

North Shore News-Letter.

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EDITORIALS

St. John's Avenue.

It goes without saying that the streets must be macadamized and being once improved they must be kept improved. Just how best to keep them improved none of us yet know. But we know much more than we did ten years ago. It is safe to assume that we will know much more about street improvement ten years hence than we do now.

But is it policy? Is it economy to keep putting money on the repairs of a street that never was right and never can be made right except to be reconstructed? We refer to St. John's Avenue from Laurel to Sheridan Road. This street from Elm Place to Sheridan Road will never be a residence street.

From Central Avenue to Sheridan Road there has been but a single residence built in twenty-five years and that, if we mistake not, cost but \$3,500 or thereabout, while there has been invested several times as many thousands of dollars in business blocks as hundreds in dwellings. The same is practically true from Central Avenue North to Elm Place. Between Central and Sheridan Road there are but four dwelling houses, and but one of these can be said by any stretch of imagination to front on St. John's; the other three simply front in that direction.

It is clear therefore that the destiny of that street is to business rather than to residences.

It was always a question whether a Park was a wise attempt even on Central Avenue. But Central Avenue is a much wider street than St. John's. Any attempt to keep up a Park on St. John's Street is unwise and sooner or later will be abandoned as futile.

Central Avenue is 100 feet wide while St. John's is only 80 feet wide. Cut from that amount used by the C & M. Electric tracks and there is no room for a Park. In the unwise attempt to get one, which the property owners on the street never wanted, the road bed was made 18 feet instead of 25 as it ought to have been. An absurd jog was made at the South line of Laurel avenue, the frontage of the properties on the east side of the street was seriously damaged, and all to make a ridiculous park which inevitably sooner or later will be removed. But worst of all, in cutting down the road bed a dangerous bank was made by which three accidents have already occurred. One of the property easily cancelled with cash but the other two were accidents to persons, one of which has never recovered. This damage of property and these accidents never would have occurred had the street bed been in the center of the street. Whose turn will come next?

It is true the proposed assessment is not seriously burdensome. It is simply just so much argument in favor of putting off rebuilding the street and making it as it is bound to be some time in the near future.

The World Moves Though.

The Life Insurance institutions of the country have always been quite prone to pose as philanthropic enterprises. As a rule they have been beneficial to the people. But if anybody was ever persuaded by the pretenses of the insurance companies officers and agents that the business was carried on just purely out of love for human-

ty, the exposures of such men as Senator Chauncey Depew of New York and others two or three years ago must have entirely swept away all such misplaced confidence.

If that shameful episode was the cause of waking up the insurance companies to really make their business philanthropic, then like many another gross wrong in human history, it will result in gain to the human race.

Not long ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company decided that it would be good policy to carry on an educational campaign. Whether their real motive was philanthropic or purely mercenary is not to be questioned. They did it. They appointed Dr. Leek Frankel who had been allied with social and philanthropic work in New York and elsewhere, as manager of the industrial department. Mrs. Geue Cumming Snyder, who had also seen considerable service in similar work was made Assistant Secretary to Dr. Frankel.

The educational work was begun among the superintendents, then extended to the agents and finally to the policy holders. The company is now employing about 15,000 assistants scattered over the United States and Canada. A dozen nationalities in this country and millions of policy holders.

The company has placed at the disposal of its policy holders the means whereby they may secure enlightenment and advice if need be, on the pretensions of tuberculosis as well as treatment for it. A pamphlet entitled A War Upon Consumption was attractively prepared and illustrated giving much valuable instruction concerning the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis. 4,000,000 copies of this pamphlet printed in ten different languages have been placed in the hands of those who needed them. In Chicago the company has aided the campaign for a tuberculosis sanitarium by distributing copies of the Little Ballot in the homes of 50,000 policy holders.

But the company has not limited its efforts to overcoming the white plague. Last summer they started in New York an arrangement for furnishing visiting nurses for the sick among their policy holders. Now they have similar arrangement in over forty cities, so that free services is now furnished to 4,000,000 of policy holders. As convincing proof that this free service is being used; up to July 1 over 32,000 policy holders, had availed themselves of it and the nurses had made over 160,000 visits.

