

THE SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS-LETTER

HIGHWOOD.

Boost our new city.
Who will be the first to show up with a straw hat.
Chickens will come home to roost. Have you noticed it?
Martin Sullivan is slowly recovering from a severe attack of the grip.
Alderman Murphy has more than 100 young game chicks and more arriving daily.

Isn't it sad to hear that voice from the political dump crying for Sunday closing?
Just keep your powder dry as there will be an assistant supervisor elected next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Corbett, of Chicago, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Welch.
Every man who wears a chauffeurs cap does not own an automobile. Not knocking Alderman Murphy.

Our new fire chief, W. H. Detrick, will play his trusty ax with vigor at the first meeting of the department.

The fire department's private entertainment at the public's expense is said to have been a very enjoyable affair.

Jacob Recktenwald has purchased the house-moving outfit of Joseph Rioux and is now in the business for himself.

Gibbs' Colts, our local base ball club, play a match game with the North Chicago team on the latter's grounds Sunday at 2 o'clock.

Now is the time to make a bonfire of those vicious ordinances, particularly the one passed after Mayor Gibbs was elected one year ago.

Why not change the name of our city? The unenviable reputation it has acquired during the past ten years could never be lived down.

No, Angelina! Dahl's barber is not a strike. Neither is Dahl paying an election bet by allowing his hair to grow so long. Just wants to stuff a sofa pillow.

Have you noticed this? There is not a preacher, lawyer, dago, nigger or Chinaman residing within the corporate limits of our city, and yet some of our citizens are kicking.

Charles Ives, Jr. left last week for New York city where he has accepted a lucrative position with a railway equipment company. Its the old story, you can't keep a good man down.

Theodore Mitchell, an old resident of our city, who has been away for the past five years, returned recently from St. Louis with his family and will again make his home with us.

A petition is being circulated in Prall's sub-division which will be presented to the council at their first meeting, asking that the Waukegan avenue frontage in that sub-division be placed in the license district.

Employees of the C. & M. electric railroad assembled in Fort Sheridan Park last Wednesday evening to give farewell greetings to J. W. Mauck, late vice president of the road, and presented him with a beautiful desk and chair. The officers of the company sent an ink-well which was a work of art. Mr. Mauck leaves the company to accept the presidency of Hillsdale college in Michigan.

The report that the government was about to purchase 110 acres of the north portion of our city, has created a false boom in real estate in that locality, with the result that no one will buy at the figures asked, nor will those who hold make any improvements pending the settlement of this question. Should the government fail to connect in this matter there will be a grand collapse up in "Cuba," from which it will take years to recover.

Last Monday night the Citizen's Party Club met in the city hall for the purpose of electing a president and treasurer to fill vacancies. J. Laegeler was elected president and W. W. Wagoner treasurer, both by acclamation. The other officers of the club are W. H. Detrick, secretary; and Wm. Henn, vice president. A township central committee of seven was appointed consisting of the four club officers and one from each ward as follows: 1st ward, Ed Mathews; 2nd ward, Charles Gordon; 3rd ward, R. Lancaster. It was also decided that the regular meetings of this club be held on the first Monday of each month at 8:30 p. m. in the city hall.

A HOMESICK MILLIONAIRE.

Nowhere Is He So Lonely as in the Place He Once Loved That Has Changed.

The late John W. Mackay might be considered a supremely successful man, for he was rich, and knew the pleasure of generous giving to those on whom the burdens of life fall heavily. Yet by his own confession to a friend, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, the vanishing years not only took with them many of the old familiar faces of his early struggling youth, but they changed the west, as he knew it, until it ceased to seem like home.

"You see," Mr. Mackay once explained, "a man is nowhere so lonely as in a place he once loved and returns to only to find it altered beyond recognition. That is the case with me; and it is the reason I spend so much time abroad."

"I was born in 1831, and went west with the high tide of gold-seekers. I roughed it with the rest, my ambition being to make myself an equal to the hero of my boyhood, a man I used to see hurrying through City Hall square in New York when I played there as a boy,—a man with a hurried step and a bundle of newspapers under his arm,—James Gordon Bennett.

"I learned to love the rough west as I've never loved any other place. I got my gold, but I have lost my home. I can hardly realize it, but my west is no more. It died with my youth. So I am glad to get away from everything that reminds me of its passing, as some men will live anywhere, everywhere but in the house they were happy in before the death of a wife."

WELL PAID FOR HER WORK.

Addressing Invitations Gives a New York Woman a Handsome Income.

A New York woman of considerable social prominence, but limited means, succeeds in maintaining her position by a novel industry that does not, in the opinion of "the set," place her outside the pale of respectability. She addresses invitations and attends to correspondence as a means of adding to her income. She has the entree to most of the well-known houses in the city. Many of her patrons consider it an unusual favor to have their invitations go out to the world addressed in her unmistakable chirography. Some of them are never able to be invited to the houses that she goes to, says a New York exchange.

She realizes how much some of her patrons appreciate her services and her prices are high—much higher than any other person's charge for the same service. She makes a very good living out of this rather arduous work and her time is much occupied.

It is a familiar saying that persons who are most occupied by social duties are most punctilious in discharging them promptly. This shows itself strikingly in a custom that developed first this season.

It is now considered the smartest usage by persons who devote thought to such matters to leave cards the day after a large or elaborate entertainment. It is not expected, of course, that the hostess will be seen. That is now the least part of a call. But it is good form to leave cards the day after.

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