

North Shore News-Letter.

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EDITORIALS

A Political Forecast.

What will Roosevelt do? That was the question in June. The insurgents thought he would surge; the administration hoped he would stand pat

And some of us who believe in him and think we understand him were quite sure he would use the materials at hand to get the most good possible for the American people as a whole.

He promises not to commit himself publicly for two months. In those two months his personality will do its work in occult ways.

As soon as he neared New York Congress began to pass bills. Wireless wires began to hum.

If Roosevelt can harmonize Taft and Congress and New York and the Republican leaders to work together for the good of the people he will eventually endorse "the administration" after a fashion. Ballinger will have to go overboard where he belongs. May the sea into which he drops never give up its dead.

Pinchot may never come back into the government service—he is already organizing a conservation movement which may be able to do more than Congress can—but the conservation policies will be pushed vigorously.

All of Roosevelt's policies will come into their own now. What Roosevelt says will go.

Otherwise Roosevelt will be our next president.

That is the Big Stick which he holds over the Republican party. We and Eva Tanguay don't care whether he wins or loses—if he can whip "the administration" into working for the people so much the better, so much the more expeditious.

By this time Taft has probably learned that he can't stem the tide of the will of the whole American people, and that only hope for anything besides obloquy is to get in line with the will of the people and Roosevelt, their positive pole.

If you want to read something very amusing and probably true about Roosevelt and Taft, and why Taft was not at the pier to meet Roosevelt when he came back, just read "The Parting of the Ways" by Alfred Henry Lewis in Human Life for May. It's rich—the best bit of historical caricature I have read in a long time.—The Nautilus.

The Scholar In Politics.

Wealth is nothing but a tool, the value of which is in the skilled intelligence that uses it, and like a two edged sword, if ignorantly employed, is more than likely to mortally wound the hand that wields it.

Who questions that the worthiest product of civilization is the trained and cultivated human intellect; that all accumulations of riches, all advancement in the

comfort and luxury of living, all discoveries and improvements in the arts and sciences or in their application—that all these things are but means to an end, and that end the largest and highest development of intellectual power?

I never knew one of the profession, [Pedagogy] whether of the highest or the lowest rank, that pecuniarily speaking, was even half paid, and whose loyal service to the public was not largely in the nature of a charity. The chairs of our colleges are filled with men whose learning and trained mental faculties, as a rule of the most admirable sort, are yet, by the cash standards of the market place, hardly on a par with those of an expert carpenter, or plumber, or bookkeeper—not to mention in the same day, the new industry of baseball and the stipends of catchers and pitchers and shortstops.

The educated men of the country are in flagrant default as respects its politics and its government. Of the facts there can be no doubt. They do not make good government one of the things they have in special charge and are bound to see accomplished; they do not intelligently and deliberately, qualify themselves for the required service. None of our institutions of learning has a school of politics, none undertakes to graduate experts in the art of government.

Possession of power in the shape of wealth, or in whatever form, and however acquired, calls upon the holder, for something that shall justify the possession. The idea that a man may pile up or hold mountains of wealth and be accountable for its use to himself alone is obsolete—is buried with a past age never to be resurrected. For a witness, see the whole world of labor now a seething mass of discontent, not merely because "there is little to earn and many to keep," not merely because men are sometimes houseless and starving, and women and children sometimes overworked and ill-fed, but because of radical revolt from that constitution of modern society which dooms the great majority of mankind to unremitting physical toil, but permits an insignificant fraction to enjoy in idleness all the sweets of existence, to spend what they have not earned, and to reap where they have not sown. The murmurs of the multitude, which once could be heard only with ear to the ground, now ascend to thrones, and vex even the ears of monarchs.

The above excerpts are taken from "The Scholar In Politics". An address delivered by Honorable Richard Olney before the Alumni of Brown University.

The Teacher's Creed

"I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great to-morrow; that whatsoever they do, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the divine joy of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the pages of a printed book; in the lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; and in every thing that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school room, in the home, in daily life, and in the cut-of-dcors, I believe in laughter, in love and in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do; I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living. Amen"—Edwin Osgood Grover.

