

Book list

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THE PASSING SHOW

"All the World's a Stage and all the Men and Women Merely Players."

The visit of Mr. Stead to Chicago was appropriately accompanied by a wind-storm. He came, he saw and he criticised, which is the way of this very remarkable man.

"Men may come and men may go" and even so it is with women—even the best of them. The honored Miss Frances E. Willard passed away before the work was done which she planned for herself. A distinguished woman of England caught the fire, and for years she—Lady Henry Somerset—has been foremost in the work, especially in England. Now we learn that she feels that she must close her public work this year of 1907. Thus all in turn pass off the stage of action.

As if to prove that intellectual supremacy is not a question of the color of our skin, the negro race during its comparatively short period of evolution since the days of slavery, has furnished more than one man of statesmanlike character. Fred Douglas is nobly succeeded by Booker T. Washington, who has done wonders for the education of his race. And now there is a talk of sending him to the senate.

Like the famous Evangelist singer, Ira D. Sankey, the world's temperance apostle, Francis Murphy, has become blind. For nearly forty years Mr. Murphy has been an well-known figure in the temperance movement. He has addressed 22,000 meetings and he estimates the number of those who have signed the pledge under his winning appeals to the number of twelve millions. At seventy-one he is now living a quiet, retired life at Los Angeles, Cal.

On the World's stage there are sometimes many shifting scenes for the same actor. Nine years ago William January was a convict in the prison at Fort Leavenworth. Making a dash for liberty, he escaped and went to Kansas City, where he so conducted himself that he became a respected citizen. When the scene shifted, he was again clothed in convict's dress and confined in prison, somebody having discovered his past. Once again the scene changes; President Roosevelt opens the door of his prison house by commuting his sentence so that it expires immediately. What next for January?

That was a strange claim which Mrs. Clark set up the other day in Brooklyn, N. Y., when she declared that to get drunk was nobody's business so long as she paid her own bills. Mrs. Clark is a woman of means, and when she was arraigned before a court of justice on the charge that she was a common drunkard, she put up a novel question for the court to decide. But, after all, is it

true that a person may become a common nuisance even at his or her own expense? Personal liberty does not assume that any one can do as they like to the injury of others or the disturbance of social order. I have liberty to swing my arm but that liberty is limited at the point of another's nose.

On this all-World's stage there are many curious acts more strange than fiction. A Princess of renown in Berlin, Germany, has been consigned to a mad house because of her proneness to theft. She was recently arrested for stealing silverware from hotels in Berlin. When Passekow Castle, at which the princess lived was searched, \$45,000 worth of the stolen goods was found. Prince Von Wrede, the lady's husband, insisted that it was a case for the doctors, and medical experts declared her a kleptomaniac. There is a plot within the story. A valet, employed at the castle, discovered the lady's thefts and demanded \$12,000 as the price of his silence. Instead of the money he got a kick out of the castle. In revenge he reported the thefts to the authorities. Finally the lady was sent to an asylum and the valet has been arrested on a charge of blackmail.

This is surely the woman's age, there seems to be every probability that all that is involved in the question of women's rights will have abundant opportunity to be tested in actual experience. In Evanston Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch has been elected justice of the peace by a majority of thirteen hundred, while the mayor on the same ticket has only a majority of six. Miss Jane Adams is a prominent member of the Chicago school board together with two other ladies and she has been named a coming mayor. In two Kansas cities women are elected treasurers. One city elected a woman as school treasurer. In Charlotte, Michigan, a woman was elected school commissioner, and her victory was celebrated with bells and bon-fires, and the High school boys "whisked her through the city in a carriage."

In the conservative old city of London, England, sixty-two women were elected as poor-law guardians, and in the city of Ghent twelve women were placed on the police force, while in the newly-organized parliament of Finland nineteen women were elected as members of parliament.

John L. Sullivan has passed from the stage of pugilism to the stage of vaudeville but incidentally he has developed quite a remarkable sense of good form and ethical conduct. He is an abstainer from liquor and an observer of the evils which break down domestic life and fill our divorce courts.

True, he speaks in the lingo of his old school of the prize-ring, but perhaps his words are all the

more forceful. It sounds rather strange to read of this hero of pugilism talking of marriage in terms that would do credit to a bishop, thus:

"The trouble with marriage is this: Lots of people get married that ain't mated. Then of course it's a scrap for life, London rules, no rounds without a knock-down and fight to a finish if it takes all your life. Divorce makes it a limited go with the judge for a referee. I don't know that that's any better.

And, again, did ever any orator of the pulpit give a better version of what love is than this which Sullivan gave in answer to a reporter's quiz: "Love," said he solemnly, "means sacrifice. That's what it means. If a man loves a woman he's willing to die for her. Lots of people talk about love that don't know what it is."

"And have you ever loved that way?"

"No," disclaimed the big man promptly. "I've never been in love. I've liked several women pretty well, but I've never felt what I call love for any one but my mother and sister."

We have been recently furnished with some romances of the crowns of the world's nominal rulers. We are told of the specimens of these costly baubles which are exhibited in the Tower of London, one of which is a jeweled cap, valued at \$750,000 and weighs five and a half pounds. The crown of Queen Victoria cost \$180,000 and weighed only 31 ounces.

The Czar, we learn, has as many crowns as a fashionable lady has hats. The mere list of the stones which adorn these crowns would occupy a column of space to tell them.

But there is one stone, and not a costly one, unless we measure its value by its historic incidents, of which little is said. It is the stone upon which the Kings of Ireland were crowned until it was taken in battle by the Scots and which now rests under the chair of the coronation-room at Westminster so that the Kings and Queens of England are crowned upon it.

The Reason Why.

The keynote to almost unlimited confidence which the American people learned to place in Abraham Lincoln may be found in the following little story:

"Well, you have a very good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice," said Abraham Lincoln, one day, to a would-be-client, after he had listened patiently to a statement of his case. "You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing, talking to the jury, I'd be thinking, Lincoln, you're a liar," and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."