



# THE GLOBE DEPARTMENT STORE

request the honor of  
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formal opening of its

## NEW STORE

Friday Evening, September 11th  
Nineteen Twenty-five  
at 7:30 o'clock

Genesee and Madison Streets  
Waukegan, Illinois

The Store will be Closed Friday  
Until 7:30 in the Evening

### WHO IS VINCENT? MANY MAKE GUESSES

100 DIFFERENT SURMISES

Many Readers Try To Read Between the Lines But All of Them Vary In Their Choice

A hundred different surmises as to the real character back of the story told by "Jim the Doorman" have been sent to Professor James Weber Linn, head of the Department of English at the University of Chicago and columnist for the Chicago Herald and Examiner. When Professor Linn writes his imaginary (?) interviews in Lights and Darks the wise ones try to read between the lines. Following is an excerpt of the latest mystery which concerns one Arthur J. Vincent:

"There's all kinds in a club like this," said Jim the Doorman, "and some make the club and some the club makes. You'd be surprised. Now, for instance, there was Mr. Arthur Vincent. I remember him the first day he came in. Maybe he was 30 but he didn't look it. He had pink cheeks—you know the color, sir. Not red; real pink, and the sort of whitish hair that goes with him. Handsome, he was, I'll say so. He was with Mr. Merrill—old Mr. Merrill the banker; the one when he died everybody said what a popular death it was. They said Mr. Merrill had one glass eye, but if he had nobody could tell which it was. He wasn't in the habit of winking with either one, old man Merrill wasn't.

"But anyway, they'd just put up Mr. Vincent's name on the door, and the old man stops and tells us who he is; and this lad's face gets pinker than ever. I guess ours was the only club he'd ever belonged to. After that for two or three years I used to see him, maybe once a month, when he'd come in for lunch; wouldn't stay long, though. I guess he was pretty busy. I liked him; he was kind of friendly and yet he was shy, too. Like a girl at a dance, sort of; wants to make good, but too proud to try to put the bee on anybody.

"It was about three years, maybe four, he began coming in round 4:30 one winter; then I knew he was playing squash, and I figured business was picking up. He was in the coal business—did I say? Well, he was. Used to buy and sell on commission. Never seemed to get any coal dust on those pink cheeks, though. They kept as fresh as ever; seemed so, anyway. No, he wasn't married. Never did any business that way—with women, I mean. Funny when you come to think of it; but he was sort of short and fat, and you know what they say—nobody loves a fat man. That's why he staid fat, I guess; nothing to worry him.

"Well, time goes on, and this Vincent gets in with a room crowd. You know those room crowds; like a little club in a big club; keep the same room year after year; have their own help; some of them—pay their own men, I mean, 'star as the room service goes. We've had one of those room crowds since before I came on the door. It changes some, of course, but not so much as you'd think. There's four of the old originals in that crowd now; one of 'em is white-haired as Moses, and the other three have been bald for thirty years.

"Well, sir, when I found this Vincent was in a room crowd I thought it wasn't so good. You see, he was still young then; might be 35. The rooms are mighty convenient, but mostly they're for the older lot; the men that have come through, as you might say; have their firms or their buildings named after them, or own their own aldermen. They're in a boat in deep water, as you might say; the younger men have to swim for it, and it's kinda dangerous.

"So, sure enough, pretty soon, this Vincent began to look different, older; not so pink; face fatter, but creases in it. He had his own car and his chauffeur by now; good car, too. Maybe another year and he had a better one—one of the best. Maybe a year more, and I noticed he'd cut out the chauffeur. Thinks I, they're beginning to get to him. Well, it wasn't so long before he didn't even bring his own car around. I used to see him come in as often as ever, but I hardly ever saw him go out; I wasn't on duty late, haven't been for years.

"Well, by this time I knew him of course, but you never would have if you'd only seen him when he first came in. He was a lot older. A lot. Puffy, he looked. His hair was as light as ever, but it had a silver gray streak in it, most like a bear. And his eyes looked old; not sad old, but dull old, as if they didn't see much worth looking at.

