftener in the future. Until then I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Michigander.

As we have said, Michigander, we will pleased to see you if you get here this summer from the home in Detroit. Don't fail to look us up. Concerning the sobriquet of "Bugs" which you have dubbed yourself, we would not have gone quite that far in picking a name for you.

Just as we were wondering if we were going to hear from some of our women correspondents along came the following letter from Mrs. Esther Baker Clark, of Detroit. Mrs. Clark is one of our regulars, always on the job, and we are very glad to hear from her. She writes:

I wonder if Loophound III has enjoyed the recent BULLETIN as much as his contemporary, Charles, has. He saw it lying on my desk a while ago and was attracted. I suppose, by the bright color of the cover.

He opened it and when he got to the picture of the Merchandise Dispatch cars on page 12 he simply yelled with delight over the "cahr" as he calls it. He has looked at it so much since and has carried it about the house so much that the book is beginning to get worn out.

I haven't had time to read it myself yet because he has it so much of the time. He is quite delighted with it.

I am expecting to spend July and August in Chicago and hope to run up to see you. Thanking you for your kindness in sending the BULLETIN, I am,

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Esther B. Clark.

We are mighty glad to see, Mrs. Clark, that you are bringing little Charles up in the right fashion by providing instructive reading matter for him. We hope that you are teaching him that the North Shore Line is the finest electric railway in the country. Be sure to let us know when you are in Chicago, and maybe we can take Charles for a ride on one of our "cahrs."

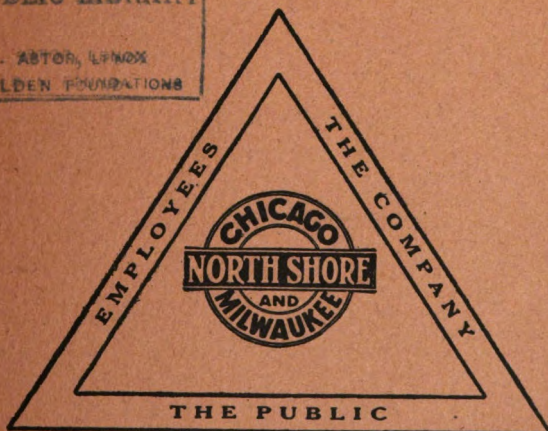
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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

AUGUST, 1922

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



"The Road of Service"

COMMENDATIONS

PRAISE FOR DINING CAR SERVICE

THERE are still some travelers who do not know of the excellence of the Dining Car service on the North Shore Line. It requires only one trial to convince them. Here is a letter from a recent convert:

"I have done a considerable amount of traveling over the North Shore Line, but until the other day I had not had an opportunity to patronize one of your dining cars. A few days ago I had occasion to enjoy this experience on one of your Limited trains from Milwaukee, and I wish to express my appreciation of the satisfactory service given, as it compares favorably with the best steam railroad service and the prices are reasonable.

"I take this opportunity to send this word of appreciation as I realize that such expressions are not as frequent as complaints, because most of us are inclined to complain rather than to praise.

"Ralph H. Rice,
"Chicago."

Your words of praise are appreciated Mr. Rice, and we can assure you that there are more commendations than complaints on the North Shore. That, however, is not usually the case with public utilities. It is just another instance where the North Shore Line is different.

THANKS TICKET AGENTS

THE following letter comes from an appreciative patron who found ticket agents obliging:

I wish to thank the ticket agent at Edison Court and also the agent at Zion City for the courtesy shown me Sunday evening, August 6.

I hurriedly boarded a Limited at Zion City about 7:30 p. m., leaving my camera on a bench on the west platform. Upon arriving at Edison

Court, I notified the agent there of my predicament and he immediately called the agent at Zion City and procured my camera for me.

W. H. REESE,
U. S. Marine Corps.
Naval Station, Great Lakes.

We are glad to know Mr. Reese that you recovered your camera and can assure you that had it been a package of radium you would have recovered it as easily had it fallen into the hands of an employe of the North Shore Line.

GOT REAL SERVICE

THE following letter from a BULLETIN reader in Zion gives a good idea of the character of service given patrons of the North Shore Line. He writes as follows:

I have been a reader of your little monthly publication for several years now, and have been wanting to write you commending the North Shore Line, but I never got the real inspiration until the other day when I boarded the 5:58 Limited at Zion on my way to the Pageant of Progress in Chicago.

I stopped at the Edison Court station to buy a newspaper and being in a hurry left my camera on the counter. I did not notice my loss until I reached Highwood. I then notified the conductor and told him where to have the camera sent. He immediately notified the Edison Court station and got my camera at the Adams and Wabash station at 2:00 o'clock the same day. If that isn't service I would like to know what is.

I would like to have this conductor mentioned and would like to have my name placed on your mailing list for the BULLETIN.

Yours very truly,

PAUL F. KLAUS,
Zion, Ill.

We are having your name placed on the mailing list Mr. Klaus and will be glad to have you in the growing North Shore Family.

"Thanks, old man, I don't smoke, but if you don't mind I'll take it home to the girls."

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, August, 1922

 28 No. 10

Editorial Comment

FOR the last few months the BULLETIN has refrained from running the affairs of state and just look at the mess the country is in. It behooves us to get back on the job. Looks as if the country had gone crazy with the heat, or something.

* * * * *

OUR old, but stanch ship of state had been floundering for a year or two in rather heavy seas. Just as the sky was clearing and the harbor in sight, some groups of workers had to start rocking the boat and they have spilled the beans. Of course, the old ship will come through all right, but her passage is being delayed, and for no good reason, as far as we can see.

* * * * *

WHAT is all this railroad fuss about, anyway? As nearly as we can figure it out the railroad workers are fighting to get back the jobs they quit of their own accord a few weeks ago. After putting the railroads and the country to as much loss and inconvenience as they possibly could, they have grown tired of their holiday and want to get back to their old jobs. President Harding has asked the railroads to treat their former employes like a lot of spoilt children; give them their old jobs with all the rights and privileges that they threw away when they quit work.

* * * * *

THE railroad managers do not appear anxious to kill the fatted calf and open their arms to receive the prodigals. Don't know that we can blame them much, either, under the circumstances. A good many of the shop workers stayed on the job and helped keep trains moving, thereby doing the country a valuable service. Thousands of other workers thought the jobs in the railroad shops were not so bad and they readily filled the places of the men who quit. Now the proposition is that all of these men be kicked out to make room for

the men who left their jobs and afterward changed their minds and wanted them back. Doesn't seem exactly right to the man on the fence, with all due respect for our esteemed President. One can't eat his cake and have it.

* * * * *

WHAT started the rumpus in the first place? The government set up a certain piece of machinery for the adjustment of labor disputes on the railroads of the country. The machine appeared to function fairly well for a while, as judged by the workers. While it increased wages the workers thought the Labor Board was all right. The railroad managers were not as enthusiastic about it, but with one or two exceptions they accepted its findings, even if they did not like them. Then the pendulum of industry swung in the opposite direction and the Labor Board reduced wages. That was a horse of another color. The railroad workers denounced the Board and to show their contempt for it they quit work. Their attitude was one of: "Give us what we want, otherwise we won't play the game." Now if everyone played the game that way in this great country of ours, it must be quite apparent that we couldn't have an orderly government, but a state of anarchy. Were everyone to take the law in his own hands and obey it, or disobey it, as suited himself, we couldn't have law and order but only chaos.

* * * * *

TO the BULLETIN the big issue seems to be whether we are going to have a government for all the people in this country, or a government for certain groups. Not being familiar with all the facts in the situation, we personally, have no opinion on whether the reduction in wages ordered by the Railroad Labor Board, was justifiable or otherwise. The point is that the reduction was ordered by a properly constituted governmental agency, presumably after full consideration of the facts, and if it was not a fair decision, the aggrieved side had the right of appeal in an orderly way. It is aside from the point to say that the railroad workers had a legal right to quit their jobs if they did not wish to accept the conditions imposed by the Labor Board. No one disputes that. But others had precisely the same legal rights to remain at work or to accept work under the conditions which the strikers rejected. In accepting such employment they had a right to be protected. How well they have been protected in exercising the rights supposedly enjoyed by every citizen of this country, one need only turn to his daily newspaper to learn.

* * * * *

TO the man viewing the fray from the outside of the danger zone where the rocks and brickbats are flying, it would appear that there is something wrong when two organized groups of workers,

numbering fewer than one million in the aggregate, can seize the other 109 millions of our people by the throat and attempt to strangle them to death. But we have encouraged just that sort of thing in the past and we are now reaping the harvest we sowed. In Illinois, for example, there was passed a few years ago, by a complacent legislature, a law which prohibits the mining of coal in the state, except by qualified miners who have passed an examination before a mining board. That board, as always is the case in such circumstances, is composed of members of the miners' union. The law was passed ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the men who work underground from the danger of having to work with inexperienced miners. That, of course, was not the real purpose. The real purpose was to give the miners' union a monopoly on coal mining in the state, and it has worked admirably in that respect. Now we have a situation where the great industries are on the verge of prostration for lack of coal, the people are in danger of freezing to death next winter, the union miners won't mine the coal and others can't, because they are prohibited by law. It isn't a pleasant situation to contemplate, but the union miners are not at fault. It was quite natural for them to try to get a monopoly in the industry. Our weak-kneed legislators who were willing to place all the people of the state under the thumb of an organized group, are the ones to blame. When our legislators quit legislating for special groups and think more of the people as a whole, it will be better for the country.

* * * * *

SOME of these days, we suppose, both the railroad and the coal strikes will be settled—for a time. The railroads at this time seem to have the better of the argument and the workers probably will have to pay for their folly in walking out, instead of appealing their case in an orderly way. On the other hand the coal operators seem about ready to surrender on any terms the miners may dictate. Whichever way the strikes are settled, it will not mean peace in either industry. It will just be an armed truce until one side or the other recovers its wind to renew the contest. The proper spirit is lacking. Instead of a spirit of co-operation, there is one of hostility and antagonism. The long-suffering public will forget its troubles until the next outbreak. The politician will run for office as a "friend of labor" and the dear public will continue to be the goat and foot the bills. It's a great game if you don't weaken.

* * * * *

AS it isn't up to us to settle either the railroad or the coal strike, we are going to discuss matters nearer home, that is on the North Shore Line. As we told you last month there has been recently

a little unrest among the employes of the North Shore Line, although they showed better sense than some others and stayed at work. In keeping at work they gave the public needed service and they are at least six days' wages better off than the men in Chicago who went on strike. In a few months hence, when the strike fever has cooled off, the North Shore employes will no doubt conclude that they chose the wiser policy. Most of them realize that at the present moment, but there still exists some misunderstanding on the part of a few employes, and perhaps, on the part of the public with reference to the necessity of reducing operating expenses if the road is to expand and give the public the service it demands.

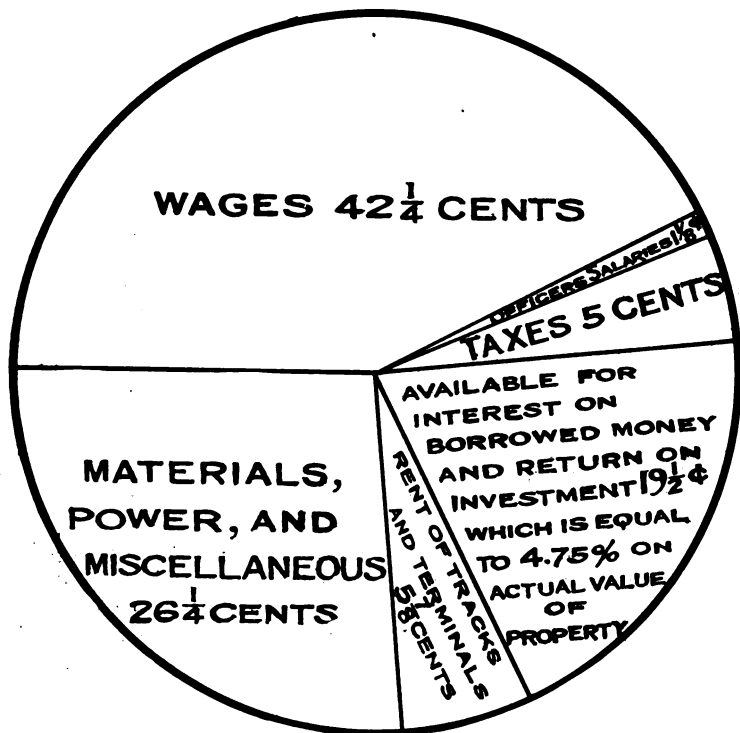
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LAST month we told you that the operating expenses on the North Shore Line was a fraction over 80 cents out of every dollar of the gross earnings. During the wage controversy there has been a good deal of loose talk, based on lack of correct information. For instance, it has been talked around that the reason why the road was not making money was because the officers of the company were allowed exorbitantly large salaries. That is the usual argument used by agitators to stir up discontent and it never is a factor of any importance. Some time ago we recall doing some figuring from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission which showed that if the entire salaries of all the railroad officials in the country higher than division superintendents, were divided equally among all the workers, they would get only 63 cents each a week additional. That was some two or three years ago, but the same proportion would apply today. The idea that the salaries of officers is an important factor in the operating expenses of a railroad, even on a small road like the North Shore Line, is absurd. In the case of the North Shore Line, the salaries of the officers amount to $1\frac{1}{8}$ cents on the dollar of gross earnings, while the wages of employes amount to $42\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

* * * * *

IT might be of interest to employes of the North Shore Line, as well as to the public, to show just where the dollar goes, and with that in mind we had a chart prepared which makes it clear. We can vouch for the correctness of the chart, as it was prepared under our personal supervision from a study of the balance sheet of the company. It will be seen on the chart that wages took $42\frac{1}{4}$ cents of the 1921 dollar, materials, power and miscellaneous expenses absorbed $26\frac{1}{4}$ cents; taxes took 5 cents, rents for terminal tracks took $5\frac{1}{8}$ cents; officers' salaries took $1\frac{1}{8}$ cents and there was left a balance of $19\frac{1}{2}$ cents for interest on borrowed money and return on the original investment.

NOW for some explanation of that chart. The return of $19\frac{1}{2}$ cents to an ordinary manufacturer or business man might appear large. A railroad, however, or any other public utility, where the initial investment is very large, is in an altogether different position from the ordinary line of business with a proportionately smaller original investment. For example, the ordinary business man counts on turning



over his capital three or four times a year, or oftener, depending on the character of the business. In other words his gross revenue a year amounts to three or four times his investment in the business. On the other hand the public utility company turns over its capital investment once in five years on the average. To make it still clearer let us take the actual figures on the North Shore Line. In the year 1921 the gross revenue of the road was in round numbers \$4,423,000. The capital invested in the property was in round numbers \$18,210,000. It will be seen, therefore, that while $19\frac{1}{2}$ cents out of every dollar earned went for interest charges and return on the investment, that the

return on the actual money put into the property was in reality only 4.75 per cent.

* * * * *

THE average workingman is not a financial expert, but it is not difficult to understand what disposition is made of the North Shore dollar from a little study of the accompanying chart. If one would give it some study, he would see the absurdity of some of the statements which appeared in a few of the Chicago newspapers during the recent strike of street car men. Even in the editorial columns, where one naturally would expect a little common sense, appeared editorials pointing out the injustice of the position of the Chicago Surface Lines in asking their employes to accept a 20 per cent reduction in wages, when the reduction in fares was only 12½ per cent. To the superficial that might sound like a plausible argument, but take another look at the chart and see how ridiculous it is. Were wages the only item in the cost of operating transportation lines, it would be true that a reduction of revenue would be met by an equivalent reduction in wages. But wages constitute only one item of the fixed costs of operation. For the sake of convenience, let us say that in Chicago wages constitute 50 per cent of the cost of operation. The other charges are fixed. In the case of taxes, that item is steadily mounting upward. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that a reduction of, say, 10 per cent in revenue would be equal to a reduction of 20 per cent in wages, if the balance is to be preserved as it was before any adjustment took place. Some of the Chicago editorial writers evidently could not, or would not see what should be perfectly clear to anyone.

* * * * *

WHEN the Interstate Commerce Commission reduced railroad freight rates on July 1 last, the North Shore Line had to make a similar reduction on its Merchandise Despatch business. The loss in revenue from that source will exceed by one and one-half times the proposed reduction of 5 per cent in wages. As was stated in the BULLETIN last month, wages on the North Shore Line are higher than on any interurban railroad in the country and will be higher after the proposed reduction becomes effective. As for working conditions, they are so much better on the North Shore Line than on any other railroad of the kind in the country, that there is no comparison. The traveling public do not know, nor do the employes themselves fully realize, how much the company has to pay in wages for work that is not performed. More than one-half of the employes are on passenger trains running between Chicago and Milwaukee. In that service one round trip constitutes a day's work. The actual running time is about six hours but the employes are paid for nine hours. Even with the time allowances for pulling out and laying up trains and for relays at the end of the run, few employes spend more than seven hours on

the job. The company pays for nine hours, nearly one-third of which time is non-productive.

* * * * *

IN all railroad work there must be some lost time. The company does not complain about having to pay some time for work that is not performed, because the management wishes to see the employees get the best working conditions possible. But some of the employees do not appreciate the fair treatment they receive and seem to think that because the company must cut down its operating expenses, that they are being unfairly treated. The reduction in wages proposed is very small compared with reductions that have been made in other parts of the country. As we pointed out in last month's BULLETIN it is to the best interests of the employees that the company should be reasonably prosperous, able to maintain its credit and steadily increase its business. There should be no suspicion or distrust in the situation, as the company is now, and always has been under the present management, ready to lay all its cards on the table face upwards and frankly discuss its position with its employees. The employees should be willing to co-operate with the company in that spirit and by doing so obtain the best results for all concerned.

Milwaukee's Famous Recreation Center

WE have told you from time to time in the BULLETIN about some of Milwaukee's famous industries and we are likely to do it again, because the subject isn't nearly exhausted. Milwaukee is proud of her great industrial plants, some of which are the largest of their particular kind in the world.

But Milwaukee knows how to play as well as how to work and this month by way of a little change we are going to tell you something of her big Recreation Center, which has few, if any, equals in the country, or in the world.

Fred G. Smith's Recreation Center, better known to the public as the Plankinton Arcade, is the best known place in Milwaukee. Located in the heart of the city at Grand Avenue and Sec-

ond Street it serves as a meeting place for both men and women and is visited daily by 5,000 regular customers. That large daily patronage, however, does not give one a correct idea of the size and popularity of the place, for there have been some occasions when upward of 25,000 persons have passed in and out of its hospitable doors in a single day.

