

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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LABOR

To the average mind the fact that we celebrate labor by ceasing work may suggest the idea, held by many, that labor and drudgery are synonymous. To drudgery we pay no tribute, but to clean, intelligent, productive labor we pay our respects.

Labor is at the foundation of all production. Labor renders nature's fruits subject to our use. Everything we have, excepting the elements, must in some way become the product of labor before it is ready for our enjoyment. Primitive man hewed the wood and drew the water. Even the final use of air involves labor. The loaf of bread, the shelter above us, the book we read, the raiment we wear, are the fructification of labor in some form.

Labor is not only essential, labor is honorable. That the world progresses goes back to the simple fact that,

"The tireless hand of labor turns The countless wheels of toil."

It is honorable to produce, and he who produces contributes more to the sum of the world's happiness than he who converts to his own uses the fruits of labor, piling up wealth for the mere sake of amassing, without definite purpose to turn it to good ends.

Labor's reward is life, and life is largely what man makes it. Not mere existence, but the enjoyment of things turned to use by labor, to the end that intelligence and spiritual force shall be cultivated, is the true life, and to those who labor and earn the right to a place in the reign of mind come the best rewards of human effort.

Labor desires peace, because peace coupled with plenty is the ideal condition of man. He who earns plenty should have it, and the masses have always been ready to sacrifice peace to possess that plenty which is the product of their toil.

Labor and capital should not war, but they have warred, and they will continue to war, until there comes the time when an equitable division of the fruits of labor is pacifically agreed to. The victory of the masses, where government tends to freedom and enlightenment, is always a question of time. The fight of labor in America has been a slow but sure victory. Organization has triumphed, and today men work and vote with an intelligence which is a guarantee to them of substantial justice. Conditions are better than they used to be, they will grow still better, so long as labor respects itself and endeavors honorably and intelligently to protect its own.

—W. B.

Sound National Policy

We take pleasure in quoting the following from an extempore speech delivered by former Governor George C. Pardee of California before the National Irrigation Congress at Spokane, Wash-

ington, on August 11, 1909. It has in it a true ring. We do not find fault with the monopolists who have simply acted the instincts of human nature in grabbing whatever of the national domain came within their reach; but we have a right to blame the administrations, previous to Roosevelt's, in that they tacitly permitted it. But still more should we, the people, blame ourselves for our indifference in looking on and uttering no protest. All thanks to ex-President Roosevelt for sounding the alarm and opening the throttle of government machinery to stop the wrong. All thanks to the American Forestry Association for their sturdy efforts to educate the people to action. The speech from which we quote the following was published in "Conservation," the organ of the American Forestry Association:

"I am one of those people who believe, with Roosevelt, that the time to do things is now, and let us talk about them afterward. I believe with him, that to withdraw, for instance, from entry those lands which take with them power sites and to hold them for the benefit of the people is the thing for the Government of this country to do.

"And, therefore, I thoroughly agree with the actions and the work of the predecessor of the present Secretary of the Interior. You will remember, perhaps, that Mr. Secretary Garfield, perhaps at the instigation of our very good friend, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, certainly with the advice and consent of the then President of the United States, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, did withdraw from public entry certain parcels of the public lands aggregating about 1,000,000 acres, in each of which parcels of public land there was a power site.

"Much to the surprise of the people who were interested in those things in this country, almost immediately after his induction into office as Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger, the present Secretary of the Interior, put back into public entry these various parcels of land which embraced a water-power site; and within eight days, or within a very few days after the order had been made, most, if not all, of these power-site plants had been grabbed. By whom? By the people who will use them for the future benefit of the people of the United States?

"Now, I am informed that the Secretary put back into public entry these various parcels of the public land, each embracing a power site, and which had been withdrawn from entry by his predecessor, Mr. Garfield. I am informed that he did this because there was no specific law by which the Secretary of the Interior could do these things; but Garfield did them. The then President of the United States patted Garfield on the back for having done that, and the present President of the United States, unfortunately after the damage had been done, ordered the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger, to withdraw again from public entry those lands which were left and had not been grabbed because they did not contain power sites; and let me say that Mr. Taft, before he became President of the United States, had a reputation among the common, every-day, ordinary people of the country as being quite a lawyer.

