

# HUDSON-ESSEX MOTOR CARS

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### Official Opening Saturday, December 19th. Everyone Invited

## A. W. PERSON

Second Street at Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois

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HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS  
DEERFIELD

Friday, Dec. 23

Salmon	\$1
Large can	\$1
Butter Pickles	\$1
atoes, No. 3 can	\$1
ney Beans,	\$1
rs, No. 2 can	\$1
oice Sliced Peaches	\$1
Rump Corned Beef	\$1
ed Pineapple	\$1
Ripe Olives	\$1
Sliced Peaches	\$1
	69c
d Cherries	\$1
ries	\$1
b Honey	\$1
n Cherries	\$1
ak	\$1
er	\$1
ak	\$1
se Steak	\$1
er	\$1
Noodles	\$1
ed Pineapple	\$1
4 cans for	\$1
Sardines	\$1
ak	\$1
	\$1

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**JUNK**  
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OLD ORIGINAL PRINTS  
Mozartino, Fashion and Flower  
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amps, Bottles, large collection of  
**S. MARY ANN DICKE**  
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ft Dressings  
for your  
XMAS PACKAGES

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ative Seals, gummed  
ck; Name Tags; Rib-  
Tags; Odd-shaped  
"Do Not Open"  
s, appropriate and  
ng; Cards for encl-  
and a friendly greet-  
Coin Cards; Bill Hold-  
Coin Cases, for money

one designed and  
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credit on your selec-

you a Christmas Book?  
s 16 decorated gift pack-  
n color, and many other  
things. 10 cents a copy.

**BERT LARSON**  
Stationer

## No smoky gas to burn off

When you replenish your fire with Chicago Solvay Coke you don't need to stand around while the smoky gases burn off. You don't have to wait to make several adjustments of dampers. Firing with Chicago Solvay Coke consists simply of putting in more coke—with your drafts properly set to produce the desired heat.

Chicago Solvay Coke contains more heat—ton for ton—than hard coal and costs you 30% less. It has almost double the heat of soft coal, yet it costs less per ton. There are few ashes, no smoke and no destructive soot when you use Chicago Solvay Coke.

Your fuel merchant will send a Service Man to look over your hot air furnace, boiler or stove and show you how easily and economically you can burn Chicago Solvay Coke. The established dealer deserves your business—telephone him and place your order.

## CHICAGO Solvay Coke

### Buy it - Burn it You'll Like it

Paul Borchardt Highland Park Fuel Co.  
Phone 67 Phone 335

Frank Siljestrom  
Phone 65

## Re-discovering ILLINOIS by LESTER COLBY



Drawing showing driftless or unglaciated area at junction of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, and the one-time-planned state of Manitowish that never came into existence. "Lead has been mined at Galena, Illinois, from 1728 to the present time. Lead served as currency during the last half of the eighteenth century in the upper Mississippi valley, one peck of corn equaling one peck of ore."

Come with me on a journey down into the shadowy depths of the famous Black Jack Mine, four miles out of Galena. We pull on rubber boots, heavy khaki-colored coats, rubber hats that make us look like firemen. There's a bit of a thrill in all this for we are going down into the ground.

Get Miners' Lamps From a closet we are supplied with miners' lamps, you and I, each getting one. Carbide is poured in and a hot flame gleams. We follow a pathway to the head of the shaft. They tell us it is 189 feet, straight down, to the level we will visit. The superintendent picks up a heavy iron chisel and raps on a six-inch iron air-pipe. That's the bell.

Shortly the elevator appears. It is a narrow platform suspended by wire cables. Four of us step on it. There are no gates. It is close standing for four men. We look for something to grip and find hold on iron. A signal. We drop swiftly. Rock walls rush past us—upward.

Shadowy City The car stops. We walk out into a shadowy city far beneath the high hills of Jo Daviess county, Illinois. Here is the central point of a network of radiating narrow-gauge rails. Patient mules plod back and forth drawing little trains of ore cars.

Underground streets gleam at intervals with incandescent electric lights. They give the mules and men who toil here a distorted, Halloween-like appearance. Some of the mules, the men will tell us, have been underground ten or fifteen years. Mules that go down into these lead and zinc mines seldom ever see the light of day again. They stay until they die. A complete barn, on one of the several levels, houses them. It is roofed for the ceiling of these caves forever drip water. Here and there from fissures above gush little streams.

We travel along through vast man-made caverns, far pick and shovel, dynamite, black skinned slaves and free white men, latterly white men working air drills, have moved a heap of rock and earth since 1728 when lead was first mined in Galena.

The shadowy darkness yields now greater caverns. A four story building might stand in some of them and not touch the ceilings that tower above. We point our lamps upward and see them flickeringly. We might be standing in some ancient Gothic cathedral lit dimly with Mediaeval oil lamps.

We plod through tunnels, connecting the greater caverns, hewn out of rock and almost have to bog our heads. We find rippling brooks, miniature waterfalls, glistening lead and zinc ores, crystals of pyrite, a forest of great pillars left to hold the arching roofs as we reach larger groups of these great caverns. Black holes go away to some dark somewhere.