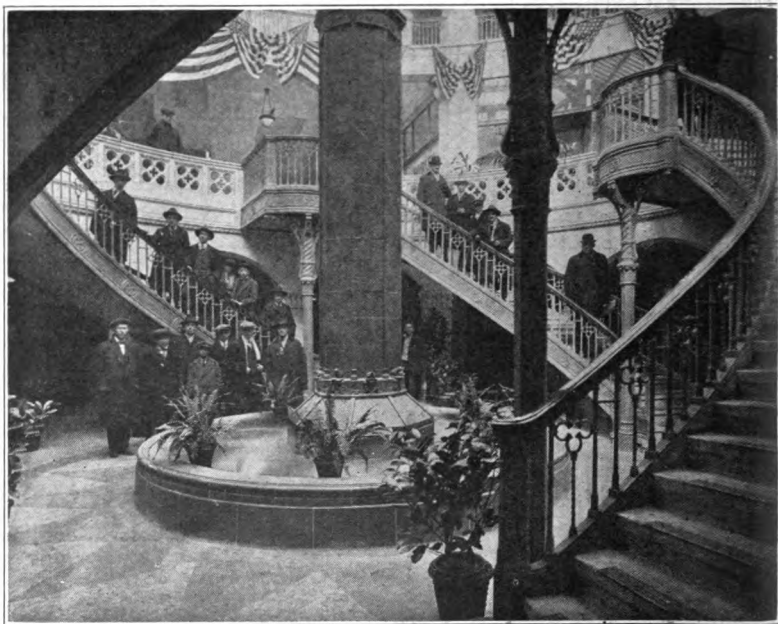
The Plankinton Arcade is the largest recreation center in the world located on one floor. That floor is 400 by 200 feet and is devoted entirely to the social and recreational side of life. Its popularity is the best proof that the people in a great city need such a place where they can meet and enjoy an hour or two of healthful recreation as a relaxation

from the daily grind of work and business.

Although we have many times visited the Arcade when in Milwaukee and eaten lunch in its spacious restaurant, we had little idea of the real magnitude of the place until the other day when Mr. Smith piloted us around it and showed us something behind the scenes. It is a tribute to the genius of Mr. Smith, for it is

pression of the magnificence of the place and lure him on with pleasurable anticipation to explore the interior.

The billiard room has 60 tables in it, the largest single room of the kind in the country. At one end a table is reserved for billiard matches with galleries around it capable of accommodating 200 spectators. The greatest billiard experts in the world



Stairway Entrance to Plankinton Arcade, Milwaukee, Wis.

something in the way of new departure in a business way and has proved a great success.

The first thing that strikes a visitor on entering the place is the beautiful winding staircase with a sparkling fountain at the bottom in which many fine specimens of brook and rainbow trout abound. The staircase and fountain give the visitor the first im-

have appeared frequently in the Arcade.

The bowling alley room has 37 alleys in it, which again is the largest of its kind in the west. Until a short time ago there were 41 bowling alleys in the place, but four alleys were removed to make place for a rifle range, which is the most attractive we have ever seen. The rifle expert has many

different kinds of targets to select from, but if we are going to look over the whole place, we haven't time or space to linger long at the rifle range.

Across the broad aisle from the billiard room is the barber shop with twenty-four chairs in service. That is some barber shop. A space at one end is reserved for women, for hair-bobbing, marceling and all the other varieties of women's hair-

much time in "beauty parlors," probably on the theory that their case is hopeless, but many of them like to have freshly pressed trousers. Anyway, the service of manicurists and valets are there if they wish it.

One of the popular places in the Arcade is a rest room for women. Hundreds of women daily take advantage of this haven of rest when they are tired out on shopping tours. There is something inviting about the heavily upholstered chairs and couches when one's feet are tired and aching from walking on hard pavements or marble floors.

No recreation center would be complete, of course, without refreshments and the Plankinton Arcade provides them in great variety. The variety is not quite as great as it was in days gone by, but the thirsty soul still can get relief at the 74-foot bar, although not the kind of relief he sought in the pre-Volstead days.

An excellent cafeteria and a lunchroom are operated in connection with the bar and soda grill and in the large rotunda are cigar and candy stands and a big novelty stand.

After we had looked around all of the place that is open to visitors, Mr. Smith took us behind the scenes to show us the kitchens, bakeshops, refrigerating system and things of that kind. We saw cakes and pies and other good things to eat being prepared, and can vouch for it that they are prepared under the best possible sanitary conditions.

Talking with Mr. Smith about the magnitude of the place, which was a surprise to us, he said that this recreation center represents an investment of about \$500,000. That is quite a large investment to be centered in one room, even though the room is a large one. Inventories taken at frequent intervals, show an average of about \$35,000 worth of supplies which



Fred G. Smith

dressing are carried on in this establishment. More Milwaukee women have had their locks shorn in this shop than in any other in the city.

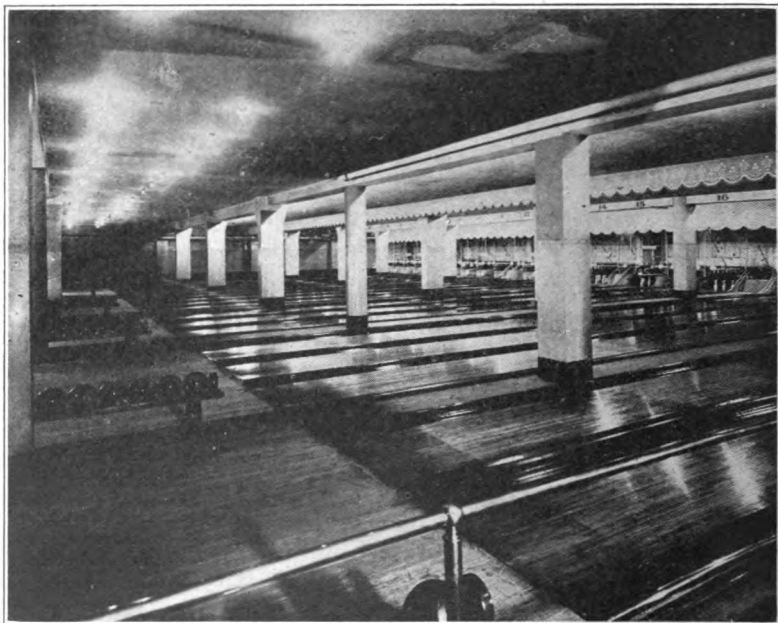
Of course there is a beauty parlor, too. Milwaukee girls are the best looking in the world, everyone knows that, but evidently they think that a little artificial aid to Nature is not amiss. At least the beauty parlor is well patronized.

Another section of the barber shop is partitioned off for valet service for men. Few men waste

must be kept on hand at all times. It requires 300 employes to run the establishment. About 2,500 meals are served daily in the place, although that is only a side line.

The most interesting thing about Milwaukee's great recreation center, as indeed about any

parents when a young boy. He started life selling newspapers in Chicago. He had a stand at Hoyne avenue and West Madison street and he used to sell a paper every morning to Carter H. Harrison the elder, as he rode by on horseback. He attended the public schools in Chicago while



Bowling Alleys, Plankinton Arcade, Milwaukee, Wis.

successful enterprise, is the guiding mind behind it all. Fred G. Smith, who has built up this business would be a good subject for a story by himself, if we had the space to go into his personal history. He did not inherit any part of the business enterprises which he directs today, but built them up by hard work.

Mr. Smith was born in England about 46 years ago and was brought to this country by his

selling papers morning and evening, but, as he says, he did not graduate from school, but he did graduate from the news stand to a grocery delivery wagon, a job that paid him \$7 a week. From that he graduated to a position on a coal wagon at \$11 a week.

As a boy Mr. Smith was a great lover of billiards and bowling. This gave him the idea that the public would pay top prices if given first class service. His first business venture was in Massil-

lon, Ohio, which city he says he rode into on a freight train and rode out in a Pullman. Drifting into Massillon and visiting a billiard parlor, he was struck with the difference between it and some Chicago billiard rooms. He had saved every penny and with a capital of \$300 he started in business, to provide clean, healthful recreation for the people. The venture was a success and a few years later he went to Cleveland and opened the Euclid Arcade. His friends predicted he would starve to death in Cleveland, but the venture proved a success from the start. He still operates the Euclid Arcade, but he was looking for fresh fields to conquer and in January 1917 he started the Plankinton Arcade in Milwaukee. Like every other venture in the recreation line with which he has been identified, the Milwaukee enterprise has been successful and is today the most popular place in the Cream City.

NORTH SHORE EXHIBIT, PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

DID you see the new movie in the booth of the North Shore Line at the Pageant of Progress? If you did you have had it proved to you that the BULLETIN has been justified in its praise of the excellent service given shippers using the Merchandise Despatch.

Epitomizing the swiftness of service, the movie deals with a situation which arose in the business routine of a Milwaukee manufacturer when an important part of one of his machines broke threatening a tieup of production and the delay of an important shipment to Philadelphia.

Seizing a long distance telephone the manufacturer called the maker of the machine in Chicago and was told that the part he needed would arrive in Mil-

waukee shortly after noon, the call having been made at the opening of business in the morning.

With seeming incredibleness the manufacturer ordered his assistant to have a truck at the Merchandise Despatch station in Milwaukee at the appointed hour of arrival and the train is shown arriving exactly on time.

The picture shows the machine part being loaded on a truck in Chicago at the plant of the maker. From there it is taken to the central receiving station and from there to the Merchandise Despatch station where it is loaded aboard a train bound for Milwaukee. The trip north is shown and on the way the Interstate Limited and other fast passenger trains are passed. Stops are made at Kenosha and Racine and finally the train pulls into the Milwaukee terminal.

An expert went along with the shipment and installed the machine part and the shipment was got on its way to Philadelphia in plenty of time, thanks to the speed of the Merchandise Despatch.

Running around the top of the booth at the Pageant with a background of painted scenery representing glimpses of the route of the North Shore Line, was a miniature train fully equipped with lights and other realistic accoutrements. Many were attracted by the little train as it sped on its journey around the tracks on its third rail system.

"The Green Bay Trail," our movie showing the history of the North Shore Line from the time of the Sioux and Algonquin and old Fort Dearborn was also shown. Any club or other organization wishing to make use of these two interesting pictures may do so. They are free for the asking.

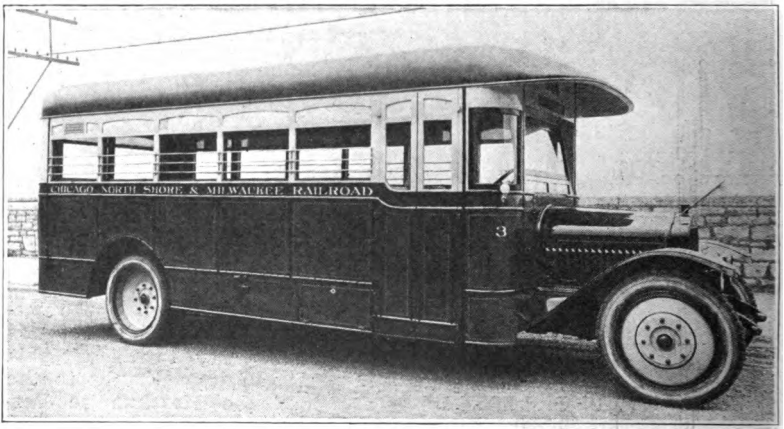
INAUGURATE NEW KENOSHA-LAKE GENEVA BUS LINE SERVICE

BY the time this issue of the BULLETIN reaches its readers, the North Shore Line will have extended its service to Lake Geneva by means of a bus line, operated on a 2-hour schedule west from Kenosha.

According to the present arrangement the new busses will be put into service Saturday, July

line at both ends. The city of Waukegan and the city of Kenosha have already granted authority to operate on the necessary streets.

The route as planned runs from a connection with the main line at Edison Court, Waukegan, east to Sheridan Road and north on that thoroughfare to Market Square in Kenosha, where connection will be made with the Kenosha-Lake Geneva busses and



Type of New Bus Kenosha-Lake Geneva Route

12, connecting with fast Limited trains from Chicago and from Milwaukee. Passengers from Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities on the line, who are destined for Lake Geneva, may purchase through tickets and transfer with their baggage from rail to bus without any inconvenience.

This new bus service in connection with the North Shore Line is only the beginning of a number of extensions planned. Application has been made to the Illinois Commerce Commission for authority to operate a bus line from Waukegan to Kenosha, through Zion and Winthrop Harbor, connecting with the main

west to connect with the main line at Kenosha.

The new line is expected to serve a large territory around Zion and Winthrop Harbor that has now no adequate service. The main line of the North Shore runs from a mile to a mile and a half west of the heart of Zion and Winthrop Harbor, so that residents of these cities are put to some inconvenience to reach trains.

It was expected that the Waukegan-Kenosha bus line could be put into operation about the same time as the Kenosha-Lake Geneva line, but the Illinois Commerce Commission took a recess dur-

ing the month of August and will not act on the application for a certificate until it convenes early in September. If the certificate is granted the line will be put in operation at once and the busses will be run on an hourly schedule.

The new busses are the latest type on the market. They have pneumatic tires and leather upholstered seats with heavy springs in them, so that the passenger rides as comfortably as he would in a high-priced auto-

mobile. The busses seat 27 passengers.

Citizens of Waukegan and Kenosha are looking forward eagerly for the beginning of the new service. The line to Lake Geneva runs through the lakes district west of Kenosha, where many Kenosha families have summer cottages and where there is now no adequate transportation service. The citizens of Lake Geneva are also interested in the line as it will afford them opportunity to visit Kenosha by a direct route.



View of Republic Avenue, Racine, Wis.

LOW RENT IN RACINE

In May issue we printed a story about the houses that the Racine Housing Association is offering to families in Chicago and Milwaukee. There are more than 100 of these new houses, at rentals ranging from \$26 to \$33 a month, and \$3 a month extra for garages.

A contributor, M. E. Best, who lives in one of these houses was interested in the story and sent us a picture of Republic Avenue, which we are reproducing herewith. Mr. Best says they are fine houses and we can well believe it when we look at the picture. Republic Avenue is the street nearest to the North Shore Line.

With the Bulletin Family

SO much has been said in the BULLETIN in the last two or three months about summer resorts that we have a suspicion a number of our contribs have had an attack of "vacationitis" and temporarily forgotten the duty they owe the Family.

Well, Family, we can't blame you. We always enjoy hearing from you, but it would grieve us if we thought that writing interfered with the pleasures of a vacation. However, don't forget your duty to the Big North Shore Family when you settle down again.

We have been expecting a call from "Michigander" but so far he has failed to show. We were sorry to have missed "Ever-Ready" Sol Lasky when he called recently and hope he will come again. We might again remind him that we do not have his correct address, for we noticed that the last copy of the BULLETIN was returned marked "Left, No Address."

Our popular correspondent Loophound made good his promise and paid us a visit. He drove that new car of his from Pittsburgh to Chicago in a day and a half, which shows that he is a good driver. We had come home from the office one evening recently to an empty flat, our family having taken to the woods in northern Wisconsin, and we were trying to think what our household duties were. We repeated the parting injunction of Friend Wife, which was: "Don't forget Jimmie, and see that you water the flowers." We repeated that daily just to memorize it. Jimmie is his Christian name, his full name being Jimmie Hall

Canary. We gave him his cognomen years ago as a result of having won him in a raffle for the benefit of Jim Hall, the pugilist. He is something of a scrapper himself and showed it on several occasions when we acted as his valet.

Anyway, we were talking to Jimmie when the telephone rang and a voice at the other end said "This is Loophound."

"Where are you?" we inquired. "Over near Logan Square," he replied.

"The family has gone to the country," we said.

"I'll be over in about twenty minutes," came the reply and he was ahead of the schedule.

Together we went for a ride in the new machine and had gone only a few blocks when he asked if there were any country roads near by so he could show us how the car worked. We steered him west on Dempster street to Waukegan Road and headed him north. It was a dark night and that road certainly is dark. After a while he asked "Have you any idea where we are?"

"Not the faintest," we replied, "but they call this Waukegan Road so it naturally leads to Waukegan."

We reached there a few minutes later. Why we weren't pinched on the way back probably is due to the fact that it was early in the morning and the speed cops had retired for the night.

He stayed with us two days, or rather two nights, and then headed for Oklahoma. Here is his latest from Kansas:

So this is Kansas! It was a dry state before Volstead became unpopular, as I learned years ago in

Band of Hope, but I've learned something new today. You can't smoke cigarettes in Kansas.

When I phoned the hotel office for a package of my favorite brand, they sent the bell boy up with a pitcher of ice water—they thought I meant I'd gone without water for a week.

In Nebraska you may not indulge in this form of suicide in dining rooms, but here it's positively verboten at all hours. Wonder what the flappers do without the nasty things. Maybe they mooch eating tobacco off Brother Benny. I'm glad I have a few Pittsburgh tobies left—first time I ever really liked the 6 for 20 kind.

I've been here before years ago, but that trip I was shy the price of smokes so their customs didn't annoy me.

It's a peculiar state in many ways. I drove over five bridges to cross a river yesterday and there wasn't enough water under all five to wash a hind wheel. Reminds me of that first trip when a party of us walked six miles to go swimming and when we reached the Republican River it was so low that swimming was out of the question. We got a bath by digging a hole in the bed of the river and waiting till the mud settled.

It's too hot here tonight for "reporting." A sign on the dresser says I can rent a taxifan for 5c an hour. Think I'll squander a dime and maybe by that time I'll be asleep and my troubles ended for eight hours. I'd give my share of the public wealth for one lungful of Lake Michigan air right now. Who was it wanted to know "What's the matter with Kansas?" You tell him. I'd only start an argument.

Loophound.

Not knowing just what is the matter with Kansas your inquiry is respectfully referred to Bill White of Emporia. If any one knows, he does.

There is a bird out on the Pacific Coast, or near there, who draws a salary from the Portland Railway Company, just what for we do not know. His name is Bill Strandborg, but we call him Big Bill for short.

The other day we received a letter, or rather an envelope, from him marked "Personal and Con-

fidential." When we opened that envelope this is a picture of what it contained:



It's bad enough to be confronted with a situation such as he depicts, but to have an ornery cuss gloat over it like that is almost enough to make one mad. We'll get even with that bird some day.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, writes this month with a heavy heart, having lost one of his best friends. He says:

It is with a sad and heavy heart that I write to inform you that our mutual friend J. E. Matthewson of Sheboygan was killed instantly last night. The business men of Sheboygan were holding an outing at Elkhart Lake and some fool who had been drinking moonshine asked Mr. Matthewson to take a ride in his car. They had gone only a short distance when the moonshine ditched the car. It turned completely over, pinning Mr. Matthewson under it. His neck was broken, so death must have been instantaneous.

What an untimely end and moonshine did it, and moonshine still lives to kill many more. I feel terribly over it to think I shall never again see his smiling face at the ball games, for like myself, he was a great lover of baseball and other clean sports. He is to be buried Friday afternoon and I venture to say it will be the largest funeral ever seen in Sheboygan,

for every one loved Jim. He was a real man among men.

You will, of course, remember him as he gave you a McCaw fern on the occasion of your visit here two years ago.

Indeed we remember Jim Matthewson very well, Mr. Peebles, and felt greatly upset when we received your letter informing us of his sudden death. We echo your sentiments on the subject of moonshine and every other kind of booze for that matter.

Our Canton correspondent, Mr. Miller, sends one of his thoughtful letters commenting on the times. In part he writes:

I was pleased to hear from you and learn that you were feeling first class, as you expressed it. I confess I was a little uneasy but can easily understand your need of a little rest. There is in fact little rest for the person with an active mind as he observes conditions as they arise and your occupation keeps you always busy in mind. Some have a faculty of explaining what they observe much easier than others and you are in that class.

