

# NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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## WEDDING BELLS

### Popular Young Couple of Highland Park Marry

Mr. Fred Moon and Miss Helen Herd-klotz, two prominent and popular young people of Highland Park, were united in marriage on Monday evening at 6 o'clock at the home of the bride. The wedding was a quiet affair only relatives being present. Miss Nettie Moon played the wedding march; Mr. Herbert Moon was best man for the occasion and Miss Olga M. Schencke of Morris, Illinois, a cousin of the bride was bride's-maid. Rev. R. B. Schiltz performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Moon left late Monday evening for a trip to Canada where they will stop at Woodstock and Toronto. On the way back they will visit Niagara Falls. A host of friends will be glad to greet them on their return home Nov. 1st, when Mr. Moon will renew his duties as letter carrier. Mr. and Mrs. Moon will reside at 434 West Central Avenue.

### Judge Dorsey tries State Case.

On Monday afternoon Police Marshal Nelson received a telephone call from Mary L. Dawson of the west side, stating that a tramp was molesting the neighborhood and asking for police protection from Highland Park. Marshal Nelson pressed into service one of A. G. McPherson's automobiles and in a very short time had his man lodged in the local jail. A charge of vagrancy was booked against the man who gave his name as William Crankowski.

His case came up for trial Tuesday afternoon. State's Attorney Hanna had charge of the prosecution and Judge Dorsey sentenced the man to ten days in the county jail.

### Collision at Ravinia Park

The thick dense smoke and fog which enveloped the north shore towns on Saturday cost the Receivers of the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad one of their new cars. As one of the Ravinia Park specials was unloading a large train load of fashionable theatre goers at Ravinia Park just before the beginning of the performance it was struck by a north bound car which was running at full speed past the park and blinded by the smoke and fog had not been able to see the other car unloading. The back of the car unloading was totally wrecked. It took wreckers, under the direction of Messrs. M. A. Ives, Mathew Rohr and A. M. Lowrie nearly two hours to clear away the debris and free the track. M. A. Ives of the office of the road at Highland told a reporter of the NEWS LETTER that the men involved in the mix-up would be discharged.

### Highland Park Democrats Rally

The Democrats got busy Monday evening and had a meeting in the City hall for the purpose of organizing a Bryan and Stevenson club. For a short notice call the attendance was good, about fifty charter members were enrolled. Mr. W. M. Dooley acted as temporary chairman. The following officers were elected:— President, K. R. Smoot. Vice Presidents, T. M. Dooley, C. W. Aldridge, and W. M. Dooley. Secretary, J. J. Parker. Treasurer, Wm. Maroney. Through the efforts of temporary chairman, W. M. Dooley, the Hon. Western Starr, Democratic Candidate for Representative in Congress was secured to make an address and to give the club an outline of the campaign work which lies before them.

Mr. Starr made a masterly speech and was replete throughout with clear ideas of what the party stands for. One thing was very noticeable that although he had before him an audience of Democrats, there was an absence of abuse of the other side. Mr. Starr seems to think that the true policy is to state your case as well as you can and not abuse your opponents.



## GAD'S HILL CAMP CLOSING

This most valuable benevolent enterprise has brought recreation and health to hundreds of poor children, mothers and young girls. The closing meeting of the Association for this year occurred yesterday—Friday at 10:30 a. m.

### FORT IMPROVEMENTS.

When the War Department enters the field for home improvements it can be just as thorough as in preparation for war. Indeed its peace progress is much more desirable and likely to be more lasting than the grim war movements.

Fort Sheridan has had good substantial buildings and in many respects excellent quarters for the men, but it has also been made unsightly by the ragged edge of a number of unsightly wooden tenements which tended to make it look like a squatter's village alongside a substantial military city.

But the government having purchased the property (70 acres or so) proceeded at once to put into execution a drastic iconoclastic reform. Fifty-eight of the old ramshackle shanties were sold by auction a few days ago at prices varying from \$100 to \$300, and we should think were well sold at those prices. Eighteen of the best of these houses were retained for possible use and the rest are being removed as fast as the new owners can haul them away.

The grounds upon which they stood will now be converted into a useful and ornamental parade park. A contract has been let for \$50,000 to transform the place into something in harmony with the rest of the government property and we venture to prophesy that when old friends of the fort renew their acquaintance with it next summer they will be surprised and delighted.

Meantime also the infantry barracks are being completely overhauled in their pumping and heating apparatus.

### Bad New York.

A subscriber who read Ted's plea to get to New York in our last issue disagrees with the writer who cites it as Paradise. He relates the following to prove his claim:

A little girl whose father was pastor of a church in a small inland city had once spent a winter in Manhattan. A few weeks after her return the lack of excitement began to pall. One day she climbed in her mother's lap and asked:

"Mother, is God here and all around us?"

"Yes, dearie."

"In school, in church, everywhere around here?" she persisted.

"Yes."

"Well, then mother, let's go to New York, where God ain't."

Newspaper Office Boy—Oh, there's been a time up in the editorial room to-day! Business Manager—Eh? What's the trouble? Office Boy—The hall porter made a mistake and put the "No Admittance" sign at the subscription office and the "Welcome" doormat in front of the editor's room.

### SOCIAL CASTE.

#### An Educated American Girl Tells Her Story.

I went through an Eastern college partly by my own efforts, was graduated with honors, then came back to my home city to accept a position as teacher. I had positions offered in places where I would have had a better chance, both financially and socially, but father and mother in their old age longed for me at home. I am their only child. They had devoted their lives and labor to give me advantages far above girls in my class. It is a small return to add some brightness and comfort to their old age. I spoke of "my class," that is where my problem lies. My father is a cobbler; not a shoemaker with a well-filled shop, but an humble workman who, ten hours a day, sits on a bench mending old shoes. I, who know how good, how honest, how faithful he is, love and honor him above all measure. To outsiders he is nothing but a poor old cobbler, and I am a cobbler's daughter. The democratic feeling of our splendid college drew no line between the daughter of a cobbler and the daughter of a railroad magnate. When I returned home it was different. My father's calling did not hinder me from taking a high place in the school faculty, but it stands between me and what is called society, in this New England city. We live in an humble part of the city, with my father's shop in a corner of our little home. We belong to the Methodist church; we know every member in it, both rich and poor. They are friendly—the poor with real friendliness, the rich with a kindly condescension that often hurts. At church socials, and at all sorts of church affairs where one member is as good as another in lending aid toward financial prosperity, our little family receives a cordial enough welcome. There is a friendly comradeship among the teachers to a certain degree; then they separate into classes. Consequently I have very little social life. I do not want to "break into society"; that is no ambition of mine, because I have little in common with the frivolous set which is generally distinguished as "society." What I desire is a certain amount of fellowship with men and women who read the books I do; who are interested in the subjects I study—in the fine things of life, the beauties of nature and art, in poetry and the great questions of the day. To a certain degree I can have something of this in my own home, for my father's intelligence is as high as that of many a man of acknowledged intellect. I also have such love and devotion there as is given few daughters. Still there are lonely hours, because I live as many women do, in a social interstice.

### The Man Who is Always "Just Going To."

He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He was just going to help a neighbor when he died.

He was just going to send some flowers to a sick friend when it proved too late.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating, when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to provide proper protection for his wife and family when his fortune was swept away.

He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash.

He was just going to call on a customer to close a deal when he found his competitor had preceded him and secured the order.

He was just going to quit work awhile and take a vacation when nervous prostration came.

He was just going to repair his sidewalk when a neighbor fell on it and broke a leg.

He was just going to provide his wife with more help when she took to her bed and required a nurse, a doctor, and a maid.

He meant to insure his house, but it burned, before he got around to it.—Success.

### Good English.

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said, "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."

### The Letter of the Law.

The Honorable John Steel was a sheriff in Missouri. A new county judge was elected and Steel, thinking to pay the judge a delicate compliment, selected for his first panel of jurors every fat man in the county; the judge weighing nearly three hundred pounds. The day was hot and Steel, when he took the jurors out to dinner, fed them so heartily that they all went to sleep during the afternoon. The judge was furious.

"What do you mean," he roared at the sheriff, "by bringing these sleepy-heads into a court as a jury? They haven't heard any of this afternoon's evidence. I discharge the panel. Go out now and get a panel of men who will stay awake. I want men with a single eye to justice, not dots like these!"

Steel went out and rode the county that night. When the judge appeared next morning Steel had a panel of one-eyed men for him.

## Highland Park News

Mrs. Lou Folloz of Vang, N. D., is visiting Mrs. J. F. Kirby.

The city's thirst emporium in front of F. B. Green's does a good business.

Wednesday marked the opening of the Academy and with it the return of cadet Fray to our midst.

Rev. A. A. Pfanstiel, former pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and his wife are visiting with Col. H. P. Davidson.

The Larson's are enterprising boys. Ed. has ventured on a business of his own and we give him good cheer and best wishes.

The new fire escapes at the grammar school are especially designed with a view to absolute safety.

Mr. Paul Rudolph writes from Boston that he is having a delightful time in the classic city.

Mrs. E. O. Grover returns from an extended visit to friends in Canada and is much benefited by the change.

Ten Dollars deposited monthly in the Highland Park with compound interest. Approx. in ten years to \$140.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Maxwell, a bride and groom of Martins Ferry, Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. Lester Ball on Second street last week.

Wanted—A broom to sweep St. John's Avenue, new side walks in southern Ravinia, and a street lamp in front of the Public Library.

Mr. A. L. Erickson of Highland Park, has left for a trip in the Catskill mountains, where he intends doing a little painting. He will return about November first.

Mr. Frederick Winchester well known to the older inhabitants of Highland Park surprised his many friends by a visit in town last week.

The new tennis courts at the High school are being put into first-class shape. The work is being done under the direction of Prof. Howard Hill.

The attempt to drain the slough at the foot of Central Avenue which was abandoned several months ago was a laudable one and should be resumed.

Mr. J. S. Nolan and family who have been occupying the home of Mr. E. O. Grover for two months will live in Dr. Ingalls house during the winter.

Mrs. Frank Ingalls leaves Highland Park for California, where she will spend the winter. Dr. Ingalls will accompany her and remain for a short time.

One of the good things accomplished during Ad. Leaming's reign as Acting Mayor has been the trimming of the shade trees on East Central Avenue.

Mr. Roger Wolcott, son of Dr. P. C. Wolcott, returned to this city for a brief visit a week ago Thursday. Mr. Wolcott will leave in the near future for Sewanee to enter the "Prep" school of the University of the south.

Miss Katherine Kenry has been a very welcome guest at the home of Miss Martha Longman for a week. Miss Kenry has many friends in Highland Park who will be glad to hear of her visit.

Two weeks at Charlevoix, Mich., has proven a fine tonic to our good citizen, Mr. E. P. Sedgwick, and his little boy. "Bob" thinks that this is an event big enough to be reported in the NEWS-LETTER. The Editor thinks so too, Robert. He has always thought a boy's own father was about the biggest event anyhow.

# ISSUES MISSING