"At any rate, the Secretary of the Interior first restores land to public entry because there is no specific law, I am informed, au-

thorizing him to keep them from public entry, and then, at the order of the President of the United States, he again withdraws those lands from public entry. But law or no law, specific or un-specific, is it not about time that the plain, ordinary, every-day, God-fearing, law-abiding, patriotic people of this country should receive some little attention in the disposal of these things? And is it not time that if, by any possibility, there can be any doubt, that doubt should be resolved once in a while to the benefit of the people of the country?"

Agitation Means Betterment

It is safe to say that there is no other one institution, no other one method of agitation which is doing so much to improve our conditions of municipal government as the National Municipal League. This institution, organized some years ago, has for its object the inculcation of better conceptions of municipal government and better enforcement of municipal laws. It holds annual meetings in different parts of the country where the ablest students of municipal affairs meet and discuss the principles and practices of municipal government. The discussions and speeches of the delegates to these annual conferences are substantially bound in permanent book form. These volumes constitute a comprehensive fund of interesting, instructive, and practical knowledge for every voter who would perform his part in making better municipal government.

Some years ago the League established an annual prize to be called the William H. Baldwin Prize. The subject for the prize of 1909-1910 is "City Government by Commission." The competition will be limited to undergraduate students registered in a regular course in any college or university of the United States offering distinct instruction in municipal government.

Enforce the Laws

A good law always enforced with reasonable promptness is a good educator. A bad law rigidly enforced may not be a bad educator; nay, it may be even a good educator. But whether a law be good or bad, if not enforced, it is bound to prove a bad educator.

We, the American people, have gained an unenviable notoriety by our dilly-dallying methods of executing our laws, especially our criminal laws. If we mistake not, our federal courts are much more prompt in the administration of justice than are our state courts. But even our federal courts are much slower than are the courts of some European countries. But a few days ago a distinguished British officer was assassinated by an Indian student. The student was promptly arrested, the trial lasted an hour, and only two weeks elapsed between his arrest and the sentence.

Three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated. In each instance the assassin has been immediately arrested. Nor was there in any one of the three instances any question as to the deed, or as to the person who committed it. But long delays in each instance followed before trial, and the trial in each case consumed weeks. Under such a lax system of administering justice is it any wonder that crime is constantly increasing? Is it any wonder that many of our young men grow up without any very profound respect for the laws of the land? And is it any wonder

that the patience of well-disposed citizens is exhausted and resort is had to lynch law?

The immortal Lincoln evidently saw the danger lurking in our loose methods of executing justice when he uttered the following words: "Let reverence for the law be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

Our Outlook

Something for Nothing

Somehow or other everybody likes to see a lawyer outwitted, so nobody in central station yesterday afternoon felt very sorry at an occurrence that made even Magistrate Beaton smile.

Lawyer Lipschutz had as a client a long-bearded Russian who was accused of retaining a watch given him to be repaired. It looked rather black for the foreigner, and Lipschutz fairly outdid himself in trying to convince the magistrate that his client was innocent.

The lawyer dwelt on the Russian's ignorance of American customs, his straightforward story, and enough other details to extend the talk fully fifteen minutes. His client was acquitted.

In congratulating the freed man the lawyer held out his hand in an absent though rather suggestive manner. The Russian grasped it warmly.

"Dot was a fine noise you make," he said. "T'anks. Goo-by."—Philadelphia Times.

This reminds us of another watch story. The event occurred in Maine in the days of Hon. James G. Blaine's early practice as a lawyer. Mr. Blaine had but recently been admitted to the bar. He was ambitious. But it was in a rural part of the country and building up a good practice was a slow process. Nevertheless he patiently worked and waited.

One day a stranger in town was accused of having stolen a watch from a jeweler. He was arrested and brought before a magistrate for trial. He denied the charge and learning that Mr. Blaine's office was nearby, sent for him to take the case in defense of the accused. Mr. Blaine took his client aside and inquired as to the circumstances. The defendant denied all knowledge of the theft.

