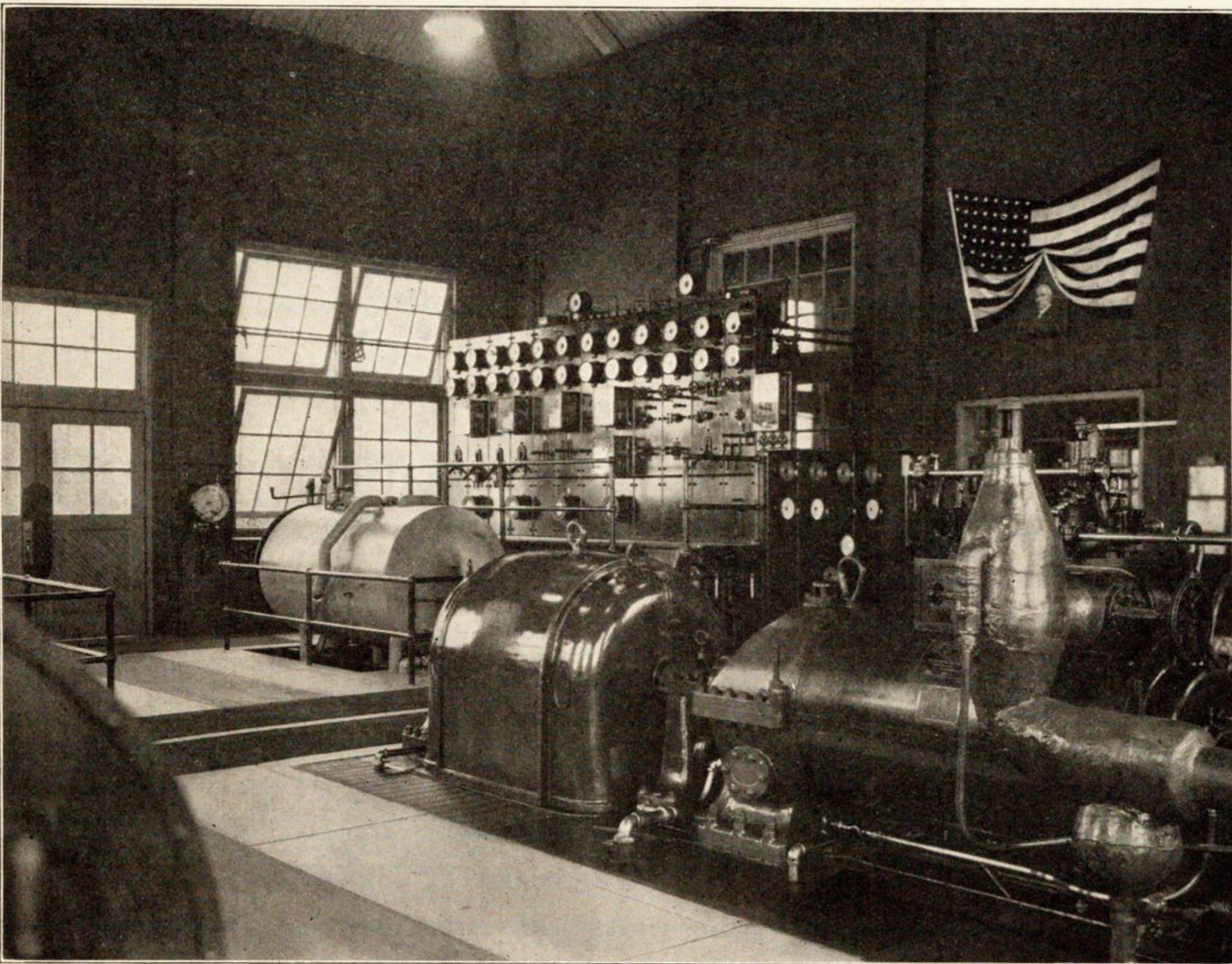


# Mysteries Of Municipal Power Plant Unfolded: Termed By Officials "Real Vitals of Village"



By Interviewer

My friends, the village manager, and the chief engineer met me in the outer office.

"Hello, old man", they chorused. "Come to pay your long threatened visit at last, eh? Pretty dismal afternoon to tour a power station, isn't it?"

"I'm here", I laughed, "game to see what mysteries you can unfold. Lead on!"

They led me down a passageway and opened a door. I halted, stunned. Something almost solid struck me. It was solid. It was solid sound. But I gritted my teeth and strode forward, and the chief engineer shut the door after us.

