

Highland Park News-Letter

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By the

Sheridan Road Publishing Company

JOHN W. McILWAIN, Manager

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Of Importance to Us—and to You

The Sheridan Road Publishing Company has made a number of changes the past few weeks that are of importance both to the Company and to all interested in the growth of Highland Park.

The material equipment of its printing plant has been trebled by the addition of a 43 x 56 Miehle Press capable of doing the finest book and color work; a new Gordon Job Press; a folding machine which does away with much hand work; a new 48-inch cutter, and a new ten-horse power gas engine. The stable in the rear of the plant has been connected and sheathed up as a ware-house for carrying of several tons of paper stock. Five girls are now employed in the bindery and more are needed at once. Plans have been made for the handling of a large amount of book and catalogue work.

If you have been having your Printing done in Chicago we invite you to inspect our equipment and compare our prices with what you have been paying for similar work. While we naturally have been badly disorganized the past two months owing to the delay in installing our new machinery, we are now in full running order. If you live in Highland Park and do business in Chicago, here is a chance to patronize a "home industry" and help build up a printing and publishing plant that will furnish employment to the young people of the town.

Mr. Ralph Lee has severed his connection with the Sheridan Road Publishing Company and the "News-Letter" to devote his time to his own publishing enterprise, "The Cloister Company." Mr. John W. McIlwain, who has been foreman of the Printing plant since last fall, becomes Manager of the Sheridan Road Publishing Company and the "News-Letter." Mr. McIlwain has had wide experience as foremen of several Printing plants, his last position being as Instructor in the Training School for Printers of the Winona Technical Institute at Indianapolis.

In calling at the office in regard to that printing you are planning to have done, please ask for Mr. McIlwain. He will give your work his personal attention.

Congressmen were originally paid \$6 a day. It was later raised to \$8 which was the rate until 1855, when the yearly salary of \$3,000 was substituted. This lasted until 1865, when the present salary of \$5,000 was established. The pay henceforth will be \$7,000.

The Wisconsin railroad commission has handed down a decision ordering a reduction of passenger fares to 2 I-2 cents per mile and recommending to the railroads that they issue family mileage books of 500 miles each, interchangeable between the roads for \$10 a book or at the rate of 2 cents a mile.

An exchange which is no longer carrying railway time tables in its columns informs its readers that "trains are about due when you can see the smoke."

An exchange says there are two reasons why some people do not mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind and the other is that they haven't any business.

Hiawatha's Box of Lemons.

"What is this?" asked Minnehaha
After she and Hi were married,
When she found up in the attic,
In the cool and shaded attic,
In the dark and dusty attic,
In the dim and dingy attic.
A large chest of divers trinkets,
Books, and notes and other papers.
"What is that?" asked Hiawatha,
Looking just the least embarrassed.
"It is nothing. It is nothing—
Simply nothing. Yes, 'tis nothing."
"Nothing?" murmured Minnehaha.
"Nothing, is it? Is it nothing?"
Then she lifted out the contents
Till the attic floor was covered
With a very odd collection.
There were billet deus and photos,
Bills of fare and invitations,
And some beautiful blond ringlets,
Also some that were quite golden,
Likewise ringlets that were ebon,
And some gloves, and fans and kerchiefs;
And some notes of love undying,
And a lot of bonds in bundles,
Bonds that long, long since were issued
And that never paid the divvy,
Also quite a lot of papers
Showing how good Hiawatha
In some stocks had made investments—
'O the chest was full of this stuff.
Hiawatha, looking foollish,
Gazed at puzzled Minnehaha.
And remarked: "This little casket
Full of Junk and other plunder
Is my little box of lemons,
Box of lemons I've been handed.
By the guild of lemon handlers—
It is just a box of lemons."
* * * * *
Reader, oft and oft and often
You and I might seek the attic
There to find among the shadows
Where our feet have worn a pathway
Our own little box of lemons.—W. D. Nesbit in
The Chicago Post.

