

# The Highland Park News

Will be issued MONTHLY from its office in the Post Office building, where all editorial and other business will be transacted, and where all communications should be addressed.

## HIGHLAND PARK TIME TABLE.

Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Yearly Fare, \$85 100 Rides, \$23 50. 30 Rides, \$ 3 50

### TRAINS STOPPING AT HIGHLAND PARK

Leave Chicago,	Arr. High'd Park,	Leave High'd Park,	Arr. Chicago.
Kinzie St. 8.00 A. M.	9.07 A. M.	3.18 A. M.	5.00 A. M. Kinzie St.
" 9.30 "	10.25 "	6.00 "	7.15 " Wells St.
" 1.00 P. M.	2.15 P. M.	6.44 "	7.55 " "
Wells St. 4.30 "	5.17 "	7.11 "	8.25 " "
Kinzie St. 5.00 "	5.54 "	8.03 "	9.00 " "
Wells St. 5.30 "	6.40 "	9.29 "	10.30 " Kinzie St.
" 6.20 "	7.35 "	2.25 P. M.	3.40 P. M.
" 9.00 "	10.15 "	3.12 "	4.00 " "
" 11.25 A. M.	12.35 "	1.12 "	2.20 " Wells St.
Kinzie St. 11.00 P. M.	12.47 "	6.27 "	7.30 " Kinzie St.

\*Sunday Trains.

### A FALSTAFFIAN GAME.

As a complete and altogether unapproachable novelty, we take it the game of base ball played by the club yecept the "Skokies" of this city, recently, stands unprecedented. We only give an incomplete resume of the game, and we trust none of the gentlemen engaged will nourish a personal grievance towards us if we omit mentioning all the strong points made. In our language, laudatory adjectives seem sadly limited when we approach such a subject.

To begin with, the Pitcher, besides landing the ball in the most unexpected places, as much to the discomfiture of the spectators as of the players, exhibited a peculiar tendency to rush forward with the ball so as to take it hastily and hot from the end of the bat. He was an entire field in himself.

Then the Catcher: how bravely he held his ear to the passing ball in order to ascertain its exact velocity. And what miraculous endurance he displayed in continuing to the end of the game, and letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed upon that damaged ankle until, on arriving home, he requested his sympathizing wife to pull his boot off.

And next the first base. Being a professional, much was naturally expected from him, but it is sufficient to say that although several days have elapsed since the occurrence, the part he took in the affair still continues the prominent theme for discussion in all tea-drinkings and missionary circles.

The second base was nobly taken. The *elan* evinced by this gentleman displayed his Napoleonic origin, and the agility with which he warded off the balls with his nose obtained for him the applause of the bystanders, while securing for him a high rank among the actors in the "diamond field."

The noble Captain of the club occupied the third base with the same grace and effectiveness which characterize whatever he undertakes. Probably the "poetry of motion" was never more completely displayed than in certain portions of this gentleman's game.

The short stop was all that could be desired. Among the numerous commendable qualities displayed by him, probably the one most marked was the modesty he exhibited in allowing the balls to pass him so that the basemen might obtain the credit of mufing them.

The interpolation of a second, or right short, was, we understand, in conformity to an English custom, and the "Skokies" are entitled to particular prominence in sporting circles as being the first to adopt this novel and creditable innovation. And just here we will remark that it is the design of this club to thoroughly test all advanced rules and to adopt unhesitatingly all such as tend to elevate and perfect the game, as witness the manner in which the outfielders took their positions almost invariably under the overhanging branches of the neighboring trees, or when this was impracticable, the ready use made by them of umbrellas or their wifes parasols, also the employment of small boys to run the bases when such strategy seemed desirable.

The right field could not have been more acceptably

occupied than by our friend the host of the Highland Park House. *Festina lente* was his watchword, and its appropriateness was fully demonstrated by the opportunities it gave for the making of home runs by their opponents.

But what shall we say of the centre field? The same intrepidity which, on many a field of carnage has met unflinchingly the fire of the enemy, here shone out in all its pristine grandeur. There he stood like a young Casibianca, all undaunted, while the balls flew thick and hot around him. Valorous Colonel, how proud your wife must have felt.

One word for the staunch veteran who so bravely held the left field. Immovable as the solidest of the many structures his ingenuity has planned, like the immortal Duke, "four-square to all the" balls that came, he seemed a fit epitome of this grand organization whose membership do honor each to the other, and whose doughty deeds deserve a worthier and loftier championship than our poor pen can render.

### Mr. Editor.

I am a young lady—anyway I am not forty-five years old, nor twenty-five either. I came to Highland Park last year with my uncle John. I always lived in the city before, and used to "fix up" every nice afternoon and ride down town and see all the sights and go to all the stores and examine all the pretty things, and make the dainty young clerks ever so much trouble, but that's what they are paid for, I think; then I used to go calling on my friends and have nice talks about things, and when papa was away once in a while when there was something real nice; Charley used to take me to McVicker's. I don't think it is wicked, just once in a while; do you, Mr. Editor? I wonder if you are very sober. I only know one of the editors of the NEWS, and he is the married one, and he does look sober, except when he is talking to some pretty girl or other.

