

North Shore News-Letter.

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EDITORIALS

THE WOMAN WITH THE LAMP.

I have been a firm believer in the social and political equality of the sexes ever since I first became acquainted with my mother, but this is the first time I have had the opportunity of giving expression publicly to such belief. I have been and am still of the opinion that the ladies do not need much help from us men in getting what they want, and if they really want to vote, why they'll vote and we can't stop them.

Ever since Adam ate the forbidden fruit at Eve's suggestion, man has really not stood much show of having his way, although he may and usually does hold out for a time.

"Disgrace our bondage as we will, 'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

When a man marries, it is said he sees the end of trouble, but it is the wrong end, and those few remaining men who still oppose giving the ballot to women, can save themselves both time and trouble by getting in line now.

It is a historic fact that woman has not since failed in getting every reform she has gone after. It is equally true and very much to the discredit of the stronger sex, that she has had to fight for them all. The only voluntary surrender of property or rights that man ever made for the advancement of woman was the rib which Adam gave up, and the record tells us that when he did that he was asleep.

But no obstacle has ever been great enough to obstruct the onward march of woman. It required more courage and persistence for Elizabeth Fry to reform English prisons and the English criminal code, than it did for Washington to cross the Delaware, and it is doubtful if the Emancipation Proclamation would ever have been written by a man if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had not been first written by a woman. Christopher Columbus is credited with having discovered America, but the real discoverer of the new world was a woman, for when a council of men pronounced the proposed expedition "inpracticable and unworthy to support," Queen Isabella overruled them and proposed to sell her jewels to pay the cost of the voyage. It has not infrequently happened that after woman has done something which needed courage and persistency, some man has claimed the credit for it, after the fashion of the man who heard a burglar in the house, and proposed to his wife that he would wait until the burglar found something and would then get up and take it away from him.

A great many so-called arguments have been advanced against giving women the right to vote but the only good one I ever heard was advanced by an old lady who lived near us. She said she opposed to woman suffrage because women suffered enough already.

I am quite prepared to admit

that woman does even yet suffer enough and too much, and in my opinion much of her suffering is the result of man-made laws in which she has no voice either in making or enforcing, and which in many cases operate more harshly against women than men. It would be just as logical for men to make clothes for women and compel them to wear them, as to make laws for women and compel them to obey them. While only five per cent of the prison population are women, yet the enforcement of our criminal laws causes more hardships to women than men.

What legislature of women would ever pass a law sentencing a man to be comfortably housed, clothed and fed while his innocent family is left to starve? Who, but a lot of men, would ever pass a law providing that a who deserts his wife and children shall be maintained at public expense, while his deserted family suffers for the necessities of life? A legislature controlled by women would more justly have sent the wife and children to jail to be fed and clothed and have sentenced the deserter to starvation or the wash-tub.

Men claim the right to legislate for women because they are the natural protectors of the weaker sex, but their protection does not always protect.

A colored woman boasted that her husband was a good provider. "Yes suh," she said, "he done provided me with two new places to wash last week," and that is about the way we protect the women and children. A medical professor in Edinburgh announced to his class one day that he had been appointed physician to the Queen and a patriotic student in the rear of the hall shouted, "God save the Queen." We might say, "God save women" if we are to be their protectors.

Government by men has not been a failure in this country, the reason probably being that men inherit their mental and moral qualities from their mothers, rather than from their fathers, but even with this advantage there is room for improvement. If women were given the control of our public affairs, it is hard to see how they could do much worse than we are doing, and many people believe they would do much better.

As a nation we are becoming infatuated with material things. Never was there such a scramble for wealth, never was poverty so weak and weakness so helpless as it is today.

If there was ever a time when we needed the sympathetic touch of woman in our laws, it is today. If ever there was needed in our affairs of state that unselfish genius which has ever been the peculiar endowment of woman-kind, it is now.

Three weeks ago there was laid to rest in an English churchyard a woman who for more than fifty years has been known wherever the English tongue has been spoken. On the day of her burial there gathered in St. Pauls cathedral in London the sovereigns and no-

bility of England and representatives of foreign nations to do honor to her memory and the simple story of her great achievement was told again in every nook and corner of the civilized world.

