

# HIGHLAND PARK NEWS

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., JUNE, 1874.

On Friday evening of next week (the 13th inst.) the young people of Highland Park unite with those of Winnetka in a dramatic and social entertainment to be given at the latter place, the Winnetka Dramatic Club performing a roaring farce, to be followed by the drama "Among the Breakers" by the Highland Park organization.

Fine music from Chicago has been secured, and dancing will follow the programme as announced above.

Mr. CHAS. AIKEN, Photographer, of Evanston, has rented the store of W. P. Daker, on St. John's Avenue and will for a few weeks furnish photographs to the residents of Highland Park, and vicinity. His work is done at satisfactory prices and is entirely of the very best class as attested by numerous specimens which we have seen. In children's pictures his success is quite remarkable.

Mr. Aiken challenges a comparison of his work with the best executed anywhere, and we take pleasure in recommending him to the patronage of our citizens.

Another Evanston firm, Messrs. Mansfield and Freeman, Dentists, advertise in our columns to-day. They purpose to be in attendance at the Central Hotel on every Wednesday, until further notice, where they are prepared to serve our citizens with work in their line, executed in the most skilful and satisfactory manner.

## ON THE TRAIN.

The suburban train is quite a different thing from the through one. It is used, not only as a means of conveyance, but as a medium of business and of pleasure. Though the aggregate of time spent on it seems large, yet it is by no means wasted. Many an acquaintance is made, many a friendship cemented, many a transaction concluded through the companionship of the road. Perhaps there is no hour in the day more fruitful in lasting results than that spent on the cars, and none which, in after years, will have a larger share in our recollections.

But there is a difference in trains. The delicate pen of a Balzac, or a Hawthorne, might, perhaps, trace nicer distinctions than any we are able to draw, but there are more marked distinctions which a less skilful writer may, perhaps, venture to attempt.

The early morning train—the six forty-something—is rather an aggravating train. It goes on its course leisurely, as though it was not yet quite awake, and its passengers have a thoughtful look as though they had broken off, too short, the end of some sweet dream, and were trying to recollect what it was; or maybe they are trying to think what that was they bolted for breakfast. The passengers are mostly of a class that is apt to be up late nights,—too bad they should have to go in so early. It's a good train on which to hear about base ball or private theatricals, or anything else that is useless and pleasant,—but on the whole, it is a very sober and quiet train. The only hilarity on it arises when some frequenter of the later trains is caught there. Then all the regulars poke fun at him. If there is anything folks are conceited about it is getting up early—just as though they would do it if they didn't have to.

There is said to be an earlier train than this, but we never saw it, and don't think we ever saw anybody who had seen it. Its existence seems to rest on tradition alone; so we must leave that out.

The passengers are older on the next train, and they are more sober. Their peculiarity is that no one of them ever knows anything about anything; but his wife and babies. They are the most domestic of all our people. They have to be, for if they were up late nights, they could not get up early enough; whether they do not go out because they have to go on that train, or go on the train because they don't go out, must ever remain a mystery. They don't talk much, but look sharp for the paper boy, and then settle into corners and read all the editorials and long speeches, and advertisements. They,

too, carry with them that sense of virtue which distinguishes the early riser, and the consciousness that they are smarter than those eight o'clock fellows, consoles them through the day.

Then comes the swift Kenosha, draining the town of its male humanity, as a powerful air pump at a stroke empties its receiver. There is an animated scene at the depot just before it comes. The number of business and social affairs that are crowded into a few minutes is surprising. Any one you want to see is pretty sure to be there, but you must be quick for the chances are that he is button-holing somebody else; and talking with the energy of a man who has to do an hour's business in five minutes. There, too, are the ladies, to whom the journey is not an every-day affair: glad of a change, but apt to show a shade of anxiety, as though wondering whether the domestic world will revolve safely on its axis during their absence. It is the brightest, most chatty and pleasantest of trains. Its passengers do not ruin their constitutions and tempers by early rising and hasty breakfasts, and so are prepared to enjoy any good, or bear any evil that may come to them. They do not sit off solitary, as on the earlier trains, but divide up into pairs and groups, or pass from one seat to another transacting business, or exchanging greetings. Best of trains! How can those towns, at which it doesn't stop, get along without it?

The through trains, during the day, have no marked characteristics. A solitary Highland Parker or two may usually be found on them, but he looks strange and lonesome, speaks, if at all, in subdued tones, and likes to get out of sight behind a paper.

It seems as though many more people go into go into town than come out from it—not, by any means, owing to those city pitfalls which entrap more rural visitors, but because they are scattered through more trains in returning home.

On pleasant days a very respectable number may be found on the train, cheerfully called the funeral train. They all seem to be suffering from the pangs of an uneasy conscience, and take the earliest opportunity of telling their neighbors how it is that they happen to be there, and that they haven't been on that train before for a month. Arrived at the depot, they look around with a bewildered air and steal home. What then becomes of them is a mystery, for no eye ever sees them again until evening.