The company does not claim that this is a charity work. They claim instead, and very plausibly so, that the prevention of disease and the conservation of the health of policy holders are sound business practices. If the death claims from tuberculosis now numbering about 16,000 annually can be reduced to 5,000 which is quite possible, the saving to the company will be vastly greater than the

outlay. The world grows steadily wiser and in spite of all the discouraging evidences to the contrary we are positive when all is considered it is growing better.

Give me Liberty

"Give me liberty or give me death." So said the great Patrick Henry. So say we, so say the boys and girls, so say the young men and women. So say we all. Nor do we old boys and girls any more than the young ones want to be deprived of liberty to relax after a weary days labor; to breathe heaven's pure air; to enjoy the freedom of out-doors without being confined to the dusty, stifling multi-odorous street. Whether you are simply an individual or one of a municipality, don't be so penurious with your holdings. And if your neighbors are not able to possess reality of their own, all the more reason you should be generous towards them.

It has not always been quite agreeable to have an army of lads about town meet on the south half of lot 6 block 61 and for two or three hours vigorously exercise their arms and legs and voices, especially the voices. But they must have sport somewhere; else they will grow up stilted, stolid, stunted. There's no suitable place in town where the boys can have free course and glorify themselves. Give them a park. Give them a good large one. Give them two or three in the course of time. It will pay as an investment.

Rancid Riches.

Ah, that sounds frazzled around the edges, just ready to break up into worthlessness and be thrown away. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Rancid riches! You involuntarily think of certain big corporations that are conspicuously before the public. But forget them all. They are being dealt with by others. But there are rancid riches that do not reach four figures. Nor do the possessors dwell in brown-stone palaces and shear a lamb every day.

Rancid riches! Gotten by selling incubator eggs for fresh ones; by putting water in the milk, small apples in the middle of the barrel. Gotten by doctoring, that broken-down horse up before trading; by putting stone in the load of grain; or by making the load of hay a little underweight.

Rancid riches! Gotten by making a slave of the wife and serfs of the children. Gotten by keeping her without good clothes, and them from going to school. Gotten by giving the children runt pigs, the potbellied calves and after they have slicked them up selling them and pocketing the cash; by promising the wife all the egg money—and making her buy the groceries.

Rancid riches! Gotten by annoying a neighbor until he had to leave and buying the farm for half what it was worth; by foreclosing the mortgage of the poor widow who came for help in her dire distress. Gotten by under-feeding the horses and over-working the hired men. Gotten by buying another eighty and keeping the boys out of college to work it.

Rancid riches! Small amount or great, rancid just the same if tainted with dishonesty or injustice. The time has come when we've got to quit throwing up our hands in horror at the motes in the eyes of others and grapple with the beams that hinder our own vision. If it is wrong for the railroads to discriminate against the weak, it is wrong for any man to be unjust

to any other man. If it is wrong for a Wall Street magnate to get gain at whatever cost it is wrong for others to get less wealth to get less gain dishonestly.

Riches are tainted only when they are debased by dishonest dealings. No class, no race, no sex alone is guilty of all the abuses of riches, nor is there a corner on money virtues.

National Municipal League Is Making Efforts to Extend Influence.

The National Municipal League, one of the nations leading agencies of municipal reform, and which is represented in every important city of the country, is making an effort to increase its active membership to 2,000 by the time of the next yearly convention, less than three months hence. To this end invitations are being sent to prominent citizens everywhere.

In a circular explaining the purposes of the League it is set forth: "No city can live unto itself alone. It needs the help and sympathy of others; it owes to others help and sympathy. It is one of the principal functions of the National Municipal League to supply the needed co-ordination and co-operation between the organizations of sundry types and the various cities that are working for better municipal conditions. It is the clearing house between all sorts of agencies, putting the experience of all at the disposal of each; it supplies an efficient and helpful relationship that has proved of great common benefit.

