

The Highland Park News.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Our local branch of the Daughters of the Revolution are making a point of observing all such occasions as the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln for the sake of instilling the sentiments of patriotism into the minds of the young, especially the school children. For this end, they held public services Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Club in the Club House from 8 o'clock onwards. There was a large attendance of the representative people of the city, including a choice company from the Fort. A public reception was held by the Daughters in the reading room from 8 until 9 o'clock, through a reception committee consisting of Mrs. W. C. Egan, the regent of the Chapter, Mrs. George B. Cummings and Mrs. W. S. Lasher, who were dressed somewhat in the ancient style, with puffed and powdered hair. They made that feature of the evening very pleasant to their scores of guests.

At 9 o'clock the literary program began with an address of welcome by the regent, and it was done in a most admirable manner. Mrs. Egan had something to say about the work of the organization, national and local, emphasizing of course what they had done here for the schools, and the flag and staff on "Liberty Pole" square, and other things. Then she delivered her address as a public speaker should, in a clear, resonant voice, easily reaching every auditor, enunciating every word with such distinctness that not a syllable was lost. The address was as well received as it was thought out and delivered, as was evidenced by the close attention given to its delivery and the applause which followed. Then came "America" by all present who could sing, aided by some few who cannot sing, and it was sung with a will, all four stanzas as printed. We noticed not a few had to look to their leaflets for the words—ought not such songs or hymns as the Doxology, America, Star Spangled Banner, etc., be so thoroughly committed to memory by singers especially, words and music, that they can be sung or played anywhere and at any time.

President Robert W. Patton of the Club delivered an address, on "The Day We Celebrate." Of course an address on Washington, or his birthday, an hundred years after his death is liable to be a bore; it has been done so many times, there is nothing new or fresh to say. All the changes have been sung on the pear tree incident, the crossing of the Delaware, the profanity at Monmouth and the horrors of Valley Forge. But Mr. Patton, after a bit of pleasantry as a prologue, gave a really fresh and entertaining sketch of Washington's career, emphasizing such points as seemed to him of special moment at this time. When a man does as well as we think we could have done in his place, we say he did well, but our neighbor Patton did better than that. One feature specially attracted and pleased everybody; his method—so successfully used—of setting Washington over against others of the world's heroes by way of contrast, and never, we need not say, to the disadvantage of his hero. We happened to know how reluctant he was to undertake the service, when solicited to do so by Regent Egan a few weeks ago,

but the result proved the wisdom of her choice.

Miss Wycoff sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Columbia" in her own superb manner during the evening. There was also a recitation from "Hugh Wynne" by Miss Ward of Evanston that was very much enjoyed by the audience, albeit they were very weary from standing all the evening. They liked it so much that they would not be satisfied without an encore. Miss Ward has real dramatic talent and it is well in hand also. We would like to see her before an audience, not so physically weary as that was Tuesday evening, and go through that Major Andre scene again.

There were two pantomimes, or rather tableaux. One, a "living picture," in which an officer from the Fort posed as the "Father of His Country," which was well rendered and very happily received. Then at the close Miss Ethel Turnley personified "Columbia," admirably planned and successfully executed. It took the people by storm, and they were determined to have it repeated, but the regent and Miss Turnley saw at once the wisdom of not trying to improve on a perfectly executed work of art. Then came the refreshments.

As a whole it was a complete success, very markedly so, and the Daughters deserved all the congratulations they received. When one thinks of the enormous amount of thought, and planning and work involved in the preparation for such an evening, and then bear in mind that it usually comes, most of it, on a few, our hearts go out in sympathy and devout gratitude to the patient, faithful, heroic few Daughters.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Daughters presented the High School with a fine portrait of Washington, and the school loaned it for the gathering Tuesday evening.

The "coat of arms" of the Daughters of the Revolution is a very neat design, and printed in blue on their program, produced a very pleasing effect.

Mrs. George B. Cummings and her son Willis G. Cummings were guests at the Patriotic Celebration and banquet, one evening last week in Waukegan. As Daughter and Son of the Revolution they responded to sentiments during the evening.