I don't like country life, and I think Highland Park is a queer place. The young men are so economical, which proves, I suppose, that they will make good husbands, and keep the potato bin supplied and the flour barrel full; but that is not fun, now, anyway. Then they like to go to church so much, and sit up so straight and make believe they hear what the minister says. I don't like preaching for I don't understand it, only I suppose the wicked go to that summer clime, where you don't perspire, but scorch, but the church is so hot such nice evenings that it reminds me of it.

I do like to walk with Edgar down the Ravine Drive, or to the foot of Laurel Avenue, and gaze with him on the great big lake which looks lovely when the moon shines so softly down upon its placid face;—Oh! it is so nice, and Edgar can talk as though he knew all about it. He says he never liked the moon so much as this summer, and I, too—I mean, I like the moon, too.—I suppose editors know what girls mean when they write, even if it is about the lovely moon. I think you do. I wonder if you can read this and if you will put it in the paper; and if you do, what will you call it?—I shall put it into the contribution box,—why no, I mean the letter box—at the post office when it is dark, and J. won't tell Edgar that I wrote it, or what it is about, for I don't know, myself, but I know I started to talk about things. I was going to say I thought your paper too stiff and nice, that there wasn't sugar enough in the tea, but "L" and "M.M.E." are pretty sweet, though. Any way, you must like ravines, you say so much about them. I wonder if you ever walked down them, not by "moonlight alone," but with Lucinda, or with Arabella Jane. I wouldn't wonder, if you haven't, I tell you it is nice, for I have, with Edgar.

I don't think you put news enough in the NEWS. I didn't think, perhaps there isn't any to put in. I think you like base ball and to talk about the churches. I think they named base ball just right. I think it is base for the young men don't think of anything else and are always talking of "catch," and "pitch," and "fly balls." I think if they would take us girls or young ladies out riding once in a while in a nice phaeton or horseback, that it would be, anyway, a change, and we could join in

the pleasure; but it costs money—more than a ball and a bat. I like croquet but don't like to play all the time with girls, but if the young men play base ball all the time they have to.

Don't you think it would be nice to have a party once in a while; not a church sociable; I don't like socibles, my aunt does, though, for she is so good. I wish I was good; but I can't wear my new silk dress at a church sociable; anyway I shan't, because if they play blind man's bluff it would spoil it.

I heard that if the Highlanders beat they were to have a party at the hotel. That would be so nice, I think, but I wouldn't like to dance with a Highlander in his white suits; they look so queer—and make me think—oh, I won't say what—but the Highlanders got beaten and so did our party. Edgar plays base ball and I don't like that, it makes his hand so ugly and rough. I like to have a gentleman have a nice, white hand, it is nice when you dance and—no matter.

Then, I don't think the Highland Park young men are polite; They don't invite the young ladies to go anywhere, but go alone, and a good many times let us girls get home the best we can. I don't like that though Edgar is always at the church socibles, but I get tired of only one to walk with. I don't like monopoly. I think I am a granger but I wouldn't like to be a granger's wife, I would rather be a dressmaker. I went to the Baptist ice cream garden with Lewis. Edgar didn't like that, but I didn't mind. Ice cream isn't nice when it is for the missionaries. Etta was there eating ice cream, too, and she was real mad; she said Philip asked her to play croquet with him in a match with the school teacher, two on a side, and Philip was to play with her, and what do you think? he didn't come or send an apology. She says she will never play with him again. I laughed and told her not to mind, it was the way of the place, that the young men were young, indeed, and didn't know better.

I wish I was at Long Branch, it is so gay—it is so nice, to learn to swim in the ocean, and the young men are so polite, but uncle lost lots of money in the panic and he can't sell his house and he says we must economise, and then we must save all we can to help pay the church debt. I wish churches didn't have debts or preaching, anyway in hot weather. I would like to join that kind of a church, wouldn't you? especially if the minister is a young man? I like young ministers, they are so polite and bashful, but I wouldn't like to be a minister's wife because I should have to be good and try and please everybody, and I wouldn't like to have a minister round the house all the time, it would be so dull. Wouldn't it be awful to have to read sermons over? I would rather be a nurse girl.

I haven't got any more paper to write on and I haven't said anything yet and Edgar wants to know who I am writing to. I told him I was writing to Charley and he went right off; so I will go right off to put this in the post office. I hope Mr. Streeter won't know my handwriting and tell I shall buy the very first paper that is sold—it will only cost me five cents, but I guess it will cost you more than five cents to print all of this, but I hope it will do the young men good; if it does I shall write next time all that I forgot in this letter.

LAURA.

Highland Park, June 19, 1874.

GOING TO SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than that which we find in one of Leigh Hunt's papers: "It is a delicious movement certainly, that of being nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perception comes creeping over; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."