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MER SHOES AT COST DAHL, Highland Park and PUT UP BY ST Ware Dealer. S. Improved Real ANS & Co.

er, and we extend a cordial, see our elegant stock ta Flour and the unex-ds and Seal Brand Teas te in the city, and we in-ity and low prices—Six ancy Groceries and S, GROCERY. Telephone 46.

Preparations for the school term have been going on for here. The stock of School Books, Stationery and Supplies is now complete. Bigols, etc. are the kind sanc- the authorities and approved by B. CUMMINGS, 4 Doors North of Postoffice.

Successful Merchants

Never let up on Advertising. In these days one must advertise to keep business as well as to

Increase Business..

The best medium for lake shore enterprises is the

News-Letter.



LAKE FOREST, HIGHWOOD, FORT SHERIDAN, HIGHLAND PARK, RAVINIA, GLENCOE, WINNETKA, LAKESIDE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 27, 1901

VOL X. NO. 18.

Miss Alice Fessenden left for New York Monday, where she enters Miss Ely's school for young ladies.

Passage tickets and drafts on Europe at Erskine's Bank.

Madame Ganz, a well-known singer of Chicago, will sing at the morning service at the Presbyterian church next Sabbath.

Carl Arnold and Mrs. Wm. Davids and children, of 474 Oakley boulevard, Chicago, were guests of Mrs. S. Reesman last Friday

We have been told that Banker Clarke will oppose the Elm street improvement scheme, down the hill to the pumping station. We can hardly believe that, as he is a business man of supposed ability and discernment.

The Bostonian French Chocolate Creams, the finest creams in America, 50 cents per pound, at Dale Sweetland's.

The ordinance for the improvement, macadamizing, etc. of Central avenue, west from the city building to the city limits, was approved by the county court. Now bids will be called for and the contract let as soon as possible so the work can be pushed through this season.

Last Sunday night Mrs. Caroline Marie Carlblom died at her home in Highwood, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Carlblom was an old and well-known resident of Highwood. She is survived by five children, all of the same place. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the Swedish church, and the interment was made in the Mooney Cemetery.

If you want to know how much it costs to paint your house, call on Brand Bros., or call up telephone No. 323.

The many friends of Major Harry S. Vail will be glad to learn that his physicians think he is improving. He returned from the Maine coast nearly two weeks ago, but is still so low and feeble that he takes very little if any nourishment and sees no one but his immediate attendants. One of his attendants told us a few days since that we would not know him if we saw him, he had changed so. The chief difficulty is of the heart, always a serious one, hence the solicitude of his friends.

At the public services in Holyoke, Mass., last Thursday, for McKinley, the principal address was by a woman, Miss Mary Emma Wooley. She was introduced by Mayor Chapin, of Holyoke College. It was given in the city hall before the municipal authorities of that rich and cultivated Massachusetts city. Let us add that the address was worthy the occasion and the speaker. "Old Jasper," the famed colored preacher, was right in his bold declaration, "The sun he do move." And a good many sons are slowly but surely moving out of their narrow conceits and selfish prejudices into the open. That Holyoke incident was a prophecy of the twentieth century, and so an omen of tremendous as well as inspiring import.

The Bostonian French Chocolate Creams are again on sale at Dale Sweetland's.

The Clark family moved out of Mrs. A. P. Smith's Laurel avenue home, Monday.

Mrs. Charles C. Yoe gave a quiet little dinner party to a few guests last Saturday evening.

American lady's corsets, the Ladies' Bazaar.

The board of local improvements met Thursday evening to push the matter of improving Central avenue.

The family of Lucian G. Yoe, at least the younger members thereof, are back in their own lovely home, "Wincanton," down on Hazel avenue. After having spent the summer on the seashore they can't shut themselves up in Chicago yet.

Mrs. Stackpole, of Boston, is spending a couple of weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, on Hazel avenue. She reached this city last Saturday. She finds lots of friends who have not forgotten her though so long absent from the city.

Fall millinery at Mrs. Bohl's.

