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The Sin of the Coppenter Man

The coppenter man said a wicked word,

When he hitted his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say.

He growed us a house with rooms inside it,
En the rooms is full of floors;
It's my papa's house, en when he buyed it,
It was nothing but just outdoors.

En they planted stones in a hole for seeds,
En that's how the house began,
But I bet the stones would have just grown
weeds,

Except for the coppenter man.

En the coppenter man took a board en said,
He'd skin it en make some curls,
En I hung 'em onto my ears en head,
En they made me look like girls.

En he squinted along one side, he said, he did,
En he squinted the other side twice,
En then he told me, "You squint it, kid,"
'Cause the coppenter man's reel nice.

But the coppenter man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day;
He said it out loud, too, 'cause I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say.

En the coppenter man said it wasn't, bad,
When you hitted your thumb, kerspat!
En there'd be no coppenter men to be had,
If it wasn't for words like that.

En if there wasn't no coppenter men,
We'd all have to live in the barn,
'Cause there wouldn't be any houses, en then,
Then what would we do—by darn!

* * * * *

En the coppenter man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassant say!
—Edmund Vance Cooke in Woman's Home
Companion for March.

Making Good In Club Work

The enterminable question, "What does the Woman's Club do, anyway?" seems to be answered by Berth Damaris Knobe, who tells a story of really wonderful achievement in the Woman's Home Companion for March. Speaking of the Chicago Woman's Club, she says:

"Does it, indeed, mean anything to the civic life of Chicago, that this club inspired the first juvenile court in the world, and annually provides ten thousand dollars toward its support? That it inaugurated the first jail school for boys, unique as the only one in the country. That it collected forty thousand dollars for the Glenwood School, an industrial institution for poor boys? That it started the vacation schools and raised over thirty

thousand dollars toward expenses? That it organized eighty-six 'cleaning-up' centers throughout the city? That it supports a 'social worker' to encourage community life, with a public school as center? That through its lobbying at the State capitol the laws relating to child labor, compulsory education, civil service and age of consent were placed on the statute books? That it aspires for an endowed theater for the presentation of classic plays?

"That it founded—to speak particularly of women and children—the down-town office where legal rights of poor women and their little ones are defended free of charge? That it collects nearly ten thousand dollars annually wherewith to buy new clothing for needy school children? That through its agitation was built the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar Children's Hospital? That it started the stations for distribution of sterilized milk for the babies in the poorer districts? That it decorated fifty public schools with works of art costing over ten thousand dollars? That it sponsored the movement for raising two hundred thousand dollars for four women's dormitories at the University of Chicago? That it provides an endowment fund of fifteen hundred dollars for scholarships for young women students at the Art Institute? That it keeps 'open door' every Sunday afternoon during the winter for shopgirls? That it manages a lodging house where destitute women may secure shelter for ten cents, or its equivalent in work? That during the 'emergency' winter of 1893 it gave out twenty thousand dollars in wages to out-of-work women?

"These brilliant sociologic achievements—and more—make the name of the Chicago Woman's Club a synonym for 'civic consciousness.'"

Spending Money

"In the matter of spending money on the raiment, perhaps Miss Guila Morosini, daughter of G. P. Morosini, banker, and former partner of Jay Gould is admittedly the most extravagant of millionairesses," says Anna S. Richardson in Woman's Home Companion for March. "She confesses that she spends two hundred thousand dollars a year on clothes alone, and her interest in life is divided between her horses and the gowns that match her turnout. Miss Morosini's gowns are generally the sensation of the annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and a daily study for sightseers along New York's million-dollar speedway. Every gown and hat she dons is built to harmonize with either vehicle or harness, she wears a princess frock of tan-colored satin chiffon. For another pigskin harness, with blue satin rosette and gold mountings, on chestnut horses, she wears a pale blue rough silk trimmed with Irish lace. Recently she decided that she wished to wear royal blue, so she sent to London for matching harness to be used when she drives with her famous three-abreast team. The royal-blue harness is of the finest kidskin dyed to match the broadcloth of

her gown. Her basket-weave vehicle has wheels of ox-blood red, and when seated in the vehicle, Miss Morosini wears an onion-red chiffon satin. For each of these gowns she has matching hats and shoes, many of the later dyed to order, but with every harness she uses lines of white English web, and she wears only white suede gloves in elbow length."

A Yarn

In these days of coon songs and coon everything else, perhaps I may be pardoned if I tell you a little story wherein the colored gentleman butts his way into the motor boat game. The scene is laid in a little negro Baptist church out in Missouri, just below St. Louis. The spell of the great river near by had not been lost upon the preacher, nor had the fact that many of those assembled to hear him discourse were shanty-boat people hence his choice of "Noah and the Ark" as the text of his discourse. Reaching the climax of his address he rambled on somewhat about as follows:

"An' Noah he dun wuked himself almost to def building dat ark boat, but finally he dun got it finished. How did the Lawd know the job was dun? Noath dun telephoned de Lawd he'd finished, and the Lawd he telegraphed right back to Mr. Noah. 'Get all yer peepul an' animules an' birds ob de air in yer ark, 'cause de flood am now goin' to begin. An' above everything, Noah, doan fer git the gasoline.'"

Right at this point one of those fifty cent freemen, upon whom a mistaken philanthropy has thrown away a thousand dollar education couldn't stand the preacher's juggling with facts any longer and broke out with: "Mr. Preacher, the telephone and telegraph and gasoline were one and all unknown in those days."

Evidently the preacher knew his congregation, for instead of being nonplussed by the Smart Aleck, he said: "Go 'way, you gography studin' nigger! Noah he dun invented dem things hisself, 'cause he needed dem in his business. 'Course, he forgot to put 'im in de ark in his hurry to get in it hisself out of de rain, an' dey was lost in de flood. Maccafonti he dun found de telegraph on de Al- phines; Mr. Edenseed found de telephone on de Mount of oarnges, while Mr. Rockeyfellow he dun found coal oil almost eb'er sort ob a place whareber anybody dun hab any money to pay for it.— Motor Print.

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