

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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H. P. DAVIDSON, Proprietor. R. M. BURGESS, Managing Editor. FREDERICK C. DE LANG, Associate Editor. Glencoe.

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TOWN ELECTION.

Possible Candidates for the Several Offices.

Supervisor, H. M. Prior; Town Clerk, Albert Larson; Assessor, W. E. Brand, James Duffy; Collector, August Benson, Fred Schaefer and Wm. Obee; Commissioner, Joe. Mooney and William Witten.

A change in term of office under the new primary law makes this election very important. Clerk, Assessor and Collector to be elected for the term of two years, whereas before for one year.

Voters and especially property owners, are cautioned to select the best men, men who have no selfish motive, but rather the peoples interest in mind.

SIN'S WAGES

The Following is A True Story

And there need be no comment made as to the lesson to be learned from such a life. The story was written in Mr. Farwell's office.

Ever was the story the same, history ever has duplicated itself, "The Wages of Sin is Death."

Three score years almost have passed since I began a career which gave promise of abundant fruition, nothing was lacking in the way of the environments that give every facility to attain to education, wealth, rank and station in life—in short, to gratify the ambition of the most earnest heart, to satisfy the longings of the most eager, serious soul, to fulfil a destiny such as crowns man as but little lower than the angels.

A father whose devotion to me was of universal comment, whose very soul was wrapped up in my daily life, who gloried in the successes of my earlier days, who stood with ready hand and open purse to assist me in every possible way—struggling in every manner known to the parental heart to make of me a man, a prop, a support and comfort for his declining years—died at four score, broken hearted at the failure I had made of life, the shipwreck I had made of faith and my lack of that sustaining hope to the Everlasting God which buoyed his spirit up to the very moment of its departure from the mortal casket.

After the lapse of years there rings in my ears the substance of the last interview I had with him. He was then approaching 80; feeble in health, broken in spirit by reason of my erratic career and my continued and successive failure to attain to that station in life he had planned, hoped and prayed for, he stood before me—not as an accusing spirit, not with reproachful eyes, not with words of censure or blame on his tongue—but he gazed long and earnestly at me as I sat there feeling deeply the depth of trouble into which I had caused him for more than two score years.

But not one word of reproach fell from his lips. Not one censure did he utter. He had in his eyes a look that I shall not forget to my dying day. In the silent watches of the night during the years since he has passed away, often there has come to me that look of tenderness and love with which he accompanied his talk to me. And bitter has been my grief, and ever will be, that I was the

contributory cause to the greater part of all the griefs, heart-aches and sorrows that came into his life, that bowed his aged head and sent him sorrowing to the grave.

"My son," he said. "It is not in the natural order of things mortal that I be long with you here. My journey is almost over, my race almost run. I could go down to my grave in peace did I but see you with these mortal eyes walking among the righteous, living as you should live, fitting yourself for that future which comes to all—which is to me so near. But I have a containing faith that God in his infinite mercy will watch over and guard you—will sustain and comfort you and ultimately bring your immortal spirit into the haven of eternal rest."

"Seriously has it tried my faith in the years of your checkered career to believe that you would finally seek the pardon of that God whose love and mercy you have spurned, whose loving kindness you have repaid with heedless neglect and whose offers of help you have not sought. But ever in my soul came the assurance, firm and never wavering, that God in his infinite mercy would bring you to him ere it was not yet too late."

"In the days of your early infancy I dedicated you to the Saviour. You received the sacred rites of baptism and became a child of the church—as already you were a child of the living God and my child. And as I say—throughout your entire career, stormy though it has been and grievously as it has tried my heart, never have I lost the sustaining faith in your salvation."

That father long since has passed to his reward. His faith has not been rewarded, but ever deep in my own heart there is a longing, an emptiness, a feeling of want and weariness, calling out through the blackness of the night for God, for His help in the blank life I am living, and although this help divine has not yet come in, these latter years there was a period when I knew, felt and enjoyed it.

I united myself with the church and experienced the full measure of God's forgiving love. I lived for a time the only happy days that have come to me since the years of boyhood. Business cares, family troubles and sorrows, indifference to the means of Grace combined with confidence in my own power to resist the evil influences of other days caused me to fall back into those habits which had ensnared me and held a dominion over me such as those only know who have been so enslaved.