The telephone company has been doing a rushing business the past week, and the following telephones have been installed: Mrs. A. Bohl, No. 35; S. M. Millard, No. 58; Norenberg & Hintz, No. 651; W. Neidlinger, No. 701; A. P. Dunbar, No. 454; F. C. Brown, No. 25; M. Bender, No. 711; E. J. Nally, No. 80; Mayor Evans, No. 723; John Reisman, superintendent of Highland Park Electric Light Co., No. 721; Mrs. C. J. Gray, No. 792.

Highland Park Real Estate, D. M. Erskine & Co.

Mrs. Mulkie and daughter, Dot, of Second street, were badly frightened last Saturday night. Between the hours of 12 and 1 they were awakened by some one ringing the door bell; Mrs. Mulkie went to the door, opened it and found some men standing there, who insisted upon going in and getting money. Mrs. Mulkie said she had no money, but her daughter being frightened and not knowing what harm they might do, offered her purse. After receiving the money the men left and made no further trouble.

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

"Ross" C. Fletcher, only son of our postmaster, is a member of the 14th Infantry, U. S. A., and stationed at Detroit. He had his furlough in his pocket to come home for a few weeks' visit when President McKinley was shot. It was immediately recalled, as were all the others of the 14th, and seventy-five picked men of the regiment acted as the special guards of the president's tomb in Canton till the body is securely placed in its final resting place. And Ross was one of the seventy-five men chosen as guard of honor. Quite a compliment that to one of our Park boys, though the duty be a sad and mournful one. Ross expects to have his furlough renewed and be home as soon as relieved at Canton.

Real Estate Loans, D. M. Erskine & Co.

AUTUMN'S ATTRACTIONS.

We often wonder why some of our summer residents and boarders make the grievous mistake of hastening back to the city at the first signs or the approach of autumn. Let there come two or three rainy days and a little chilliness in the air and they turn their backs on the country and rush for the city's steam heated flats with their close, stuffy air, as though an arctic winter was upon them. It is all a mistake, for an all-wise and all-kind and merciful Providence has put the "Indian summer" between our heated term and the long cold winter. That Indian summer is just as reliable in its annual coming as any other season, varying in its features, as other seasons do, but as sure in its yearly visitation as tomorrow's sunrise. Hence, some of our summer residents, having "caught onto" this fact, make plans for spending the Indian summer here in Highland Park, as surely as they do for spending the mid-summer months of June, July and August here. Mr and Mrs. C. C. Yoe no more think of returning to Chicago till after the Indian summer than they think of returning thither during the burning heat of dogdays. And the family of Lucian G. Yoe, after a summer at the seashore, came back this week to spend the delightful Indian summer here, before housing up for the winter in Chicago. Our society young men, who have learned the place, do the same. Mr. E. Norman Scott, just back from his European trip, instead of going into winter quarters in Chicago, came back to the Park for a month or six weeks. Arthur St. George Boulton always spent the full autumn here, and many others have always done the same. Now what is there about the autumn in the country which gives it such powerful attractions.

First of all Nature's beauties are at their best in autumn. There is a beauty in the freshness, the luxuriant growth of foliage and plant in mid-summer, so that Lowell was correct making the perfect day in June the acme of terrestrial beauty. But those early summer days are the childhood of the season; during autumn's Indian summer all nature comes to its maturity.

The waving fields are in shocks of golden grain, the ripened grapes hang in luscious clusters, like those which Israel's leaders bore from Eschol's luxuriant vale. It is the culmination, the crown and the glory of nature's summer season's beneficent work for man. No one can appreciate to its full extent the significance, the rounded completeness of God's rich and manifested gifts in all their variety and abundance, who has not passed an Indian summer in the country, and witnessed the gathering of the harvests, seeing as Amos the seer saw in prophetic vision, the "loaded corn-wain pressed with sheaves" moving to the garner.

But again: Autumn is the season when nature's work urgently invites your acquaintance of friendship. It was the autumn's haze and halo of

Berkshire's grand old hills that inspired Bryant's Thanatopsis. "To him who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms, She speaks a various language."

