

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

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Motto for the Week

HONOR IN OFFICE

O! that estates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly: and that
clean honor
Were purchas'd by the merit of the
wearer!
How many men then should cover,
that stand bare;
How many commanded, that com-
mand:
How much low peasantry would then
be glean'd
From the true seed of honor.
—Merchant of Venice

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Italian Patriots Muster.

THOSE three veteran Italian soldiers who fought in the war of independence with Garibaldi must have felt something of the old patriot fire when they were greeted by 8,000 of their own nationality in Lincoln Park on Sunday morning, July 7.

Blood is thicker than water, and new conditions and claims of another country does not stifle the feeling of old home patriotic fervor. The Chicago Auditorium was crowded in the afternoon of Sunday to greet these old members of Garibaldi's red-shirt band. One of them was blind from a bayonet thrust, but nevertheless he saw, as one sees mentally, the honor done to his famous leader on the day which marked the centennial of Garibaldi's birth.

Five Years For 'Frisco Mayor.

THAT CONVICTION and sentence of five years' imprisonment against Mayor Eugene Schmitz seems to have met with a most enthusiastic endorsement from the citizens of that city. There is hardly an offense more heinous than that of a citizen who has been entrusted with the most distinguished office and power of a great city converting that office and power into a public plunder and extortion-bureau. Mayor Schmitz, is by public opinion, charged with doing this on a large scale, and the fact that he was convicted after an exhaustive trial of extorting \$1,775 from French restaurant keepers is sufficient to prove that he was corrupt. May the good work against corrupt officials go on.

Masquerading Fools.

THE RAGE for the unusual seems to have no limits just to gratify a prurient taste a fellow takes to the

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stage in the dress of a chorus girl. To accomplish this he has had to lace in his waist, cramp his No. 7 foot into a dainty high-heel shoe and go through other contortions of body. He is said to tip the scales at 174 and yet to appear in a 22-inch corset.

The said young man is Julian D'Etinge, and he has appeared on the stage at London, Paris and Berlin, beginning in New York.

There have been many excusable instances of young women donning masculine dress, but this masquerading of a stalwart muscular man in the dress of a girl reduces him in the mind of sane people to a feeling of disgust.

For there is absolutely nothing in Julian's case to justify this departure from a proper respect for what is manly and what is womanly. He was educated (we do not say graduated) at Harvard, and is the son of a wealthy mine owner—so that no circumstances of need or of chance opportunity has led to the adoption of this crazy fad. Nor does he do it because he likes woman's dress—he says "I think it's the greatest kind of fun to be a lady, but I have not found it a way to be perfectly comfortable."

We advise this young athlete to get back to manly ways and not bring upon himself the contempt of men and women. The worst of such practices is that they attract other brainless youths, for such freaks are infectious.

An Old Story Revived.

"Time's glory is

To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light."

So says Shakespeare, and yet there are things notoriously crooked that will not straighten out. There are, perhaps, in every part of the civilized world, men who still take different sides on the subject of the famous or infamous Tichborne trial in which the great estate of an English heritage was involved.

A big fat fellow who had been a butcher, and had a wonderfully varied career, was convicted under the name of Castro as the most gigantic humbug and swindler, and yet there are thousands of living men who believe that "Castro" was Sir Roger Tichborne.

But quite recently the English papers report that one "William Campbell" who was a cavalry officer, died in a workhouse, and while suffering from a hopeless sickness, he confided to a member of Parliament the "secret" that he was the missing Sir Roger Charles Tichborne Bart, but he asked that the secret should not be divulged until after his decease. His story was that he was formerly a subaltern in a Scotch regiment; that afterwards he enlisted as a private in another, was wrecked in the Bella, that it was he who shot Castro and fired at the servant, afterwards escaping into the bush, and that he was in England during the Tichborne trial, in concealment, because of his crime. The deceased man was of great stature, and possessed conversational talents.

Lines Worth Preserving

MEN WANTED

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men who the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor: men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries with-
out winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
—J. G. Holland.

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Why Don't Boys Sing?

WILLIAM E. CURTIS calls attention to the interest taken in voice music at Amherst College, and inferentially reminds us that this is rather a rare instance of song culture for male voices.

One of the things to be deplored is the rarity of singing by men. Here and there a young man cultivates his voice, and finds himself so conspicuous in doing so, that the professional or money-making idea is suggested. Its value, as a social asset, is hardly thought of. Young ladies are expected to entertain with song, but not so young men, or if they occasionally are, nobody is surprised if they descend into buffoonery or the merely comic.

In the church congregation few men sing, and in the Sunday school the average boy who has passed out of baby clothes into short pants regards it as "not manly," or at least *not boyish* to sing. So he leaves it to the girls.

What a loss this is! Speaking generally every boy with a normal voice can sing. The boy who can almost rival a Swiss mountain godel, as he yells to his playmate, can most certainly sing. And yet the choir master of the average church finds it extremely difficult to get young boys into a choir where the training and the music would cost him nothing. Here is something worth the attention of parents and teachers.

Why Rockefeller Was Subpoenaed.

The dramatic hunt for Mr. Rockefeller, in order to serve him with the requisite subpoena to appear in the U. S. District court excited great interest through-