Miss Florence Pond of Minneapolis is arriving in Winnetka Monday for a ten-day visit with her sister, Mrs. B. W. Anderson of 328 Linden street. Miss Pond landed in New York Wedin Europe.

Betty Jean Kiefer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dean Kiefer of 220 Myrtle street, is gradually recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Ellen Brown of Chicago was nesday after four months of travel a week-end visitor at the W. J. Webb home, 525 Chestnut street.

Mrs. George Knox Owsley of 720 Prospect avenue, left Winnetka recently to see her father, who is seriously ill.

Miss Olive Eason, 565 Elder lane, is spending the holidays out of town.

## TIS A TOUGH WORLD

Especially for Motorists Who Become Lost in the Mazes of Our North Shore Village Thoroughfares

Winding streets in north shore villages and similarity of curves and deep ravines on Sheridan road are confusing to the unacquainted, as the police of Winnetka and Glencoe, particularly, will testify.

Patrolman Harold Lewis, of the Winnetka force, while on duty on Sheridan road at Bryant avenue, was approached by a man, who, afoot, had emerged from Bryant avenue and inquired the way to the nearest gas filling station.

The desired information was given and the officer inquired where he had left his car.

With a sweep of the hand, the stranger indicated, "away up north, on Sheridan road." He had walked and walked, he said, but was unable to find gas.

"What kind of a car have you?" the policeman asked.

## He's Lost

A detailed description of the car standing nearby was given, and Lewis called the attention of the stranger to the fact.

"That can't be her," the latter replied, "I left my car away up the road."

"You're lost," advised Lewis, "and so is your car."

The stranger made a closer inspection of the stranded car nearby, to find it was his very own.

When he had left it, to go in quest of a gas station, he had walked north on Sheridan road until he had reached Tower road, where he turned west, thence south on Bryant avenue, which is a winding street, entering Sheridan road at a point near whence he had started.

## Bridges Look Alike

Chief of Police Jacob Rudolph of Glencoe, saw a stranded car on Sheridan road, up near the stone hill bridge. He returned to his office, where an hour later, a stranger rushed in, exclaiming "my car has been stolen!"

He explained it was the best little car ever built, had red wheels, but it would not run without gas.

He had left it on Sheridan road, at the bridge, he said, while he went in quest of a gas station. He had carried back a small can full of the precious fluid, but when he reached the stone bridge, on Sheridan road, he saw no

"Stolen, and right here in Glencoe," he mused.

The reputation of the village was at stake, and Chief Rudolph hastily obtained a description of the car, which, he beamingly announced, tallied precisely with the car he had seen but a short time ago, at the stone bridge, but not at the bridge to which the bewildered owner had returned.

"Your car is perfectly safe in Glencoe," the Chief told him, "and if you will come with me I will take you to the other bridge, where you will find your car."

## AUTOS COLLIDE

A collision between two automobiles in which no one was injured and only minor damage was done to the machines, occurred last Monday at the intersection of Ridge road and Wiimette avenue, it was reported by the Wilmette police. The acident occurred, it is said, when a car driven by J. McCarty of Winentka and another machine driven by H. A. Baldwin of Glencoe, collided while the former was attempting to make a left turn from Ridge road into Wilmette avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Swabacker, 815 Ash street, entertained at a dinner party at their home on Monday, November 21.

