

PART 2

The Highland Park Press

PART 2

VOLUME XV

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1925

NUMBER 10

THRILLING STORY OF ILLINOIS TOLD

HISTORY AND TRADITIONS

Recital of Dramatic Episodes From Discovery to Present; Features of Growth and Development

Do You Know Illinois? The romance of its growth? How "Egypt" got its name? Where in Illinois stood the greatest city ever built by North American Indians? Who discovered Illinois and when? The story of Crevecoeur?

What Illinois town markets 80 per cent of the world's "red top" seed? Can you name 29 minerals Illinois yields? Tell how many thousand oil wells in Illinois? In what city no destruction is done on Halloween? And why?

What Illinois city has won nation-wide fame for its superior asparagus? That Illinois has mountains and great caves? What downstate city is one of the world's greatest greenhouse centers?

That 96 per cent of all fluorspar in the United States comes from Illinois? And what is it? What Illinois town makes silken flowers of such rare beauty that they are sold throughout the world—even in China?

That Illinois grows one-eighth of the nation's broom corn? What company improved its balance sheet \$1,500,000 in a year after it moved 200 employees, and its general offices, from New York to an Illinois town? Where fruit trees made \$50 land worth \$1,000 an acre?

What George Washington wrote to the King of England about Illinois?

You will enjoy all these interesting facts, and many more, if you will read the weekly series of articles, "Re-discovering Illinois," starting in this issue.

By Lester B. Colby (Illinois Chamber of Commerce)

I am on Illinois newspaper man. I have made my home in Illinois, the most of the time, for nearly forty years. As a reporter for newspapers and magazines I have traveled from coast to coast and from border to gulf, always with inquiring mind. I know Seattle and San Diego, Minneapolis and Miami, Birmingham and Boston.

But when I was assigned to write the story of my own state, Illinois, I found that I—in company with tens of thousands of other Illinoisans—knew less about it than almost any other section of this nation of ours.

So I have set out to rediscover Illinois. I have been surprised and amazed at what I have found, the thrill of it, its drama and wealth of story and color. I find myself upon a delightful journey. I find pages unfolding filled with the echoes of romance, adventure, trade development—the commercial possibilities of a empire.

Written history of Illinois does not go back of 1673. For evidence of human life behind that year we can only read the signs left in the earth, crude remnants of pottery, weapons made of flint, stone axes, debris from burial places, scattering chapters etched in picture on cliffs and rocks—and records of Indian legends put down by white men.

Discovery of Illini Country

Close your eyes and in vision see Pere Marquette, thin-faced and frail, a little Jesuit priest in his book robes. He bears in one hand his cross and the other a rosary. Dangling from his neck is a calumet, sacred peace pipe of the Indians, a gift that miraculously guards his life as he bravely plunges on proclaiming the glory of God to the savage tribes of the wilderness.

See him in company with Louis Joliet, strong, jovial, a commercial-minded fur trader, paddling in birch bark canoes, up the Fox river in Wisconsin from Green Bay, the final outpost of the French. Go with them as they portage across the low water-shed, break the rapids of the Wisconsin and drop down bravely, with five white companions, to the Father of Waters.

Friendly tribes, whose language they speak, warn them of sudden lurking death, strange monsters and spirits which will devour them, enemies who will torture them. Yet they push on, we with them in vision, riding the flood. It is midsummer now and the year is that notable year in the history of Illinois—1673.

See now Pere Marquette in the wilderness saying mass, raising rude crosses, looking with awe upon the fierce "Piasa bird," etched on the towering rock-walls of the river near where Alton stands by men whose past vanishes into antiquity. See him

tenderly telling the savages he meets the story of Christ and the Virgin Mary while they wonder.

Look now into the entranced eyes of Joliet, the priest's anthesis, a man with appraising mind, gazing about him and envisioning a mighty empire to be owned by his king. Follow them down to the Arkansas river where fierce red men, with raised spears and arrows trembling at the bowstrings, stand ready to destroy them.

