

## Highland Park News-Letter

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He who says advertising does not pay puts his prejudice against the experience of thousands.

### Roosevelt As A Minister

The church was the sandy plain of Camp Wikoff. The time the fall of 1898. Hummocks of billowy sand covered with tuft grass rose wherever the eye turned. Sand that blistered under the savage heat of the sun, with no wind from the ocean to temper. There like white citadels rose the tents of the Rough Riders. Far in the distance fluttered the Stars and Stripes at General Wheeler's headquarters. On a hill slope beyond a deep gorge were the tattered colors of the First Illinois. Southward from them was a group of tents in which yellow-faced men were battling for their lives. Near by was another tent bearing on its maps the forbidden sentence. "No admittance." Inside was Nicholas Senn, his arms bared to the elbows, waiting for the last case to leave his operating table. Mule teams tugged and panted in the dusty trail leading from the transport pier into the camp. Gayly dressed women lounging in lurching ambulances peered out curiously at convalescent men blindly staggering by the roadside. At Shafter's headquarters a negro was cracking ice in a large pail. At the sun-cursed station of the Long Island Railroad sick men were crawling into box cars in which, with some show of mercy, as much straw had been placed as a gleaner would gather.

In this church there was no altar but God's foot stool; no choir of trained voices; no surpliced divine with well fed stomach; no Bible save the eternal message of God written upon the sky, the wave and the face of the earth. The minister was Theodore Roosevelt; his text:

"Don't get gay."

The sermon has been fully reported without any reference to the marvelous color of the scene or the revelation which it gave of the many-sidedness of Roosevelt himself. He came this Sunday afternoon to bid farewell to his men. They lined up before him with their worn colors and marks of battle and listened to a man with a good stomach preach on their future position in the world of men.

Since he had fought with them, shared their privations, asked for no more (although he wore the epaulettes) than they received, they would listen to him with open hearts and mind. Your Rough Rider had no veneering, no affections, no reverence for anything but the absolute truth in word or map. Although you sleep upon the roses and feed upon the lillies of life he would not respect you any more if your moral hands and lips were unclean. He could listen to Roosevelt because he tested him in the heat of battle and by the Cuban trails, where men cried out for food and there was none. And Roosevelt's entire appeal to him was "Don't get gay."

## HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

The expression used in the pulpit of an orthodox church would have provoked severe criticism and not be understood by a great many conventional men and women who need the advice. But the Rough Riders understood and appreciated. On a thundering night when the master bull of the herd "gets gay", there is wild riding to be done and perhaps a life lost before the stampede is prevented. When the cow-boy with pockets lined with gold takes possession of a frontier town and ple asantly shoots out the windows of all the stores he is "too gay". When a man in any walk of life reaches for that which he is not entitled or does that which honor forbids he is "getting gay." That is what the colonel of the Rough Riders told his men in the little sentence which formed his text. He urged them above all things to be as strong men in times of peace as they had been in battle. Then he raised his hat and said that they would sing the chosen song of the regiment. The man from Arizona and the man from Montana hunched up to each other. The bronzed fellow from San Antonio and the lanky rangers from Laredo cleared their throats. The ex-chief of police from Winslow did not know one note from another, but he loosened the red handkerchief about his neck. A former proprietor of a gambling den in Tucson tightened his belt and wiped his lips. The colonel looked over the brown and black faces before him, the eyes with a steely glitter, and said gently:

"Now boys, after me."

Up to the dome of the sun-burnished sky rang his voice:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

In the gathering twilight a thousand voices of Titanic men answered.

"He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

Then altogether they sang as if challenging the woe and wrong of the world:

"His truth is marching on."

"It seemed in the drawing of the curtains of night as if this group of men and the ~~one in the~~ command ceased to be of human mold. The tragedy of Guasimas came back upon the mind with all of its hideous details. Fish was again lying in the roadway, dead, eyes staring at the sky. Tiffany's voice could be heard pleading for food. Men were at each other's throats, curses filled the air, while through the darkness came the message:

"Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel, since God is marching on."

Guasimas, with its long grasses, its birds of flaming hue, replaced Wikoff for the moment. San Juan, with its fire-tipped crest, became a reality in this waste of sand. The song choked the cry of the Mauser:

"Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant my feet!"

A moment's pause as this verse was ended, and then the colonel's voice alone carrying the greeting to the strong and the weak about him:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea."

The reply that went out over the Atlantic was:

"As he died to make man holy, let us die to make men free."

Silence upon Camp Wikoff and the group by the rough rider's colors. Darkness over the sea and the tents of 14,000 men. A star throwing a wavering light down to the rude sticks marking the graves of the dead. Something like a sob from the man of Arizona, which he choked with an oath. Roosevelt was gone.

H. I. C. in the Chicago Post.

### The Movement Westward

The East is moving out West. These Easterners who cannot do so bodily are more and more fixing their interest upon this great empire of the future. Were one to seek particular proof of this he need only scan the pages of the Eastern magazines. They always have given considerable space to Western subjects, but now there is never a month but that at least one of the great periodicals brings the deep-voiced message of the West to its Eastern readers. And this is not true merely because of a curiosity upon the part of Eastern readers to see what manner of life we live, but it is rather from an awakened understanding of the fact that the West—in tone, in temper, and in possibility—is America.

Let it be noted that the West is not merely the America of to-morrow—it is the America of to-day. Not only will the life of the future be centered here, but the vitality of our present civilization is typified by Western freedom, fearlessness, and sincerity.

An interesting example of the importance ascribed to Western life and ideas by Eastern editors is found in the October issue of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE—the periodical that for forty years has been the intimate interpreter of the American spirit. The complete novelette, "A Manila Madness," by Frederic Reddale, is Western spirit, if for no other reason than that the Phillipine Islands are already reflecting more of our Western life than they can ever reflect the spirit of the East. "The Blood Seedling," by the late Hon. John Hay,—himself a splendid specimen of this section,—is instinct with the early Western spirit. Robert Gilbert Welsh has depicted, in "Jen of Culver's Jump," a breezy Western character, set in the big hill country in a manner both artistic and vigorous. Cy Warman—that effective painter of railroad characters—has written a story of the great Northwest, in which he has departed from his usual lines in order to delineate Indian characters and characteristics. Western humor in its most irresistible form is contributed by Caroline Lockhart (a Nebraska author) under the title "The Old Medicine." Indeed, a Western flavor permeates this entire October issue of LIPPINCOTT'S—a periodical long noted for its bright and entertaining fiction.

### Ravinia Park

The Casino at Ravinia Park will be reopened October 10th under the management of Edward C. Welsh, who has for several seasons been in charge of the Exmoor Club, and who managed the Casino last winter. With Mr. Welsh as caterer, the patrons of Ravinia's handsome cafe may be assured of adequate service and excellent eatables.

The ice ring and toboggan slide are now in preparation and when completed will furnish splendid amusement for the young people of the vicinity.

In a recent interview with Mr. J. J. Murdock, Manager of Ravinia Park, the writer takes it for granted that owing to the lack of appreciation shown by our north shore society for attractions on the order of Damrosch, Perosi's Oratorio and other features of the past season at Ravinia, it is a question now under consideration whether or not these splendid enterprises can be re-engaged for next summer.

The advance sale for course tickets for the Burton Holmes Travelogues, which are to be given at Ravinia Theatre for five Saturdays commencing October fifteenth, has been extremely good, assuring the management of a prosperous and successful season.