

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

Highland Park News-Letter

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Just a Word

IN taking over the management of *The Sheridan Road News-Letter*, we have no promises to make and no special policies to announce. The only thing we are sure of is that we are going to make the paper as good as we know how. Incidentally we expect to get a good deal of pleasure out of it.

We may say in explanation that the change of name is made in the interests of definiteness. Under the old name we could be almost anywhere up and down a thirty-mile road. Now we feel at home in Highland Park.

If you wish to know what the "policy" of the *News-Letter* is to be, you will have to read it from week to week. This issue must necessarily represent only the starting point, but later numbers will tell their own story.

The Almosts

AN employer of thousands of men was asked what thing in all his large operations gave him the most concern, says the editor of the "Saturday Evening Post." "The man who does a little less than is expected of him," was the reply. "He is a dangerous factor in all business. The absolute failure we readily discover and discharge, but the 'almosts' escape detection for months and often years, and they make our losses as well as our fears," and with a very serious smile he added, "The drip in business is worse than the leak."

Thousands of men fancy they are fulfilling their duty to their employers and to their tasks by keeping hours and performing just enough to hold on to their positions. They have an idea that to do more would be to give larger service than their compensation required. They object to what they believe would be extra values. "The old man shan't get more than he's paying for," is the vernacular.

Possibly it never strikes these trimmers that in cheating their work they are doing double damage; they are injuring their employers much, but they are robbing themselves more; they are, in fact, losing everything in life that is worth while.

Half doing soon brings undoing. It is the nine-tenths doing or the ninety-nine one-hundredths doing that bleeds business and saps character.

Why He's Not a Millionaire

DOWN in the Chicago Stock Yards is a gray-haired German who spends his nights catching rats in one of the packing houses. He says he never earned over sixty dollars a month, and now the day of opportunity is past. When he was asked why he had let the years go by without becoming a millionaire or even well-to-do, he replied:

"Why didn't I make \$1,000,000 before I got too old? Well, that's pretty hard to answer, but the reason I never got to be at all well off or never held a high position is because I never really started in life with the intention of getting them. I didn't start with high ideals. I was satisfied with poor pay and poor positions. I didn't think of rising when I was young. Now it is too late.

"My advice to a young man would be to start with the idea of some day surely becoming rich or a great man. Ambition should be his motto. It never was mine. I went through life with never a hope for big things, and I never got them. The fact is, I never tried for them, so I don't deserve them."

This is merely one man's version of the wise and profitable saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Civic Pride

PRIDE, the selfish personal pride in what we have or what we are, as the Bible says, goeth before destruction. Civic pride, however, the pride in each other, in what has been done and can be done to build up and make beautiful the place of our abode, a reasonable, unboastful civic pride goeth before all civic progress.

It is both right and profitable to desire the best things for Highland Park, or any other city in which we live. Most of us came to Highland Park to live; to make a home, to "take root." What is more natural than to desire to live in a beautiful city, to have one's home surroundings attractive, to "take root" in a pleasant place?

The glacial period of the world's history was particularly thoughtful of the North Shore. The ice sheet that once lay like a blanket over this region was our greatest benefactor, for it made our scenery for us. The tree-filled ravines that form the great scenic attraction of the North Shore were the gift of the glaciers.

With such a beginning it were strange if man could not make Highland Park a garden of beautiful homes. It were stranger still if any man living within the city should object, or protest, or attempt to prevent, or complain against any improvement that would make Highland Park a more beautiful place to live in.

The absence of opposition to the movement for better roads in Highland Park speaks well for our civic pride. Good roads are one of the essentials. When this work is done we may find something else that needs attention. If we do let's do it with a will, uncomplainingly and altogether.

Six Days Shalt Thou Labor

MOST of us can't help it. But whether we can help it or not, the ability to work is one of our chiefest blessings. In these days of labor agitation and strikes, when every laboring man seems to be striving to work as few hours and for as large wages as possible, we are likely to forget that work, the ability to be busy with our hands or head in the pursuit of a livelihood, is a divine gift and an inestimable blessing.

Work gives a purpose to our lives. Work brings us in touch with our fellows. Work breeds self-respect and insures happiness. Work blesses the worker, no matter how trivial and unimportant it be. God pity the man "out of work," the man who wants work and can't find it!

Did you ever try to loaf for a few weeks at a time and feel that "tired feeling" creeping over you? That restlessness and impatience with yourself which made you want to do something? We pity the man who is compelled to labor beyond his bodily endurance. We turn in disgust from the man who refuses to work, it matters not whether he be rich or poor. The passion for doing things

is a divine passion, and any man who likes work for work's sake is found to be happy.

In emphasizing the sacredness of the Sabbath, the preacher has forgotten the first part of the command, "Six days shalt thou labor." Let's not grudge our employer the day's work we give him. We sold it to him for a price, and he pays us not only in coin, but in an opportunity for honest toil. Let's carry our dinner pail a little less complainingly, remembering that

Next to the man who will not work,
God pity the man who loves to snirk.

How the Average Man Lives

THE Bureau of Labor at Washington has just issued a bulletin on "The Average Man."

It is interesting because it has to do with you and with me, or at least with our neighbor. The report shows not only the wages of the average man, but the cost of living for himself and family—for the average man, thank heaven, does have a family; it shows also the average saving and innumerable other interesting facts that can be discovered by the man who knows how to decipher figures. One writer makes the following comment on the report, which covers only families of wage-earners or salaried men earning less than \$1,200 a year. Of 2,567 such families the annual incomes averaged \$827.19, and their expenditures \$768.54, leaving a surplus of \$58.65 to go into the savings bank. That is doing pretty well, considering the difficulty most people earning \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year have in paying their bills, not to speak of putting anything into the bank.

But the showing of these working people is even better than the figures would indicate. Besides their savings, 2.73 per cent of their expenses represent insurance, which is really a form of investment.

Of the entire cost of living of such a family, over three-quarters go for four prime necessities—42.54 per cent for food, 14.53 per cent for shelter, 14.04 per cent for clothing, and 4.19 per cent for fuel. In Europe, where the hand of the tax-gatherer is so heavy—taking a third of the peasant's income in Italy, it is said—the most astonishing thing would seem the trifling amount the American working family pays for taxes. Only three-quarters of one per cent of the average expenditure is charged to that item, although, of course, the American consumer pays heavy tariff taxes on his clothing and part of his food.

Temperance orators used to say, and perhaps they still do, that if the American workingman would only let liquor and tobacco alone he could have a cottage at Newport. The Labor Bureau's figures show that if the average wage-earner's family never touched a drop of liquor or took a whiff of tobacco it would have only \$23.36 more to add to its present savings of \$58.65. Few Newport cottages can be run on that amount. Only 1.62 per cent of the money spent by such a family goes for liquor and 1.42 per cent for tobacco. Perhaps this may explain why the prohibition movement has been stationary for so many years. Nevertheless the item for liquor, small as it is, is the largest for any luxury. Amusements and vacation come next, with 1.6 per cent of the family budget, then books and newspapers with 1.09, religion with 0.99, and charity with 0.31. Labor and other organization fees take 1.17 per cent. That might be called a luxury, a necessity, or an investment, according to the point of view.

Incidentally, the significant fact is brought out that the average family of the class with which these figures deal is larger by over one-seventh than the average American family, as shown by the census. Plainly, race suicide has not made the ravages among people with incomes of less than \$1,200 a year that it has among some who are more conspicuous in the public eye.