"Then one day I saw his name in the paper. First time I ever had; he never had seemed to go anywhere or do anything in particular; no reason to mention him. But this day here he was—Arthur J. Vincent—"

"Shot himself in a loop hotel," I interrupted, "I think I remember reading about it."

"I guess not, sir," said Jim the Doorman, "Arthur J. Vincent wasn't his real name; I just called him that. My man had bought himself a place up on the North Shore, that's what he'd done. I found out afterwards he'd been playing the market, buy-

### FIRST STEPS TAKEN TO LOCATE TREASURE

Sunken Vessels in Lake Michigan are Expected to Yield Money

First steps in the treasure quest to be conducted by Welling Quirk and his associates who will seek the gold hidden in strong boxes of vessel sunk in Lake Michigan were taken Tuesday when Quirk moved his hydroairplane to Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Great Lakes will be the new base of the adventures, and it is from there the men will conduct their search. Frank P. Blair and James L. Martin, partners of Quirk in the venture, are at the present time located at Wilmette harbor, where they have moored their salvaging tug, Lillian Dorn.

The men are ready to start on the quest of the vessels and are now awaiting favorable weather conditions, in which to conduct the search. Perfectly clear weather must prevail before any progress can be made, according to those in charge.

Plane to Drop Markers  
Quirk will lead the search for the vessels in his plane. He plans to soar above the waters where his charts show the boats to have gone down and when the sunken craft is sighted he will drop especially prepared markers.

His aids, following in the tug, will then speed to the markers and drop great buoys, which will mark the location. Then will commence the work of dragging the bottom until the vessel is found.

Once the vessel is located the rest of the task will be comparatively easy, according to members of the expedition. The tug is equipped with air pumps, which will be used in filling the sunken hulk with air after the holes have been plugged up. The craft will then rise to the surface of its own accord.

Nearly a dozen vessels sunk during the last sixty years will be the objects of the search. One of the foremost of the prizes will be the Westmoreland, a passenger boat which sunk in the northern regions of the lake with \$100,000 in its strong box.

Headquarters Arranged  
The men will make their headquarters at Wilmette harbor and at Great Lakes. From these harbors the expedition will journey forth to the different localities with which only those in charge are familiar.

On several of the trips the men will be gone for weeks. While in the northern region headquarters will be established in small fishing villages, where supplies and repairs will be forwarded.

The first trip which will be a short one to test the equipment, will be made during the next two weeks. The quest on this trip will be several well-known wrecks off the lower shores of the lake. Following these practice trips the expedition will go after the bigger prizes.

The hydroairplane which Quirk will fly has proved satisfactory to the men who have been flying about the lake recently. It is a new ship, having just come from the factory.

### CONGRESSMAN HULL IS ON ROADS COMMISSION

The Commission of seven men appointed by President Coolidge to attend the Pan-American Highway Conference at Buenos Aires on Oct. 3rd to Oct. 13th sailed from New York recently. All of the men selected on the Commission are men who are experienced in road building. Congressman Hull, who was the original Good Roads man in the State of Illinois and who has taken an active part in the nation in promoting legislation for the building of Hard Roads, was the only Congressman selected.

This conference cannot but be of great assistance to the United States for its purpose is to create a good feeling in all South American countries towards our Government. The experience that has been attained by the United States in building hard roads when carried to South American countries should be of great service to them. Should this conference bring about the building of Good Roads in all South American Republics, great mutual benefits should accrue to all the countries interested.

This delegation is the most important that the Congress has sent out of this country.

The boy who thinks his best girl would still be satisfied with a five cent bag of popcorn, has had considerable time for solitary meditation the past summer.

The men of this city may get cross if dinner is delayed half an hour, and yet go off for a two weeks vacation with no one to feed the dog and cat that they leave behind.

ing what those fellows in the room crowd bought and selling what they sold, and he'd made a good thing of it. A big thing. Yes, sir. He had his chauffeur back now, and a Rolls; and he was married, but he got a divorce later. He still comes round but only twice a week now. Looks kinda bad. I don't expect he'll live forever, like he looked he would once. No sir, the club made him. I always say, if you want to make money, go where money is; but you have to pay a big price, sir." Jim the Doorman shook his head.