They are saved by the sacred and all-mysterious calumet. Aged chiefs step between and shield them. They turn back, retrace their steps. With friendly tribes again, the Illini, they are feasted and give days and nights to glad councils. They are patted on the back, which is the way of the Illini in betokening friendship, and are given savage gifts.

They are passed from village to village, guides ever attending them, on up the Illinois river, the Indian short-cut to the Great Lakes. Men of adventure are these. They have traveled far and have roamed wide spaces over varied years. Yet after many talks with his compatriots the good Father Marquette, sensing the greatness of what they call "the Illinois country," puts down in cramped characters in his diary:

"We have seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, ducks and beaver."

So, with this primeval picture in mind, we dip paddle again and move along with the trail-blazers of civilization, on the first journey ever made by white men across Illinois.

Great Indian City

We reach now a great Indian city, one of sixty permanent towns built in Illinois by members of the Illini tribes. It stands for more than a mile, straggling along the river front, near where later Utica was built not far below Ottawa.

This city is the permanent refuge of 2,400 families. They live in 460 houses, two or three fires burning in each house. Looking down upon the city it seems to be an irregular group of "covered wagons" without the running gear. Houses are built by bending stout and resilient saplings to form bows, inverted U-shaped forms; thickly woven mats of reeds make walls and roofs. They are warm and turn back the storms. History says that this city we look upon is the greatest ever built by Indians in North America.

With Marquette and Joliet and their five voyageurs we pass on, enter the DesPlaines river, portage the low pass to the south branch of the Chicago river—it was called Chicago even then by the red men—and out into the blue waters of what was known as the Lake of Illinois; today's Lake Michigan.

The adventurers are back in Green Bay, at their post. The story of the Mississippi river and the riches of the Illinois land filters slowly across the Great Lakes, to the settlements along the St. Lawrence and on to Europe.

In a few years LaSalle comes for Marquette is dead, his bones buried in the sands of the dunes while on his second journey. Also comes Tonti, "the Man with the Iron Hand." They find the Indian city in ruins. Look close in your memory and you can see the warlike Iroquois, pressed by white men in the east, sweep in.

They come wave on wave, time on time, year after year, raiding, burning, murdering women and children, fighting to wrest from the holders of Illinois the most amazing game country that the Indians ever knew.

Crudely pastoral, raising corn, tobacco, squash, pumpkins in fields which they crop year after year, the Illini fall back before the more savage invader, their tribes shrinking as the battle axes strike. Now we find their remnants grouped along the Mississippi near the mouth of the Kaskaskia.

After 100 Years

It is a hundred years after the day that Marquette came. Three thousand whites have wandered into what is now Illinois—counting women and children. That's thirty a year! Only thirty a year for a hundred years in to the richest virgin land that sun ever shone upon!

It's a hundred years gone and almost all of these who have come are huddled into a few outposts along the east shore of the Mississippi between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Kaskaskia.

England and France blaze in Europe; again at each others' throats. Colonial join in. Red men take sides. White men "buy hair"—pay cash for the scalps of enemies. France is beaten. England takes over all lands west to Mississippi. The year is 1763.

Five hundred slaves, black men, have been brought in to toil along the Mississippi river bottoms. Kaskaskia is the chief city. Here Jesuits pray and brew and make wines for the bottom lands are rich and there are grain fields, vineyards and fruit orchards, deep laden. The language is of France.

Come now with clinking sabres and bayoneted guns the British red coats. A decade passes. The King of England forgets the letter that George Washington and a group of fellow patriots indicted to him telling him that the Illinois country is the key-stone of the empire to be built west of the mountains. They say it will be the granary of the nation, that the soil is richer and the corn bigger than anywhere in the land.

Their plea for a colony is put aside. The revolution, glowing, breaks out into white-hot flame. George Rogers Clark, little more than a boy, is secretly commissioned by Patrick Henry, to seize Illinois for Virginia. With a handful of copskinned riflemen he strikes at Kaskaskia and wins. Turning back, he swims icy streams and takes St. Vincent's, now Vincennes.