I wish that bright mind of yours could tell us whither we are drifting. Riding on a railroad train one day recently I asked a traveling man in the seat with me what he had learned in his travels about the railroad strike. He said he had learned nothing, no one talked or seemed concerned about it. Continuing he said that nobody is surprised at anything any more; nothing can occur on a scale large enough to disturb the minds of the people. Here we are with a three months' national coal strike without sign of settlement, now a national railroad strike and no one knows to where it may lead, as in some of the riots that have already taken place the most cold-blooded murders have been committed and yet the people seem quite passive. The nation does not grasp the danger of cause and effect as it used to do, but, he said, we cannot go on this way, we cannot continue.

Now that is what we always hear at the conclusion of a talk of a few men, but no one ventures an opinion as to when or how the change is coming. A man told me the other day the people and the country were too dry to think and

act rationally. Those too poor to pay the price are half-mad and those who pay the price for what they receive are more than mad after they consume what they have paid for. However, all seem agreed that the country is far from normal—in sense.

Yours sincerely,

Wm. G. Miller.

Well, Mr. Miller, we wish we could offer a solution of the problems which you discuss, but we can't. We have some ideas on the subject, one of which is that as long as our public servants are more interested in getting the votes of certain groups than they are in enforcing the laws and protecting the rights of all the people, there is little hope of finding a solution. Our public officials are altogether too timid, they are too much afraid that in taking a stand on a question they may give offense to certain groups and lose votes at the next election. When wholesale assassination is permitted to go almost unchallenged and the assassins unwhipped of justice, it would seem that the trouble is in our political, rather than with our industrial system.

Our regular contrib, Jim Ham, sends the following:

Been sort o' hanging round close to home lately 'cept did take a little jaunt over to Southern Michigan recently, over in the Holy Roller neighborhood (they call 'em Airedales over there.)

As we clamouring, kicking, striking, cussed, bootlegging city guys flit 'round a bit we're prone to smile with a mock indulgence at folks who find satisfaction and live peacefully and happily in the simplest environments. If we'd but feel the pulse of these happy folk 'twould be found they have graduated from the school of kidding and solved the problem of dissatisfaction by getting their feet on the ground and going to work.

Work makes us all happy regardless of whether we dig a sewer or copy market quotations from a nervous ticker 'ape. Just so it's legitimate, genuine work.

Perhaps I'm sort of hard on us city folk 'cause one can find

happiness everywhere and transform gloom into joy very easily. I speak in generalities, however, of the bulk of our populace who allow George to do their thinking and sometimes, Chief, I think they're in the majority. However, perfection only comes through full realization of imperfection. We must admit our turbulent world is getting better as time progresses, even though it seems prohibition just simply refuses to stay put for any specified time in any particular spot. Recall a vain effort on the part of Dad some years back to render prohibition effective as applicable to a neighbor's orchard. Now this neighbor's apples were scrubby, wormy and generally consumptive whereas "ourn" were red, plump and juicy. Did the prohibition work in this local instance? Sure, just about as well as 'tis working nationally today.

In concluding this gob of gab I greet you and the family and look forward to receipt of next issue of the BULLETIN.

Faithfully yours,

Jim Ham.

Having been over in that neighborhood on one or two occasions we can understand how the appellation "Airedale" might have been applied. If our friend "Ever Ready" Sol Lasky had to depend on that neighborhood for a market for his safety razors, we fear he would soon starve to death.

Here is one from a new correspondent who hails from classic Evanston:

Allow me to say as a former employe and one who left the North Shore Line to better himself in a profession, that there's no place like home. Having worked for the North Shore Line for two and one-half years and then to be away from it for as long, is heart rending. To come back and find your happy home crowded to its capacity and not even a bunk in the attic makes one feel like an outcast from his parental home.

Let me say, however, that your presentation of the financial status of the North Shore Line to the employes of the company in the July issue of the BULLETIN was excellent and to the point and sufficient to make every employe strive for a greater North Shore Line.

May the good will between employes and the company manifest itself more and more as growth and expansion increase.

My application is on file,

My heart yearns for its every mile.

The home I once had will again be mine.

From Chicago to Milwaukee on the North Shore Line.

H. R. Rowe.

We hope Mr. Rowe that you may be successful but trust that your application is not for poet laureate because that position is not vacant.

Our Milwaukee correspondent Jumbo sends a post card from Washington where he went to see about that three mile limit for his home town. He writes:

I've been on the lookout for a better railroad than the good old North Shore Line, but a better one I believe cannot be found. At least I have not found it yet.

Guess I'll step over and see the President about that "three mile limit" for Milwaukee. Then we can hold that picnic Labor Day—eh?

Jumbo.

Well, Mr. Jumbo, Washington is a great city and all that, but you will have to travel farther to find as good a road as the North Shore Line. You will not find it in the nation's capital, or any other place in the east.

C. G. Tracy, of St. Paul, from whom we have heard before, paints what to our mind is more or less a millenium in transportation in his letter. Can any of our friends realize a more perfect mode of transportation from coast to coast than a line like the North Shore? Anyway, Mr. Tracy thinks that would be about perfect as he says in the following letter:

The BULLETIN is still reaching me regularly and is always well worth reading, from editorials to jokes, and I must say that the verses selected to adorn the covers are excellently chosen. The bit from Shakespeare on the June cover is a superb quotation to be

read and reread, studied and followed.

Visited Chicago recently and found it more than worth while to stop off at Milwaukee and "do it electrically" between the two lake city terminals. The clean, swift and comfortable ride was a distinct relief from the dirty steam trains. Will add that the ticket agent at Milwaukee—the somewhat slender young fellow on the morning shift—was very agreeable in answering questions, upholding the good reputation of the "Road of Service."

I often think what great benefits could be rendered if all the savings squandered in get-rich-quick schemes and bucket shops could be invested in well built and carefully managed electric lines like yours, enabling them to extend across the country. Maybe they will be some day, and then you can run cars right into St. Paul. That would be SOME service.

Sincerely yours,
C. G. Tracy.

Write us again, Mr. Tracy.

WHAT'S ONE MORE OR LESS

A North Shore Local from Waukegan stopped at Lake Bluff junction. A woman accompanied by several small children alighted from the train and it started south on its journey.

Conductor Patek started through the car and stopped beside, a little child that was all alone.

"What—where—" he exclaimed.

A passenger volunteered the information that the child belonged to the woman who got off at Lake Bluff. Conductor Patek pulled the bell cord and backed the car up about 500 feet into the station. The woman and her brood were still there.

"Is this your child?" asked the conductor, as he took the little one in his arms and descended the steps.

The woman looked around hastily.

"Why, yes," she said in a surprised tone. "Where did you find it?"

Gee, I had a wild lunch today.
How's that?
Animal Crackers.

QUICK ACT SAVES BABY

THE 1 o'clock Milwaukee Limited out of Chicago, which carries a dining car on Saturdays and is known as the "Golfer's Special" had made a safety stop at Noyes street, Evanston, and had started north.

Collector Golf was taking up tickets and among his passengers was a woman with a baby, apparently about six weeks old, in her arms. She was seated by an open window and in some manner the baby fell out. Quick as a flash Collector Golf made a grab for the baby's dress, catching it between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, while with the left he pulled the emergency cord and brought the train to a quick stop. He held on to the baby's dress and called to the mother to reach out and rescue it from its perilous position.

When the baby was safe in its mother's arms again, Conductor Gerard went to the dining car and apologized to the passengers for the quick stop that was made. When the passengers learned that a baby's life was saved by the sudden stop, they did not complain of the jolt.

Collector Golf received a personal letter from the Superintendent commending him for his quick act. He showed wonderful presence of mind and ability to think quickly in an emergency. The BULLETIN wishes to extend him its congratulations.

GOOD TEAMWORK

The team of horses were pulling in perfect unison up the steep hill. Mrs. MacNab was seated beside her spouse in the wagon, admiring the way the noble animals worked in harmony.

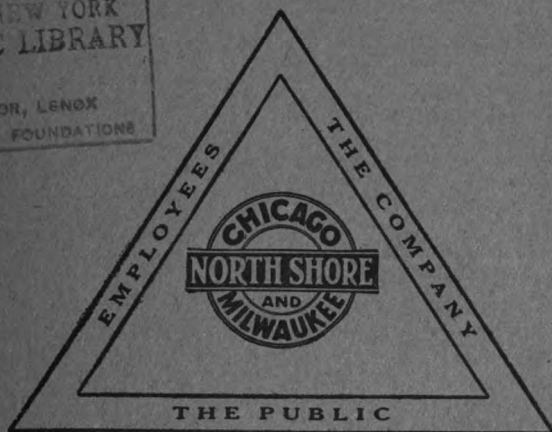
"John," she said, "isn't that a fine example of team work? Why can't we work together like that?"

"Woman," answered John. "we might work like that if there was only a tongue between us."

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER, 1922

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"The Road of Service"

COMMENDATIONS

AN appreciation of the general good service of the North Shore Line is voiced in the following letter from William D. Whyte who is secretary of the Lake County Consumers' association as well as a hotel official:

"The writer takes this opportunity to thank the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad, through your BULLETIN for the patronage received by him while Manager of the Genesee Hotel in Waukegan for the past five years.

"It was always a pleasure for me to advise a guest to travel over the 'Road of Service,' knowing that the trip would be enjoyed in all that the word implies.

"With best wishes I esteem it a privilege to remain

"Very truly yours,

"WM. D. WHYTE."

We are very glad to know Mr. Whyte that you have found North Shore service of such a character that you could recommend it to your guests and can assure you that we appreciate your commendations.

CONDUCTOR IS COMMENDED

The following letter comes from a prominent Milwaukee business man who does not wish to have his name or business connections made public:

"I had occasion on Wednesday of this week to take the train which leaves Milwaukee at 10:55 for Chicago.

"At luncheon I noticed a lady who seemed somewhat distressed, and after questioning her I learned that she was not feeling very well. I called the conductor of this train and, with his help and that of another lady passenger, the lady in question was

made comfortable until she arrived in Chicago.

"The reason I am bringing this matter to your attention is for that fact that I believe the conductor in charge of this train should have special mention made for his kindness and consideration to the lady. I believe men of his caliber should be encouraged and that you should know that such men as he will lend a pleasing feeling to the traveling public when using your lines.

"We are all very quick to condemn, but also very slow to praise a man when praise is due.

"There is no motive in my mind in communicating this to you, except to advise you of what a pleasure it was to see a man so humane in the service of a public corporation.

"I ask that the name of my organization, or myself as signer of this communication, not be made public, but I can assure you that it is a pleasure for me to write you the contents of this communication."

The conductor commended in the foregoing is Harvey P. Hurst. The North Shore Line has a reputation for the courtesy and helpfulness of its employes and it is always gratifying to the management to hear of incidents of this character.

EMPLOYES' ATHLETIC CLUB

EMPLOYES of the North Shore Line have organized an athletic club, through which they hope to derive a lot of pleasure and healthful recreation.

The company has given the club a tennis court on the rear of the General Offices at Highwood, which was opened August 20. Negotiations are now under way to procure a swimming tank and other equipment for athletic activities.

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V Chicago, September, 1922  28 No. 11

Editorial Comment

HAVE you noticed that there has been a marked improvement in business and in social and industrial affairs in the last month, since we returned to our old job of running the country?

* * * * *

REMARKABLE how "us writin' fellers" can settle things with a typewriter and a few sheets of copy paper. We don't quarrel and fuss over seniority rights, either. We see that things are not just what they ought to be and we pitch off our coats, light our pipes and set about putting the house in order.

* * * * *

THERE are so many of us world-savers on the job, too, that the wonder is that anything ever goes wrong. For the last two hours we have been reading the comments of some other philosophers—you notice we include ourself in that category—and we have absorbed a lot of wisdom. Nothing new, of course, because nobody ever writes anything that is new. If someone says he does, he either is a liar, or he is fooling himself. All that any of us do is to work over some ideas that are ages old and try to present them in a new dress. The first man who said there was nothing new under the sun, not only knew what he was talking about, but gave a perfectly good alibi for his lack of originality.

* * * * *

ANYWAY, as we remarked there has been an improvement in the last month. The coal miners, or most of them are working, according to reports, although the weather recently in Chicago has made one think more of ice than of coal. The chances seem fairly good that they will continue at work for the next six months and by that time we shall have forgotten all about the trouble. Then they will go out on strike again and remind us that "the sacred right to strike" is still preserved in this land of the free and home of the brave.

THE railroads, according to reports, are moving a greater tonnage than they did for the same period last year and the number of men employed in their shops is steadily increasing. The strike is no longer a serious menace to transportation. Originally called in protest against a wage reduction, ordered by the Railroad Labor Board, a body duly authorized by law to deal with such controversies, the original issue has been lost sight of for weeks and the strike has resolved itself into a question of the men getting their old jobs back with their seniority rights unimpaired. The strikers learned in the first few weeks that the public was not inclined this time to fall for the old stuff of "capital seeking to enslave the masses," so they changed front and would now be content to return to work under the same conditions they enjoyed before they walked out. Have they learned anything from their experience? Have the public learned anything from the strike? We doubt it.

* * * * *

WE hear a good deal about the need of new laws on the subject. Congress is being asked to put "teeth" in the Railroad Act, so that the Labor Board will have power to enforce its decisions. Always in an emergency of the kind we hear about the need of new laws. As we have remarked before, our notion of it is that we have laws a-plenty now. Sometimes we think that we have far too many. We know at least, that many of the laws we have are poorly enforced, and we have an idea that enforcement of existing laws would be much more effective than enacting new measures, especially if such new laws would be impossible of enforcement. We cannot, for instance, see how "teeth" in the Railroad Act is going to help matters a great deal. We believe we can see how a strict enforcement of some of the laws now on the statute books would be effective. At least, it would seem that might be given a trial before seeking new laws.

* * * * *

IN theory, laws apply equally to all. In practice they do nothing of the kind. The stock in trade argument of the soapbox orator is that laws are made to protect "capital." They are never made to protect "labor." Well, we might say that capital is only accumulated labor, the result of work and thrift, but we'll let that go. The man who rails loudest against capital, is the one who is never likely to accumulate much of it, because he won't work. But let us look into the question of laws being made in the interest of capital. We have on the statute books an anti-trust law, enacted more than thirty years ago. It has been said for its sponsors that it never was intended to apply to farmers or labor organizations. Anyway, this law declares illegal every contract, combination, in the form of trust or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with

foreign nations. Suppose all the railroads of the country combined to demand an increase in rates and when refused, they shut down and tried to starve the country into subjection. Can you imagine such a situation? Now isn't there some similarity between such a supposed situation and the position actually taken by the railroad workers? The country wouldn't tolerate the one for an instant, but it has tolerated the other many times and most likely it will again.

* * * * *

BUT you say, the anti-trust law does not apply to labor organizations. The Clayton Act of a few years ago specifically amended the law, so that it would not apply to labor or agricultural organizations. That is true, and that is why we say that laws should apply equally to all. If it is illegal for capital, so-called, to enter into a conspiracy, or combination in restraint of trade, why shouldn't it be illegal for labor organizations, or farmer's organizations, if they can accomplish the same results through such combinations? We agree with the statement of Senator Cummins in advocating the passage of the Clayton Act, that the labor of a human being is not an article of commerce and we recognize the right, and the necessity, for workers organizing for their protection, but nevertheless we cannot see why a law should not apply to all. We cannot see why there should be any specially favored groups under our form of government, or why a crime committed in the name of organized labor is any different from a crime committed under any other name.

* * * * *

OCASIONALLY you will hear some one condoning the acts of violence committed during strikes, on the specious plea that it is war. Well, we don't agree that it is war, but assume for the sake of argument that it is. What would happen in a war, if, for instance, pickets on one side caught pickets on the other side attempting to pull spikes in railroad ties and wreck a train filled with non-combatants? Wouldn't it be a stone wall and a firing squad in a hurry? Would the desertion of a train filled with women and children on a desert be considered justifiable even in a state of war? What would we think, even in a state of war, if a garrison surrendered and marched out under a white flag, if the opposing side ruthlessly, and in cold blood shot down the enemy that had so surrendered? Yet, gentle reader, we have witnessed these things in peace-loving America, and we are asked to sympathize with the perpetrators, because they have a quarrel with their employers over wages, or over seniority rights. Isn't it about time that the ninety-nine out of every hundred of our citizens, who believe in law and order, make clear where they stand on the subject? Isn't it time for our public servants to stand up and be counted, regardless of the "labor vote?"

IT is this total disregard for the law by strikers, and the winking at violations of law by public officials that is the chief cause of our present industrial troubles. It is true that the leaders in the strikes pretend to repudiate the acts of violence, but their protests are rather weak in comparison with their actions. With their lips they occasionally condemn the violent acts, but they do not hesitate to appeal for funds to defend the alleged perpetrators. Some one commits the assaults on men who are working in the railroad shops. Some one wrecks the railroad bridges. These things are being done daily and they are not being done by mobs. They are being done deliberately, with every evidence of being carefully planned in advance. If they are not being done by strikers, or their agents, who else has any interest in interrupting traffic on the railroads? Where is the motive for any one outside the immediate conflict to commit such acts?

* * * * *

WE suppose the "teeth" which it is proposed to put in the railroad law, would mean some form of compulsory arbitration, which would meet with a lot of opposition and which, if enacted, would be difficult to enforce. Men cannot be put in jail for refusing to work. But men can be put in jail for assaulting other men who may wish to work, and we have plenty of law now on that point. Remove the fear of intimidation and there will be less difficulty in finding men willing to work, for the average workman would rather work than strike. The average workman is steady, sober and industrious, but he is not a free agent. After a few years of membership in a labor organization, he loses interest in the meetings and stays at home with his family. Younger men, more recent recruits to the ranks, with much less responsibility, attend the meetings and transact the business. They are the ones who clamor for strikes. The older and more conservative men, who have been through a few strikes and who know what such struggles mean, would prefer to remain at work, but they are helpless. They are pushed into the current and are carried along by it. We venture the assertion that one half of the railroad workers now on strike would have preferred to accept the decision of the Labor Board and remain at work were they given a free choice in the matter.

* * * * *

TO us it would seem that before any law in the direction of compulsory arbitration could be made enforceable, it would be necessary to have a tribunal to see that justice was first done the workers. That is where the real difficulty lies because what seems just to one side often seems very unjust to the other. The fault isn't all on one side by any means. The violence doesn't always emanate from one side, either. Agents of employers have many time provoked acts of

violence. The attitude of many associations of employers, and of many labor unions, seems to us to be fundamentally wrong. They are following the policies of a quarter century ago, or even longer, and are not making any serious effort to find a new and better way. As long as the old policies are pursued, just so long will the results be the same. Each side is an armed camp. When a strike is settled it is merely a truce. The unions must maintain and strengthen their organizations because they do not know the moment they may be attacked. The same is true with associations of employers. Neither side has any confidence in the other and there has not been much in past experience to warrant confidence. The employer has been altogether too ready to assert that the conduct of the business rests entirely with him and that the workers, having no financial interest in the enterprise, should have no voice in its management.

