

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

Volume 19

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 4, 1906

Number 31

Library Dedication

The simple services of the so-called dedication of the new public library building will be held Saturday evening of this week August 4th, 1906, at 8 o'clock sharp in the Assembly Room of the new building on Laurel Avenue. The exercises will be simple and brief essentially as follows:

DEDICATORY PROGRAMME

Opening Prayer	Rev. Geo. D. Rogers
Words of welcome	The President
Brief Financial Statement for Building Committee	
Work of the "Womens Club"	Mrs. Bertha B. Green
The Mayor's Address	Robert G. Evans
Dedicatory address "Uses of a Public Library"	Peter C. Wolcott, D. D.
Recognition of our Benefactors, Andrew Carnegie and Arthur C. Thompson,	Kenneth R. Smoot.
"Functions of a Public Library,"	Lewis B. Hibbard
Congratulatory Remarks	Visiting Friends
Benediction.	Rev. Eugene F. Fuesslee

At the close of the exercises in the Assembly Room, the audience will adjourn to the library rooms on the main floor for the purpose of inspecting the same, and a social hour. The Highland Park Public Library is the People's institution, founded, maintained and operated for their special benefit. Welcome.

No Refreshments.

LEWIS B. HIBBARD,
President.

In time of stress it is a poor policy to put aside a man who has proved his ability and his honesty of purpose under all circumstances and select a man whose qualities in this particulars are unknown or open to suspicion. Richard Yates made a fairly good governor, during the four years he was in power, but his methods in building up a state machine were such that the republican party has no reason to be proud of him. He was in office only four years, but during this four years he shaped his policy entirely in his own interests and his ambition was to take the place of Senator Cullom. Senator Cullom has been in the service of the people of Illinois for nearly fifty years and no man can say that Senator Cullom has ever used the influence of his office for purely personal gain. He has been honest, staunch and true to the best interests of his state and his party and today he is conceded to be among the ablest and most influential men in the United States senate. The people of Illinois know this and they are not going to retire such a man to make place for Richard Yates.—Knox County Republican, Knoxville.

Ravinia Park

Tomorrow Walter Damrosch bids farewell to his many admirers who have been crowding the big Pavilion at Ravinia Park for the past six weeks.

The last number on the program will be Haydn's Farewell Symphony, which gives Mr. Damrosch an opportunity to bid his friends and admirers a picturesque farewell. The same effect will be utilized in the rendition of this splendid old Symphony that its composer used at the German Court at the time of its composition, when Count Esterhazy concluding that the Court Orchestra was too expensive to maintain, was about to dispense with the services of the Great Haydn, when, by the dramatic and sentimental effects used in the farewell Symphony the Count became so moved that he decided to keep the Orchestra and Haydn was again restored to the Court circles.

Monday Night begins the season of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra at the handsome North-Shore resort. During the four week's season at Ravinia Mr. Stock's programs will be lighter and of less serious nature than those offered to the patrons of Orchestra Hall during the regular season.

Mr. Stock has made a few changes in the run of the weekly programs, and Monday night will no longer be known as Symphony Night, but the Symphony will be played on Tuesday evening instead. Thursday afternoon will remain the day for the children. Thursday evening will be "Soloists Night". Friday evening "Wagner Night", Saturday afternoon "Composers' Afternoon", Saturday night "Ball-room Night" and Sunday evening "Soloists Night".

The hub and hub race between the champion horse hose teams at the Firemen's Tournament, Urbana, August 7th, 8th and 9th, for real excitement, has any other sort of racing distanced a mile. The vaunted chariot races of the Romans could not possibly compare with it, and the contests of the circus and race course are effete and pale in comparison. Unlike other races, too, the fire teams are simply performing along the lines of their daily work. The speed of a race horse serves no real beneficent purpose, except to please the sportsman. The saving of a few seconds by a fast fire team in a run to a fire occasionally means the difference between a \$10 blaze and a million dollar conflagration. This year at Clinton the Lincoln team ran a quarter of a mile in a 31 1-5 seconds, with a hose wagon weighing 3,000 pounds.

Father Damien's Successor

We are erecting statues to Pere Marquette and are putting up bronze tablets to the Jesuits who came first among our Indians; but few of us have even heard of the Catholic priest who leaves in a short time to found a leper colony and hospital near Canton, in China.

This man served as a missionary priest in India, then in the early 70's he came to Oregon and worked for fourteen years among the Omatala Indians and scattered Roman Catholic whites. Then hearing the terrible conditions in the Hawaiian Islands he journeyed out there and lived among the outcasts on Molokai. To Stevenson's defense of Father Damien, the Molokai missionary, we turn to find the kind of life that he lived there. Stevenson says: "Had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the buttends of human beings lying there almost unrecognizable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering; you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was a pitiful place to visit and a Hell to dwell in."

To this Hell Father Conradi went knowingly; and in it he stayed eight years, staying on and on even after Damien had died in his arms. These two, living in huts on that shelf above the ocean kept to their horrid task of dressing rotten human limbs and washing vile sores. They labored in the fields—a grateful release from the lazaretto, and baked bread for the sick. Every hour and every moment, such was the insanitary way of life, they were in peril of the leprosy. The work was entirely among people who were without hope—incurables to whom it would have seemed a kindness to have passed a loaded gun that they might end it there and then; yet when Conradi left he and Damien had instituted a hospital and so inspired a body of nuns that there are women nurses now on the Island; women to bring to the lepers delights of cleanliness and ease.

The inhabitants of Molokai now live in decent huts, their food is adequate and regular, and those who are most maimed and helpless lie in a clean little hospital waiting to die under the kindly ministrations of those women. Now, as if this eight years of toil up such a heart-breaking hill were not enough, Father Conradi starts again to be among his sick. He starts at the bottom again, and goes to cook and bind up stumps of limbs and give patience, for hope he cannot give.

The lepers of China are in a terrible state. The disease is the most loathsome plight imaginable, and man's charity and pity at sight of it take to the other side of the way. Near Canton, Father Conradi is to found another colony like that of his and Father Damien's on Molokai. If any man ever devolved well of his fellows it is this Belgian priest.