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PART TWO Read the Classified Advertisements in First Section

# The Highland Park Press

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1927

TELEPHONE H. P. 557-558

## HERE IS OUR NEW SERIAL STORY!

### PLAN NEW CHURCH FOR GLENCOE SOON BY THE SCIENTIST BODY

First Church of That Village Proposes to Erect Edifice to Cost \$100,000; Rapid Growth

Announcement was made last week by the First Church of the Scientist, Glencoe, to erect a new church at 230 Beach road to cost more than \$100,000. This is the second new church for which provision for construction has been made in Glencoe within the past six weeks, the other being that of the North Shore Congregation Israel, representing an improvement, with grounds of \$160,000. Work will be started on the new Christian Science church as soon as weather conditions will permit. It is hoped to have it completed within the present year. The building will be of concrete and brick, an imposing and beautiful structure, it is said. Leon E. Stanhope, of 252 Walden drive, Glencoe, is the architect and Harold H. Hayes, of 1422 Edgewood lane, is chairman of the building committee. The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Glencoe, established in February, 1921, has enjoyed a remarkable growth in membership, and within the short period of six years is able to realize its building plans. Its meetings are now held in the Masonic temple.

### FORMER WINNETKA MAN DIES IN TOWN

Stanley Clague, Founder of the Audit Bureau Plan Passes Away Jan. 19

Stanley Clague, formerly of Winnetka, one of the founders and for the past ten years managing director of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, died at 8:30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, January 19, at the Henrotin hospital Chicago. Mr. Clague had been indisposed for several months, but continued working until ten days before his death, few of his associates realizing the seriousness of his condition. He was born on the Isle of Man, off the Coast of England, April 16, 1872, coming to the United States when he was twenty years of age. His first position was that of secretary to the late Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard college. For a number of years he served as head of the advertising service department of the Credit Publishing company of Philadelphia. Leaving that organization in 1908 he organized the Clague Advertising Agency, which consolidated in March of 1915 with Taylor, Critchfield and company. Mr. Clague became vice-president of this company, which was then known as Taylor-Critchfield-Clague Advertising agency.

### HEALTH OFFICER FOR BOTH TOWNS

The Winnetka village council last week approved the recommendation of the health commission, of which Mrs. B. F. Langworthy is chairman, that an arrangement be made with the village of Kenilworth for the appointment of Dr. Howard A. Orvis, health officer of Winnetka, as health officer of Kenilworth, thus unifying his work in the two communities. Kenilworth would pay to Winnetka its pro rata share of the salary, transportation and office expenses for the health officer, based on population of the two villages. This arrangement was approved by the Kenilworth village board at its meeting last week.

### PLAN TO VOTE ON NEW SCHOOL SITE Special Election to Be Held At Hubbard Woods Jan. 29th for Purpose

A special election will be held by the board of education at the Hubbard Woods school, Saturday, Jan. 29, from 1 to 6 p. m., for the purpose of authorizing the board of education to purchase a new school site. The necessity for buying the new school site at the present time is explained by Superintendent Washburn as follows:

"Winnetka is growing steadily and rapidly. The school enrollment has increased since 1916 from 535 children to 1,650 children. There has not been the slightest indication of any decrease in the rate of growth. The village will not have reached saturation, as far as available building space is concerned, even with the present zoning laws and boundaries, until the population reaches about 20,000 as against the present 10,500, although the rate of increase in growth should drop off when the village population reaches 15,000 or 16,000.

"Careful figures have been compiled of the probable growth of the village school building needs during the next five years. These are based upon detailed statistics for the past ten years and upon an examination of insurance maps showing what lots have been built upon and what lots are still available for building purposes. Calculations of the Illinois Bell Telephone company have also been consulted.

"As a result of these studies it is evident that within five years a new building will be needed in the northwest part of the village."

### NEW TRIER MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS DAY

The New Trier high school Mothers' and Daughters' banquet originally scheduled for January 21, has been postponed until February 4. This postponement is due to the fact that the Evanston-New Trier basketball game was scheduled for the same night.

"Anyone who attended this banquet last year knows that she has to look forward to," states the New Trier News. "And this year's banquet promises to equal, if not surpass, that of last year. There will be speeches by various members of the committees and the officers of the club. Then, too, class officers will speak, and, of course, Miss Wright will amuse us with one of her humorous talks. The dinner isn't the least part of the banquet. The best talented of the girls will see that you enjoy yourselves.

### WAUKEGAN MAN TO BE PAROLED

Roy Miller, 44 years old, father of two children, and a realtor in Waukegan for a number of years, serving a sentence in Joliet penitentiary, will be given his freedom on parole on January 30, when he will have completed a year of an indeterminate sentence of from 1 to 14 years. This announcement was made Wednesday by Hinton G. Clabaugh, head of the state pardon and parole board. It was stated that Miller was awarded the parole at a hearing last September.