I have no need to answer the question what made this woman great and what it was that called forth from millions of hearts affectionate tributes to her character and her worth.

In an hour when grim-visaged war was working its dire destruction and the eyes and hearts of men were blinded by hate and passion; when the wounded were dying by the thousand in poorly managed hospitals for lack of intelligent care, Florence Nightingale renounced the comforts of home and the allurements of wealth, and taking with her a company of devoted nurses, went to the front. The transformation which she wrought is as familiar as anything in history. She found confusion and created order; she found incompetence, mismanagement, poor equipment, jealousy, opposition and overcame them all. While others slept she went from room to room, and from cot to cot carrying a little lamp, and the wounded soldiers kissed her shadow as she passed. In the immortal words of Longfellow:

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."

And Florence Nightingale with her lamp, going from cot to cot in the hospital at Scutari, bringing comfort and cheer and hope, is but a picture of woman with the ballot in her hand; that ballot.

"Which comes down as still,
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
Yet executes the freeman's will,
As lightnings do the will of God."

When Bartholdi wanted an appropriate subject for his great statue, "Liberty enlightening the world," he didn't take a schoolhouse, nor a court house, nor a public school, but a woman holding aloft a lamp, and we need that kind of liberty in Chicago, the liberty which will be brought to us by the woman with a lamp. We need that lamp in our dark tunnels where we can not now tell clay from shale rock. We need its light in the unspeakably vile dungeon of the Police Stations. We need it in order to see the inconsistency of our fighting the white slave traffic with our mouths and protecting the red light district with our police force. We need the rays of that lamp in our legislature, we need them in the slave camps of Georgia and the penitentiaries of our so-called civilized states where helpless unfortunates are beaten and tortured by brutal guards.

We need more light, more pure, bright twentieth century light, and we will get it from the woman with the lamp, but we must first put the lamp in her hands.

When Christ took Peter's wife's mother by the hand and lifted her up and received her ministrations, He made woman man's equal in all things under the Christian Dispensation, and in doing this He made no mistake.

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue:
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave."

Most men would be well satisfied if woman were content to be his equal. Said Catot he Elder in arguing before the Roman senate against woman suffrage: "Permit them once to arrive at an equality with you and they will from that moment become your superiors," and the politicians who oppose giving woman the ballot will no doubt, when it is over, occupy some of their leisure in erecting a monument to wise Catot.

The popular idea of woman 2000 years ago was that she had no soul, but a Massachusetts professor only this week announced the important discovery

that she has at least two and possibly more. And it will probably be discovered shortly by a University of Chicago professor that the extra soul is intended for use on election day.—Selected.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

"Strayed from my place one roan heifer with star in race, etc. —Reward for return"

Did you ever read a similar notice in the local paper? Of course you have. It has been a horse, cow, pig, or other domestic animal that has taken the liberty to wander from the home yard—and what a fuss it creates. All the folks of the household hunt far and near. Every neighbor in the country is asked to keep an eye open for the stray. You finally see the above notice in the paper.

"Well, what of it? O, nothing much. It is natural that a man should want his property back. Natural that a should worry lest the animal should not fare well away from the tender care of home, worry lest the wanderer should be doing mischief somewhere and the damages charged to the owner."

But we don't care about that. What we are most concerned is in the strays that receive no estray notice whatever—no one goes out to hunt for them and bring them back; the stray boys and girls that become dissatisfied with the humdrum life on the farm and strike out to see the world.

Parents, where are the boys and girls? Are they all safe—every one? Or is one like the prodigal son out in the wide world some where? Maybe a cross word, a quarrel, or just lack of paternal interest in him has caused him to cast his lot with the outside world.

All work and no play may be the cause of many a boy or girl leaving the farm. Or perhaps a too tight rein was kept on him at an age when manhood was asserting itself—or no doubt not rein enough to influence and guide one whose tendency was towards waywardness. As with colts so with boys and girls, there's a happy medium between over-strictness in training and a woeful lack of discipline at the proper age.

