

Girl Swimmers to Present Pageant Thursday - Friday

After seven weeks of rehearsals, the girl's swimming club of the high school, Penguin by name, will present its pageant this Thursday afternoon and Friday evening, May 16 and 17.

Tickets for the performance went on sale last Monday and may be obtained from any Penguin member. Because of the large number wishing to attend the demonstration and the limited seating capacity of the pool, two performances are being given.

Miss Pipenhagen is the faculty member in complete charge of Penguin club, while Miss Thompson and Miss Bushman have been assisting her. In charge of decorations are Bette Hobbs and Barbara Field.

Members of Penguin are: Mirth Durbahn, President; Pat Moore, Secretary; Ann Arenberg, Mary Binder, Elva Belle, Phoebe Brooks, Pat Browning, Alice Claborn, Anne Dingle, Barbara Field, Sally Friedman, Laine Haeckler, Dottie Hobbs, Peggy Jones, Dorothy Martin.

Highwood Social Service Reports

At a recent meeting of the Highwood Social Service, reports were made of various cases assisted. These showed that 51 cases were aided in some manner. A number of these cases were of no cost to the local organization, for assistance was given by the Highland Park Social Service, American Legion Auxiliary of Highwood, and Veteran's Relief Commission of Lake county.

From emperor's sweetheart to the breadline. Unhappy end of Kathi Schrott, who for many years ruled old Franz Josef, and who carried the secrets of the tragic Hapsburgs to her grave. Read the story of her tragic life in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald-American.

Advertise in the PRESS

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"We Present"

THE HIGHLAND PARK LIBRARY

Much is being said and written about democracy and the part that educational institutions play in a democracy. Archibald MacLeish of the Library of Congress suggests that it is the duty of public libraries to bring important information to the attention of the citizens of its community.

In years past democratic governments have felt that if the means of education were made available to their citizens that was sufficient. Today the attitude is different, it is more compelling. In a country spread over an entire continent, a people composed of mixed races and engaged in complex activities is subject to subversive propaganda and therefore it is the plain duty of libraries to preserve the open-mindedness in a nation.

The Highland Park public library last year had a total circulation of 127,214. Recently an interested citizen wished to know what percentage of the population of Highland Park is comprised in the registered borrowers. His idea was that this figure would be more significant than the number of books circulated. Fifty per cent approximately of the population drew books from the library.

According to the standards of the American Library association worked out by the law of averages, a community with a population of ten to twenty-five thousand population should have forty per cent registered.

Considering the fact that Highland Park is not an average city of its size, the percentage is remarkable. More people here are able to buy books, and as the result of the book fairs many children's books are purchased.

A fact that modifies the figures is the consideration that the local library gives service to Highwood and to Fort Sheridan. Even with the inclusion of these extra groups, the registration figures are above average. Adult registration was 5,269; juvenile 1,665. The total was 6,934.

The first of the library year it seemed necessary to cut the book appropriation. As a result fewer new titles are on the shelves and there has been almost no replacement of old books. Roughly about one-third of all those books shelved in the stacks should be discarded.

The picture in figures is as follows: Table with columns for Adult, Juvenile, Total and rows for May 1, 1939, Fiction added, Reference added, Non-fiction added, Totals, Withdrawn, April 30, 1940.

Constant vigilance in regard to small repairs has kept the building in good condition. The side walls of the basement room at the foot of the west stairway are in bad condition. Where the rain and dampness have seeped through, the plaster is loose. Many of the old chairs which are in constant use need to be glued.

According to the annual report of the library, there has been no change in the personnel of the staff. Last summer the vacation period was divided and two different substitutes engaged for the work. Both were from the Lake Forest school libraries. Miss Janet Dancy of Lake Forest helped in the adult department; Miss Virginia Pulliam, assistant in the grade school libraries, took charge of the children's department for a time.

Members of the staff are Miss Mary A. Egan, librarian; Mrs. Inger Boye, children's department; Miss Clover Flanders, reference department; Miss Helen Flinn, catalogue; Mrs. Julia Sanders, circulation and Mrs. Harriett Buskett, secretary.

