

Our Outlook

out the country, but most of us are now in doubt as to why so much pains were taken to bring him to court, and yet when there, he was courteously asked a few questions and then became a sort of—part public idol, and part curiosity.

It seems, however, that the presence of the principals of the Standard Oil company was made necessary in order to fix the responsibility of the company for the illegal violations of the Elkin's law of Indiana by the Standard Oil company of that state. It was apparent that if these violations were the work of the company, as a whole, the fine must be larger than if only a state organization, doing a much less business, were responsible. A fine of a dollar against a rich man for an offence against a certain ordinance would be ridiculous and inadequate, while if against a poor laborer it might be sufficient to meet the claims of justice.

Hence when, by testimony of Mr. Rockefeller and other chiefs of the great organization, it is shown that the Indiana Standard Oil company is a part of the whole concern, the offending party is seen to be a company which has an outstanding capital of \$98,300,000, with a property vastly greater even than that sum.

And further, during the three years that the Indiana branch of the company was violating the law in its shipments of oil from that state to St. Louis the profits of the whole company were \$199,000,000, and its dividends were 120 per cent upon its capital, and this vast profit has been made possible by such violations of the law.

Any fine, therefore, that is inflicted must, if it is intended as a punishment for illegal acts, be commensurate with the wealth thus represented.

But if Judge Landis imposes a fine of twenty-nine or thirty millions and can collect the fine what will be done with the enormous sum of money?

The Servant Question Again

TO SOME OF US who were born more than a quarter of a century ago it is difficult to realise the changed conditions which faces the average youth.—especially of the female sex. Then—the average girl was a dependent, either provided for by relations to the men-folk which made her a pet, or else compelled her to accept a position in domestic service which reduced her to a condition bordering closely upon slavery. A servant was a kind of kitchen and garret appendix to the household arrangement closely attached to its internal organism, as the tail is to a dog which must wag at the will of the dog.

Now however the avenues of employment which are open to women and girls are almost as numerous as those to men and boys. Some of these new avocations have been created by new inventions such as the type writer and the telephone. Others have opened to them by the claims of modern science; such as the professional nurse and the professions of teaching, and of medicine and law, while, to the less educated there are hundreds of other avocations open to them.

Thus the young girl faces conditions that were unknown fifty years ago. She

Our Outlook

knows nothing of the old servitude which commands her from the early rising hour in the morning to that of sleep at night. She refuses to be in the harness without liberty to do as she pleases some part of her time.

This is a live-subject and the press recurs to it again and again with more or less of illumination. Raymond, in the Tribune quotes the views of a shop-girl expressed rather forcibly thus:

"Everybody knows," she said, "that the average girl can make more as a servant than as a worker in a store or factory. In a great many of the lower classed stores a salesgirl never makes over \$6 or \$7 per week. When she has paid board, lodging, and car-fare she has absolutely nothing to show for her work. In hundreds of factories the girls work hard for ten or twelve hours a day for an average of not over \$5 per week. The women who earn \$10 per week are lucky."

"But there is this difference between a servant and a shopgirl. When the store or factory closes down for the day, all work is over. The poor girl at \$5 per week is as independent as the boss. She can do what she pleases until the time for work begins the next day. The woman who works in a household is paid good wages and her work is not always hard, but she has no time she can really call her own."

But perhaps even this distinction is not sufficiently clear.

Does it follow that a person must be free from duty certain given hours of every day in order to enjoy the sense of independence?

The professional nurse is deprived of such freedom. Often she is on duty night and day with the most exacting demands upon her.

But she is the mistress of her own work. She enjoys the luxury of recognition for what she can do, and when she is through she receives her pay and is free.

The real difference seems to be in the lack of dignity and recognition of the servant as one who contracts to do certain work or fulfil functions, and then is free.

The laundry woman is a wash-lady because she does the work which she bargains to do and then leaves, just as a man leaves who bargains to do a day's work, or a doctor who stays only as long as his service requires.

The working out of particular terms of service would find its own solution if the domestic worker were recognized as one who contracts to do certain definite work. Why cannot the girl who sweep the rooms and care for the general house matters be as distinctly a contractor or a professional worker as a wash lady or even a nurse?

The chef, whether man or woman, refuses to be recognized as a cook because the latter term has a smacking of servitude in it while the former is a profession.

We have established schools for nurses, colleges for teachers, and even for lady barbers. Why cannot there be schools of domestic science, giving dignity and professional status to the graduates and qualifying them by actual training and study for the most important sphere of

Our Outlook

woman's work, that of the household? There would be added a solution of that other factor in the problem—young men would look among the graduates of domestic science for sweethearts and wives instead of preferring the girl who has no other experience than that of a saleslady or a stenographer.

With the Poets

The Dead 'Un.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."

If there be, go mark him well;
For him no bank account shall swell,
No angels watch the golden stair
To welcome home the millionaire.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed,
Cares more for rest than worldly gain,
And patronage, but gives him pain.

Tread lightly friends: let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound;
Here let him live in calm repose,
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep,
That nought may break his dreamless sleep

Where no rude clamour may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well.

And that the world may know its loss,
Place on his grave a wreath of moss,
And on a stone above, "Here lies
A fossil who did not advertise."

The Birthday Party.

Now s'pose you're five or six years old
Or seb'n or eight or nine,

An' have a ma thet's awful good
(Ermost ez good ez mine);

An' s'pose yer birthday comes around,

What's goin ter happen then?

Say! I don't think you're very smart

To have ter guess again!

You'll have a birthday party!

An' you'll invite—Oh, every one

You know, unless you're mean!

An' all the boys'll git there fust,

All lookin' slick an' clean,

An' all the girls, in dress-up duds,

Will act ez if they're dumb

Except Nell Jones, who giggles so

Folks wish she hadn't come,

When there's a birthday party.

Big sister'll try to start some games,

But that won't help a bit;

Yer can't play even blind man's buff

When no one will be "it"

An' ev'ry game that she thinks up

Those kids "don" wanter play;

They jest stan' round, look at the rest

In an expectin' way,

When there's a birthday party.

But when yer ma sez jest five words:

"Now, children, come this way,"

An' leads 'em towards the dinin'-room

Things change 'bout then, and—say!

Them boys an' girls all talk at once

An' never think of aches,

While they jest stuff with lolly-pops

Ice-cream, an' nuts an' cakes—

An' that's the birthday party;

—MARY F. K. HUTCHINSON

in the DELINEATOR.

Albert Larson

BOOKSELLER, NEWS DEALER &
STATIONER

Pioneer Postal Card Dealer of
Highland Park

A large assortment of Local
Cards nearly 100 different
Highland Park views.

Colored Comic
Great Assortment.

Leather Cards

Birthstone Cards
New and Popular

Bamforth's
Genuinely Humorous.

Chicago Views

Telegram Cards
A Decided Novelty

Lime Light, Floral, Birthday
and Art Cards.

Postal Card Albums, Racks
and Holders

No. 7. St. Johns Avenue
Telephone 2454

FRANK SILJESTROM Ice, Coal, Coke Wood and Kindling

Office and Yard
FIRST STREET AND ELM PLACE
Phone 65
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

M. WOLAK, TAILOR
First Class Suits for ladies and gentlemen made to order.
Cleaning, Pressing and altering Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments
Phone 2383 120 Central Avenue
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS



DRINK
ABANA
SPRING
WATER

Bottled at Libertyville
Being naturally absolutely pure and clear as crystal it is the ideal

Table Water

Ask Your Grocer