

**THE MASTER PLAYER.**

**Music that Slept in the Old Violin.**

It was an old, blackened, dirty-looking violin, put up for sale at auction. The auctioneer told the people present that it was "very valuable," "a genuine Cremona," made by a famous maker, Stradivarius; that it was "rare" and "worth its weight in gold."

But no one believed him; the highest offer for the violin was only five guineas, and that was far from "its weight in gold!" Then a new buyer entered the auction room. He took up the old violin, dusted it, reached for the bow, and began to play. Everyone stood spell-bound, listening to the wonderful music that now poured from the despised violin, and the people began to whisper the name of a famous musician—Paganini. When the marvelous sounds died away the auctioneer took up the violin once more.

"How much, gentlemen?"  
"Fifty guineas"—"Sixty"—"Seventy"—"Eighty"—"A hundred." And that same evening a great audience of thousands of people listened breathless, under the spell of the music—music drawn from the old, dirty, blackened violin.

It was despised before, prized now. Why? Because the master-player had taken possession. It was the master's touch that revealed the value; the master's hand alone could bring out the wonderful music that slept in the old violin!—Baptist Times.

**Balky Women.**

She (with a pout)—A man always treats his second wife better. He (blandly)—After a man has been once stung with a balky horse he uses more intelligence in picking out another.—Judge.

**How the Sexes Differ.**

When a woman goes calling she thinks she is lucky if she finds her friends out, but when a man goes calling he wants to find people at home; he wants to see them.—Atchison Globe.

**Contentment.**

Once on a time an old red hen went strutting around with pompous clucks.

For she had little babies ten,  
A pair of which were tiny ducks.  
"Tis very rare that hens," said she,  
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks;  
But I possess, as you can see,  
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen appeared, still cackling of her luck. For, though she boasted babies ten,  
Not one among them was a duck!  
"Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er

The little chicks of feecey down;  
"My babies now will stay ashore,  
And, consequently, cannot drown?"

The following spring the old red hen clucked just as proudly as of yore. But, lo! her babies were ducklings ten. Instead of her chickens as before!

"Tis better," said the old red hen  
As she surveyed her waddling brood;  
"A little water now and then  
Will surely do my darlings good!"

But, oh, alas, how very sad!  
When gentle spring rolled round again,  
The eggs eventuated bad,  
And childless was the old red hen!

Yet patiently she bore her woe,  
And still she wore a cheerful air,  
And said, "'Tis best these things are so,  
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,  
And many women, too,  
Could learn a lesson from the hen  
With foliage of vermillion hue.

She ne'er presumed to take offense  
At any fate that might befall,  
But meekly bowed to Providence,  
She was contented—that was all!

—Eugene Field.

**Boiled It Down.**

The trials of an "author" during his evolution into a "newspaper man" are many and varied and sometimes take the form shown in this clipping sent us by Miriam R. Kipper, 685 48th Place, Chicago, Ill.:

He was just from college and had secured a place on the reportorial staff of a morning newspaper. His first assignment was over on the West Side to report a fire. He wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it, beginning thus:

"Suddenly on the still night air rang the shrill cry of fire, and simultaneously the devouring tongue of flame, whose light as it played along the roof's edge had caught the eagle eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry in its consuming greed. Like glowing, snaky demons the lurid links entwined the doomed building, in venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous vapor, the deadly suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend," etc.

Next morning the embryo journalist was up early to see how his brilliant effort looked in print, and this is what he read:

"Mike Mahoney's grocery, at 216 North Desplaines Street, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, \$200; no insurance."—The Little Chronicle.

The last three and one half lines seem to clearly express all there was of it.

**V and W.**

"Excuse me if I trouble you,"  
Said V to jolly W,  
"But will you have the kindness to explain one thing to me?"

Why, looking as you do,  
Folks should call you double U,  
When they really ought to call you double V?"

Said W to curious V:  
"The reason's plain as plain could be  
(Although I must admit it's understood by very few);

As you say, I'm double V;  
And therefore, don't you see,  
The people say that I am double you."

—St. Nicholas.

**Old Hickory Chips.**

Prosperity was never yet produced by piling on tariff taxes.

The tariff that goes to the trusts too often is broken.

When the Republican party promises you anything, that's what you don't get.

The British are very rude. They go and sentence a lady to prison with no more compunction than if she were a mere man.

The conference committee will "set" ten days on the tariff egg. When what? Hatch a lizard, perhaps.

If all those whose incomes do not exceed \$5,000 are for the income tax, the majority will be the largest ever recorded in history.

That stray \$100,000 that doesn't belong to anybody might be donated to the poor ultimate consumer. He needs it.

Slow lot, these correspondents. Not a line yet about Kermit Roosevelt being engaged to an African.

Some of the Government officials think the Wright brothers are not only fly but flip.

Under the new tariff, will it be more money for a good smoke or the same money for a poorer smoke?

Don't plant trees where the flying machines will butt into them.

"Taft's auto skidded" says a headline. Wonder it didn't skidoo!

**Music in the Home.**

The country home offers many features of an education which the city home is apt to neglect, and not the least of these is in the line of music. Who has not been impressed by the influence emanating from a home where two or more families have gathered to spend the evening in song.

What country boy has not indelibly printed upon his memory the picture of several friends standing about the organ in his home and singing songs which have ever left their impress upon him?

Charles Alexander, the foremost leader in the world today of large chorus choirs, says that his love for music began in the home when his father and mother spent many of their evenings, and most of the Sunday afternoons in song.

Music in the home not only is an inspiration to the young, but it helps the burden bearers to more easily carry their load.

Pythagoras considered it a powerful medicine not less for the body than for the mind; and many will recall the case of Saul whose fury David calmed with the music of the harp. Plato and Aris-

totle considered it a very important part of education; and it is used to a greater or less extent in all religions. Victor Hugo, one of the world's keenest students of human nature, said, "who among you, feeling oppressed by sadness, does not find comfort and consolation in music?" In these days when brain racking excitement and heart breaking cares tend to sear the soul, it will be found after the battle is over and the smoke has cleared away, that music in the home had a large part to play in keeping men and women at their post and hopeful and sweet amidst it all.

**Children Should Study Music.**

The idea seems generally to prevail that music is an accomplishment which is to be acquired only by a special course of study and by certain methods which are not, as a rule, employed in teaching other branches of education.

Music should never be an accomplishment, and should never be taught as such. It should be as much a part of the regular training of every youngster as his A B C's. Almost every house in the land has a musical instrument of some sort and people are coming to realize more clearly that there is a great advantage in teaching music with all the other elementary branches and very soon no school house will be found that has not its musical chart and its simple and comprehensive course of musical study.

"Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

Music cure for crime, says Chief of Police Kohler, of Cleveland, O.

The solution of our social problems lies in music.

"Where melody enters, misery leaves. Music could be made the greatest of all forces for the diminishing of crime. Did you ever hear of a musical murderer? Go through your penitentiaries and you will find that not one convict in a score knows anything about music."

"If they did they would not be in penitentiary. The love of music and the desire to do right lie close together in the human make-up. Every man is a potential musician."

"But develop in him the love of music and the ability to appreciate it and he is pretty sure to go right in life. Music is the greatest purifying and uplifting force in the world."

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