When your doctor asks you if he can see you spart, he may not be wanting to operate but merely to tell you about that bill.

The wounding of three generals of Central America proved that accidents will happen in the best regulated battles.

Miss Barbara Barr laughed eight hours at one joke the other night and nearly died. Barbarous humor of that kind should be barred.

Joseph Turner, the first manufacturer of razors in the United States, has passed away. Ten Million negroes ought to contribute to his monument.

Uncle Sam will hereafter look out for pick-pockets when he carries any money to Chicago.

After looking over his hand, the czar has determined that he had better discard the new douma.

About all it takes to reorganize a railroad these days is a roller top desk in a New York office and a little nerve.

The fool killer always gets ready for a hurry call when an idle man inherits a fortune.

When a man is eager to have his son follow in his own footsteps it is safe to conclude that he has an exaggerated ego.

The man who can distinguish between flattery and sincere praise has made a good start on the way to success.

Railroad Men's Home

Situated about one mile south of the Northwestern railroad depot is the Railroad Men's Home, founded by Dr. F. Ingalls of our city, but which is now under the supervision of Mr. John O'Keefe, formerly of Chicago. At present the home has about twenty-eight inmates, some who have lost either a leg, arm or hand, some scalded; others having that dreadful incurable affliction, locomotive-ataxia, and some of great ages. Mr. Jones, one of the inmates, is some eighty-years old, and can yet make his trip back and forth from Highland Park with the youngest of them. In conversation with some of the inmates, it is said that the management of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Keefe could not be better. They spare no pains in providing the inmates with the best of everything that money can purchase. Others say, "What a blessing, we have a Home," and then go on telling that their rooms are neat and clean, their bedding nice, food of the best and good clothing; and as soon as one complains of being ill, the doctor is phoned for immediately; and in case of a death, are nicely buried; besides all this, every week or two church services are held by Rev. E. Fuessle, pastor of the First United Evangelical church of this city. During the summer months the different railroad orders have their picnics for the amusement of the inmates, which they enjoy; the lawns during the summer and fall months are kept beautiful, settees, rustic chairs, swings and the beautiful flower beds scattered here and there, is also refreshing to those men after spending the long dreary days of the winter in their rooms reading the abundant reading matter that is furnished them; of course some of those men are able to be up and around, and even being able to go back and forth to Chicago, with the consent of the manager, while there are others that have to be handled as tenderly as a new-born babe, but Mr. O'Keefe has in his employ two men, one to watch and see that the men want for nothing during the day, and to keep the heat in each room to just such temperature, and the other performs the same duty through the night. Mr. O'Keefe has, and is now working hard for the benefit of the Home and its inmates, and has already made considerable improvements on the old buildings besides erecting a new building at a cost of \$2,500, and yet has a large surplus of funds deposited to the credit of the Home. Mr. and Mrs. John O'Keefe deserve great credit for the manner in which they have managed the Home and the respect shown those unfortunate men. A great many of us, in good health, and eagerly grasping after the miserable dollar, take but little time, if any, to think of the good other men and women are doing for the poor and afflicted; but there is one thing that they can rest assured of "God knoweth and seeth all things," and it is from Him that the good will receive their reward.

War is being made in Chicago on the "Family Resort" entrances to saloons. The Chicago agitators evidently expect the women who drink to put one foot on the rail and tell a funny story, just like a mau.

You are admonished to look out for the grippe germ. Not since the great epidemic of 1889, or 18 years ago, has this disease been so prevalent as it is now in Chicago, and it is said to be sweeping over the entire country.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pickett of Urbana, Illinois, have come to Highland Park to make it their home. Until the arrival of their household goods they have rooms at Mr. and Mrs. Earl Purdy's, on Linden Avenue. Mr. Pickett has become Director of the Craftsman's Guild whose shop is located at 225 Park Avenue.