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VOL VIII.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900.

NO 6

Mr. Hambleton's Funeral.

The death of Earl L. Hambleton last week, as the result of a fall from and injury from his fractious horse, gave this community a shock such as it has seldom received. The body was removed to his former home in Buena Park, Thursday morning from the Evanston hospital. The inquest was held and the funeral attended Friday afternoon from his home. It was conducted by Rev. Frank Du Montier, rector St. Peter's Episcopal church. The attendance, of course, was very large, as his business and social relations were very extended, and the floral tributes were very numerous and of rare beauty and taste.

Mr. Hambleton was only 31 years of age, having been born in Chicago in 1869. After graduating from the Chicago schools, he took a special scientific course at Harvard, graduating from the law school of the Northwestern University in 1890, and then engaged in the real estate business with his father; the card of C. J. Hambleton & Co., has been for some months in the NEWS-LETTER. The firm was eminently successful. He was deeply interested, not only as a real estate owner, but as a public spirited, high toned man in the development of our North Shore. Hence he had a summer residence on our Sheridan Road, where he with his wife and three young children, passed their summers in true bucolic simplicity and enjoyment.

The mystery of a Providence which takes, or allows to pass away such a man as he, with everything to live for and allows so many useless, worthless and in some cases, worse than worthless men, passes our understanding. Of old the word of God said, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but the things that are revealed unto us and our children forever." The death of such men is not among the things revealed, and so before the stupendous, stunning fact, we are compelled to say in the beautiful words of Ruskin, "Behold the cloud."

The Lake Forest Method.

Our college suburb has a unique way of dealing with the imported liquor traffic within its corporate limits. At its council meeting Monday night someone complained that beer was being surreptitiously delivered in the city by outsiders. The mayor told the marshal to keep his eyes open and arrest the first transgressor found. The council adjourned and as the mayor and aldermen were leisurely walking home they saw a suspicious looking team which the mayor hailed. The driver halted as he saw that the mayor, aldermen and marshal combined were "too many" for him.

Mayor Gorton proceeded to examine the contents of the wagon and found what seemed to be beer cases. He opened one, pulled out a bottle, held it up to the glare of the arc lamp. Yes, it was beer. He then ordered the cases all lifted out of the wagon and placed on the sidewalk. Then taking the bottle in his hand he smashed it on the curbing, while the beer ran off in the gutter. Then he treated another bottle in the same way, and another, and another till he had smashed every last bottle in those dozen or more cases, and the gutter ran with beer. After the last bottle had been demolished he said to the driver, "My name is Gorton, I am mayor of Lake Forest, whose righteous ordinances you are violating; pick up your beer cases, etc., and go home." He went. During this truly original and highly instructive and inspiring performance,

we suppose the aldermen "pitched in" and helped his honor, the mayor demolish the contents of the beer wagon. We don't see how, as the official guardians of the peace, purity and morals of that college town they could do less, and being intelligent and public spirited citizens they must have aided in his heroic work. All honor to Mayor Gorton and his associates. They have set a noble example of "how to do it"; let other mayors and aldermen follow their splendid example.

A Novel Idea.

On Tuesday afternoon next, at 2:30 o'clock, at the parlor of the Military Academy of Highland Park, Miss Margaret Martin, with the assistance of Dorothy Gaynor, the six year old daughter of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, the well known artist and composer, will illustrate the original and novel method of teaching which has made Mrs. Gaynor one of the most prominent and successful music teachers in Chicago. Mrs. Gaynor has demonstrated the fact that tonal work, ear training and rhythmic drill simplified and brought within the understanding and appealing to the imagination of the pupil, are not only powerful factors, but are essentially necessary to the higher culture of the child mind. Through the development of her theories, wonderful results have been attained. One of the brightest and most successful "results" is her own little daughter, Dorothy; she is studying with Miss Martin, who has been Mrs. Gaynor's assistant the past winter and who is now organizing a music class in Highland Park and will open her studio there on Tuesdays and Fridays. The miniature recital of Tuesday, will be very informal and will be open to all who are interested in this line of work.