Why Blame the Brewer?

According to the statements of some of the prohibition papers, the brewer is the man who does all the damage when a man in a community gets drunk. Why blame the brewer? You might as well blame the manufacturer of an automobile for killing people when the fool driver runs into a ditch.

The above quoted from Champion of Fair Play, liquor dealer's organ, put in logical form is as follows: As the auto manufacturer is to the brewer, so is the auto to the beer, and to make the simile complete so is the "fool driver" to the saloonist. Guess the editor of the Champion is for once right, for the fool driver and the saloonist are both in the killing business.

The City Plan Exhibit in Berlin.

There has just closed in Berlin the most interesting exhibition in city planning that has ever been held. We have had several good exhibitions of city planning in America, but none that for seriousness or extent can compare with this one.

The exhibition consisted of plans, charts, photographs and models—in particular, a great many models, for these proved here as they have everywhere else the most attractive feature of the exhibition. The various subjects considered after the plans for Greater Berlin were the problems of transportation and traffic; those of the distribution of city dwellers through garden cities; the opening up of cities by better traffic or street planning and by the creation of squares, parks, and playgrounds; the remodeling of the older part of old cities so as to preserve their original character and yet make them a more practical place to live in; the designing of the features in the streets and open places such as fountains, statues or lamp-posts, sign-posts or guide-posts; and so forth; and lastly the designing of cemeteries and attendant crematoria.

Among the charts, several of particular interest were made by the statistical bureaux in different cities of Germany and Austria. One series dealt with the relation of rent to income, and here it was very interesting to note that in Schoenburg, a typical manufacturing suburb of Berlin, one-quarter of the people with incomes of 1200

to 1500 marks a year, spend nearly one-half of their income for rent. Also that above or below this income people spend a decreasing proportion for rent. In another chart comparing the proportion of rent to income through different periods of time, it was to be noted that during the last ten years people with an income below 1000 to 1500 marks a year have been spending an increasing proportion for rent, while above 1000 to 1500 marks a year people had been devoting a decreasing proportion for rent. In another very interesting chart which showed the number of people and the kinds of families living in apartments of different sizes, we found that in Berlin with a population of three and one-half million there are 190,000 people living in two rooms of which 40,000 are living four people in two rooms, and 50,000 three people in two rooms.

It is said that eighty per cent of the total population of England live in large cities.

Aside from the plans of Greater Berlin, the one thing in the exhibition which most attracted the attention of the Germans was the exhibit made of American playgrounds. The lack of open space where children may play has become a very serious matter in the larger German cities. In proportion to the difficulty of the problem, Chicago and Boston have done more than any other cities in the world in providing playground for their boys and girls.

The exhibition has set us a splendid pace. It remains for America to do something which will surpass it. That the plans are already laid for such an exhibition in America is clearly evidenced when we consider the arrangements made for the great civic-social exhibit to be held in Boston in 1915.

THOSE BUSY NEW YORKERS

How They Drive and Rush and Then Waste Valuable Hours in Idleness

How they do drive and rush and sweat to be sure; falling over each other, trampling each other down in their mad struggle to get ahead in the pursuit of the round, rolling dollar, just beyond the reach of their grasping claws.

How they run up the stairs of the elevated railroads! How they cannot be persuaded—any of them—to wait for the next surface car, but cling perilously to the step and enrage the doorways! How they pack and jam the subway stairs and platforms in a surging mob, shouldering like football players, crushing little children, subjecting men and women alike to the most arrant outrages in the intrusion upon each other. How busy, how hurried they are. There is not time enough in the day for them; they are driven by whips of worse than scorpions, and they leap and run and scourg, breathless and panting, in their strife for precedence, the New York Evening Sun says.

And yet—several thousand persons, men, women and boys, of their hurried way to their frantic toil recently, stopped for an hour or two or three to gaze at the empty air in front of the city hall, because it had been advertised that a man would start some time today from that spot and walk to California. It is heaven's mercy that no cat happened to get up a tree anywhere in town that night, nor any dog was heard yelping at a closed window, nor any bird with a broken wing was to be seen anywhere, nor any man started to mend a chimney or a lofty flagstaff. If any or all of these tremendous cataclysms had occurred at the same time with the pedestrian's departure halting the working population of New York might have been smitten motionless, and stood staring for hours in the effort to quench their magnificent curiosity.

