

REV. F. C. STIFLER TELLS OF JOURNEY TO EUROPE

Thirteen Per Day Travel Finds One Near Scullery—A Lady Smokes and Drinks

The Rev. Francis Carr Stifler, pastor of Wilmette Baptist church for ten years, recently returned from a tour of Europe which included a visit to the Holy Land, tells the interesting and intimate details of his journey. It is the entertaining story of "Steerage De-Luxe." Mr. Stifler is writing more stories for Winnetka Talk, and these will appear in ensuing issues. Next week Mr. Stifler writes on "Acquiring a Taste for Europe."

By The Rev. Francis Carr Stifler

MY esteemed friend, Mr. William Goodenough from first cabin on the great liner, had two pears and two peaches in his pocket, such as we were never served in tourist third. How good they would have tasted! But neither his geniality nor his wealth, nor even his name, were sufficient to get his past the guard. Of course it is the expected thing that tourist third passengers could not visit first class, (and yet I think it might be good advertising) but one would suppose that just as water flows down hill, so the privilege of paying \$500 to \$3,000 for one's passage would carry with it the privilege of seeing how the other one third lives.

Tourist third class was originally instituted for college students, and its instant success was hailed with a sigh of relief by the steamship companies whose business was struck a stunning blow by the new immigration law. The students still use it. They monopolize the cabins in June going east, and in September going west. The rest of the time, the tourist third class is used by those of us who were college students in the days of yore.

Thirteen Per Day Travel OK.

To pay \$13 a day to travel for seven consecutive days, is about as high as the average person in educational, religious and service pursuits generally is justified in spending. At least to double it, and find yourself in second class with its nondescript mixture of all sorts of unassimilable social groupings would be sheer waste, and to quadruple it and find you had to spend a young fortune besides for trunks and evening clothes in order to keep up the first cabin pace—well, the intelligencia just do not do it.

Tourist third is aloft on the great liners. So are the engines. That is the reason tourists prefer slower boats—the engines do not shake them so. Tourist third is also down near the keel. At least the intellectuals give their mighty brains the accustomed eight hours rest down there. It really isn't fair to call your cabin five floors below the boat-deck, "the Black Hole of Calcutta" as one disgruntled tourist did, for it isn't black. Everything is white and spotless, and, as ships go, quite odorless. By the way, there is a fortune for the chemist who will invent a disinfectant for steamers that smells like attar of roses.

Tourists also live near the kitchen. They call it the scullery. That sounds a little more like it smells. It is fairly difficult to get away from that smell. But it is like the electric current that kills you at 5000 volts and doesn't at 25,000. When you are right in the

dining room satisfying that salt-air appetite, you can stand it.

Speaking of the dining room, the chef for tourist third must be one of the high-salaried officers of the boat. He is at least given one of the hardest tasks. From comparing notes with passengers in first and second (of course we eventually adventured over the whole vessel and I was in every place except the jail under the prow) we came to the conclusion that the food was really cooked all in one place. The best cuts and fairest specimens are served in dainty and artistic fashion with many garnishments in the

first cabin. A fair portion of the same grade of food is served in the second class, and the wings and necks, the joints and end pieces, the runty potatoes and the greener leaves of lettuce are passed on to the third.

Think of the task of the man who has to make a meal out of such things and serve it along with a menu full of French names!

pudding, Sauce, etc.

Probably the outstanding feature of the dining room was the pudding. We had it every night for fourteen nights—I crossed both ways on the same ship. To go back to the beginning, it

was made out of one mixing with the fruit cake that was served with our four o'clock tea. The portion of the batter for the cake was baked while that for the pudding was steamed. The pudding was served day after day under different names.

I would not be misunderstood. Before I take you out of the dining room, I would have you understand that there are many good things served there. The fruit was good, and there was real cream, and fine bread and butter and excellent cheese and withal, the most courteous service, and we

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W. E. Hardin, Secretary of the Libertyville-Mundelein Chamber of Commerce, in a recent letter to the North Shore Line, said: "I was formerly located at Clinton, Illinois, and occasionally was fortunate enough to receive your Bulletin, which was read with interest. I especially noted your loyalty to communities touched by the North Shore Line. This alone is a great asset to any community, but coupled with your splendid train service, it's a combination that can't be beat. This is proved by the growth of Libertyville. I understand that its population has grown about 1,200 since your Skokie Valley line opened last year. This is remarkable and your line must take full credit for it."



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