* * * * *

IN recent years some more enlightened employers have adopted a new policy and while it may be too early to attempt to weigh results, and the instances may be too isolated for conclusions to be drawn, it would seem that the new policy is fundamentally sound. It meets the point raised in the preceding paragraph, because it gives the workers both a financial interest in the business and a voice in the management. It makes the workers partners in the enterprise and removes the distrust and suspicion which is at the bottom of most of our industrial upheavals. The organized workers generally look upon this new departure with suspicion, which is natural on their part. Some employers also regard it with disfavor and look upon those who are adopting it as "sentimentalists." It is difficult to get away from old and established customs. But the new idea seems sound and may yet prove to be the way out. It has proved, and is proving successful in some instances, while it seems to have failed in others. That is to be expected and may be largely a question of administration. A corporation introducing the new idea, usually starts under a handicap, because all the old feeling of distrust and suspicion must be removed before a feeling of mutual confidence can grow, and it requires time and infinite patience and tact to get the plan working. But it has been done, and it can be done more generally, if both sides apply themselves to the task in earnest.

* * * * *

THE soundness of the principle seems to be beyond argument. The difficulty in applying it is great in many instances, but not insurmountable. The chief argument of the agitator today is that the employer controls the tools of production. The new plan says the workers may become part owners of those tools. They may through

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the purchase of stock in the company become partners in the enterprise and share in the profits. The alleged profits of the concern, about which there usually is so much talk that is not based on knowledge of the facts, become known to all. The cause of suspicion has been removed. The workers are given an enlightened interest in the enterprise into which they are putting all they have, that is, their labor, which is just as essential to success as the machinery and tools of production. They are given a voice in making the conditions under which they must work and are shown that increased production means increased profits in which they share. That in substance is a brief outline of the co-partnership idea, to which it seems we must turn, for each great strike, like that in the coal and the railroad industries, only tends to show how futile are the old methods. The old methods were adopted years ago because they seemed the only expedient under the existing conditions. Neither the workers nor the employers, and especially the latter, were ready for the co-partnership idea. They are not ready for it yet, but the way is being paved in isolated cases and it would be profitable for all employers and employes to look into the matter closely and not dismiss it lightly with the assertion on one hand that "it is a scheme to destroy labor unions," or on the other hand that it is a "sentimental dream that will not work."

* * * * *

AS we said in the beginning of this line of chatter, there is nothing new under the sun, so there is nothing new in the labor co-partnership idea. It is as old as the introduction of machinery. Before that era it existed in a slightly different form. The employer craftsman and the journeyman worked side by side at the same bench. The human contact was ever present and there was little room for misunderstanding. All that was changed with the introduction of machinery and the concentration of capital. Great corporations were formed, owned by hundreds and thousands of stockholders who never saw the shops or factories of which they were part owners. A wide chasm opened between the owners and the workers, which resulted in organizations in hostile camps. We cannot return to the old methods of production. No one wishes to see that, nor could the world afford it. But we can bridge the chasm. We can take the workers into partnership, give them an opportunity to become part owners in the enterprise into which they are putting their lives. If the strikes which we are passing through, or have passed through, will serve to get both employers and workers thinking over a better way of adjusting their quarrels, a way to bring about co-operation instead of hostility, it would, in a measure, compensate for the enormous economic loss which the country has sustained as a result of the prolonged conflicts.

NORTH SHORE WINS IN FIELD DAY SPORTS

IN a joint field day and outing of the employes of the North Shore Line and the Chicago Elevated Railroads, held in Foss Park, North Chicago, on August 19, the North Shore boys brought home the bacon, as you might say.

The field day was staged under the auspices of the Chicago Elevated Post of the American Legion and the Post is to be congratulated on the successful way in which the whole affair was managed.

crowding and has every convenience that a park should have. There were thousands there, too, and if a similar event is held next year in the same place it is a safe bet that the attendance will be even larger, for all fell in love with the park.

The greatest interest centered on the games, the rivalry between the athletes on the Elevated and on the North Shore being keen. The North Shore boys had the better of the contest, scoring 28 points in the official contests to 17 points scored by the Elevated men.



North Shore Athletes, Winners in Field Events

Running a railroad is a little different from running a shop or factory, in that it won't do to close down to let all the employes have an outing at the same time. But every employe on both systems who could possibly get away was at Foss Park at some period of the day and everyone who was there, including the families of the employes had a great time.

Foss Park is a great place in which to hold an outing. It can accommodate thousands without

Here are the results:

100-Yard Dash

1. D. L. Miller, North Shore.
2. F. L. Miller, North Shore.
3. J. Dugan, Metropolitan.

High Jump

1. L. Carlson, Northwestern Elevated.
- 2-3. Emil Lauridsen, Foster Keagle (tied), North Shore.

In the high jump event Carlson cleared the bar at 5 feet 2 inches, while Lauridsen and Keagle tied at 5 feet 1 inch. In jumping to

decide the tie both the boys cleared the bar at 5 feet 2 inches.

Mile Race

1. J. A. Sitkiewicz, Metropolitan.



Some North Shore Girls
Misses Beatrice English, Olga
Kircher and Emma Lathrop

They tossed a coin for the silver medal and Lauridsen won. It was the first time that Keagle had been in a contest of the kind, so he made a good showing.

Broad Jump

1. L. C. Torrey, North Shore, 18 ft. 7 in.
2. D. L. Miller, North Shore, 18 ft. 2 in.
3. C. J. Schute, Northwestern "L," 16 ft. 4 in.

Relay Race

1. North Shore Team: F. L. Miller, O. E. Foldvary, E. Lauridsen, D. L. Miller.



Misses Esther Krueger, Florence
Arns, Dora Krueger and
Mary McCarthy

2. A. G. Hirschner, North Shore.



Britton I. Budd, President

3. A. Johnson, Northwestern.

The cup for the highest number of individual points was won by D. L. Miller of the North Shore Line.

The North Shore boys were, of course, pleased that they won in the athletic contests, but they were even more pleased over the way the games were conducted and the fine spirit of sportsmanship shown by the Elevated boys.

Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, spent the greater part of the afternoon on the grounds. He developed a cramp in his right hand, shaking hands with the employes and their families. W. V. Griffin, secretary of the company, also was on the ground, as were practically all of the officials.

The North Shore boys wish to congratulate the Elevated Post for the able way in which the affair was handled and express the hope that it will repeat the performance next year.

NORTH SHORE BALL LEAGUE HOLDS ANNUAL DINNER

THE North Shore Baseball League closed its season with a dinner at the Moraine Hotel in Highland Park, on Thursday evening, August 24. Although only six teams were in the league the season was quite successful and active work is already begun to make the next season even more of a success.

The Glencoe team won the cup. Highland Park taking the second place and Highwood third.

President O. T. Otis, who has been so successful in managing the league, refused to accept a nomination for re-election and the honor was conferred by unanimous vote on Thomas E. Welsh, who runs the town of Highwood as its mayor when not occupied in running the dining car service on the North Shore Line. Sol. St. Peter, president of the Highland Park Business Men's Associ-

ation, was elected vice president of the league and Joe Kosir was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

The annual dinner at the Moraine was a great success. Everyone knows the reputation of the Moraine in that line. The genial proprietor, F. W. Cushing, personally welcomed the ball players and their guests, among whom was the editor of the BULLETIN. Robert W. Larke, manager of the hotel did his part in seeing that everyone was made to feel at home.

We have no doubt that under the management of Mr. Welsh the league will have a successful season next year, and we wish it all kinds of good luck, because we always enjoy their annual meetings although not a ball fan.

AMERICAN LEGION POST ON NORTH SHORE LINE

EMPLOYES of the North Shore Line, who were in government service in the Great War, organized a post of the American Legion, at a meeting held at Highwood, August 22. The new post will be known as No. 753 in Illinois.

Pending the receipt of a charter and the adoption of by-laws the following officers were elected temporarily:

Commander—F. F. Owen.

Vice-Commander—M. M. Boyer.

Adjutant—F. J. Kramer.

Finance Officer—E. Roper.

Sergeant - at - Arms — B. A. Thompson.

A number of employes of the North Shore Line are members of the Legion now, being connected with local posts in the communities in which they live. It is not the purpose of the new organization to draw members away from such local posts, but there are many employes who are eligible to membership and are not members. A campaign is now under way to have all employes who are eligible join.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THE HEIL COMPANY

IT may be that we shouldn't speak of "tanks" and Milwaukee in the same breath. But then there are "tanks" and tanks. The kind of tanks of which we are going to write are not the kind you are thinking of at all. They are useful and necessary articles in our commercial life.

Recently we paid a visit to the plant of Heil Company to see how tanks are made. Under the able tutelage of Howard A. Winton, advertising and sales promotion manager of the company, who personally conducted us on a tour of the factory, we will be able to give you an account of the workings of the plant.

The Heil Company make steel dump bodies and tank bodies for motor trucks as well as any style of commercial or underground tanks specified by a patron of the gigantic workshop. The buildings, recently remodeled, cover 150,000 square feet of floor space and are of modern steel construction giving plenty of sunlight and fresh air for the workers.

Julius P. Heil, president and founder of the company, presents an outstanding figure in the annals of modern leaders of industry. His phenomenal rise will be told of farther on in the story.

Starting at the logical point on our tour of the plant, the beginning, we see great sheets of steel being cut up into convenient lengths by a machine known as a "bull dozer." This large machine cuts the sheet steel with the apparent ease of a child cutting cardboard with a pair of scissors. In fact that is the manner in which the steel, often a full half inch in thickness, is handled

throughout the plant, like large sheets of cardboard.

From the bull dozer the sheets are carried by one of the seven 10-ton overhead track cranes with which the factory is equipped, to a pattern table where it is marked for cutting and punching. From the pattern table the sheets are carried to another large cutting machine and cut according to the pattern.

Then it is taken to the punches where holes are punched in it with the ease of a conductor on the North Shore Line punching holes in your ticket. From the punches our path digresses. The steel destined to become tanks of the round variety is taken to large rollers where it is rolled into the required shapes.

Other steel used in the making of truck bodies is taken to a machine which bends it to the form desired thereby eliminating the need of separate parts which would be necessary. The ease and exactness of these bending machines is one of the many wonderful adjuncts of the plant.

As the parts are finished they are taken either to the welding or riveting floor where the sharp rat-a-tat-tat of compressed air riveters is almost deafening to the visitor. The welding is done in the most modern way with electric arc outfits and is one of the inventions which Mr. Heil has applied to the industry as an innovation at first but considered a necessity in the present building of tanks.

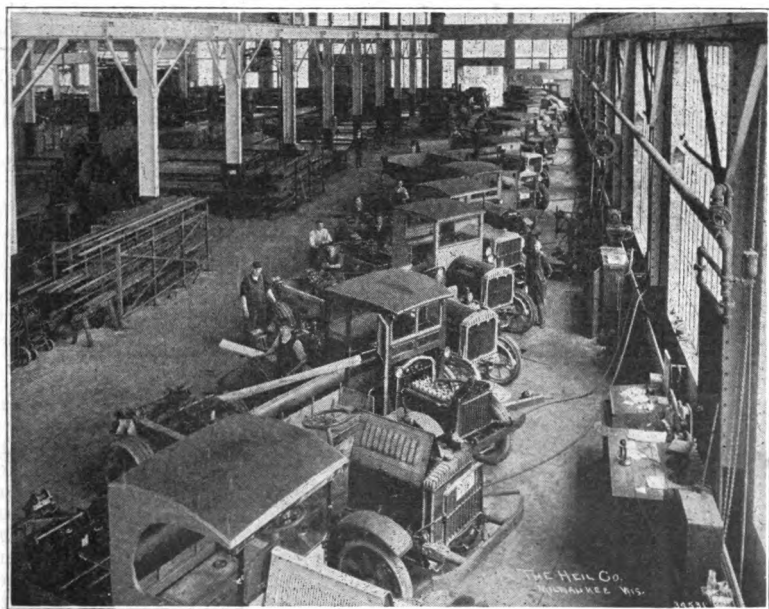
Thence the steel structures go to the wood working department where they are fitted with finest oak, where wood is necessary,

and from there to the paint shop where the finishing touches are applied which make the tank or body ready for distribution.

The machine shop of the factory, where the parts of the hydro hoist are made, entails the most modern type of tool machinery. One of the machines, which cost the company \$5,700, carries out three entire operations in the manufacture of a certain part. In the making of the hoists, which

by raising the body. Then by pushing a second lever the body automatically lowers itself by gravity. Hand hoists are also made.

To our mind, one of the most wonderful working units of the plant, of which we had never even heard before, is a friction cutter. A large tool steel disc of great hardness is revolved at a miraculous speed. The disc has a plain edge, no teeth as are in a



Interior of Mounting Department, The Heil Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

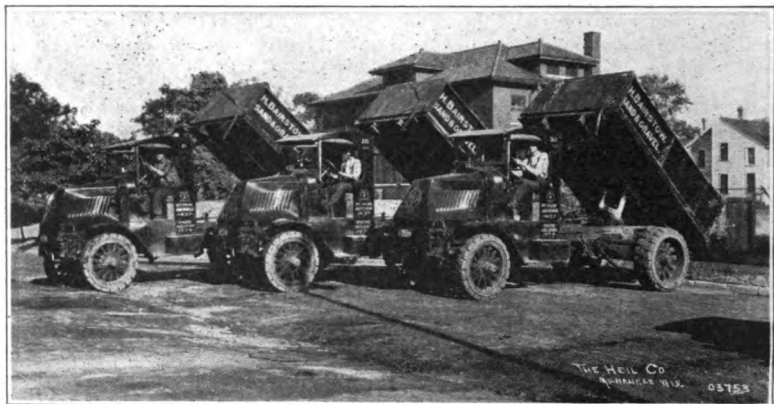
are used in the lifting of the dump bodies on trucks, a marvelous precision, almost as great as that of a watch, is obtained by the workers.

In the hoist, oil is made to do the lifting through the use of two pistons. By the use of the engine of the truck the oil is pumped into the piston chamber pushing up the pistons which are attached to the dump body, there-

disc saw, and when the operator finds the proper speed has been obtained he sets the disc against a large I-beam. Multitudinous sparks fly and the cutting edge quickly burns its way through the steel. Friction and heat are the component parts of the working of the mechanism saving the sharpening of a saw which would quickly be dulled under such heavy service.

In addition to the above departments a blacksmith shop with five forges and a large tool shop are maintained for the use of the machinists. Safety measures have

ers may drive their trucks and have them fitted ready for use with the new bodies. Similar shops are maintained in Chicago at 2718 Wentworth avenue, St.



Dump Truck Bodies Made by Heil Co.

been carried out and the number of accidents are proportionately low considering the hazardous oc-

Paul, Minn., Washington, D. C., New York City, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, San Francisco, Richmond,



Type of Tank Body Made by The Heil Co.

cupations of some of the workers.

An assembling floor is provided by the company where purchas-

Va., and many other cities in the United States.

Among the users of the Heil bodies and tanks are the Nash

Motor Company, Sterling Motor Company, Standard Oil Company, Sinclair Oil Company, The Consumers Company of Chicago, the cities of Indianapolis, Milwaukee; the states of Ohio, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and many others. During the war long trainloads of ammunition bodies and dump bodies were sold to the United States government and the company points with pride to its war record.

The career of Mr. Heil, known familiarly as "J. P." to his employes, is an interesting one. He began work when a boy as a clerk in a small town grocery store. Later he got a job with the Herman Falk Co., a welding concern which specialized in the welding of electric railroad rails. By his diligence and superiority "J. P." quickly became a trusted aid of Mr. Falk and made extended trips to South America, Europe and all parts of the United States.

Finally, in 1901, he organized the Heil Rail Welding Company parent of the present Heil Company. Shortly after its beginning some Milwaukee brewers wished storage tanks which would not leak and J. P. was struck with the idea of welding tank seams which until then had been riveted.

He was successful in this venture and in the year of the entrance of the United States army into Mexico the Heil Company was called upon for tank supplies by the government.

Then in 1912 came the turning point of the present concern. A large motor truck company asked the advisability of the steel motor truck body. As an experiment Mr. Heil constructed a steel body and it proved successful. Later the hydro-hoist and the hand hoists were perfected. On July 21, 1917, the Heil Company received an order for 97 steel bodies from the U. S. government. delivery to be made in twenty days.

Mr. Heil scratched his head, called in additional help and with the co-operation for which his plant is noted, had the order out in ten days. Other orders quickly followed. The first 650 heavy truck bodies with which the A. E. F. was equipped were built by J. P. Heil.

Mr. Heil is a firm believer in advertising. During the late financial and business slump when so many companies were



J. P. Heil, President, The Heil Co.

forced to the wall Mr. Heil with the able assistance of Mr. Winton decided to double his outlay for advertising and as a result his sales were greatly increased reaching a total of \$2,000,000 in 1921.

"How did I do it?" said Mr. Heil, repeating our question as to what he attributed his success. "Well what I believe was the greatest factor in my getting along was the carrying out of a precept which my mother impressed upon my mind while I was young.

"'At the end of the day, Julius,' she used to tell me, 'one should always go to the boss and ask if

there is anything more to do and if there is, do it.' That was what brought me to the attention of Mr. Falk; my insistent asking for more work to do while others were getting on their hats and coats to leave for the day."

Labor trouble, the obsession of many large manufacturers, is unknown in the Heil plant. In fact when an outsider enters the place he seems to be going into a large family circle. Mr. Heil has himself worked at many of the tasks which he sets for his men and can appreciate their every mood, treating with them as man to man. A recent 20 per cent pay cut was taken by the employees without a murmur of dissent.

"J. P. treats us right," was the terse explanation one of the employees gave of the success of Mr. Heil along these lines.

KENOSHA-LAKE GENEVA BUS LINE IS POPULAR

THE North Shore Bus Line running between Kenosha and Lake Geneva, opened for traffic August 12, is proving popular with travelers. In fact it has proved so popular on Saturday afternoons and Sundays that the company has been nearly swamped and not able to give the character of service for which the North Shore Line is noted.

When the line opened it was estimated that three busses making eight trips a day in each direction would be ample to care for the business. The estimate was correct except for the week-end business, but just give the company a chance. It isn't the policy of the North Shore Line to provide inadequate service and it won't be in this case. After the experience of the first week-end the company rented several busses in Chicago and rushed them up to Kenosha, while waiting to get three new ones from

the factory. Of course, the season soon will be over, but whatever the demands on the service may be, patrons can rest assured that the North Shore Line will meet the demands or bust. That's the way they do business.

Although the bus line really began carrying passengers on August 12, the route was officially opened on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 10. It was a grand opening, too, thanks to the co-operation of the public officials in Kenosha and Lake Geneva who assisted. As our friend Conrad Shearer of Kenosha remarked: "Everything was done in regular North Shore style." No finer compliment could have been paid than that.

The official trip began from Kenosha about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The City of Kenosha was well represented by W. H. Alford, president of the City Council; Aldermen H. E. Barden, Robert Nicoll and John Burns, City Attorney Edward F. Higgins, City Clerk George W. Harrington, City Engineer P. J. Hurtgen, Conrad Shearer, Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, Harry Bruner, President of the Retailers' Association, and Walter T. Marlatt, editor of the Kenosha Evening News.

On the trip to Lake Geneva the official bus picked up William Spitzman, Mayor of New Munster and was met at its destination by Allen E. Peacock, Mayor of Lake Geneva, and Ralph Bucknall, president of the Business Men's Association.

Upwards of fifty persons, including officials of the North Shore Line, press representatives and public officials, sat down to dinner at the Lake Geneva Hotel, after which they said nice things about each other. The editor of the BULLETIN acted as toastmaster and short talks were made by Mr. Alford, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Bucknall, Mr. Marlatt and C. E. Thompson, as-

sistant to the president of the North Shore Line.