Two of our citizens, at least, were drafted into service as speakers to the Chicago public schools, Washington's birthday. Messrs. S. M. Millard and R. W. Patton. The former found a good audience and delivered his message. The latter went way out on the west side to Avondale, only to find the school house, yard etc, all locked and not a living person to be found. But he had the fun of going out there.

As we looked over that gathering Tuesday evening and thought of these many chapters of the Daughters and Sons of the Revolution here in the western world, and remembered that at the time of the Revolution the world knew less of Highland Park or Chicago, than we do of the remotest and least known section of Thibet or Africa, a sense of what a century has wrought came over us, and we had to abandon all idea of that social cup of tea and sandwiches.

MISS WILLARD.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U. since 1878, died in New York last Friday morning February 28th. She was born in Churchville, N. Y., near Rochester, September 28, 1839, graduated from the Northwestern in 1858, taught some years till 1871, when she became the head of the Woman's college at Evanston, and in 1874 entered on her life work and helped organize the Prohibition party in 1884. She was born and reared in a christain home, a fact of inestimable value in the development of her character and the shaping of her life. Her life was cast in the emotional and sympathetic religious type. Human beings are creatures of sympathies, to which appeals may be directed wisely with beneficent results. With her gifts it was of immense advantage to Miss Willard that she was trained in this religious school; it developed her strongest and best gifts. While not the highest type of religious life, it cannot be ignored, and it was used by Miss Willard with great wisdom, power and success. As a thinker she was not profound, though she had a good mind, fairly well disciplined. It was a mind with its well defined limitations, not especially broad in its scope or range, and yet there was a freshness in her thought, and a phase of originality in her plans and methods of reform.

Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say of her methods and measures of reform that she had the native sagacity to see and interpret aright the providential leadings of events in the line of her accepted work, for her life work was evidently thrust upon her, rather than one which she selected or created for herself. Mental power and general intellectual force and logical acumen, she had in fair measure, only. We saw her once set in bold and striking contrast with Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, a co-laborer in the temperance cause. Mrs. Foster spoke one night in the Cedar Rapids opera house during the memorable prohibition campaign of 1882 in Iowa, with great brilliancy and power. It was solid argument, hurled red hot at the license phalanx with telling effect. We have seldom listened for nearly two hours to an address of such ability, whose frame work was solid argument, reason and logic fused and forged into a projectile of mighty power. A few nights later Miss Willard spoke in the same place, and to essentially the same audience. She was full of moral enthusiasm, but when it came to argument, orderly and logically constructed, leading from premise to fitting climax, bearing down all opposition with its own inherent momentum—you looked in vain. To us the contrast was painful, for we admired Miss Willard, but we found the same characteristic in all her subsequent addresses. Persons of her type are apt sooner or later to fall into excesses and go to extremes, but Miss Willard never lost her equipoise, and retained her power till the last, while Mrs. Foster, vastly superior as a logician and speaker has, through her political blundering, passed below the horizon.

Finally, Miss Willard was in some—a few people would say many,— respects an over-estimated woman. As a moral force she stood for much, as a social and intellectual one she

was but little above the average. Her moral enthusiasm was the citadel of her power, while her inspiration came from her religious character. The public tendency, somewhat marked, is to idealize and then idolize, if not apotheosize her, and it is a mistake. She was a good, a rarely good and noble woman, whose energies were consecrated to the noblest ends. But that she will go down to history as a great woman, we very much doubt.

Circumstances, largely, first placed her at the head of the W. C. T. U. movement and the unselfish nobility of consecrated American Christian womanhood, left her there till her death. It would be a libel on that womanhood to say there was no one as competent as she to fill the place. Let us therefore recognize her real worth, put her in her true place, on her own pedestal, and not injure her fame by trying to exalt unduly her life, her gifts, or her work. Her worth was in her character, rather than in her talents or achievements.

PERSONALS.

D. M. Erskine was a Waukegan visitor Tuesday.

Charles Stalter has had quite a tussle with the grippe.

Mrs. C. A. Cogswell of Chicago, is visiting with Mrs. D. C. Purdy.

Marshal Gordon of Highwood visited this office Thursday forenoon.

