

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK
by
The Lake Shore Publishing Company
1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
Business Telephone.....Wilmette 1921
Editorial Telephone.....Wilmette 1020
Winnetka Office Telephone..Winn. 388
SUBSCRIPTION.....\$1.00 A YEAR
Strictly in advance

Address all communications to the Winnetka Weekly Talk, Wilmette, Ill. Anonymous communications will be passed to the waste basket. The same applies to rejected manuscript unless return postage is enclosed. Articles for publication should reach this office by Tuesday afternoon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary poetry, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge will be made or a collection taken, will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

Entered in the postoffice at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918

Get Ready For Summer

We have had winter weather for so long that it is hard to realize that the months of spring have almost passed and early summer will soon be upon us. But experience with the North Shore climate has taught us that when the warm weather comes it will come suddenly and with it will be the summertime pests, most conspicuous the housefly.

This is the time to see that the screens are in good order, that there are no holes or ill-fitting frames. It is important that the protection against the fly be in place before the coming of the advance guard of the nuisance and that may arrive almost any day.

This is the time to look about the neighborhood to see whether there is near at hand any breeding place for flies. It is the time to consider the lid on the garbage can, whether it is tight and whole. It is time to look into the back yard of the neighbor to see whether there is there anything which is incompatible with the health of the people in the vicinity.

It is the time to look into stables, livery stables, or any place in which animals are kept to see whether there is to be found a manure heap in which the fly loves to breed. It is the time for vigilance and for reporting to the health department and to the police whatever is not in accordance with the regulations safeguarding the health of the community.

It is not enough to screen the house against the entrance of flies, though that is very important. It is essential that the encouragement to flies be reduced to the minimum. One should approach the question of a city entertains flies it does so because the people in it are indifferent to the public health, insensitive to the presence of filth, for flies tell a story of dirt, neglect and general insanitary conditions which is as much to be relied upon as a danger signal as an evil smell.

Conscientious Objectors

The conscientious objector has always been a troublesome factor in war time, and he is not in any sense limited to the men who refuse to don uniform because of religious scruples against killing their fellow men. We have always with us those who are constitutionally opposed to practically anything that means advancement or change from established conditions. We have those who are always ready with the suggestions that effort planned for one thing might be much better spent on another. We find any number of these conscientious objectors on principle, with conscience so attuned that it registers disapproval of whatever is on foot.

For the most part the conscientious

objection is simply an incident to self-deception, an excuse to the public for failure to take a proper part of the work of the world, a fiction invented to cover a consciousness of shirking. Particularly is this true of war work, or activities connected in any way with the war, for there is a particular temptation to take advantage of the unsettled condition of all activity to point out the defects and to comment upon inefficiency as an excuse for nonparticipation therein.

The conscientious objector who refuses to take his rightful place in the army is not regarded as a hero, exactly. Nor is his counterpart in the ranks of civilians likely to deserve that honor, for there is a strong bond of union between them, a likeness of purpose and of disposition. They both prefer looking on at the work of others with an eye to criticism, to helping in that work or trying to give impetus to endeavor to better things.

No Place To Go

England has a new curfew law. In those parts of the realm not adjacent to the mines a law has been made effective which closes the doors of all public places with lights out at half past nine in the evening. In view of the fact that twilight in England under the summer time schedule lasts until ten o'clock, it works out that going to bed when the light fades has come again into vogue. As the London Observer remarks quite plaintively, "the fireside seems to be the only resort after nine-thirty. The general effect will be to send us to bed earlier, and presumably to get us up earlier in the morning."

It is one of the strange things about the war that, filled as the times are with inventions and applications of science which, to our ancestors, would have seemed the wildest imagining, in our daily and private lives we are getting nearer and nearer to that simplicity which marked the days of our grandparents. If through this simple living we arrive finally to a new plane of high thinking we shall have much to regard as compensatory in the passages through which we are passing today.

POTATOES INSTEAD OF WHEAT

Potatoes are plentiful but wheat is scarce. We cannot well export potatoes because of their bulk, but we can use them at home and save wheat for our boys "over there". Potatoes have high food value and body building properties. One medium-sized potato gives us as much starch as two slices of bread. When you have potatoes for a meal, you need less bread. Potatoes can save wheat. Potatoes make good bread and can be prepared in many palatable ways satisfying to the appetite. Here are two recipes. Use them and ask the War Emergency Union for others. Also write the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington for Bulletin No. 468, "100 Ways to Use Potatoes". It will be sent without charge.

Cream of Potato Soup

3 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons corn or rice flour.
1 quart milk.
1/2 onion cut in slices.
1 1/2 teaspoons salt.
Pepper.
Celery salt.
Cayenne pepper.
2 cups mashed potato.
Melt fat and add flour, mixing thoroughly. Then add milk and other ingredients. Bring to boiling point and boil two minutes, stirring constantly. Finely chopped parsley may be added just before serving.

Potato Bread

1 tablespoon syrup.
2/3 teaspoon salt.
1/3 yeast cake.
2 tablespoons lukewarm water.