### Pre-Historic Monsters

We stood in a large room, vaulted like a church. On the floor of the room in the place of the congregation and choir, crouched three quivering, roaring steel beasts. Dinosaurs—prehistoric monsters—that was the image that flashed into my mind. Dinosaurs seemed a particularly apt name. To be strictly accurate, only one of the dinosaurs was dinning. Two were silent.

"Our machines," the manager yelled, casually. "Two three hundred kilowatt and one seven hundred and fifty, brand new this year, cost \$30,000."

"Machines?" I yelled back, puzzled. "That end," he pointed to the largest dinosaur, "is the turbine. Steam from the boiler spins it. This end is the generator. It makes the juice."

"But what makes the racket?"

"Both", he yelled in answer, "The noiseless turbo-generator hasn't been invented yet."

### The Mystic Numbers

One end of the room jutted out in a little, overhanging balcony, walled with switchboards as big as school blackboards. Moving into this balcony and after gazing down into the dinosaur-den I noted for the first time the illuminated number "450" on a dial above my head. Even as I looked it changed to "500".

"Our output", explained the C. E. "The load begins to climb slowly from this time in the afternoon on. Of course, we don't usually get such a peak this time of year as we do on Christmas Eve. But today is Tuesday and the good wives of Winnetka are hurrying up the family ironing. We don't need a calendar down here to tell us when Monday and Tuesday have arrived. The demand caused by washing machines and electric ironers tells us that. Besides, on a dark stormy day like this, the lighting load from the stores and homes comes on early and we must be ready to carry them both."

"I suppose your dinosaurs down there just naturally smell the demand for power, and din, din a little faster without being told," I remarked, irreverently.

"Well, not quite", he laughed. "They need more food to make 'em din faster—more steam, that is. We've got something else that does the smelling, old man, out there."

He pointed to the unexplored regions beyond. Then he stood staring at that "500" which by this time became "550".

"Five hundred and fifty kilowatts," the manager muttered. "By Jove, I'd have been dumfounded if I'd seen

that figure there at this time of year two years ago. Then, we thought four hundred was a big peak. Now we carry seven hundred every once in so often. And yet, old man, do you realize that this power station is exactly the same size as it was two years ago, and that we are burning no more coal than we did then?"

"I'll bite", I answered, "What's the dark secret?"

### Got Religion

"You see, with the bluff on one side and the lake on the other, we couldn't grow any bigger, no matter how much we might want to," he explained, as we walked down the steps and on towards one end of the dinosaur-den, "So we got religion. We kicked an old reciprocating engine out of this room and put that seven hundred and fifty dinosaur, as you call it, in its place. Takes up no more room and delivers about five times as much power with half as much steam per kilowatt."

Then his gaze swept over the village, with lights twinkling in the murky twilight.

"I often wonder how few people realize that this little, red-tile roofed building down here by old Lake Michigan, that many of them have never glanced at, is the real vitals of their town", he mused. "If we should stop, the town would stop, the water supply would be nil, no irons or other household appliances could operate, ice machines and Nokol heaters would be useless and every light would go out!"

He halted, staring at the darkening November sky, where, ordinarily, at this time of day the sun was still shining.

"Whew!" I ejaculated, glancing again at the dial on the switchboard "She's coming up fast! This means some more rustling for you fellows, I guess".

### A Tense Moment

"Oh, we'll handle it easy enough." The chief engineer stepped to the door nearby and gave a brief order and then turned back to us. We stared at the illuminated figures on the dial. 600 — 650 — 675 —

"Biggest load we've ever carried," the manager shouted. "And it all came on us in half an hour!"

700 — 710 —

"Look, she's going higher! But we'll carry it!"

720 — 725, and there the figures hung.

"You're bitterly disappointed, I see", chuckled the chief engineer, "that this little affair hasn't moved us out of our habitual daily calm. But, come on, come on into the boiler room, the unexplored regions. That's the place that's getting the real brunt of this. Come on and see some real excitement!"

I followed, wondering, half fearful. Once in mid-Atlantic, in a gale, I had penetrated to the bowels of the ship and had seen a terrific sight — the half-naked stokers feeding the ravenous boilers. But, what fiercer sight was to greet me now?

### The Silent Workers

A door was opened and we passed through into — silence, the silence of a cathedral crypt. Even the roar of the turbines was shut away. It was almost a stealthy place.

Yet, apparently, it was a boiler room. There was a row of boilers

and underneath each a curious mechanism. At first glance I thought these mechanisms were motionless. Then I saw that they moved, moved gently. And two men stood in front of these boilers and these mechanisms. The two men were doing nothing, only watching.

"What's the matter?" I demanded excitedly. "Broken down?"

