
 * **Mr. Lloyd's Cablegram.** *

The NEWS-LETTER takes pleasure in publishing below extracts from a letter written by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd the well known writer on government and economic questions, who is making a tour of Australia and New Zealand to gather material for a book on government ownership of railways. Mr. Lloyd certainly wields a facile pen, and should he write even a letter on "Cobwebs in Kamschatka" it would hardly fail to be interesting:

Wellington, New Zealand,
 February, 12, 1899.

We arrived in midsummer with a temperature of 55 degrees, so cold that we could see our breath, and with a regular Noah's ark rain. It was as if we had come to Chicago in the midst of one of its summer blizzards from the northeast. Mr. Lusk's letter to Sir Robert Stout was the first we presented. It secured us entrance to this very comfortable club where we are quartered.

My cablegram went through as two words, "Lloyd, Winnetka." The telegraph company has to bear the burden of indicating where Winnetka is. The first thing I did on arriving here was to "throw down" the New Zealand government. When I took my cablegram to the telegraph office, which is also the postoffice, they refused to take "Lloyd, Winnetka" as a proper message. There must be, the official very superiorly said, at least three words. I stated to deaf ears that I had so telegraphed repeatedly from all the leading cities and summer resorts of Europe, Asia and Africa. They made me add a word, "Well," and pay \$1.60 for it, or \$3.80 for the whole. When I got to the club I was told that there had been a dozen calls at the telephone for me. I went to it, "We find you are right about being able to cable the address alone; do you wish the third word dropped?" I certainly did. A few minutes afterwards I was called out from lunch to receive an ambassador from the government who tremblingly and humbly handed me back my money with an abject apology for

having given me so much trouble. I patted the government on the head, and told it to go home and never do so any more and all would be forgiven and forgotten. That almost paid me for coming to New Zealand; think of such a thing with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Today has been very busy, but uneventful; and began with an interview, of which I send you a copy. Then a not very profitable talk with the Minister of Education. The rest of the day I gave to the Minister of Railways and am to go with him today to visit the shops where the government builds its locomotives. The principle on which the government of New Zealand runs its railroads is that as rapidly as the profits of operation increase above three per cent, the rate they pay for borrowed money to build them with, rates to the people shall be reduced. In other words, the roads are run as a public service or convenience without any attempt to make a profit. As rapidly as a profit appears, rates are reduced. Profit is something to be avoided.

One of the contradictions of this "most perfect climate in the world," as Sir Charles Dilke has it, is that we see large tree palms growing out doors where in midsummer they may have, as we found, a temperature of 55 degrees.

Will and I had a good long walk today up and down a city hillier (and holier) than San Francisco.

The best meat costs here five to six cents a pound and a workingman (single) can live for \$3.75 a week and get all the lucker (good) the best of joints and your fill of it," as the street car driver told me.

This attempt of mine to digest all the departments of a national government in "twenty minutes for refreshments" is a good deal of a strain. I had got as far as this when I was called off and I have not even had time to read over my notes. I have been interviewing labor leaders, ministers of departments, country squires. I dined last night with Sir Robert Stout, where we had a very good time. I have never worked so hard, I believe, as in the ten days since I arrived here. I am finding

lots of most interesting things and people. It is a game of "progressive eureka" I am playing.

Here there is never any frost. Tropical palms grow out of doors, and the heliotrope blooms all the year round and develops into a great flowering shrub eight feet high.

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