

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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POLITICAL DISCUSSION

The North Shore News-Letter as an independent paper is in a position to discuss the issues and men of any one or all of the various political parties now in the limelight of a great national campaign.

We invite our readers to send short articles or letters on any one or more of the many planks in the party platforms, or any issue that the respective Candidates stand for.

SYMPATHY FOR THE SORROWING

"I cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou Almighty One does move
But I can always say
That God is love"

This is a verse of one of the two hymns, sung by Mr. Goodridge, at the funeral service of the two Weimers boys, whose sad end is here chronicled.

No more painful experience can come to a parent than the sudden bereavement of children, in whom they have expended their lives most self-sacrificing devotion. It is always a hard struggle to part with a young child, who, through suffering and weakness, have prepared us for a sad ending, but to have two of our own flesh and blood suddenly swept from our very grasp and laid dead, as in a moment, is a distressingly sad experience.

The heart of every citizen, of Highland Park, goes out to the bereaved parents of the Weimers boys and we cannot but hope that the words of the Rev. G. P. Goodson, who conducted the service on Tuesday, and the sentiment of the song, which their neighbor sang, may have brought some comfort to them.

The mystery of death is no less than the mystery of life, but the truth is ever before us; that every experience may bring us some lesson and out of the darkest cloud may come a promise and a blessing.

THE EDUCATION OF PLEASURE

The educative value of pleasure resorts has never been better demonstrated by the people of the North Shore than during the present closing summer season at Ravinia Park.

When the citizens of these delightful little cities of homes aroused themselves at the beginning of the summer to maintain the same high grade of entertainment which had hitherto marked Ravinia Park they "builted better than they knew".

We do not know whether the direct financial results have been satisfactory but the outlay of a few thousand dollars did vastly more than merely provide a home of artistic, musical talent. It kept out a possible combination of mid-way and burlesque abomination, and that done was worth untold money to these communities.

A city rises and falls quickly to the level of its pleasures. Bring a White City kind of resort to our cities and they will soon reflect the conditions. All kinds of evils gather around such a show like vultures around a battle field. No one can ever estimate how much it costs in moral-worth to have a low grade pleasure resort in any community.

For these reasons as well as for the more selfish and individual desires it is to be hoped that Ravinia Park will be sustained in its highest note of ethical pleasure.

It is the duty of North Shore residents to see to this, for it must be borne in mind that young life will not be satisfied without a supply. There must and will be an answer to the natural desire for recreation.

Why not add a first class North Shore Chautauqua. Perhaps, not any where in all the United States, is there a strip of country so well situated for a summer resort of ethical pleasure and educational advantage, or so well equipped with means of transportation as almost anywhere along the line between Evanston and Waukegan.

Political Straws.

Some men are born great, and some have to be elected.

The man who itches for fame, is usually kept scratching.

A politician will shake your hand one minute and pull your leg the next.

It is the biggest kind of insult to offer a small sum of money as a bribe.

Many statesmen look upon a morning cocktail as a constitutional amendment.

Some men vote as they pray—and they never pray unless it is to ask a personal favor.

In the political race, almost any politician is satisfied if he succeeds in getting a place.

When a man has greatness thrust upon him, it doesn't usually take him very long to get rid of it.

Some politicians who claim to be self-made, were evidently interrupted before the job was completed.

Very few public men would be willing to be taken at their publicly expressed estimation of themselves.

A woman never knows what an unprincipled scoundrel she has married until her husband runs for public office.

Political parties have one thing in common; they are all anxious to save the country—from some other party.

Some men would rather be right than Prender; but there are others who are not so bloomin' particular.

Men sometimes build better than they know. But the contractor on a political job always knows better than he builds.

The man who couldn't fill the office better than the man appointed has yet to be born in this great and glorious country.

All the ballots in the world will not give a woman the right to put her feet on the table until the styles change in her dress.

Old Hickory Chips.

Mr. Harry Thaw prefers even Pittsburg to the asylum.

Good old Mother Holland, with a shingle in her hand.

There is no such thing as "Too Much Johnson" for Minnesota.

Atlantic City is evidently troubled with a lid that won't stay on.

