

# Highland Park News.

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## BABIES AND BABIES!

Last Friday evening's entertainment in McDonald's hall was the first one we ever attended where in every act, scene and part, a baby was not only present, but the centre of everything. Fortunately the babies were rags and sawdust and produced the remark, "I think some of those actors would have done better if they had more experience with the real article." It was all finely rendered. Miss Cheverton gazing out of the window reminded us more of "The Window in Thrums", than did the Scotch itself. But good and sweet as they were, the first part seemed a little light to the audience, except Frank Green, well corked, as "Uncle Tom," when the audience found its hands and feet. His "crooning" was complete. The National Drill by five lads and five little girls in costume took the house by storm, and deservedly too. It was unique, striking and admirably done, thanks to the genius and patience of Mrs. E. H. Brown. There was a stateliness, a grandeur indeed in Miss Erskine's care of her pappoose, it seemed wonderfully real, wigwam and all. Miss Palmer, as the "New Woman" caring for offspring was just "too good for anything," it was in fact fin de siecle in every shade and particular, while Prof. Wilson as her "old man" left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Twyford had just the right kind of proportion and naivete for her Japanese cast, while Miss Hull's part was admirably managed, though of course it lacked novelty before an American audience. The "Good Night Drill" by those little tots of girls in their robe de nuit, with lighted candles in their hands and a doll in their arm, was so novel and perfect and sweet and unique, that it admirably formed the Au Revoir of the entertainment. Of Mrs. Frank Green, we need only say she is the star, the well known, appreciated, beloved and prized star of every home talent enterprise. As a dialect author and personator she is a genius of deserved and well recog-

nized merit, and we wish she would put some of her work into permanent form as a part of the dialect literature of the day. With different talent Miss Hull stands in the front rank in her line. Hence all are proud of our home talent.

## ENJOINED AND SUED.

This is the distinction now enjoyed by our High School board. Some five and twenty or more of the farmers and other citizens out west are so overcome with the new prosperity that they are going to put their money into a law-suit, so as to make it impossible for their own children, and the children of others, so far as they can, to get an education beyond the rudimentary three "R's". Better save your money gentlemen and school your children or lay it up for them when they start out in the world, for you see in this enterprise you have the costs of both sides of the suit to pay. They have got a temporary injunction to prevent the board from issuing bonds, and sued them for something, we don't know just what. What will be the effect? To postpone the building of the school house for a year or two, that's all, only making a lot of needless expense. Does any one suppose this community is going without a high-school? This has been done more than all else to make all of Highland Park, Highwood, Fort Sheridan and Ravinia solid for the school. Highland Park alone has four or five times the population of all West Deerfield. If any errors have been committed, let them be corrected, if any wrongs done, let them be rectified, but a dog in the manger policy — never. But then our friends Heydecker and Whitney want prosperity: this will put the shekels of West Deerfield farmers in their pockets.

Mrs. C. H. Warren left this week for a few days' visit to Lake Marie, near Antioch. Mr. Warren goes out Sunday to spend the day with and accompany her home Monday.

## MISS WYCOFF'S RECITAL.

Rarely have we seen the Presbyterian meeting house filled with a more intelligent and appreciative audience than that which greeted Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff, Tuesday evening, the 24th, on the occasion of her "Song Recital." Mrs. Nettie R. Jones was on the program as accompanist, but sickness prevented and a young man from Chicago filled her place. Miss Wycoff has a fine, a queenly presence, and so wins your admiration at sight. There is nothing affected or petty about her. She puts on no airs, but is natural and self poised always, and so complete is her art that you do not perceive it and her songs come as natural and melodious as the carols of the birds. We are not musical critics, and do not attempt any such role, but we thoroughly enjoyed that recital. Five and twenty years ago we heard Madam Parepa Rosa in a series of concerts by the old Handel & Haden of Boston. Her voice was of tremendous compass, if that description is allowable, and it had a majesty and stately grandeur that moved one's soul. Miss Wycoff's program of course was not along the line of the "Messiah" or "Elijah," but for all that, we have heard no one in years who made us think of Madam Parepa as did the songstress of Tuesday evening. She is more than an artist, a finely endowed and cultivated woman in the line of her special talent. Her voice, under the most perfect control, seemed to us rarely full, clear and strong, especially in the upper register, and well-sustained. It is also very flexible and smooth: it ripples, when it gets a chance, like the music of the brook. Our sympathy is for those who missed the evening's entertainment.

Master Jones favored us with an exhibition of his skill on the violin. He shows what training can do for even a young lad.

Mrs. Leach, a whilom resident, spent Sunday with Mrs. Hawkins.