

Highland Park Department

ELISHA MORGAN, EDITOR.

Working plans for the new Northwestern depot at Highland Park are now receiving the inspection of various contractors and it is safe to say that May first will see the foundation completed. The plans provide for an elegant and commodious station, of ample proportions, to be finished in the best manner.

The depot proper will be built on the east side of the railroad, occupying the park extending from the present station to Central ave. The tracks will be separated by a fence and an underground conduit will connect the depot and platform with a north bound waiting room on the west side of the railroad. Steam heat, electric lights and modern conveniences of every kind will form part of the elegant depot which Highland Park has so long awaited.

SURPRISED THE DOCTOR.

Friends to the number of nearly a hundred gathered at the Highland Hotel on Monday evening to assist Dr. Frank M. Ingalls in celebrating his birthday. The spacious rooms of the hotel were the scene of merriment and amusement until the early hours of Tuesday. Progressive euchre was the game. Mr. Frank Sheahan won the gentleman's prize. Mrs. John Rudolph captured the ladies' token. Mrs. C. P. Sullivan and Mr. T. L. Horne were the booby winners. Music and dancing followed the games, and a hearty good time was given to all.

Miss Lillian Cushman has been invited to deliver an address before the Women's College alumni association of Milwaukee next week on "The relation of art to education." This recognition of the rising young artist, coming as it does from this high source, is a matter of much gratification to Miss Cushman's many friends in the Park.

Mrs. H. H. Forsyth of Chicago has taken the Sites house for the summer.

Miss Charlotte Shepherd, of Chicago, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Watson at Idlewild.

Mr. Edward Moone slipped on an icy plank last Tuesday and sustained a painful fracture of a rib.

Mrs. C. H. Baker and son, and Miss Jessie Raffin spent a few days with Mrs. Wm. Mason at Chicago.

Prof. L. G. Robinson of McCormick Seminary of Chicago will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit tomorrow.

Mr. Stanley Thorne left Monday for Fort Madison, Iowa, where he enters the employ of the Sante Fe Railroad.

Mr. C. J. Spencer's yacht once famous as "You'll never know me now," will be called the "Cauliflower" this year.

The Towners expect to occupy their new home early in May. This will when completed be one of the finest of the Park's many substantial residences.

Mr. C. A. Chapman is having the entire interior of his elegant residence decorated in a highly artistic manner. The work is being done by the Nelson Company of Chicago who recently adorned St Mary's church.

Henry L. Hertz, the ex-state treasurer has given Mr. Chas. Palmer, of the Palmer Boat Co. of Highland Park, an order for a "twenty footer" for use on Lake Pistakee, Ill. and to be entered in the inter-lake regattas this summer. Mr. Palmer has another boat nearing completion now, a seventeen footer for W. H. Lyferd to be put on Fox Lake and to compete in the inter-lake events. It is a boat whose beautiful lines would seem to prove that it will have great speed and no doubt it will be found poking its nose to the front in the big races this summer.

BILL NOT A CANDIDATE.

A JINGLE.

Every time a voter meets me,
To my mind there comes a thought;
(Altho' cheerily he greets me)
That I would I had forgot.

'Tis impossible to do it
While I'm in this necky race
As a candidate for place.

'Twas a dream that caused my sorrows,
Came to me the other night;
And my memory from it borrows
Stuff that makes this awful plight.

In my dream a lion ferocious
Was I, and in wondrous guise
Children knew, by thoughts precocious,
March had dropped from wintry skies.

A North Shore suburb first I saw,
The streets of which were full of strife.
I wondered at the lack of Law
And Order, for to save my life.

I couldn't think what cause could be
The reason for the people's ire;
A man came up and told to me
This story in its portents dire.

"Though oh month of wind and tempest,
Lion-like you're ushered in;
One could count just now himself blest
Were that all to bother him."

"Muddy roads or weather-bleakest,
In this town as blessings rate;
But the thing that riles the meekest
Is the city candidate.

"Like the mushroom he is reaching
Numbers greater every day;
Asking us in tones beseeching
Will we vote the proper way.

"His intentions never masking,
Hungry he to have a bite;
Asking, asking, each is asking,
For that plum election night.

"As a photograph composite;
Blended are they grown to be;
Grinning in your eye they cause it,
But a question mark to see.

"So we hope old March there's with thee
Now a whirlwind full of wrath;
Lake-ward in its arms to give the
Candidates a lasting bath.

To the little human's pleading,
I was ready to comply,
Ope'd my jaws the unheeding
Winds terrific to let fly.

When without a moments warning
I awakened from my dream;
In the spooky hours of morning
Real did the nightmare seem.

So I've dropped around to see you,
As I'm out of this campaign.
Will you very kindly see to
Printing in your columns plain.

That ill health has now decided
William C. to quit the race;
Else by friends he'll be derided
When he meets them face to face.

-E. M.

In the current number of the Ladies' Home Journal among the many fine prize views of American flower gardens appear several beautiful illustrations taken from "Egandale" here in the Park. Other even finer views of "Egandale" one that received a first prize will appear in a coming number of the same journal. The NEWS-LETTER hopes soon to have a number of first class half-tones of Egandale.