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A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

BY J. N. HUME, M. D.

Ye friends of moderation, Who think a reformation, Or moral renovation, Would benefit our nation, With all its dissipation. In every rank and station. A cause of degradation, Of which your observation, Gives ample demonstration: Who see the ruination, Distrust and desolation, The open violation Of moral obligation. The wretched habitation, Without accommodations, Or any regulation, For common sustentation, A scene of deprivation, Unequaled in creation, The frequent desecration Of Sabbath ordination, The crime of deprecation, Defying legislation: The awful profanation Of common conversation; The mental aberration; The dire infatuation, With every sad gradation Of maniac desperation— Ye who with consternation Behold this devastation, And utter condemnation Of all inebriation. Why sanction its duration, Or show disapprobation Of any combination For its extermination? We deem a declaration That offers no temptation By any palliation Of this abomination. The only sure foundation, And under this persuasion Hold no communication With noxious emanation Of brewers' fermentation, Or poisonous preparation Of spirits' distillation, Nor any vain libation Producing stimulation. To this determination We call consideration. And without hesitation Invite co-operation, Not doubting imitation Will raise your estimation. And by continuation Afford you consolation: For in participation With this association, You may by mediation Insure the preservation Of a future generation From all contamination, And may each indication Of such regeneration Be the theme of exultation Till its final consummation.

Saloons and Boulevards.

And so the saloon of Chicago has had its eye blackened somewhat in Judge Clifford's court. The Times-Herald, however, in commenting on the decision makes use of some rather peculiar expressions. For instance: "The decision of Judge Clifford sustaining the validity of the boulevard saloon ordinance, which was passed last July, is in the interest of civic decency, cleanliness and good order, and will be highly gratifying to those public-spirited citizens who have labored to resist the encroachment of the saloon traffic upon our boulevard systems."

Again: "As a matter of fact

the city should never have tolerated the disfigurement and spoilment of its boulevards and saloons. There never was slightest warrant in civic decency or politics for granting licenses to run saloons on these pleasure driveways. The boulevard shop is an offensive blight on one of the finest driveway systems of the world, and it should be driven off."

Whew! Has the Times-Herald lost its head? What? The boulevard dramshop an "offensive blight." Is that the way the gilded saloon is to be treated? And that, too, after he has his "high license?" How does the Times-Herald, or any other journal which favors the legislation of the saloon call it a "disfigurement" and a "despoilment" of the boulevards? By the way, the saloon—especially if it is "high-toned" and the owner a diamond stud—any greater wrong or any more an incongruity in the boulevard than its luncheon, the "low drive," is a strong and an incongruity when licensed to locate on some street whose sides are lined with modest dwellings and neat cottages, the earned homes of men and women are striving to rear families of boys and girls in respectability? Is there a single father or mother owning and occupying a home in Highland Park who would next moment object to a saloon door, particularly if it is "high-toned" and helps out out little in the matter of taxes? Why, of course not. Haven't they just shown by their vote that they believe in the saloon—provided it is "regulated."

"Poisoning, probably resulting from eating disintegrated food nearly resulted fatally to six members of the Filly family who reside near the depot at Lake Bluff,"—Waukegan Daily Sun. Now will the Sun kindly explain what it means by "eating disintegrated food"? Perhaps the editor of the Sun has been reading some of "Mrs. Partington's" sayings or "Ike's."

"Bott Brother's saloon, the finest in Columbus, O., employs twelve bartenders, who are all handsome young men. Every one of these has to sign a total abstinence pledge before he can secure employment in the place.—The Emancipator.

Scotty Moran and Frank Anderson, of Highwood, were each fined \$100 last week for conducting slot machines.

Forty-seven of the great trunk railroads now discriminate against drinking employees.

Prohibition in Vermont.

Some people seem puzzled that in a strong prohibition state such strong petitions for a local option law should go up to the legislature, now in session. Look at it a moment. The great majority of these petitions go up from the large manufacturing towns of Brattleboro, Bennington, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, White River Junction, Bellows Falls, Newport, Richford, etc.