All the speakers wished the company success in its new venture and promised their hearty co-operation. We wish especially to thank Mr. Marlatt of the Kenosha Evening News for the splendid account he gave of the trip in the following day's issue of his paper. Just to show how much we appreciate it, we are going up to Kenosha some day before the season ends to let Mr. Marlatt give us a good trimming on the golf links. From what we have heard of him, we understand he is quite capable of doing it.

EXPLAINING BUS FARES

WE are in receipt of the following letter from a reader in Kenosha:

I am wondering if you will find room in your BULLETIN to print this, but am going to trust to luck.

In one of your articles you wind up with the following: "When our legislators quit legislating for special groups and think more of the people as a whole, it will be better for the country."

What is good for the goose is good for the gander is an old saying, is it not? The fare on your line from Milwaukee to Lake Geneva is \$1.40. The fare from Kenosha to Lake Geneva is 98 cents. How come?

Please put me on your mailing list for I read the BULLETIN from top to back every time I have the pleasure of putting my hands on it.

A. W. L. DRAHOS.

Glad to put your name on the mailing list, Mr. Drahos, and also to answer your inquiry.

Railroad rates are "fearful and wonderful" things, mysterious to ordinary laymen like us. However, the seeming inequality to which you refer is easily explained. The rates on the bus line from Kenosha to Lake Geneva are the same as on the main road, that is 3 cents a mile. The distance from Kenosha to Lake Geneva, by the shortest route is a trifle less than 33 miles, so that the fare of 98 cents is correct.

Now the distance between Mil-

waukee and Lake Geneva is computed on the same basis, that is, the shortest route. The shortest route is not by way of Kenosha, although a passenger can make better time on the North Shore rail and bus route than any other way, but the shortest route is counted when rates are fixed.

This practice is followed on all railroads. Were you to travel from Chicago to New York on the Baltimore & Ohio, you would go away south through the Cumberland Valley, past Harpers Ferry, Washington and Baltimore, a much greater distance than if you traveled by some other railroad, but the fare is the same. You get the longer ride and the more picturesque scenery thrown in. Were you to travel from Chicago to Minneapolis and go over the Great Western, you would be carried over half the state of Iowa, but the fare would be the same as if you traveled by a more direct route. That is not unjust discrimination, but is held by regulative bodies to be fair competition and protection to the traveling public.

As a matter of fact the distance between Kenosha and Lake Geneva is about 41 miles over the route that the busses have to travel at the present time, owing to a detour made necessary by the construction of a part of the road. But you get the benefit of the shortest route, just as does the passenger from Milwaukee, so you are not being discriminated against in any way. The same is true of passengers going from Chicago. The rates of fare are based on the shortest route, which is a benefit to the traveler, although it may not be to the railroad.

PROMOTION

W. H. Burke, formerly superintendent of the Waukegan city lines, has been appointed assistant to the General Superintendent of Transportation.

NEW KENOSHA STATION

YOU have no doubt noticed the new station of the North Shore Line at Kenosha, which was opened to the public August 12. It has been referred to by the Kenosha Evening News as "one of the show places of the city."

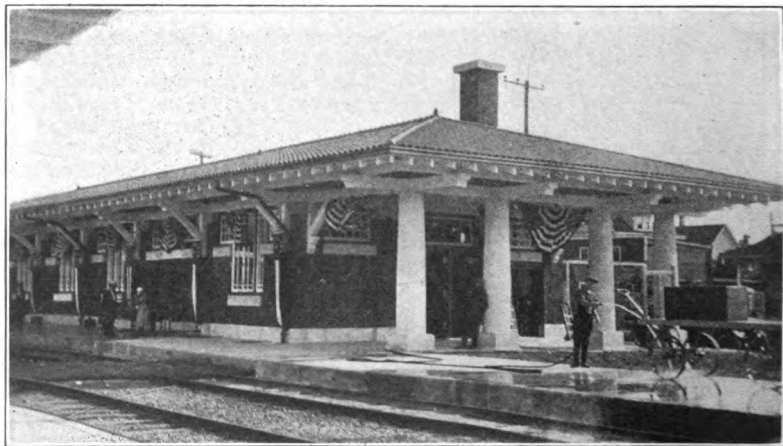
In designing the new station the architect, Arthur U. Gerber, of Chicago, had two things in mind, first to make it useful for practical railroad purposes, and second to make it harmonize with the site. The result is a station that is both useful and ornamental.

the line is a platform and a waiting room 48 feet by 18 feet.

Kenosha had been promised that new station two or three years ago, but high interest rates and other financial difficulties caused some delay. However, the people of Kenosha at last have a station worthy of the city.

NEW CARS FOR NORTH SHORE LINE

DID you know that the North Shore Line is getting 40 new cars? Always something doing to improve service. Fifteen of the new cars are for the Merchandise Despatch Service. De-



New North Shore Station, Kenosha, Wis.

With the exception of the Milwaukee terminal, the new Kenosha station is the most imposing on the road, and was built at a cost of \$75,000. Kenosha is, as every one knows, a fine city, and the station is in keeping with the importance of the location.

The main station building is 131 feet in length and 34 feet in width, and the platform will accommodate a 5-car train. Across the tracks on the west side of

livery on those cars will begin this month, and then the service, which is now first class, will be still better. There will be enough cars to allow better facilities in loading and unloading. It will mean that while one train of cars is standing in a terminal being unloaded and loaded, another train will be on its way. That will give the shipper an even faster service than he gets now, although at the present time the

shipper is assured of delivery on merchandise between Chicago and Milwaukee inside of twenty-four hours. With twice the number of cars in service, the shipper will have a twelve-hour service or better.

Seven new passenger coaches will be delivered in December and two observation parlor cars and one dining car are expected to be put in service early in January of next year.

Two new cars of a lighter construction are to be put in service on the Libertyville branch and twelve safety cars in the Milwaukee city service. The Milwaukee

city service cars will be ready in October. The cars now in use on the Milwaukee city lines will be rebuilt for rush-hour service.

The last of the new equipment is a line-car which has been specially developed for the North Shore Line. It is a car used when trouble of any kind develops and will insure uninterrupted service.

With all that new equipment coming within the next three months, at a cost exceeding a million dollars, it will be seen that the North Shore Line is very much alive and is living up to its reputation of being "The Road of Service."

With the Bulletin Family

WE certainly feel indebted to the Family this month for their able assistance. Last month we complained that they were neglecting their duty to this column and they must have taken the hint. At least we have a lot of regulars with us this month and about the usual number of new ones.

Our able correspondents are to be congratulated on their devotion to duty, especially in this sweltering weather. We expect a monthly message from Loop-hound and one from Brother Peebles, but in addition to those two able assistants we have Jumbo, Jim Ham, Michigander and the others.

From Oklahoma City, Loop-hound relieves himself of the following:

*The shades of night were falling
fast
As into town I rolled at last,
Eyes filled with dust and feeling
tough,
I craved a bed filled with that stuff,
Excelsior.*

After the shower and fan had run a while, however, I experienced a return to normalcy and it wasn't long until I was ensconced in one of those "All-American" restaurants which are manned by simon-pure Americans from meat block to cash register. After five glasses of ice water and a pound of steak, I felt as though a room for the night was an unnecessary expense.

Well, for once in my life I'm a stranger in a strange town. The only familiar sight I've seen so far is the postage stamp which some spendthrift left on the desk which goes with the room. I'll bet he was one of those reckless traveling men who don't care for two cents. I'll put it to work directly.

If you can believe the natives, this is a right smart town. At any rate, it is "smart" enough to have street cars running tonight, which is more than Chicago can claim at this writing. Many Chicagoans would gladly swap places with the natives for the next few days, I'll venture. That, of course, doesn't go for the fellows who are habitually late in "punching in" every morning. The present chaos gives them a sweet alibi. For once in their lazy lives they can look the boss square in the eye as they arrive an hour late and not look guilty of payroll robbery. That went for "yours truly" in '15. Hope the present conditions are

remedied as promptly as was the case seven years ago and that there is no recurrence—at least not until North Shore service is surpassed or till Chicago gets a new postoffice, which in the words of Dr. Drummond, the Quebec poet, will be "one tam long time."

I haven't had a copy of the July Bulletin yet, but since the mail comes over the Rock Island, I won't blame your mailing department. Anyway, I read your advance proof enroute west and know it was up to your usual standard. Kindly assure your excellent Detroit correspondent that Loophound III is quite as interested in the World's Greatest Bulletin as is her son Charles, though for a different reason. What he wants to know as he thumbs his way through the newly-arrived issue is, "Where's Pat's picture?" When you let that snapshot get through in the March number you started something. I've had to paste the old print into every new one since to convince the kid that you're treating him right.

The oil country east of here is interesting—somewhat like a new mining district and occasional flashes of the old west survive. Last Sunday an old settler and his son shot up a restaurant. Their aim was poor, though, and only three were killed. This was up near Claremore. Such incidents are very uncommon now, however. It used to be that when a man reached for his hip pocket in this longitude every one ducked for cover—now they swarm around him. Also in the olden days a six-gun was a standard part of every young lady's hope chest. Am sure that "them days are gone forever," having seen the native daughter. Her smile would disarm an Apache.

In Muskogee recently I recalled my first visit to that interesting city. It was there the expression "you tell 'em" originated. At least so claimed the popular congressman, "Alfalfa" Bill Murray. At that time Cato Sells was the high cockalorum in Indian affairs—he may be yet for that matter, and he was a mighty good one. When Oklahoma secured statehood it appears that some of those old Indian chiefs had more wives than our Federal laws recognize. It fell to Sells to tell these old braves that Uncle Sam disapproved of their bigamous practises. One old redskin near Muskogee had as husky a gang of Amazons as ever graced a reservation, and when told he must pick out the one squaw he wanted and tell the rest to "beat it" he gave these man-beaters the once-over and turned to Sells with the fear of God in his

heart, and whispered, "Cato, you tell 'em."

I have added nearly 4,000 miles since the night we were lost out on Waukegon road and the old bus is still working pretty. Hope to return via Chicago soon and take a side trip to Wisconsin to annoy the fish for a week. Until then, so long.

LOOPHOUND.

Since writing the above Loophound has returned to civilization, if we concede Pittsburgh to be civilized. He dropped in on his way through, but only for a few minutes. If he doesn't hurry up the fishing season will be over, although we have an idea that he isn't as much of a fisherman as he would have us believe.

Our Milwaukee correspondent, Jumbo, offers a suggestion for advertising the North Shore Line and continues:

The other day I accidentally came to call on Rev. W. T. Dordward. I had intended to go through his cellar, but the good old soul was not at home, and he had the door locked, which made me feel somewhat disappointed. If he reads this, he will try to figure out just what I wanted.

Home is indeed the place where you grumble the most, but love the best. The other week I was obliged to change trains at Minnesota Junction. That is a fine place to learn the St. Vitus' dance, especially after dark. Jesse James and the Wild West have nothing on that place. There is no village or town in sight, just a three-story wooden frame structure, which is not far away from doom. The place is vacant, the blinds are closed, but the little shutters are open. Through them one can see all the broken windows at sunset. The lower corner of the building is used as a depot, which is illuminated at night by one kerosene lamp. The outside is all shot up. All over one can count the bullet holes.

An elderly gentleman informed me it was the liveliest place in the vicinity some fifty years ago. He had been a resident of Chicago forty-five years ago, when he moved to this place, and has never been to Chi. since. I told him how it is now, and about that wonderful service via the NORTH SHORE LINE, and tried to encourage him

to take a vacation, as he deserved one, and visit his Old Home Town via The Road of Service. Just then the headlight appeared in the distance which told me my train was strolling in at last. I looked at my watch and noted that the train was nearly two hours late. Thank heavens! I was relieved.

JUMBO.

Too bad you missed seeing Brother Dorward, although we cannot imagine why you wished to go through his cellar. You know he is a Baptist minister and is supposed to be more familiar with water than almost anything else. However, he has abandoned the ministry, at least temporarily and will devote his time in future to giving his lectures to bring workers and employers closer together. More power to him, as there is need for just that kind of work.

In line with the foregoing we quote the following from a recent letter from the Rev. Dorward:

Just a word to say that I have crossed the Rubicon, by which I mean that I shall be a sort of free lance after next Sunday, when I shall have retired from the active pastorate, at least for a while.

Now after my camp duty at Camp Custer, Mich., from Aug. 12 to Aug. 26, I shall be ready to fill any and all dates for my famous, or otherwise, addresses. Naturally I will have to hustle at this stage of the game to keep my head out of water as becometh a Baptist preacher. I do want to throw my heart, soul and mind into the terrible fray and do my bit in bringing employer and employee closer together, and who will say that the present need is not intense and immense?

W. T. DORWARD.

We can assure any club or association looking for a good speaker on the industrial problem, that Mr. Dorward will fill the bill and that an hour spent in listening to him is an hour well spent.

We would like to see, through the BULLETIN or in any other way, Mr. Dorward and our Can-

ton correspondent, Mr. Miller, brought together. Mr. Miller seems a good deal disturbed over the present industrial outlook and sends up a closely written six-page letter on the subject. There was a rainy day lately in Canton, and as Mr. Miller explains, he took advantage of it to write us a "few lines." Not so very few, either, but we are always glad to hear from him. He writes in part:

These are great times in which we are living. I don't know how you view them, but from my observations I would say that the men now on strike want peace and would work if left alone. But every branch of labor is now united and federated, advised and led by men who have had no experience in business and whose whole study and education is in the direction of stirring up strife.

No cause or principle involved, but some agent or labor leader—God save the word—raves that capital is getting a strangle hold on labor. That is their stock in trade, the text from which they always speak. An impartial view of the arguments and actions of two of the so-called leaders now in the public eye, is interesting. Mr. Jewell for certain railroad workers and Mr. Lewis for the miners have a strangle hold on the country. At first Mr. Jewell was going to have everything his own way. After a while he concluded to accept the Labor Board's terms and the question turned to one of seniority rights, an issue brought about by this so-called leader's blindness. He fights now to save what he justly and ignorantly lost under all rules of reason. It is now for those who put him in office to put him out and put some one in who has a little business ability. A little statescraft would come handy.

Has Mr. Lewis shown any of these requisites? Three months before the strike Lewis advised the miners not to accept a wage reduction. At their convention held in Columbus they adopted a resolution demanding the same scale of wages and a six-hour day with a five-day week. It is true that Lewis did not favor the resolution but he was not man enough to point out its absurdity.

If we are a government of the people, by and for the people, it is about time that the people take control when a small minority can bring about the conditions which we see today.

Coal miners and all people, men or women, who perform an honest day's work, are entitled to respect and protection. What is more, it is their duty to band together to protect themselves and improve their conditions, but whatever their occupation may be, they can improve their conditions only by being counseled and led by men of reason and judgment.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM G. MILLER.

There is a great deal of truth in your observations, Mr. Miller, but it is a difficult problem. The conservative, thoughtful leader cannot always lead, for the reason that he cannot get followers. Men like to be led, but it is much easier to lead them in the wrong direction than in the right. Glittering generalities sound much pleasanter to the ear than hard, cold facts and logic. The bitter experience comes later, but the army is always being recruited with young blood which will not take advice and must learn by experience.

Our industrious correspondent, Jim Ham stayed long enough in Chicago between trips to pound out the following:

Dear Admiral:

Summer wanes — (at least it's s'posed to be, but it ain't) — and soon 'twill be in order to don the heavies and get ready for our old friend Jack to blow in from the north.

Been sort o' feeling that you could not remain silent very much longer and am prone to say you scratched my itch, as 'twere, in August editorial comment.

Observation prompts me to venture the opinion that our Road of Service faces the impending winter with its head and tail held proudly in the air. Sorry I can't say the same of a majority of our transportation systems. Summing up our present temporary — and it's been temporary for a heluvalongtime — condition of unrest, you, me and several million others consistently refuse to concede that the word "Strike" will supplant "Liberty" as a national byword.

Our dear, indifferent, pleasure-seeking, grasshopper public are becoming gradually educated to conditions as they actually are and it seems to me it won't be so very long ere the shoe will pinch suffi-

ciently to render removal of the corn or callous imperative.

'Course our statesmen in Washington have been a little too timid in grasping Mrs. Bull's husband by the horns, but they made a flying grab with the recent restraining injunction and we all have sufficient confidence to know that they'll hang on and make it stick. Let's hope the boys (labor) will not proceed to completely destroy their own chances incident thereto.

Gosh, Chief, if what we call normalcy would e'er return, I fear we'd all have a hard time finding something to rave about and the undertakers would reap a harvest of lethargy lizards.

S'loug, and greetings to you and the flock.

Cordially,
JIM HAM.

Whaddye mean summer wanes? At this very minute it's around 96. Not that we care anything about that, because we feel sure that it will be cooler by Christmas.

We have a new correspondent this month from Racine, who we are glad to welcome into the fold. We used to have one or two good helpers in that fair city, but lately they have been delinquent in their dues. One of them, Mr. Ferguson, got married and seems to have lost his identity since. That's often the way with newly married men.

However, let us introduce Mr. Mead to the Family:

What won't the North Shore Electric R. R. do to help a good thing along? This question is the first thing that came to my mind when I had finished reading the fine article in the July issue of the BULLETIN, which contained a description of the Park Subdivision at Kenosha, Wis., of which I am the owner.

Surely the kindness of the Editor is without parallel, and I know that he is the kind of an Editor the North Shore people want or they would not keep him, so this makes me feel that I know the speaker at the head, because of the echo I have heard way up here at 1400 Main St., Racine, Wis.

Once again I want to repeat what I have said to other folks a good many times before. "Anyone that does not appreciate the North Shore Line, its equipment, officials and employees, ought not to have a road of any kind to ride on."

If any reader of the BULLETIN can show me its equal, I shall be very glad to hear about it, or from him.

Very truly,
LYMAN L. MEAD.

Well, Mr. Mead, the North Shore Line recognizes that it is a public servant. It's the same way with the BULLETIN. We are out to boost all the time, and it doesn't matter to us if it is a subdivision or something else. We just try to be helpful wherever we can, because after all that is what living is for.

Here is our old friend Michigander. He didn't have time to call on us but he offers a pretty good alibi, which we will have to accept. He writes:

The August issue of the BULLETIN reached me yesterday and immediately I decided to write and apologize for not dropping in to see you while in Chicago.

I drove the "flivver" from Detroit to Chicago, a distance of 300 miles by my Stewart-Warner, in twelve hours. I remained in Chicago only two hours, leaving the same evening for Waukegan, eventually ending up at Grayslake, Illinois, where I spent about ten days.

On my return trip I remained in Chicago only a few hours Saturday afternoon, as I was anxious to make part of the journey that day. I made St. Joe, where I spent the night and got home Sunday afternoon, having covered about 1,000 miles without anything that looked like a puncture.

I am indeed sorry I did not get the opportunity to see you but I assure you that this was not the only thing I planned to do in Chicago which I was unable to go through with.

Am on my way to Cleveland to spend the week-end and Labor Day and am writing this just before I expect to trot down to the dining room and wrap myself around one of those "punk" meals generally served on lake boats. One must live.

Almost forgot to tell you that during my trip to the Windy City the flivver developed one of the most horrible cases of body squeaks. By the time I arrived at Benton Harbor (home of the bewhiskered street car motormen and conductors) I could be heard

two blocks away. People would turn, stare and immediately go about their business when they realized it was nothing but a flivver.

