

# The Highland Park Press

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1925

NUMBER 41

## OUR PLATFORM FOR A BETTER HIGHLAND PARK

1. All Night Lighting.
2. New Ornamental Lights to cover the entire business zone.
3. Widening and repaving Green Bay Road to at least 40 feet from city limit to city limit.
4. Widening and repaving West Central Avenue from Green Bay Road west to first Skokie Bridge or Blodgett.
5. Ornamental Lighting System all over town. (Similar to Baird & Warner's Deere Park Subdivision.)

### MAKES ALL THINGS NEW

While it seems impossible to say anything new on the subject of Christmas celebration, the miracle of the season is that the custom of nearly 2,000 years makes practically all things new. The aged become young again through their rejoicing in the delights of the grand-children with the things that once made their own eyes open wide in wonder — memories of their own childhood also come back to them.

It is not simply a jest that father also likes to play—even though he may say it is just to test them—with the toys he buys for the youngsters. Thus, while the holiday is particularly a festival for the children, emphasizing the story of the Babe in the Manger, it also has for the elders its pleasures and the wider magnificence of that world-inspiring event in Bethlehem.

### THAT CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

If human nature were not what it is, the Christmas season might not be one of rush and worry over what to buy, and sales forces in stores would not be rushed to exhaustion in the two or three weeks before the event. If people did their shopping when it could be done under the least congested conditions, it might extend over months instead of weeks, and it would be not less seasonable.

However, none but the exceptional person thinks of doing shopping until it cannot be put off any longer. Then it becomes an ordeal and is so strenuous that it tends to rob the season of the "cheer and good will" that attach to it sentimentally. The "good will" might actually pervade the shoppers were they not overworked trying to find what they want, and struggling to get it. Yet it would not be Christmas for a lot of people were it otherwise. They have become so accustomed to waiting and then making a hurry-up job of it that they would not feel right were it done betimes.

Human nature is a peculiar thing despite the fact that all of us have it. It wouldn't be human nature if it wasn't odd. If we did everything in a reasonable and sane way we would not be human beings. We would be super-human and that is too much to expect. It is the prerogative of human beings to do as they please and of course most of us please to delay as long as we can the doing of what we cannot avoid. There may be those who are forehanded in Christmas shopping but they are rare and so different from the mass that they are odd, too.

By the way, we must do our shopping pretty soon.

### THE SPEED PROBLEM

Although many people appear to be of the contrary opinion, it is quite generally agreed that "you can't make human beings good by statute." Is it not time to conclude that neither can people be made careful by law and to attempt to reduce the perils of street traffic by means different from those that have been relied upon in the past? Just what will prove effective will have to be decided after thorough study of the conditions that have grown up. It seems obvious, though, that measures of prevention rather than of punishment will yield the greater benefits.

We are now in the season when the streets are quite commonly wet and very slippery. Common sense tells us that an automobile cannot be safely driven as swiftly on wet as on dry streets. Yet too many drivers are deaf to the voice of common sense. This type changes its habits not at all when conditions favor skidding. If it avoids collision this can be accounted for only on the ground that there is such a thing as "luck."

Of course, it is impossible to legislate sound sense into the mind of that type commonly called "sap." If we are to have the possible maximum of safety in the streets the "sap" must be legislated out of the driver's seat. This perhaps falls into the category of things "more easily said than done." The "sap" must be proved before he can be deprived of his citizen's right. The real question is, what proof shall be required?

As the laws usually are administered there is no interference with habitual menaces to life and property until they have an "accident." Little is done to prevent accidents. Hundreds of "saps" could be identified when the streets are wet by the sliding of their cars at points where they should be under perfect control. Too much speed on wet pavements is as dangerous as driving while intoxicated. Something can be done about it.

## ATWATER KENT RADIO

DO YOU KNOW what George Ade said when he first heard his new Atwater Kent Radio?

"I never thought I would live to coax a grand or-



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## His Christmas Spent at Club

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### Lonesome Rich Man Finds Happiness in Playing Santa Claus

HE WAS SITTING alone in his fashionable club. It was quite deserted. It had been for some days now. Everyone seemed to have other things to do than to come to the club. They had talked, a number of them, the last time many had been there, of the busy days ahead, shopping, wrapping up Christmas parcels, helping their wives or their daughters or their grandchildren in the gay plans for Christmas.

Only he had no plans to make. He gave his employees, and a number of others with whom he came in contact, money at Christmas time. That fulfilled his Christmas demands.

Other years he hadn't felt it so much as this year. This year, the loneliness seemed lonelier than ever before. His solitary condition saddened him.