Becomes a State

More years pass—1818. A state! Nathaniel Pope, a lone man in Washington, representing Illinois, pleads to shove the north line of Illinois northward to give the state lake frontage. It is done. So Illinois gains Chicago and Wisconsin loses it.—On one man's request!

Fourteen men pay taxes in Chicago in 1825. John B. Beaubien, wealthiest citizen, shows taxable property valued at \$1,000. Joseph La Framboise, poorest, is put down with wealth of \$50 and it costs him 50 cents.

Now the early thirties. The New England invasion to the north while Virginians, Carolinians and Kentuckians flow in like a tidal wave. Wars. More men. The shades of Lincoln and Grant march through. Indian trails no more. Bands of steel until Illinois has more railroad to the square mile than any state in the union; then more concrete roads.

Factories, industries, whole cities in the coal mines under the earth. Six million people. A city gaining 70,000 every year.

Romance amazing! Illinois! Ride with me on my adventure.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Colby on "Re-discovering Illinois." The next will appear in an early issue.

METHODIST PASTOR CHANGES CHURCHES

Becomes Member of Presbyterian Presbytery After Examination

Reared in the faith of John Wesley and ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. J. E. Smith, late pastor of the church of that denomination at Cuba, Fulton county, has felt a doubt in his mind concerning the tenets of that great religious organization.

Smith has entertained a leaning toward the teaching of John Calvin, instead; and has asked for a transfer to the Presbyterian denomination. He has been making a thorough study of the Presbyterian confession of faith and has decided to adopt it and preach it.

At a meeting of the Peoria Presbytery, Rev. Smith was given a theological examination and, passing the test successfully, he was formally admitted into the denomination and assigned to the pastorate of the church at Oneida. He was to take charge of the church Sunday.

BUILDING FINANCE

We pay cash for seller's interest in monthly payment land contracts and second mortgages on houses and small flat buildings.

WM. F. PELHAM CO.
611 HARRIS TRUST BUILDING
Central 6702 Chicago, Ill.
We Invest Only Our Own Capital
We Are Not Brokers
ASSETS OVER \$1,000,000.00



Ask Us to Send This Book to Your Friends

Someone you know may be considering the choice of a family burial spot. Ask us to send them a new book of Rosehill. Pages of pictures and text offer a remarkable study of the city's most beautiful cemetery and mausoleum. Ask your friends to suspend choice until they have seen this book and made a visit to Rosehill. They will have all the years ahead to congratulate themselves.



