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Highland
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News

Funeral of Alfred Keller

On Monday last at one thirty P. M. the Ebenezer church was crowded to its doors with the many friends who had gathered to pay their last respects to the body of Alfred Keller. It has been a long time since Highland Park has had such a gathering at a funeral service. Alfred was so well known and so well liked that his sudden death came as a great shock to the whole city. The funeral services were in charge of Rev. Wm. Dreier pastor of the church assisted by Rev. G. F. Corrier and B. R. Schultze.

During the service Mrs. Chas. Warren sang the songs: "Sometime We'll Understand", "I want to go there don't you" and "Jesus Savior Pilot me". Each one of the ministers present spoke in high terms of Alfred's character for good in the world and also brought home to the congregation present the necessity of preparing not only to die but to live. We might mention a part of Rev. Courrier's remarks who was a former pastor here. He said "I have come here not to comfort but to be comforted." Mr. Courrier lived with the Keller family while here and he told of many heart to heart and wonderful talks he had had with Alfred when they were alone in his study. He said that he could find comfort in the knowledge that Alfred is in Heaven and that in as much as Heaven was not far away those talks with the lad would go on just the same.

The casket was covered with flowers, those silent messengers of sympathy, and they told without words how much was thought of him. A short service preceded this at the house at one o'clock. The body was laid to rest in the Lake Forest Cemetery.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Keller and family wish to express their gratitude to the many friends for the helpfulness and sympathy shown them in their late bereavement.

Mrs. W. T. Underwood and sons Lovell and John left Wednesday for a few weeks' stay at White Lake.

Mrs. Samuel Knox has gone to Kansas for a few weeks.

Mr. Douglas Tibbits from Grand Rapids, Michigan is visiting with Mr. W. H. Olmstead and family. Mr. Tibbits expects to stay about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond who have been visiting Mrs. W. Ruffner of St. John's Place left Monday for New York en route for Europe. Mrs. Ruffner's mother Mrs. Underwood of Dayton is here for a few weeks.

The North Shore Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, met at Egandale last Monday afternoon to hear the report of the vice-regent, Mrs. Frederick Steele, who was a delegate from this Chapter to the last Continental Congress. The report was full of interesting facts told in a very happy manner. Mrs. S. E. Gross, ex-regent of the Chicago Chapter, was present and supplemented Mrs. Steele's report. Among the visiting daughters were two from Fort Sheridan, and a former Registrar-general from Washington, D. C. Egandale smiled a charming welcome from force of habit, and everybody enjoyed the afternoon.

Little Miss Mercedes Broderick of Chicago is spending a month with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Terry.

Mr. E. M. Steele has returned from New York.

Mr. J. P. Smith and family have moved into their new home on Prospect and Lake avenues. They have been living for several months at the Moraine.

Miss Mildred Mihills is visiting Mrs. Robey of Peoria.

Mr. David Holmes who has been traveling in the West during his vacation is expected home next week.

Miss Eleanor Smoot, who has been visiting friends here, has left for Southern California where she will join her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry from Chicago, spent Sunday with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Terry and family.

Mr. Douglas Hoffman has as his guests for the past week Harold Butters and Melville French.

Mr. H. L. Leroy of the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra has taken Mr. F. Main's cottage on Glenview ave. for the season.

Miss Priscilla Carver has returned from a ten days' visit at Green Lake where she has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Morgan.

Miss Josephine Paige of Highland Park has gone to Evanston for a few days and from there to her home in Iowa.

Mr. August Menard has taken Mrs. Mellin's cottage on South Second st. for the Damrosch Concert season.

Mrs. Stryker of New York is a guest of Mrs. Mary Rankin of Vine ave.

Miss Helen Obrien of West Central ave. has the measles.

Miss Alice Davidson and Master William Aldridge are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schaffler at their summer home near Saugatuck, Michigan.

