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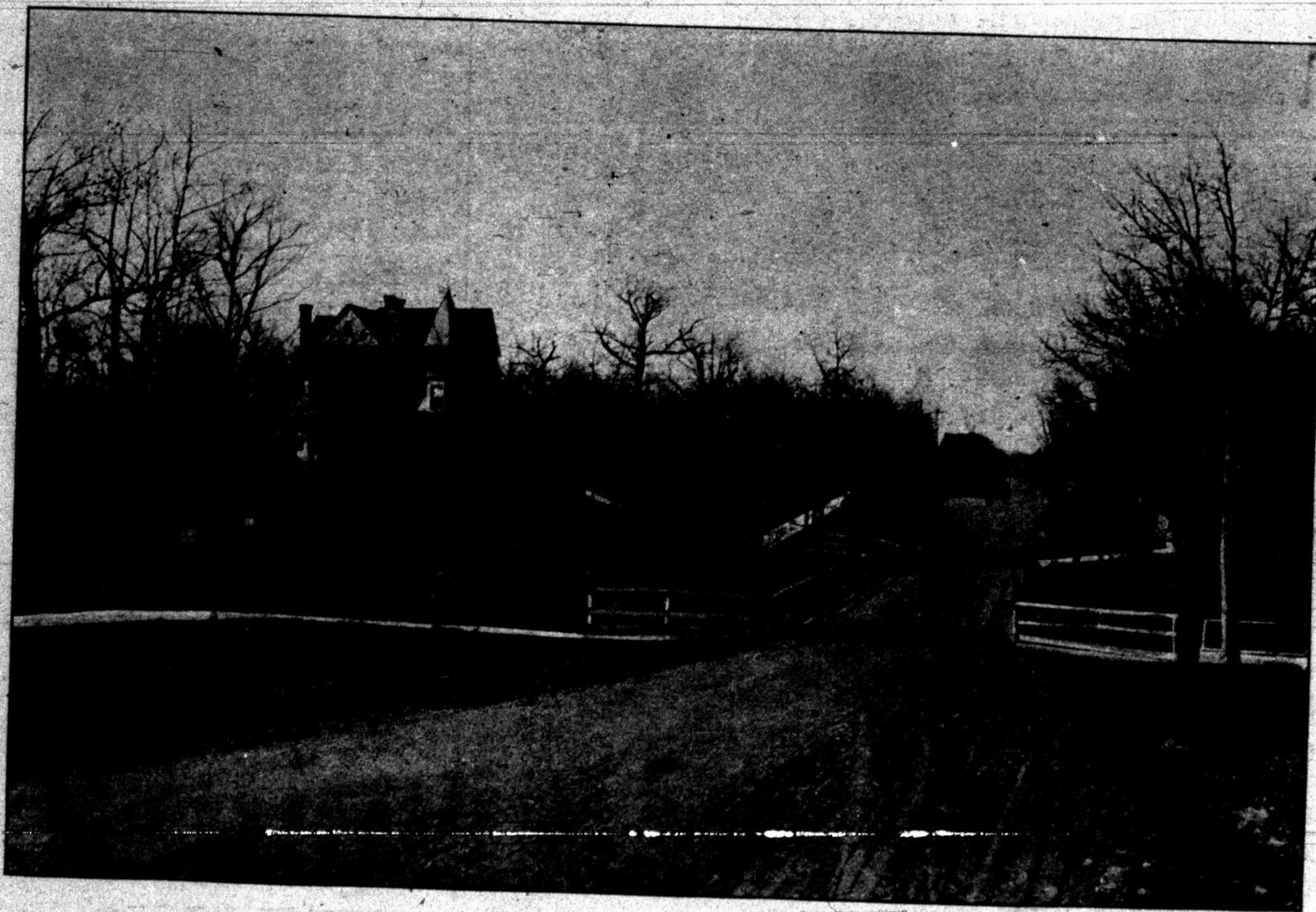
NO 24.

ELECTION NOTES.

In Deerfield everything was as quiet and orderly as an old Puritan Sunday. Up at the North End some of the oldest, wisest and best men presided over the day's doings, no one said a word about "expansion"

boxes. Everything was going nicely when Mrs. Ben. Fessenden went to the polls to vote, and lo, there was no box for her ballot and as the Australian ballot is like a Quaker meeting—each sex must have a pen by itself—they had to have a box for

old office and returned in about half an hour with ten feet of No. 16 copper wire and a brass padlock, suitable for a freight car or tin cash box, and they wound every inch of that wire around that cigar box lengthwise and crosswise, one ballot inside,



Port Clinton Avenue, looking north—Mr. P. A. Montgomery's beautiful summer home to the left.

or annexing the Phillipines and Cuba. We heard several speak highly of Foss and a good many of Smoot and Mawman and Lyon.

Down at the Young Men's Club House, Enoch Brand, Daniel Cobb, Archibald Fletcher, Mr. Palmer, F. Rudolph and several other more or less substantial citizens guarded the

that female ballot. Fred Rudolph ran over to Dunn's store and got an empty cigar box, and in that Mrs. Fessenden's ballot was placed. After an hour's patient study of the law, Enoch Brand startled his associates by telling them their improvised ballot box must have a lock. Thereupon Mr. Fletcher went over to his

and then locked it with the greatest care. While Mr. Fletcher was gone for the wire and lock Fred Rudolph sat on it to keep the solitary ballot from flying out.

But disasters come not singly. No sooner was the locking problem solved, than ex Alderman Cobb broke forth saying "Gentlemen, you know