And so I have since remained, neglecting all the means of building up and embracing all the opportunities for weakening my powers of resistance of sin. I have gone on down—down—sunk in the very slough of the darkest despair—but ever out of the blackness of the night of sin in which I grope—there comes the voice of that father whose faith was so sublime, so far reaching in its scope and gives me the only hope which there remains for me. I hear his words again—"I have a sustaining faith that God in His infinite mercy will ever watch over and guard you—will sustain and comfort you—and ultimately bring your immortal spirit into the haven of eternal rest."

Sad and bitter have been the years of my downfall. Before I had tasted the joys of living close to God I knew not how great they were; and now that I have wandered from him and rejected his love and salvation, I know not one moment of happiness. Every laugh is forced, every smile simulated, save when the devil's antidote for sorrow and grief holds sway. Alcohol and its twin demon—morphine—but numb the sensibilities and give temporary success for sorrow.

These agencies hold such dominion over man that he becomes a mere automaton, as regards his action and conduct, but ever aware that he is going down the broad way to Hell, ever conscious that each day parts him farther and farther from God. Realize as he may his condition and the inevitable results both as to this life and the one to come never may he hope for absolute, and complete abolition from the death-dealing and hell-entailing habit save through the sustaining power and help of God. Human agencies may avail for temporary relief, drugs and chemicals and panaceas may give promise of eradicating the deadly appetite, but only through the Grace of God, applied and sustained daily, comes the complete victory.

No one can know this from theory as it becomes known by experience. To me it has been made plain that God can and will lift up the fallen victim of alcohol. He will give the only power that can overcome this death-dealing habit. I know whereof I speak, for He did this for me, and had I but relied on Him, and not on my poor weak self I would have been today a different man—bound

Heavenward instead of waiting the certainty of a drunkard's death a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell

I live now with but one hope, one last anchor to cast out to save me from inevitable destruction both as to soul and body. If I receive not again the power of God all that man can do will avail nothing. My soul is crying out in helpless agony and despair for no one knows so well as I how certain is the fate that awaits me should relief not come quickly.

I ask the earnest prayer of any one who shall hear this sad recital. I ask God's people to join in petition that I may be freed from the slavery which is sending my immortal soul down the broad way which leads to Hell.

One with prospects as bright as the most ambitious could desire—once wearing the uniform of the U. S. Navy, afterwards that of a Captain of the National Guard, a practicing attorney with unusual success for several years, the author of literature that is standard authority throughout the world, being several hundred pages of Encyclopaedia Britannica; serving in the Editorial Department of Chicago's great dailies—all of this and much more yet sacrifice was made of everything leading up to all that is good, high and lofty in this life and nothing save suffering, misery, degradation and the certainty of a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, received in exchange.

And still another chain has the devil forged for me and in man's ignorant folly and in my own weakness has it been fastened as a manacle, blinding me as powerless as an infant. Even more terrible than alcohol in its damning effects on both body and soul opium stands as the devil's arch ally, deadening the spiritual as well as the physical sensibilities. The combination of these twin agents of destruction—these forces which drag down both body and soul, consigning the one to a dishonoured grave—the other to everlasting hell—prove more than the power of man, alone and unaided by a higher power, may hope to overcome.

Either is more relentless with its victims than the most wild and ravenous of beasts with their prey. While one is destroying the physical forces of man, the other attracts his immortal soul and lost is he who has succumbed without the intervening power of God to hold him in the way that leads to eternal life.

No one knows so well, so fully and perfectly realize those truths as does the one who is travelling the broad way to hell losing each day his physical and mental powers, shunned by former friends and acquaintances, often lacking even the smallest necessities of life. With his very soul embittered he goes on almost unconscious of the flight of time, weary of the burden of life and anxious for the end to come—restrained from suicide only by the animal love of life and fear of death.

But through the black pall of despair which enthalls me there ever shines a star—a glimmering ray of hope which is all that is left to buoy up my grief stricken heart. These are the prophetic words of my father as I have given them herein.

"I have a sustaining faith that God in His infinite mercy will ever watch and guard you—will sustain and comfort you—and ultimately bring your immortal spirit into the haven of eternal rest."