Miss Flanders attended the meeting of the American Library association in San Francisco and brought back new ideas for her work.

All of the staff members attended the summer conference of the University of Chicago library school. The subject discussed there was choice and purchase of books.

Boy Scout Council Offers Training Course, Thursday

Scouters of the North Shore Area Council Boy Scouts of America will be given the opportunity to partake in the training course in "The Elements of Scout Leadership" Part 1 at scout headquarters this coming Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

This course is open to all registered adults and any one else interested in learning about the scout program and how it benefits boys.

The course will be conducted in two sessions with the second session coming May 23. Each session will last approximately two hours.

The history of scouting, the aims and objectives, how a troop is organized, the troop committee, the program of scouting, are some of the subjects which will be under consideration.

Relax and Live Advice for Men In Middle Age

Too much tension and overwork, too little relaxation and recreation are sending middle-aged men to their death like cattle to a slaughterhouse, Dr. Winston H. Tucker, health commissioner of Evanston, today told the Kiwanis club at its weekly luncheon at the Hotel Sherman.

"Keeping Fit at 50" was his topic, but he said it was not comprehensive enough because "you have to begin at 30 if you want to be fit at 50."

"I shudder to read the daily death notices because of the terrific toll of men in the prime of life recorded there," said Dr. Tucker. "Day after day you read of men toppling over dead of heart disease, passing away from strokes of paralysis or of high blood pressure, who should be in the best of health and with many years of useful activity ahead of them."

Ground Has Been Lost "We have achieved much in public health, in reduction of infant mortality, but there is no question that because of our fast, highly nervous way of living, we have lost ground in maintaining vigor in men of the middle-age brackets."

"The first thing a man of 50 must realize is that he is not physically what he was at 30. He may have the same ambitions, the same driving energy, and he may nurse the notion that will power is all that is necessary to keep going. He's going like a house afire one day; the next his name is in the obituary column."

"No stimulant, no medicine will work magic with such a man. He must ease the tension, reduce the work, eat less, play more, or St. Peter will be listening to his knock at the pearly gates."

A Modern Disease "High blood pressure is a modern disease because of the modern way of living. Easing down will relax

the strain on nerves and heart. Reduction of weight will cut the motor load. Regular recreation and play—not just two hurricans weeks of golf or travel in the summertime—will help rebuild or strengthen the vital organs for their task.

"Men of 50 may burn time now; they'll have time to burn hereafter. My advice is: Slow down and live."

Dr. Tucker also told the Kiwanians how Evanston correlates the health work of public and private agencies, using 30 public health nurses, and holds a record as one of the healthiest cities of its size in the world.

Miss Daly's Pupils To Give Program Before Lions Club

An open dinner-meeting of the Highwood Lions club was held on Wednesday, May 15, at 6:30 p.m. at the Pagoda restaurant. Following the meeting the movie "Flagships of the Air" was shown at 8 p.m. courtesy of the American Airlines.

The picture highlights the methods and services of modern air travel, and shows the progress of transportation in America. Following the improvement and progress of the American tradition, the picture depicts travel from Indian journeys on foot and by canoe to the great swift airliners that today span the land from coast to coast overnight. The public is cordially invited to come and see this educational movie.

At the next meeting of the Highwood Lions club to be held on Wednesday, May 22, at 6:30 p.m. pupils of Miss Agnes Daly will present several dance routines.

Among those who will appear on the program will be: Arline Abernathy, Mary Cesario, Ruth Peddle, Harriet Hulverson, Ruth Hueckler, Barbara Taylor, June Christianson, Sally Hawkins, Carol Sleeman, Barbara Perry, Marsha Williams, Georgia Ann Glader, Shirley Capitani, Lenore Bernardi, Lillian Dinelli. Miss Daly will also present several selections.

Child Welfare Work Made Possible By Poppy Day Funds

When the citizens of Highwood put on their memorial poppies on Poppy Day, May 27, to honor the World War dead, they will be helping children of dead and disabled veterans to a fair start in life, according to Mrs. John Doull, child welfare chairman of Stupey-Smith unit of the American Legion Auxiliary.

