

Highland Park News.

VOL I

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., DEC. 25, 1896.

NO 4

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Merry Christmas!

Insure your property with D. M. Erskine, Jr. & Co.

Remember Plow's and Allegretti's candies at Schumachers.

Money Order business closes at 6 P. M. daily at our Post Office.

They have sleighing in Milwaukee, but they don't have the NEWS at \$1 per annum, as you do.

We trust there are no "hard times" where Santa Claus comes from, so every stocking may be filled.

Reader, did you ever give your days and nights to "John Halifax, Gentleman?" Well, then, you have a fellow feeling for us. Hinc illae lachrymae!

There is a deal of complaint about town over the late turning on of the electric lights. People lose from 15 to 30 minutes each day between daylight and dark when they ought to have the lights.

Rev. S. Breakwell of Highwood, finding a lot of cartridges in one of his chambers which had been occupied by an ex-soldier, put them in the stove. The timely presence of a friend saved him and his store from a general blow up.

Mrs. Bock's delivery wagons are the cleanest in the city. They look as though they were washed every morning before breakfast. That shows the practical wisdom of a woman grocer. Her delivery clerks don't smoke old pipes or cabbage leaf cigars on their routes. Cleanliness counts.

George Kenman, the Siberian traveler, whose fame is second only to that of Henry M. Stanley of the English House of Commons, lectured Saturday night before the Highland Park Club. There was a large attendance and everyone was more pleased. He is full of humor which they enjoyed as much as his stories of Siberian exile life and its horrors. We wish the secretary would inform us of these things in advance.

If you want something neat, rich and elegant for a Xmas present, look over Schumacher's stock of Perfumes.

Nearly every grade in the schools held separate exercises Wednesday afternoon, each room being decorated according to the fancy or taste of its occupants.

Thursday last was a red letter day in the natal calendar of the Park. In the morning a son came to gladden the home of John Nelson down on Second street. In the evening a daughter put in her joyful appearance in the home of Fritz Bahr, the florist. Mr. Bahr evidently believes in having plants in his household as well as in his green-houses.

Some of his host of friends were greatly surprised to learn that our esteemed neighbor, Thomas Hudson, is an old experienced Sunday school expert. When we penned the paragraph which caused their surprise we had C. W. Hudson of Waukegan in mind. But as it presumably fitted our neighbor so well, we have never dreamed a correction necessary.

The Ossoli Club will not have another meeting till after the holidays, and people recover from this brief season of depression and dissipation, when the good ladies will give themselves to another season of literature, art and life. The Ossoli is one of the Park institutions of which all of us who know of it and its work have a bit of wholesome pride.

Have you seen Peter Dooley's store? It is the brightest, cosiest, neatest-trimmed store in town. The artistic use of evergreens is about perfect there. It is well worth going over there to see, and when there just look over Mr. Dooley's stock of banjos, mandolins, guitars and "fiddles," all fresh from the eastern markets. If you will tease him enough he will play you some of those old, old tunes that make the moisture gather in your eyes.

If you have not already bought your Christmas candies, step in at Schumacher's and buy a box of Plow's or Allegretti's.

Don't forget that the era of "Free Sample Copies" ends with this issue. Hurry up and subscribe so as not to miss a number.

The cadets of the Military Academy left Wednesday morning for their home holiday vacation. But janitor John and his white nag are still with us.

Our friend Cole, of the Lake Forester, advertises his back numbers at 25 cents per hundred, when the back numbers of the NEWS are scarce, so great has been the demand, and they readily sell at 3 cents each. Get a Park editor to put ginger and pepper into your paper, Brother Cole, and it will boom with a bound.

We have just read of a Baptist Church in Massachusetts which raised its pastor's salary \$300, while he was off to Washington getting married. How quick the religious instincts of some people are, to measure the added burdens, Easter bonnets, et cetera, impose on the husbandly purse! Clerical wives may be expensive luxuries, but as long as they are one of the fads, every church, no matter how poor, must have one.

When do you water your garden or lawn, when it rains every day or in time of drought? When do you think it wisest to help your business by a little stimulating advertising, when times are dull, or when business is brisk? Obviously the time to apply artificial stimulus is when it is needed. Strangely enough the majority of business folks stop advertising when it is dull, just the time when they need it and "dip in" when times are flush because they say they can afford it. And these same folks would say a man was insane who should turn the hose on his lawn in the midst of good June showers. Verily some folks are fearfully and wonderfully made.