Old, broken in health, almost alone in the world, I am coming close to the mark of three score years and am of all men the most miserable with but the one hope, and that is the prayer of my father will be answered.

I would that I had the prayers of God's people in this time of most supreme trouble, for I recognize that alone I am utterly powerless to avert the same.

Dear Mr. Farwell:— The end has come to my career as it comes finally to all who walk in the broad way that leads to death. I cannot even get down to see you. My bare feet show through my shoes. I have no underwear, save a summer undershirt and still worse the vermin. I am writing you as I would write to no other living person for you are the only earthly friend I have. In the name of our common God, do not desert me in the hour of supreme trouble. Two nights' lodging were paid and tonight I should have to go to the Police Station if I did not get some help, and to you alone I can look. The only thing I can see is for application to be made for me to be taken to the County Hospital. If you would make the application, I would have good treatment on account of the prominent position you occupy. I gathered from what you said that Mr. xxxx will not help me any more. I

should not expect it, for he has expended for me and my boys more than \$1,000.00 in the past 10 years, with obligation other than the distasteful relationship of our grandmothers' sisters.

If you can find in your heart to help me this last time I shall ask no more, I would suggest that you determine your own mind from what Mr. xxxx said whether my trying to get into the hospital can be avoided? It may be that they will not consider my bad enough to receive me. If they do not then it is Dunning as a last resort.

If it is possible I should take extra underclothing for they would burn what I have on. Shoes I could get along without as I suppose the ones I have will do in the house.

All my underwear and shirts, coats etc. are held for a \$ at the Laundry Office and at the place where I roomed. Mr. xxxx would repay you any expense you would be at in sending me to the hospital or to Dunning if the matter was explained to him. By rights I should go clean and decent. That and a note from you would make all the difference in the world in the way I was treated.

2 laundry bundles are at xxx St. My other things are at xxx where I roomed. The laundry I have at my rooming house is held for rent.

Yours x x x x x x x Chicago, January 4th 1910

On Sunday December 26th 1909 the orders of a physician who examined Mr. xxxx at our request, Mr. xxxx was sent to the Cook County Hospital. His condition was found to be very bad. He died December 31st 1909 at 6:45 p. m. This man told me that he had used liquor, morphine, and cigarettes for about twenty-five years.

Yours very truly, Arthur Burrage Farwell, President Chicago Law and Order League.

Glencoe News

The Diligent Dozen Club of Glencoe gave a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wm. Schurz. Mrs. Benjamin Newhall was in charge of the entertainment committee.

The Woman's Library Club of Glencoe held its regular monthly meeting Thursday afternoon. Mrs. H. B. Boardman gave a review of the "Memors of C. Schurz."

The Theatres

Just because bookings at the Grand Opera House make it necessary "The Fourth Estate" to leave the theatre on Saturday evening, February 19th., George C. Tyler of the production firm of Liebler and Company, does intend to take this enormously successful newspaper play away from Chicago.

Three months of "sold out" hours with an advance sale that runs into the five figure class, has convinced him that "The Fourth Estate" is the biggest dramatic plum picked this season and he intends to duplicate the run of "The Man From Home" which first occupied the Studebaker and later the Chicago Opera House, and the "The Melting Pot," first at Grand and then on Washington Street playhouse. Not a performance in Chicago will be lost, for on Sunday evening, February 20th., "The Fourth Estate" will re-open, this time at Studebaker where the sale of seats has already progressed with unprecedented enthusiasm while two lines of prospective ticket purchasers extend from the box-office to Michigan Avenue. It isn't often that a play attains such popularity that it can move from one theatre to another without appreciable loss of patronage.

Long rows of ticket buyers waiting to purchase seats checks for performances from days to two weeks distant mean something to those who are versed in the lore of theatricals. "The Fourth Estate" is J. M. Patterson and Harry Ford's play of contemporary newspaper life which has commanded magazine and daily paper space attention than anything produced within recent years. Its cast will remain unchanged when the opening occurs at the Studebaker Sunday evening.

During this engagement, the Studebaker will, as usual have a performance every evening, including Supper with a popular matinee each Wednesday and a regular matinee Saturday.

Looks as if the President could get something from Mr. Aldrich he wants.

