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PART TWO Read the Classified Advertisements in First Section

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS FROM LAKE COUNTY

Interesting Happenings About This Part of North Shore and Vicinity; County Seat Doings

State Senator Rodney B. Swift of Lake county was appointed chairman of the community welfare committee in the state senate last week.

Frank L. Carr, 68, pioneer editor of Wauconda, died late Wednesday after suffering eight years from pernicious anemia.

The Libertyville club, one of the oldest civil and social organizations of that village, moved this week into its new quarters on the second floor of the village hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis O. Brockway celebrated a double anniversary on Thursday, their golden wedding and also Mrs. Brockway's birthday. In keeping with the even tenor of their lives the events were observed quietly with a family dinner.

Aversion to visiting the office of a physician believing that he might be told he was going to die, is thought to have prompted the suicide of A. Deutschman, in a home in which he was serving as caretaker near Barrington, last week.

"Sam and Henry" will be the names of twins born to Mr. and Mrs. Don Smart at Waukegan last week, according to a Waukegan paper. The boys weighed 5 lbs. and 5 1/2 oz., and 5 lbs. 1 1/2 oz. respectively.

Mrs. Mary E. Cottle, for 35 years a resident of Waukegan, died at her home there last week. She had been in failing health for about a year.

Distinction of leading all other cities in Illinois with the exception of Chicago, in industrial expansion for the year of 1926, falls to the lot of Waukegan and North Chicago, according to a survey of such development in the state recently completed by the Illinois chamber of commerce.

William F. Weiss, Waukegan's representative in the state legislature, has been appointed of the educational committee of the house.

Almond Webb, G.A.R. veteran and well known in Waukegan where he had lived for the past 15 years, died last week at the home of his son, Thomas Webb, Grangehall road. He would have celebrated his 82nd birthday if he had lived until Jan. 31.

TOWNSHIP DAMAGE SUIT IS SETTLED

Through an agreement of all parties the \$10,000 damage suit brought by Warren township against James Callahan, local dairyman, was settled late last week in the circuit court for \$2,250.

This claim dates back two years. Ernest Johnson, road grader employed by the township, was struck by a Callahan truck and badly injured. Through the compensation act Johnson received hospital and doctor bills and a \$25 monthly payment for life from the township.

The suit was started through Attorney E. M. Runyard and William Behanna for the township in an effort to get a return of the money expended. The insurance company backed Callahan, it is understood, by furnishing Attorneys L. P. Hanna and Bert Crowe.

Figuring on the mortality table Johnson would have lived 13.66 years drawing \$4,098 from the township. After the agreement was reached the jury was dismissed and the judgment shown satisfied in open court by Judge C. C. Edwards.

PLAN TO CONVERT OLD HOME TO CLUB HOUSE

Glencoe Woman's Club Considering Project in Regard to Wooley House

Conversion of the old F. J. Wooley homestead at the foot of Park avenue, opposite Lake Front park, Glencoe, into a club house for the Woman's Library club of Glencoe, is looked upon with much favor by some of the members, and the matter is being considered.

Others, it is said, are not so favorable toward the proposition. The site is a beautiful one, overlooking the lake but the house is old and it is felt by those who have been less enthusiastic in the matter that the cost of remodeling to suit the needs of the club would be too excessive, according to the Glencoe News.

Others of the club, it is said, see great possibilities in plans of this kind at a rather nominal outlay, especially when this splendid location is taken into consideration.

No formal action has been taken, either way, but it is said very careful consideration is being given to the proposition.

The Wooley property, as mentioned previously has been acquired in the village plans for the location of its proposed new waterworks. The waterworks, however, would be located on the lake at the foot of the bluff and so constructed as not to interfere in any way with the high class development of the old homestead grounds, proper, at the top of the bluff, it is said.

BURNS DINNER IS HELD AT WINNETKA

Annual Affair of North Shore British-American Club Last Week

The sixth annual Burns dinner given by the North Shore British American club, took place last week in Winnetka. The haggis, a true Scotch dish, was prepared as usual by Mrs. George Bisset. Aside from the haggis, without which no Scotch meal would be complete, scones, oat cakes, short bread, and fruit cakes were served. A few American dishes completed the menu.

Andrew P. Canning of 889 Sheridan road addressed the members and guests following the dinner. His subject was, "Robert Burns."

