

The Highland Park News.

VOL III.

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NO 12.

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Sundry things of late have forced on our attention this matter of newspapers, and this time these three questions:—first, what is a newspaper, that is what is it for; second, how should it be conducted; and last, whose wants and wishes should the editor and publisher keep uppermost in their minds.

First of all then a newspaper is a business enterprise. It is not issued for the sake of promoting the publisher's or editor's health, the same as some people are all the time drinking bonaset tea. The publisher issues it to make money, just as other men buy and sell groceries, dry goods, clothing, etc. It is not a philanthropic institution at all, as is a hospital, or free dispensary. It sells the news, of the world, of its own country or church, or party, or county, or little city and its suburbs. A grocer sells groceries, bankers deal in or sell money, dry goods dealers sell clothes, dress goods etc., and a newspaper publisher sells the news. Hence the business of the Highland Park News is to supply its patrons with all the news of this city—no matter who or what the news is about, whether it is of people or events the publishers and editor like or dislike—everything that is news, honest, clean, legitimate news, it is bound to furnish its patrons and when it neglects or fails to do this it violates its contract with the public. Once in a while some one, with a big sense of his own importance, tells the editor not to publish some news about him, or his family and seems to think he has a perfect right to do so. He has no more right to do that than to dictate to the grocer what goods he shall sell. If he don't want the news about him or his family published, he should not make any.

Second, how should a newspaper be conducted? On business principles, the same as any other business enterprise, that's all. Of course the publisher needs to have very clear, definite and accurate ideas of his business; the same as a farmer, merchant and banker about theirs, or he will go to the wall the same as any other incompetent business man. The publisher sells his paper, as the grocer does his sugar and he sells it for cash, or its equivalent, not for thanks and good wishes, but for cash. For some reason there is a wide-spread notion that the columns of the local paper are for the public benefit; anybody and everybody, especially churches, aid societies and every other philanthropic, or semi-philanthropic, enterprise is entitled to have the editor give them little "puffs" gratis; that is free advertising. They have just as much right to it as they have to free groceries of the grocer, free dress-goods of the merchant, free coal or meat of those dealers. The advertising space of a newspaper is a part of its revenue-making power and people have no more right to it free than they have to other necessities of life free. The publisher is morally bound to publish all the clean, legitimate news; and therefore he should publish an announcement of everything about to take place in which his patrons are interested; that's what they take his paper for: that is news. When it comes to the "puff," that is advertising and should be paid for. In some places, however, there is a general understanding that the local paper will publish these editorial

"puffs" or notices free for the churches, clubs and societies of various kinds and they in turn give the publisher of the paper their job printing, which is fair. But when these societies, etc., go elsewhere for their job printing and then want, or accept all these notices and puffs free—well it is crowding the mourners pretty hard; thoughtful, fair minded people don't ask it.

Finally, whose wishes shall the editor and publisher respect? Some people say "Don't publish anything that is likely to offend your job printing or your advertising patrons. That advice is only meant for ignorant men or weaklings and only such will accept it. There is just one person the editor and publisher should keep in mind all the time and that is the reader. Forget and ignore everybody else, but keep your eye on the reader. Study him, find out what he wants, what he likes, what he will look for, what will please him—that is the individual who sizes up the high average of your constituency and go for him. When you find out his calibre, tastes, likes and wishes, meet them, keeping just a little ahead and above them, so that he is eager to keep up with you. What your advertisers want are purchasing people who read your paper, people who feel compelled to read it. Such a paper has both patrons and power: it is fresh and alive; its opinions are sought and respected. But let it be known, as it will be if it is true, that the paper shapes its course to please advertising, or other patrons, is afraid of some local or other "boss," that its motives are low or mercenary, and its power is gone. A paper that can be bought or coerced, is too cheap or worthless to buy or read.

Such a paper as we have outlined—and there are plenty of such in the land—is not only a power for good and one of which evil men stand in deadly fear, but it is one of the most stable, reliable and valuable properties in the land, more solid and steady, if possible, than real estate.