City Council.

There was a quiet, pleasant meeting of the city council Tuesday evening after they got a quorum together at 8:45 o'clock, and as soon as Mr. Roberts was declared elected and sworn in, Mr. Warren, who came in from a sick bed, was excused. Messrs. Stubbs and Greenslade acted with the clerk as tellers in canvassing for the returns of the special election ward three, June 16th. The mayor swore Mr. Roberts in as alderman for that ward. The sewer on the west side was reported completed in good shape, and the contractor ordered paid. A report was also made of the progress on the Sheridan Road south, and payments ordered. It looks as though it would soon be completed. Mr. Stubbs read the audited bills which were ordered paid and the monthly requisitions ordered purchased by the clerk, including four hundred feet of hose for the fire department. One bill came in of \$1.25 for five shaves of J. L. Hawks while in the city called "boose" by John Mohr, the barber. No one would O. K. it and it was not paid. There were several reports from the street and alley and fire and water committees. James E. Shields and other property owners of block 56, wanted their new plan approved so it could be recorded. It went to committee with power to act.

A request or petition came in for bridge over the big ravine down a Dean avenue, where the Sheridan Road makes that square turn east toward the lake. Also some sort of a paper or petition for one up north on St. Johns'. Ravinia people a very anxious for the one down the way, while P. A. Montgomery and others, want the one north. The

were referred to the board of local improvements. Then half a dozen side walk ordinances were passed, read all over to us, including one on Roger Williams avenue from the Ravinia depot to the lake, which may or may not stir up some commotion. Adjourned till Wednesday the 18, when sundry important matters will come up.

Dr. and Miss Benn were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Evans last Sunday.

Mr. Du Bois of New York, who has been visiting a week or two with his cousins, F. C. Brown's family, left for home Tuesday.

The many friends of Mrs. E. E. Prussing will be sorry to learn of her death last Sunday at Hanover, Germany. The cause was heart failure.

Waukegan census takers tell the people, that city has "nearly 10,000 people," while the Park has "nearly 4,000."

Send your telegraph messages via the Postal Telegraph lines which reaches all parts of the world. Office 248 Central Avenue. James H. Duffy, manager.

You can phone a telegraph message to James H. Duffy who will send it promptly over the Postal Telegraph lines to its destination. Telephone 70 and pay when up town.

We hope all mothers of little children will attend the informal recital and exhibit of her theory of child musical culture to be given by Miss Martin next Tuesday afternoon at the Military Academy.

The attention of the public is called to George Huber & Company's ad. in this issue. They are arranging a free delivery of their excellent summer drinks anywhere in this city. Orders may be given by phone 321.

Telegraph rates have been greatly lowered in the past ten years. The Postal Telegraph did it by competition. Remember their office at 248 Central Avenue when you have a message to send. James H. Duffy, manager.

These are the days when anxious parents are looking around for good school for their children. Allow us to suggest that so far as we know, for young ladies, the Quiney Mansion school, in the old historic Quiney homestead has no superior in this country. The principal is unsurpassed as a teacher and disciplinarian.

J. Wallace Wakem, proprietor of the Seldon Farm Kennel, sold a pair of fine fox terrier dogs a few days ago to Mr. Carolan of Burlingame, California. The price paid was \$150.00 for the pair. Mrs. Carolan was formerly Miss Pullman and they naturally want their domestic animals especially their dogs, from the old homeland.

Parliamentary Law.

Though reared in New England and used Cushing's manual of parliamentary forms for years, we did not know or had quite forgotten that it is not necessary there to have motions seconded except when an appeal is taken from the decision of the chair, and this is a special rule of the city council of Boston. We suggest this fact for the benefit of our mayor, so that he need not wait for some dilatory alderman to wake up and second a motion. He can put it as soon as made, and on the Thomas Brackett Reed theory count all present as voting "aye," unless they vote "nay," which sleepers will not do.