Money contributed for the poppies will help maintain the Auxiliary child welfare activities during the coming year, she explained. Much of it will go into emergency aid for families left dependent by the death or disability of a veteran, helping keep the home together until a permanent means of support can be found, keeping the children in school and preventing the father's patriotic sacrifices from handicapping their development.

In their joint child welfare program last year, the Legion and Auxiliary brought aid to 395,342 children of veterans. A total of \$1,968,632 from Legion and Auxiliary resources was expended in this program. In Highwood approximately 25 children were supplied with clothing and gifts, with an approximate expenditure of \$75. This amount exceeded by far that received from poppy sales last year, made up of the dimes, quarters and dollars placed in the contribution boxes on Poppy Day.

Elm Place Pupils Awarded in Poppy Poster Contest

Elm Place school participated in the poppy poster contest sponsored annually by Dumaresq Spencer unit of the American Legion Auxiliary, and judging of the posters took place May 2, with Miss Lucille Wood of the Highland Park High School Art department, Mrs. Flora Werner and Mrs. Philip E. Cole, poppy chairman, as judges. The posters were grouped in two divisions, one for fourth, fifth and sixth grades and the other for seventh and eighth grades.

Prize winners are: Fourth, fifth and sixth grade group—1st prize, Barbara Love, Miss McMunn's 4th grade; 2nd prize, Patsy Coleman, 6th grade; honorable mention, Bob Berg and Nancy Newman.

Seventh and eighth grades: 1st prize, Patsy Roach, 8th grade; 2nd prize, Truman Metzler, 8th grade.

The awards will be made at assembly Thursday, May 23, by Mrs. William Salyards Jr., president of the H.P. Auxiliary.

The posters will be displayed in the shop windows of Highland Park, advertising poppy sales on May 27.

Quality Cleaners Phone H. P. 178 RELIABLE LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING CO.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM

43 NORTH SHERIDAN ROAD Open: WEEK DAYS 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. SATURDAYS 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. SUNDAYS 2:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. You are cordially invited to visit the Reading Room, where the Bible and authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased. Maintained by First Church of Christ, Scientist Highland Park

