

# 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, \$3.80.

### TRAINS STOPPING AT HIGHLAND PARK

Leave Chicago	Arr. High'd Park	Leave High'd Park	Arr. Chicago
Minute St. 8.00 A.M.	9.07 A.M.	3.18 P.M.	5.00 A.M.
Wells St. 8.30 " "	10.25 " "	6.00 " "	7.15 " "
Wells St. 1.00 P.M.	2.15 P.M.	6.44 " "	7.55 " "
Wells St. 4.10 " "	5.17 " "	7.11 " "	8.25 " "
Wells St. 5.00 " "	6.04 " "	8.03 " "	9.00 " "
Wells St. 5.30 " "	6.39 " "	8.29 " "	10.30 " "
Wells St. 6.30 " "	7.30 " "	9.25 P.M.	3.40 P.M.
Wells St. 9.00 " "	10.15 " "	3.15 " "	4.00 " "
Wells St. 11.25 A.M.	12.35 " "	1.12 " "	2.20 " "
Minute St. 11.00 P.M.	12.47 " "	6.27 " "	7.30 " "

Sunday Trains.

### "IS IT EXTRAVAGANT?"

I think not. The following editorial I find in the *January News*. "It costs as much to sustain our churches in Highland Park, as it does to pay all the public expenses of the city, including three teachers and school expenses. Most of this expense is paid by a dozen men. More than twice as much has been invested in churches as in school houses." I may not understand you, but from my stand-point it is not extravagant. The burden may fall on a dozen men now, but we hope to have two dozen burden bearers some day. And I think we are far more likely to have them, the more churches we have.

Take any consistent member of any denomination, and in choosing a home, he will certainly choose to go where he can have a Sunday home. It is a need of his nature, and there are very few of us who can worship in the so-called union churches. Recognizing all Christians as brothers, with one Master, Christ, we yet have our differences. And all other things being equal, he will choose to go where he can meet with those peculiarly his brethren. You would—so would I. And in every beginning the burden falls on the few, whether it be in a large town or a small one.

Then we have had peculiar times—as the money market, panics, &c., &c.—to contend with. But the debts will be paid some time, of that I am confident, and then how thankful we shall all be that we ever made a beginning, and that we now have three church homes. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and we shall weather the storm, and come out all right at last. So that, if in looking just at the present, it may seem as if we were doing more than we well could—in looking at the future it is not extravagant—it is wise—and only what we ought to do.

We, "none of us live for ourselves, or die for ourselves, but living or dying we are the Lord's." So we must work for Him and for the good of others. And how better can we do it, than by building Sunday homes for our children and our children's children? They may not thank us; may even laugh at the plans by which we have builded, and pull down and build over. What will it matter to us when we are "under the dainties," so long as we did our duty while here. Of one thing I am sure—they will not say we were extravagant. So, don't you, Mr. Editor, give any one a handle to say it of us now.

Music is the unfallen angel of the world,—she has never taken a taint of the sin which has smitten every other thing we can touch. Poetry, painting, philosophy, faith, hope, charity, prayer, no matter where you look you can find that "the trail of the serpent is over them all," but before you can make an evil or even a doubtful thing of music you have to blend it with some evil element and so drag it down. To hear good music is always for that reason a means of grace, and to make good music is a gracious thing, no matter who may do it.—*Gollyer*.

A CERTAIN raiser of stock—hogs—was noted for having the fattest porkers in the market, and no one could equal them. One of his neighbors was determined to find out the process, and watched the operation. He found that when a hog had eaten all it wanted, and his hoggish nature was satisfied,—and would eat no more—the man would then turn in a lean and hungry swine. The fat hog would be so jealous lest he should not get his full share, that he would lead the lean hog a race for all that was fed out, and eat as long as he could stand. Many men follow this same plan with themselves. After they have all they want, or have the capacity to take care of, they still try to gorge themselves in order that the lean fellows shall get no chance, but like the fat hog, they are quicker harvested and packed away.

Blue Monday—originally called so from a fashion of decorating the churches on the Monday preceding Lent, with blue colors. The custom of making a holiday of this particular Monday, especially as far as those were concerned whose vocations compelled them to work on the Sabbath, was subsequently transferred to all Mondays, indifferently, and the excesses produced by the celebration of the day resulted in stringent enactments on the subject. According to other tradition the Monday holiday generally left blue marks upon the faces of quarrelsome persons.

