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ELISHA MORGAN, MANAGER.

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#### The Undoing of a Tree-Worshiper.

A few weeks ago the NEWS-LETTER published an article on the advantage of and necessity for tree culture. A subscriber at Glencoe sends further data on the subject and gives his experience thus: "One day late in the fall a tall ungainly man with picturesque chin whiskers and a book under his arm called at my house. He said he was a tree man, and without waiting for further exchange of courtesies he opened his book which contained variegated lithographs that looked as though they might have been plagiarized from tomato-cans. I thought it would be diverting to see tons of this bright red fruit hanging about the yard, so I lost no time in giving him an order. It then occurred to me that I would like to plant a majestic tree that would keep my memory green for long years to come. I pictured something about 200 feet high with a circumference of say 30 feet; the branch and leafage of the tree would be the pride of the village and years after bright faced children playing on the greensward would bless the memory of the good ancestor who had planted the sheltering tree. The idea grew on me until I began to want to see the tree myself. I confided my idea to the agent

and asked his price on walnut trees. He said that walnut trees were all right, but it would take about 75 years for one to grow up to my ambition, and that I would have to live out doors and use tobacco all my life — like all centenarians—if I expected to see it mature. He suggested that I might plant a horse chestnut and then in five years this quickgrowing tree would give some idea of my legacy to posterity. I accordingly invested 50 cents in one of these trees. The next spring a bundle of switches arrived—also a sight draft. I felt some disappointment at the insignificance of the fruit trees — but the horse chestnut! It was about four feet high. I used as much care in setting it out as if it had been human. The other trees drooped and lagged, but the horse chestnut grew as if by occult influence. I tried to cluster poetic associations about the tree. I found that horses took quite a prominent part in the Age of Chivalry, but there appeared to be a paucity of anecdotes in which horse chestnuts figured. I began to think the present position of the horse chestnut in the tree family was not sufficiently recognized, and that in order to make the tree a subject of ancestral pride it would be necessary to compose an epic. Accordingly I went to work and one Sunday morning went out to the horse chestnut to draw fresh inspiration for the work. The tree had disappeared. A short stump was all that remained. Standing close by was a chestnut horse with a satisfied look on his face. Allured by the attractive name, no doubt, he had passed by the other trees and had annexed the horse chestnut."

#### The Utility of Golf.

When the great Scotch game made its advent it was referred to by some wise and learned people as "a good diversion for feeble-minded millionaires." The game was regarded in the light of a fad—a useless pastime in which only the rich could indulge. The development of golf however, has proved of great material advantage to the North Shore. It has been the means of calling the attention of many Chicago people to the wonderful advantages of the Sheridan Road

district as a residence locality. City people have come out to the North Shore to play golf and thus became enamored with the country. All the clubs have Chicago members, though the Exmoor at Highland Park has perhaps the largest proportion.

Many real estate men attribute the building activity at Lake Forest to the development of the golf interests there. The North Shore furnishes not only desirable courses, but attractive scenery and natural surroundings as well. The fact that the amateur championship tournament is to be played at Lake Forest this year is regarded as marked recognition of the North Shore as a golf center. It is difficult to decide whether the North Shore was made for golf or golf was made for the North Shore.

Another handsome railway station, that at Fort Sheridan, is given on the title page of this issue. Depot buildings appear to be the long suit of our illustration man.

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The NEWS-LETTER has just discovered a man at Lakeside who predicted the death of the paper in two months from the time it was started. This man may have been thoughtful and conscientious, but he can scarcely hope to line up with Jeremiah and Elijah as a prophet.

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A Highland Park Sunday school class is debating what kind of whale it was that swallowed Jonah. Though aiming at a strictly secular editorial policy, the NEWS-LETTER is moved to observe, in view of the generosity of the creature in landing the holy man on dry land, that it would be only fair to call him a Prince of Whales.

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It is to be hoped Uncle Sam will not find it necessary to buy up the copyrights on Mr. Weyler's reconcentration system in order to "pacify" the Philippines.

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Ravinia insists that she can only be a sister to Highland Park, but her voice grows fainter every time she says it.