

The Highland Park News.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4.

"RAT PIES and roast cats" was the menu we heard a minister recently give for some people's Thanksgiving dinner. De gustibus non disputandum est.

PASTOR THORÉN said in his Thanksgiving sermon that "the tailor-made girl was not invented in the old days of the Puritans." True enough she was not, and how did they get along without her. She is the joy of our lives and the light of our homes.

AN observing old lady down in a Vermont prayer meeting arose and said: "Brethren, this meeting needs more of the oil of Patmos." That remedy, like the astronomical calculations of the patent medicine almanac, is "adapted to this latitude and longitude," as well as to that of the rock-ribbed little New England commonwealth.

THAT WAS a great truth well stated by the Thanksgiving preacher when he said "The church is the heroic element among the inhabitants of the globe." Take out the Christian church and what has grown out of it from the world's history, or from our nineteenth century say, and what would there be left?

ILLINOIS had 1,682,019 acres in wheat this year, with an average yield of 13 bushels per acre. In England the average yield is 28 bushels per acre. That 15 bushels per acre extra would have given us 24,280,295 bushels of wheat more than we raised, with at least \$16,000,000. That is the difference between careless slipshod, and careful intensive farming. A loss of so many millions is no small item to the farmers of Illinois.

FROM the Home Market Club, that quintessence of high tariff Republicanism and from the Portland Oregonian, the staunch Pacific coast defender of the same faith, came last week words of highest praise and warmest commendation for President Cleveland and his national policy. Indeed, our Oregon contemporary says the McKinley campaign was on the lines laid down by Mr. Cleveland. Surely the time has come when men are patriots more than partisans and statesmen more than politicians. "The morning light is breaking; praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Spain may become bankrupt and go to the dogs, but the United States has her face to the future.

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL.

Some five and twenty years ago we made our debut as an editor. The paper was strictly local, largely religious, as the organ of the church with which we were connected. It was among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, on the southern slope of Greylock, the chief mountain glory of that region. To the west was the beautiful village of Williamstown, the home of Williams College, whose long list of distinguished alumni have given it worldwide fame. Over on the east side of the valley was Cummington, which gave the world William Cullen Bryant, and Ashfield, the summer home for so many years of the lamented George William Curtis. Off to the south was that famous inland summer resort, Lenox; just below it Stockbridge, where once lived Jonathan Edwards, the greatest intellect of American history; there, too, were born and reared the four Field brothers; David Dudley, the noted lawyer; Cyrus W., of submarine cable fame; Justice Field of the United States supreme court, and Henry M., a well-known New York editor. In the midst of such environments the first number of the "Echo" appeared.

A marked copy was sent to the late Samuel Bowles, the able, unique, fearless and pre-eminently successful editor of the Springfield Republican, one of the greatest journals of

of the country. Mr. Bowles was so kind as to read with care our modest effort, and write quite a paragraph concerning it for the Republican, in which he, with still greater kindness said, "The editor of the Echo was a born journalist, with the native newspaper sense; a sense which knows what to leave out as well as what to insert in his paper, and how to say it in a way to interest the people." Granting Mr. Bowles' over estimate, we confess to an inborn love for journalism as a means of interesting, instructing and influencing our fellows to higher aims, ambitions and purposes, and a nobler service to their fellows. "I am among you as he that serveth," said the Christ, and His beneficent, unselfish, sinless, self-sacrificing life was the best explanation of the words of His lips. Not what one gets out of the world, but what he puts into it for his fellows and his God that measures the worth, significance and success of his life.

And this leads to the thought of this introductory note. During most of the nine years of our residence in this city, we have contributed nearly every week to its local journalism through the excellent county press at Waukegan, they having made large and constant sacrifices to give Highland Park special editions. So far as pecuniary results to us are concerned, we have put into it more than it has ever paid us, a result which we fully anticipated at the first. We did it because we could in this way, render the people of this city some service, however slight, just as we have accepted and have retained now nearly eight years the unpaid judgeship of its police court. At times we expended extra effort to keep out of our city some lurking, snide journalistic enterprise, sure very soon to become a public nuisance and a curse. Perhaps few people appreciate the full value of such a service as this to the pure, healthy moral atmosphere and life of a community like ours. So far, we have "held the fort" against this public enemy.

We have always said that when the right parties came along — men with sufficient capital — for even