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A Suggestion.

It is this. Now that the fire and smoke and stress of the campaign are passed, let them remain bygones. The public is tired and sick of having its officials spending their time and energy in trying to "get even" with some other member or in trying to put someone "in the hole." The people have had all of that they want, but they do want the city's affairs attended to in the best manner possible and the greatest dispatch consistent with the roughness. It is nothing to the public that Mr. So and So "scored a point" against one of his associates, but it does concern them that St. Johns avenue is improved at once and in the best manner; that the same be done with old Port Clinton and so on.

These are the things the people want and if their present officials can't attend to these things they will have some one who can. Paul said once "let the past suffice", and that hits our municipal case exactly; the public don't want 1900 to be a repetition of 1899. This sort of thing is the mark of small men and the people know it and are disgusted with it. The city council is for business and nothing else; let that be recognized in the future.

One Function of Journalism.

Every reader of Carlyle's life of John Sterling, one of the most charming books in our language, will remember his description of John's father, Edward Sterling; and how he grew from an occasional unpaid correspondent of the London Times in 1812-14 and so on, was the great writer of the Times, yea the "Thunderer" himself, from about 1825, or thereabouts, to 1840..

During these years Mr. Sterling spent hours nearly every week day and evening of his life visiting the social and political clubs of London, on the street, and in the fashionable drawing rooms, political receptions, talking with men, of all shades of opinion and of all parties, but especially with the leaders of the party in power, whether they were Grey and Brougham, or Peel and the "Duke." Then at one o'clock in the morning, when the working men and society alike were asleep, the lamp in his room was lighted and for the next three hours, his pen forged ahead—the stenographer and typewriter were unknown—and the next morning all London, the "sea-girt isles," yea all Britain and the world listened to Edward Sterling's words, for as Carlyle says, they shook "the high places of the world."

Perhaps Edward Sterling embodied as perfectly as any man of modern times, this phase of editorial work, namely, that of gleaming the best and truest thought, sentiment and spirit of the hour in the world's busy life and placing it before his readers the next morning. It was that which gave the Times its greater name the "Thunderer." John T. Delane who edited the Times for six and thirty years and made it the "greatest newspaper in the world," had this genius of Sterling, and so had all the great editors, like James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymon, founder of the New York Times, Samuel Bowles, Wilbur F. Storey, and Joseph Medill.

The secret of this power is that, like Sheridan up the Shenandoah valley, he both voiced, in deed, the best thoughts and impulses of his soldiers and he kept a little ahead of them. Every man in his command

felt a thrill of response as Sheridan called them to the fray, and every man spurred to keep up with his leader. In those early days of the war when Greeley thundered through the Tribune "On to Richmond", the entire north was scarce restrained from the bold charge.

Now it is this journalistic function of "voicing" the best, truest and most earnest thoughts and convictions that the NEWS LETTER has sought to fill. Not what the editor personally and he alone thinks, of the Filter bed, or St. Johns Ave., or the High school, or the Atheneum, and multitudes of other topics, but what the people think: voice their opinions and convictions. Hence, we make it a constant practice to talk with anybody and everybody who has any thoughts or opinions, to find out what they are and then voice them if they have any weight or importance whether they coincide with our own or not. It is this phase or feature of journalism that gives influence and power.

Joseph H. Choate, just nominated by President McKinley as Ambassador at the Court of St. James, is noted for his wit. One of his wittiest sayings was made over a private dinner table at which he and Mrs. Choate were guests. Some one inquired of him who he would like to be if he could not be himself. He paused a few seconds, as if thinking over the list of the world's celebrities, and then his eye rested upon his wife. "If," he answered, "I could not be myself I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

This story, which is perhaps very old to the ears of many, really had its origin with Choate: A pompous young man bustled into his office. "This Mr. Choate?" "Yes," responded the distinguished lawyer, with his blardest smile. "Well I'm Mr. Wilberforce, of Wilberforce & Jones." "Take a chair, sir," said Choate, with a wave of his hand. "My father was a cousin of Bishop Wilberforce, and I"—"Take two chairs," said Choate.

We learn with pleasure that President McKinley has offered the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy