

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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Cowardly Weapons

It may be doubted whether, with all our boasted progress, we have made any real advance in the primary virtues of higher manhood. If we have gained in plate and polish have we made any progress in solid worth and sterling metal? Is the average man of modern civilization more truly honest, courageous and unselfish, than in the days when men and women were chateaus, or when, as savages, they loved their own tribe but hated and fought their rivals? Is the modern bandit an improvement on the ancient highwayman?

We have hospital equipment with surgeons and trained nurses but we have multiplied sufferers and intensified suffering by war weapons which sweep down hundreds instead of one for every single blow.

We talk eloquently of life-saving stations while we multiply life-killing mines and motors. We enact laws which declare that all men are equal but which provide gateways of procrastination and evasion for the man with money while it grinds instantly to powder the poor and the helpless.

We are generous as men ever were, towards our elect friends and families, but we are as bitter and exacting toward a rival or a debtor as though we had never heard the Lord's prayer.

Under civilization we have modified some of the more brutal forms of conduct both in sport and law but we have made all too available and popular, the most brutal toy of modern civilization. There is no more cowardly instrument on earth than a common pistol. A revolver or six shooter is the fitting weapon of the braggart and the boaster and the most dangerous of weapons in the hands of a youth or a drunkard.

According to law no citizen is permitted to carry concealed weapons but one never hears of a street fight or a saloon riot but the revolver plays a part and society has to take care of the murdered and the murderer.

We are not pessimists—far from it. We believe that the New Year of 1910 will be the herald of higher conditions and possibilities than this world ever saw. We believe that the wonderful advance of applied science and the magnificent evolution of educated manhood is bringing us steadily onward toward a revival of true ethical life and applied Christ laws such as the world has never seen.

But for the very reason we think this a good time to protest that the deadly and cowardly weapon hidden in a man's pocket is neither manly or lawful and that among the things to swear off for the new year is the pocket revolver.

COMES once more from Washington the rumor that there is talk of asking Speaker Cannon to resign. There is no reason to believe though that any of the talk is being uttered directly to Uncle Joe, unless it might be over the long distance telephone. Even then Mr. Cannon's reply would be likely to melt the wire.

Where Speaker Cannon Errs

Speaker Cannon, in defending his arbitrary rule of the national house of representatives, recalls that former speakers were open to the charge which is made against him. Speaker Reed is named by the present wielder of the gavel as one of the most notable of his predecessors whose example he is following.

Speaker Cannon, of course, is not the only man, nor the first man, to dominate a legislative body in an arbitrary manner. In our state legislature and in political conventions, as well as in the national house of representatives, the power of the gavel frequently has been used in such a manner as to cause bitter complaint. But everywhere except in the national house of representatives it is gradually disappearing in the face of growing popular disapproval.

Speakers of state legislative assemblies are not nearly so arbitrary as they were a dozen or more years ago. As a means of doing away with the evil of conventions ruled by the gavel, direct primaries are being instituted in many states. In the national house of representatives, however the rule of the presiding officer appears to be growing more and more arbitrary as the years pass.

Speaker Cannon's offending lies not so much in the fact that he has followed the practice of former speakers as in the fact that he has set his face like flint against the general movement for reform. He has vented personal spleen upon the advocates of reasonable modification of the house rules in the interest of broader control. He is showing himself a hopeless reactionary. He remains a supporter of the old order after the hour of better things has struck.

Joseph Cannon is of a former era. He is of the stone age of American politics. An archaeological curiosity, he cumbers the field of action on which men of the modern time have important tasks to perform. Antioch Advertiser.

New Year's is a grand, an inspiring occasion, for it is always saturated with hope. We are wont to scoff at and deride it as a day when men make good resolutions only to break them; when they turn over new leaves, as it is called, merely to turn them back again. They want, they hope to be better, and but few of them are so. They determine to advance, and if they do advance they slip back. Their failures are many, are continuous, and often excite laughter. But it is worthier to determine and decline, to hope and be disappointed, than not to determine or hope at all. Determination and hope add to our content, or at least diminish our discontent, and they are born of New Year's. The great need of human life is content, never attainable. And through New Year's we are deluded into belief of possibility. Therefore welcome be New Year's not for what it gives, but for what it promises to give.

THE days, weeks and years slip away like water in a running stream. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely the moments pass, and our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught. Keep the memory of joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnered wealth of the days behind. The years pass, but they leave their treasure with us, if our hands and heart are open to receive them.

as with one hand we shall say farewell to 1909 let us stretch out the other hand to warmly greet and welcome 1910.

There Are No Self Made Men.

The philosophers decided it when they said, not that "nothing beyond me concerns me," but that "it is an eternal error to hold that one is an individual at all." The life of the whole, spiritually and physically, pulses in every pulse beat of our most individual life. There are no self-made men. No man is what he is through himself alone.

Each man enters into a world which he did not make. He is supported by a capital on whose aggregation numberless generations of toilers have worked. The most important values which have become the common property of all he has received from others. Even in his personal equipment, in his endowment, in his character he has entered upon a heritage whose scope and history no one can calculate. The best in the life of any of us is a debt which we owe to others.

Other men have labored and we are entered into their labors. We eat the fruit which, apart from our care, has grown upon the tree of life. The best that we know, the spiritual treasures of humanity, the language we speak, the songs we sing, the truths we possess, the views of life we share—all this and such as this did not spring from our care for our own private selves alone, but from the great, all prevailing impulse to live and labor for others.