Coming back, just before I got into Marshall, Michigan, a sign greeted me as follows: "Drive slow and see our town—Drive fast and see our jail." I thought this pretty good, but did not appreciate it fully until I got past the center of town and struck a section of road where I had to slow down to five miles an hour it was so rough. "This," I thought, "must be the section of town they want you to see."

I did not get a chance to ride on the Road of Service, as where I went the flivver was sure to go, just like Mary's little lamb. Drove to Milwaukee, but found nothing wetter than Lake Michigan which also was exceedingly cold.

I hope to be in Chicago next summer and will positively arrange to see you while there or "bust."

I can smell dinner and am powerfully hungry, so will end this now.

Faithfully,
MICHIGANDER.

P. S.: Detroit Tigers not so good lately. How is your "gol-luf?"

It is against the rules Mr. Michigander, to flivver to Milwaukee from Chicago or any other point along the north shore. We're running a first-class railroad along that route and it is the duty of every member of this Family to use it whenever he can. However, you are forgiven this time, but don't let it happen again. We suppose, however, that you suffered enough in riding to Milwaukee in a flivver when you might have gone in ease and comfort.

Our faithful correspondent, Mr. Peebles writes:

Where is the BULLETIN this month? It has not gone out of business, has it? Or perhaps it might be that you have taken my name off your mailing list, and if that is the case you can just put it back on for I can't keep house without it, and if I have to break up house that will be awful.

Last Tuesday a Chicago patron of your road came up to Plymouth to spend a few days, and the first thing he said to me was, "Did you get the BULLETIN this month?"

If we can rest assured that the BULLETIN and its editor are still on the job, we can fold our arms and wait patiently till it comes along. I think only once before has the BULLETIN been so late in coming, but when the patrons of your road come all the way from Chicago to Plymouth to ask if the BULLETIN is out yet, is that not going the limit?

J. D. PEEBLES.

Calm your fears, Brother Peebles. Nothing farther from our thoughts than going out of business, and as to taking your name off the mailing list that couldn't be thought of for a minute. You are too good a correspondent for that.

We were a little late last month, but will try to make up for it this month. After all, you know, it's worth waiting for, isn't it? We are proud to think we are missed when a little late, but like the bad penny we always turn up.

Here is one from our correspondent in Cut Knife, Sask. This BULLETIN travels far, because as our friend Loophound says it is the World's Greatest House Organ, and we're glad to think it is being read away up in Canada.

We like that name, too, Cut Knife. It sounds almost as cool as Medicine Hat. We invited our correspondent there to write occasionally, and are pleased to think he accepted the invitation so promptly. He writes:

Here I am by request, as you might say, but really I don't know of what to write, as I am not a brilliant and humorous writer like some of the members of the BULLETIN family, but here goes to make them as interesting as possible. Being a farmer I don't promise to send in a contribution each month, as the other brothers do, but as often as I can I will.

Have you had the picnic yet? If not why not? Sure would like to join you all in it, but as the good old North Shore doesn't run this far it isn't possible to leave here in the morning, spend the day in some of those attractive resorts mentioned in the BULLE-

TIN, and return "tired but happy to our own cozy nest." However, I may possibly see you when I am in Kenosha this winter, that is if Ed. will permit me to view his nice clean desk.

By the way, how is the new station coming along in Kenosha? Has it been completed yet? Only the site and some frame work was on the spot when I left.

In this section of the world we are preparing for our annual harvest, and I believe it is going to be a decent one, though for a while it looked as if we were going to be burned out, as we hadn't had any rain for about six weeks, but the drought was broken at last by rain for two days and now things look brighter.

Just to let you know that I am boosting the North Shore, even out here the BULLETIN is becoming as much in demand by my friends as by myself. I am only sorry that it isn't a weekly publication instead of a monthly one; still I suppose one must be satisfied with good things occasionally and not often.

Here's hoping that Ed. didn't fire anyone for taking the privilege of cleaning up his desk. However, if he did, tell them to come up here for a job as we have plenty of work.

Thanking you for the July issue, I am,

Sincerely yours,
CANUCK.

You are too modest, Mr. Canuck. As a correspondent we should say that you are capable of holding up your end. We believe the present issue answers your questions about the picnic and the Kenosha station. Don't fail to call and get acquainted when you come this way.

A CLOSE RACE

"Speaking of close races," said the first man, "I once saw a horse race won by the width of a blister on one horse's nose."

"That was pretty close," said the second man, "but I once saw a boat race won by the thickness of a coat of paint on one of the boats."

Turning to the third man in the group, the first speaker asked, "Did you ever see a close race, Pat?"

"I should say I did. I lived a year in Scotland."

19 '2

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

OCTOBER, 1922

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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"The Road of Service"

COMMENDATIONS

RIDE, EATS, AND EVERYTHIN' FINE

WE don't know whether the young couple who sent the following letter were on their honeymoon or not, but evidently they enjoyed the trip as thought they were.

This is what they write about it:

Our week's vacation spent in delightful Chicago would not have been complete had we not taken the day's trip to Milwaukee over the splendid North Shore Electric Railway. Starting early one cool morning and seated in the comfortable observation car, extended to us by the courteous and efficient attendant, we were soon passing through the most beautiful suburbs, homes and grounds of splendor, and always a glimpse of the fascinating Lake Michigan. Devoid of dust, smoke or cinders; all cars clean, immaculately kept, and service faultless. Passing through interesting cities of Zion, Kenosha, the Great Lakes Camp; all stations clean and inviting with beautiful flowers and shrubbery, brought us all too soon to Milwaukee, where at the fine new station the chef and attendants served a tempting dinner for fifty cents a person. The menu consisted of a delicious cream tomato soup, a large thick slice of browned white-fish, with Lartaine sauce, vegetable and salad, a most excellent cup of coffee, and New England blueberry pie—"a la resistance." After a few hours' auto drive through Milwaukee's fine residential section, along the lake, we again took the North Shore back to Chicago, and in the cool of the evening, one could never enjoy a more smooth, quiet, deliciously scented ride than that by the finely equipped "North Shore Electric Railroad."

Thanking you most kindly.

Mr. & Mrs. Otto Handshell,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

We fully agree with every word of the above, even to the excellence of the meal which one gets in the restaurant in the Milwaukee Terminal, at a price which makes one wonder how they do it.

PRAISES NORTH SHORE SERVICE

THE following letter addressed to Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, tells what one patron thinks of the service:

Dear Mr. Budd:

I used the North Shore Road between Milwaukee and Chicago four times this week in going back and forth, and I want to congratulate you on the completeness with which the idea of service seems to have permeated the entire organization. In addition to your courtesy in offering to hold the train for me on Wednesday, which I very much appreciated and thank you for, there are many other evidences of service.

One of the Eastern engineers who came down with me asked the conductor for some information regarding the Northwestern Elevated which the conductor could not immediately give him, but he answered, "I'll find out and let you know"; and ten minutes later he came with the complete information.

When I left Milwaukee last evening I remembered after entering the car that I wanted to mail a letter in Milwaukee and stepped out to do this. On asking the gate man where I would find the nearest box, he said, "Let me have the letter and I will be glad to mail it for you," which he did.

I am sure that to the patrons of your road "N. S." stands for "Noteworthy Service."

Yours very truly,

R. F. SCHUCHARDT.

That's the way they all feel after a trial of North Shore service.

"SCOTLAND FOREVER"

Lord Leverhulme tells of introducing an American friend visiting him in Great Britain to an old Scotchman.

"From what land do ye coom?" asked the Scot.

"The greatest in the world," replied the Yankee.

"Puir bairn, ye've lost your accent," said the canny one.

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V Chicago, October, 1922

 28 No. 12

Editorial Comment

HAVING settled everything in the United States satisfactorily, with the exception, perhaps, of a few minor details, we are fairly aching to jump in and clean up that Anglo-Turkish imbroglio.

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WE realize that it is rather an ambitious task we are setting ourselves, but we have been so successful in the last two months in settling the coal and railroad strikes and starting prosperity on its return trip, that we are almost tempted to try anything. Our type-writer is in good working order, too, and our pipe is drawing freely.

* * * * *

THERE are two things which make us hesitate about jumping into the fray and hurling a few ultimatums at the Turks. The first is that we don't know much about the subject. Of course, that really isn't so very important, for as nearly as we can judge from what we read daily in the newspapers, no one seems to know any more than we do. One morning we read that the French and the British are kicking each other's shins, and the next morning that they are falling on each other's necks.

* * * * *

THE other thing which makes us hesitate is that we are not entirely free from prejudice in the matter. Ordinarily when we sit down to solve a world problem, we approach the subject with an open mind. We try to see both sides of a question. But we can't see the Turk at all. We never did like him very much. Trousers too wide and forehead too narrow to meet with our approval. As to Mustapha Kemal, if he must have one we'd give it to him—they're only 15 cents a package, anyway. That's a bad pun, but then it's a bad subject.

OUR feeling toward the Turk isn't entirely due to his treatment of the Armenians. They're not such an amiable lot themselves from all accounts we have read of them. They profess Christianity, but they don't work at their profession to an extent worth mentioning. They're Christians principally because the Turks are Mohammedans. Nor can we feel so terribly provoked at the Turk because he licked the Greeks. It was coming to them. They chased their ablest statesman and patriot out of the country and brought back their king. They might have known what to expect from that bird. Their troubles are their own making, so we are not going to shed any tears over them. Neither are we going to dig for their relief, which no doubt we'll be asked to do in the regular order of things.

* * * * *

IN one way we regret that the Greeks were chased out of Asia Minor. The refugees are apt to keep on running until they land in this country and we'll have more restaurants and fruit stores and shoe-shining parlors than we really need. In fact, we have altogether too many of that kind now, so we do not feel any too friendly to the Turk for wishing more on us. We might be able to forgive him for sending us his cigarettes and Turkish blends of tobacco and even his rugs. We cannot forgive him for the harems which we see in the movies and the novels on which they are based. They are unpardonable crimes. As between Turks and Greeks, we prefer the latter, even if they do run dirty restaurants and soda fountains. But if they stayed at home and built up another civilization such as histories tell us they had a few thousand years ago, we'd like them still better. We've always been a little suspicious of the histories, at that.

* * * * *

WHEN the Turk entered the World War on the side of Germany, the rest of the world said he must be kicked out of Europe. After the signing of the treaty of Versailles and the near-signing of the treaty of Sevres, it was heralded that the Turk was out of Europe for ever. Evidently he is coming back. And France, the country which suffered most in the war, is accused of helping him back by supplying him with arms. It's a queer mixup, isn't it? As this is being written General Harington and Kemal are engaged in sending each other ultimatums. We hope they don't resort to bombs later, but if they do we wouldn't bet a plugged nickel on Mustapha's chances. Our guess is that when the smoke of ultimatums clears away, John Bull will be standing astride the Dardanelles, keeping them open not only for himself, but for the rest of the world. In our opinion he shouldn't be left to do it alone, either. But if Kemal starts something, we hope that this time he goes out of Europe to stay.

NOW if the Turks and the Greeks had as much sense as the Germans, they wouldn't have fought over a bit of territory. They would have enriched themselves in a much simpler and safer way. The plan of the German government to recoup its war losses and pay reparations for the damage it did other countries, is simply wonderful. The allies after defeating Germany took away most of her fighting equipment. But they left her all her printing presses, and the Germans, being a resourceful people, turned them to advantage. By working the printing presses diligently night and day turning out paper money, the thrifty Germans have done fairly well. They have got other countries to buy their worthless paper money and pay real money for it. According to reports, which seem to have been carefully checked, Americans have paid \$960,000,000 for German paper marks, which have little or no security behind them. The Americans who bought German marks, paid for them in gold at an average price of \$12 a thousand. They are worth less than 70 cents a thousand today, so somebody got stung and it wasn't the German government.

* * * * *

SO far the Germans have paid \$365,000,000 in reparations, and as they have received three times that amount from investors of other countries, who were ready to gamble on the depreciated marks, they have done fairly well in the transaction. We notice in the list of American cities which invested heavily in German marks is Milwaukee, although the big American market was New York. The United States wasn't the only country to play the role of sucker. Great Britain and France both hold millions of German marks and Germany holds their gold. The American investors in German marks are mostly Germans, or Americans of German descent, so that presumably their sympathies were stronger than their business judgment, but it takes a lot of gold out of this country that otherwise might have found its way into legitimate business and commercial channels at home. It may be that the German government did not lend itself to the scheme, but there is suspicion that it did. There can be no doubt that it has profited greatly by the gambling in its depreciated currency.

* * * * *

AS we didn't invest in German marks we are not going to waste our sympathy on those who did, so we'll just step across the Atlantic and give our attention to some little matters at home. That is one of the advantages of disposing of world problems by our method. We can jump from one part of the world to another, faster than we could on the North Shore Line, which is going some. All that is necessary is to fill our pipe afresh, shift our position in our swivel chair and begin in a new place. With the experience we have had in regulating the affairs of the world, it comes easy to us—sometimes. We

get a good deal of enjoyment out of it, too. Aside from the supreme satisfaction of telling everyone what they ought to do, our chief pleasure is derived from the appreciation of our readers. Would you believe that in the last month we have had letters from two or three readers, asking to place their names on our mailing list and send them a bill? It's a fact. Lots of them willing to pay real money for the privilege of reading our world-saving stunts. We don't charge them anything, of course. This is just one of the little extras that you get by being a patron of the North Shore Line. There are other little attentions that customers get, which money couldn't buy. That's why the North Shore Line is so popular.

* * * * *

WE got off the track there for a minute, but the digression is pardonable. We get so enthusiastic when we speak of the North Shore Line that for a few seconds we can't think of anything else. But really it arouses enthusiasm in every one familiar with its service? However, our job is to improve the rest of the world. The North Shore Line doesn't need any improvement, so for a few minutes we'll forget about it and settle down to the real business on hand. Being a cold day, naturally our thoughts turn to the subject of coal, and as everything in that industry is not exactly as we think it should be, it seems a good subject to tackle. The miners are producing coal faster than has been done in years, about 13,000,000 tons of bituminous a week we are told, and the railroads are doing their part to move it from the mines. As the normal consumption is something less than 9,000,000 tons a month, the surplus ordinarily in storage should soon be made up and we may not have to shiver this winter after all. All well and good so far, but the important question is, are we going to have another strike next spring and go through it all again?

* * * * *

CONGRESS created a fact-finding commission to make a full investigation of the coal-mining industry, and President Harding has just named the men who are to serve on the commission. They are all men known nationally and well qualified to get at the bottom of the trouble. But when they have done that and made their report and recommendations, will either operators or miners pay any attention to it? We have a habit in this country of ours of making investigations and forgetting all about them in a week. In fact the whole country is investigated almost to death, but the net result usually is disturbance of business in the particular industry under investigation, and that is all. More action and fewer investigations is what really is needed. Of course, we believe in investigating first and legislating afterward, although the usual custom is to legislate first. If the legislation puts an industry out of business, as it sometimes does, it saves

the trouble of investigating it. That has been the rule followed too many times in the past. It's fine for the politicians but tough on business.

* * * * *

THAT there is need for a thorough investigation of the coal industry, is well known to everyone at all familiar with conditions. Mining of coal is, perhaps, the most wasteful industry in the country, unless it is our method of using it after it has been mined. The dear public pays for the waste in both directions. But instead of seeking to correct the cause of the trouble, the dear public, which pays the bills, clamors wildly for the prosecution of the "profiteers." That is a perfectly good example of the way NOT to do it. There are inherent weaknesses in the entire coal mining industry which must be removed before there can be any permanent relief. Some years ago the writer was fairly familiar with conditions in the coal mining industry. We attended, as a newspaper man, many conventions of both miners and operators and learned a lot about their troubles, through conversations with leaders on both sides. Both sides agreed on one thing, which is that there are 40 per cent more miners in the industry than needed to supply the country's needs for coal.

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NOW at first glance you might suppose that is a good thing and should operate to keep the price down. It has an exactly opposite effect. We haven't looked at any recent coal reports, but we know that they used to show the coal miners working from 180 to 200 days a year. The rest of the time the mines were closed down, because there was no market for the coal. What effect does that have on prices? Coal miners and their families have to live 365 days a year. If the bread winner has an opportunity to work only 200 days a year, one-third of his time is spent in idleness. That waste has to be absorbed in the price the consumer pays for coal. There is no escape from it. It is the same with the coal operator. When the mine closes down, that doesn't mean that expenses stop, except the wages of the coal diggers. The other labor around the mine, engineers, pump men and others have to be paid, although no coal is being hoisted. The overhead is there the same as if the mine was shipping coal. All that waste must be added to the selling price of coal and the consumer foots the bill. It is perfectly fair that he should, too, for that matter, as otherwise there could be no coal produced. Why should that waste of about one-third have to be paid for? The answer is that the system is wrong and the dear public instead of insisting that coal-mining be placed upon an efficient and economical basis, calls loudly that operators, retailers or miners be prosecuted for profiteering.

ALTHOUGH we are not very strong for government regulation of industry, here is one place where proper regulation would seem to be needed. In some countries the government regulates the opening of new mines and keeps an even balance between the production and consumption. The needs of the country for coal can be estimated pretty accurately. Why couldn't the production be regulated to meet those needs? Why have 100 coal miners, working two-thirds of the time, if 60 miners working full time could produce all the coal needed for the country's requirements? Is there any justification for such a wasteful system? Perhaps the newly appointed commission will point out a system through which the present waste can be eliminated. That is the problem which it has to solve and if it does not succeed, there is likely to be another strike next spring. The problem isn't a simple one, either. Anthracite coal can be stored without depreciation, but bituminous coal depreciates rapidly in storage. Consumption is much greater at certain seasons of the year than at others. That makes the problem of continuous operation a difficult one. But other difficult problems have been solved. With steady employment the miners would be better off, the operators would profit and the price of coal to the consumer would be greatly reduced. There is work ahead for the commission and we believe it will point the way out, provided the politicians keep their hands off.

* * * * *

BEFORE winding up the coal business, let us say a few words about the waste in the use of coal. We have just pointed out where there is a waste of at least a third in its production, but that is nothing compared with the waste in its consumption. One writer recently pointed out in a magazine article that out of every ton of coal mined in this country no more than 100 pounds of the fuel value is converted into mechanical energy. In other words we waste 1,900 pounds to get the energy which 100 pounds would produce if properly used. Our steam railroads are the greatest users of coal and also the greatest wasters. It takes approximately 7 pounds of coal in the fire box of a steam locomotive to generate the equivalent of one kilowatt hour of electric current. The same amount of power can be produced in a modern power house with 2.4 pounds of coal. More than one-fourth of all the coal mined in the United States is consumed by our railroads. Were they electrified it would reduce the fuel bill about 64 per cent. It is estimated that the annual coal bill, including anthracite and bituminous, is \$27 for every man, woman and child in the United States. For a family of four, the fuel bill, therefore, is nearly \$100. That cost includes not only the fuel used in the household, but

also what the family expends in transportation, light and in other ways, which although not a direct charge, must be met by the consumer.