The afternoon is long in Highland Park. The slowly declining sun looks down on the quietest of quiet streets, on deserted gardens, and buildings that seem asleep in the brightness. But, as it begins to sink, again comes the Kenosha, whose passage through the town is like a flow of blood through the veins. With one bound the town is astir, and wide-awake for the rest of the evening. Best of trains for return! Late enough not to afflict one with pangs of remorse for leaving his business; early enough to give one a long, long evening in the summer greenness. One who comes on it may, as he leaves town, truly pity the city man. The transition between city and country, usually gradual, is abrupt on our road. One moment you pass through the smoke of the rolling mills, and among the sights, sounds and scents of the squalid railroad settlements, then one leap across that fragrant stream, which you don't need to see to know it is there, and you are in the summer purity and freshness, with a thousand wild flowers smiling congratulations on you at having got out of that. The contrast, always pleasant, is best of all on the Kenosha, when one can look on what he sees as only an earnest of what he will experience when he gets home.

The passengers on the train are usually beaming and social. The train is swift and clean—seldom crowded, though never lonesome; bright with the presence of ladies and full of chatty groups. The suburbans have it all to themselves, too, and are not annoyed by the stupidity, anxiety and curiosity of through passengers. If only the smoking car, with those unshaded unopenable windows wasn't quite such a furnace in summer—but then what is perfect?

The passengers in the express are hardly so well off. The train is swift, but apt to be too full, and the presence

of so many gloomy people compelled to go to Milwaukee is rather saddening. The suburbans are not quite on their own ground, and are rather crowded out of sight; and if one gets a seat he has to keep still in it or he will lose it. So the train is rather stupid and you can't depend upon seeing your friends on it.

The passengers on the 5:30, too, are pretty quiet, except, maybe, the younger portion of them. The older ones look as though they found the world rather too much for them; they like to get a whole seat, put their feet in it, and think of the time when they can come out earlier. The only animation shown is in the smoking car, vocal with discussions as to who played "low," or mourning over the fate of "pedro;" though the train is sadly shorn of its glories in this respect since it stopped going to Waukegan.

The 6:20 has a kind of tin-pail flavor about it, owing to the laborers who come on it. Otherwise it is much the same as the last, only its characteristics are a little more marked. When a man works till six o'clock and don't get his supper till early bed-time, he is not, in general, inclined to take much interest in anything except the said supper and bed.

The nine o'clock train is sleepy. It is a heathenish hour for any one to be going home; too late for the close of work, too early for the end of any amusement. Only a few unfortunates are occasionally obliged to take it, and they are usually worried and exhausted. They can recognize a townsman, though, and then they greet him like a brother and ask what in the world he is doing there, but that over they soon sink into apathy and slumber.

Last of all comes the "owl" train. Considered in the abstract, a trip of two mortal hours, at midnight, in an aged car, enlivened by the creaky rattle of the old-fashioned brakes, the heavy snore of the exhausted passenger or by more discordant noises from the throat of some one who has had quite as much benzine as is bad for him, can hardly be called pleasant; but there are circumstances when trifles are not considered, and the "owl" train has other stories to tell—some of them have sequels, too—and echoes other sounds pleasanter than snores or oaths. We do not like to be too explicit on this point, for it might expose us to unfounded suspicion; but to those who are wise this word will be sufficient. Still it must be owned, that the shape which this train takes in the thoughts, varies according to the age and sex of the passenger, and that on the whole it can scarcely be recommended as a regular means of conveyance.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths." Reader, have you learned this wondrous alphabet of the angels? On a balmy Spring day, in the green depths and the holy quiet of one of "God's first temples," reclining upon one of dame Nature's soft, mossy cushions, with the sweet flowers, not yet "folded to their dreams," all around you; the wild violet peeping up from its mossy bed beneath you and again closing its blue eye; pure white blooms just over your head, swinging their censor-like cups, as if, on the wing of their fragrance, to wait you a blessing; and a little farther on, the sensitive plant, with its rose-colored flowers so exquisitely beautiful, and emitting a fragrance as delicate and pure as the breath of a cherub, and its lovely leaflets which draw you, as all that is lovely and innocent does; and, on your approach, close even as the timid eyes of a child in its mother's arms; in such a spot, the wild-wood home of the flowers, did ever an angel, with gentle rustle, come down, and, folding its bright pinions, sit by your side, unfolding their sweet though mystic lore? I hope so, for then you will respond to the following from the pen of one of Nature's worshippers: "Plants are, as it were, the most direct language of the earth. Every new leaf, every strange flower, is some secret that is pressing forth, and which, because it cannot move, or speak for joy and love, becomes a mute, quiet plant. When we find such a flower, in a solitary place, does it not seem as if every thing around was transfigured? One could weep for joy, and, secluded from the world, thrust hands and feet into the ground and strike root in order never to leave the happy neighborhood. Over the whole dry world is flung this green, mysterious carpet of love. With every