At every revival meeting mothers come to the evangelist and ask his aid in the saving of a wayward son or daughter. What would the anxious mother not gladly give for the return to righteousness of that one?

Estray! Almost as heartrending a word as lost! A little more hope in it, that's all. Estray—how about the boys and girls that are at home? Good boys and girls with no waywardness in them. But do you take them into partnership and help them to become interested in your work or are they secretly thinking of a life in the city—their thoughts and ambitions going astray?

How about the schooling they are getting? Has that tendency to make your boys and girls stray from home in after life? One may be going astray in his secret plans long before the father or mother dreams of the truth. One may be best suited for agricultural pursuits yet the mind straying off to the green-looking fields of city clerkships. Whose fault is it? Can you not tack on many a country school this notice—Strayed—a school system that fulfills the requirements of country life. Strayed with it many an ambitious boy and girl who had no fitness for city life.

Be as anxious over the occupants of your home as you are over the animals within your barn

yards. Make as great effort to prevent their going astray, and search as diligently for their restoration should it come to pass.

MAN AND EVOLUTION.

And then man took up the work of evolution. As the Father had life and will, love, wisdom in himself, so had he given to the son to have life, will, wisdom, love, thinking power in himself.

Then he drove him out of the garden of Eden to work out the dominion given him; dominion over every beast of the field and every beast of his own breed; dominion over earth, fire, water and air within and without.

And man has evolved things since it is a far cry from the first fig leaf apron to the ready-to-wear clothing a man has on sight; from flint and tinder fires to Lucifer matches and Gurney heaters; from cave dwellings to twentieth century mansions and hotels; from wooden sleds to chilled plows; from pine knots to electric lighting; from the spring at the roadside to the springs piped into your kitchen; from the pony express to the twentieth century limited, the telegraph, telephone and wireless; from the log and paddle of Ab to the Mauritania and the Wright brothers; from the stone and spear head to United Steel and navy's tour of the world; from the jungle of Eden to a New York of sky-scrapers, from hieroglyphs on stone to the Congressional library and Carnegie; from Adam to Christ, and to Roosevelt, Paderewski, Ben Lindsey, Rockefeller.

It takes man to help God put on the finishing touches. That's what God made man for—to help Him think still farther and better, and to enjoy doing it forever; to make a paradise out of this earth and then conquer the stars.

HELPING YOUNG AMERICA

The personal efforts of Mrs. Frederick C. Schoff, the "kid's judge" of Philadelphia, to assist the cause of juvenile reforms have never relaxed for a day. She visits the Juvenile Court so often that she has come to know nearly all the young offenders, and through them, she has made acquaintance with the parents. "I am ready to affirm," she declared once, "that much of a child's wrong doing is due to the ignorance and neglect of parents." Satisfied on this point, she turned her energies toward bettering the conditions in that quarter.

The mothers were to be taught a few facts about their own children. To this end, Mrs. Schoff began the organization of the Parent-Teachers' Association which has exerted large influence on the manner of living in homes all over the Union. Child study is the chief theme with which the association concerns itself, and in Washington, a Parents' Educational Bureau is in process of building, which will supply outlines of study and reading and offer a form of education for parents, largely unobtainable elsewhere.—Sylvia Green in Oct. Nautilus.

STRUCK BY OPPORTUNITY.

When a man who has engaged in rail-roading and interurban transportation all his life, suddenly takes up a new idea he is likely to take it up hard. That is what Ralph Peters, president of the Long Island Railway, has done. Shortly after his appointment to the office, he made a series of inspection trips, and during one of these he observed that just before trains entered Suffolk county, there was a forty mile stretch of perfectly barren land so far as any agricultural purposes were concerned, and that this territory was covered with scrub oak, pines and chestnuts. It was a dreary waste of unprofitable land.

That struck Mr. Peters, he began to think about it. It struck him, too, that if scrub oak, pines and chestnuts could grow in such apparently barren land, other things would. From that his fancy leaped to the inner vision of fertile, well cultivated farms such as were seen into her parts of Long Island and from slight vision he began to take the practical steps necessary to carry out an experiment.