* * * * *

THE waste in fuel, great though it is, is not the only argument that may be used against the use of raw coal for heat and power purposes. The smoke nuisance in our great cities adds millions each year to the economic waste, besides polluting the atmosphere and impairing the health of those who are compelled to breathe it. It is estimated that the smoke nuisance costs the people of London about \$26,000,000 a year. The laundry bill per capita in Chicago is \$3.25 a year, compared with \$2.01 in Philadelphia where smokeless coal is used. The writer who gives these statistics, Floyd W. Parsons, says that in about twenty years from now, some one will write a history of the waste of fuel in the first quarter of this century and that those of the present generation who live to read it will bow their heads in shame before the righteous indignation of a new generation of Americans. He says that in a few years there will be only two agents of energy, electricity for power and gas for heat. In other words if it is done with heat, "You can do it better with gas."

* * * * *

IN concluding our little discussion, we would like to give you a word of warning. If you wish to join the crowd of world-savers, don't begin by howling about the "profiteer." Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, says we need the profiteer, and we are inclined to agree with him. He says the trouble with the world today is that the profiteer has been hounded and denounced until he has retired from active life and we need to get him back. "Let's get him back," he says. "We need him not only in business, but in the whole setting of life. The eager, selfish, but reliant spirit of the man who looks after himself and doesn't want to have a spoon-fed education and a government job, alternating with a government dole, and a set of morals framed for him by a board of censors. Bring back the profiteer—fetch him from the Riviera, from his country place on the Hudson, or from whatever spot to which he has withdrawn. If need be, go and pick him out of the penitentiary, take the stripes off him and tell him to get busy again. Show him the map of the world and ask him to pick out a few likely spots. The trained greed of the rascal will find them in a moment. Then write him out a concession. The ink will hardly be dry on it before the capital will begin to flow in; it will come from all kinds of places whence the government could never coax it. Incidentally, when the profiteer has finished his work, we can always put him back in the penitentiary if we like. But we need him just now." That doesn't vary a great deal from our own ideas on the subject. That will be all for this month.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

THE PABST CORPORATION

THIS is a changing world. There are still some, although their number is gradually growing less, who fail to recognize the change and who fret and fume for a return of the "good old days." Others with more vision and better business foresight, accept the changes as they come and turn them to advantage.

Something like the foregoing kept running through our mind the other day as we visited the plant of the Pabst Corporation in Milwaukee. Although not one of the twenty thousand who visited the plant yearly and inscribed their names on the register, when the company was engaged in manufacturing the stuff that helped make Milwaukee famous, still we could visualize what the imposing buildings looked like a few years ago, and contrast the scene with that which meets the eye of the visitor today.

What once was one of the greatest breweries in the country, is now a great industrial city within a city, for the former brewery buildings now house 46 separate industries, a number of them nationally and even internationally known for their products. Where once was stored thousands of kegs of beer, which were tossed around by burly giants with leather aprons, are now installed knitting looms tended by pretty girls, shoe machinery, art works and dozens of other industries, giving employment to thousands where the brewery itself employed hundreds.

There is, of course, a remnant of the old organization left, for the company still makes "near beer," but it is not "near" enough, presumably, to meet the tastes of the former customers, as the ship-

ments in the summer months now amount to ten carloads a day, while in the old days the average shipments amounted to 100 carloads daily. The company manufactures also "Fermentone," a malt extract used extensively by bakers in the manufacture of bread. In fact, that is the main product of the company today, which proves how readily a great industry may be transformed, provided the management has foresight enough to look ahead, instead of sitting with folded arms sighing over the days that have gone forever.

Perhaps the old days are not gone forever. That merely is guesswork and one guess is as good as another. Officials of the Pabst Corporation may think the days of real beer will return, but as far as we could observe, they are not banking too strongly on that proposition. They are not sitting with folded arms, sighing and waiting. They have adapted themselves to conditions as they exist, and the hum of whirring machinery comes from the windows where formerly came the stench of beer.

There is nothing to remind the visitor today of the old industry, unless it be the statue of old Gambrinus, the mythical king of beer, which still towers over the buildings. That is on the outside. Inside the offices of the company there are still some reminders of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

As the visitor enters the main offices, his gaze first rests on a bronze statue of Captain Frederick Pabst, founder of the institution, which bears his name. He was the first man to ship beer out of

Milwaukee. That was away back in the '70s, but later his products were shipped to many lands. In fact, Pabst Blue Ribbon beer followed Dewey into Manila and was a favorite beverage in Kobe, Japan.



Founder of Pabst

Above the statue the visitor notes a large oil painting of peasants picking hops, the central figure being easily recognized from the statue. It represents a scene in Bohemia.

Inside the main offices the walls are covered with oil paintings, for Mr. Pabst was known as an art connoisseur. Some are paintings of horses and hunting scenes, for Mr. Pabst in his lifetime was prouder of the pure-blooded horses he raised on his stock farm near Milwaukee, than of any other possession.

Not so long ago, though it was before the days of prohibition and also before the full development of the auto truck, the Pabst Blue Ribbon team of six full-blooded Percherons was an attraction in many cities. As we looked at some pictures of the horses, we felt a tinge of regret that they had to go to make way for the more efficient auto truck. But that is progress.

Although the Pabst Brewery in the old days was one of the largest in the country, it never was directly connected with a railroad. All its product had to be carted to the railroad freighthouse. The buildings cover five city squares in a section of the city where land values are too high to make the building of a railroad connection a profitable venture. The horses furnished the motive power for many years, but the auto truck put them out of business before Mr. Volstead took a hand in the situation.

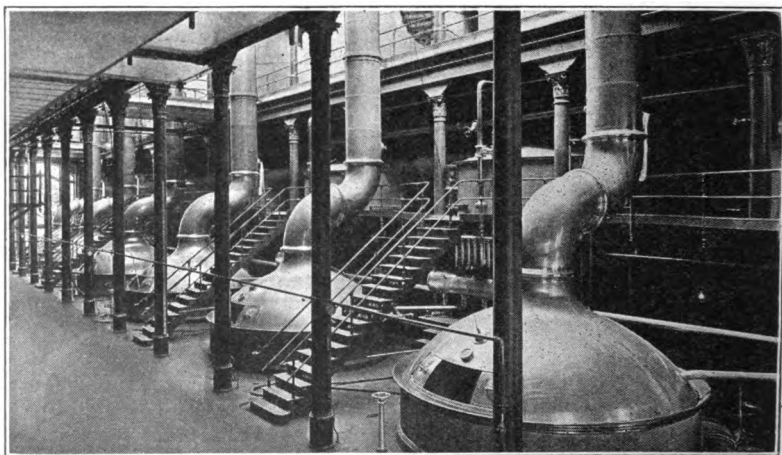
As it took as many as 280 horses to cart the product to the railroad in the old days, and as Mr. Pabst took so much pride in his horses, he saw to it that they were properly housed. The stables were in a large two-story building which later was transformed into a garage with the coming of the motor. It is rather interesting to note that the building now houses the Columbian Art Works, which

specializes in artistic window displays. Face creams and powders are now displayed in artistic form within the walls which formerly sheltered truck horses.

In that connection it might be said that the transformation of the former brewery is as interesting as it is complete. The smoke-stack still belches forth its smoke twenty-four hours a day, for the company furnishes the heat, light and power to its 46 tenants. Some of the better known concerns are the Great Western Knitting Works, which employs hundreds of girls and is housed in a build-

As the sales manager talked with us of the old days, we could not help noticing a tinge of regret in his tone, with which we somehow could not sympathize, although we understood. It is much easier to transform buildings than it is to transform men. Most of us after working years in a certain line of industry, cannot easily adapt ourselves to something new and different. We enjoy looking backward and reminiscing on other days. Foolish, of course, but very human.

When prohibition first became a fact, there were heard many



Mashing Kettles Used in Manufacture of Malt Syrup

ing formerly filled with huge vats in which beer was cooled and aged; the Everwear Hosiery Company, also employing hundreds of girls, in a building formerly used to store beer kegs; the Harley-Davidson Company has a part of its plant located in a building formerly used to wash beer kegs, while the Blue Valley Creamery Company, the Ogden Shoe Company, the Peerless Knitting Company and many other concerns occupy former storehouses for beer.

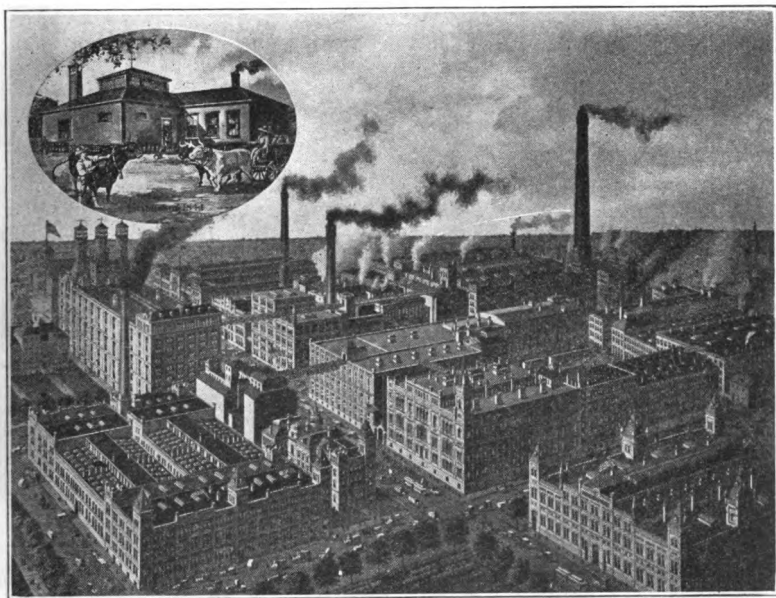
lamentations of what it would do to great industries. We were told that it would ruin the grape growers in California. It hasn't worked out that way. The grape growers have made more money since prohibition than they dreamed of before. So with other industries. We could not help feeling that the Pabst Corporation has not suffered by the change. Buildings used as storehouses for a non-essential product are now filled with whirring machines and busy, contented workers engaged in

manufacturing essential products, and as we looked around them, we could not help feeling that the change has been good for society.

That, at least, was the way our visit to the Pabst plant impressed us. It may be that the officials of the Pabst Corporation view it differently, although we didn't question them on that point. We kept our impressions to ourself, but whether the Pabst Company would rather see a return to the

ing to its utmost capacity, it furnished employment to 3,400 men. The manufacturing concerns now occupying the same buildings give employment to five times that number. We do not know whether the corporation derives more revenue from rentals than it formerly did when it used the entire plant, but it ought to.

Walking down Chestnut street after leaving the offices of the company, we noticed something that interested us. A man was



View of Plant of Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee

old days or not, the directing heads certainly are to be congratulated on their foresight and good business judgment. They accepted the provisions of the eighteenth amendment, whether they approved it or not, and they immediately transformed their great plant into an industrial city.

When the brewery was operat-

bearing some wording to the effect that capital was trying to crush the brewery workers' union. We looked at the sign on the man's shoulder, at the man himself and then at old Gambrinus. Something in common between them, we thought. We felt like carrying a sign over his shoulder saying: "Wake up, this is 1922."

CHICAGO BANKERS PLAY GOLF AT PIKE CREEK COUNTRY CLUB

AS guests of E. L. Lobdell, a party of twenty Chicago bankers and brokers made an inspection of the North Shore Line and incidentally of the Pike Creek Country Club at Kenosha, on September 27.

Both the North Shore Line and the new country club measured up to the expectations of the party, the members of which were loud in their praise.

The bankers chartered a special train, consisting of a parlor and dining car and a day coach. After inspecting the automatic substation at Ravinia, the next stop was at Kenosha, where the new station and the Lake Geneva busses were looked over.

From Kenosha the special ran to Milwaukee without stop, making the thirty-three mile run in 35 minutes, including the time lost in operating through the streets of Milwaukee from the city limits to the terminal.

Luncheon was served on the return from Milwaukee and the special stopped at the platform in front of the new clubhouse of the Pike Creek Country Club, about six miles north of Kenosha, to give the golfers in the party an opportunity to test the new course. At the end of the game the special picked the party up and dinner was served on the way back to Chicago.

Members of the party expressed themselves as greatly pleased with their outing and wish to thank the officials of the golf club for the enjoyable afternoon they spent on the links. As the editor of the BULLETIN went along with the party as a sort of guide, he too can say that the new golf course is a delight.

The course was opened last July, so it is to be expected that the fairways would be a little rough. The putting greens, how-

ever, are excellent, and the fairways are very good, considering they are new. The course is one of the prettiest in this part of the country and by next summer it will be hard to find its equal along the North Shore. The links are a masterpiece in golf architecture, every hole providing a good test of golf.

The golfer who likes a sporty course will find Pike Creek interesting enough. The creek winds all through the course, most of the time hidden from the view of the player. He discovers it, however, as the editor did on the tenth hole, when after making a perfect tee shot, he found his ball reposing snugly under four feet of water. There should be a danger signal on the bank of the creek on that particular hole, or a wig-wag, or something as we have on the North Shore Line, because when a player drives from the tee to the creek, he shouldn't be penalized. The distance must be 225 yards or more and it is enough to make a minister swear after driving a ball that distance to find it in a creek that he never even suspected of being there. We respectfully suggest a dangerous crossing signal at that point, for the benefit of players who are not acquainted with the course.

We have a suspicion that none of the party broke any records on the course. We know the editor played pretty rotten and as he was in the money, others must have done worse. Our performance on one hole, however, was eminently satisfactory, and when we get one good hole in a round, we don't feel so badly. It was the ninth hole, a par 5, although a rather easy one. We placed our drive in a beautiful sand trap, made a pretty clean-out and hit the next with a brassie to the edge of the green. Then we sank a 30-foot putt for a birdie 4, after being in a bad trap on the drive.

We'll cherish the memory of that hole and brag about it for a long time.

Here's congratulations to Kenosha on its new golf course, with which we hope to become better acquainted in the future.

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

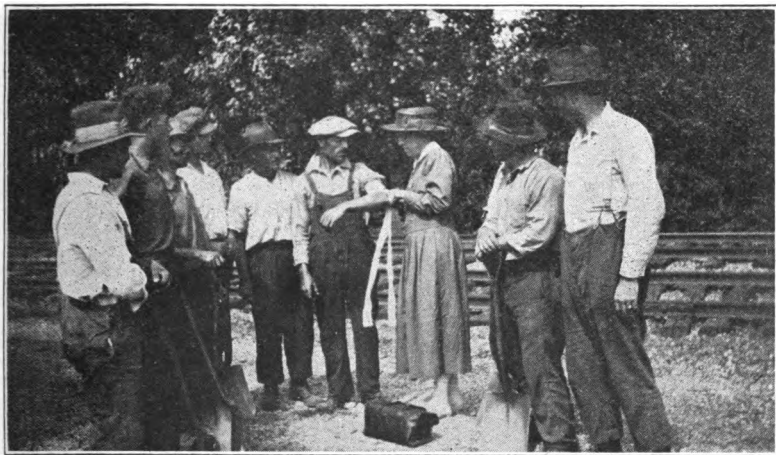
Mrs. Paul Hudson, R. N., faithful nurse of the North Shore Line, is perhaps the most popular employe of the road. During her several years of service with the company she has made it her business to become acquainted with her charges and now she knows nearly all the employes by their first names.

to keep house and aids towards cleanliness were given the men by Mrs. Hudson and it was surprising to note the change in some of the camps shortly after her visit.

All this, of course, is in addition to her regular duties of visiting sick employes and their families at home and in hospitals. She can perhaps understand the plight of the foreigner in a strange country because of the fact that she entered the employ of the company soon after arriving here from France, the land of her birth.

"HAS A KICK COMING

It isn't often we get a letter like this, but they are as welcome



Trained Nurse of North Shore Line on Duty

One point which endears Mrs. Hudson to the hearts of the men is the fact that she is as attentive to the needs of the foreign-born track laborers as she is to an official. Recently she made a trip over the road in the safety car visiting the camps of the track workers. They became apt pupils in first aid work under her tutelage.

Sisterly advice as to how best

as the other kind. If something doesn't seem just right we'd far rather have you tell us about it than tell your neighbors. This man writes:

Luke, I'm sorry to say I'm coming with a good kick on your railroad accommodation. Service is excellent—couldn't be improved upon. But, as the stations in either Racine or Kenosha are not opened until 6:30 a. m., are the patrons obliged to wait in the cold until the car comes? True, it was all

right in the summer, but winter is coming. Yours truly,

JAKE.

Your kick, Mr. Jake, was at once registered and we believe by this time the cause of it has been removed. Of course, you or any passenger will not be required to wait outside in the cold for your train.

HONESTY IS BEST POLICY

WE might find a text for a little sermonette in the following letter from a resident of Zion, were we in a mood to sermonize this morning. It speaks for itself, however:

"Some time ago I was riding on the North Shore Line and one of your (now) ex-conductors handed me a ticket to Evanston that was not punched. I had no use for it then, so handed it to a friend of mine. Therefore, I feel as though I owe you for the ticket. Please find enclosed amount which covers fare to Evanston.

Yours truly,

Zion, Ill."

We have not used the name of the conscience-stricken writer for reasons that are apparent. Reading between the lines of his letter, however, one may easily find the moral which forms the caption at the top of this little story. Had the conductor been honest he would not now be an "ex" and would be able to look his children in the face, if he has any, and not be afraid of embarrassing questions. Had the man who accepted the ticket been honest, his conscience would not have troubled him to such an extent that he felt he had to make restitution to still its promptings. One gets there sooner by following the straight and narrow path, and even should he never get there, he still has the satisfaction of knowing that he did his best.

EXAMPLE OF EFFICIENCY

THE promptness with which the organization on the Chicago Elevated Railroads and the North Shore Line functions in an

emergency, was illustrated a few days ago. Dr. Thomas A. Carter of Chicago, an expert on bichloride of mercury poisoning, received a hurry order to attend a case in Racine. It was a case of life or death and Dr. Carter called the despatcher at Wilson avenue. The call was received at 6:10 p. m., ten minutes after the Limited had left Adams and Wabash.

Quick as a flash orders were transmitted along the line and the Limited was stopped at Belmont avenue to take Dr. Carter aboard. It was a case where seconds counted and the men on both the Elevated and the North Shore showed themselves equal to the occasion.

NORTH SHORE LINE

AMERICAN LEGION POST

THE American Legion Post, recently organized by ex-service men among the employes of the North Shore Line, was honored by the presence of Sergeant Woodfil, at a meeting held at Highwood, October 12.

It was the fourth anniversary of the date on which Sergeant Woodfil performed what has been termed by General Pershing the greatest individual act of valor in the war and for which the Congressional medal was awarded. Sergeant Woodfil single-handed killed nineteen German soldiers and captured three machine guns. He is an extremely modest chap and does not like to speak of his extraordinary feat. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the American Legion and made a strong plea to all ex-service men to affiliate with the new Post.

Montague Rasmussen, Legion Committeeman for the north shore district, also attended the meeting and congratulated F. F. Owen on his good work in organizing the Post.

A number of company officials attended and encouraged the men who are eligible and not now members to join.

PROGRESS IN MODES OF TRAVEL SHOWN IN PARADE

DID you see the classy parade, epitomizing the rapid strides made in methods of transportation during the past century, held in conjunction with the opening of the annual convention of the American Electric Railway convention at the Municipal Pier?

An Indian and his squaw, the exhibit of the North Shore Line, led the parade up Michigan boulevard. Great interest was shown

The only thing untrue to form in the procession were the high-heeled shoes worn by the squaw. She said she had some moccasins in her pack but the shoes looked so much better that she wore them instead.