OBITUARY:

Mr. A. Stark, one of the oldest residents of Ravinia, died on Tuesday morning, Feb. 15th, at the age of 73 years, less one day. He was a native of the kingdom of Bavaria, Germany, but he emigrated to America in 1850. For some years he made his home in the city of New York, and after spent some time in Milwaukee. Upon the opening of the war of secession he enlisted in the Union army. After the war, he traveled for some years in different states. In 1860 he was married to Mrs. Margaret Dietrich, with whom he shared the joys and sorrows of life for 28 years. They settled in Ravinia and were among the earliest settlers of the vicinity. Mr. Stark followed the occupation of a painter and in his dealings with his neighbors and with all whom he may have had any business transactions, he is said to have been strictly honest. He possessed a mind of more than ordinary intelligence; through the reading of the newspapers he kept abreast of the times and was always keenly alive to the issues before the country. Death was caused by acute asthma and heart disease, from which he suffered severely for almost two years. Through his death, the community has lost a respected citizen. The funeral services were held at the Ravinia church on Thursday.

CARLYLE.

The third in Prof. Rolfe's lecture on the leading writers of the Victorian Era, before the Highland Park Club, came Tuesday evening. As already announced, he discussed Thomas Carlyle and he did it in an eminently satisfactory manner. He combined in a very pleasing manner the historical, the personal and biographical methods. While most people are familiar with Carlyle's life, it gave a freshness and lifelike interest in the subject to have it briefly rehearsed. He seemed in the main, to emphasize the most important phases and epochs of Carlyle's life accurately and in due proportion. Thus he put special emphasis on his lineage, a "blood" as we style it; told how his father, like Hugh Miller, was an honest mason and put his manhood into the walls he builded. He traced also the man's genius to its fountain head, though not back to its original source, for such a genius as the "Sage of Chelsea" is not the product of one generation. The story of his university life was rarely vivid and accurate, in fact it was one of the finest things in the lecture. His treatment of Carlyle's love affairs was admirable for its broad common sense, accuracy and justness, though, to our mind, he seemed to overestimate the calamity, if such it may be called, of his marriage to Miss Welsh, instead of to Miss Gordon, but perhaps not. Carlyle owed a great deal to his wife; she may have been something of a thorn betimes more so than was necessary, but she was a genius, a woman of strong mind and character and above all, of lofty aspirations and high purposes and she was not only a spur but an inspiration to her husband. And with all his Titanic greatness, he needed at times the stimulus of such a person as Jane Welsh.

Prof. Rolfe's description of Carlyle's struggles, achievements and successes were admirable, albeit he gave more rosy hues to Craig Enttock than the Carlyles found there and perhaps he overestimated the Sartor Resartus and French Revolution and underestimated his Cromwell—the latter certainly completely revolutionized English opinion of over two centuries standing of the great Protector. If any one thinks to read the French Revolution as he read Ian Maclaren, let him try and find out for himself. So of Resartus and Hero Worship. Carlyle was a magnificent man, builded on a magnificent scale and rendered services to his age and the world commensurate with his abilities and his opportunities and Prof. Rolfe did him full justice. The public owe a debt of gratitude to the Club for these lectures.

DANCING PARTY.

Last evening the Royal Arcanum entertained their friends with a dancing party at McDonald's hall. Owing to the inclemency of the weather only about 50 couples attended. All who were there report a fine time—those who go to their parties always have that kind of a time and that the evening passed away all too quickly and, as usual, without a hitch. H. M. Prior furnished the music in his able and acceptable manner, and as Frank Green did the catering

everybody knows their guests had a sufficiency of the finest refreshments.

MISS COBB'S MUSICALE.

Miss Marie L. Cobb, the well known musical artist and her pupils, gave a very choice and successful musicale Wednesday evening and we regretted that company, from abroad, prevented our attending. There were 13 numbers on the program, beside one encore, the "Magic Fire Scene" from Wagner, by Miss Cobb, and three by Mrs. Martens. The house was crowded, with several from Fort Sheridan, whence Miss Cobb has pupils. A good critic who was present said to us, "The pupils did remarkably well." There were piano solos by Misses Grace Mihills, Virginia Chandler, Celeste Robinson, Lora Smith, Helen Bubb, Annie Cobb and Miss Cobb, with one or two duets, a recitation in French by Eleanor Smoot and very fine solos, with encores, by Mrs. C. F. Martens, the well known soprano of Chicago.

