



A Courier of North Shore Intelligence.

Published every Saturday morning at Highland Park, Ill., by the

Sheridan Road Publishing Co.
(INCORPORATED.)

A. E. DORSEY, Manager.

OFFICES:

News-Letter Building, 271 Central Avenue, Highland Park.

Telephone No. 92, Highland Park.

Entered at the Post-Office at Highland Park as second-class matter.

Advertising rates made known on application

TERMS \$2.00 PER YEAR
\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1903

All correspondence and communications for publication in the News-Letter must be addressed direct to the paper, or no attention will be paid to them.

"All things come to him who will but wait."

We send this week sample copies of the SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS-LETTER to non-subscribers on the North Shore who are here by invited to show their public spirit by sending in their subscriptions promptly.

The deep and dark mystery of the broken engagement of Miss Fessenden and Lieut. Phillips, when 'boiled down' proves to be that he had known her only two weeks and felt that the wedding invitations were rather premature.

Well, if it was only two weeks, he was not after all so much to blame as at first appeared.

THE "ELIGHT."

"The feeblest of foes 'tis not safe to despise. The tiniest speck can give pain to the eyes."

The SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS-LETTER does not 'despise' anybody, not even those who 'despise' it. On the contrary, if they need advice—along with any other vice, the NEWS-LETTER stands ready to advise. It has taken this 'stand' because it has been accused of 'having nothing in it.'

It has 'struck a boom!' At last something has really 'happened,'—something besides 'Mrs. Brown went to town last week, or 'Mrs. Jane Janes from Janesville visited our town last week.'

Some of our "Elight" have declared that they are 'sick of hearing so much of the Browns' and are going to stop their paper because of our frequent mention of the 'doings' of the Browns.

We like the Browns and we're eager and anxious to put in anything we can get hold of about them. But people who envy the Browns and are "sick of hearing about them," will be glad to see that at last the sleepy old town of Highland Park has had a sensation.

Something has happened that is "reel inter-rest-ing." It may serve to remind people that things do happen, and when they see a simple announcement like, "Lieut. Burt Phillips has gone away for an indefinite period," it may mean something. He may have 'gone where the wood-bine twineth' or he may have felt that he had 'gone far enough' in one direction and now must begone in another if he would not be 'a goner' matrimonally.

He went in haste, leaving his luggage and a specimen of his "nerve" with telephones. His military title is now spelled *left-tenant*. If he has gone to the "Totherest One" and found she is not 'Another's', any more than he was, and will send us a notice of it, we will print it.

We want 'the news.' We want 'a live paper.' We don't care how 'live' it is. We are willing to make it 'a live coal' on an enemy's head, or a live coal on a friend's hearthstone; but with all our willingness we can't manufacture 'news.'

If the people of Lake Co., want a "live paper," let them wake up and do something. Let them go up to Fort Sheridan and 'yank out' some of those military fellows and put them in villas, and tell them to be as villainous as they like. Anything of that sort helps to make "a live paper." It makes up for a lot of items like 'Old man Fake went to California,' and 'Old Lady Limp went to Florida' and 'a bouncing boy bounced in on the Fleehartys'.

We are glad of all these things. We don't want any item to escape us, 'be it ever so humble,' but we rely on "The Elight," who won't take our paper, "because there's nothing in it," to go to

work and do or say something to put in it, then we shall find out, "who's who" in "this here" town, and who they think they are and what it means to be 'who' and who do the sort of things that hoodoo,—'Who'.

Now if you think this is going to be 'a live paper' try a subscription.

The proprietors of this paper are willing to acknowledge that they have not done the work of ten men and a boy on it, as well as they ought to have done it; but now that "the Elight" have shown a disposition to turn in and help us with live items of real news that has some snap and go to it,—why the afs'd are willing to "hire extra keep," and show what this town can produce in the way of 'a live paper,' that people won't be "sick" of because it has too much in it about other people and not enough about them.

"PUPPY-LOVE."

When a young fellow can court a girl, in a "happy-go-lucky" way, without any regard whatever for ultimate consequences, he ought at least to back out of his happy-go-lucky utterances in as many a way as possible. He ought not to call the girl's mother up and tell her *over the telephone* that he does not love her daughter enough to marry her.

What self-respecting mother could refuse to "break the engagement" under the circumstances? And what woman even of the most meagre mental equipment would *say why* she had broken it. Could she be expected to proclaim herself so eager for the marriage of her daughter that she took no pains to discover whether or not it was a "a case of puppy-love," before sending out the invitations to the wedding—invitations so manifestly premature as to necessitate a man's recanting by telephone? Certainly not!

The mother has taken the only course possible. She declines to say why.

She is to be commended for her course in this crisis, whatever may be said of her happy-go-lucky protection of her daughter in the past.

The daughter is the innocent

sufferer and deserves only the deepest compassion.

But it is the young man who has shown himself deficient in many attributes. If he felt that he were to be married against his will, he might at least have resorted to some other means to extricate himself than waiting until the wedding invitations were out and then begging off over the telephone.

"Augustus Modle" behaved much better when the oldest Miss Pecksniff attempted to marry him whether or no.

He was a weak young man who 'Loved Another.' He was perpetually weeping over the thought of 'Another' and when the eldest Miss Pecksniff insisted that he should go with her and select the furniture for their future home, Augustus Modle was a prey to the gloomiest forebodings. But it was in vain that he entreated. "Oh my Goodness, Miss Pecksniff, why won't you let me alone?" She wouldn't. She wanted to marry him and take the place of 'Another' in his young affections. He became desperate and determined to free himself from the importunate Miss Pecksniff.

But even in his desperation he did not resort to anything so public and unfeeling as a cold and heartless telephone. He wrote Miss Pecksniff a letter. It was a much more gentlemanly method than by telephone; yet he did not declare himself with less emphasis because there was no telephone in his day.

His letter is given for the benefit of those who are in the predicament of a horse that is led to water and won't drink.

For the benefit of those who by chance may not have read Martin Chuzzlewit, the letter is given in full:

"Off Gravesend,
Clipper Schooner Cupid,
Wednesday night.

Ever injured Miss Pecksniff: Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be—if not a corpse,—on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit. *I will never be taken alive.*

The burden—300 tons per register—forgive if in my distraction I allude to the ship,—on my mind—has been truly dreadful. Frequently, when you have sought to soothe my brow with kisses—has self destruction flashed across me. Frequently—incredible as it may seem—have I abandoned the idea.

I love another. She is another. Everything appears to be somebody