

Highland Park News-Letter

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SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 20th. 1906

Trinity Church Choir

There is elsewhere in this issue an advertisement for tenors and basses for Trinity Choir. We would draw the attention of our readers to the fact that there are many great advantages to be derived from membership in a musical organization such as this, one that is doing the very highest class of choral music, comprising work by the great masters such as Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Dvorak, in addition to standard composition by the best writers of the English school as Goss, Smart, Sullivan, Stainer, Elgar and such contemporary composers as Dudley Buck, Horatio Parker and Arthur Foote.

There is the advantage of singing before a cultured audience weekly instead of two or three times a year as is the case with singing clubs or oratorio societies. With the possession of an exceptional voice there is the inestimable advantage of an opportunity of being heard in solo work.

There is also the very great advantage of working under a director such as Mr. Sumner, of whom Mr. Clarence Dickinson, the organist and choirmaster of St. James' Church, Chicago, Director of the Musical Art Society, Chicago, and the Aurora Musical Club says in a recent letter: "he is an unusually capable choirmaster and organist; secures a beautiful quality of tone, prompt attack, and most excellent results in every way for a choir."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling dined on one occasion with a party that included several other well known writers—a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature, and a large number who knew little and made up for their lack of knowledge with pretense. Several of the last described kind started a useless discussion concerning spellings, pronunciations, etc., and one, firing his remark straight at Kipling said: "I find that 'sugar' and 'sumach' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'."

Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he asked: "Are you sure?"—Chums.

Your Comfort

No home is complete without an extension telephone upstairs in the bed-chamber. By day it saves many trips up and down stairs to answer the call; by night it allows you to call central without leaving the room. It is a staunch protector, as well as a comfort, for the home. The cost is but fifty cents per month. For your own, for your family's comfort and safety you ought not to delay ordering. Telephone to the manager for information. Chicago Telephone Company.

Scott-Elvey Wedding

On Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock Miss May Scott and Mr. Thomas Henry Elvey were married at the home of the brides' father, Mr. Alex Scott. The brides gown was a most attractive one, made of white handkerchief linen and trimmed with lace. She was attended by Miss Mamie Kenney of Ravenswood as maid of honor and Mr. William Kenney of the same place acted as best man for Mr. Elvey.

Rev P. C. Wolcott performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Elvey took a wedding journey to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. They will make their home in Douglas, Arizona.

Tea Cigarettes

It is now declared by a famous London physician, that the tea cigarette has taken the place of the morphine tablet with many women of the "smart set" in England. The result he summarized thus: "I have, at least, a dozen women on my hands under treatment for the tea cigarette habit. Once let a woman begin to cultivate a taste for Souchon and Hyson cigarettes and she is doomed. Souchon and Hyson are simply a blend of black and green teas. The taste is by no means disagreeable, but the after-effects are that 'one's head swims', there is a desire to clutch at things to prevent falling, a dazed condition, semi-stupor, and then visions of an extravagant nature."

Many physicians of the West End of London are seriously considering the advisability of preparing a petition to the House of Commons recommending the introduction of a bill providing heavy penalties for those of the Bond Street tea houses which retail these cigarettes to their customers. It is in these places that the largest number of clients is to be found. Within the last two weeks, upward of twenty women have been taken to the private sanitoriums suffering from the effects of tea cigarettes.

A German engineer, Mr. Balderauer, of Salzburg, has proposed a method of using balloons for railway purposes, which is now being tested. A stationary balloon is fixed to a slide running along a single steel rail. This rail is carried up the side of a steep mountain, which ordinary railroads could not ascend, except by means of heavy inclines, with vast earthworks and tunnels. The balloon is moored by a steel cable to the rail, at a height of about 35 feet above the ground. The conductor can cause the balloon to ascend or descend at will. The lifting power is furnished by hydrogen gas, and the descent is caused by water pressure poured into a large tank at the upper end of the road. This is not so new as may be supposed. A similar method was described in these columns years ago.

She—"Father consents to our marriage, but he wishes us to wait four years. O, Carlo, don't look like that, you will still be young at that time!"

He—"My treasure, I was not thinking of myself."
—Il Motto per Ridere.

Women are Like Clocks

Young girls resemble old clocks because they always go ahead.

Fashionable girls resemble church clocks because every one looks at them and no one takes them.

Pretty, foolish girls resemble clocks with chimes because at first they are amusing and then tiresome.

Rich girls resemble gold watches because as soon as one sees them one demands their value.

Talkative women resemble alarm clocks because they break the ear drum.

Domestic women resemble eight day clocks because although slow one can depend upon them.

—Il Motto per Ridere.

When The Clock Strikes Six

By McLandburgh Wilson

I hold a modest clerkship this side the river Styx,
Also a cheap alarm-clock to waken me at six.

I dream I dwell in marble halls
Worth millions in cool cash;
Huge diamonds glitter on the walls
Where precious jewels flash;
A stranger wants to buy the place,
I take his offer up apace—

The

Clock

Strikes

Six!

I put ten dollars on a horse,
They say he cannot win;
Like lightning round the muddy course
I watch him swiftly spin
A thousand if he keeps the pace!
Hurrah! My horse has won the race—

The

Clock

Strikes

Six!

The game is poker, and I hold
Three aces in my hand;
The jackpot, brimming full of gold,
Contains a fortune grand.
I draw a card with stolid face;
Behold, it is the other ace—

The

Clock

Strikes

Six!

A girl with eyes of heaven's blue
Looks tenderly in mine.
The world seems made for just us two,
The pleasure is divine.
I hold her fast in my embrace,
I stoop to kiss her lovely face—

The

Clock

Strikes

Six!

Small wonder that when fortune plays me such
scurvey tricks
I curse the cheap alarm-clock that wakens me
at six.

New York Times.

Fer U

They's lots uv kids whut's bigger'n I;
'Nd p'raps they's lots whut I can't do,
But they ain't nuthin I won't try
Fer U.

If Jone's cow'd get mad sum day,
'Nd hook at fokes 'nd holler "Moo!"
I'd grab a stick 'nd drive her 'way
Frum U.

If we'd get shiprect off sumwhare,
'Nd cannybulls shud seeze us two,
I wuddent let um hurt a hare
Uv U.

If even piruts cum sum nite
To rob yore fokes 'nd kill um, too,
If I wuz thare, U bet I'd fite
Fer U.

'Nd if among the things I'd try,
I'd tackle sum I cuddent do,
It wuddent be so hard to die
Fer U.

Henry Lee Shippey, in Watson's.