

# NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

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Price Five Cents

## Highland Park In 1915.

The following interesting letter of prophesy was read before the Ossoli Club at their regular meeting Thursday, March 3rd.

HIGHLAND PARK,  
July 16 1915.

My dear Kate:—

We are at last settled in our old home after an absence of five years. It is really the same old house but in such different surroundings.

As I look out of my window on the street and see the beautiful old trees, the well kept parkways and sprinkled streets the scene is entirely different from the one I left years ago; then the streets were unsprinkled and while the lawns were well taken care of, the parkways were sadly neglected.

The first great change we noticed was in going into the new Chicago & North Western station in the city. It was so quiet and free from smoke and cinders—all due to the use of electricity for suburban service. We made the journey to Highland Park in 20 minutes in light, clean, new cars, very different from the dusty red plush cushioned ones we used to have, with the sooty black druggist down the aisles.

When we arrived at the Highland Park station I could hardly believe it was the same place. The grounds about it and the gravelled drives were so beautifully laid out and with gay parterres of flowers, it looked charmingly fresh and attractive after the smoke of Chicago.

We found the roadway at Central Ave. had been lowered where the North Western trams cross the street and a concrete viaduct formed an arch over head. It has added much to the safety of travel and good appearance of the town.

Both north and south of Central Ave. on St. Johns Ave. the street has a small parkway laid out and kept green. The unsightly coal and lumber yards facing the tracks of North Central Ave. have been nearly hidden by tall masses of shrubbery planted by the "Village Improvement Society."

We drove down Laurel Ave. from the station and the first change I noticed was an attractive small park on the corner of St. Johns near the Library, which used to be a grazing ground and general repository for all loose paper, and a fine place for weeds. Now all the park ways are as well kept as the lawns and every street is well sprinkled. We have two new electric motor sprinkling carts which are able to keep the streets in perfect condition, and cover the ground in a tenth of the time the old horse driven carts could do it.

When we came to the intersection of Laurel and Prospect Aves. it was surprising to see what had been done for the park. The shrubs and trees showed the care and thought that had been given them and the grass was like velvet. I can well remember five years ago the weed grown place and the row of sickly looking shrubs. Then the grass was cut possibly once during the summer.

The Presbyterians have built a remarkably fine looking church on the site of the old one and it already has a home-like appearance as the ivy has half covered it on the front and north sides. The old Baptist church is gone and in its place a quaint old English style church has been built.

Do you remember what a horrid old fruit store was on the corner of Central and St. Johns Aves., one of the most conspicuous places in the town and also the most unsightly for it was the loafer's corner? It was three years ago that some good fortune sent a fire there and destroyed the whole block running east and including the Post Office. It all happened in the daytime so no one was injured and the property loss was small. A fine new brown brick block but two stories high (which conforms in style with the

Erskine bank opposite) has been built and the corner is now occupied by the Post Office.

On the north east corner of Central Ave. and Sheridan Road, where Green's bakery used to be is one of the most attractive buildings in town. It is a long, low, rambling style building, built of cement and brick. At first glance one wonders if it is not an old English country cottage for with its shrubbery, vines and casement windows it looks very much like it. The Central Ave. side is occupied by Brand's studio and on the Sheridan Road side by the most fascinating Tea Shop. I have been there but once but promise myself many visits there with friends. The room is so cosy and quaint with its chintz curtains, casement windows and white lattices on the french gray walls with English ivy running over doors and windows. Then the dainty china and last, but not least, the hot toasted muffins and fragrant tea. It is a well known stopping place for all the motorists from Chicago to Milwaukee.

The old express office on the corner west and the tall board fence have gone with the rest and the new building is occupied by the Y. M. C. A. on the second floor where they have a reading room, gymnasium and swimming pool; the ground north extending to Park Ave. has been made into a model tennis court and Winter Club for skating.

We were driving yesterday by the Military Academy east on Ravine Ave. and hardly recognized the street. It has been macadamized and all telephone and electric light wires put underground, the park ways evenly trimmed, and the roadway widened till it makes a perfect boulevard, which extends east to the Lake Shore. The woods and ravines are left in their natural state. On the Lake Shore is a fine hard road running North to Ravine Place and connecting with Vine avenue. Before reaching Ravine Place I saw a new building, which on inquiry I found was the Canoe Club. I remembered then that about five years ago there had been some thought of selling that small bit of ground on the shore to some amusement company in Chicago, and using it as a stopping place for excursionists from Chicago, and Waukegan—an abominable idea—and of course no one in Highland Park would permit such a sacrifice as that—so the young men interested in canoeing and sailing bought the land and built a small boat house which I saw there.

