

# Highland Park News.

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## A MUSEUM.

While advocating a local museum of antiquities the other day, one man said he would like to know what Highland Park had to put in such a museum. Why, bless your soul, sir, we have antiquities enough to make quite a start, and a good start is the most such an institution needs. It is like riding down hill on a sleigh; all you want is a start and the grade, and the thing is done.

There is our old antediluvian snow plow, that came over in the Mayflower and cleared a pathway that winter when he fled from Salem to Narragansett bay. Then that old-fashioned useless thing known as a "city caucus." It ought to be fumigated before being put in the museum. There are several back number politicians, which properly packed in camphor, could be set up as mummies; what a public blessing if they would keep "mum." This department could be enlarged every year. Then the city council might take on a generous mood and give a few useless, antiquated and perfectly dead ordinances, as the one on taxing dogs, (?) trotting over bridges, etc. One large room could be set apart for defeated candidates; having been frozen out they would be kept in "cold storage." Finally, Vermont could contribute a few of her "distinguished" sons, for which neither she nor the world has any further use. Why, yes; come to look it over, all we need is to "start" the museum and it would fill up at a rapid rate.

## LET IT WHISTLE.

Mrs. Clara Smith's boys have just attached a steam whistle to their little playhouse building and toot it to their heart's content. Such an attachment as that to the play house of our boyhood would have given us more real pleasure than seventeen circuses, and a wheelbarrow of candy beside. We remember our childish experiment of steam navigation, by

setting the boiling tea-kettle on a neatly constructed car, but the car did not go. Let the boys have their steam engine and whistle, we like to hear it scream.

## NO CITY CAUCUS.

With possibly one exception, no candidate for city office wants a caucus. Several petitions have been filed with Mayor Evans' name on every one of them, we understand; hence, he don't want a caucus. Fred Greenslade, Fred Schumacher and Charles H. Baker, of the candidates for treasurer, have all told us themselves personally, they did not want a caucus, much rather not have one, in fact. John Finney, for city clerk, seems to be the people's choice, for he, too, is on every petition being filed.

David A. Holmes is to be a candidate for city treasurer, but as we understand it, he don't care for a caucus, but will file his petition. In fact, every one of these men intends to run, caucus or no caucus; and they must have petitions anyway, so why should they want a caucus.

## ROYAL MINSTRELS.

The Royal Arcanum had a private minstrel show of their own Monday night. Ten of their number donned burnt cork and costumes and entertained their associates in royal style. L. O. VanRiper had on a pair of of toothpick shoes, with extended soles, about half a yard long, each well turned up at the toes. On the bottom of one, as he sat and threw one leg over the other, was the motto "Chew Bakers coal," and on the other, "Eat Green's onion pies." Prof. Wilson was interlocuter, Bowden, Guilford and others sang solos, while others furnished music on the piano, two violins and banjos, a mandolin, guitar, bones, etc. L. O. VanRiper is pronounced unrivalled on the banjo. It was so immensely successful that many want it repeated for the hospital or library. Let the "Royal Minstrels" show up.

## A HIGH TRIBUTE.

Among the resolutions passed at the Michigan Military academy on the death of Paul Norton of this city, was this significant one:

"He was a boy who had endeared himself to all by his genial manners, upright character, and high standing, and both as a student in the academie and as a cadet in the military departments he had won for himself that high place in the affection and good will of his officers and companions, which made his life so worthy of imitation and emulation, and renders his loss so keen."

The only remark we wish to add to that high testimony to the young man's worth, is the fact that it, with rare accuracy, places the emphasis on the moral side of Paul's character, just where it belonged. Others might be as able and brilliant students, though his markings placed him in the front in this respect, but in the force, high tone and loyalty of his moral character he stood among the few. He took his stand for Christ and a Christian life when he went to Orchard Lake, quietly and unostentatiously, but maintained it from beginning to end, so that he commanded not only the respect of those who stood with him, in the faculty and student body, but also of those of lower standards in profession and life. And so when all exercises were suspended in the school that afternoon of the funeral here, 300 miles away, it was with a heartfelt sympathy for the friends and a profound respect and admiration for their late associate.

Our esteemed contemporary, the London Times, almost shrieks with fear over the possibilities of female suffrage in old Albion. On the next page it goes into mild ecstasies, to the extent of a column or so, over the glories of the 60 years reign of her majesty, Queen Victoria. It takes the acuteness of a dyed-in-the-wool English tory to see the beautiful consistency of such logic as that.