

# Highland Park News.

VOL I

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. FEB. 26, 1897.

NO 13

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

For a first class hair-cut or quick smooth shave, call on W. S. Warren, the west side barber. He is at the old Moore stand.

Charles A. Kuist evidently believes the town is on the verge of a great building boom, for Tuesday morning he received a carload of nails.

Mr. Frederick Fischer, at last accounts, was with his daughter, Mrs. McDonald, in Seattle. He is enjoying this trip to the Pacific coast very much.

The assessors this year will be expected to give very careful attention to the matter of personal property. The time is so short that it is difficult to visit all the families, but so far as possible it must be done.

The Fletcher Lumber Company seem to be having a boom, everybody wants to make friends with the man they are going to vote for as Supervisor. He sold us the first cord of wood and the first ton of coal we burned in this town.

Just to show you the value of our advertising columns, the NEWS will, for a limited time only, insert a brief "Want" ad free. Now write out your ad, ten or a dozen words, telling exactly what kind of work you want, or what kind of help you want and we will insert it free of cost.

We like patriotic people. The call for that "one more baby" to make our city's population an even 3,000 appeared last Friday afternoon. The next morning Dr. Bergen sent word to us that our clear and pathetic Macedonian cry, had struck responsive ears, and we would find the boy baby—a voter, too, you see—over at William Grant's and all doing well. Mr. Grant is one of those generous-hearted, patriotic Scotch-Americans who always comes to the country's rescue in the hour of its extremity. Our congratulations to papa and mama Grant and for baby 3000. Later—Another west-sider has added a boy baby to the local census. 3001—Good.

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

M. J. Cray, who expects soon to set his face toward the land of the Apaches, the cactus, the Arapahoes, on the sunny slopes of Arizona, tenders his gratitude to his many friends. He says he will go out at eventide and sit under the shade of the banana leaves and think of the Park and his friends here, as well as the far-off Canadian home of his youth.

We are glad to know and record the fact that another of our ice dealers has come to see the virtues of Wisconsin ice over the local product. August Benson, Friday or Saturday, received 14 carloads of very fine ice, and devoted himself and teams to the housing of same all the first of the week. There are no mollusks, microbes, bacteria or bacilli in Wisconsin ice.

We are glad to know that our excellent mayor has put his hand to the business of getting the firemen their outfits of cap, coat and belt, and that Wednesday morning he received 25 brand new suits, at a cost of \$225—raised by subscription. Most of our business men signed liberally, as some of them have been burned out and others have come near it and they say, and say it rightly, too, "What is \$10 or \$20 to having my store burned down," for it is in the business section where the great danger is.

Your almanac, if it is a good one, says along these days, "About this time sow your tomato seeds," that is if you wish to raise your own vines. Plants started the first of March may be made to bear by July 4th, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, instead of waiting till the 19th of August, the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington. If you don't care to raise your own, be sure and tell Brown and Bahr in season to plant a few extra for you. They had superb ones last year, and the year before also.

The NEWS is becoming immensely popular. If, during these hard times, any of our Park friends don't feel able to subscribe for it, they have only to attend the meetings of the city council, as we have one very thoughtful alderman who thinks so much of the NEWS that when he starts for the council he puts a copy of the last issue in his pocket and when there is dull time in the proceedings he pulls out the NEWS and reads the editorials thereof to his associates. As he is a good reader, putting the emphasis where it belongs, is clear and distinct in his enunciation, and makes running comments as he reads, it is a highly entertaining process as well as an eminently instructive one, and we gratefully acknowledge one of the best advertisements the NEWS could have.

We are not in the maple sugar business. We receive a dozen cans each year from the old Vermont home, use what we want and sell the balance to a few friends. We like the old home flavor. The great bulk of the "pure maple syrup," a sugar sold in Chicago, is adulterated; they are selling "new sugar" there now, while the trees won't be tapped for several weeks. But one of our neighbors, we are happy to say, sells the pure unadulterated article. The Yoe & Co. syrups are pure, absolutely so, for we have tried them, and they sell all the way from Cape Cod to Bering Straits, for C. H. Baker, who used to sell these goods for McDonald, Fischer & Co., the great wholesale grocers of the Pacific coast in Seattle, went up to Alaska one summer and took orders for these syrups in every large commercial city way up to Sitka. When the Siberian railroad is completed in 1900, there will be a line of restaurants all the way from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, with buckwheat cakes and Yoe & Co.'s maple syrups every morning for breakfast. That explains the friendship of Russia for the United States.