Included among the visitors were Richard P. Miller of Evanston, Mrs. McPherson, president of the Lake Forest British American club, and the Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin, all of whom gave short addresses. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, members of the local club entertained with songs, and James Gunn of Highland Park also gave vocal numbers. Mrs. P. McDonald and J. Sutherland, both of Winnetka, gave several readings. Dancing followed the dinner and regular program.

The next regular meeting of the club is announced for Monday, Feb. 10, when the card and business meeting will be held.

LEGION HEAD TO VISIT WINNETKA

State Commander Watkins to Be Guest of Post There on February 17

Winnetka Post No. 10, American Legion, will be honored at a meeting Thursday evening, Feb. 17, by the presence of Ferre C. Watkins, state commander of the Legion, who will also be the speaker of the evening.

The meeting will be held in Matz hall, Community house, and Andy Rogers, past commander of Evanston post, and Lawrence McGann, prominent in Illinois Legion affairs, also will give short talks. This is to be an open meeting to which the public is invited.

The local officers announce they will have something in the way of a surprise, in motion pictures, for the occasion, and all Legion members, and those eligible to membership, are especially requested to keep this date in mind.

NEW NORTH SHORE SKI SLIDE OPENED

LOCATED AT RACINE, WIS.

All Lake Shore Devotees of the Sport Interested; Opening Tourney Feb. 13; Famous Riders Coming

Ski enthusiasts of the North Shore territory between Chicago and Milwaukee now have this sport brought to their very door with the dedication at Racine, Wis., last Sunday, Jan. 30, of the new \$3,000 steel slide erected by the Racine Ski Club with the backing of the Racine association of commerce.

Jumpers of note from Milwaukee, Chicago, Oconomowoc, Madison, and other middle west cities participated in the dedicatory ceremonies. Gustave Linboe of Chicago, executive secretary of the National Ski association, dedicated the slide.

First Meet Feb. 13

The first tournament on the new grounds is scheduled for Sunday, Feb. 13. At that time several of the country's foremost riders will compete for honors. These will include Harvey Nilson, 2011 North Karlov ave., Chicago, the 10-year-old "boy wonder of America," and winner of the boys' event at Palos Park, Chicago, last year; his father, Karl Nilson, for many years captain of the Norge Ski Club of Chicago and one of the best Class A riders in the game; and Sven Wellhaven, the only man to win the Holmenkolmen tourney twice and adjudged the most graceful rider in the country in 1923 and 1924.

The slide is 75 feet high and has a gradient which send the rider to the take-off at terrific speed. It surmounts a hill 63 feet high, and the general terrain makes it an ideal location both from the stand point of riders and spectators.

Near Transportation

Located just west of Racine, the grounds are ideally situated from the standpoint of transportation. The tracks of the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee railroad are within 200 feet of the slide. Arrangements are being made by the North Shore Line to furnish special service directly to the grounds for the big tournament on Feb. 13.

A. J. Barth is president, and J. E. Peterson, secretary, of the Racine Ski club. According to Mr. Peterson, present indications point to a large entry list for the initial tournament.

Among those who have signified their intentions of being present and participating in the event are 25 members of the Norge Ski club of Chicago. Entry lists are still open.

REPORT MOVIE HOUSE PLANNED AT GLENCOE

A proposed new motion picture theater is the latest building improvement rumor in Glencoe. The movement, it is said, is being sponsored by one of the largest moving picture concerns in Chicago. Plans have been tentatively drawn for a modern, up-to-date theater with a seating capacity of approximately 1,200.

The many other details for the building and location are not yet available, but its sponsors hope to be able to have all these matters disposed of in the near future it is reported.

DEERFIELD IS MADE DEFENDANT IN SUIT

The village of Deerfield and a sewer contractor, are made defendants in a \$5,000 personal injury suit filed in the circuit court on behalf of Ruth Greenslade, Highland Park by attorneys E. S. Gail and Ralph J. Dady. She was driving west on Deerfield road last August and struck a pile of dirt left in the road. The suit is along the same lines as the case of the late May Mitchell, a Waukegan school teacher, killed by the Waukegan fire chief's auto on the west side of that city.



WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

1868—and the Union Pacific railroad has reached Benton, Wyoming. For that distant point, an eastern youth, in search of health, is bound. En route from Omaha, he is warned of Benton's wildness. A stylishly dressed and beautiful young woman with pretty blue eyes attracts him. He is astonished at her taking a drink of brandy before breakfast. The brakeman tells him she had "followed her man" to Benton.

Now read on!

"Ride, shoot and tell the truth"

The brakeman went on: "But, Lord, that cuts no great figger. People here don't stand on ceremony in those matters. Everything's aboveboard. Hands on the table until time to draw—then draw quick."

His language was a little too bluff for me.

"Her husband is in business?" "Business?" He laid a finger alongside his nose, and winked wisely. "You bet yuh! A good business. Are you on?"

"Am I on?" I repeated. "On what? What is all this about?"

"I'll be damned!" he roundly vouchsafed. And—"You've been having a quiet little smile with her, eh?" He sniffed suspiciously. "A few swigs of that'll make a pioneer of you quicker'n alkali. She's favoring you—eh? Now if she tells you of a system, take my advice and quite while your hair's long."

"My hair is my own fashion, sir," I rebuked. "And the lady is not for discussion between gentlemen, particularly as my acquaintance with her is only casual."

"Tut, tut!" he grinned. "No offense intended, Mister Pilgrim. Her and me are good enough friends. There's no brace game in that deal. I only want to give you a steer Savvy!" And he winked. "You're out to see the elephant, yourself."

"I am seeking health, is all," I explained.

"High and dry? By golly, then Benton's the ticket. It's sure, high and sure dry."

He leaned over the side steps, and gazed ahead. "Sydney in sight."

As I left the station dining room I found the lady of the blue eyes strolling alone upon the platform.

"You are rather slow in action, sir," she lightly accused. "We might have breakfast together!"

"I plead guilty, madam," I admitted. "But the next meal shall be my privilege."

"For dinner, yes; at Cheyenne." "And after that you will be home."

"Of course," she laughed shortly. "Benton is now 'home.' We have moved so frequently that I have grown to call almost no place home."

"I judge that you are connected, as may happen, with a flexible business," I hazarded.

"There is money in following the railroad, and that is our present life," she said frankly. "A town springs up, you know, at each terminus, booms as long as the freight and passengers pile up—and all of a sudden the go-ahead business and profession men pull stakes for the next terminus as soon as located."

We were interrupted. A drunken rowdy was careening over the platform, a large revolver dangling at his thigh.

His language was extremely offensive—he had an ugly mood on, but nobody interfered. The crowd stood aside—the natives laughing, the tourists like myself viewing him askance and several Indians watching only gravely.

He sighted us.

"Howdy?" he uttered, with an oath. "Shay—hello, stranger. Have a 'smile.' Take two, one for the lady. Hic!" And he thrust a bottle at me. My lady drew back. I civilly declined the "smile."

"Thank you. I do not drink." "What?" His tone stiffened. "The hell you say. Have a 'smile' you pilgrim; fer if you don't—"

"Train's starting Jim" she interposed sharply. "If you want to get aboard you'd better hurry."

The bell was ringing, the passengers were hurrying, incited by the conductor's shout: "All aboard!"

Without another word the lady tripped for the car steps. I gave the fellow one firm look and perforce left him. The train moved as I jumped on the nearest car and the conductor and brakeman hauled the tipsy fellow aboard.

My Lady was ensconced. "Did they get Jim?" she inquired. "By the scruff of the neck. You know him?"

"He's from Benton. I suppose he's been down here on a little pasear, as they say."

I had no more than seated myself beside her when the brakeman ambled through, his face in a broad grin.

"Well, we got him corralled," he proclaimed. "He'll sleep it off and be ready for night."

But soon there was a commotion in the forward part of the car. Jim had appeared.

"Have a 'smile,' ladies and gents," he was bellowing thickly. "Hooray! Have a 'smile' on me. Great an' glorious 'casin—ic! Everybody smile—drink to op'n'in' gloryus Pacific—ic—railway. Thash it! Hooray!"

It was inevitable that he would reach us. I heard My Lady utter a little gasp, as she sat more erect.

"Have a 'smile,' you two," he roared. "Wouldn't smile at station; gotta smile now. Lash be good fellers."