There was certainly no guilt attaching to him in the matter. The trial began. The lawyers on both sides wrestled vigorously. There was some circumstantial evidence of guilt on the part of the accused, but while the watch had been stolen, it could not be found and nobody had seen the defendant take it.

After the testimony came the arguments. Mr. Blaine, fully believing in the innocence of his client, threw all the energy of his youthful ardor into his argument. The case was given to the jury. After being out for a brief time they returned and brought in a verdict of "not guilty." For a moment there was silence. Then the defendant arose, grasped the hand of his counsel and evidently much moved said to him: "Mr. Blaine, I expected to be convicted. You have made a noble defense in my behalf. I am more indebted to you than I can express. But the worst is I have no money with which to pay you. There is but one thing I can do and I would consider myself ungrateful and dishonest not to do it." Then thrusting his other hand into his jacket, pulled out the stolen watch and said: "Mr. Blaine, here is the watch I state, take it;

it is yours. It is all I can do, but I shall ever hold you in grateful memory.

The slaughter of the innocent little ones that yearly occurs because of unsanitary and inhuman conditions of life is almost beyond belief. One little applicant to the Fund, who had just been rejected, watched anxiously while her small brother was passed, then exclaimed with a sigh: "Well, I am glad Willie can go anyway. There will be more room in bed now." In a foul and dingy basement home an investigator found a boy of ten who was caring for two smaller children.

"Do you get their dinner, too?" he was asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer. "What do you have to eat?" "Bread and coffee."

Think of it! Children hardly able to toddle living on coarse bread and coffee without even sugar in it. No wonder they were thin and languid. The wonder is that they lived at all.

Would that such institutions as Lake Bluff Orphanage were multiplied throughout the country a hundred fold.

The Coming Man

"Say, boys, did you ever stop to think That we are the coming men? That we've only a few short years to prepare Ourselves for the work, and then The fate of the world will rest in the hands

Of those who are boys today? I tell you it makes a fellow feel that He wants to be armed for the fray! We cannot afford to hamper ourselves With habits that work us harm. We need to be true of head and heart, With a steady, strong right arm; We need to be men—real honest men, With a love of life and its joys. But men ever ready to stand up for the right:

And in order to do that boys, We've got to begin right now or else— No, I am not "Preacher Ben," But don't let's forget in our work or our play

That we are the coming men! —Fannie Herron Wright. In Westminster Teacher, May '09.

Following the Crowd

BY THE REV. EDWARD NILES

A VERY suggestive little book is that entitled "Are You a Bromide?" If not, it argues, you are a sulphide. Bromides always are dull browns, losing the original individuality of the substance. Sulphides accentuate peculiarities. Human bromides ever say the expected, like "Is it hot enough for you?" Speaking sulphides sparkle out something far removed from the commonplace. So much for the book.

It has set me to asking myself what I want you to ask yourself, "Am I a sulphide? Am I dissatisfied with the standards set up for me by society? Am I determined to think for myself? Am I too much of a man to wear ready-made opinions? Do I agree with Mrs. Grundy because it is expected of me so to do?"

Sulphides are needed to-day as much as in Jeroboam's day, who, when confronted with the authority of entrenched evil, refuse it homage because of the fear of God. In its last analysis the difference between such a bromide and sulphide is that between the cowardly and courageous man. "Coward" comes from the Latin "cauda"—a "tail," reminding us of a cowed dog with his tail between his legs. "Courage" comes from the Latin "cor"—a "heart," reminding us of Longfellow's "His heart was in his work, and heart giveth grace to every art."

Where does the crowd go? That is not important compared with where do you go. Where should the crowd go? is an academic question. Where should I go? is a question that gets right down to business. Neither sail boat nor man ever worked its way in a dead calm. Real success demands opposition. In your fears, let the fear of the Lord be uppermost. The blessing of blessings is for him who says "No! For I fear God." Say "NO" in capital letters. Say "No" without any upward inflection. Say "No" regardless of consequences. Say "No" regardless of God.

When Dante walked in Paradise, he saw many noble groups of the saved, but noblest of all was the company of whom his angel guide says "These are they who on the earth were not afraid." Borough of Brooklyn.