

Highland Park News-Letter

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THE CRY OF MAN AND BEAST.

"Can you tell me where I can get a drink of water mister?" This appeal from a youngster was not heard in the congested districts of Halsted street, Chicago, but in fashionable, rich and privileged Highland Park. The voice was the voice of a boy who had already chased through the railway depot and elsewhere in the vain search for a drink of water. We are not pursuing a mere hobby in calling repeated attention to the singular fact that there is absolutely no public provision for man or beast for this most precious of nature's gifts.

Had the boy who addressed us been in any of the congested districts of Chicago he could have secured a drink without much trouble. In any saloon they would have given him the needed drink, but in Highland Park he may walk on beautiful avenues—not quite daring to address his request to the owners of our splendid homes.

We repeat, this is no hobby-horse that we wish to ride. It is an imperative, present and future need. It is a need that cries aloud by every thirsty boy. If dumb animals could speak they could tell us that we people of exalted privileges in Highland Park are less considerate than heathens.

We think this is a question for the city authorities and we commend it to some one of our aldermen to bring it up at the next council meeting.

Meantime we would like to see some spirited citizen start a fund for the purchase of at least one suitable fountain, or some one might do credit to himself and honor to some citizen's memory by giving a memorial fountain. Who will speak first?

ACCIDENT AT THE OLD PIER.

Life and Property in Imminent Danger.

Jack was twelve years old. He was one of a group of boys who were fishing from the remains of an old pier. With nimble feet they had run on or climbed among the decaying timbers until each found a piece of broken plank or an old post which seemed to offer a vantage seat from which to angle for somewhat deeper water fish than could be reached at the water's edge.

Three of four men had, by careful navigation and at some risk, made their way to better points at the ex-

treme end of the pier, and were absorbed in catching an occasional finny prize.

A man, carrying a small package, was slowly making his way toward the group in search of a small boy. Mother at home had a nervous presentiment of danger, and so the father must make his way to a business engagement via the old pier. Just then the boys were engaged fishing out some missing tackle which had fallen through a large hole into the lake six or seven feet below, and Jack was down among the lower rafters, climbing like a monkey, to aid in the capture.

Suddenly a cry of alarm brought men and boys to the spot to find that Jack had lost his grip of the slippery old posts and rafters and was floundering in a six or eight-foot depth of water. Intense excitement prevailed—not a rope was at hand—the nearest boathouse was two or three hundred feet away, and not a boat in sight.

The situation was critical. Jack was keeping himself above water by means of pieces of old floating plank and incessant dog paddling, but his grip was losing power and his efforts were already weaker.

The stranger man on reaching the spot seemed to be the only person with ability to act. Calmly laying down his package he seized a stout fishing rod from the hands of an onlooker, stretched himself at full length on the old planks, and reached down toward the struggling boy. "Take hold of the rod and I'll pull you up!" he cried.

The little fellow was desperate and plucky. He caught hold and was pulled up a foot or so, when the rod slipped from his hands and he was plunged into the waves below. A second time he tried and again he fell. The man appealed to him. "Now, this is your last chance! Hold on for your life!" and in a few moments the half-drowned lad was safe.

In the scramble to help, the package which the strange man had laid down was kicked through a hole into the water below. It was a valuable manuscript, worth a thousand dollars.

Now the struggle was renewed, for the package was getting water soaked and was in danger of sinking. It took half an hour to bring a boat from the boathouse and capture the precious package, and when it was opened it was found that every page of it must be rewritten.

This double accident, well-nigh disastrous to life and property, did not occur at the old pier at Highland Park—but worse than this may happen any day. Would it not be worth while to rebuild the pier?

A Fair Challenge.

The following letter, which has been addressed to our representatives in the Springfield legislature, speaks for itself:

Hon. E. D. Shurtleff, Marengo, Ill.
Hon. Dennis Gibbons, Deerfield, Ill.

Gentlemen: I have been invited to address the chautauqua at Waukegan, Ill., on "Local Option," Saturday, August 10th, at 3 p. m., hence this open letter to you.

As representatives in the General Assembly of Illinois from the Eighth Senatorial District you voted against the local option bill, even after the county and ward features were eliminated, thereby lining up with the men who are friendly to the liquor interests in this state.

In doing this I believe you greatly misrepresented the people of this senatorial district and that you should be retired from office for this ignoble act.

In view of the general condemnation of your vote in this district as well as in other parts of the state I feel you should have the opportunity to defend your action before the people, and therefore notify you to divide time with me at the Waukegan chautauqua on the date above mentioned. I will be glad to debate this question with you at that time and on that occasion.

Why should we glorify the Lincoln-Douglas debates and refuse to walk in their footsteps by discussing great public questions at the tribune of the people.

Please let me have your answer soon so that due public notice can be given of your intention.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. M. MCGINNIS.

THE NEED OF CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

"No life can be an effective life in our time unless in some unusual measure it is controlled by the high ideals and devoted to the lofty practices of the Christian faith. * * * No secondary school should exist, either under private management or public control, unless it gives specific attention to the moral aspect of education; and any secondary school which fails to do this is a serious menace to the real interests of general society."—Eugene Allen Noble, D. D., in *The Methodist*.

PAST PRAYING FOR.

A prominent politician while visiting in Washington recently took his little son with him to the senate gallery. The boy seemed especially interested in Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and his father explained to him that Dr. Hale was the chaplain of the senate.

"Oh, he prays for the senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad.

"No," said the politician, "he gets up and takes a look at the senate and then prays for the country."—Maxwell's *Talisman*.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling that way: "N. B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river."

At the Moraine

Our citizens have an unusually interesting musical event open to them at the Moraine.

On Wednesday evening next, August 7th, a musical of high-class character will be given.

The talent includes the following artistes:

Mr. Alexander Saslavsky.
Madame Estelle Auge.
Miss Priscilla Carver.
Mr. Lawrence Rea.
Sibyl Moore Carson.

With Mr. Alexander von Fielitz at the piano.

The tickets for this event are on sale at Schumacher's at one dollar each.

"Say, boss, I was taken in with that horse you sold me the other day."
"You don't say so!" "Fact. I was going a drive through Hyde Park—"
"Yes." "And the thing took me all right as far as the entrance." "Well?"
"And then, just as I turned its head toward the gates—" "What then?"
"It took me in, as I said at first. Good-night."

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Special Warrant No. 111

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County, Illinois, has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement:

For the construction of a concrete cement sidewalk five (5) feet wide in the City of Highland Park, County of Lake and State of Illinois, on and along both sides of Glenview avenue, from the west line of the Green Bay road, thence west to the east line of Exmoor avenue, except where said sidewalk would intersect the roadway of Midlothian avenue and except at alley junction.

As will more fully appear from the certified copy of the judgment on file in my office. That the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the Collector's office, D. M. Erskine & Co.'s Bank, Central avenue, Highland Park, Illinois, within thirty days from the date hereof.

Notice is further given that said assessment is divided into five (5) installments; that the amount of the first installment is \$434.56, and that each of the remaining installments is \$367.50; that all installments draw interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum from February 1st, 1907.

The first installment is payable on the second day of January, A. D. 1908.

The second installment one year thereafter, and so on annually until all installments are paid.

JOHN C. DUFFY,
City Collector.

Dated this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1907.