We were on Vine avenue after reaching the top of the beautifully wooded road, with which Mr. Eagan had so much to do in planning, and decided to go over and make Exmoor a visit, which I had heard so much about while being east. Well I thought Central avenue was changed but when we looked west through the long vista of trees, which will in a few years form an arch over the road, then I could hardly believe it was plain uninteresting Vine avenue.

Exmoor has been responsible for a greater part of the transformation, for the Club bought all the land west of the railroad tracks on both sides of the street, removed all those unattractive little cottages, and then sold the property in one hundred foot lots to out-of-town members of the Club, who have built the most artistic bungalows and summer houses there. The parkways and grounds have been laid out by a landscape gardener, who certainly has made it one of the most attractive streets in town.

Then the entrance to the Club, how changed—from the broken old cement posts, with an old board sign, (which would have done credit to the deserted village) to a stone gateway with wrought iron arch, and the name Exmoor on a heavy oaken board fastened by an iron bracket.

The course is one of the finest about Chicago, and is always in perfect condition. They have removed the Caddy Master's house north of the Club house, in a grove of trees; the old barns are also gone. The Club house is painted white with green blinds, and with the red brick terraces and fergalos, covered with grape vines forms as beautiful a picture as one would care to see.

On our way home we drove to Montgomery Place and Moraine Road, which has been kept in all its natural beauty. There are but few houses, but such quaint pretty places, with old fashioned gardens and winding brick walks.

On reaching Sheridan Road the elegant concrete bridges spanning the two ravines on either side of the Moraine Hotel attracted our attention. They have added so much in beauty to the already beautiful landscape.

And just a word about the "Moraine." In all the Eastern summer resorts I cannot think of one more perfectly situated than it. The combination of the lake bluff frontage and deep ravines, has made it the most ideal summer place I know of, and it is within reach of the business man, and still has the cool fresh air of the country.

Going South on Sheridan Road from the Moraine, the new houses on either side of the drive, while few in number, were exceptionally attractive, each one had placed his house well back from the road, and they were still further kept in privacy by the tall hedges of box and privet.

When we reached the Elm Place school, the grounds looked so green and cool with its well sodded lawn on both west and south sides of the building, while on the east a fine hard rolled sand and gravel basket ball ground had been made for the older children, while the woods and ravine north have been made into a miniature Indian village for the little folks.

What few vacant lots there are in town are kept free from rubbish, and the weeds cut down, or the property owner is heavily fined.

One of the best improvements inaugurated by the ladies of the Ossoli was the closing of all alleys and the prohibition of putting ashes and rubbish in back yards and ravines.

We have but one small park on the lake front and for years it was allowed to take care of its self; the result was that it was a forlorn spot. Two years ago the city with the aid of an experienced landscape artist, made it a beautiful place to rest in and view the lake.

The residents west of the railroad have just finished a large park and play ground combined, over near the Skokie, where all the children can have the best kind of times, and at the same time be out of mischief.

You remember the summer you visited me, we used to spend so many pleasant afternoons at Ravinia Park, with our knitting or embroidery listening to the fine concerts given by Thomas or Damosch Orchestra. Well we nearly lost the park four years ago for a cheap amusement company offered the receivers of the Electric road an immense sum for the property, that they almost decided to sell it, but the North Shore people at last made a great effort and raised the money by taking subscriptions for money in every town from Chicago to Waukegan. Then they formed a stock company to run it, and the last year it has been more than paying expenses.

I hope you will decide to come and make me a visit in September or October, when the leaves are beginning to put on their autumn colors of Mahogany, Yellow and Brown, or better yet, can't you come on this month and spend three or four weeks. I want you to motor with me from the city by way of the Lake Shore Drive, past the sea wall of Lincoln Park and along the new drive which lies closest to the water's edge, through Evanston, once the country—but now a city—with flat buildings, elevated railways, noise and smells; on through Kenilworth, Winnetka, Hubbard's Woods, past Glencoe and Ravinia to Ravinia Park to catch a few strains of Wagner, from the strings of Thomas or the brasses of Damosch floating on the summer air out through the swaying trees. Then a spin up Sheridan Drive and across to the Green Bay Road just as the Sun is sinking, big and red behind the purple haze that lies across the bosom of the Skokie valley. And then I want you to fly eastward with me to the Shore of the Lake in time to see the full moon rising above the water, from where you can stand on

the bluff, a sheer one hundred feet above the surface, looking down upon the rippling, shining pathway of burnished gold, that stretches across to unseen shores. Come, and I will show you a new North Shore, with villages and greensward, stretched along the bosom of Lake Michigan like a string of emeralds, from Evanston to Waukegan, and in the center the brightest, loveliest gem of all—"Dear Old Highland Park. Won't you come."

