

New Ulm Review

Published by
New Ulm Publishing Company

Wednesday, Aug 11, 1909.
Entered in the postoffice at New Ulm,
Minn., as second class matter.

A daily paper recently had an editorial on "Harry Thaw's Mind." Nothing like light subjects for the hot season!

The government would not reimburse an employee who was injured by a rolling log. Perhaps Uncle Sam thought that log rolling had already cost him too much.

The Ortonville Herald-Star calls attention to the fact that Republican promises on the tariff are likely to be as well kept as Democratic promises on the tonnage tax, and this is not "hot air," either.—Inter Lake Tribune.

An exchange says: A man in Kansas is being sued by his former sweetheart for \$10,000 damages because she fell out of the buggy while riding with him. She ought to get every cent. Any young man who hasn't got sand enough when out riding with a girl to keep her from falling out of the buggy should be made to pay dear for his neglect.

In the hot season the man who has all of his mental faculties centered on himself is an intolerable bore. He is peevish, fretful and "wringing wet." His coat is on his arm; his hat in his hand. His only greeting is, "It's beastly hot, frightfully awful, ain't it?" His hair, in moist bunches, reminds one of a window mop. A wet handkerchief protrudes from his shirt pocket. Perspiration wells from every pore and his eyes are moist and red. Dolefully he pours out his story of sleepless nights and stuffy offices and humid atmosphere, which, of course, is all news to the listener. The man with a cheery smile and funny story, who takes the weather as it comes and talks about business, or the ball game and the crops, gets on his nerves and he must move on wearily to the next who is willing to hear some of his story.—Ex.

The Dishonor of two Professions.

The decent American public longs for the end of the Thaw case. Apart from its native repulsiveness, it has been the crying shame of two noble professions. The ease with which lives forfeited to justice can be bought back by hiring expensive lawyers has been demonstrated before. The willingness of eminent physicians to give the kind of expert testimony desired for a huge fee is familiar in the history of American courts.

In one case the shame is thinly veiled with the principle that the accused must have every chance, not necessarily to prove his innocence, but to escape punishment of his guilt. The other is muffled in the ethics and argot of the most unintelligible calling in human affairs. The medical expert frames question and answer to suit his own employer, and need not answer questions of the other side out of the record. With this rule for other kinds of evidence, contradictory testimony could be hired by the two sides of every case without danger of prosecution for perjury.

The essence of the dishonor is that these things cost money. The technical defense of eminent lawyers are not for poor criminals, unless there be political or professional glory in clearing him. No poor man who has killed in a brainstorm can afford to be proved insane by medical experts. Our courts pretend to have one law for rich and poor, but immunity from punishment for crime is, like divorce in England, a luxury for the rich. His decent family has been impoverished to save Thaw's dirty life.

Consider a few plain facts. He killed in cold blood a man of his own degraded type. That was a good job, but it was none of his in the eyes of the law. He was either a murderer or a maniac. In one case, he should have been executed promptly; in the other confined for life. There is no middle ground in reason and common sense.

There would be no alternative in practice for a man unable to hire expert counsel and pay medical experts. Yet this rich degenerate actually has hopes of obtaining permanent freedom. That discrimination is the shame of American justice and of the medical men it corrupts.—Mpls. Tribune.

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LAND HUNGER

By R. J. Calhoun.

The opening of each new reservation to settlement by the government serves to show the strain to which economic pressure has attained, even in this new country where but a short time ago the supply of land seemed so great that people looked on unconcernedly while small empires were given away to railroad companies, and the remainder to private individuals.

The opening of a tract of land now means a rush wherein a hundred grasp at the chance to get a bit of the earth's surface to call their own and ninety-nine come away empty-handed and disappointed, and just as much poorer as the expense of the trip has made them.

These slim chances to get land are, however, like everything else in the arrangement and working of a capitalist society in that those who are in greatest need of the land are barred from all chance of getting any. The millions who toil hardest and are poorest cannot make the necessary trip for filing, and have no capital or surplus to go on the land if they should be the lucky one in a hundred to draw a prize. And this is true in every avenue of life. Chances for profit and investment go to those who have the means to take advantage of them, and the working class are helplessly chained to their poverty. Even philanthropic efforts cannot reach those who are in greatest need.

As an instance, Charles Edward Russell, in "Soldiers of the Common Good," showed that all the much vaunted municipal dwellings erected in London had done was to give those who had steady work and were able to pay rent, a chance to get better quarters for the same, or possibly less rent, while the great problem of the unemployed, their need and suffering, remained untouched. Only the dole of charity can reach them.