The deep green of June has given place to the rich and varied tints of autumn, which once seen can never be forgotten, and not seen can never be imagined. A spike of goldenrod may suggest it, as a hillside brook rippling over its pebbly bottom may suggest Niagara. The foliage, the falling leaves, the ripe and crisp herbage beneath your feet, the glints of sunshine through the partially denuded trees, all these and everything akin to them, make an Indian summer in the country the climax of the seasons delight, and they who miss it lose the best the season has to bestow.

Finally, for purposes of health, the autumn in the country is worth as much, if not more, than all the good of the other seasons combined. The air is pure and perfect. The dust and the other impurities of the summer's atmosphere are gone, the early equinoctial rains have washed them to the earth, so that the air is clean and pure, while that of the city, at the very best, is polluted and poisoned by the fumes and gases of thousands of burning fires and furnaces, the putrifying masses of vegetable and animal filth, inseparable from city life. Moreover, the depressing, exhausting heat of summer is gone, and in its place is a pure air, super-charged with unadulterated oxygen and ozone, putting life, strength and vitality into your physical system every moment, so that you feel like a new person. Even more, not only does the Indian summer in the country give you all the vitality and strength and health your daily deeds require, but it will lay up in every fibre of your physical being a surplus stock of these indispensable qualities, on which your exhausted system can draw during the long winter, while you are shut up in your overheated city flats, supplied only with a depleted, enervating atmosphere. We come back to the point whence we started, the person who leaves the country before the Indian summer's close makes the mistake of his life for that season; he has spent his time and his money for half or less than half the good he might secure.

THE MORAINES IN AUTUMN.

Elsewhere we have spoken of the attractions of autumn, but the article was general and not local. Here in Highland Park all those attractions exist, and superadded to them are our numerous ravines, the wonder and glory of our north shore. They are deep and broad and winding in their courses, filled with trees and shrubbery, and to lovers of nature rarely fascinating. There are many of them, crossed and recrossed with bridges, rustic and artistic, and always leading to the lake.

Hence, we are not surprised that so many of the summer boarders at the Moraine are remaining during the autumn. This hotel occupies an

place, on the bluff one hundred feet above and only a few rods from the lake, and deep, lovely ravines all about it and in the midst of a dozen-odd. Ten rods from the hotel can be in the ravines, and as more on the brow of the bluff go down upon Lake Michigan. We now there are charmed with the place and its environments, and glad to learn that more are going for the autumn. It is so very fascinating to us, reared in England, and it seems up as though we were among the mountains with brooks and glens, then of an autumn evening to r in that spacious reception about the large open grate fire, the real oaken logs and wood taking us back to the home of our youth. Don't miss the autumn at the Moraine. There are also fine drives all about, finely dammed streets, the famed Sheridan Road and the Exmoor golf course, the Military Post with a thousand men in blue, with twenty-five trains daily each way to Chicago only thirty-three minutes on express trains.

The Moraine Hotel will be open October 15, and possibly to November 1.

At week I went about, all of trouble and of doubt, now I'm smiling and dance with delight, and some Rocky Mountain Tea last night. G. B. Cummings, ag-18

DEATH OF ELIZABETH MADDEN.
The death of Miss Elizabeth Madden occurred Wednesday afternoon, September 25, 1901, at her home on Ariel avenue.

Miss Madden was born in Ireland and came to this country when very young. Her health had been very poor for some time, and last summer and her brother, Rev. J. C. Madden, made an extensive trip to Europe, where they visited many different health resorts in France and Germany.

The deceased is survived by her father, Rev. J. C. Madden, pastor of St. Mary's church, Highland Park, and a sister, Cecelia, also of this city. The funeral was held in St. Mary's church this morning at 9:30, when a requiem mass was celebrated. Rev. P. F. A. Kelly, of St. Cecelia's church, Chicago, preached a very impressive sermon, and was assisted by Rev. B. P. Murray, of Glenwood, deacon; Rev. P. F. Arnes, of Chicago, sub-deacon; Rev. Barth, of Lakeside, master of ceremonies, and Rev. J. E. Madden, celebrant at mass.

The remains were taken on the 10:25 train to Calvary where interment was made.

In our article on "Tanglewood" we had we forgot to say the work was done by local parties. Brand others have done the exterior painting and all the interior work, and a finer job we have not seen in this city.