Editor Watterson's latest five-column effort is on "The Shrieking Life." It's a scream.

If a flying-machine really has to go anywhere it takes the railroad or a steamboat.

If all the campaign lies are to be spliced, the nail industry should be looking up.

It is going to be a whirlwind campaign, but so far we've had more wind than whirl.

You just don't see how Ohio can resist the eloquence of husband Nicholas Longworth.

Mr. Sherman promises us "revision" of the kind we have always had. A little bit higher each time.

"There isn't a fat king in Europe," says a London paper. Nearly all of them have fat jobs, however.

If Capt. Hains finds time hanging too heavily on his hands, he might study Harry Thaw's expense account.

"Can You Tell the Whole Truth?" is a new article by Prof. Hugo Muensterberg. Why, professor, this is campaign year.

William Waldorf Astor, Jr., will stand for Parliament, according to the London papers. But will Parliament reciprocate?

Hon. David B. Hill was Richard Croker's guest in Ireland recently. My, but what a talking over of old times there must have been.

Airship invention has gone away beyond the point where any sort that brought the passenger safely to earth was considered a success.

The Turkish populace cheered the Sultan as he drove through the streets of Constantinople. The people evidently thought he was going away.

Miss Lolo La Follette is suing a theatrical firm for failure to start her in a new play. In the meantime, her father is making a hit in all his old ones.

David Belasco, who claims that he can make a good snowstorm for 20 cents, closes his theaters during the time of year when they would do the most good.

The collapse of the big cotton pool ought to be instructive. Cornering things in this country is not such an easy job as it was when the country was smaller.

The first thing that Mr. Bryan's trick-mule from Minnesota did was to throw a newspaper correspondent. Nothing like killing the toughest proposition first.

Possibly the farmers would show a greater willingness to contribute to the campaign funds if they were not compelled to pay their hands such high wages just now.

Having helped Mr. Bristow to win a seat in the Senate, Mr. La Follette can count on at least one enthusiastic listener the next time he makes a nine-teen-hour speech in that body.

A magazine writer says that American cities have no distinctive smell of their own. Tarry a bit in Pittsburg, stranger; spend an hour in Chicago; sniff the malted breeze of Milwaukee.

The brevity of Mr. Sherman's speech of acceptance was notable. But he might have been more brief. For instance, when he said, "I am a protectionist," he might simply have said, "Stand pat."

We advise the "Young Turks" not to get too enthusiastic about the fact that the Sultan has granted them a "general assembly." We have had one for years, and we don't know what on earth to do with it yet.

Mr. Chafin promises, if elected President, and Congress refuses to pass a national prohibition law, to call out the militia and the standing army and enforce prohibition in every inch of territory under the American flag. Now, will you worry over the coming election?

The Almighty Dollar.

It is always the bottom dollar that counts.

The human race is but a contest for dollars.

Life is full of checks, and many of them are forgeries.

Poverty is not a crime morally, but it is matrimonially.

Money talks—but it doesn't always speak when spoken to.

The farther a man gets away from a dollar, the bigger it looks.

You can easily fill the public eye if you have sufficient dust.

The landlord has an easier job raising the rent than the tenant has.

A man can't check his creditors unless his bank account is all right.

Time is money—until you take an electro-plated watch to the pawn-broker.

The shorter a man is in his accounts, the longer it takes to find him.

Hush-money usually talks for both parties interested in the transaction.

The title often sells a book—and it always catches the American heilless.

The only thing a man wants after he gets the money he needs, is more.

It is not trouble to see that wealth is a curse—so long as the other fellow has it.

A great financier is a chief who is successful. A thief is a great financier who fails.

Some old-fashioned folks, like ballet girls, keep their fortunes in their stockings.

Some people have more money than brains, and are not considered wealthy either.

Christmas is that glorious season when every man and his money is easily separated.

Money talks pretty conclusively at times, but there are times when it gets rattled.

Good deeds speak for themselves; especially when they call for improved real estate.

The pawnbroker who takes the most interest in his business, has the least principle.

Dying in poverty is easy enough. It's living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow.

Time may be money, but somehow your friends appreciate the money you spend with them more than the time.