

# The Highland Park News.

VOL. IV.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., SEPTEMBER 30 1898.

NO. 18.

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**GRAND RECEPTION.**  
The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men and Daughters of Rebekka of Highwood gave a reception to their comrades at the Fort who participated in the late war in Cuba. They met at the several halls and went over to the Sheridan Park pavilion, after the regular entertainment of the evening had closed, and held their exercises.

C. T. Heydecker of Waukegan, a member of all these lodges and many more, was present and delivered one of his patriotic and stirring speeches. Judge Snell of Evanston spoke admirably. The speeches were frequently applauded and greatly enjoyed.

A short address was also made by Judge Snell, of Chicago, who although dwelling a great deal upon the beneficial results of fraternal orders, more especially directed his remarks towards the ladies. He praised them over and over again for their great work in all lines and endeavored to thoroughly impress the men with their importance.

Grand Representative Schwartz and James Starr were there from the Banner Lodge, while Waukegan sent some sixty representatives and many went up from this city, Evanston and all the North Shore towns and some even from Chicago.

After these more formal exercises there was dancing till the small hours and all went home having had a most delightful evening.

Out of the Fourth who went to the front there were twenty-six members of the Red Men, twenty-nine K. P's, and forty-one Odd Fellows. Some belonged to two or all of the orders so all told there were seventy-six individual members of the fraternal orders at the front. But one of the seventy-six died while about thirty are now in the hospitals in various parts of the country.

President Hogan, as usual, did all in his power as chief official of the city, to see that the guests were handsomely entertained.

**AT THE CLUB.**

The prettiest dance of the season was the German at the Highland Park Club, given by the Misses Brown, Chapman, Boulton and Van Schaick, on Thursday evening.

The dance was in honor of Miss Whiteside of Boston, a guest of the Misses Brown, and Miss Brockunier of Virginia, a guest of the Misses Yoe. The German was led by Mr. Clarence Chapman.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. Johnny Hand furnished the music.

The guests entertained at dinners given by Mrs. Yoe, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Chapman were: Misses Poole, Day, Caruthers, Hosmer, Greeley, Bush, Dana, Ayer. Messrs: Cary, Remington, Miller, Norcross, Henderson, Fisher, Lowe, Hubbard, Keady, Hamlin, Berlin Jr, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dyer.

**A GOOD HOME.**

A partial examination of Alderman Phillips' newly built house revealed some very excellent features; his basement is well divided by solid brick walls, so there can be no sagging of sills; the main beam or girder for supporting the lower floor joists is a steel girder. The dining room is large, very light and airy. But the room which takes our eye is the lib-

rary, north of dining room. The windows are half depth, set high in the wall so all the light comes in over your head and shoulders as you sit on a broad, easy, stationery divan, with a big open grate on the other side of the room. We forgot to say there is a magnificent, big, deep fire place in the dining-room; but the library invites to repose, ease and study. The parlors are large, the hall up to date, and the porch is superb, wide, long and roomy. We congratulate Mr. Phillips on his ideal home.

We wish to add, he has a very superior poultry house, not so large and elaborate as some, but very superior for his two score hens.

**THE NORTHWESTERN.**

Here is what the Chicago correspondent of the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican, says of our great and good Northwestern railway company and its excursions.

