

The Highland Park News.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

THIS country is safe, Harvard won the great foot-ball game with Yale last Friday 17 to 0. Fully five thousand people went from Boston in special trains to New Haven to witness the contest, and when the "crimsons" won, baked beans and brown bread were happy.

SEVERAL persons have complimented the NEWS on its excellent report of Prof. Rolfe's lecture on Whittier in our last issue. Thanks. It was not written by the editor, he was not present at the lecture. It was kindly furnished, at our request, by Rector Wolcott of Trinity church, and was a literary gem.

THE retirement of President Dwight of Yale University raises the question of the importance of the position of college or university president. It used to be the demand for a man of fairly good scholarship and ability to manage "the boys" successfully. All this remains, only the scholarship needs to be of a varied sort, up to date and thorough while there are hundreds, instead of scores of boys to be managed. Superadded to all this is the ability to raise money and conduct a very complex and highly differentiated institution. These involve a managing board of business men and a lot of ministers, a complex faculty and hundreds of stu-

dents and all must be a success. No wonder Yale is appalled at the prospect before her.

WE received last week a new local telephone directory. That is, in the middle of November we receive a directory corrected up to October 1. It is just about as useful as a last year's patent medicine almanac, as lots of the phones given are pulled out or cut off for the winter. Now let us have one up to date, a reliable winter directory.

THE Chicago Times-Herald makes us a special offer for its Monday morning edition for the year on account of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis' sermons. No, thank you. We prefer the sermons of Francis Wayland, Horace Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, Alexander McLaren, and Charles H. Spurgeon. We like to read good sermons, but want them sermons, and not sensational, light weight speeches about religion, politics, sociology, labor questions, etc.

ONE John R. Tanner sends us his proclamation for Thanksgiving. Yes, John, we will be thankful, as with "three hundred thousand more" loyal sons of this grand commonwealth, when your term of office expires. We with thousands of other Republican fools voted for John because he was on the party ticket: we will never do it again. If the party machine nominates another John R. Tanner it will have to elect him with out our help. When John steps down and out we will be thankful: till then we will hang our heads in shame.

THANKSGIVING.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving by appointment of President McKinley. The Pilgrims at Plymouth established the custom in 1621, and perhaps that gave the thought to Cromwell and the Long Parliament, for we find in Cromwell's letters that after the famous three days battle, or rout as Carlyle calls it, of Preston up in Lancashire when Cromwell and his soldiers, about 8,600 strong, put to rout 21,000 of the royalist and Scotch forces, with 2000 of the enemy slain

and nearly 9000 prisoners,—of which Cromwell said "Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God,"—and the parliament appointed "A day of universal thanksgiving for this wonderful success."

Then followed other days of special thanksgiving, after the great battle of Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651, which was observed annually for some years. Similar days were appointed during Cromwell's bloody career in Ireland from that awful day at Drogheda, till his departure for London.

But there was nothing in all Cromwell's sanguinary proclamations that rivaled in its unchristian spirit our battle cry in Cuba: "Remember the Maine." Yes let us be thankful that Cuba and the Phillipines etc, are not annexed; woe unto the day when they shall be.

A COINCIDENCE.

Mrs. Laura Dayton Fessenden of Highland Park had just engaged a new cook. The addition to the servants looked promising as she came in arrayed in all her finery and waited for "the missus" to talk with her before going to work.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Fessenden.

"Lay-ouri, ma'am," said the culinary expert.

"Lay-ourie!" exclaimed the lady of the house. "What a peculiar name! I never heard it before in my life. Is that a nickname or was it given you when you were christened?"

"Its my real name," said Lay-ourie. "I've gone by it all my life."

"How in the world did you come to have it?" was asked.

"My mother got it out of a novel," said "Lay-ourie."

Mrs. Fessenden finally asked her to write it. After much hard work the owner of the name wrote out in a cramped hand, "L-a-u-r-a."

"Why that's pronounced 'Laura,'" said Mrs. Fessenden.

"Well, I don't know about that, ma'am," said the new cook. "My ma never heard it before, and she called it 'Lay-ourie' I've been 'Lay-ourie' for 37 years, and I guess now it's too late to make a change."

So "Lay-ourie" she remains.—Chicago Journal.