Now, if you will look at your map you will see that all these towns, except Rutland, are what are known as "border towns;" that is, they are on the border line of the state, next to New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York and Canada, and the whisky and beer residents of those towns have been for years in the habit of going across the line into those other states for their intoxicants. They want the saloon at home in their own towns, as the beer and whisky folks here want a saloon in the Park, so as not to be compelled to go away from home for their drinks.

But the farmers and the residents of the hundreds of country villages all over the state don't want any saloons, not even for the benefit (?) of the drunkards and moderate drinkers of these big towns. Rutland has always, so far as we know, been rampant for whisky and beer, and Rutland is in many respects the cesspool for Troy, N. Y., as St. Albans, Richford and Newport are the entrepôts for the cheap whisky of Canada for all the Northern part of the state. But the people, the masses, having lived peacefully and prosperously for over fifty years without saloons don't want them now to ruin their sons and raise a generation of drunkards.

Mayoralty Vote in Minneapolis.

In the recent election in Minneapolis for Mayor there were three candidates, Ames, Rep.; Gray, Dem. and Dean, Prohib. The vote was as follows: Ames, 17,292; Gray, 12,732, and Dean, 9,140. At the presidential election of 1896 Hennepin county polled 26,786 for McKinley, 20,505 for Bryan, and 450 for Levering, Prohibitionist. What are the facts, and what is the inference? Ames is notably a corrupt man and utterly unfit for such a position. But so strong has become the dominant party that just such men are able to foist themselves into power by the use of corrupt methods and corrupting institutions, especially the rum shop.

Inference. Doubtless a large proportion of the vote recently given to the Prohibition candi-

date for mayor was so polled not, because they had suddenly become converted, but because they could not swallow their own party candidate.

It is also naturally inferred that the rush to the Prohibition party is due to the fact that in the Republican party there are thousands of voters ready to become Prohibitionists on the first good provocation.

That Young Man.

Remember, Son, that the world is older than you by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter, better and younger men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows, but when they died, the old globe went jogging along, and not one person in ten millions, went to the funeral or even heard of their death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads. Shed the light of your wisdom abroad, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so, simply because you say it is so. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him—they cost more money, they are more stylish; your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "Pa." But, stop a moment, young man, and reflect. The old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrambling signature on the business end of a check, will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than perhaps your handsome autograph can do during the balance of your mortal life. Young men are useful, and they are also ornamental, and we all like them, and it would be impossible to successfully engineer a picnic without them—but they are no novelties, son—oh, no, nothing of the kind—they have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself out, but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away in a cooler to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are looking for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you.—Selected.

The Highland Park Electric Light Company has finally won its suit against Jas. Huxtable.

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How Will You Do It?

The pulpit of Chicago thundered quite vigorously last Sabbath against crime. All right! but there seems to be difference of opinion among reformers as to methods of reform, some say: "Preach the gospel and let the politics and the police force regulate themselves." The cry of others is: "Save the city, and the salvation of the soul and the safety of the people will take care of themselves."

It has been pretty well demonstrated that 80 per cent of the crimes committed are traceable to the liquor traffic. Very well! Suppose we adopt both of the ideas suggested above, and to begin with inviting the thousands of ministers of the gospel in this country to vote hereafter with a party that believes in abolishing the legalized saloons.

Jesus preached repentance and salvation to the woman of Samaria, but when he found a gang of corruptionists in the Temple making it "a den of thieves" he used drastic measures.

Years ago bears often made havoc of the sheep. The farmers would at such times herd their flocks nights, but they did not neglect to exterminate the bears.

Alabaster Boxes.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness, sealed up until your friends are dead, but fill their lives with a sweetness now—speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you will say after they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, bestow now, and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them now, in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them and can positively enjoy them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to appoint our friends beforehand for their burial—flowers upon the coffin shed no fragrance backward over the weary way by which the loved ones have traveled.—Selected.

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