

Highland Park News-Letter

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

Beautifying a City

"The conscious stone to beauty grew.
They builded better than they knew."

has been written of the builders of historic structures that have survived the tooth of time and of oblivion, and still remain the wonder and admiration of the world. To build for future generations is becoming more and more ambition of modern cities and their architects.

In our country, so the 'Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune declares, the individualistic spirit born in the early days has so prevailed that in the rearing of a home or public edifice each builder has followed his own caprices, and ugliness and incongruity have been the rule. There have now developed a passion for civic beauty and new ideas of the esthetic possibilities of wood, stone, iron and mortar when manipulated by artistic hands and brains. Beauty and harmony in our buildings, both public and private, is taking the place of ugliness.

But a city's highest charm by no means lies in palatial buildings or splendid public and business structures. It is the development of its natural advantages and the overcoming of its natural disadvantages. Venice, which, centuries ago, arose in fairy-like beauty from the sea, and Chicago, which has converted an unsightly swamp into a beautiful residence section with broad shaded streets and avenues, parks and parkways, are shining illustrations of what the taste and enterprise of many may accomplish.

To city officials belongs the duty of keeping the streets in good order, eliminating unsightly telephone and telegraph poles and burying their wires, abolishing the smoke nuisance, taking care of public buildings and their environs, and performing many other requirements in the interest of the city's convenience, beauty and sanitation.

But everything must not be left to city boards and councils. Every occupant of a home, whether owned or rented, should feel under obligations to keep it in good order, so that the unsightliness of house and grounds may not be an eye sore to the public. In most cities local improvement societies are doing much to promote the beauty and healthfulness of their neighborhoods, and by the aid of these societies many a once unattracted village has been made beautiful.

A Call To The Woods.

Mr. Busy Man," admonishes Tom Watson in his magazine for October, "leave your task some day, let the shop take care of itself, let the mill go as it may, let the plow stand in the furrow—and take yourself into the depths of the solemn, shadowy woods. Call back, ah, call back the forgotten years, collect around you the old friends, the old thoughts, the old ambitions, the mistakes you

made, the faults you had, the wrongs you did or suffered, the opportunities wasted, the vain things you sought, the work you might have done better, the kind words you might have spoken and did not, the good deeds you might have done and did not, the frowns that should have been smiles, the cures that might have been blessings, the tears that ought never to have been shed, the wounds that need never have been made."

Commune with yourself—your past, your present, your future—your crimes, your weaknesses, your doubts, your fears, your hopes, your despair; and thus let Conscience and the Angels of your Better Self beat your soul into the prayer.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Ravinia Park

At Ravinia Park tonight Burton Holmes begins his course of Travelogues with the "Siege and Surrender of Port Arthur," which he delivered for the first time at Orchestra Hall last Wednesday evening. The verdict of his audience at that time was very favorable. The moving pictures and the views which Mr. Holmes uses to illustrate his interesting lecture on this occasion were taken during the time of Nogi's siege and are particularly real and true to life.

The advance sale for the tickets at Ravinia Theatre has been exceptionally good, but Manager Murdock announces that there are still good seats to be had either for single admissions or for the entire course. The price for the course is \$3.00 which is less than the patrons of Orchestra Hall and the Evanston course are compelled to pay. Single tickets are on sale for 50, 75 and \$1.00.

Mr. Holmes second subject, which will be delivered next Saturday, Oct. 21st, will be "The Passion Play," which is sure to prove extremely interesting and instructive. His other subjects are "The Tyrolean Alps," "Eastern Switzerland" and "Western Switzerland."

Play at Illinois

Frier Bacon at Illinois will be presented. Old English Play Will Furnish Part of the Entertainment at President James' Installation. One of the most interesting events in amateur dramatics last season was the production at the University of Illinois, of Robert Greene's comedy, "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay." This charming old Elizabethan comedy, full of love-making, magic, and characteristic British patriotism, lent itself much more easily than was expected it would, to the demands made upon modern stage productions. The cast that presented the play at Illinois was inexperienced many of them had not previously taken part in any dramatic performances; yet the play "took" was enthusiastically received. In the acting version, as prepared for this performance, the play was reduced from 2100 to 1600 lines; the element of magic was somewhat lessened, but no essential characteristic of the play in its original form was omitted. The performance pleased so well that it will be repeated in October in connection with the formal installation of President James.

Explorer Anthony Fiala of the recently rescued Ziegler arctic expedition, having just cut up and distributed to his followers the last bootleg and the remaining paraffin candle, sought to cheer them with a little speech. "Never fear, my brave lads," said he. "E'en though we perish our glorious finish shall be graven deep on the walls of eternity's hall of fame." "This would be, then, would it not," interrupted a comrade, "a sort of pictorial frieze?" Greatly heartened by this brilliant witticism, the party pushed on to safety.

Chicago Impresses French Traveller

Extracts From "In The Land of Strenuous Life."

No corner of the globe is more crowded than the center of Chicago—and we may add, of New York—with human beings on foot, in automobiles, on bicycles, in trolley cars, or packed thousands upon thousands in the gigantic stores and office buildings. But in the evening they begin to disperse, and each seeks a quiet nook far away as possible from this agglomeration. When two millions of people are all seeking for tranquil spots, the immense stretch of land required to satisfy every one, and the desert-like aspect of the outlying districts can be imagined.

We started only a few minutes ago, and now we are driving "down town" through avenues adorned with magnificent residences, each placed amid lawns and flower beds. Some of the buildings, it is true, are rather fantastic, but the majority, I must say, despite the current prejudices to the contrary are in perfect taste. Only the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, or the outskirts of Hyde Park in London, surpass the avenues I have traversed; and, for that matter, we are about to see one or two boulevards fully equal to those just named.

What traveler will brave all prejudice, and be the first to tell the world that there are very few cities uniting as much loveliness in their parks, their avenues, and their boulevards, as this prosaic city of Chicago? I would be the second to such a one; and I would add that I have hardly seen anywhere else so many people praying in the churches, or visiting the museums and galleries, or reading in the libraries.

Things move in Chicago. I believe myself that I have not lost my time, for now that my day is over I feel what a crowded one it has been. And yet I have forgotten to state that on leaving the convent we went to spend the rest of the evening with a lawyer of the neighborhood; and that we found there, in the refined surrounding of this Chicago home, as much charm, good taste, and distinction of manner as one would expect to find in the old cultured cities of Europe, in Stockholm or Nancy or Florence.

Assured now that wealth will come, the giant city is considering more and more the uses to which she will devote it. The best of her citizens understand that there is another glory besides that which riches can give; they turn their eyes to a loftier ideal, and declare with Bishop Spalding: "It profits not that the country be great, if the men be small." Their fellow-citizens do not hesitate to follow them, once they see that the honor of their city is at stake; for she is loved by all with a strange passion, for her daring, for her success, for her immensity, for the good which they owe her. Without refusing to recognize these "imperfections," as they put it, "inseparable from a rapid growth," they are proud of her; they intend to make her first in everything—and since science, beauty; and morality are necessary to true greatness, they will devote to their acquisition that energy and that dogged purpose which have been so successful in other fields.

"In the Land of the Strenuous Life," by Abbe Felix Klein, will be published in October, by A.C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Proctor's Best Speech

Senator Proctor of Vermont is reported to have said that the finest speech he ever made consisted of only four words, says the Boston Herald.

Senator Hoar, in a speech in the course of which he chaffed good naturedly the Senator from the Green Mountain state made this little thrust: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made \$5,000 trading with Massachusetts people."

Senator Proctor retorted: "And we all vote.—Pittsburg Dispatch.