A CURIOUS DREAM containing a moral (by Mark Twain, America's Most Noted Humorist) The following "sketch" was written 70 years ago, but millions of Americans have forgotten it. It is evident that Mr. Samuel Clemens was very much in earnest in his efforts to interest his readers in more civilized methods for the burial of the dead. In that laudable aim, the management of NORTHSORE GARDEN OF MEMORIES is in line with that most brilliant of American humorists. Night before last I had a singular dream. I seemed to be sitting on a doorstep (in no particular city perhaps) ruminating, and the time of night appeared to be about twelve or one o'clock. The weather was balmy and delicious. There was no human sound in the air, not even a footstep. There was no sound of any kind to emphasize the dead stillness, except the occasional hollow barking of a dog in the distance and the fainter answer of a further dog. Presently up the street I heard a bony clack-clacking, and guessed it was the castanets of a serenading party. In a minute more a tall skeleton, hooded, and half-clad in a tattered and mouldy shroud, whose shreds were flapping about the ribby lattice-work of its person swung by me with a stately stride, and disappeared in the gray gloom of the starlight. It had a broken and worm-eaten coffin on its shoulder and a bundle of something in its hand. I knew what the clack-clacking was then; it was this party's joints working together, and his elbows knocking against his sides as he walked. I may say I was surprised. Before I could collect my thoughts and enter upon any speculations as to what this apparition might portend, I heard another one coming—for I recognized his clack-clack. He had two-thirds of a coffin on his shoulder, and some foot and head-boards under his arm. I mightily wanted to peer under his hood and speak to him, but when he turned and smiled upon me with his cavernous sockets and his projecting grin as he went by, I thought I would not detain him. He was hardly gone when I heard the clacking again, and another one issued from the shadowy half-light. This one was bending under a heavy gravestone, and dragging a shabby coffin after him by a string. When he got to me he gave me a steady look for a moment or two, and then rounded to and backed up to me, saying: "Ease this down for a fellow, will you?" I eased the gravestone down till it rested on the ground, and in doing so noticed that it bore the name of "John Baxter Copmanhurst," with "May, 1839" as the date of his death. Deceased sat wearily down by me, and wiped his forehead with his major maxillary—chiefly from former habit I judged, for I could not see that he brought away any perspiration. "It is too bad, too bad," said he, drawing the remnant of the shroud about him and leaning his jaw pensively on his hand. Then he put his left foot up on his knee and fell to scratching his ankle bone absently with a rusty nail which he got out of his coffin. "What is too bad, friend?" "Oh, everything, everything. I almost wish I never had died." "You surprise me. Why do you say this? Has anything gone wrong? What is the matter?" "Matter! Look at this shroud—rags. Look at this gravestone, all battered up. Look at that disgraceful old coffin. All a man's property going to ruin and destruction before his eyes, and ask him if anything is wrong? Fire and brimstone!" "Calm yourself, calm yourself," I said. "It is too bad—it is certainly too bad, but then I had not supposed that you would much mind such matters, situated as you are." "Well, my dear sir, I do mind them. My pride is hurt, and my comfort is impaired—destroyed, I might say. I will state my case—I will put it to you in such a way that you can comprehend it, if you will let me," said the poor skeleton, tilting the hood of his shroud back, as if he were clearing for action, and thus unconsciously giving himself a jaunty and festive air very much at variance with the grave character of his position in life—so to speak—and in prominent contrast with his distressful mood. "Proceed," said I. "I reside in the shameful old graveyard a block or two above you here, in this street—there, now, I just expected that cartilage would let go!—third rib from the bottom, friend, hitch the end of it to my spine with a string, if you have got such a thing about you, though a bit of silver wire is a deal pleasanter, and more durable and becoming, if one keeps it polished—to think of shredding out and going to pieces in this way, just on account of the indifference and neglect of one's posterity!"—and the poor ghost grated his teeth in a way that gave me a wrench and a shiver—for the effect is mightily increased by the absence of muffling flesh and cuticle. "I reside in that old graveyard, and have for these thirty years; and I tell you things are changed since I first laid this old tired frame there, and turned over, and stretched out for a long sleep, with a delicious sense upon me of being done with bother, and grief, and anxiety, and doubt, and fear, forever and ever, and listening with comfortable and increasing satisfaction to the sexton's work, from the startling clatter of his first spadeful on my coffin till it dulled away to the faint patting that shaped the roof of my new home—delicious! My! I wish you could try it tonight!" and out of my reverie deceased fetched me with a rattling slap with a bony hand. "Yes, sir, thirty years ago I laid me down there, and was happy. For it was out in the country then—out in the breezy, flowery, grand old woods, and the lazy winds gossiped with the leaves, and the squirrels capered over us and around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquil solitude with music. Ah, it was worth ten years of a man's life to be dead then! Everything was pleasant. I was in a good neighborhood, for all the dead people that lived near me belonged to the best families in the city. Our posterity appeared to think the world of us. They kept our graves in the very best condition; the fences were always in faultless repair, head-boards were kept painted or whitewashed, and were replaced with new ones as soon as they began to look rusty or decayed; monuments were kept upright, railings intact and bright, the rosebushes and shrubbery trimmed, trained, and free from blemish, the walks clean and smooth and graveled. But that day is gone by. Our descendants have forgotten us. My grandson lives in a stately house built with money made by these old hands of mine, and I sleep in a neglected grave with invading vermin that gnaw my shroud to build them nests withal! I and friends that lie with me founded and secured the prosperity of this fine city, and the stately bantling of our loves leaves us to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbors curse and strangers scoff at. See the difference between the old time and this—for instance. Our graves are all caved in now; our head-boards have rotted away and tumbled down; our railings reel this way and that, with one foot in the air, after a fashion of unseemly levity; our monuments lean wearily, and our gravestones bow their heads discouraged; (Continued Next Week)