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Oldest Woman in the County is Dead

Last Saturday morning at her home in Waukegan occurred the death of Mrs. Patrick Ginley, at the age of 105 years. She was the oldest living resident of Lake county and up to the time of her death has been in excellent health considering her advanced age. Mr. Ginley celebrated her 105th birthday on January 3rd, several friends being present and an enjoyable time being passed.

In connection with her death several interesting facts develop. Mrs. Ginley has been a resident of Waukegan for fifty years, and was able to recall very interesting reminiscences of the early history of the city.

Naturally, Mrs. Ginley's senses were none too good. She could not see very well and her mind was not clear as it was a few years ago.

She could recognize only the daughter and her son-in-law and when others talked to her she had to recall them by the sound of their voices.

Mrs. Ginley had lived in Waukegan over fifty years, many of them where the gas works is now located. There for years, Mrs. Ginley and her family resided, but, when industry demanded the land, they moved to the west side and it was since their home.

Mrs. Ginley was unable to be up about the house very much, her years making it so that it is an effort for her to walk about. She had reached a state where she might be called in her second childhood. Her daughter was very attentive to her and the aged woman seemed to be enjoying life even better than could be expected.

In the past, when ever the age of Mrs. Ginley has come up, there were people in town who disputed it and said she was not as old as was claimed.

In this connection, it develops that there is no uncertainty as to her age, for a careful search for records was made a few years ago to determine for sure just how old she was.

When she approached her 100th anniversary, word was sent to Ireland and the records of the old parish where she lived were looked up with the result that her birthday was proved and she had since, with the aid of relatives, kept careful tab on her increasing years.

It is also of interest to know that Mrs. Ginley although she had been in this country over half a century she had never learned the English language.

She came here from Ireland and was one of the very few who felt that her native tongue was good enough for her and she never tried to learn English. Accordingly she has had to converse with her daughter in her native language and it is only her old acquaintances who came here from Ireland that were any source of pleasure to her because she was able to talk to them. It was said she could not speak a word of English.

The Nurseries of the New-Rich

Elizabeth Duer, a well known representative of the old school of aristocracy, writes of the millionaire of yesterday and today in the February Woman's Home Companion. In describing the modern millionaire's nursery she says.

"Mrs. Pluto's nursery, under the guidance of physicians and trained nurses, is brought to the highest standard of modern sanitation. No black Mammy or Irish Nanna clasps her babies in fond but judicious embrace! Perish the thought! The infant millionaires lie on their little back in comfortable beds, or, at meal-time, on the laps of white-caped young ladies from a training school, who administer Dr. H——'s formula through the medium of a Davidson bottle, and know by a weighing machine how the baby Plutos thrive. When the little Plutocrats emerge from the nursery their development is carried on with a corresponding regard to the last edicts in scientific and hygienic pedagogy. Oh! lonely little sheltered children of the rich—are you any happier—any healthier—than your great-grandparents who went to dames' schools at four years old and found at that tender age a place in the great commonwealth we call the world?" I am sure I cannot answer my own question, there is a new race in the making.

"When the time for more advanced education comes, Mrs. Pluto has a definite goal—her child is to hold its own among its peers at home or abroad. It is taught to prattle French and German as readily as English; its manners are carefully formed, its tones of voice modulated; every outdoor sport and indoor grace are used to perfect its body; everything that money and knowledge can provide is lavished upon its intellectual and moral growth. It ought to be an ideal human being; but is any system perfect? Are the children of the rich any freer from temptation than those of the moderately well off, those removed from actual poverty? And here I say 'Yes,' so far as the girls are concerned, because they are chaperoned, guarded and amused—mark the last point—amused, for pleasure denied is the source of most girlish indiscretion. But in regard to the boys I should say quite the reverse."

Triumph of Brains

Whyte—"Bjones says he is going into farming. He has just sold everything he had and bought a farm."

Browne—"But is he sure that he can make it pay?" Sometimes it is pretty hard to make things grow.

Whyte—"Oh, Jones is all right. He says he is going to devote himself entirely to self raising buckwheat,—Somerville Journal.

Senator Beveridge and Child Labor

The February number of the Woman's Home Companion contains a comprehensive description of Senator Beveridge's national bill to abolish child labor. The Senator tells how he worked in a logging camp at fourteen years of age, beginning before daybreak and ending after dark, and the lessons he learned there served as the foundation for his present fight against the horror of child labor. After describing the evil, he adds:

"But that is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that pretty soon these children 'come to age.' What kind of citizens do they make? London Hooligans! That is the kind of citizens they make. Each boy and girl of this kind that develops into a man or woman knows that he or she is inferior to his fellows—inferior in body, mind and soul. They not only feel it, they actually see it. They feel that they have been robbed in some way not robbed in money or property, but robbed of life, of health, robbed of intellect, robbed of spirit. And in these undeveloped brains, in their weakened hearts, in their cramped and deformed souls, the fires of an unextinguishable wrath begin to burn. They go through life hating society, hating everybody and everything. For, while they do not know much, they do know that a system of industry and a state of society has worse than murdered them. There is your material for anarchy. We hear a good many speeches about the danger of anarchists coming to this country from Europe. The truth is that child labor is creating some two hundred thousand grown-up anarchists of native American blood in this country every year.

"Tad" Lincoln's Command

"One of the stories I like best about Tad and his father, Secretary Stanton used to tell," says "Aunt Janet" in the Woman's Home Companion for February. "One day—the boy was scarcely ten then—he happened in the office of the Secretary of War in search of amusement, Mr. Stanton, for the fun of it, commissioned him lieutenant of the U. S. Volunteers. Very elated and important, Tad went immediately and ordered a quantity of muskets sent to the White House, organized and drilled the house servants and gardeners, discharged the regular sentinels about the premises and ordered his recruits on duty as guards. Things took rather a serious turn, when servants who had been at work all day were ordered to keep watch all night. Tad would listen to no one—he would be obeyed. The President was at last appealed to. He took Tad's boyish whim in good part, and in his great gentle way sent the little lieutenant, tired out but very happy and important, to bed.