

North Shore News-Letter

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EDITORIALS

THE EFFECTS OF WHISKEY.

It was when Mr. Hanley was governor of Indiana that he made the whiskey ring tremble by his bitter denunciation of the traffic. The following is but a brief extract from a two hours speech delivered in Des Moines and other places three years ago. He said:

Personally, I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heart-aches, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws.

I bear no malice towards those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its intolerance. I hate it for its arrogance. I hate it for its hypocrisy. I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretenses. I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price.

I hate it for its domination in politics. I hate it for its corruptive influence in civic affairs. I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men. I hate it for its utter disregard of law. I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compact of State constitutions.

I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hand it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens. I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused. I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potters' fields.

I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes on its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation. I hate it for the crimes it has committed. I hate it for the homes it has destroyed. I hate it for the hearts it has broken. I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness.

I hate it for the grief it causes woman-hood—the scalding tears. I hate it for the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burdens of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless; for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children, for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

I hate it as virtue hates vices, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in the republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic; the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars.

PATRIOTISM AND HOLIDAY OBSERVANCE

The commemoration of the day on which American independence was born has been allowed to lose much of its significance as a reminder of Providential favor and of the inflexible patriotism of the fathers of the republic, and has nearly degenerated into a revel of senseless noise and aimless explosion, leaving in its train far more of mishap and accident than lessons of good citizenship or pride of country.

We, in common with Christian nations everywhere, celebrate Christmas, but how much less as a day commemorating the birth of the Redeemer of mankind than as a day of hilarity and the interchange of gifts.

His faith in God, and the fortitude of his faith, taught those for whom he wrought that the surest strength of nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm.

The American people need to-day the example and teachings of Washington no less than those who fashioned our nation needed his labors and guidance; and only so far as we commemorate his birth with a sincere recognition of this need can our commemoration be useful to the present generation.

"I think I see a path as clear and as direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality is necessary to make us a great and happy people. Happily, the present posture of affairs, and the prevailing disposition of my countrymen promise to cooperate in establishing those four great and essential pillars of public felicity."

We have fallen upon a time when it behooves every thoughtful citizen, whose political beliefs are based on reason and who cares enough for his manliness and duty to save them from barter, to realize that the organization of the party of his choice needs watching, and that at times it is not amiss critically to observe its direction and tendency.

I protest that I have not spoken in a spirit of pessimism. I have and enjoy my full share of the pride and exultation which our country's material advancement so fully justifies. Its limitless resources, its astonishing growth, its unapproachable industrial development and its irrepressible inventive genius have made it the wonder of the centuries.

The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly, burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity?—Selected.

If worst comes to worst remember that the crop of peanuts is growing larger every year.

In the tribe of whales with whiskers do the lady whales have back hair?

BOYS AND THE FARM.

The department of agriculture is proving its value constantly in many ways, but in none more definitely and clearly than in the encouragement of American youth to adopt the cultivation of the soil as a career. It is vitally essential that the children of farmers should themselves till the land their fathers and their grandfathers have tilled, says the Washington Star. They are potentially the best farmers. If they move to the city to learn trades or to enter the professions or drift inefficiently through life, somebody must take their places to grow the crops essential to the feeding of the people. A dangerous tendency exists toward the elimination of the small farmer and the substitution of the syndicate, or the large individual holder of land. This destroys competition at the source of the necessities of life. It tends unmistakably to higher prices and to the increase in the number of non-producing individuals. Only by making the farm attractive and profitable can any headway be made against this city-drifting disposition, with its inevitable consequence of dangerous concentration. The telephone, the electric car, the rural free delivery and to some extent the good roads movement have all contributed to lessen the disadvantages of rural existence. Now comes science, leading to an increase in the profits and in the dignity of farming. It is important that the competition among the boys in the south which has just been brought to so successful a conclusion should be extended into all parts of the country.

In the matter of dress we have fallen upon a decline since the days when the Duke of Wellington was refused admission to Almack's because he was wearing trousers instead of breeches and silk stockings, says the London Chronicle. Even Almack's, however, had to admit trousers within its closely guarded portals the following year. When Gladstone was "up" at Oxford the reign of the dandies was in full swing. When late in life he revisited the university to lecture to the undergraduates on Homer he was asked by G. W. E. Russell whether he noticed any difference between his audience and the men of his own time. "Yes," he replied, "in their dress an enormous change. I am told that I had among my audience some of the most highly connected and richest men in the university, and there wasn't one whom I couldn't have dressed from top to toe for £5."

The incongruity of things appear strongly in the objections one can note in the New York papers with regard to Central Park. For two or three years the press of New York has been mourning because the soil fertility of that pleasure ground is not kept up. Now they are up in arms over a reported intention to dump street rubbish in that park. Yet if there is any quicker and cheaper way to restore worn-out soil in a large city than to fertilize with the street sweepings we have yet to learn of it.

Scientists announce that the earth will have grown so cold in a million years from now that men will freeze to death at the equator. Still, the women will probably be able, even then, to be comfortable with short sleeves and shoes that expose their ankles.

That London newspaper man who has been doing America in 38 hours will probably get as much good out of the trip as some foreigners who have spent six months in trying to make up their minds about us. But his feat wasn't worth while.

"Grahame-White has earned \$85,000 with his aeroplane during the past season." Being a successful aviator appears to be even better than being a "Ty" Cobb," says the Chicago Record-Herald. It is, until the aviator breaks his neck.

French aviators fell 600 feet in an aeroplane and were not hurt. Fate favors the bold, but then fate is also notoriously capricious, so experiments need not go on, depending on fate's favors.

