

A VITAL SUBJECT

Some words of Abraham Lincoln
When there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birth place and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory.

Speech, February, 1842

There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer (liquor traffic); it must be eradicated; for until this is done, all classes must continue exposed to become the victims of strong drink. 1853

If the prohibition of slavery is good for the black man, the prohibition of the liquor traffic is equally good and constitutional for the white man. 1853

Under the license system the saloons multiply drunkards. 1853

Young man, put nothing in your mouth to steal away your brains. 1859

All that I am I owe to signing the temperance pledge. It was the turning point of my life. 1860

After reconstruction the next great question, will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic. April 13, 1865

Mr. Lincoln made no use of either whiskey or tobacco during all the years that I knew him. John Hay, 1894

NOTE. During all the time, under all the circumstances of Abraham Lincoln's presidency, how calm he was how cool, how thoughtful, how patient, how clear-headed, how practical, how courageous; yet never rash, firm but never stubborn, forgiving though never vacillating.

Old Hickory Chips

District Attorney Sim says, "The Standard Oil Company is not yet out of the woods." Pretty good thing for it these parlous times, we fancy.

A Boston doctor says, "Every one should swallow one dozen raw eggs every day." Does the good doctor mistake us for a nation of billionaires?

"Here lies a man," begins Poet Paul Cook in the Birmingham Age-Herald. Well, we suppose there is always room for one more in the Ananias Club.

That Toledo man with two hearts declares he will never marry. Probably he finds it impossible to fix both hearts' affections on the same lady.

The Roosevelt administration threatens to wind up in a blaze of glory, or something.

"The Winning of the South" by William Howard Taft promises to be quite as interesting a volume as "The Winning of the West" by Theodore Roosevelt.

Some men never experiment sufficiently with the truth to find out whether it pays or not.

So Charles P. Taft is to get nothing for his \$160,000 beyond a kind smile and the consciousness of duty well done.

Mr. Carnegie not only gives away library buildings, but he writes books to fill them. Can you beat it?

Will the Senate cease from troubling when the Teddies are at rest.

The Lord tempers the winter to the shorn coal bin.

Georgia is making Taft a splendid judge of good eating.

It sounds funny to hear the President tell the Senate to mind its own business.

Judge Landis thinks \$29,000,000 worth of fine entitles him to a rest in the Standard Oil case.

If they keep on putting jokers in the Postal Savings Bank bill, it will be a joke.

Every man who calls on Mr. Taft these days comes away with that mysterious "Cabinet possibility" look.

The girls who gets married this year will be able to hold their heads up proudly, knowing that they are free from suspicion.

It started out as the battle fleet; but its mission has turned out to be one of peace and mercy.

Banking character in Pittsburg appears to be pretty low.

Alabama has gone dry at last, but at the latest accounts Mobile has not succeeded.

Rather than free text books, some of the youngsters would prefer free baseball bats.

The female sex is making progress in one respect. It can select better Christmas cigars than it used to.

Pretty much all of the State of Ohio has climbed aboard the water wagon. Only a few "wet" counties are left.

POSSIBLY NAME WAS "LOOIE."

Anyway, Sleepy Passenger Objected to Being Called "Bill."

There was a passenger on a Chestnut street car the other day who was peacefully dozing—not, it was quite evident, through having had too little sleep, but through having had too much drink.

When the conductor approached for the fare the somnolent one paid no attention whatever, but continued to sojourn in the land of dreams.

"Hey, wake up! Give us yer fare there!" sang out the conductor. "Snore from Peaceful Valley. "Hey, wake up!"

Deep calm and content. The conductor grew more vehement. He leaned over and plucked the passenger's sleeve. With a start the somnolent one regained consciousness.

"Hey, Bill," remarked the conductor, "give us yer fare."

The other stared at the conductor. "Hurry up, Bill!"

"Bill" turned pale with fury.

"How—how!" he thundered, while all the other passengers jumped in alarm, "how you know my name ain't Looie?"

And until that was satisfactorily answered by the conductor there was no fare forthcoming.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROSE TO DIPLOMATIC HEIGHT.

Young Man Proved Decidedly Equal to the Occasion.

Harold visits on terms of intimacy a household that boasts of three good-looking sisters—Betty, Babbie and Ellen—and of these Harold has not yet quite made up his mind touching a certain important contingency.

On one occasion, when he had called early and no one was yet downstairs, Harold was half-dozing in a Morris chair in the library, when suddenly a pair of soft little hands covered his eyes and a sweet little voice commanded:

"Guess who!"

Immediately Harold was up a tree. He couldn't for the life of him determine whose voice it was—Betty's? Babbie's? Ellen's? A wrong guess would mean complications too awful to contemplate. Finally, however, a happy solution of the difficulty offered itself, and Harold blandly announced:

"It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world!"

"Dear Harold," murmured the young thing, as she removed her hands.—Lippincott's.

Doctors Thick in New York.