Bats and spooks, gnomes and witches might live here and feel at home. A load of dynamite is coming in. It moves onward to the rattle of the drills at the tunnel ends. Back we plod, a long way, then up and out into the sunlight!

Early History Philip Renault, a Frenchman, sometime after the opening of the lead mines in Galena 197 years ago, the same Renault who was identified with John Law in his great Mississippi Bubble fiasco, so legend says, brought 100 slaves, Santo Domingo negroes, to Galena to work in the mines. From Europe, if the story is true, he brought 200 white men, skilled artisans, to shape the metals the black men were to dig.

But the silver they expected to find was not there and this bubble, like the other bubble, finally burst. Yet history says these Santo Domingo slaves and their descendants dug steadily in the growing caverns for more than a hundred years. It is re-

corded that Jean Baptiste Point de Sable, a Santo Domingo negro, built the first house where now Chicago stands in 1779. It was just across the boulevard from where now we find the Wrigley tower. You can envision, perhaps, the black slave escaping from the mines, threading the forests—to the lake.

John Kinzie bought the house in 1804 and lived in it until it was forty-nine years old.

America's First Klondike Galena was America's first Klondike. It was the first storm-center of a great mining rush. Gold towns of the west have risen, caused tumults, scattered wealth, decayed and become Ghost Cities but Galena plods along—like the mules.

Once Galena was a city of 15,000 souls. Some, perhaps enthusiasts, proclaim that in those riotous days of gambling and whiskey and guns the city and its "rag town" adjacent, where men lived under cloth, would number 30,000. Today? perhaps 5,000.

Once riverboats in flotillas came up the Galena, called far back in the primitive beginning the Fever River. Today traffic on the stream is dead. Rusty iron rings clinging to abandoned wharves proclaim the past. The stream has shrunk, silt from cultivated fields has narrowed it and made it shallow. Water doesn't come out of the hills as it did, old timers say.

A Million Years Ago

Let us stop long enough to turn back the pages of time a million years or so and learn something more of Galena. The geologist tells us that it is in the heart of the "Driftless Area." Once, you know, a great ice cap covered the northern part of the United States. Its southern rim came about as far south as Seattle, easterly through Idaho, Montana and into the Dakotas. From there it headed southeasterly to a line somewhere near Carbondale, Marion and Harrisburg, Illinois. Next—the end of the ice line headed northeasterly across central Ohio, thence east through mid-Pennsylvania to the Atlantic.

North of this line there was one large area where, probably because of the height of the land and its rough, rugged nature, the ice sheet was split and turned aside. This is the "driftless area." Its northwestern tip is about ten miles northwest of Eau Claire, Wis., its northeastern corner for it is nearly triangular in shape, near Stevens Point, Wis., while its southern point is just west of Mt. Carroll, Ill.

State That Never Was This driftless area, its hills never leveled down by the ice sheet, its valleys never filled with the silt of melting ice seas, is today filled with scenic beauty. It is an entrancing

land and the tourist should see it more.

It is partly identical with what was once proposed as a separate state in the Union to be known as Manitowish—meaning "Land of God." This land, lying between the Mississippi, Rock and Wisconsin rivers was to have had as its northeastern boundary a straight line running from Sauk City to Madison.

Manitowish, the state that never was born, was planned because this region, founded on the wealth of its mines, was an island of white men surrounded by bold tribes of marauding Indians. It was here, you know, that Blackhawk led the last stand of the red men east of the Mississippi and lost.

Pioneer Defenders Among the defenders of these hills during the Blackhawk war were Abraham Lincoln, Zachary Taylor and U. S. Grant, three men who became presidents of the United States, and Jefferson Davis who became president of the Confederacy. Among them was Albert Johnston who fought Grant at Shiloh. Grant grew up in Galena where his father was a leather merchant.

The old store still stands as does the house of Grant's boyhood, a plain little place of common brick. On the other side of the river, is his later home, given to him by eager citizens after the Civil war. Here he and his family lived at such times as he was not in the White House.

I visited the newer house—one of Illinois' shrines. It is open daily to the public, almost as Grant left it. Marble topped tables, the old shabby chair he used in Washington, Mrs. Grant's dancing slippers, worn on great occasions. You can imagine the grim old warrior going upstairs at night, kerosene lamp in hand, to his heatless room and rather poor plain furniture.

Other Features

Galena has known other talent and other genius. Other fortunes and other glories have been born here. Elisha B. Washburne, one time secretary of state and ambassador to France lies buried in Galena. Those other Washburnes whose wealth built great flour mills and helped make Minneapolis founded their fortunes in this spot.

James J. Hill, wizard railroad builder, checked freight and struggled with baggage on the Galena wharf—learning his trade. The Kohlsaats and Hibbards of Chicago knew Galena in their younger days. H. H. Kohlsaat was always "Herman" here, the judge plain "Chris" and E. W. Kohlsaat never anything but "Ernest."

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