

# HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

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## Motto for the Week

### LINCOLN'S ADVICE

"Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good; steer clear of billiousness, exercise, go slow and go easy."

—Abraham Lincoln.

## Our Outlook

### The Saloon an Outlaw

IT SEEMS at last that the cause of temperance and prohibition is in the ascendancy. It is not seemingly coming by the way which prohibitionists thought, "Man proposes and God disposes." The prohibition party was stronger twelve or thirteen years ago than now. But if the party cannot count as many votes as when Neal Dow and General Fisk led the army its cause is being heralded and championed in circles that look like winning.

The attitude of high legal officials like Judge Artman proclaiming that the liquor traffic is an outlaw,—that it has no place or rights within the constitutional law of our states is a mighty forward step.

### "Old Glory" Depreciated

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a national birthday so observed that the people called it "The Glorious Fourth." The most available place in city or village was set apart on that day for a genuine celebration. "Old Glory" was raised to float upon the breeze, the best available band of music was secured, the prize elocutionist of the town recited the Declaration of Independence, and the most popular orator available made a speech on patriotism and the day wound up with fireworks.

How things are changed! All the glory is departed. The day is depreciated and it is given over to a hideous clamor, smoke and noise, and the young American is taught to forget that it is a patriotic anniversary of the birth of his country.

Add to all this the loss of life and limb that attends it what a doleful day the Fourth has become. Can we not redeem it?

## Our Outlook

### Shall We Abandon Preaching

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES from the pulpit are out of date.—They belong to the past. This is what we have heard frequently of late and it was the most striking utterance of the Rev. Johnstone Myers in his recent address at Chicago University Conference.

"Like the crusades," says Mr. Myers "Sermons have had their day in the religious world, and now must give way before a new era in the matter of getting people into close association with the church. The new period in religion is 'personal work'."

This "personal work" cry at the expense of the sermon is not original with Mr. Myers.—It has become a kind of fad. No one discredits the value of the individual touch, the personal relation to persons,—but this other cry is perhaps a little lop-sided. It comes from a certain class of revivalists.

Is it true that the public address has lost its power? Is it not rather true that in this age of prosperity and pleasure it is difficult to arrest men on any lines of serious thought by any agency whatever. The "personal worker" has no more distinct triumphs of the present day than the preacher.

Gypsy Smith drew thousands to hear him preach. There was no other attraction. He was not what is technically known as a "personal worker." Yet he was able to draw houses at the Auditorium that would have delighted the greatest actor or most renowned of singers. And after all, what is there today that can take the place or bring equal good to millions than the sermon. If we say that congregations are relatively small we must also remember that they are many and numerous.

From eighty to one hundred sermons a year in the average church—and many of them have good average congregations.—What other serious thing can thus hold attention in this frivolous and wealthy age?

### Shall We Tax Shakespeare?

CERTAIN FRENCH AUTHORS AND POETS are agitating against free trade in literature.

The contention is not against the competition of living authors, or the publication of their works without royalty; that is already provided for by the laws of copyright. But the objection is raised against those who being dead yet speak.

Publishers issue copies of the best literature of dead authors at prices which enter into strong competition with the living, so that the latter cannot secure liberal pay for their work. Therefore, says the young author of France, there ought to be a tax placed upon all the literature of dead authors.

Now this argument has not been taken seriously outside the circle of the said French authors, for it can be readily seen that such a proposed tax would do infinite harm to the world.

Of course an apparently strong case might be

## Lines Worth Preserving

### LINCOLN AS A POET

My childhood's home I see again  
And sadden with the view  
And still, as memory crowds my brain,  
There's pleasure in it, too  
Oh, memory, thou midway world  
Twixt earth and paradise,  
Where things decayed and loved ones lost  
In dreamy shadows rise;  
And freed from all that's earthly vile,  
Seems hallowed, pure and bright,  
Like scenes in some enchanted isle,  
All bathed in liquid light.

—Abraham Lincoln  
Written while on a visit to the home of his  
childhood in 1844

## Our Outlook

made out in favor of the young author. When a new or testament containing 27 books is sold for five cents, the whole of Shakespeare containing 37 plays and poems enough to make a good size modern volume sells for twenty-five cents, he may well feel that he has to run against great competitors.

But these have been his teachers. The young author caught what fire he has from these great flames. There are many among us whose stature is small, but we stand on higher heights because of our ancestors. There is room upward for us. Shakespeare has taken us up to a lofty height, but there is still room upwards.

There cannot be perpetual copyright or patent on human thoughts. Ideas must all become common property like air and light. They are our contribution to the world. The time comes when the idea of the locomotive engine is common property, and when any machinist may make a sewing machine or a bicycle.

Books, as Carlyle said, "Make us heirs of the spirit-life of past ages." That life must be free. Protection, we may need on current literature, but not on the light which comes down to us from the ages.

### Hunting an Outlaw.

WHAT A PITIABLE OBJECT is a man of many millions hiding from the law. One can imagine a poor wretch tramping the country to escape the vigilance of the police. But think of one who controls the greatest trust on earth and whose wealth is beyond count guarded by a massive hound and by sleuths paid to keep the officers of law from serving an order upon him to appear in court. But judgment cannot