

**The Highland Park News.**

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LEWIS B. HIBBARD EDITOR.  
H. F. EVANS BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1897.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN, hunting for a healthy place, has discovered that the healthiest town on this continent is old Vernon, in Vermont. That's very near the old Wilmington hills, where Frank D. Everett was born and brought up. Everybody lives to be old before he dies, unless he moves away, just as Mr. Everett did. It is a remarkable place, only six or eight deaths in a 1000!

FROM a cursory examination of course of study now in force, we are pleased with two features. First there is no Latin, algebra or other grammar school nonsense, and second, the gradual development of the course. Physiology is carried through the first six years; whether it ought to stop there may be a question. History begins in the sixth year and goes through the course, and all American history at that, which is right. There is a list of graduates since 1890; each pupil's full name should be given.

WE UNDERSTAND Mayor Evans and Fire Marshal Bock are trying to complete the subscription to secure rubber coats, etc., for the firemen, a most worthy object surely, for it is no small thing to hold one's self in readiness to respond to an alarm and risk whatever clothing one may have on and sometimes ruin a new suit; as one young man did at the late fire. The fire department is a

very important factor in our city life, and needs to be carefully selected, well organized, thoroughly disciplined and then properly treated by her citizens. Hence we are glad to see this wise and timely movement to properly equip the men.

JUDGING from the list of reference books given to the school children, there are several "Lives of Lincoln" in our public library, but none of Washington. How is this? After the Bible, dictionary and Webster's spelling-book, the library ought to contain at least half a score of "Lives of Washington" on those shelves. Among our first purchases for the library when we become postmaster, will be every life of Washington and Lincoln published in the English language, to be followed by every important book bearing on growth and development of the Constitution. Let us have more lives of Lincoln and Washington and the statesmen of those early days.

THE west side is on a real boom. Just think, electric cars coming down west of the track on first street, landing car-loads of people right where Mr. Middleton's office stands! On the west side are our two big department stores, and the smaller ones, two drug stores, with pills and plasters for a kingdom; Gieser Brothers' excellent meat market; Mrs. Bock's first-class and popular grocery and general store; Peter Dooley's music and cigar store and notary public office; the artesian well instead of a saloon; the "imposing" city building, the stand-pipe, new hose house, tramp pen, the unique police court room, the public library, Elvey's patent jail, and lots of other attractions too numerous to mention, including the undertaker and opera house.

REV. E. S. STUCKER gave an address in the Baptist meeting house Sunday morning on "Chapel car" work. These cars as most people know, are fitted up for missionary work and the traveling home of the missionary and his wife. The first one was put on the rails nine years ago and has been all over the west

and the Pacific slope. It stops a few days at a station, or mining camp, where there are no churches and has religious services. The companies readily haul them free of charge and in every way encourage the work. The Baptists have five of them from Manitoba to Mexico. Mr. Stucker, formerly a locomotive engineer on the Northwestern, had charge of one of these cars in Texas and on the Mexican frontier. His address was intensely interesting.

OUR READERS remember the death in September last of James S. Norton, of Chicago, the eminent lawyer and brilliant after-dinner speaker. He was one of the many eminent graduates of Yale in the west and wrote poems and gave addresses at all her alumni gatherings in Chicago, and in '93 was called to the Alumni meeting in New York, when he delivered one of the most witty and brilliant speeches we ever read. In it occurs this apt, beautiful and true description of the true western man: "He is somewhat uncouth, perhaps; but he cuts his coat to the measure of the man he means to be, and some day it will fit him." Perhaps we do err, but to our mind that is perfect. We have had the pleasure of a hasty examination of a posthumous volume of his poems and addresses, through the courtesy of our friend and neighbor, Edmund Norton, the brother of the distinguished man, so recently passed from us.

**VALUE OF THE CLUB.**

There are a few people in our midst who look at the Club folks, not perhaps with envy, but something akin to it. We do not belong to the Club, and have no desire. For the social eclat it would give us, we care not a nickel: our likes do not lie in that line, and were we rich as Croesus, we should not care for Club membership. But we have no dislike for people who do belong to the Club and enjoy its social advantages, and have no criticism to offer concerning them, provided they pay their bills promptly and do not use money for Club purposes which be-