"Some fifteen years ago eastern railroads had adopted the summer excursion as a feature of their business. A year or two after locating here, I went to the general ticket agent of the Northwestern with a proposition looking to the same thing here, and he scouted the idea. But he has been succeeded by a younger man, and the excursion business is a regular part of the traffic. It seldom starts one in Chicago, but going out 10 or 15 miles into the suburbs, and then along a stretch of country say 40 miles, making one uniform low rate for the round trip. Thus the one to Madison, Wis, a few weeks ago—the average distance to the capital of Badgertown was 150 miles, making a total round trip of 280 miles, and the fare was only \$1.50, and it was the same from any station along the "excursion belt." The train left after breakfast, reached Madison for dinner and remained till night and home an hour before midnight. How much money they make out of it I don't know: they had probably two hundred and fifty cash paying passengers that day, seven coaches and a baggage car, into which the excursionists put their lunch baskets, bicycles and any other traps. There is no postponement on account of the weather, and the managers are very strict in seeing that every passenger has a seat and then he can stand up if he likes. These trains make extraordinary good time, for the road bed is perfect, double tracked to Milwaukee and rock ballasted all the way. They used to say no one could get a position on the Burlington road who was not a Harvard graduate; even the office boy must be able to scan Virgil and interpret the Vedas. Another tradition, based on facts by the way; is that the Chicago and Milwaukee division is the "crack" division of the Northwestern system, and when eastern or European railway magnates come here to see the system, they hitch up a special of parlor coaches and the "Minnesota" dining-car, with "Billy," whom President Hughitt brought west a few years ago from the Grand Union at Saratoga as chef and make a trip to the Cream City. The grades are light, the curves few, and one of their high speed passenger moguls will cover those 85 miles in a very short time. Be all this as it may, these excursions are models. I did not see a drop of beer from start to finish, no one the worse for liquor and not an obscene or profane word."

**LOCAL REMINISCENCES.**

Thomas McCraren was born in Ireland, about 1820, and came to this country in 1840, landing at Quebec and making his way thence to Burlington, Vermont, where he hired to a neighbor of Mr. Van Sicklen, working for \$8.00 per month, for three months, July, August and September. His employer would go into the field, throw off his hat, boots and socks, and work his farm bareheaded and with bare feet. He set Mr. McCraren at hoeing corn, work he did not understand, and charged him particularly to cut up all the weeds, which he did including the young pumpkins. The other farm help were mostly Canadian French. The work was so hard and new to him that at the end of two days he quit, leaving his wages unpaid, and went down to Shelburne, the next town south, where his young wife found a home in the family of Ezra Meech, the most noted family in that country. There he met a Mr. Barton of Charlotte, the second town south of Burlington and hired to him. Afterwards he worked on Shelburn Point, in a brick yard, and on a farm some five years; when his employer visited Galena, Ill, and told him such stories of these western prairies that he came here in 1847. He and his nephew, John Mooney, went to work on some land near the new Mooney brick yard, and got lost in the brush trying to go home. After spending some time here and using up his little capital, with only ten cents in his pocket he walked to Chicago, got a job in the tannery of Mr. Gurnee, the man who used to own all Highland Park, and some besides. Off and on, he worked in that Chicago tannery twenty years, scraping hides, hence his stooping form. Subsequently he got the farm where he now lives, west of the slough, 185 acres and has secured quite a handsome little fortune.

When he came here there were no roads, only wagon tracks through the timber, one through the Park and another out west both from Chicago to Milwaukee, and when the ruts got too deep in one place, they would clear the brush and make a new road, on one side or the other of the old one. Someone built a pier and laid out a little town up north, just into the military reservation, and named it St Johns. A small schooner ran thence to Chicago and carried wood which the settlers sold for \$1.00 a cord up on the St Johns pier. Mr. Monahan opened a little store at St Johns so these pioneers, like Mr. McCraren, when they sold their load of wood for a dollar, could lay in a supply of tea and tobacco, print for wife's dress and a pound or two of brown, and not over clean Muscovado sugar.

After working in the tannery three or four years and getting a little money ahead, Mr. McCraren would come out here on his land and farm it till his money was

all gone, and then he would go back to the tannery again for a term of years. In that way he got his farm into shape and improved for permanent occupancy. He sells lots of wood now. The Park then was a howling wilderness, save here and there a shanty; the population was chiefly old bachelors, and very migratory at that. Usually a shanty, perhaps 12 feet square, was owned and occupied by two men, who ate their meals and slept in it, and as they kept a pig or two, and perhaps as many cows, the pigs generally kept house during the day, while the men were out on their farm, tilling the land or chopping wood, as all the timber was public property, cut where and much as one liked.

Mr. McCraren is about 77 years old and most of these years he has given to hard manual labor, and if there is a working man in this town of Deerfield, that man is Thomas McCraren. He married when he was 18 years old, or about a year before he came to this country. He has been married three times, and can tell more interesting stories of early Highland Park than any man we have heard yet.