## A Sermon In Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes and let him know  
That you love him ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart  
Lack the joy you may impart.  
If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone.

Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?  
If you see the hot tears falling  
From a brother's weeping eyes,  
Share them. And by kindly sharing  
Own your kinship with the skies.

Why should any one be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?  
If a silvery laugh goes rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place.

There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.  
If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly, helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veil the land.

Should a brother workman dear  
Falter for a word of cheer?  
Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go—  
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.  
He will make each seed to grow.

So, until his happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend,

## Highland Park NEWS

Lucille Sullivan, the little ten year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sullivan of East Park Avenue, lies within the shadow of death's door. Her illness is a blow to the family and many little friends with whom she played not less than three weeks ago. The cause of illness is some form of meningitis.

## At The Baptist Church.

On Sunday the 13th the services at the Baptist church will be conducted by the pastor E. LeRoy Dakin. The subject of the morning sermon is "When a Man Robs God." The evening subject is "Questions of Jesus" No. "I Will Ye Also Go Away?" At the evening service the pastor will give his first "Five minute Pulpit Editorial on the Church and Progress," the subject being "The Place of the Church in Modern Life." Hereafter the Pulpit Editorial will be a regular feature of the Sunday evening service. It is the purpose of the pastor to deal in these editorials with problems of progressive thought, and especially of Social Ethics. Chorus music. A cordial welcome to all.

Bad boys are destroying valuable property in Ravinia, disgracing themselves and injuring the good name of the town. A little more activity and some simple detective work on the part of the police ought to result in putting a stop to vandalism and bringing the guilty ones to justice; and they should be severely punished when found. And the parents of the offenders are not blameless for they should make it their business to find out how their boys are putting in their time. It would save both them and the boys a whole lot of trouble later on.

## 'Anti-Suffrage'

Subject at Woman's Club.

The Highland Park Woman's Club held its regular meeting March 8th. A large crowd gathered to hear the subject "Anti Suffrage," discussed by Mrs. H. H. H. and Miss Green of Chicago. The ladies handled the subject well as was literary merit was concerned, but convincing arguments in favor of the subject was lacking. The open discussion which followed revealed the fact that a large number—possibly a majority of the Club are in favor of Suffrage. The Club was favored with a treat of several classical selections ably rendered by the "New Trier High School Orchestra," which caused comments from members of the Club. With regard to Highland Park having no material of the same kind—D. T. H. S. wake

The names of the delegates for the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Cicagati in May, were voted upon. President, Mrs. George Campbell and Mrs. Bird Holabird were elected delegates with Mrs. J. J. Geer and Miss J. Holabird as alternates. The Club is very fortunate in having these ladies as Representatives.

The 10th District Federation of Women's Clubs will meet with the Sesame Club of Waukegan, Monday March 21. Subject of the day will be "Civics." Luncheon will be served at 12:15. Members from Clubs along the North Shore will be met at the 11:50 train at Waukegan N. W. R. station by "Sesame" club members.

Miss Helen Conrad has returned from Woodstock, where she has been visiting her sister.

The Ladies Aid of the North Avenue E. Church meets with Mrs. Harvey's work.

We understand the Alumni of D. T. S. will soon present at Ravinia Park interesting play, entitled "The Pink Minors." We expect a great deal, as they have secured the best talent possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brown announce engagement of their daughter, Eleanor to Mr. Gilbert Husband of Chicago. Date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Dorothy Fessenden, one of the season's debutants left Wednesday for extended trip through the east. She will visit one of her school friends in Brunswick, then visit her Uncle, George Dayton of New York.

Central avenue is reminding us very strongly of the overrun heels of old shoes. Winter has certainly left her mark.

LOST:—Friday a young Airedale dog, under return to Rev. P. C. Wolcott, Laurel avenue, Highland Park, and reward.

LOST:—A brown fur scarf somewhere between Laurel Ave. viaduct and the E. Church. Finder please return to Ed. Wendling, Highland Park; reward for same.

LOST:—A plain gold band ring; valued old associations; finder return to ws-Letter office and receive reward.

The Fellowship Club met Monday evening at Library Hall and listened several speeches on subjects pertaining to Highland Park improvements. The principal talk of the evening was made by James H. Shields who spoke in favor of the proposed bond issue which comes before the City Council for definite action next Thursday evening.