"You go back to your seat, Jim," she ordered tensely. "Go back, if you know what's good for you."

"Whash that? Who was your dog last year? Shady! You can't come no highy-tighty over me. Who yer new friend? Shay!" He reeled and gripped the seat. "By Gawd! I got the dead-wood on you, you—"

and he had loosened a torrent of epithets.

"For that I'd kill you in any other place, Jim," she said. "You know I'm not afraid of you. Now get, you wolf!" She had made a sudden movement of hand and I saw almost under my nose the smallest pistol imaginable.

"No!" I warned. "No matter, I'll tend to him."

The fellow's mouth opened as if for fresh abuse—and half rising I handed upon it with my fist.

Go where you belong, you drunk-en whelp!"

I had struck and spoken at the same time, with a rush of wrath that surprised me; and the result surprised me more, for while I was not conscious of having exerted much force he toppled backward clear across the aisle, crashed down in a heap under the opposite seat.

"Look out! Look out!" she cried. Up he scrambled, wrenching at his revolver, but the brakeman and conductor arrived, in a jiffy he was hustled forward. I sank back, breathless.

Congratulations echoed dully. "The right spirit!" "That'll larn him to insult a lady." "Shake, mister."

"For a pilgrim, you're consider' ble of a boss."

The lady herself was amazingly cool under the epithets that he had applied. I admired her for that as she gazed at me pleadingly.

"A drunken man is not responsible for words or actions," I said. "Possibly I should not have struck him. In the Far West you may be more accustomed to these episodes than we are in the east."

"I don't know. There is a limit. You did right. I thank you heartily. Still,—and 'she mused—'you can't always depend on your fists alone. Fists are a short-range weapon. The men generally wear a gun somewhere. It is the custom."

"Under your tutelage I am sure I shall do well," I accepted. "I may call upon you in Benton? If you will favor me with your address—?"

"My address?" She searched my face in a manner startled. "You'll have no difficulty finding me; in event"—and she smiled archly—"you are not afraid of strange women."

"I have been taught to respect women, madam," said I.

"Oh! I seemed to have pleased her."

"You have been carefully brought up, sir!"

"To fear God, respect women, and to act the man as long as I breathe," I asserted.

"That may go excellently in the east," she answered. "But we in the west favor the Persian maxim—to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. With those three qualities even a tenderfoot can establish himself."

"You hear the truth when I say I anticipate much pleasure as well as renewed health, in Benton," I declared.

"Were we by ourselves we would seal the feature in another 'smile' together," she slyly promised. "Unless that might shock you."

"I am ready to fall in with the customs of the country," I assured. "I certainly am not averse to smiles, when fittingly proffered."

Our passage was astonishingly short, but the sun was near to setting when the brakeman shouted: "Benton! Benton in five minutes!"

"My valise, please."

I brought it. The conductor, who like the other officials knew My Lady, pushed through to us and laid hand upon it.

"I'll see you out, he announced. "Come ahead."

"Pardon, that shall be my privilege," I interposed. But she quickly denied.

"No, please. The conductor is an old friend. I shall need no other help—I'm perfectly at home. You can look out for yourself."

"But I shall see you again—and where? I don't know your address; fact is, I'm even ignorant of your name," I pleaded desperately.

"How stupid of me." And she spoke fast and low, over her shoulder. "Tonight, then, at the Big Tent. Remember!"

I pressed after. "The Big Tent! Shall I inquire there? And for whom?"

"You'll not fail to see me. Everybody knows the Big Tent, everybody goes there. So au revoir!"

We stopped with a jerk, amidst a babel of cries. "Benton! All out!" Out we stumbled. Here I was, at rainbow's end!

Continued next week.

Our idea of a bad insurance risk is an innocent bystander.—Lebanon (Ind.) Reporter.

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DID BUD FIX THAT LIGHT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT?

NO, HE SAID HE DIDN'T HAVE THE PROPER TOOLS, OR SOMETHING!

DIDN'T HAVE TH' PROPER TOOLS?! WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT ??

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE MEANT, BUT THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

WE GOT A SCREW DRIVER AND A PAIR O' PLIERS--ANY SIMPLE MINDED BOOB COULD FIX IT WITH THEM!

so?

THEN YOU BETTER GO DO IT YOURSELF!