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Mashpee Indian to Teach

May Simons of Onset Bay Grove, Mass., a pure-blooded Indian girl, born and raised in that state, has won a free scholarship and has started for Hampton Va., to take a two-year course that will fit her to be a teacher of white people. Her parents are full-blooded Mashpees, says the New York World.

The Mashpee Indians were the original owners of Massachusetts. Before the white man had stepped foot on the rock-strewn shores the Mashpee Indians were monarchs of all they surveyed. There was a big chief, a mighty warrior, Anapan-take, and after him came Squehauntaka.

They were the two who caused the pilgrims to peer for lurking figures behind the pine trees and who caused war, at first openly and then by stealth, on the white invaders who were poaching on the grounds of the Mashpee Indian—such a merciless, unceasing war that the white man grew thin and white and stumbled in the long winters before there were any United States.

They will tell you, these Indians, that you are the invader and they, the outcasts, are the real owners of all land—with a sweeping gesture.

Though the name of the Onset Bay family is Simons and for a couple of generations back has been Simons, it was not always so. The white man's name was only taken for a convenience and the tribal pride is manifest when May Simons' mother speaks.

"A pure-blooded Indian woman is more of an American woman than the white woman," she says. "I am a pure-blooded Mashpee Indian," and her head is thrown back as she looks at you—a handsome woman still, with her skin and big dark eyes and hair with the blue-black tinge.

"It was Mr. Lovering who got the chance for my girl May," she explains. "He is a congressman. He knows how anxious my girl May was to learn and study.

"She was a graduate at the Wrentham high school. She graduated high. Then she thought she could go no further. She came out and helped me gather oysters and pick the cranberries, and then the word came that she could go on further, that she could learn to be a teacher down in Virginia, Hampton, and we were glad."

Mr. Battis, Interpreter of Dickens

At the request of a large number of the subscribers to the Highland Park Lecture course, the management of the Course substituted Mr. William Sterling Battis, the pleasing impersonator of Dicken's, for Mr. Frank Stephens, the lecturer. Mr. Battis will appear before the patrons of the course on Monday evening, January 7th, 1907 at the Elm street School Auditorium. On that evening he will present a Dramatization of "Nicholas Nickleby," in which he will take the part of fifteen characters. Those who heard Mr. Battis on his previous visit to Highland Park will be pleased to know that he is to return.

Are Cities Less Attractive to Country Boys?

It is claimed by students of census statistics that there are signs that the tide has changed and the movement from the rural districts toward the great cities and the smaller centers of population has become less marked.

Is it true? If so, it is one of the most wholesome social symptoms that has appeared for many years. The steady movement from the country to the city is not healthy. At least it is not healthy that the country should be drained of its best brawn and brain for the benefit of the city.

There is work to be done in the city, and there are fine men bred in the city. It is not necessary to be born on a farm to be president of the United States, or even president of a successful bank.

It is coming to be more apparent every day that there are no such incomparable advantages in the great city for the young man "seeking his fortune." The city has its thousands of industrial slaves, toiling in confined quarters for a living pittance, who would be a thousand times blessed if they could be transported to the broad acres of our fertile Mississippi valley, or to the great areas which irrigation is reclaiming from the arid west.

Nature is more generous, more kind, more humane than the industrial slave driver who figures his percentages and closes his eyes to the waste of life and happiness.

The real poor today are in the cities. The greatest average wealth today is in the country. The trust questions today trouble the city man. The yield of wheat and corn is not affected by business sentiment. The farmer's barn is full, whether Wall street stocks are up or down.

And those tales of farm drudgery are relics of a day which is no more. This is the day of machinery for the farm. Those stories of isolation and lack of information must go the same way. Today the farmer is closer to the doings of the great world than is the average city man. He has his daily paper, his telephone, his automobile; he has his piano; he has his books and furniture.

If the census statistics are to be relied on, neither the country nor the city will be the worse for the changed conditions.

Maxims of Men and Women

When a woman says she wouldn't marry the best man living she speaks the truth; she couldn't get him.

"Tomorrow" is the reef that has cost the life of many a business man.

If every woman's face was her fortune, there would be a run on the veil market.

Justice might take your part, but injustice takes your all.

Too many irons in the fire eat up too much expensive coal.

Don't take a polite acknowledgment for an encore.

The man who jumps at conclusions usually falls with them.

Curiosity oftentimes hides behind the mask of solicitude.

Everything comes to him who waits, except the waiter.

When you are arguing with a fool, just remember the fool is doing the same thing.

"She Stoops to Conquer"

The Alumina Association of D. T. H. S. are hard at work on the play "She Stoops to Conquer," which will be presented at Ravinia Theatre the latter part of February. It will be given under the direction of Miss Viola Sutton. Further particulars will be given later.

A Celebrated Hymn

Few people know that the hymn "From Greenland, a Icy Mountains," one of the best-known in the English language, was written in a few minutes. Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham, on Whitsunday of the year 1819, preached a sermon on the propagation of the Gospel. On the Saturday preceding the delivery of the sermon, the doctor asked Heber, who was his son-in-law, and then on a visit to him, to write something "for them to sing in the morning."

Heber sat down, and, without leaving the room, wrote the hymn that is now famous all over the world. He was then in his thirty-sixth year, and was rector of Hodnet.

A Southern Congressman tells a story of an old negro in Alabama who, in his bargaining, is always afraid that he may get the "worst of it." On one occasion, it appears this aged darkey went after a calf that he had pastured all summer, and asked what he owed for the pasturing.

"I have a bill of \$10 against you," said the farmer who had undertaken the care of the animal, "but, if you are willing, I'll take the calf and call it settled."

"No, sah!" promptly exclaimed the negro, "I'll do nothing like dat. But," he added after a pause, "I'll tell you what I will do—you keep the calf two weeks longer and you can have it.—Harper's Weekly.

The origin of some words is queer, almost to the point of laughable. Take the word "desultory," for example, which, as everybody knows means disconnected, or jumping from one thing to another. Strange to say, we get it from the Roman circus, where certain performers rode two or more horses, and would leap from one to another. These were called "desultores," in Latin, and from that word came "desultor," which, in the same language, means one who goes from one thing to another, as in a rambling disconnected speech.

A man must be judged not alone by his attainments, but by his ideals.

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