Misses Belle and Marjorie Meade of Kansas City are visiting their aunt, Mrs. H. Coale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wean and daughter of Forest ave. left last Friday for a trip through Yellowstone Park.

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

(Born Aug. 6, 1809; Died Oct. 6, 1892.)

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred Lord Tennyson—Poet Laureate

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea.	Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.	For tho' from out our borne of time and place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have cross'd the bar.

Written after he was seventy-one of his last poems, and regarded by many as the greatest poem he ever wrote.

A British Poet's Centennial.

August 6, 1909.

One hundred years ago yesterday was born the author of "In Memoriam" from whence we catch the clarion notes: I hold it true with one who sings

To one clear harp with diverse tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The early years of the nineteenth century gave to the world the richest endowment of moral and intellectual worth that has perhaps ever come to this world of ours within a like period of time. And of all the years of that period the greatest for enrichment was 1809. That was the birth-year of Abraham Lincoln, William Ewart Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Edgar Allen Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mendelssohn and Alfred Tennyson.

Tennyson's career was marked almost from infancy for a poet's role. He was born in what Leigh Hunt calls "a veritable

Nest of Nightingales"

at Somersby, Lincolnshire, his father being the rector of the parish church.

Alfred was the fourth of a family of twelve children. He attended school at the ancient and pretty little town of Louth and he speaks of the four years spent there with disgust. Then for another period of four years he studied with his father who possessed an excellent library for a clergyman of that day. Graduating at Trinity College, Cambridge, he afterwards traveled with Arthur H. Hallam whom he dearly loved.

At the death of Wordsworth, in 1850 Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate of England. In 1892 he died and was honored with a national burial in Westminster Abbey, where his body lies beside that of Browning.

No better portrait of Tennyson's figure can be given than that drawn by his son, Hallam Tennyson:

Six feet high; broad chested and strong-limbed; his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids; his forehead ample; crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised; his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's but of great size and strength.

The Poet's Beginnings.

It is said that Tennyson's first verses were written on a slate. While the family were at Church he filled the slate on both sides with blank verse finely written. He was but a child of five when he heard the downpour of heavy rain and rushing outdoors cried, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind."

When eleven years old he wrote an ode upon the death of his grandmother for which his grandfather gave him half a guinea (\$2.60), remarking as he did so, "There's the first money you have earned by writing poetry and it will be the last."

Tennyson enjoyed the friendship of the greatest Englishmen of his time, and, as we have seen, there was never a greater group than in that first half of the nineteenth century.

Such men as Wordsworth, Browning, Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Mill—these were his contemporaries.

Tennyson's Value.

The world sets high value upon the material wealth and it is useless to ignore its importance, but the higher values are those which come to us through great intellects guided by high moral character.

And it is this that makes immortal such a man as Tennyson. His poetry is like:

"Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all
Time
Sparkle forever."

Such men do not think in grooves or speak as chatterers. There is inspiration and upward trend in their words which live and lift others as well as themselves.

Tennyson has left to us all a message that links death to life and earth to heaven. It is the complement of the twenty-third psalm which says:

"Sunset and Evening Star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

A Week of Accidents.

An unusual number of accidents have occurred this week in our vicinity. Beginning Sunday an automobile was run into by a Milwaukee Electric car and several people were hurt but none seriously. The same afternoon two soldiers were drowned in the lake at Fort Sheridan. The body of one of the soldiers, Minor S. Stanton, was found by comrades Wednesday afternoon; the other body has not yet been recovered.

Early Wednesday morning a soldier by the name of Jos. Gardner, Co. D, 10th Infantry of Camp Benjamin Harrison was found near the North Western tracks at Fort Sheridan. The body was frightfully mangled. It is not known just how he was killed, but the supposition is general that he was intoxicated and unable to get out of the way of an approaching train.

Thos. Thomson was killed Wednesday morning at Fort Sheridan by the train which reaches Highland Park at 10:33. He became confused by trying to cross the tracks in front of the on-coming train.