### NEW PASTOR NAMED FOR N. S. METHODIST

The Rev. Harold C. Case has been appointed as pastor of the North Shore Methodist Episcopal church, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. George MacAdam recently. Mr. Case has been filling the pulpit since Mr. MacAdam's death, and is a popular choice. He preached his first sermon as pastor on Sunday, January 23, at 11 o'clock.

### HOT CAMPAIGN ON "NO MAN'S LAND" ON PROPOSED BOND ISSUE

Interests Improving Tract to Start Active Opposition of Bond Project, Say No Chance

With the citizens of New Trier township called upon to express themselves at the polls, on April 5, in the matter of the proposed acquisition, by bond issue, of all or parts of "No Man's Land," the now widely advertised strip of land lying along the lake front between Wilmette and Kenilworth, backers of the various commercial projects in course of development, or in contemplation are laying preliminary plans to present their position in the more or less heated campaign which promises to provide widespread interest from now until election day, according to Winnetka and Wilmette papers.

Men behind the motion picture theater project last week conferred with officials of the Vista Del Lago and Breaker Beach club developments regarding plans for concerted action in presenting their common cause to the electorate. Other preliminary conferences are scheduled for next week, it was stated.

Exchange of letters between Arthur Bonnet, representing the Citizens' committee, through the instrumentality of which the petition for the \$500,000 Township Park Bond issue election was filed with County Judge Jarecki, and promoters of the new theater project appear to have effectively launched the campaign that is to culminate in the election on April 5.

Mr. Bonnet's letter published in part recently in the Winnetka Life and asking the theater promoters—all of whom are prominent north shore residents—to halt their plans pending the outcome of the election, brought prompt reply from the group as follows:

"Various members of our group which is concerned in the ownership and development of a portion of the land known as 'No Man's Land' on Sheridan road, between Kenilworth and Wilmette, have received your letter of January 10.

"In the first place let me say that the majority of those interested in our development are citizens of the north shore towns and have been identified with every movement for the public good in that neighborhood. If we disagree with you it is not at all a question of division of opinion between outsiders and those with public spirit and a local group of well intentioned gentlemen such as yourself. With intimate knowledge of north shore conditions, sentiments and aspirations, we made our purchase with a desire of giving the best possible type of development to the area involved. Our improvements are under way and we are bound to both our contractors and our lessees on their account. There have been no new developments along the north shore that add or subtract to the considerations that we had in mind at the time of our decision.

Says Impractical "Beyond this, your suggestion is entirely impractical as the proceeds from a \$500,000 bond issue will not remotely purchase the complete area included in 'No Man's Land,' or even a considerable fraction of it. In addition to our project, and independent in every way from it, the Vista Del Lago club and the Breakers Beach club have let building contracts involving a very large sum of money and have incurred very considerable expense. You would find that your final cost would represent a sum of ten fold the amount mentioned."



### —1st installment— A PAIR OF BLUE EYES

In the estimate of the affable brakeman we were making a fair average of twenty miles an hour across the greatest country on earth. It was a flat country of far horizons, and for vast stretches peopled mainly, as one might judge from the car windows, by antelopes and prairie dogs.

Yet despite the novelty of such a ride behind me, surfeited with already five days' steady travel, engrossed chiefly in observing a clear, dainty profile and waiting for the glimpses, time to time, of a pair of exquisite blue eyes.

Merely to indulge myself in feminine beauty, however, I need not have taken the expense and fatigue of journeying from Albany on the Hudson out to Omaha on the plains side of the Missouri river; thence by the new transcontinental line into the Indian country.

There were handsome women aplenty in the east; and of access, also to a youth of family and parts! But here I was, advised by the physicians to "go west" meaning by this not simply the one-time west of Ohio, or Illinois, or even Iowa, but the remote and genuine west lying beyond the Missouri.

The Union Pacific announcements acclaimed that this summer of 1888 the rails should cross the Black Hills mountains of Wyoming to another range of the Rocky mountains, in Utah; and that by the end of the year one might comfortably ride clear to Salt Lake City! And somewhere in the expanse of brand new western country, the plains and mountains I would find at least the breath of life.

When I arrived in Omaha the ticket agent was enabled to sell me transportation away to the present western terminus, Benton, Wyoming territory itself, 690 west of the Missouri!

Of Benton I had never heard. But in round figures 70 miles! Practically the distance from Albany to Cincinnati, and itself distant from Albany over two thousand miles! All by rail!

The lady of the blue eyes was bound for the same point. Ye gods, but she was a little beauty; a perfect blonde, of the petite and fully formed type with regular features inclined to the clean-cut Grecian, a piquant mouth deliciously bowed, two eyes of the deepest blue veiled by long lashes, and a mass of glinting golden hair upon which perched a ravishing little bonnet.

The natural ensemble was enhanced by her costume, all of black, from the closely fitting bodice to the rustling crinoline beneath which there peeped out tiny shoes. I had opportunity also to note the jet pendant in the shelly ear toward me, and the flashing rings upon the fingers of her hands.

Could she by any chance live in Benton—a woman dressed as she was, as much a la mode as if she walked Broadway in New York? Omaha itself had astonished me with the display upon its streets; and now if Benton, far out in the wilderness, should prove another surprise!

