

A Park Soldier

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fletcher were made glad a few days ago by a long letter from their son, Roscoe Conkling, in Manila. When he first landed his regiment was in the country among the health was good. He was sent back to Manila, and was sent to the front thence, after which his life was transferred to later still to No. 3. His name was entered on the list, but the surgeon said he would die on voyage, so he was detained. Holiday things sent from home in season to reach him before Christmas were not given him till the first of February, as he was too low to bear the possible excitement.

He has now so far recovered as to be up and about the hospital and out of doors in suitable weather. When told he could come home, he decided to remain with his regiment and come with "the boys," a glory-covered hero.

It was a long and close call for "Ross," but a good constitution and any amount of pluck pulled him through, and when he does return, he will be a "veteran" of the war. 'Rah for Ross Fletcher.

The Reason Why.

The junior partner of the firm of Raffin & Baker wants a filter bed. He don't want his son "Jack"—otherwise John Milton Baker—the heir to his name and estates, to be poisoned by drinking impure water. But that is not all. He sells lime and cement. Besides his firm owns a pond over sou'west on the Hamilton tract which is filled every winter with water from our city water works. Then when the mercury drops down to 40 below zero and holds there a week or two, it freezes over and they fill their ice houses. "Filtered ice" would knock Wisconsin ice into "pi." That is business, of course, and no one can blame him. but the Green Mountain Boy as well as some "suckers" can see through a ladder. Pass the cigars, Charlie and all will be well.

Sign

Not a note or a bill of sale, or a mortgage, but one of the petitions for a special election on that filter bed question. Petitions are at Jas. McDonald's, A. A. Moses' and G. B. Cummings' stores.

Pastor Rabb's stereopticon lecture on the "Life of Christ," Sunday evening, was the best of the course and he had a good house to enjoy it.

Rev Charles M. Sheldon is working hard and expending lots of money to learn, if he can, how Christ would edit a newspaper. If he had sent for a sample copy of the NEWS, it would have saved all this work and money.

If Evanston can reduce its water rates \$20,000 in one year, we can reduce ours a few thousand. In other words we can leave the money in the people's pockets and let them use it as they like. It is their money, and the city has no business with it to waste on filters and such things as the people do not want.

There is in Highland Park at least one man who no longer cares to be "shown"—if it costs anything. He forwarded \$1 recently to an eastern sharper who had advertised a willingness to explain, for the consideration specified, how to prevent a shotgun from scattering. The reply which came back was: "Use one shot."

Now that the filter bed question is on, be sure you sign the petition for a special election to vote for or against the filter bed, and then when election day comes, see that you vote against it. We don't want a filter of any kind till after we have taken care of the sewage, and extended the water pipes 2000 feet into the lake.

The last week or two shows the wisdom of our theory of laying our cement sidewalks on a fanciful, theoretical grade, from one to six inches below parkway, with the result of the walks being several inches under water all the time as the snow melts away; like that on the west end of Mr. Boulton's walk, the whole new strip in front of Mr. Hawkins' residence lot. A little more sense

and a little less theory would be a blessing.

Slightly Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Gregory of the Ledgemere Club grounds, with their family, expect to spend the summer abroad. They have engaged passage to sail from New York April 25th, to be gone till the last of August. After their return, Mrs. Gregory assured us they would visit the Park for a few days, perhaps a week or two, although her daughter will enter Miss Wheeler's school in Providence, R. I., in September. The "Hibbard Clans" of the West met with Mrs. Gregory, who is a daughter of the well-known William G. Hibbard, the hardware merchant prince, of Chicago, on Wednesday evening, the 14th. The object of the gathering was to formulate plans for aiding in bringing out a history of the Hibbards in this country, from Robert 1st, who came here from Salisbury, England, in 1636, with and at the request of Geo. Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to make salt for the country—and his descendants have been the "salt of the earth" ever since.

Those Stables.

Mr. Martin, who was here two weeks ago looking for a place for the stables for "The Moraine," tried to get ex-Mayor Evans to erect one for hotel Ingleside, and rent it for the "Moraine," but he has absolutely refused to build there, a very wise decision.

On a recent visit to Chicago we talked over this stable question with some of the prospective patrons of the Moraine, and they objected in toto to the location of the stables down here. They do not only want them near the hotel, but they don't want their men down here all the time; some of them were very positive about the matter.

Hence all suggest that a place north and west of Mr. Montgomery's home would be a suitable place, where there is plenty of room and light and air, and good drainage. The patrons want the stables up there, that is certain; and some good place can be found.