The proportion of physicians to the general population is probably greater in New York city than anywhere else in the country. In the United States, for example, taking the estimated population of the census bureau for 1908 as a basis, there is one licensed physician to every 709 persons; in New York state there is one to 672, and in New York city, one to only 653.

It has been estimated that the physician in general practice must have a clientele of 750 persons, or 150 families, to support himself and his family in comfort, so if this estimate is accurate the New York doctor is short an average of 100 patients, and many of course are further behind than that.—Medical Record.

Ruskin on Art Critics.

A. Stodart Walker tells of Ruskin throwing a large quarto at his head because he had dared to question the artistic excellence, in the matter of proportion, of Michael Angelo's "Moses" in Rome. After the throwing was over he asked: "How often have you seen it?" "Oh, half a dozen times," Stodart Walker answered with confidence in his side as to the result of such a reminder. "Good heavens," Ruskin cried, "no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months," adding after a pause, "and even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used them."

Pronunciation.

Here is what a recognized authority says on the subject: "In spoken language, pronunciation is the most striking element, and thus it happens that it is, more than any other one thing, the most obvious test of general culture. Even in a speaker of recognized

ability, his mispronunciations fall harshly upon the ear, and cause the hearer to suspect that his early, if not later, education has been wanting in polish, or that he has not been accustomed to the society of refined and cultivated people." Surely this writer does not overestimate the case or exaggerate, in any way, the importance of correct pronunciation.

Dishpan Suicide.

Race suicide has resulted in one commercial contraction that not even President Roosevelt ever counted on. It has caused dishpans to grow smaller.

"Where are the enormous dishpans of yesterday?" queried a woman shopper. "The kind that you could pile all the dishes used by a family of 12 into at one time?"

"They don't make them any more," said the clerk, "because there are no families of 12. Smaller families mean fewer dishes to wash, and the size of the dishpans has shrunk accordingly."

Taking Chances.

"He is a professional gambler, is he not?" "No, a professional gambler never takes chances."

"Does he take chances?" "He's going to get married."

IRVING THE ABSTEMIOUS ONE.

Poet Had Forgotten Finishing Bottle of Port Himself.

It was while Irving was rehearsing "Becket" that he told a story of Tennyson that has both pathetic and humorous significance. In the earlier days, when "The Cup" was in preparation, he had been to see Tennyson in the Isle of Wight to discuss his ideas for its presentation. After dinner the dessert and wine were set out upon a separate table and when they were seated the poet asked Irving if he would like a glass of port.

"Yes, I like a glass of port," replied the actor.

Upon which Tennyson, taking him at his word, poured him out a glass of port and, all unconsciously, finished the remainder of the bottle himself.

Next morning the actor had to leave and had therefore taken leave of his host overnight. But he had scarcely awakened when he saw Lord Tennyson sitting at the foot of his bed.

"How are you this morning?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Very well, indeed," was the guest's reply.

"Are you?" came the response, with just a tinge of doubt in the tones of the voice. "You drank a lot of port last night."

That was Tennyson's way of repenting after a bottle of port!

East for Their Ancestors.

The Chinese are rapacious eaters at the feasts which are given in honor of their ancestors. At these feasts the tables groan with all the good things which the most efficient cooks can provide—pork, snow white rice, pickled cucumbers, chickens, ducks and bird's nest soup. For some minutes before the feast the six or seven hundred men sit at the tables in silence. Then at a given signal begin the clinking of chopsticks and the noise of withdrawn breaths by which the Chinese cool the hot mouthfuls of rice which they shovel down their throats. Presently, when the hot samshu begins to work and the faces become flushed, a babel of voices fills the temple.

Irish Witty Before Fox.

Col. Nugent, commanding officer of the Irish guards, at the annual dinner of the Windsor and Eton chamber of commerce, told a story of an Irish soldier in the last war.

At dusk of a day throughout which they had been lying under heavy fire, an officer crawled up with orders for the battalion to assault, upon which the Irishman got up, shook himself and said: "And why not?"

On another occasion when a man screamed at the loss of a finger on the battlefield a sergeant shouted to him: "Hold yer row, yer cowardly skut; there's a mon over there who's lost his head, and he hasn't said a word."

The Decorations.

The housekeeping bride was particular to keep a flower or two in a vase on the dining-room table. One afternoon she came in late and started to arrange some roses when her colored maid exclaimed:

"Oh, you got some, did you? I was afraid you'd forget, seeing it was so late, and I knowed we had to have something green; so I just fixed it."

The bride went into the dining-room. In the center of the mahogany table stood one of her handsomest vases full of romaine salad leaves.

Between Managers.

"I hear you have a spicy show this season." "Yep." "Being denounced any?" "Not enough to help business much."

FORM WITHOUT THE SUBSTANCE.

Somewhat Mean Comparison Made of Profane Man.

The proprietor of a certain hotel in Maine is not only one of the kind and best hearted men, but also one of the most profane. He swears with a knowing it and means no offense. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of his guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church woman and will not stand it another day."

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor or that the one who was swearing was he.

"Do you happen to know who that man is?" he asked, before the manager could reply.

