

# NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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## SCHOOL FIRE DRILLS.

The awful disaster at Collinwood naturally produce deep feeling of concern for the safety of public schools everywhere.

The Deerfield Township High School is especially well constructed with fine

outward except one in the rear of the building, and this the Board will have altered immediately.

Occasional fire drills have been the custom at this school, and Mr. Sandwick informs us that these will now occur monthly.

At the Highland Park Grammar School there is also systematic care and drill which is referred to in our news column.

We shall be pleased to report similar careful provisions at other schools of the North Shore if the authorities will give us the information.

## LOCAL OPTION AT WAUKEGAN.

The one issue before the electors of Waukegan is the local option law which if carried will close all saloons in that city.

On the one side is arrayed all the forces of self interest represented by the saloon men and the brewers, and with them are many who for various reasons regard the saloon as a source of revenue to the city.

On the other hand stands the lovers of home, social order and better citizenship.

Of course the utmost capital will be made of the recent utterances of Fathers Gavin and Schuett, who have chosen to take sides with the liquor interests as against the dethronement of the liquor power in that city.

But it must not be supposed that the attitude of these gentlemen is in accordance with the highest authorities in the Catholic church.

Cardinal Manning, Bishop Ireland and many others of eminence could be quoted at great length as wholly condemning the liquor traffic. Recently Cardinal Gibbons has said:

"I believe that the right of the people to determine by the operation of local option law whether saloons shall, or shall not be closed within their respective communities is in harmony with the American principle of self-government.

"Where the people do not attempt to close their saloons, or decide by vote to retain them, I am, as previously stated, in favor of high license and rigid restrictions. BUT NOT AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR, NOR IN OPPOSITION TO LOCAL OPTION AS ABOVE DEFINED.

(Signed) J. CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore, Md., Jan. 13, 1908.

The Gazette, of March 10, publishes a statement by George Primrose, a minstrel showman; which is evidently intended as a contradiction to Ass't States At-

orney Trickett on the effects of local prohibition at Kansas City Kas. According to the Gazette Mr. Primrose states that "where the streets had once teemed with people that is expected in a great metropolis that they are almost deserted" and that "in the stores formerly occupied by Saloons electric theatres have now sprung up and they are said to be a positive nuisance" There seems to be some discrepancy on the face of this statement. If the streets are now deserted, how comes it about that "electric shows have now sprung up" and that "phonographs are placed at frequent distances" in the streets. Usually men do not invest in such shows in streets that are deserted.

Of course it depends upon how one looks at it and we do not generally expect a traveling showman to see things in the light of a settled citizen, whose in-

terest is in choosing the lesser of two evils and if we had to choose between an electric show and a saloon as nuisances we should certainly select the former.

The show may collect a few nickles from our boys, but at least they do not make men paupers, criminals and drunkards and leave our merchants with uncollectable debts on their books.

## Our Outlook

### "MOLLYCODDLES" AND TEMPERANCE.

#### THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST DENIES THAT HE EULOGIZED ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

Somebody has been doing some tall lying! Whatever the object may have been, it now appears that the address of Dr. Wiley, the celebrated Government Expert has been wholly perverted and falsely reported.

Some one sent a dispatch to certain leading papers of an address made by Dr. Wiley at the University Club, Washington. Among the papers that gave prominence to the false report was "The Record-Herald" of March 2. No doubt that paper was "fooled" by some perverter of facts. On March 9th there appeared in an obscure corner of page 10 of the same paper a letter from Dr. Wiley which we have very great pleasure in giving the same publicity to as we gave to the comments which appeared in our paper a week ago, and we regret exceedingly that the Record-Herald did not give even more prominence to Dr. Wiley's answer than to the false report.

Dr. Wiley says:-

"The greater number of things which you alleged, in your issue of the 2nd March, I believe, are a patch from Washington, as to what I said in my address, are unwarranted by the facts. What I did say was correctly reported in other journals. I stated that I believed that the general effect of alcohol on mankind was wholly bad; that it was bad even in small quantities; that if distilled beverages, such as whiskey, brandy and rum had any good effects they were due to the fact that the aromatic and fragrant substances therein stimulated the digestive secretions and thus overcame the bad effect of the alcohol which they contained. I further stated that I was in theory a prohibitionist, but that there were practical questions in the way of prohibition and that a better

plan would be to abolish the saloons, and that if people wanted to drink distilled beverages, they should do so at their homes and with their foods and not in saloons. I made no reference whatever in my address to the term mollycoddle nor did I advise young men to drink liquor, as reported in your paper.

H. W. Wiley."

This reminds us of the old saying about the devil outwitting himself. Apart from the personal annoyance to Dr. Wiley it has done no one any harm but has served as a text to emphasize what he really did say and to give a very wide circulation to the facts as to the value of temperance.