There is no chance for a quarrel with Explorer Charcot. He says himself that he did not reach the Pole.

Mayor Gaynor has provided for but one of Tammany's 35 district leaders. Another victory like the last and the Tiger will have nothing left but the pelt.

The baseball schedules are being discussed and adopted. This is a sign of spring which is not to be denied.

It is still possible for some one to suggest that Mr. Peary be retired as a major-general.

Philadelphia has no intention of adopting reform government so long as the graft holds out.

Everybody is from Missouri, Mr. Peary; you have not proven any more than Dr. Cook.

It was decidedly mean for the cross-examining lawyer to bring out the fact that Mr. Moe, who carried the bribe money to distinguished legislators in Albany, had been the superintendent of a Sunday-school.

John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, tells a New York reporter that he never knew rest until he left Congress. Neither did Congress.

Fate pursues Mr. Fairbanks. Now he is found dining with a Mr. Tiptle.

As we understand Joseph W. Fordney the Creator has done little or nothing for this country, and only the Republican party's high protection has saved it.

A frank statement from Funkville Harvey Garlitz, of Oakmont, was calling on the fair sex Sunday.

A gold medal and a vote of thanks are what Commander Peary will probably get from Congress. Why doesn't Congress merely subscribe to the magazine he's writing for, and let it go at that?

Members of the Typewriter Pioneers' Union will scorn Mr. Glavis since his confession that he writes articles for nothing.

What they grilled out of Glavis was hot stuff for Ballinger.

Republican Congressional fences will need lots of mending.

It certainly is kind in Cook to let us all off so easily.

Tammany never could see any use in economy, anyhow.

It is currently believed that the Lodges report on the tariff will be favorable to the tariff.

Do the suffragettes want suffrage or bridge whist.

The Consolidated Gas Company's watered stock must have been what caused the flood in Paris.

Mr. Taft points out that one way to avoid prosecution is not to break the law.

The President of the New York Cotton Exchange is shocked to hear that anyone considers speculation gambling.

Better get engaged now; diamonds are going up in price.

How does the author of the Anti-tipping bill ever get anything to eat in Washington?

Some one must have deceived that sturdy friend of the common people, Nelson W. Aldrich in his support of a central bank; Ex-Secretary Shaw says Standard Oil will control the central bank.

A country's protests should be considered, as well as its ballots.

The weather chief and his assistants might as well enjoy 40 days leave of absence.

The weather bureau suspects the hydrographic office of stealing its thunder. Why not accuse the ground hog?

Look out for trouble when the ultimate consumers are handed the official solution of the high cost of living problem.

County Court of L

Docket No.

Notice is hereby given interested that on January 4th 1910 in the County Court of Illinois, praying for ment, the just compensation for private property or damaged for acquisition for construction works for Ravinia sewer 155, in the City of County of Lake and State and that thereafter were duly appointed to investigate and report pension to be made for improvement and what benefited by such in that thereafter due proceedings were had in Court in accordance with the provisions of the statute and provided, where confirmation for benefit assessed therein duly entered in the amount of \$10,000, and judgments on property therein to be aged were duly entered aggregating \$16,400.00 deficiency between said confirmation for benefit judgments on awards be taken or damaged \$11,400.00; whereupon referred said matters sioners heretofore app whether or not the assessed would be a greater amount and if any, or whether or property not heretofore be benefited by said if so, to what amount ance with their find additional assessment deficiency, to-wit: \$ pursuant to said ord the said commissioner report and additional said deficiency and ha in said court on the ruary, 1910.

Application will be County Court for cost said deficiency assessed day of March, 1910, at or as soon thereafter of the court will per may be filed to said ment on or before t March, 1910.

DAVID ROBERT WILLIAMS

Dated Highland Park 21, 1910

Momentary Lapse

"Gentlemen," said rising again to his feet us this evening a man whom I am sure to hear; a distinguished of, in short, of his human endeavor; one household word all land of ours; one abstract and entertain pleasure, gentleman. Here he stopped to ice water.

"I have the pleasure introducing—" At this point he was of coughing.

"Of introducing, gentlemen, here he took another of ice water.

"The pleasure, get as the honor of introducing Hon. Blighprjmlmquist, who will now