Music differs from poetry and oratory in attaching importance to sounds or tones, as the *natural expression of human feelings and passions*. There is scarcely a shade of emotion which has not its appropriate vocal tone; and the voice, in its unconscious utterance, affords one of the surest interpreters of the heart. Grief, anger, madness, sullenness, joy, gladness, surprise, consternation, fright, have each their expressive untaught, vocal utterance, which, whether wild or subdued, in man, savage or civilized, speaking a barbarous or a cultivated language, is essentially the same, and is always understood. The tones of nature, moreover, are of the same character; we do not, as is sometimes falsely asserted, learn to interpret them by association; we feel their power by an immediate and instinctive knowledge. The infant as instinctively shrinks from the sound that brings danger, as it is hushed and quieted to a trustful security by the tones of its mother's voice.

WHAT a rare gift, by-the-by, is that of manners! How difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree, viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but luck and opportunity to become "great."—*Bulwer*.

THE imagination must be set in the right direction by examples, by careful and profound study of those actual productions which, by the general verdict of mankind, are pronounced the most perfect of their kind. In thus reverently submitting to the guidance of the best examples of its own freedom, the imagination will learn to govern itself. This is the safest, the surest, the most appropriate discipline which it can exercise itself in. Sadly mistaken will he find himself to be who thinks that anything short of the best is good enough for the imagination, or that it may safely be left to the care of itself. We must study those works which all fit judges in all times have agreed in admiring, and supposing that we cannot at first see what there is in them to deserve such admiration,—so how could it be expected that we should, since their power lies deep, and addresses what is deepest in ourselves—yet study, and study over again, peruse and re-peruse; the feeling of their power will grow in the same proportion with the development of the same powers in ourselves.—*Theory of Art*.

BEAUTY everywhere is a felt conformity to law. Everything pleases or ought to please, which, in its own sphere justly represents the truth of being.—*Torry's theory of Art*.

It is common for those unaccustomed to look below the surface of things to regard Indians as scarcely within the category of humanity. Especially is this the case when we, maddened by some treacherous outrage, some diabolic act of cruelty, hastily pronounce them incorrigibly wicked, inhumanly malignant, a nest of vipers, the extermination of which is a righteous act. All of this may be true; but, judged by this standard, has not every nation on earth incurred the death penalty? Human nature is in no wise changed by culture. The European is but a whitewashed savage. Civilized venom is no less virulent than savage venom. It ill becomes the full-grown man to scoff at the ineffectual attempts of the little child, and to attempt the cure of its faults by killing it. No more is it a mark of benevolent wisdom in those favored by a superior intelligence, with the written records of the past from which to draw experience and learn how best to shape their course for the future, to cry down the untaught man of the wilderness, deny him a place in this world or the next, denounce him as a scourge, an outlaw, and seize upon every light pretext to assist him off the stage from which his doom is so rapidly removing him. \* \* \* The difference between the cultured and the primitive man lies chiefly in the fact that one has a few centuries the start of the other in the race of progress. Before condemning the barbarian, let us first examine his code of ethics. Let us draw our light from his light; reason after his fashion; see in the sky, the earth, the sea, the same fantastic imagery that plays upon his fancy, and adapt our sense of right and wrong to his social surroundings. Just as human nature is able to appreciate divine nature only as divine nature accords with human nature, so the intuitions of lower orders of beings can be comprehended only by bringing into play our lower faculties.—*Bancroft*.

"Marriage is a lottery," the saying goes, and there are plenty who believe it, and who act accordingly, and for such it is well if they do no worse than draw a blank, if they do not draw a lifelong misery and pain. But marriage is not necessarily a lottery, either in the initial choice or in the months and years after the marriage day. One can shut his eyes and draw, or one can open them and choose. One can choose with the outward eye alone, or with the eye of intellect and conscience. Says Jeremy Taylor, speaking of marriages where physical beauty is the only bond: "It is an ill-band of affections to tie two hearts together with a little thread of red and white." But let us choose ever so wisely, ever so deeply, and not we ourselves nor the minister can marry us completely on the wedding day. "A happy wedlock is a long falling in love." Marriage is very gradual, a fraction of us at a time. And the real ministers that marry people are the slow years, the joys and sorrows which they bring, our children on earth and the angels they are transfigured into in heaven, the toils and burdens borne in company. These are the ministers that really marry us, and compared with these, the ministers who go through a form of words some day, when heaven and earth seem to draw near and kiss each other, are of small account. And the real marriage service isn't anything printed or said; it is the true heart service which each yields to the other, year in and year out, when the bridal wreath has long since faded, and even the marriage ring is getting sadly worn. Let this service be performed, and even if the marriage was a lottery to begin with, this would go far to redeem it and make it a marriage of equal hearts and minds.—*John W. Chadwick*.

A WRITER in one of our medical journals inquires why it is that women take cold more readily than men. Indeed we don't know. But Dr. Hall says that the only way to avoid taking cold, under certain circumstances, is to keep the mouth shut.—*Prentice*.

You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend. Yes—I have been straightened by circumstances.—*Prentice*