**SEE HERE.**

All the merchants and trades people of all kinds in Antioch, advertise in their local paper and consequently they sell goods wonderfully cheap. As the electric cars don't go to Antioch we give you a few prices. It is advertising that makes goods cheap. Waukegan has three weekly, one very weakly, two daily papers; one steamboat line, steam and electric cars; her business men all advertise, and those who don't fail, and they sell goods up there as cheap as dirt, that is some kinds of dirt.

But here are those Antioch prices who ever saw the like, because their merchants advertise.

- Starch, per pound, .08
- 10 bars of Family Soap, .25
- Mustard Sardines, per box, .06
- Best Ginger Snaps, per lb., .06
- Soda Crackers, .06
- Corn Starch, .04
- Ankoria Coffee, .12
- Arm and Hammar Soda, .06
- Best Overalls, .39
- Corduroy Pants, -1.95
- Cottonade Pants, .69
- Ladies' Ribbed Underwear, .17

**RALLY WEEK.**

Last Sunday morning was the opening of rally week at the Presbyterian church and Pastor Pfanstiehl delivered an unusually able and practical sermon on real effective and Christlike service, the last half only we heard. He noticed the fact that the bulk of our popular Christian activities of the day were performed by proxy. People give so much money to the church or some society and say "There is my money, use it for the best good," and go about their merchandise, their yokes of oxen etc. But that is not the way: there must be personal touch and contact and he instanced so many cases like Gladstone, the Earl of Shaftesbury and others who went personally among the sick and poor and fallen and sought their salvation. The sermon had the true tone and went straight to the mark.

The house was very elaborately

decorated with sheafs of grain and stacks of corn just as they came from the fields, a sort of heave offering before the Lord. Some one has a great deal of patience and willingness to work.

The pastor and his people are making careful, thorough preparation for a fruitful winters' work and we devoutly hope they will not be disappointed.

**WHAT WAR MEANS.**

We dropped in yesterday to spend a half hour with John H. Jennings who came home from the war a few days ago. He shows the wear and tear of the campaign, though his regiment was not in the first and hardest of the fight. When you think of a thousand young men, like him, mostly clerks or in business in doors with comfortable homes and all the "modern conveniences" of life, society, books, culture and refinement, transplanted at once, in the twinkling of an eye as it were, into a military camp, into tents and sleeping on the ground and with army cooking and conveniences, and the wonder is not that some of the boys fell sick, but rather that so many of them escaped. We know the vitality and energy, the surplus of life's forces and the rebound will go a great way to tide over these dangers, but there is a limit even to youthful vitality.

Mr. Jennings went first to Springfield where the regiment was in camp a few weeks, becoming injured to army life, and where things were getting into order, then he went down to Chickamauga, for another term of a month or so, where the camp was destitute of a good water supply, so they had to go a mile and a half for all their water for drinking and culinary purposes and as he said "When you come to cook and care for a company of 120 men, the bringing of all water that distance becomes something of a job." After they got settled down and into shape their food supplies were fairly good, and they always had plenty of hard tack and bacon. But when he puts the best face on it all, for he is not a chronic croaker or grumbler, it was hard and wore silently and stealthily into his strength. From Chickamauga they went to Tampa for a few weeks and thence to Cuba, for Santiago. Leaving the knap-sacks and blankets in camp, they were marched into the trenches with loaded ammunition belts filled and there remained for some time, four hours in the trenches and eight off in the bushes, with bullets whistling over their heads all the time, with frequent visits of shrieking shells to relieve the monotony. Much of the time in the trenches it rained and they stood those hours in water half way to their knees in mud and water, and then with no change of apparel or shelter or bush to sleep and rest in all their wet clothes as best they could.

Now is it any wonder he became sick, two weeks later, with fever and malaria everywhere. The wonder is that he is alive. From Cuba he went to Montauk thence to a hospital in Brooklyn and thence to Chicago on the hospital train in charge of Chicago physicians and nurses, and then home. He is weak, but is doing well, under tender home treatment. But he says he would not give up his experience, though he wants no more of it. A half hour talk with him makes one feel the cost and meaning of war as we "stay-at-home rangers" had not realized it before.