NORTH SHORE LINE CLUB TO GIVE A BIG SHOW

EMPLOYEES of the North Shore Line are planning to stage a big theatrical performance at the Majestic Theater in Waukegan on the evenings of Nov. 16-17.



North Shore Line Shown in Unique Parade

by the crowds along the sidewalks as the procession passed. Included were an old prairie schooner drawn by a pair of oxen, an ancient stage coach used to carry express in the days before railroads and a high-wheeled bicycle which was ridden to Chicago from Indianapolis.

The old-fashioned methods of transportation presented a striking contrast to present-day methods. The Indian's horse, which drew a litter behind carrying a wigwam and blankets, bore the legend "It took us four days to make the trip from Milwaukee. The North Shore Line does it in two hours."

From what we have heard about the rehearsals, the show will be worth going a long distance to see.

Everyone knows that the North Shore Line is famous for the character of its service. It has other claims on public attention, namely the number of its comedians and pretty girls. The comedians and the girls will all be in the show, so if you want a good time, remember the date. Attend the first night and you will surely go back the second time. Tickets for the show are on sale in the North Shore station at Waukegan, on Washington near Genesee street.

With the Bulletin Family

Dear Family:

We thank you for your able assistance in keeping this column up to its usual standard. The number of contributors to this department increases each month and really it is wonderful to note how much interest the letters arouse.

This column is really the most interesting in the BULLETIN. At least we know some readers who turn to it first and when they have read all the letters, they begin reading the other pages. That doesn't make us jealous, though. In fact, we feel a good deal the way Tom Sawyer did when he got the fence whitewashed without much exertion on his part. The more you write the less we have to do. It's a fine system.

Our best known contributor, Loophound, was in the office a few days ago and informed us that his wife had forbidden him to make further contributions unless he improved the quality. She said his recent contributions were "rotten." We can't agree with Mrs. Loophound and don't believe that our readers do. His popularity is not waning so far as we can see. Seldom is a man considered a prophet in his own country and that applies double to a married man in his own home.

His latest contribution from Pittsburgh is as follows:

The World's Greatest Bulletin has arrived and was read before I deigned to look over the special articles in the morning's paper or the World's Series. That is as high a compliment as a ball fan can pay to your worth as an editorial writer, particularly at this season when we are all het up over the annual classic. If you don't understand ask Michigander—he appears to be as rabid supporter of the National Game as the old Judge himself.

But as good as we all proclaim your comments I'm doggoned if I think much of your remarks on Pittsburgh. If you Cook county scribes harbor further wrong ideas concerning the Steel City's brand of culture, you are hereby invited to come down and look us over. We, of course, have nothing in the electric railway line to compare with the North Shore, but once a person learns what a good town Pittsburgh really is, he has no wild desire to leave at 60 miles an hour as they do in Chicago. Pittsburghers live normal lives, acquire a moderate share of the country's wealth and die naturally at a ripe old age. In one of the large middle western cities where I formerly lived things have come to such a pass that unless you get bumped off with a six-shooter it isn't considered a natural death any more.

And that insinuation regarding my fishing—hits me right where I live, Luke. Guess you didn't know they appointed my roommate Fish Warden upon the Miramichi where I was raised. They had to keep someone with me when I went fishing or the country would have been fished out in a couple of years. There was only one fellow less popular with the fish than myself—he invented tin cans. Why I used to lug home such big strings of trout that the rest of the boys were all wearing long pants before they knew that meat was good to eat.

At that I didn't get a chance to get out with a rod and line while in Wisconsin recently. Didn't even have a chance to drive to Plymouth to call on Brother Peebles. Next year we are going up there earlier—it looks like a good state in which to spend a vacation.

Yours,

LOOPHOUND.

Well, Loophound, we're not finding any fault with Pittsburgh, only we've been there. As for your ability as a fisherman, if you spring much more of that sort of stuff it may tempt us to tell what a fisherman we were in our youth. We had a reputation that extended for miles.

Here is our old friend Michigander becoming a regular. He used to be only a casual, but evidently he has decided to improve. From Detroit he writes:

I know I must be taking a chance on having you fall out of your chair backwards at hearing from me so soon, but the truth of the matter is, I find that if I make up my mind to write as soon as I receive the BULLETIN, I am more sure of doing so than if I lay the BULLETIN aside. In the latter case it takes from four to six months before I "take my pen in hand," etc.

First of all, permit me to say, that I certainly enjoyed your editorial in the September issue, which I received today. It certainly is chuck-full of common, every-day sense, and expresses my sentiments to a "T."

I would certainly be glad to see some of our newspapers devote a few more columns to subjects such as this, and discussed in the same manner as you have done. Instead they print glaring headlines of the latest murder, divorce or scandal, or whatever the chief topic happens to be at the time. More power to you, Ed.

Tell me who is this other correspondent from Detroit, who, I also understand, is a member of the "fair" sex. Seems to me you should have no complaint to make about Detroit, for between the two of us you should be kept fairly busy deciding whether or not to give both space in your "pet magazine."

By this you may take it, that I hope to be a better correspondent in the future than I have been in the past.

I suppose you have heard the latest about our M. O. lines. Still, like "Mrs. Grundy," I will tell you for fear you have not heard.

Our worthy mayor, Hon. James Couzens, has ordered the interurban cars off the city tracks, which will necessitate that they stop and turn at the city limits. What a fine move that was, I don't think. Think of the thousands of out-of-town people who have been coming in by interurban to spend their money in Detroit. Now that they will be inconvenienced they will think twice before boarding a car for our fair city, and many, undoubtedly, will remain at home and trade on "Main street" instead.

The mayor has also asked that he be permitted to float additional bonds to the extent of 15 million

dollars for our M. O. System, and only a month or so back, the word was given out that the city owned lines were paying for themselves. There must be a "nigger in the woodpile." Only time will tell.

Now that "Old Man Baseball" has almost been laid away for another year, "Kid Football" is out again trying out his stiff muscles in preparation for what looks to be another strenuous season with the pig-skin.

The University of Detroit is out to beat them all this fall, having been beaten but once last year and that the last game of the season, and by no other than the famous Washington and Jefferson team. Here's luck.

By the way, where is our old friend Sol N. Lasky, the "Ever-Ready" boy? Haven't heard from him in quite some time. His annual contribution to retain his membership is almost due now, don't you think.

Did you ever run across anyone, whose birthday was the same as your own? I have one still better. I recently met a young lady who not only has the same birthday as I have, but was born in the same year. What does that make us, friend Grant? Upon further questioning I discovered I was her senior by five hours, which gives me the cut-glass tooth brush.

Wow! Don't—I'll quit now.

MICHIGANDER.

To answer your questions categorically we might say that we haven't heard from "Ever-Ready" Sol Lasky for months. Very likely he does not see a BULLETIN because we haven't his address and his name was taken off the list after several issues were returned. Our other good Detroit correspondent is Mrs. Esther B. Clark, 14818 Holmur avenue. She is worth knowing. If you are a married man you need not worry about the young lady you met whose birthday was the same as your own. If you are not married, that is a horse of another color and you should be very careful.

It is quite a while since we heard from our able Kenilworth correspondent, Harry L. Lyons. We feared he might have gone hunting with the lamented "Ken-

tuckian" and got lost, but he is here with us again. He has been so busy selling North Shore real estate that he has had little time to attend to his duty as a member of the BULLETIN Family. When he does write, however, he says something.

Here is the latest from Mr. Lyons:

The leaves are beginning to turn color, and within a week or two the frost will paint the foliage of the North Shore delicate brown, gleaming red, and countless shades of tinted colors. Meanwhile the lawns and most shrubbery will remain green, and the ever-changing blue and purple of Lake Michigan will add the final touch to a riot of color. The fall is the prettiest season of the year up the North Shore, if you except spring and mid-summer. True, there are people who consider the winter season, immediately after a deep fall of snow, when the bare tree branches are festooned with silvery icicles, as the most beautiful of all periods.

No wonder the people of Chicago, who in thousands drive out along the North Shore on perfectly-paved Sheridan Road, or who admire the trees, flowers and homes from the windows of your comfortable cars on "The Road of Service," hope and intend eventually to own a home in one or another of the chain of suburbs that extend from Evanston to Lake Bluff.

If all the Chicago people who are determined to live on the North Shore were to try and buy in any one month, property values would double over night, because of the overwhelming demand. Fortunately, only a reasonable number are ready to actually purchase each passing week, and property values are not stampeded to undreamed of heights. Still there is a steady, noticeable advance of from \$10 to \$20 a front foot every year in Wilmette, Kenilworth, Winnetka, Glencoe and Highland Park. In many instances, there has been a 100 per cent increase during the last three years. We have made sale after sale recently in Kenilworth for double the price paid two years ago.

I'm busy now selling homesites in the noted Mahoney farm in Kenilworth, which a year ago was a corn field, but which is now highly restricted residential property of the most desirable kind. Buyers agree to build homes to

cost not less than \$15,000 each. Four are under way now.

Every family will have the convenience of using your excellent interurban service to and from the Chicago theatres, fur stores, department stores, etc., and I notice Mr. Grant, that the North Shore women all prefer your dustless, smokeless electric trains over the steam railroads. It is a decided advantage from their viewpoint, to reach Field's or any other downtown store without changing to bus or taxi at a westside railroad depot.

Sincerely,
HARRY LYONS.

Can't that boy lay it on? You can tell from the first paragraph that he is a poet at heart and a real estate man from necessity. Who could resist a talk of that kind when contemplating the purchase of a homesite? We agree with him, at that, for there is no more beautiful spot on the North Shore Line than Kenilworth. Mr. Lyons is the local manager in Kenilworth for McGuire & Orr, so if you are in the market for a home give him a call. We can assure you fair treatment.

We get our usual line of monthly chatter from the irrepressible Jim Ham who writes as follows:

Clum aboard the Badger last week and, per usual, arrived in Mrs. Milwaukee's lap on time. Just couldn't help overhearing following conversation enroute twixt a couple of our friends from Jerusalem—('tis generally pretty hard to refrain overhearing these gentlemen):

Abe: "Well, 'tloks kinda like thins iz getting more normal."

Cohen: "Umph!! Yes, folks is getting more confidential."

Cohen was right, 'cept he should have said "too confidential" if I properly interpret our sensational newspaper headlines dealing with paternity, divorce, alimony and murder cases.

Understand people are getting Fords for nothing these days by simply shooting a little bull at one of our prominent newspapers. I have a couple good ones to tell if said newspaper would make the effort worth while by offering Elevated Passes. When will the public learn to ride in comfort, Chief? Used to be folks were satisfied with corns and callouses on their

feet, but these days——. Think of it, a guy and his family can ride for almost less than nothing should he annex one of said passes. Am frank to say I'm looking to steal one of them so keep your office locked.

A guy just blew in looking for a bootlegger hence, to save a life, must hasten to find a copper.

Continually yours,

JIM HAM.

You have sized up the situation correctly, Jim, on that Elevated Weekly Pass. It really is a shame to hand out as much transportation as one can use, even if he rides day and night for the measly sum of \$1.25. And the service he gets is excellent, too.

Our correspondent in Cut Knife, Sask., has joined the regulars and we are glad to welcome him into the fold. We said his first letter was very promising and our judgment in the matter has been fully sustained. He writes as follows:

Many thanks for the August number, and believe me after reading that editorial I have reason to change my views in regard to the various strikes, as before reading it I felt inclined to side with the strikers. Since reading your explanation of the situation I believe the railways have their side of the question also, and if it is the way you put it I transfer my sympathy to them.

I see that you are improving Kenosha with your new busses, and I hope to have a chance to test them out this fall.

We are now in the midst of our annual threshing season and all one can hear from 6:00 a. m. until 7:00 p. m. is the roar of the threshing outfit. Yesterday as I looked around I saw, within a radius of five miles, seven different outfits, so you can use your own judgment as to what kind of a farming district this is.

I agree with Mr. Tracy when he says it would be great to have the splendid Electric Railway (provided it was managed as well as the North Shore) extend as far as St. Paul, but I say, why stop at St. Paul? Why not go on to Winnipeg, then "I'll tell the world" it would be a joy to take a thousand mile trip, and one would not be wishing and longing for the end of the journey, as is the case with the steam railway.

Here's hoping the new Kenosha Station will surpass my wildest

imagination and expectation when I see it.

Wishing success to the Ed. and members of the family.

As ever,

CANUCK.

Glad to hear that you have had a good harvest. The new station at Kenosha, the bus line and all are ready to welcome you when you come here next winter. The editor is also ready to welcome you, so do not forget to give us a call.

Look who's here. We haven't heard from Betty the Nurse for several months, but she has been a constant reader if not a writer. She has graduated from the Training School for Nurses and gone back to live in Highwood.

She writes:

Just must write to thank you and all your friends for being so kind to me. You needn't send next month's BULLETIN, as I am home for good now and am a graduate nurse, so it is my turn to do a favor. You know, "a fair exchange is no robbery." Now, if any of your polite conductors or motormen should become ill just call me and I'll be there in a "jiffy."

I am a steady customer and hope some day to marry one of your conductors or motormen—see if I don't.

All right men, Wake Up!

Sincerely,

BETTY THE NURSE.

Well, Betty, you have given the boys fair warning and it is up to them.

We have with us a new Chicago correspondent who has made a very good beginning. We hope he will continue to ride on the North Shore Line and to read the BULLETIN and to write occasionally and tell us about it. He writes as follows:

I like your road; I like your monthly BULLETIN, and I like your name. It reminds me of the dear departed Luke McLuke.

During the last two weeks I had occasion to travel over your road between Milwaukee and Chicago a number of times, and on each of these trips I was greatly impressed, not only with the comfort, cleanliness and speed of your

service, but with the courtesy of your trainmen. They are the personification of courtesy and thoughtfulness.

Yours sincerely,

E. STEEN.

We didn't know that our half namesake had departed to write paragraphs in heaven, but as we didn't see his stuff often he might easily have shuffled off without our knowing it. Write again when you are in the mood.

We have had two letters from our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, who seems to be happy as usual. He says he is working in a phonograph factory close to the testing room and was so affected by the music that he grew thin keeping both hands and feet busy all day. After wearing a hole in the floor with his feet, the testing room was moved to another part of the building. One night the smokestack fell down and he is being blamed for that, as he is supposed to have shaken the foundation doing fancy jigs.

Knowing that Mr. Peebles is always truthful, especially when he writes fish stories, we cannot understand the predicament he was in on account of that music. Now had it been the bagpipes that were being played in an adjoining room, we would understand why his feet misbehaved and also the cause of the smokestack falling down, but a phonograph playing unspeakable jazz, it is beyond our comprehension. However, Mr. Peebles tells it and he is an honorable man.

We didn't know we had readers in Waukesha, at least we can't recall having had any correspondents there, but here we are and a lady at that:

Traveling considerably via the North Shore Lines between Milwaukee and Chicago, I have become very interested in the North Shore BULLETIN. For some unknown reason I have failed to be able to peruse your June number and I feel that perhaps I may have missed reading some good and interesting news that may have ap-

peared therein. I am especially interested in any editorial treatments on Mud Baths, since I am the advertising manager of the Moor Mud Bath Institution Waukesha, Wis., where many your representatives banqueted the month of June.

One of your editorials in the July number refers to an item on Mud Baths appearing in the June number.

I personally had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent officials representing your wonderful railroad at the banquet above mentioned.

It was my ambition to initiate the good looking gentlemen into our order of Moor Mud but time did not permit due to the fact that they were all very eager to depart, after having satisfied their appetites, to meet their sweet wives and sweethearts from whom they had been separated for such a long interval.

Kindly place my name on your regular mailing list for a copy of your worthy BULLETIN and oblige.

Yours truly yours,

ADELINE MITCHELL.

Well, Miss Mitchell, we write editorials on almost any subject, but so far have not written any about mud baths. Some day we may run up and pay your baths a visit, then we might be in a position to write something about them. Not that it is necessary to know about a subject to write about it. You can see that any day by reading our Chicago newspapers. We didn't know about that visit paid your institution by our officers. We suppose it must have been the traffic Manager because he usually requests members to tell us about such trips a few months after they take place. We feel we missed something.

From the mud baths in Waukesha to Black Mountain in North Carolina is quite a trip but a short time ago we received a request from the latter place for a few back numbers of the BULLETIN. Somehow we felt the writer was down there to regain his health and very promptly we mailed him a number of

copies. A second letter came in which he said:

Read the BULLETINS and thank you very much for sending them. You see we have five Chicago boys here, two from Cleveland one from Oshkosh one from Racine and we all enjoyed reading your BULLETINS. We are at a sanatorium for tuberculosis here, which is conducted by the Royal League and have plenty of time to read.

Sincerely,

E. A. KRUEGER.

We are very glad to place your name on the mailing list, Mr. Krueger and hope you may find something in the BULLETIN to help while away the time. Best wishes for your speedy recovery.

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

Professor Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist in his book "My Discovery of England," explains the origin of the legend that the Scots have no sense of humor in the following way:

"So you're going to try to take humor up to Scotland," the most eminent author in England said to me. "Well, the Lord help you. You'd better take an ax with you to open their skulls; there is no other way."

How this legend started I don't know, but I think it is because the English are jealous of the Scotch. They got into the Union with them in 1707 and they can't get out. The Scotch don't want Home Rule, or Swa Raj, or Dominion status, or anything; they just want the English. When they want money they go to London and make it; if they want literary fame they sell their books to the English; and to prevent any kind of political trouble they take care to keep the cabinet well filled with Scotchmen. The English for shame's sake can't get out of the Union, so they retaliate by saying that the Scotch have no sense of humor.

But there's nothing in it. One has only to ask any of the thea-

trical people and they will tell you that the audiences in Glasgow and Edinburgh are the best in the British Isles—possess the best taste and the best ability to recognize what is really good.

HIS TURN

Two golfing enthusiasts—a Londoner and a Scotsman—were playing a round together. After the first hole, the former asked: "How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scotsman.

"I only took seven, so it's my hole," exclaimed the Londoner, triumphantly.

After the second hole, the Londoner put the same question again. But the Scotsman smiled knowingly.

"Na, na," said he, "it's ma turn tae ask first."

A DUSTY STORY

Our friend, John F. Weedon of Wilmette, editor of the Peoples Gas Club News, vouches for the truth of this one. An admirer of Shakespeare, who lives in Wilmette, has the epitaph which appears on the poet's gravestone framed and hung over the piano. The epitaph as many know reads:

"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,

To dig the dust enclosed here;

Blest be the man who spares these stones

And curst be he who moves my bones."

The man who owns the framed epitaph has a small son, and one day a neighbor's little boy who had been playing with him went home and said to his mother, "Those people have the funniest thing over their piano. It says, 'For God's sake don't disturb the dust.'"

IN THE HIGHLANDS

IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens
 Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

OH, to mount again where erst I haunted,
Where the old red hills are bird enchanted
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward,
And when even dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow,
Lamp bestarred !

OH, to dream! Oh, to awake and wander
There and with delight to take and render
Through the trance of silence
Quiet breath!
Lo, for there among the flowers and grasses
Only the mightier movement sounds and
 passes,
Only the winds and rivers
Life and Death!

—Robert Louis Stevenson

FEB 20 1931