Last year Uncle Sam smoked 7,000,000 cigars and consumed 163,000,000 gallons of spirits, which is speedy even for uncle.

CURE FOR "HIGH BROWS."

The term "high brow" is a bit of modern slang typifying one whose head is inflated with air or ignorance instead of knowledge. It should not be applied to any one with real learning. Among the leading high brows of the town are those persons who think they think and who invariably choose the most abstruse subjects—science, religion, the drama, statecraft—for their mental paroxysms, says the New York Herald. No high brow has ever been known to brood over or lecture on or write books about "Roller Skating as a Career," "The Evolution of the Clothes Wringer," or "Bringing Home the Cows." The organ which they call a mind leads them up from such familiar fields to the cloudy regions of intellectual inebriety where fads and "isms" complete the destruction of their wits. It is, of course, impossible to check the course of thought, or what passes for thought, but it is a pity that the habit of attempting to fill with highly seasoned philosophy a brain that stands in sore need of such simple and nourishing diet as is afforded by the Rollo books, for example, cannot be summarily dealt with in a Home for High Brows, where faddists, immature consumers of German philosophy, victims of scientific and religious quacks may take a Keeley cure for pretentious ignorance at the hands of masters of the subcutaneous school of thought.

Where is the psychologist who can give an explanation of the different ways in which the weather affects sports? There are baseball and football, for instance. Both are strenuous games, yet one flourishes like a green bay tree in the good old summer time, no matter how hot, and the other thrives only in a frosty atmosphere. Players and spectators seem to be in the same boat. When the sun shines the hottest the heroes of the diamond are warmed up to their limberest and their best, while the lookers-on occupying the bleachers just roast and are happy. But let a cold blast blow across the field and baseball shrinks like a delicate flower touched by frost. On the other hand footballers want it cold and raw and really prefer a near-zero temperature and a flurry of snow, if they can be had. Such conditions appear to put "ginger" into every brawny member of the eleven. And the crowds on the grandstand forget all about the weather while watching the wonderful doings of their favorite players.

A Minnesota astronomer says the story of the Star of Bethlehem is either "a myth, a folk story of great beauty, or a supernatural visitation that can be regarded by individuals in any manner they desire." As this leaves the story precisely where it has always been, the astronomer might well have spared himself his labor in announcing his conclusion.

Why do square-shouldered, short-necked women persist in wearing the big floppy black hats that drop to their scapulas? From the side or rear, these women seem to have no necks at all. Their appearance is that of deformity. It cannot be that they have the advantage of multiple mirrors in the shops where they get their headgear.

Members of the Stefansson-Anderson expedition to the arctic region feasted on whale that had been dead four years. But that is not such an extraordinary experience in a country of illimitable cold storage.

A prisoner who stole 15 cents was discharged by the judge. That is a great disappointment to the authors of weepy poetry, who naturally expected the offender to be sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It is reported that Ex-King Manuel of Portugal is hard up financially. This should serve as a warning to every young man to save while he has a good job.

Legagnon, who reports that he sent his aeroplane 10,499 feet above the earth, showed a conscientious regard for truth in not adding the other foot.

They figure it out that the moon is now 17,000 miles nearer the earth than usual. Everything seems to be coming down a bit.

Even \$10,000,000 worth of peace is worth having.

Money talks, but it will have to do more than that if it insures peace.

Every little while nobody's seismograph is recording an earthquake.

Every year this world drinks 1,250,000,000 pounds of tea. That seems plenty.

Whenever the dressmakers think of other outrageous spring styles they let us know.

That latest earth shock might be traced to the militarists bringing up their heavy artillery.

Still, feeding children on two cents a day and making them like it are two different propositions.

If we must have so many warships why not get Mr. Edison to make a few with his cement molds?

Now Peru and Bolivia are disagreeing. What South America needs is a fight and revolt antitoxin.

If motion pictures are to aid the insane they should not be associated with nickel-theater ventilation.

The man who boasts of calling a spade a spade may pass a snow shovel without being able to recognize it.

When a cold wave hits New York there are noses sympathetically red in Weehawken, Hoboken and Hackensack.

If all the New England hunting stories are true the abundance of venison should bring down the price of beef.

No objection is heard from the young men of the family to the new fad of employing young women chauffeurs.

A ninety-three-year-old man has been left a fortune but refuses to give up his job. He knows what has kept him alive.

The Courier-Journal notes the fine difference between the words "died" and "passed away" as applied to bank cashiers.

It was a stroke of genius which made the census taking precede the opening of the shooting season for amateur hunters.

Chicago highwaymen carried a victim three miles to rob him. That must constitute a violation of the interstate commerce law.

A new million-dollar apartment house in New York is to have a kindergarten, hospital and skating rink. The three don't go badly together.

Mrs. Russell Sage is going to build a model town for 1,500 model families near New York. But she may have to go out of New York to find her tenants.

When aerial freight transportation begins to become a fact, we shall hear some railroad men arguing that there is not enough air for the success of the plan.

New York waiters are opposed to the institution of the Bertillon system, and the public will stand by them so far as pertains to thumbprints on the soup plates.

An Iowa judge granted a divorce to a man whose wife liked cigarettes better than she did him. Must have been awfully good cigarettes or a pretty poor husband.

Paragraphers all over the country will mourn that it is the society woman of Philadelphia, instead of Chicago who are unwilling to show their feet in a classic tableau.

Dr. Wiley says that the earth is cooling and that men will freeze to death on the equator some day. From a man who is contemplating matrimony one would expect a brighter view.

Last year Alaska produced \$30,463,000 gold, or about three times what Uncle Sam paid for the big territory. Some day Secretary Seward will have a fine monument as a good judge of a real estate bargain.