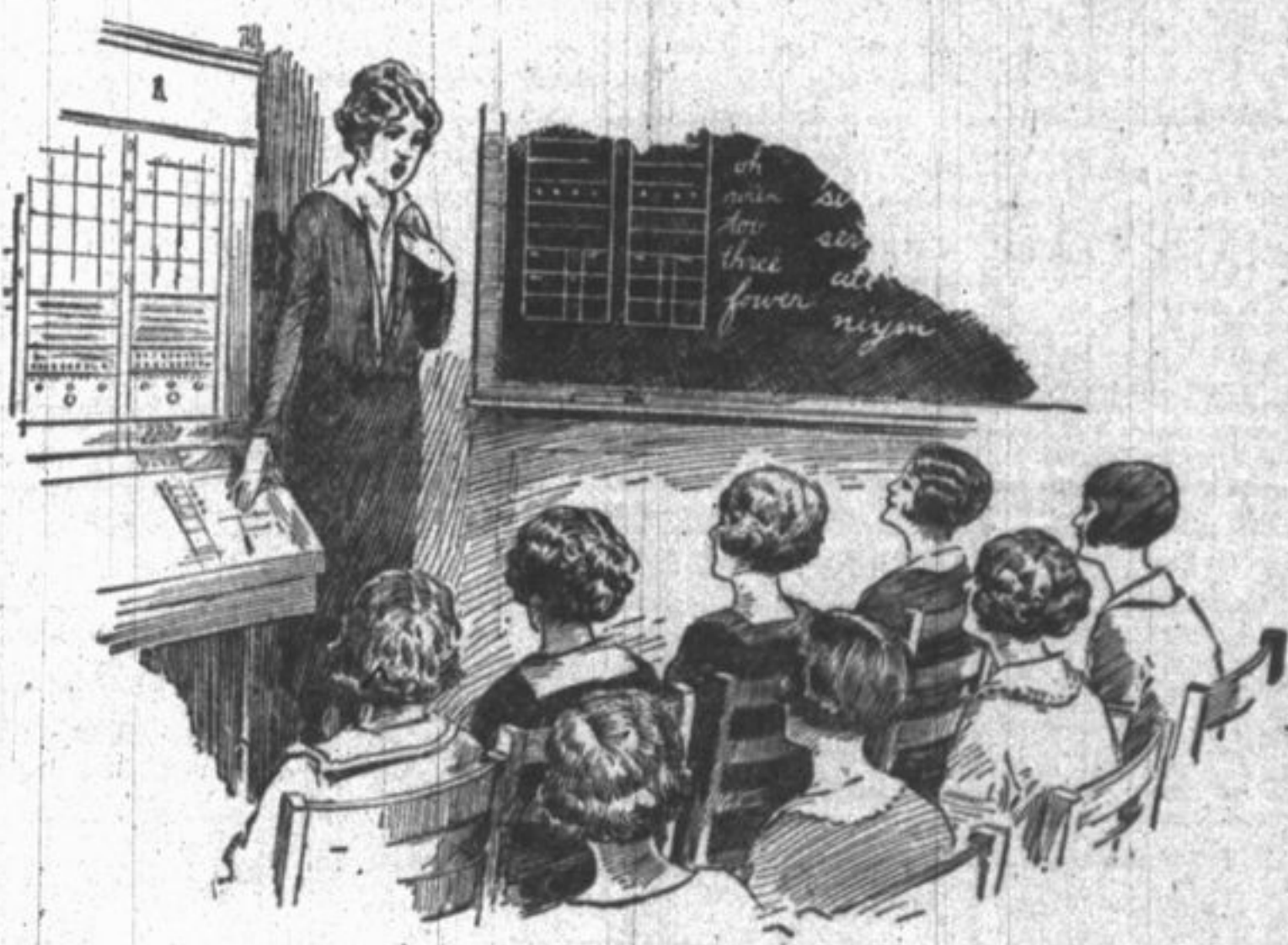
Send us your address and we will mail you this book of Rosehill.

Rosehill is supported by a Trust Fund of nearly two millions of dollars, and a Perpetual Charter granted by the State of Illinois.

ROSEHILL CEMETERY COMPANY

City Office: 1617 First National Bank Building, Randolph 5340
Cemetery: 5800 Ravenswood Avenue, Edgewater 0714

NOTE: There is desirable space immediately available in the Mausoleum. Telephone either office for further information. Cards of admission issued at the Cemetery entrance.



Training for Service

KEEPING pace with America's telephone needs means keeping ahead. The work of preparation never ends.

There must be complex engineering studies, careful financing plans and thousands of manufacturing operations before new facilities can be built and made ready for public use.

And when they are ready, the workers must also be ready, skilled in the multitude of tasks incident to the operation and maintenance of telephone plant and equipment.

In every important center in the country, new members of the telephone forces are in continuous training, preparing to meet tomorrow's telephone needs.

For your telephone system is a living, growing organism. Last year 836,163 telephones were added to its national service. Millions of miles of wire interlace the continent, to interconnect your telephone with nearly 16,000,000 others. Tomorrow there will be more telephones, for the nation demands and expects them.

ILLINOIS BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY BELL SYSTEM

One Policy - One System - Universal Service