### THE KING'S JEWEL.

The gift of the Cullman Jewel presented by the Transvaal to King Edward of England is said to be worth two and a half millions of dollars.

It is the object of envy and the prize toward which eager eyes of con-

tempt are turned. It is being cut and polished in Amsterdam and when the work is done it will require an armed force to keep it. While the work is in process, international detectives watch every incoming train and mingle in the crowds in the streets. This will be the procedure during the eleven months' work which will be necessary in cutting the great stone, which is in charge of Herr Henri Koe, Holland's most expert polisher.

Over night the diamond is guarded as no gem has ever been looked after before. It will be placed in a strong room on the ground floor, where the walls, three-quarters of a yard thick, are of iron and cement. It would take anybody a fortnight to bore a hole through them.

The door can be opened by a combination of numbers, which is known only to the three heads of the firm. On being opened, a strong, iron-barred door is displayed to view, which has to be unlocked before the strong room can be lit by electric light.

The head of the firm, armed with a revolver, takes the diamond down every evening, accompanied by ten members of his staff, who leave him for a moment while he secretly locks the door. They also accompany him in the morning when he takes it out again.

And yet it is only a stone! Any mother's child is worth more to the mother than that diamond would be. Any human intellect is greater—any one life is superior.

### WHITTIER'S HANDY BOY.

Once there was a little boy who lived in Amesbury, near the home of the poet Whittier. He had another name, but we will call him "Willie Dewie," because that is what the parrot called him.

The parrot lived a short way down the street, and, whenever he saw the boy, he would call, "Willie Dewie! Willie Dewie! Willie Dewie!"

The parrot was a handsome bird, and his name was Charlie. He liked Willie Dewie because he gave him peanuts.

Willie Dewie was a faithful little fellow, and whatever he did was done well. Mr. Whittier liked faithful boys, and he used to ask Willie Dewie to run errands for him.

Willie often brought in water from the pump that stood just outside the back door. It was a chain-pump, and chain-pumps are not like the pumps we have nowadays. It is pretty hard to get water from a chain-pump.

And then in the winter Willie Dewie

shoveled the paths for Mr. Whittier, and he split the oven wood and the kindlings. Mr. Whittier used to call him his "handy boy."

One day, when Willie Dewie was splitting the kindlings, the hatchet slipped and cut his finger. This made him feel faint, and Mr. Whittier's mother brought him some medicine. He swallowed it at once, and then exclaimed rather disgustedly, "There wasn't any sugar in it!"

The good woman smiled, and remarked dryly, "I think thee will recover, William."

The wounded finger was, of course, tenderly cared for, and, when all was done, Mr. Whittier said in reproof: "Thee were very careless, William. Thee must be more careful next time."

While the finger was healing, Mr. Whittier had to split the wood himself. One day he cut his finger, just the same as Willie Dewie had done.

When Willie Dewie's finger was healed, he went over one day to split

wood. Mr. Whittier came

finger and said, "Thee were not so bad after all, William!"

Mr. Whittier loved to tell stories, and Willie Dewie loved to listen to them, and so they became fast friends. When Mr. Whittier had told a good story, he would bring his right hand down upon his knee with a loud slap, then he would laugh silently, with a twinkle in his eye. He very seldom laughed aloud.

After a time Willie Dewie went away from Amesbury, and stayed a long time; but Mr. Whittier did not forget him.

It happened one day, when Mr. Whittier was helping paper a room, that the border fell short. He went down town to get some more border, and brought it home and put it on the wall. When his mother and sister saw it, they began to laugh. A friend was visiting them, and she laughed too.

Just then Mr. Whittier saw Willie Dewie going by the house. He went to the door and called: "Come to my rescue, William! These women folks are too much for me."

So Willie Dewie stopped and went into the house, and Mr. Whittier asked, "Do thee see anything wrong with the paper, William?"

And, when William looked up at the border, he burst out laughing too—because one part of the border was red and the other part was green!

Then Mr. Whittier said very reproachfully: "So thee will turn against me too, William. I must give in."

Mr. Whittier was color-blind! He could not tell red from green, and so, as the figure matched, he thought the border was all right.

When he was a little boy, his mother did not know he was color-blind. One day she gave him a pail and sent him to pick some

berries. He came back and told her he could not find any. She went into the field with him, and there were the red berries in plenty! And that is how she found out that her little boy was color-blind.

Willie Dewie has grown to be a man, and he still lives at his boyhood's home in Amesbury. For a number of years Mr. Whittier lived at Oak Knoll, Danvers; but, when he came to Amesbury, he would always "drop in for a chat with William."—Juliet P. Combes, in Little Folks.

"Frankie, dear, I don't think you have washed your face and hands, as I told to." "No ma; but I've dusted them very carefully."