Our neighbor Frank C. Brown went to New York last Friday and took his son John along with him. The stirring war song says old John Brown's "soul goes marching on." Very likely, but we are quite sure young John Brown's soul (sole) and body go marching every hour in the day in the great American metropolis.

"Spade Guineas."

The following highly interesting and brief history of the spurious "Spade Guineas," recently found on the wall plates of the old Taylor mansion, on the French Broad river, East Tennessee, was prepared by our friend Col. P. T. Turnley, who knows all about the house where these coins were found. Such "finds" are rare and have a valuable historic interest.

"Highland Park, Ill. June 2.—MY ESTEEMED COUSIN:

"I duly received your several letters of late dates and also the "metal coin" which you asked me to examine and ascertain its composition, value, history etc. I have done all you asked, but have only briefly given you the points in a letter a few days since. I have not been feeling well in health for a week or two, and my old, stiff rheumatic fingers are reluctant to wield the pen and my local type writer being absent, all tended to not only delay but materially shorten what I had to say about the metallic coin you sent me. I desire in this letter, to give you a little more extended history of the coin. You tell me it was recently discovered with several more like it, on the wall plate of the old Parmenas Taylor mansion, on French Broad River, Jefferson County, while that revered old home of a hundred and twenty years was being torn down. My first impulse was to exclaim "what will man's vandal hands not do to gratify avarice and present pleasure." I can sing that pathetic song of dear Caroline Norton, who has long since been "torn down," even to her grave:—

Love not, love not ye helpless sons of clay, Hope's gayest wreath are made of earthly flowers, Things that are made to fade and fall away, Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

It is needless to say the "down-fall" of that dear old mansion gives me a twinge of mental pain for:— Dear, to my heart are the scenes of my childhood. When NEWS OF DESTRUCTION calls them to view.

And that old dark "garret," it seems, is where the "gold coins" have been discovered, creating at once a question of some strange event, or maybe tragedy, a tale untold or a mystery none living can unfold. And to think that I so often climbed the winding stairs to the bed chamber floor, then on a small ladder, ascended through, what I called, (in my boyish lingua) "the scuttle hole" up to that dark garret,

Where the rafters, so black and bare With dust and cobwebs every where, I haggled my way in trembling feet, For every noise was a ghost in my ear.

Well, my esteemed cousin, I guess there is no mystery about the "George the Third" golden coin found in that old garret. I have culled history, made tests of metal to determine as to the coin and rather think I can explain how they came there.

For your young boys, who must feel interested in their demolished great-great grandfather's old mansion, I will first say that house was built on that lonely hill top in view of [but one-thousand yards from that grand and limpid running water, the French Broad river by our progenitor, Colonel Parmenas Taylor, in 1780. Like most houses of its day, it was made of huge logs hewed with the old, time broad axe to a smooth surface, two stories high with attic and within its rustic wall were born nine of his eleven children, six sons and five daughters, of whom your sainted mother was the sixth in line (1792), and your sainted grandfather, Willis Taylor, the eighth in line (1798). Grandfather Parmenas Taylor died in that house February 28, 1827, and I was at the funeral, March 3, held in the large room in the house. All of which I well remember, for I went up to the casket or coffin, and placed my little hand on his cold classic forehead. Just ten years thereafter I also attended the funeral in the same house of my dear old grandmother (Betty White Taylor). But during that space of ten years, I passed many hours, days, and weeks with my grandmother in that house. The wooden clock she had for forty years hung on the south wall in the great room, and I learned to count the sixty seconds to the minute lying prone on the floor while its pendulum ticked off the exact second at every swing. At the sale or "vendue" after her death, boy as I still was, I attended and bid off the dear old clock for \$3.00, and stored it away in my father's house, just across the river, where it rested for thirty-eight years more, when on a visit there I brought it home. It has continued to run, and keeps perfect time. At this moment it hangs on the wall not ten feet away from where I am writing these lines, and this moment it is striking 9 o'clock at night.

However, enough of sentiment, you want rather to hear about the mysterious "coin." To properly begin, I must give your boys a few words of lesson in back date history, and a slight reference to their geography and atlas.

(To be continued.)

286 names