

and meaning. These pictures become preachers of truth to the multitudes. Hence pastors in hundreds and thousands of places use them to reach many who would otherwise not be reached, and they never give them up when once adopted and their value seen.

Caucus Notes.

Friday night's caucus was a unique affair. A caucus is supposed to be a gathering of men of a common political faith to select men to represent them in a convention. But our caucus was nothing of the kind. In the first place it did not represent the Republicans of this city. Highland Park and old Deerfield, indeed, are for Lyon, and we have told Mr. Stearns so all the time. The caucus was practically run by Mr. Obee, and that is where the fun comes in. It has been understood here for months that Mr. Obee was "down" on Mr. Stearns. One of the best informed politicians in town told us Obee "would knife Stearns every chance he got," and Stearns told us a few days since that he so understood it. And yet Obee ran that caucus for "all there was in it" for Stearns; every one of the delegates elected, save Major Vail, was a Stearns man, and they were elected because they were known to be Stearns men, and selected as we know in some cases by Obee himself.

Now what puzzles the ordinary mind is what so suddenly and surely wrought such a radical and hostile adversary into so warm a bosom friend and active working supporter. One ray of light sometimes works wonders in a dark room; one fact may explain very much. On Thursday an agent, messenger or friend of Mr. Stearns reached the Park with very positive orders to "see Mr. Obee the first thing." The agent saw him and returned with a smile on his face, repeating the familiar words of the immortal lesson, "veni, vidi, vici," which translated into the vernacular somewhat freely, would mean, I went to Obee, I saw Obee, I transformed Obee from a hostile foe into a friend and supporter. Now what argument did he use? Ducats, doubloons, or dollars? That school

of politicians have little use for filthy lucre. Obee may have use for money; most men have (we speak from experience), but just now he cares more for something else. No matter what the inducement was; we could put our finger on it, but it is not worth while now.

What we want to know, and what the public wants to know, is what kind of honest, sincere, manly politics is that which is born of such a "flop" as Obee's from a bitter foe to an active friend and ardent supporter. The citizens of Highland Park are not fools, and they know that a man wanting to knife Stearns on Wednesday is not out working for delegates for Stearns on Thursday and Friday for nothing. How came all those working men in that hall that night; had any one seen them? Do any of them work on the new Cushing hotel where Obee is in charge of much of the work?

That Bridge.

You remember your far away school days, when in your geometry you came up to the "Pons Assinorum," and how your head began to swim as you tried to cross it. It was builded or discovered by that ancient mathematician, Euclid, and has been the bane of every generation of students from his day to ours.

We dropped in on a recitation in the Military Academy Monday morning and found Cadet Thompson at the board confronted by the ancient Pons, as tough a job as ever. But Thompson did not stand there to be beaten, especially as his father sat there, having come all the way from Nebraska to see his son cross that bridge. It was the young man's Rubicon, and like old Cæsar he did not propose to be stopped by a river or a bridge, and he crossed in triumph. 'Rah for Thompson and the cadets!

On account of the lack of time for rehearsal, the Highland Park Dramatic club has postponed its proposed dramatic entertainment until Easter Monday. Not wishing to disappoint their friends, they have concluded to hold a ball on the evening on which it was intended to hold their entertainment, March 17th.

The Messinger House.

A hasty look at this home, now building on Prospect avenue, recalls the fact that it will be one of the best built houses in this city. The foundations are all stone, bedded on heavy grouting, the studding and rafters are 2x6, and the outside walls back lathed and plastered and the footings of all the outside studding are bedded in brick and mortar, so there is no chance for rats and mice, or for a fire to work itself up or down. All the flooring is laid diagonally and thoroughly nailed, so the building is proof against racking by the wind. The water, vent and soil pipes are all galvanized and tarred iron securely placed and so far from the outside walls as to be frost proof without fires.

There are plenty of bath rooms and clothes closets, a big store room with plenty of drawers for clothing, and one large red cedar lined moth proof fur closet. The halls are large and admirably arranged. The dining room opens to the morning sun. But the kitchen and its pantries, so large, well lighted and convenient, will be the envy of all the other cooks; one good sized closet for stove ware alone. The play room is in the attic with that big central south dormer window, and Mr. Messinger's den is the east attic, large, light, airy and away from all noise.

Ladies, did you see those cinerarii of Florist Bahr's in the show window of A. P. Dunn's store? If not, you missed a rarely beautiful sight. They are very striking in their brilliant and variegated coloring and would attract attention anywhere. It is a matter of local pride with us that our city supports and enjoys such an establishment as Mr. Bahr's.

Miss "Toto" First of the University of Chicago spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. George Cummings.

There was a whist party at the club house Monday night, and the ladies braved the cold as though some great issue was at stake.

Social functions for the elderly people are not very numerous this winter, but the young folks are having their fill of good times.