Modern science gives us an intimation of the vast, illimitable fund of life, of strength and love which is stored up in our own life. A superintending parental love has hovered over the birth of every living being in the infinite series of our forebears, without which it would have perished; and the whole sum of this infinite, loving care has passed on to us by heredity. All that has been done and attempted by each individual member of the long, long series of which we too are members, all that has been suffered and fought for, has left its trace in us, has taken shape in our lives.

No, there is nothing in the idea that a man is self-made. Like all untruth and half truth, it reverages itself upon the man who cherishes it. Self-made, self-dependent men are condemned to think only of themselves and of their own interests, and thus ultimately become the most miserable of all creatures. Man must have men to whom he can pay a part of the great debt which he assumed with his life itself, else his life is not worth living else he soon knows joy no longer, else his spirit soars not, else he is only a worm that bites the dust.

Glad He Stopped Praying

Little Bob, who for some months had invariably ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterward he was carried into his mother's room very early one morning to see twin boys who had arrived during the night. Bob looked at the babies critically, and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying, or there'd been three of them."—The Delineator.

Special Assessment Notice.

All who are interested in Special Assessments are hereby notified that the current installment is now due and payable at the office of the City Collector, 105 West Central Avenue, Highland Park, Ill. Please call, or send for bills. Office open from 9 o'clock a. m. until 9 p. m. Telephone 2741. T. M. DOOLEY, City Collector.

One Serious Deficiency.

Miss Chatter is a sort of talking machine, isn't she? No, not a perfect machine; she lacks the 'exhaust.'—Baltimore American.

Notice to Stockholders.

You are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Highland Park State Bank for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House of the Bank (No. 21 St. Johns Ave., S. E.) in the City of Highland Park, Illinois, on Saturday January 8th. A. D. 1910, between the hours of four and six o'clock p. m. D. A. HOLMES, Cashier. Highland Park, Ill., Dec. 27, 1909.

Why Not Give Your Wife A Christmas Present

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Followed Orders.

Charlie—"what have you been doing to your face, dear boy?" Percy—"I tried to shave myself this morning." Charlie—"What on earth for?" Percy—"The doctor told me I ought to take more exercise."—Punch.

A Street Dialogue.

"There she goes, the belle of the town. She has beautiful eyes. I don't you think so?" "I can cheerfully testify that she has one beautiful eye. I couldn't see the other on account of her flapped hat."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Bad Case.

"What seems to be the matter?" "I'm troubled with insomnia." "Can't sleep nights, eh?" "I can't even sleep mornings."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Formal Romance.

"I enjoyed this book." "But is it a proper story for a young man to read?" "Absolutely madam. The heroine never sees the heroine except in the presence of a chaperon."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Specially Fortified.

"Bliggins says he thinks he would like to go into the diplomatic service." "But he stutters terribly?" "That's where he is strong. He says to think at least twice before he says anything."—Washington Star.

Nothing To It

"Do you believe that there is anything in this mental malpractice we are reading so much about these days?" "Mental mal which?" "Mental malpractice. Do you believe that we can cause a person to die by putting our minds to the work and continuously wishing them dead?" "Do I believe that?" "Yes; do you believe it?" "You haven't heard of my rich uncle being dead, have you?"—Houston Post.

"Was it a quiet wedding?" "Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel right before the clergyman, did you?"

Women's Votes.

Elder Sister—"Do you want women to vote?" Younger Sister—"No." Elder Sister—"Why?" Younger Sister—"Because I like to hear about the suffragettes."—Punch.

Continuous.

"What are the follies of 1909?" "Just like those of any other year; writing love letters, speeding automobiles, rocking the boat, going on thin ice and leaving off overcoats."—Boston Herald.

Graphic Variations.

"Civilization," remarked the cannibal king, "promotes some strange ideas." "To whom do you especially refer?" inquired the missionary. "Among you the ultimate consumer is regarded with sympathy. Here he is considered very lucky."—Washington Star.

All Kinds.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said the reader-made philosopher. "Certainly," answered the plain person; "look at explorers. Some of them excel with mathematical instruments and some with typewriters and picture machines."—Washington Star.

No Hope For the Losers.

"There's this about a football score," said Uncle Henry Butterworth, "later returns can't change the results."—Kansas City Times.

Before He Skips.

Should you call a cashier who buys a yacht a skipper. "No; we would call him into the private office."—Buffalo Express.

His Ambition.

"The bookworm is called the unicinara duodinalis." "And Rockefeller is trying to shorten that to 'Dinnis.'"—Houston Post.

fort S Lieut. an tained on St the Misses M visiting Lieut Mr. and daughter, M mas holiday Mrs. Benj Park. On Thurs Case enter Mrs W. Brown hav where they weeks. Misses K been the b Fries for th turned to th The card Tuesday rooms were who enjoy and danc Major T. the meetin Captain went an op is much again. The La last week president and treasu noon was f guests her ston and netka. Mrs. C her niece. Major in the nea Col. W taking ad Lieut. ham. Ala holidays Lieuten spending in Boston Lieut. an in South gone to his fath Lieut. C Plissing ham is in some wit Miss last wee Lieut. and Mrs sailing will go to Col. honor of Sunday. Miss B a sabre when L Lieut. Yount