HIGHWOOD REVISITED.

We heard Prof. Brown of Bowdoin say he made it a rule of his life to attend Harvard college commencement once in fifty years, and he intended to keep it up as long as he lived. We visit Highwood a little oftener than that. Tuesday, being election day, we dropped in to see how our old neighbors were getting along. That superb city hall just took our breath away. The polls were held in the police court room. Just think, a room as fine as any public room in this city; Georgia pine wainscotted, an oak desk on a neat dais for the judge, nice oak chairs for jury and counsel, a side door into the jail with its four steel pens in the center of the big, well lighted, heated and ventilated room, a clerk's office as nice as a Chicago office with basement 8 feet in the clear, all cemented bottom and dry, walls 12 and 16 inches thick for partitions, and 22 solid brick for outside and a council chamber very much larger than ours would be if that old, dark tank room was taken in. The contrast between theirs and ours was something of a shock.

They had over 100 votes then and it looked as though K. R. Smoot was not forgotten. Col. Turnley sat there as an election judge while M. Sweeney and J. V. Farwell Jr. et al. came in and voted. Mr. Sweeney told the folks of what an unsophisticated youth we were when we first moved to Highwood and bought butter and "popple" wood of his children, and heard him talk politics. E. A. Welch told us they planned to annex the Park to Fort Sheridan village at an early date. Some official showed us all through the city building, not forgetting to point out the piles of truck that was found when Thos. Meyers and Mrs. Carpenter were arrested, comprising almost everything from a key-hole saw and draw shave to canned fruit by the dozen and a big pulpit bible. We presume Meyers was studying the Sermon on the Mount out of the bible when he was arrested.

What an elegant street that Waukegan avenue will be when done, with
the street car line right in the cenErskine's.

ter, and a fine, well macadamized carriage way on either side. east side of that street is all built up from the Breakwell corner way up to the Sheridan Park, where Mr. Staples lived when we first set foot on the sacred soil of Highwood. When we went there the post office occupied 4 x 5 feet of space in one corner of Breakwell's store and we had the one and only lock box: now it has an entire building with lock and other boxes by the dozen, just one hundred feet north of the Breakwell stand; while "smiling Sam" sells candies and calico and canned goods just as he did then. We looked with sadness on the old Summers' home, and he gone forever. The place where Prof. Reynolds used to live has not changed a bit, on the outside while Lucius Julius Quntillius Malmin's old home shows how foolish he was to move away. And the Water Cure is now as of old, only a bit older; our old home long since went up in smoke and two cottages stand on our old lot, where we spent many a happy day.

Yes, and we were an alderman then over in the old, but now enlarged and beautified school house, near the brick cottage, once owned by President E. G. Robinson of Brown University. Brother Daniel Pease from Connecticut lives just west in the mansion, which was the home of the hoot-owl and the other wild beasts during our life up there. But Daniel is a great civilizer, at least he says he is, and we never question his word.

Mrs. Stensohn's new store backs up against the rear of the old Baptist chapel, that is, it did when the chapel was there. North of her place are the extensive lumber and coal yards started by some of the young Gails. The old six story towered Mears mansion long since went into Joseph Rioux's house, and the big square house still further north has crossed the street and become a barn. President Hogan still lives in his modest apartments, just to show people in what unpretentious homes great men often prefer to live. Highwood still has a warm corner in our Yankee heart.

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