And so with increasing multitudes here, nothing can better their condition unless it first of all gives them a chance to turn their only possession; their labor power, into money or into purchasing power. It matters not if there are "green hills far away" being opened for settlement if each day brings to the working class only enough for a meager existence. But among those just above the lowest stratum of workers the hunger for land increases as the uncertainty of their economic position becomes more fully realized. If possessed of enough wealth to give them a feeling of security they would have no use for land, or country life under present conditions.

Hanging on the ragged edge, with the abyss of want on one side and the fields of plenty far above them and out of reach on the other, the land seems to offer them a release from the dread and uncertainty of their position.

The great advertising space now devoted to agricultural lands shows the growing need and pressure, and is the most striking change that is discernible in the current newspaper. The land shark thrives, and the desert blossoms as the rose under the magic of his wide-spreading ad.

Every accessible acre now possesses a steadily increasing value not dreamed of by those who saw the great western prairies when the few scattering settlers were hidden from view along the creek bottoms. None of these will ever forget the impression of vastness and immensity. Millions of

acres seemed to be spread out to view from every point of vantage and as earth melted into sky in the hazy distance, one seemed to be as boundless and inexhaustible as the other, with as little danger of ever being crowded, for day after day, through hundreds of miles, it still reached out into the seeming infinite.

Even in central Iowa, perfectly diversified with woodland and prairie, an old relative who was a pioneer settler, said that when he came there it was commonly thought that the larger prairies could never be settled, as they could not then imagine it practical that settlers could ever supply themselves with the necessary fuel and building material.

But even from the Atlantic to the Pacific this boundless heritage has been seized upon and covered with paper titles and not an acre can be used without paying the tribute. Just what these titles rest upon is now of little moment to the land-hungry millions.

We read that in 1773, Wm. Murray, a thrifty Englishman, "bought" of the Illini Indians all the land reaching from Lake Michigan and embracing the present site of Chicago, west to the Mississippi! and south to the mouth of the Illinois and as far north as the site of Waukegan for "five shillings, and a small amount of goods and merchandise." The United States government, formed soon afterwards, invalidated this title, but would it have made any difference to the present homeless generation on whether this title had stood, or whether Murray had paid the Indians ten times what it was then worth, or whether he had taken it by force as so much land has been taken? The real crime was not in the price paid, but in placing the earth, the perpetual home of all generations, in the perpetual ownership of some to the exclusion of others.

The unfair bargains affected only those making them, while the crime of private title in land fastens itself upon all succeeding generations and becomes the greatest factor of life and the ruling force of the ages.

Even as many have been threatened with prosecution for crying out against crime, so on a vaster scale the greatest of all crimes is to speak a word against this crime which has left the people land-hungry and homeless.

The Indian, like all primitive people, had no idea of the private ownership of land and did not realize what it meant till after he was dispossessed. Then he became for the first time a real fighting man, and went down fighting to the last for the land he had lost.

The civilized working class have been even less wise. Knowing the evils of private ownership of the land; seeing it so painfully apparent through the centuries; they still have not had sense enough to cry out against it, much less to fight till the last drop of blood was shed rather than submit to the injustice which the avarice or ignorance of former generations has fastened upon them. But the pressure increases; the "iron heel" of ownership grinds still lower the dispossessed.

"Slowly comes a hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher." Will they again break out in a frenzy of destructive rage, or will they learn the lesson of Socialism, that nothing can be accomplished by force, but all things can be accomplished through education—even the restoration of the earth to the human family for whom we have a right to believe it was created?

Having Fun With Burbank.

We have been so in the habit of bowing at the shrine of Luther Burbank, the nature wonder-worker, that we are just a little tickled to see the tempest in a teapot which rages about his new fruit, the sunberry—or as the man who bought the rights call it, the "wonderberry."

Burbank, "all on a summer's day," took a couple of wild plants belonging to the potato family, one of them a native of West Africa, and one of Western America, both of which bore edible berries, and crossed them.

At least that's what he thought he did, and so said.

The result was an entirely new plant, breeding true from the seed, and bearing a berry which Mr. Burbank himself pronounces "delicious, wholesome and healthful," in the greatest profusion. He turned the plant over to a commercial horticulturist—for a consideration, it is presumed—and the grantee proceeded to advertise and sell it from Dan to Beersheba, and up to the hill.

It seems as if every farmer in the United States is from Missouri. They began calling attention to the fact that the wonderberry wasn't up to catalogue description. A farm paper of national reputation made the assertion that this "wonder" was nothing more nor less than the ordinary black nightshade. Burbank hung up \$10,000 for anyone who will prove that statement. The able editor claims that he has proved it.