R. C. Jones of the Fort spent Tuesday with the Robie's, at the Maples.

Herbert Corey, a former resident of the Park, is visiting with Col. Turnley.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Orth of the Crean City are visiting friends in this city.

Miss Bertha Heinrichs, formerly of this city, spent Sunday with Miss May Rudolph.

Miss Kate Enright of Chicago, is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dooley.

Miss E. L. Erskine visited in Waukegan, Wednesday, with her mother, who has been ill for some time.

W. J. Hemstreet, the fire insurance man and former denizen of this burg, was out here the last legal holiday.

Kenneth Boulton, not having to count money Tuesday, took a party of his friends out for a sleigh ride in the forenoon.

Mrs. Leach, after spending nearly a week among her friends in this city, reluctantly returned to Chicago Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Dunbar, electrician at the Gray Electric works, returned Wednesday from St. Louis, where he has been on a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. George A. Mason, a summer resident of the Park, who winters at the Chicago Beach Hotel, Chicago, was a Park visitor Wednesday.

Frank P. Hawkins has been having an attack of the grippe, as have several other people, only he has had it a little worse than his neighbors.

Lawyer Millard's son has just passed his final examination for his senior year course at Harvard and came off with flying colors and now gives himself to two years more of law.

P. Johnson of Minnesota, who has been visiting old friends in Ravinia and the Park for a week, left for his home Tuesday. Mr. Johnson made Ravinia his home for 30 years, removing to Minnesota about a year ago.

THE BACHELOR GIRLS CLUB.

Some twenty young people enjoyed a merry evening, Monday, at the home of Mr. Edward and Miss Kathryn Kenny on Central avenue, upon invitation of the Bachelor Girl's Club, it being the occasion of their first progressive euchre and dancing party. Mr. and Miss Kenny were indefatigable in their efforts to make pleasant the visit of their guests and consequently everybody felt at home and competent to do himself and the evening full justice. Fifteen games were played, four tables occupied and the playing on every side was spirited; Miss Emelyne Alford was awarded the ladies' first prize, a handsome chocolate cup, and Tom J. Forrest the gentleman's first prize, a pack of fine playing cards, a beautiful souvenir of a pleasant evening. No booby prizes were awarded.

After card playing refreshments, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, cake and fruit were served. After doing justice to this ample repast dancing was indulged in for an hour or so until about 12:45, when the party broke up, as quite a few of the guests were Lake Forest young people and took the 1:05 train for their homes.

The party, in every particular, was a grand success and Mr. and Miss Kenny and the members of the club received many thanks for the pleasant time which they had enabled their friends to enjoy.

A COLLEGE STORY.

Some score or more years ago a tall, uncouth son of the Green Mountain state went to college, presumably to Dartmouth. Like all other freshmen he was green. The "sophs," of course, decided on hazing him in right royal fashion. Seven of them assembled about 11 o'clock p. m. for that purpose. They formed in a solid body and threw themselves as one man against his door, bursting it in, of course, at one dash. He awoke and sprang from his bed like a tiger and went for the invaders as for very life in the dim light of the moon shining through the curtains.

The lank Vermonter said not a word, but every blow from his strong brawny arms and clinched fists meant business. In less than ten minutes it was all over and a worse battered, scratched, nose and face bleeding, pumelled set of men could not be found as they found themselves in the hall one and two at a time, as the stalwart son of the North buried them out of his room. One badly battered Soph said he knew there were at least ten athletes beside an African gorilla, but there was only that one solitary, rural Vermonter. After he had "cleaned out" his room, he jumped into bed, as though nothing had happened, not even shutting the door into the hall.

As they left him, one of the Sophs said: "Say you Vermonter, I hope you are not mean enough to tell the faculty." "Oh, no, not at all; I like it, come again, any time you please," he said. That was thirty years ago they have not been back again, but the Vermonter is in the United States Senate all the same.

We have heard Pastor Pfau's sermon Sunday morning on missions very highly spoken of, as based on facts, not dry statistics, but on the great stubborn facts of modern life and civilization as developed and shaped by christian forces.