"No, I do not," she answered. "Well, I do," the proprietor continued; "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears that you do when you get down on your knees to pray." Lippincott's.

Circus Daring Due to Heredity.

Alfred T. Ringling tells me that nine-tenths of the leading performers before the public can be included in 30 families. As sharply defined any old English lineage, they can be traced backward in some instances more than two centuries—each generation accepting without question the heritage of spangles and tights. The circus daring and the circus muscle and the circus restlessness have descended from father to children and thence to children again. The thrill of the sawdust ring has got into the blood. From the parent trunk branches have crossed and crisscrossed until as in the case of the Clarkonlan and the Demotts and the Siegrist Florenzes, great circus lines have been built up and guarded with the zealous care of a royal genealogy.—Hugh C. Weir, in the Bohemian.

A Disciplinarian.

Miss Hobson was most popular with the two young and unmarried members of Centerville's school board. They did not propose to have any change of teachers in District Number Three.

"Do you think Miss Hobson pays quite enough attention to discipline?" suggested one of the elderly, married school committeemen one day.

"Discipline! Why, of course she pays a great deal of attention to it," asserted Ed Porter, hastily.

"We never had anybody else begin to pay as much," said Henry Lane. "Why, one afternoon I was in there at Number Three, and Miss Hobson spent the whole time—every minute of it—preserving order in that school room."—Youth's Companion.

Doctors for the Well.

There seems to be much to commend the practice of employing a doctor at so much per year to visit the homes of his clients, watch their diet, clothing, habits, the sanitary condition of their person and homes; to teach them the laws of health and how to be temperate in eating, drinking, bathing, exercising, recreation and work. People who are never sick are the ones to whom this should apply with special force, for there always comes the day when sickness knocks at their door. The old adage: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is as good to-day as when it was uttered centuries ago.—Boston Traveler.

Introducing Mr. Spencer.

Harry was walking with another boy when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered, pompously.

Harry twisted, reddened and at last turned to his companion with: "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.

"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more and jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"—Lippincott's.

FACE THE SUN.

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success.

You'll find what you look for, don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember I pray.

That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk;

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.

The worries will vanish, the work will be done;

No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

The North Shore Consolidated Gas Co. has reduced the gross amount of gas to \$1.10 per M., allowing a discount of 10 cents per 1,000 feet. This does not change the net amount which still remains at \$1.00 per M. Classified Advertisements

for Sale

A BARGAIN, 50 foot lot on the East side, all improvements, very cheap. Telephone 2532, Mrs. Aldridge.

A 100-acre farm at reasonable price. Apply to Mrs. Aldridge.

STEVENS CRACK-SHOT RIFLE 22 cal. S. L., & L., R., slightly marred but in good condition. L. L. Webster, Box 116.

STAR THEATRE—Good business proposition for right party. Apply at Central Cafe, Highland Park.

FOR SALE—Eight room cottage on Bloom Street. Cash and time. Tel. 2532. Mrs. ALDRIDGE.

100 FT. lot on Green Bay Rd. cash for cash. Mrs. Aldridge, tel 2532

A 10 horse power gas engine, new when installed in our printing house and used about 12 months. Will sell for cash or exchange for a Gordon Press. North Shore News Letter, Highland Park, Ill.

10 ROOM House on Sherman avenue: Evanston, for Highland Park vacant and cash. Mrs. Aldridge, 418 Glencoe ave., Highland Park Tel 2532

A GOOD family seven room house. Centrally located in Highland Park easy terms. Enquire News Letter Office.

CHOICE Wooded Real Estate, East and West sides; from \$7 to \$15 per foot; easy terms. Telephone 2532. x

WE Can Print anything from a Visitors Card at 75 cts. a hundred to a thousand page volume. North Shore News Letter. 16 Laurel ave. Phone 92.

FOR SALE—Splendid opportunity. Fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month for 50 and 100 foot lots. For particulars see Mrs. ALDRIDGE. 418, Glencoe avenue or Tel. 2532.

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10 ACRES of land within City limits of San Diego, Cal. or 40 acres of land in Marie Co., Mo. for vacant north shore property. Mrs. Aldridge, tel 2532 Highland Park.

Miscellaneous

INSURE your property with W. E. Brand.

DINING ROOM Girl for the Central Cafe. B. M. Seiler, Prop. Highland Park.

for Rent

FURNISHED Rooms electric lights, bath and etc., two, three and four dollars. Address Mrs. Aldridge Tel. 297.

FOR Rent or Sale two story 7 room house. Enquire News Letter office

Lost

MISSING, I think, between Brand's studio and the two cafes, ruby, like a seal ring signet in form; also triangular High school class pin, gold and blue with letters V. H. S. The girl at Brand's studio. 493-1.

PANCAKE DAYS
Are here and they taste so good if there is plenty of Maple Syrup to go with them.
F. W. SCHUMACHER
HAS THE PURE MAPLE SYRUP FOR SALE

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Candle Power
An absolute Necessity for these long Winter Evenings.
Call and Examine
ated Gas Co.
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ons giving information and conviction who destroyed and
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