Indeed, the western world was not so raw, after all.

Half of my seat at the start had been effectually filled by a large, stout, red-faced woman who formed the base of a pyramid of boxes and parcels.

She was going to North Platte, three hundred miles westward. I told her I was going to Benton.

"She stared, round-eyed. 'I reckon you're a gambler!' she accused.

"I am seeking health in the west," I said, "where the climate is high and dry."

"My Gawd!" she blurted. "High and dry! You're going to the right place. For all I hear tell, Benton is high enough, and dry enough. But laws sakes, you don't need to go that far. You can as well stop off at North Platte, or Sidney or Cheyenne. They'll sculp you sure at Benton—unless you watch out mighty sharp."

"How so, may I ask?"

"You're certainly green," she apprised. "Benton's roarin'—and I know what that means. Didn't North Platte roar? I seen it at its beginning. My old man and me, we were there from the fust, when it started in as the railroad terminal. My sakes! but them were times! Gamblin', drinkin' and shootin' and high-cockalorums, night and day! 'Twasn't no place for innocence! Easy come, easy go, that was the word. I don't say but what times were good, though. My old man contracted government freight and I run an eatin' house for the railroaders so we made money. Then when the railroad moved terminus the rest of the crowd moved, too. You stop off at North Platte, Nebraska. It's healthy and it's moral."

But since I had crossed the Missouri something had entered into blood which rendered me obstinate against such allurements. For her North Platte, "strictly moral," I had no ardent feeling. I was set upon Benton.

And in after days—soon to arrive—I bitterly regretted that I had not yielded to her counsel.



"North Platte!" She laughed merrily. "Dear me, don't mention North Platte—not in the same breath with Benton, or even Cheyenne. A town of hayseeds and dollar-a-week clerks whose height of sport is to go fishing in the Platte! A young man like you would die of ennui in North Platte!"

Nevertheless this was true, at the present:

"But I have already purchased my ticket to Benton," I objected. "If I don't like it I can move elsewhere. Possibly to Salt Lake City, or Denver."

She snorted. "In among them Mormons! My Gawd, young man! Where they live in conkbinage—several women to one man, like a buffer herd or other beasts of the field? Denver—well, Denver mightn't be bad, but ain't on no railroad either. If you want health, and to grow up with a strictly moral community, you throw in with North Platte."

"I thank you," I replied. "But since I've started for Benton I think I'll go on. And if I don't like it you may see me in North Platte after all."

She grunted. "You can find me at the Bon Ton restaurant. If you get in broke I'll take care of you."

In remarkably short order she was asleep.

The brakeman came in later, lighting the coal-oil lamps. Outside, the twilight had deepened into dusk. Numerous passengers were making ready for bed; the men by removing their boots and shoes and coats and galluses and stretching out; the women by loosening their stays, with significant clicks and sighs, and laying their heads upon adjacent shoulders or drooping against seat ends. Babies cried, and were hushed.

Final "night-caps" were taken from the prevalent bottles. The brakeman leaned to me. "Yu for North Platte?"

"No, sir, Benton, Wyoming Territory."

"Then you'd better move up to the car ahead. This car stops at North Platte."

Fortune had favored me—across the aisle from my new seat only a couple of seats beyond, I glimpsed the top of a golden head, securely low and barricaded in by luggage. I slept until midnight.

The train was rumbling as before. The lamps had been extinguished—the coach atmosphere was heavy with oil smell and the exhalations of human beings in all stages of deshabille.

But the golden head was there, about as when last sighted. Now it stirred, and erected a little. I felt the unseemliness of sitting and waiting for her to make her toilet, so I hastily staggered to achieve my own by aid of the water tank, tin basin, roller towel and small looking-glass at the rear.

The coach was the last in the train. I stepped out upon the back platform, for fresh air. A bevy of antelope flashed white tails at us as they scudded away. Two motionless figures, horseback, whom I took to be wild Indians, surveyed us from a distant sandhill.

Across the river there appeared a fungus of low buildings, almost indistinguishable, with a glimmer of canvas-topped wagons fringing it. That was the old emigrant road. While I was thus orienting myself the car door opened and closed. I turned my head. The Lady of the Blue Eyes had joined me. As fresh as the morning she was!

Continued on page 4

The Family Next Door

THAT SLOVENLY MAN! HIS CARELESSNESS IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANY WOMAN CRAZY ASHES ALL OVER THE RUGS--NEWSPAPERS THROWN ANYWHERE HE HAPPENS TO BE WHEN HE'S THROUGH WITH THEM!

HE MAKES ME SO MAD--HAS NO IDEA WHAT A COAT HANGER IS--HE'S JUST NATURALLY A LAZY SHIFTLSS GOOD FOR NOTHING BUM!

WHEN THEY WERE DEALING OUT HUSBANDS I WAS CERTAINLY OUT OF LUCK--

OH, HONEY! LOOK IT!

MY HERO! YOU'RE JUST THE FINEST HUSBAND IN THE WORLD!