

# SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS LETTER

A Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of the Cities, Towns and Villages Along the North Shore

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Fort Sheridan Park will open for the season next Saturday, May 24th.

Mrs. James Daggett, of Sister Lake, formerly of Ravinia, has a fine boy.

If you want to see some works of "Art" just step into Purdy's Hardware store.

Don't forget that there is preaching service in the Baptist church every Sunday evening at 7:30.

Mrs. C. C. Cheney gave a luncheon a few days ago to the several bride-elect—the Misses Chapin and Miss Van Schaick.

For Sale—2 safes, a rug, a carpet, 14x16; a clock and several lamps. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. W. Kirk Lake avenue. 23-1f

If you want an 8 or 10-room house, unfurnished, with water, furnace, etc., and very large grounds, call at this office soon.

The electric railway folks are macadamizing their right-of-way between the rails from Laurel avenue to the Wrenn viaduct.

The Highland Park Pleasure Club will give their first grand May dance at Goldberg's opera house, Thursday evening, May 22.

Father Street has some notices out against stealing maple trees off his lot near the Forest avenue bridge. Better look out; he means business.

T. Barbour Brown has rented his home for the summer, and will go we know not whither. Why all this exodus of our best families to accommodate a lot of outsiders?

Local Union, No. 461, the Highland Park branch of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, have raised the initiation fee to \$15, to take effect on and after the first of June.

Judge Hibbard had nearly a dozen cases yesterday in his court, from Lake Forest, collecting bills for traders in that college town. The bills ranged all the way from \$15 to \$100 each.

An insane man, claiming to be an officer at Fort Sheridan, was captured between Lake Bluff and Highland last week. Thus far his identity is unknown, as he does not belong at the Fort.

The Baptists are to have a social next Friday evening, May 23, in the lecture room, if it don't rain or sprinkle. They are terribly afraid

had better plan to go.

Rector Walcott, of Trinity, was up in Minnesota last Sunday, and W. O. Hipwell conducted the services. When we met him just at nightfall he was on his way to conduct the fourth service of that single Sunday. We wonder how many younger men would feel adequate to four church services a Sunday.

The people who think Hugh T. Birch is playing "bluff" about that old St. Mary's cemetery lot will wake up to their mistake some day. We have looked that up and Mr. Birch owns that just as much as any man owns his lot anywhere in this city, and no one has a right on it any more than in other private grounds.

We take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. E. Norman Scott, for several years a well known summer resident and young society man here in the Park, to Miss Florence Nichol, now in London, England, where the nuptials will be celebrated in August. Mr. Scott has made his home several summers at "Ravinook," and of all the young men of our acquaintance none is more highly esteemed than he.

Win and Rob Carver have gone forward to their old method of living now that they are residing in the "Wilderness of Judea," near to Bethlehem, and have a fine brood of hens and chickens and fresh eggs galore.

The "Wildwoods" colony came out in full force Thursday and occupy their four cottages on Hazel avenue. It seems more pleasant to have those winter windows off and hear the merry sounds of childhood and happy home life.

City Attorney Smoot has rented his Prospect avenue home to the

from June 10th. Where the attorney's family will pass the season we know not, perhaps fighting mosquitoes in Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yoe are back from their winter in California, in their beautiful Hazel avenue home, "Garlands." They seem to be very happy to be installed there again, and enjoy the pure air and bright skies—when it don't rain—of this north shore.

We are pleased to see on the streets again the familiar form and features of C. W. Goodridge, the general manager of the Kellogg Switchboard Co., which used to operate in the Gray factory. The Goodridges occupy their own home on Laurel avenue, opposite the Presbyterian church.

Messrs. Cape & Sons, of Racine, who have the Central avenue (west) contract, are pushing the work. The "canawl" is mostly dug out and the crushed stone is going in, and it promises to be a fine job. That will let the west country farmers into town with eggs, butter, last year's chickens, and perhaps prices will come down. Anyway we will have a fine street.

W. E. Brand, Insurance Agent.

Judge Watson, of the Railroad Men's Home, is in a peck of trouble. He has the Chicago News every evening, and lately as he opened the paper he found a lousy bedbug wrapped in its folds. This has occurred twice recently, and now he wants to know whence they come—from the Daily News office, the mail cars or the postoffice.

Mrs. Gerhardt, who lost a son a couple of weeks ago, wishes to thank the friends who so kindly furnished the flowers for the funeral, especially the members of the Catholic Order

comfort to the mother and family friends, and she wishes them to know how well she appreciates their thoughtful kindness.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Spencer returned from their winter in Florida last week looking in fine condition. To their mind that is the place of all others to spend the winter, but when the mercury got up to 85 and 90 Mr. Spencer said he longed for the lake breezes. However, he found it quite a change from duck trousers and seersucker coats to heavy winter flannels and ulsters.

There is a sharp grocer in Philadelphia. When a man lets his bill run six, ten or twelve months, he just sends him a new one with an over charge of five or ten dollars. Mr. Slowpay looks at the bill, sees the over charge, puts on his hat and is off to the grocer at once. "See here, Mr. Grocer, there is a big mistake in this bill," and points it out. And the grocer says: "Oh, yes, there is a mistake," and corrects the bill, and says to Mr. Slowpay: "Well, how much can you pay on the bill today?" Not having the cheek or gall to say, "Nothing," he plunks down a "V" or an "X", and the grocer is so much ahead.