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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

We are sorry to see that a bank clerk in Vermont has defaulted to the extent of \$22,000, stolen and lost in speculations, and he a young man. Think of a young fellow throwing away his opportunities, his reputation, his life indeed, for that paltry sum. He was a young man of ability, was on the road to eminent success, and now all gone for a song—every dollar lost in the mad mania of gambling, a haste to become rich at once.

We note the growing observance, year by year, of Easter by all denominations of Christians. In our boyhood the dissenting churches very seldom observed Christmas, because the "Established" church made so much of it. But all that narrowness has passed away. All churches which have any faith in Christ should observe Easter; make it a glad, glorious and triumphant day, for it signals Christianity's final triumph over all form and combinations of evil.

We have one vade mecum on our desk for little snatches of reading, on a moment's notice. It is the "Beacon" biography of Bishop Phillips Brooks, a small 16 or 18 mo. volume of about 125 pages, and like

a diamond, as choice as it is small. We can read a sentence, paragraph, a page anywhere with interest and profit. The greatness, goodness and grandeur of the man shine out everywhere. The perusal of such a book makes us proud of our race, as the conduct of some others make us hang our heads with shame.

A mother told us the other day how her son loved books and that love seemed to be growing into a passion. If he could put money in clothes or books, the chances were that last summer's suit would do service this year and the money would add volumes to his growing library. In all that we rejoice; it shows brains, and brains of the right sort, and besides, it is a good omen for the future. The man who really loves books, good books, books with the flavor of time on their pages and which deal with the histories and problems of the ages, that man will not become a miser or a spendthrift, but a good, whole-souled, and wholesome citizen. That love for good books is a hostage for home, church and state and that man can be trusted as well as respected. Cling to your books, my boy, and next to your mother give them your first and choicest affection.

#### We Guess They Know.

We remember when one of our aspiring political leaders flung out this nugget of practical wisdom when a big petition was presented in the Council, "Nine tenths of these people did not know what they were signing for," or words to that effect. But we think when the votes on the filter question are counted, he and his coterie will conclude they know what they are voting for and what they are voting against. Of course it is easier and safer to prophesy after election, but we have great faith in what an eminent statesman so aptly styled the "unerring moral instincts of the common people." The perverted moral instincts of the higher and the corrupted instincts of the lowest classes may go astray, but the moral sagacity of the middle classes, the common people goes as an arrow from the hand of the Almighty

straight to the mark. That level-headed sense, sound to the core, knows whether it wants a filter-bed or not. "You can't fool all the people all the time," said one man too wise to want a filter.

#### An Untimely Death.

There was something unspeakably sad in the sudden death of Professor Welch of Lake Forest academy last week. Years of time and study put into preparation for his work, and then a proven aptitude for success in that work, and then stricken down on the very threshold of life's work,—all this is sad and mysterious. And our feelings are intensified when we bear in mind the fact that there are many whom the world would not miss, whose lives are of so little worth to the world, that aside from a few friends, almost none would mourn their departure. But in the death of a young man like Professor Welch not only the "republic of letters," but the entire fraternity of successful teachers suffers loss, for while of the so called teachers there are many, of the heaven born, heaven endowed, markedly successful ones, there are only too few, for heaven is chary of its choicest gifts.

The Arnolds of Rugby, the Horace Man's, Elphalet Notts, Francis Waylands, Professor Drummonds, President Elliotts, etc. there are but few in any age, and they leave the enduring impress of their transcendent genius on a whole generation. Seldom has any one man left the stamp of his genius and character on the men who shape a nation's domestic, civil and religious status and policy as did Thomas Arnold those years of his reign at Rugby. In fact that influence went out to the ends of the world. So it was with Union college during Nott's presidency and Brown while Dr. Wayland led its fortunes.

We do not say that Prof. Welch belongs to this select and high class, but he was a successful teacher and the promise was there, just as it was in Charles W. Elliot when he went to the head of Harvard, five and twenty years ago.

Women voting is becoming a big success in this city; the public spirited ladies take to it like ducks to the