

What People Are Doing in Highwood

David Morren, "Scotty," is a member of the petit jury for this term of the Circuit Court.

Thursday was pay day for the troops at the fort.

The Citizens Party meets every Thursday evening at Tamany Hall. All voters welcome.

Rumor says a new theatre building is to be erected in Fort Sheridan Park at once, so as to be ready for the opening of the season the latter part of May.

Mrs. William Davis, who was taken to a Chicago hospital two weeks ago suffering from a severe attack of the grip, has returned to her home here much improved.

George Marshall, colored, of Lake Forest was arrested on complaint of J. V. Garrity, charged with passing a worthless check. He had a hearing before Justice Gordon at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The numerous friends of Chas H. Carey, a former resident and prominent business man of this city, will regret to learn that he is confined to his home in Half Day in a hopeless condition with inflammatory rheumatism.

A welcome addition to the troops now at Fort Sheridan will be the battalion, consisting of four companies of the 27th infantry, now stationed at Columbus, O. They are expected to arrive here about the 20th inst.

Lake Shore Lodge No. 558, K. of P., gave a social dance and supper at their hall last Monday night for the benefit of St. Francis hospital at Evanston. The attendance was large and a neat sum was realized for the worthy cause.

The now famous road appeal case of John J. Lancaster was decided yesterday, when Supervisors Graham, Woolley and Gibbs reported to Justice Gordon their affirmation of the decision of the commissioners refusing to lay the road.

It seems possible that the Highwood saloon keepers are to escape indictment by the Grand Jury this spring, which would indicate that

respites. In this connection it might be well to glance over the past records of our candidates for city offices.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Huestis gave a euchre party for a number of friends at their residence Friday evening, the 3rd. After cards there was music and lunch. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Gibbs, Shetzley, Peterson, Newsome, Garrity, Smith, Hostetter, Lockard, Bradway, McTameny and Mrs. D. J. Brady and Mrs. K. Kelly.

Grover C. Cox and Harry Burke, who went to Garrick, Indiana, last Tuesday to accept positions as firemen on the B. & O. railroad, returned home the next day. A hasty survey of the place showed an isolated burg in the midst of a dreary waste dotted with sand dunes. Visions of dear old Highwood and a sudden attack of cold feet caused their immediate return.

"Do you want a return of the old days bossism and bulldozing, when a respectable citizen dare not express his preference politically for fear of being arrested or ordered to leave town?" These and similar expressions brought forth thunders of applause from the large audience of voters who gathered to hear the speakers at the Citizens' party's meeting last Thursday night. While it was announced at a previous meeting that on this date the night for the election would be set, the majority were unable to agree on a date, so the matter was laid over until the meeting next Thursday night.

Services at the Post

Order of services, lectures and entertainments of the 27th Infantry and 14th Batteries of Field Artillery at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, for the week beginning Sunday morning, March 12, 1905.

Sunday morning, March 12th, at 8:45 o'clock, service in the mess hall of the Post hospital, for the patients. Subject of the sermon: "St. Patrick."

Sunday morning, March 12th, at 10:00 o'clock, service in the Post chapel, to which all are very cordially invited. Subject of the sermon: "St. Patrick."

Sunday evening, March 12th, at 7:30 o'clock, service in the mess hall of the guard house, for the prisoners. "St. Paul;" illustrated. Solo by Sullivan; song by Hodgson.

Tuesday evening, March 14th, at 7:45 o'clock, in the Amusement hall, lecture on "Europe," by Mr. G. D. Rogers. All are invited; seats free. Solo by Sullivan; act by Freeman; musical piece by Bunce; phono by Sergeant Amort; Chicago talent by Mrs. Chadborne.

Tuesday, March 28th, "Zion City;" illustrated.

Tuesday, April 11th, Boswell Company.

Tuesday, April 25th, Bunce Minstrels.

Tuesday, May 9th, open date.

GEO. D. RICE, Cnaplain 27th Infantry.

Arbitrary English Language

W E'LL BEGIN with box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.

The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hiee. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine; And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren. But though we may say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim! , So the English, I think you all will agree, Is the greatest language you ever did see.

A Cure for Dyspepsia

A PARISIAN physician has founded a "mirth cure" for dyspepsia and receives a large fee for treating patients. He puts a number of them around a room and makes them grin at each other. All look so foolish that in time they get to laughing heartily, and are made to keep it up for two hours a day. Two weeks of this treatment is said to cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

G. F. Conrad, who has been confined to his home for several weeks past with grip, is now convalescent.

Two small children of Frank A. Fink are very ill with pneumonia. Mr. Fink himself but recently recovered from a similiar attack.

The White Republic

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

O F Pilgrim eyes previsioned and Puritan lips foretold, Dowered with wealth of woodland and glory of virgin gold, Awoke the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High, As broad and free as the borders be of her own wide western sky. Mother of loyal daughters, whose girdle and guard are these— Their leagues of inland waters and bulwarks of splendid seas, Each to the other plighted till the end of time they stand, Palmetto to palm united and prairie to pasture-land. She hath store of grain ungarnered and harvests her sons have sown, She is jewelled with mines unmined whose measure no man hath known, And the light of her eyes is steady, and her onward march is free, For it knows no rest, but is like the quest of her rivers that seek the sea. Upward and on she presses with a zeal no check may rein, With a strength no shock may shatter while her seasons wake and wane, Nerved of her stirring stories of the deeds and the deaths of men, She wins for greater glories till the lapse of human ken. Her breath is sweet of the southland and the far— On her brow is the excellent whiteness of still Sierra snows. And her feet are shod with the mosses of the murmurous woodland ways, And her temples crowned with fillets of the sheaves of slender maize! As the wild Atlantic fearless, as the hushed Pacific calm, She rules her rugged hilltops and her breathless groves of palm; And, whether in waste or city, with freedom her shining shield, She is queen by right of her splendid might and the love her children yield. And on through the unrun ages, through stormy and sunlit days, Still shall the crescent pages of history sing her praise, As by ways of strife and burden to the goal of strife's surcease She pursues the priceless guerdon, the dawn of a deathless peace. The wise and wonderful mother of states and states to be, Guarded and well defended of the sons who made her free, Of the sons who learned to love her, and of loving her learned to die For the flag of the White Republic, the gift of the Lord Most High.