USE FOR BLOTTING PAPER

In Germany it is Made to Take the Place of Waste for Cleaning Machinery.

In Germany blotting paper is used to clean machinery. New, woolen refuse, sponge, cloths and jute waste are the materials usually employed for the cleaning of machinery and parts

of engines which are soiled by oil and lubricating substances. The better varieties of cotton waste are very good for scouring purposes, but the cheaper grades are charged with dust and in using them a sponge cloth specially manufactured for the purpose, is employed. In using blotting paper for scouring purposes the use of cotton waste is decreased and the sponge cloths are entirely dispensed with. On an average the German workman received under the former system 250 grams of cotton waste, one new sponge cloth and one or two renovated ones every week. Now he is supplied with 150 grams of cotton waste, and about eight or ten sheets of blotting paper, at a cost of 24 cents, or one-third the cost of the cotton waste. The paper is not only cheaper, but it does not soil the machinery with fibers and dust, as do the woolen refuse and the sponge-cloths. It is also less combustible than other cleaning materials, and if it should be caught in the machinery while engines in motion are being cleaned it tears easily and the workmen run no risk of having their hands drawn into the machinery.—Harper's Weekly.

Gen. Logan and Staff.

Just before the capture of Savannah, General Logan with two or three of his staff entered the depot at Chicago one fine morning to take a car east on his way to join his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with "You will not be goin' in there." "Why not, sir?" says the general. "Bekase this is a ladies' car and no gentlemen'll be goin' in there without a lady. There's wan sate in that car over there, if yee want it," t the same time pointing to it. "Yes, I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?" "Oh, bother your staff!" was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate and stick your staff out of the windy."

Saw the Light.

"The subject of tips—made in Europe and closely imitated in the United States—always furnishes something new to the American tourist," said a man just back from Europe. "I had some clothes made in London. The tailor came to my hotel with a boy who carried his parcel, to 'have a fit.' He wore a high hat and prince Albert coat, and but for his shoes would have passed for well dressed. After the fit was over and the garments were packed up he was leaving the apartment when our English servant reminded me of the tip. I was afraid and, if I had overcome the fear, did not know the limit, and asked the servant to perform the operation. When they had gone I was told: 'You want your clothes to fit, sir, don't you?' And I saw the light."

An Expert Accountant.

Mrs. Newly—Don't you like my new hat, dearest?—
Newly—Yes, it's all right.
Mrs. Newly—Well, I bought it on your account, dear!
Newly—Yes, you usually do.—Brooklyn Life.

VALUE OF PROPERTY RIGHTS

How One Small Boy Was Cured of Destructive Propensities by a Lasting Lesson.

Small boys are very apt to fail to recognize the value of others' property. My small son, in company with a playmate, in a game used the lights in a neighbor's henhouse for a target. The owner of the damaged property visited both houses, where the culprits hid in dismay, and collected damages. Here was a valuable opportunity for a lasting lesson. I called my boy to me, and we talked the matter over, he having full chance to explain his side of the case. Then the mischief he had wrought and the reputation it might give him were gravely discussed.

He voluntarily offered to refund the amount of his part of the damage out of his small savings until full restitution was made. This was finally agreed upon, and here came the hard part for the boy. His pocket money allowance was 25 cents a week, which was frequently reduced by fines for ill-temper or other sundry breaches of etiquette or duty. It took him seven weeks to get out of debt.

When the last cent was paid, he gave a sigh of relief, and said: "There, I'll never destroy anything again as long as I live."—Harper's Bazar.

World's Oldest Tree.

The recent rose show given in Paris by the French Horticultural society recalled the fact that the oldest rose tree in the world is believed to be one which grows on a wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany. Eleven-century records make mention of expenses incurred by caretakers of the cathedral in maintaining this tree, which covers the wall to a height of twenty-five feet and is twenty inches thick at the root.