It looks as if Dame Nature had played it low down on Burbank to

punish him for the liberties he has taken with her. It seems as if she might feel that way toward him, doesn't it? The West Africa plant he used was Solanum Guineense and the American weed crossed with it is Solanum Villosum. The nightshade is Solanum Nigrum. It looks as if Nature, being hard up for a new solanum for the hybrid, sulked and slipped across a nightshade on him.

But after all, why mourn? Maybe, as Burbank says, the berry is "delicious, wholesome and healthful"—even if it is nightshade. The tomato is a solanum, too, and used to be thought poisonous. Our forefathers grew it in their flower beds, and called it the "loveapple"—which shows the opinion they pretended to have of love—but that's another story. The point is that the tomato was found to be edible, and the world went crazy about it, and now it is a staple and most delicious food. Thousands of people make millions of dollars growing this once despised solanum.

Who knows, but Nature, being unable to make good with the nightshade under its old disreputable name, switched envelopes on Burbank, and handed him the Solanum Nigrum in the hope of having it follow its cousin the tomato into popularity? Who knows that nightshade pie may not thus find its way to every counter?

But Burbank will not employ these queries. For one reason he has a purse of \$10,000 hung up which says that the wonderberry is not nightshade, and the farmers are hoeing the hybrids up for fear they may become a pest! Is it not to laugh?—St. Paul Daily News.

Alberta's New Children's Act.

Congratulations to the province of Alberta, Canada, on the new "children's act" which it is putting into effect. It is a good one, and there are American states that might study it with profit. It was drawn after consultations with Judge Ben B. Lindsay of Denver and Judge George S. Adams of Cleveland, both experts in the judicial management of children.

The law was drawn with particular heed, according to the survey, "for Alberta's special problem of assimilating the heterogeneous people who are assembling in that province. The British, the Canadians and the Americans are easily managed, but the multitudes from continental Europe must be patiently dealt with. Their peasant longing to 'get rich quick,' by compelling their children to contribute steadily to the family purse, has to be replaced by a desire to see their children well educated, with a wholesome respect for the laws and institutions of the dominion."

The act makes provision for forcing responsibility on cruel or negligent parents, who may be fined or jailed for ill-treating a child. Parents may be supervised by an official charged with the duty of seeing that children are properly dealt with in the family home. If the parents refuse compliance with the requisitions of the official, then they may be compelled to pay for proper care of the child by other persons.

In cities of over 10,000 population there is to be provided a refuge or shelter for the temporary detention of children who are either on trial as delinquents, or neglected and in need of temporary protection while awaiting their transfer to foster homes. In smaller towns arrangements may be made with private individuals for the temporary care of the children. Children's aid societies may be organized, having for their object the supervision and management of children in temporary homes, the securing of foster homes, of parks and of children's play-grounds. These societies may appoint a juvenile court committee to aid and advise in the handling of juvenile delinquents. They may act as voluntary probation officers, and as friends of the children or of their parents. Children's courts may be established by appointing two suitable men to act as a commission to try juvenile offenders and children may be transferred by the court to the care of a children's aid society, or may be allowed out on probation.

No child may be confined in a common jail used by persons charged with crime. A heavy fine with an alternative of imprisonment is provided for anyone who interferes in any way with a child that has been made a ward of the superintendent of dependent or neglected children or of any children's aid society, or with any child that has been put under the care of a probation officer. Supervision of the whole work is centralized at the offices of the government. Individual cases are cared for as may be needed. Everything possible is done to put the responsibility for the success of the work where it should be, upon those members of the community who stand for all that is best in citizenship.

Alberta is to be congratulated upon this progressive evidence of its recognition of the fact that society's responsibility toward childhood rises higher than the rights of parents where there is conflict between them; since the proper rearing of the child is a matter of social importance and of social responsibility.—Duluth Herald.

Who dares say that we're not growing better? Following are a few items picked up at random to prove the above assertion: Boys who play marbles "for keeps" are guilty of gambling, declared Judge Kimball to two young offenders in police court at Washington, D. C. Montgomery, Ala.—Soft drinks are to be regulated if the liquor bill becomes a law. It provides that lemonade, etc., can be sold only on the ground floors of buildings. Paragould, Ark.—The mayor's signature to an ordinance passed here will make it unlawful for any person to be on the streets between midnight and 4 a. m.—Roanoke, Va.—A young woman of this town reports the birth of a child which is growing wings instead of arms.

Minnesota women are going to have an anti-cigarette crusade, but before they can get the organization perfected they feel compelled to devise means for disposing of that mean preacher who has been taking photos of their open work horse and peckaboo waists.—Washington Star.

And what is this pretense that the common people could not carry on great enterprise? Why, most of your so-called captains of industry are renegade common people.

Eleven thousand five hundred New York children who wish to enter the public schools in that city for the first time in September cannot be accommodated, but other kinds of schools will be wide open for them.

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