

Correspondence.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Feb. 14.

Editor SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS-LETTER:

I am surprised that any person, in or out of the city council, should be in favor of the filter bed. There have been followers of the will-o'-the-wisp through all time. In the religious world we have had our Joe Smith, and we now have our Dowie. We have had perpetual motion cranks and will have so long as we have men incapable of understanding cause and effect. We have had the Keeler motor and a thousand other humbugs that have come and gone, all of which have met with that measure of success which their promoters expected—filling their pockets at the expense of their dupes. Now comes the sand filter bed. And here we are, with the gold brick before us. If the question were whether we should stuff \$12,000 into a rat hole or not, it would be of little consequence; it would be gone and that would be the end of it. But if put into the filter bed, when built and its worthlessness demonstrated the same persons who are now laboring to promote this scheme will assure us that \$12,000 more would complete the filter and make it perfect and able to supply the city with pure water. And so on until we have expended \$100,000 with a small supply of filtered water. Joe Smith was a fraud; all perpetual motions are frauds; Keely motors and sand filters are all frauds.

How are we to distinguish these and like frauds in advance? By observing the laws of nature applying to the case in question. Any proposition that must transgress or reverse the natural laws relating thereto is a fraud. If the water is to be filtered it must percolate through sand and gravel for a great distance, and this can only be done while the filter is new. In thirty to ninety days all filtration will cease until the filter is refilled. This is a natural law. Earth, stone, sand and gravel, or any combination thereof, when flushed with water soon seeks its original

density, and becomes as impervious to water as the solid earth. On this subject I speak from twenty years' experience in damming, controlling and conducting water, and with forty years of observation and study.

Those who differ from me by observing the drainage canal, estimating the percolation now at different points, and again three months hence, and again marking the time when all percolation (that is, all filtering) ceases, will learn that the above statements are far short of what would be necessary to furnish the required amount of filtered water.

Last summer E. L. Hamilton permitted a sand filter enthusiast to build one to filter the water for his summer residence here in the Park. Its promoter claimed for it a capacity sufficient for three such establishments. It was built; the promoter went home; night came on, not a drop of water. The next morning it was the same. The third morning the promoter was sent for. He came and examined it, pronounced it an absolute failure, cut it out and rolled it down into the ravine east of Mr. Hamilton's house, where it may and should be inspected by all lovers of the sand filter. It remained in position and in service three full days and furnished less than a half pail of dirty water. This is Highland Park's sand filter in operation.

SENEX.

We presented a small bill to a

Park business man one day this week, and what do you think he said? Why, only this: "I have been looking for this Lill; I wanted to pay it," and he put down the cash. That is the Park style, you see. Dead beats and "put-offs" come from out of town; real Park folks are impatient to pay their bills—some of them.

Some of the conservative members of the Woman's Club have suggested briefer reports of their meetings; they don't want to seem to overshadow all else. We think there is sound sense in that, and hereafter we shall ask the official reporters to confine themselves to 200 or 250 words in each report. There are so many things going on and our space being limited, we are compelled to do this.

Mr. Thomas P. Evans went to Florida a few weeks ago for a rest and for the benefit of his health. No sooner was he settled in his hotel than his old friend, the grippe, called, and like all mean relations, stuck to him closer than a brother till he was tired out and disgusted. He then left for a visit to some friends in Dayton, Ohio, and thence home, arriving on Tuesday evening last.

Raffen & Baker have put in hundreds and hundreds of tons of ice, having filled both big houses at the pond, and are now filling the extra one by the office.

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