Well, he would go back to his suite. He would leave the club. Perhaps among his own books, his own things he would not feel so lonely. He would not dine at the club; he would have some cheese and crackers and coffee at home. His excellent valet could always prepare a little supper for him.

Outside of the club his chauffeur and car were waiting.

He got in and sat down on the soft, luxuriously upholstered cushions, and the chauffeur closed the door, shutting out the clear, cold Christmas time air and the noise of the streets—the noise of many voices of many people going shopping, with the higher voices of children rising every once in awhile above the din.

His soul seemed to ache. He was alone. Rich, comfortable, luxurious, alone! No one wanted him, needed him, cared for him. He had everything which money could buy; he had enough money to buy everything he wanted.

No, not everything! He wanted love and affection, he wanted to be a part of all this going on outside the luxurious confinement of his car and that he couldn't buy. Mix with the crowds? Yes, he could do that, but not as one of them. Only as a lonely man, who had a fat bank account which didn't help in the slightest.

And yet couldn't it help? Suddenly he had an inspiration. He called through the speaking tube to his chauffeur. "I think," he said, "I will get out here and walk the rest of the way home."

The chauffeur was surprised, but he was too well-trained to show surprise. He got out before a large store where in the window was a decorated Christmas tree. He went inside the store. No longer did he feel so lonely. He, too, had a purpose in mind. He was a part of all of this now.

Tinsel, candles, red colored paper, ribbons, small toys, decorations, oh, how much he bought. His arms were filled with bundles just as were the arms of others. It was such fun to carry bundles, too. He had never known before the joy of overcrowded arms.

Home he went, carrying his beloved purchases with him. And then he summoned the janitor to his lonely suite, which now seemed filled with the Christmas cheer. He talked it all over with him, the plans for the tree, for his own Santa Claus suit.

He had given the janitor money before, of course. This time he would take part in the Christmas of the children of the janitor.

Christmas morning came. Never had he arisen so early on a Christmas morning. Dressing himself carefully, he went downstairs. He had worked until late the night before, decorating the tree, but he was not tired.

Suddenly there was a cry, a cry of joy such as he had never heard. "Why, there's Santa Claus! Dear, dear Santa Claus!"

The janitor's children had always been afraid of him, but not so of Santa Claus! He undid his pack, he took gifts off the tree, and the children climbed over him, kissed him, hugged him, loved him. With what a splendid gusto they loved him!

And the children begged Santa Claus to stay for dinner. Curious thing for him to be doing! But he stayed, and for the first time, almost since he had been a child himself, he had a Christmas, a real Christmas, a Christmas filled with love which had driven the loneliness out!

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### WHEN HE WAS A BOY

What a big-hearted fellow old Santa Claus is. He must have been a newboy.

## DAUGHTERS OF 1812 ARE STILL LIVING

More Than 160 of Them Active in Their Organization, Says Report

There are 263 real daughters of the war of 1812 who are active in the society of the Daughters of 1812 according to Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor who writes entertainingly of the society, its history and its purposes in the current number of the National Republic. Mrs. Taylor says:

"The National Society of the United States Daughters of 1812 is composed of the descendants of the patriots who served their country during the struggle with Great Britain in 1812.

"This organization is non-sectional, non-sectarian and non-partisan. Its motto is 'Liberty and Fraternity.' The general purpose of the society is to promote patriotism. It seeks to preserve and increase knowledge of the history of the American people through the preservation of the documents and relics, the marking of historic spots, the recording of family history and traditions, the celebrating of patriotic anniversaries, and particularly the emphasizing and teaching of heroic deeds of the civil, military and naval life of those who molded this republic and saved it from foes, both within and without, between the close of the American Revolution and the ending of the war of 1812.

"The society was founded January 8, 1892, by the late Mrs. Flora Adams Darling. In 1897, during the presidency of Mrs. William Gerry Slade, of Massachusetts, the society was incorporated by an act of congress as 'The National Society United States Daughters of 1812.' The signing of this bill is said to have been the last official act of President William McKinley prior to his untimely death at the hands of an assassin. Mrs. Slade gave eighteen years of her busy life to the office of national president of the society.

"The insignia of the society is composed of gold with blue enamel, and represents a star resting upon an anchor. The center of the star bears the inscription, 'U. S. D., 1812.'

"The society is happy to record the names of 263 real daughters as active members."

A North Carolina bishop advises all men to wear mustaches because "it is all the women have left us." Evidently he has forgotten about the collar button.

As the income taxpayers are going to save about \$325,000,000 by the new law, they will probably proceed to take on about \$650,000,000 of new expenses.



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- YOUNG PEOPLE by Philip Schuyler Allen. Illustrated by Milo Winter. Windermere edition - - - \$1.75
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