One of the two watchers approached us.

"Picked up the load pretty well didn't they, Tom?" asked the chief engineer.

"Yes, sir, first rate, but without our new turbine, we never in the world could have carried this load, even with these stokers."

"Well", the manager turned to me, "see 'em sweat! See our stokers sweat!"

Then his voice grew serious, and he pointed to the gently moving mechanisms.

### Concentration

"That's the secret", he said, "that's where we get our flexibility, that, and in the turbine, is where we get

our big concentration of power house area. Half an hour ago, old man, this station was doing four hundred kilowatts. Now it's doing seven hundred and twenty-five. But there isn't a particle of difference in the looks of this boiler room. More boilers are at work, and the stokers are working faster, but no more men are at work. And these boilers, they are the same boilers and the same number of boilers that we had in here two years ago when we were hard pressed to carry our normal load. Next year, if Winnetka continues to grow, we'll have to kick out two of the smaller boilers and replace them with larger units, equipped with mechanical stoker like these before you, and then we can carry anything—well, you've about seen us do it tonight."

"Good Lord", I exclaimed, "and I thought I knew what the word 'stoker' meant!"

"Well," he replied, "that is not to be wondered at. Most of us are too busy to spend much time in learning about some of the most important and interesting developments of our modern civilization. We don't want any publicity down here, for publicity's sake, but we know that many of the good people of Winnetka will be glad to know that they are stock holders in one of the most efficient municipally-owned power plants in the country, and that their Village Council, as board of directors, has been on the job to provide for the rapidly growing needs of the community."

Maybe, too, some of our citizens will be glad to know that interested visitors are welcome down here, where genial Henry, the chief, will be glad to show them how he produced a kilowatt hour of juice on four pounds (next year it will be three) of Illinois' best coal. And don't forget to look over the new filtration plant — but that's another story. Let's eat".

### PROTESTS PARDON FOR DEBBS

"If pardon is granted to Debs or others fairly convicted of treason or sedition during a time when the nation's very life was at stake, the lives of those boys who lie on the fields of France and of those who lie broken in hospitals have indeed been sacrificed in vain," Hanford MacNider, commander of the American Legion, has telegraphed President Harding, requesting that "no leniency be shown those traitors who stabbed us in the back while we were giving our all to this country."

### CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT

The Winnetka A Cappella choir, which has presented several programs of choice choral music at community gatherings, extends an invitation to every resident of Winnetka to enjoy an hour of beautiful Christmas music. The evening is Thursday, December 22, and the place the Winnetka Congregational church. The program will be announced in an early issue of the Winnetka Talk.

## EX. GOV. LOWDEN IN PLEA FOR ARMENIANS

Chairman of Illinois Near East Relief Committee Issues Special Appeal For Aid at This Season

Former Governor Frank O. Lowden, chairman of the Illinois committee of the Near East Relief, has issued an appeal addressed to the people of the State of Illinois on behalf of the starving women and children of Armenia and other Bible lands. The appeal is being sent to every county chairman in the state. The former governor accepted the chairmanship of the committee while in Chicago last week attending the stock show. He issued the appeal prior to his returning to his farm in Ogle county, where he resides.

The text of Chairman Lowden's appeal follows:

"Our hearts have been repeatedly touched by the stories of distress that have come from other lands and we have responded liberally to appeals for help. No appeal that has been made has touched our hearts more than that made on behalf of the helpless women and children of Armenia and other Bible lands.

"During the recent World War, the Armenians supported the cause of the Allies and that of the United States despite flattering offers made by the Turks and the Central Powers. For this attitude they have been subjected to cruel massacres and deportations; a large part of the population has been killed; their towns and villages have been destroyed and survivors of those massacres are now dependent upon American aid for life itself.

"In view of this situation, the people of Illinois, like the people of other states, are again being appealed to to give of their substance to sustain the lives of the helpless orphans of the Near East."

The three vice chairmen of the Illinois committee of the Near East Relief are: Wyllys W. Baird of Chicago, Frank I. Mann of Gilman, and Henry M. Pindell of Peoria, George H. Reynolds is treasurer and Frederick J. Michel is executive secretary. Committees are being organized in all the counties of Illinois.

### OUILMETTE LOSERS

Ouilmette council Indoor baseball team lost a fast game to the University council of Chicago Wednesday of this week. The final score was 8 to 3. Moore, who essayed the hurling duties for University, was knocked off the slab in the third inning by the hard-hitting Ouilmettes. Slattery, who replaced Moore, held the locals hitless from then on to the bitter end. University took the game by scoring five runs in the ninth.

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