"The National Municipal League has many lines of expert investigations and carefully planned constructive work. It has been an important factor in bringing news about the latest municipal developments to those who need it most."

"Its influence upon the country at large has been beneficial.

"The League needs the support of all who believe in sustaining such co-operation as it stands for, and such work as it is doing for improved civic conditions. Its present resources are not equal to the magnitude of its work, and it appeals to public spirited men and women everywhere to help by becoming members. The yearly dues are five dollars, the members receiving all the publications of the League without further cost. It appreciates the strength of local demands, but believes these will all be helped by effective co-operation with a vigorous national organization like the National Municipal League."

Charles J. Boneparte, attorney-general of the United States under President Roosevelt, is president of the League. George Buchanan, Jr., is treasurer, and Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary.

Invitations and application blanks can be obtained of the secretary, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, The North American Building, Philadelphia.

Having been a member of the National Municipal League for several years, we do not hesitate to say that the annual volume of the Proceedings of the League is worth to every loyal inhabitant of our American City, all the annual dues cost.

Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the dynamo that drives a man until he drives his work, whether it be manual, mental, or spiritual. Enthusiasm is what keeps Thomas A. Edison at his laboratory for days at a time without going home. It is the mysterious something that compelled McCormick to put out the first reaper in the face of opposition.

Enthusiasm is the stuff success is made of. He who accomplishes anything worth while must be full of it.

But enthusiasm is not success, nor is it a guarantee of success. Electricity may be made to move machinery, or it may tear everything to pieces in a thunder crash. One is under control, the other

not. Gunpowder may propel a cannon ball for miles with accuracy, but the same charge may blow the ship to atoms.

There is the enthusiasm that "counts the chickens before they are hatched." It has the profits all figured a year in advance.

There is that which impels men to put their hard-earned cash into a gold mine that is not yet—and never will or can be. The quality of enthusiasm is all but it is not intelligently directed. It needs ballast.

Well-directed enthusiasm finds a way or makes one. But the other kind is like the pup that barks and digs at a gopher hole a while, runs about yelping, digs at another hole, and maybe at a long deserted one—but he's great on slinging dirt.

A man has discovered or invented something new. He has it all figured out just what the profits will be. But somehow he has failed to count the cost of opposition, of skepticism, of public indifference in the thing. He doesn't know, or try to know, all that pertains to making a success out of a new thing.

My son, get enthusiasm, and withal thy getting get more enthusiasm, but get that which has a balance wheel, a ballast, a go-eanna, or a good bride.

Just A Reminder

A Bartender in a downtown saloon was wiping glasses Saturday night when two young men came in and ordered highballs.

He served them and they made an effort to be sociable.

"Take a little booze yourself?" one said.

"No, thanks!" replied the bartender.

"Don't you use it?" he was asked.

"Not any more. Used to get outside of barrels of it, but I never touch it now."

"What brought about the reformation?"

The man in the apron turned and pointed to the back bar. "See that?" he said.

The two young men saw a little china doll propped up among the glasses. "What do you keep that up there for?" asked one.

"It belonged to a four-year-old girl once," said the bartender in a low voice. He paused a moment. Then he added, "Old John Barleycorn and I starved her to death. That's just a reminder."

He went back to wiping glasses and the two young men moved away silently.—Denver Post.

Take Off the Breaching

There are those who use the holdback more than the collar. In other words, there are some who seldom pull in anything that will help a community. They sit back in the breaching and see if they can stop the onward trend of affairs.

Is there a farmer's institute needed in the county—they are knockers. Is there a better school needed in the district—they are croakers. Is there an effort made to form a cooperative creamery—they hold back and let the others bear the brunt of the effort. Do the boys want to go to agricultural school—they refuse help because they don't believe in book farming.

No matter what is up, no matter how great the need, there are a few who always refuse to help.

To such we say—get into the collar and pull. Take off the breaching for you will not need it.