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JOHN W. McILWAIN, Manager

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A Boy's Mother

My mother, she's so good to me;
If I was as good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good. No, sir,
Can't any boy be as good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad or mad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
Ah, what's the funniest, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her crying, 'nen I cry; an 'nen
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak and Sabbath clothes;
An' when my papa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me an' pats my head;
An' I hug her an' hug my pa,
And love him purt' nigh as much as ma.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Sugar Tree Molasses and Buckwheat Cakes

This is the season for them, but they are not here. Not that each has entirely passed. There are many farms which still contain groves of this incomparable wood, there is still sweet water running from the reeds and troughs or buckets to catch it; and there are kettles to boil it and a final "stirring off." But alas! Long before it reaches the city consumer it has been adulterated, reduced, debauched and has become a sham and a fraud. There is a deceitful resemblance, a look like and taste like, but the real thing has departed never to return. Commercialism and greed, the characteristics of the age, have got in their fell work on sugar tree molasses, just as they have effected everything else. Even the farmers have yielded to the temptation and sneak off in the corner while they adulterate the very nectar of the gods with base brown sugar. Here and there is an exception, but only in out-of-the-way places, like the hills of Kentucky and Virginia, and the amount produced is usually only enough for home consumption, none for sale.

The buckwheat cake, inseparable companion of tree molasses, has fared no better than its disconsolate lover. Not that buckwheat is not still grown in Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia and other places. There is plenty of it, but whoever sees the real stuff any more. Call at the fashionable hotels and see the white-livered abomination they impose on you as the genuine thing. In the older days they were twin delicacies in the land of fairies and honey bees. Not more inseparable were Laura and Petrarch, Romeo and Juliet, Heloise and Abelard, than the tree molasses of the pioneer period and the lovely cake that bucks. One could not live without the other; there was no existence except in indissoluble union. Each sang the praises of the other, each grew for none

other, their hearts beat in unison, the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Even if a water mill be found to grind the buckwheat properly, the villian still pursues and long before it has reached the table the adulterator will have accomplished his vile design. As to tree molasses, his lovely companion is all faded and gone before it gets out of the kettle by the black art of modern metamorphosis.

So intimate was the association of these two that when the former disappeared in the shadows of the past the latter went along also. So tender was their companionship that they could not bear to be separated, and so they went down in the halls of memory, hand in hand, and have never returned. They who have enjoyed the glad companionship of these choice spirits have some difficulty in imagining that what are regarded as their successors are purely legitimate. Sometimes one gets from the water mill up the creek a bag of buckwheat flour, in which yet lingers the clear note of "Bob White," and from out the bush comes a jug of syrup that glows with the sunlight of a broken winter. For a moment then the lucky recipient tastes of delights such as mortals enjoyed as long as heaven could spare them. Soon the vision vanishes, however; it was only a dream! Even from the shams that now grace the breakfast table one may get a dim idea of that ancient flavor that recalled the honey of Hybla. In the mere resemblance produced by these counterfeits one experiences a kind of melancholy joy, like the memory of a loved one dead, like the tender grace of a day that is gone. There is a furtive flavor that flits along the senses like the song of a bird in a farmer's meadow or the laugh of a girl where the sugar water boils, but they come so indistinct that they only raise a fancy of what might have been. Yet that fancy is a precious legacy. Rachel mourning for her children, Marius soliloquizing amid the ruins of Carthage, King Lear heartbroken over the desertion of his daughter. The fact that sugar trees still grow and buckwheat still blooms, instead of affording the happiness of anticipation, the bliss of expectancy, are painful reminders of the grip that greed has fastened around us. We see them vanishing down the distant past, a mirage luring us on to imaginary pleasures, a will-o'-the-wisp dancing deceitfully before our hungry eyes. They are gone and they are not, except as phantasms of a melancholy memory.

Attempt to Gag the Press

By a vote of 32 to 13 the New York State Senate adopted a rule authorizing the clerk to exclude any newspaper correspondent from the sessions of the Senate if he should write matters displeasing to any Senator. The offended Senator need not disclose his identity. He is protected by the rule in double cowardice, Fourth Estate says, the cowardice that shrinks from censure and that which shrinks from responsibility for complaint.

That a vertebrate animal sufficiently intelligent to vote for bills ordered by his party machine should suppose that such a rule as that introduced into the New York Senate would protect him from the publicity which he dreads would be hard to believe if three experienced worldly-wise politicians had not named the rule. These gentlemen do not seem to realize that the free press is grown up. It is not a child to be spanked and put to bed when it is naughty. It is mightier than a dozen Senates when it gets its mad up and starts in to do things.

This last attempt to gag the newspapers shows among other things, how little hope there is for fair libel laws while Legislatures are dominated by influences hostile to newspapers in general. The New York rule is needless as well as stupid. Any Senator who considers himself aggrieved by a newspaper knows that the courts are open to him. And every newspaper knows that it could not do a sillier thing than to print a deliberate libel, even against the most conscienceless grafter.

How To Get Higher Wages

Some interesting and moving statistics have been prepared and submitted to the conference at the industrial exhibit by settlement workers. It has been found that many working girls have been and are poorly paid, and that they earn barely enough in many instances to supply the absolute necessities of life. One of the gatherers of these statistics received figures from eighty-five girls "of all working classes," and she reports that the lowest wage paid was \$3 a week and the highest \$15 a week, while the average was \$7.56. This, as may be seen, leaves little or nothing after living expenses have been met.

None of the settlement workers called attention to the fact that the girl or young woman who is able to earn only \$3 a week can, if she is bright, willing, and faithful, soon put herself in a way to command much better wages and prove by her own ability the reason for her advancement. While the attention of the sympathetic community is directed to the low wages of the "working girl" indiscriminately called, the long and loud clamor for girls in domestic service continues. The scarcity and inefficiency of household help are still a proper subject of complaint, although wages have steadily advanced and a competent housemaid may practically demand her own price.

It would seem that the department of service popularly known as "working out" has fallen into disrepute among the young women of this country. This is explained at times on the score of personal dignity and sacrifice of independence, and again on the ground that such service does not permit sufficient amusement or indulgence in frolic. The girl herself prefers to labor for, say, \$7.56 a week and board herself, with more evenings for theatre engagements if she is fortunate enough to make them, when in domestic service she can earn nearly and sometimes more than that sum with board and lodging thrown in. Knowing these lamentable facts the housekeeper, enduring the miseries of incompetent service, is restraint in her sympathetic outburst at the presentation of statistics by settlement workers. If the supply exceeds the demand for girls in factories and stores, thus keeping down the wage scale, the demand in domestic service is miserably met. Here is a proposition that might be taken up for consideration in underpaid feminine circles.

College of Journalism

The board of curators of the University of Missouri has decided by unanimous vote to establish a college of journalism. Heretofore Journalism has been taught in the university only by occasional lectures. It was decided that the college should have adequate equipment for practical journalistic training; that the course of study be at least four years, and that the entrance requirements be equal to those of the academic department.

Told the Truth

An Indian Territory editor was running the motto, "We tell the truth," at the head of his paper. The other day, however, he was compelled to encounter several gentlemen who objected to the truth being told, and as a consequence the motto disappeared and the following inserted: "Until we recover from the injuries recently received, this paper will lie just like the rest of them."

The Philadelphia Record asks the suggestive question: "If France should stop the importation of Cotton seed oil from the U. S. whence would we obtain our supplies of pure olive oil? The question answers itself. France cannot stop the importation of cotton seed oil; we must have pure olive oil.