It was a most delightful affair, not only to parents and friends of Miss Cobb's pupils, but a large number of others who enjoy really good music. Miss Cobb, as we all know, is an accomplished musician with special talent as an instructor, very accurate and thorough in her methods and hence her pupils acquitted themselves admirably, greatly to their own and teacher's credit.

ARTISTIC WORK.

Have you seen Dan Sheahan's newly painted milk wagon just out of H. M. Prior's shop? Perhaps you have seen Mrs. A. Bock's new delivery wagon from the same shop. We think they are the neatest jobs on this North Shore. They exhibit fine taste and skill, excellent judgment in the size, style and shading of the lettering. Look at those and then look at some of the cheap daubs, botches with brushes on other delivery wagons in town and note the difference between the work of an artist and that of bungling amateurs. We congratulate Mr. Prior and his new right hand man, Rudolph Weideman, on these superb pieces of work. Sheahan's is colored and lettered as becomes a milk wagon, that soft creamy color, no sign of a pump or hose to be seen, suggestive of the pure bovine product on which he builds his trade and reputation, while Mrs. Bock's suggests her neat, always clean and fresh groceries and dry goods.

MRS. SMITH'S RECEPTION.

Mrs. Clara R. Smith gave an "At Home Reception" at her elegant residence on Laurel avenue, from 3 to 6 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. It was given to her friends on the North Shore, and included guests from Lake Forest, Fort Sheridan, Evanston and Highland Park. A large number of invitations were sent out and fully 150 were present. Miss Crow of Chicago sang several solos very acceptably to her friends, with Mrs. Ben Jones as accompanist at the piano.

Alderman C. G. Phillips is quietly setting his house in order and getting ready for the carpenters to begin the work of transforming his cottage, on the Sheridan road north, into a full grown modern residence with all the latest fashionable equipments except a mortgage.

NEWSLETS.

Jacob Zimmer is on the sick list. Butterick patterns for sale at Miss Erskine's.

Society folks are putting in all the parties and other gayeties as closely as they can be packed before Lent.

We are glad to report that Miss Carrie Smith, who has been so very ill with pneumonia, is on the road to recovery.

To better handle his large and increasing coal trade, John Middleton has added a larger coal box to his wagon.

Pastor Taoren left early Monday morning for Rockford where his mother was lying very low of a very severe illness.

C. J. Winchester, who has been abroad on a business trip of several months in Brazil and Holland, sailed from Amsterdam for home Tuesday.

Invitations are out for a progressive euchre party to be held at the home of W. R. Kenney on Central avenue, by the Bachelor Girls Club.

Are you in need of lumber, coal, wood etc. If so call on A. Robertson, successor to Robertson & Nolan. Square dealing, his motto. Telephone 67.

William Sasch moved into the William Happ house yesterday, which property has been deeded to him by the latter. Mr. Happ will make his residence with him.

Mrs. Edgar S. Kelly of Sparta, Wis., who has been visiting at Mrs. M. L. Bingham's for the last week or two, returned to her home Wednesday morning after a delightful winter outing in this city.

The Ossoli met yesterday afternoon and we were sorry not to hear Miss Lillian Cushman's paper on some phases of art, for she is a genuine artist with facile method of expression with both brush and pen.

Harleigh Gillette, the successful inventor and manufacturer of an electric clock, has recently placed several about the city, including the News office. They run a year without any attention and then only to refill the jars.

A Chicago man, Gost. Treantafel, inspected the store formerly occupied by Ingalls Bros as a bicycle store and repair shop yesterday, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Thompson estate will put in a full line of fruit, confectionery and cigars.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Brand, who returned last week from an extended trip in Wisconsin, report a pleasant time, even though the snow was so deep and plentiful as to make walking very laborious. He shows some extra fine photographs of scenery in that section which were taken after a large snow storm.

Last Sunday's Tribune had a very complimentary notice of our neighbor, Mrs. Laura Dayton Fessenden, tracing her ancestry back to Abigail Adams of Puritan fame. Her great-grandfather, Andrew Adams, was Chief Justice of Connecticut. Her father, Abram C. Dayton, was the author of that charming book, "Last Days of Knickerbocker," of which a new edition was brought out last year. The Tribune speaks in high terms of Mrs. Fessenden's last book, "A Colonial Dame," all want very much to read.

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