

**ELEANOR'S CHRISTMAS**

**Being a True Story of an Act of Honesty and the Reward Which Brought About a Merry Christmas**

Little Eleanor Fecher of Seger street will have a fine Christmas story for her mother, and, besides, is the proud possessor of a glittering gold piece—all the reward for her honesty.

Eleanor hasn't known the joy of a real Christmas day with all the gifts and everything else that goes to make up that day of days so charmingly pictured in the story books. But this year she will join with hundreds of other Wilmette children in a genuine feast of happiness.

It all came about this way. Some time ago Eleanor, who is a pupil in St. Joseph's school and a faithful attendant at services in St. Joseph's church, picked up a \$100 bank note that had been dropped by some parishioner on the floor of the church hall. Although her parents have no great amount of money of money, she was not tempted to keep the money but, rather, gave it over immediately to her teacher at the school.

The following Sunday the Rev. J. A. Neuman of St. Joseph's parish, recounted Eleanor's signal act of honesty before his congregation. The owner of the bank note was soon located among the communicants and Eleanor was the recipient of a handsome reward for her honesty.

But that's only part of the story. Listen!

The other day Eleanor received a letter addressed to her very self, containing a shining gold piece and a five dollar bill, as well as this unsigned note:

"This piece is from one who loves honesty more than gold—use the paper for a Christmas gift, and preserve the

gold until your golden honesty tarnishes—then throw it away."

Isn't this a Merry Christmas for little Eleanor?

**Dog Mourns Death of Persian Cat Playmate**

Terry is a little wire-haired terrier with airdale, fox terrier and one or two other types mixed in to make him lovable and smart. Terry's favorite playmate was Peter Whiffle, a handsome chinchilla persian cat, just Terry's age. Terry and Peter were born the same day and purchased the same day when they were three months old, by Mrs. W. L. Ballard of the Ballard Book shop in Wilmette.

They grew up together, Terry and Peter. They played and romped together, until one day last week Peter the Beautiful, with his long plummy tail, was found dead. There was no mark on him, no torn fur, no sign of a shot, but he was dead.

Terry, his playmate, is still hunting for Peter. He waits and listens at the door. Someone comes up the steps and Terry bounds to the door, his ears cocked, his tail wagging, waiting for Peter, for he is sure Peter is just playing with him, hiding. But Peter does not come, and Terry with a whine and a sigh looks about with puzzled eyes.

George Immewahr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Immewahr formerly of 458 Willow road, Winnetka, has returned from Princeton university, to spend the holidays with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Immewahr have moved from Winnetka, and are making their home in Chicago.

Miss Christine Heinig of Center street will spend the holiday season with friends in Minneapolis.



Forgetting business to wish our Friends

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