

The Highland Park News.

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LEWIS B. HIBBARD EDITOR.
H. F. EVANS BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1897.

The beautiful sleighing eloped with the South wind Wednesday, leaving an aching, slushy and muddy void.

Perhaps we are deceived, but it seems to us the times are harder every day. No one seems to have confidence enough to sue his neighbor; the constable and Justice of the Peace are nigh unto starvation or the poorhouse.

Evanston has hit upon a new device for local excitement now that the students don't hang or burn the professors in effigy. It is a popular postal card vote for favorite candidate for mayor, everybody sends his coupon or postal to the Editor of the Press with his or her candidate's name on it. Miss Willard lives there and women vote in this postal card election. The editor publishes the names of the candidates mentioned, all else is secret. That is, the people can express their preference before election, but at the election they will vote for the man set up by the machine, be he good, bad or indifferent.

The millenium in politics has about come. Here is Senator-elect Spooner of Wisconsin, speaking in high praise of Senator Vilas, an uncompromising Democrat. A prominent Massachusetts Republican writes in his paper that he wishes President-elect McKinley would keep Secretary Olney in the department of State, as his state papers are

the ablest this country has had for a generation, and he has covered the country with glory in securing the arbitration treaty with Great Britain, the greatest political achievement of this century. And last the Times-Herald pronounces eulogies on Comptroller Eckles, and wishes McKinley would keep him. As Dr. Holmes said "Order your ascension robe, the political millenium is at hand—partisanship retires and statesmanship comes to the front.

Apropos of our allusions to anonymous letters will say that certain misguided and seemingly malicious persons have undertaken, what they think, the reform of an evil which has not the shadow of an existence. They have adopted the method of sending anonymous letters to scores of our prominent citizens. The whole absurd affair would be ludicrous, did not these self-deceived reformers attempt to press the Holy Scriptures into their service by partial quotations and misapplication of passages, and they have further shocked the feelings of many by mutilating copies of the New Testament in their ill-guided zeal. They have gone so far in some of their letters as to commit a criminal offense themselves, in charging on wholly innocent and upright persons, gross conduct. Were not our people so incensed at this scandalous and outrageous performance, the News would not notice it. The Apostle James, 3:15, describes with inspired accuracy, this kind of "wisdom."

AN APOLOGY.

The editor of the News received a well-deserved scolding at the lips of an offended alderman. Most of said alderman's talk was through his hat, as it never does any hurt to take the people into your confidence, especially in matters in which their property is concerned, and so we stand by our original position because it is right. We have not been connected with newspapers for more than twenty years without learning some things. All the wisdom of a town is not in its board of aldermen. We seek to get six good business men in there, but there are several

other sixes outside the council. What we contend for and what Alderman Phillips wanted was to secure the combined, practical wisdom of all these sixes, those in the council and those out of it, in formulating the best ordinance possible for all concerned. On that point we not yield one iota; if any one feels aggrieved, we forgive him.

The implied charge of boodle, was a typographical error, we see in looking at it; a penalty for not seeing the proof before the article was printed. What we meant to write and supposed we had written and printed, was that we wanted no divided feeling, "no talk of boodle," for that thing had been said to us several times, a charge too utterly absurd to be believed a moment, and we were disgusted with it. In these respects the Bluff City Railway Co. and the Highland Park Council stand like Caesar's wife, on a lofty pedestal—"above suspicion."

THAT SLEIGH RIDE.

Monday night the Good Fellowship or some other named club, including Messrs. Frank B. Green, Prof. W. A. Wilson, D. M. Erskine, Jr., and we know not who else, accepted the invitation of that royal good farmer Charles Mulke of West Deerfield to spend an evening at his hospitable home. So they took a big sleigh and loaded up, nineteen in all and went over, enjoying a magnificent sleigh ride. Not wishing to kill Mr. Mulke's generous spirit by overtaxing it, they put a pail of oysters and other fixings under the sleigh seat, and their pooling their supplies with those of their host, they had a good time, a royal supper of ten courses, with those genuine farmers' mince pies, etc., such as cannot be produced off a farm. Mrs. Bertha B. Green entertained the company with one of her dialect recitations, "Pat's Trial of High Life." Mrs. Green not only recites dialect pieces, but is her own composer. She is author and recitationist like Dickens and others. Wisely they took a member of the Highland Park Press Club along with them. The electric lights were out when they got home; Mac says the belt broke!

The plumbers put on a long face as this thaw comes on apace. No more frozen pipes and ruined pumps.