Battle With Death Told Schoolmate in Final Letter From Dinsmore Ely

One of the last letters written by Lieutenant Dinsmore Ely, local aviator, who died in a French hospital several weeks ago as the result of wounds received in action over the German lines, recently received by a class-mate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston in which the daring flyer relates in detail one of his most hazardous experiences in flight, will be of especial interest to Winnetkans and other north shore residents who had been deeply interested in the young aviator's career. The letter will meet a response in the heart of every loyal American. It reads:

"My worst experience in the air was awaiting me. We flew in the afternoon. I took the machine and a parachute and climbed to 1800 meters. We were only supposed to climb 1400, but I disobeyed and it probably saved my life. I threw out the parachute and took a couple of turns at it. After diving at the thing and mounting again, I started into a parachute without my eyes on the parachute. Unconsciously I went into a loop and stopped in the upside-down position, where I hung by my belt. I took the motor and grabbed a strut to hold myself in the seat.

Plane Falls 1000 Meters

"The machine fell in its upside-down position, till it gained terrible speed; then it slowly turned over into a nose dive, and I came out in a tight spiral, which slowly widened into a circle at ligne de vol., but the controls were almost useless, and it took all my strength to keep from diving into the ground. You know what 'skidding' is. You can imagine what loss of control in an automobile going at high speed would be, but you cannot imagine what loss of control of an aeroplane speed would be, any more than a lumber jack can imagine a million dollars. When a machine is upside down the stress comes on the wrong side of the wings and is apt to spring them. My plane had fallen a thousand meters, and the wings had been sprung out of adjustment so that the controls were barely able to correct the change.

Feels Death at Hand

"I did not regain control of any sort till I was four hundred meters from the ground, and then I could do nothing but spiral to the left. In that fall, when I found I could not control the machine I believed it was my last flight. It was the first time I have ever been conscious of looking death squarely in the face. After the first hundred meters of fall I was perfectly aware of the danger. I

was wholly possessed in turns by doubt, fear, resignation (it was just there that I was almost fool enough to give up, anger that I should think of such a thing, and finally realization that only cool thinking would bring me out alive—and it did. From four hundred meters I spiraled down with barely enough motor to keep me from falling, in order that the strain on the controls would be minimum. The old brain was working clearly then, for I made a fine adjustment of the throttle and gasoline—just enough to counteract the resistance of controls, crossed in order to counteract the bent wings, and just enough to let the plane sink fast enough so that it would hit the ground into the wind in the next turn of the spiral, which I could not avoid.

Makes Perfect Landing

"Allowing for the wind, I managed to control the spiral just enough to land on the only available landing ground in the vicinity. The landing was perfect, but the machine rolled in the ditch and tipped up on its nose. As I had cut the motor just before landing the propeller was stopped and not a thing was broken. If the wings had been bent a quarter of an inch more they would have carried me home.

"The machines they use here are old ones, and that was probably responsible for the accident. The weak spot of the Nieuport caused many deaths before any one ever survived to tell what had happened. Again the gods were with me, and I lived to be the wiser. When I undid my belt and climbed out of the machine my hands were never steadier or my mind more tranquil. Many Russians from the detention camp near by swarmed around and I set them to work righting the plane and wheeling it over to a post where an American was on guard.

"Leaving the machine in his care I hit across country for the aviation field. As I walked through the brushwood the beauties of nature were possessed with a renewed charm. The sea breeze, perfumed with the scent of pine, seemed a sweeter incense; the clouds were more billowy. My step was wonderfully buoyant for I felt like one to whom the gods had given special privilege to return among the treasures of his childhood. The passing of death's shadow is a stimulus to the charm of living."

While at the tug-o-war Ely pulled on the 1918 Tug-o-war team two years, and was in the 1916 Tech Show. He was registered in Course IV from which he would have graduated this June.

15 ounces riced potato.
10 ounces wheat flour.

Cook the potatoes without paring until soft, peel and run through the ricer. Soften the yeast in the water, add the syrup and salt. Add the riced potato and stir in as much flour as possible. Let rise until morning (or if started in the morning until very light). Stir in enough flour to make a soft dough, turn out on the board and knead in flour slowly until very stiff. Let rise until treble in volume and then make into loaves. The dough softens, so knead in the remainder of the flour at this stage. Put in pans and let rise until double in volume. Bake an hour, starting in a moderate oven (350° F.) and slowly increasing the temperature to a hot oven (425° F.).

The substitution of mashed potato for flour is not easy because the amount of water in the potato varies. In this recipe the amount of potato used is one and one-half times the weight of flour. This recipe makes one loaf.

While Some One gives his Life—
what are YOU giving?



—Think a minute

All of the Red Cross War Fund goes for War Relief

HOYBURN

615 Davis St., Evanston

Matinees 2 and 4 Evenings 7 & 9

TO-NIGHT Friday, May 17

ENID BENNETT
IN "NAUGHTY NAUGHTY"
and Return Engagement

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in "A Dog's Life"

Burton Holmes Travalogue

Saturday Only May 18

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
in "Cyclone Higgins, D. D."

Hearst Pathe News

Judge Brown's Stories—"The Preacher's Son"

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Monday Only May 20

A PARALTA PLAY

HENRY B. WALTHALL
in "His Robe of Honor"

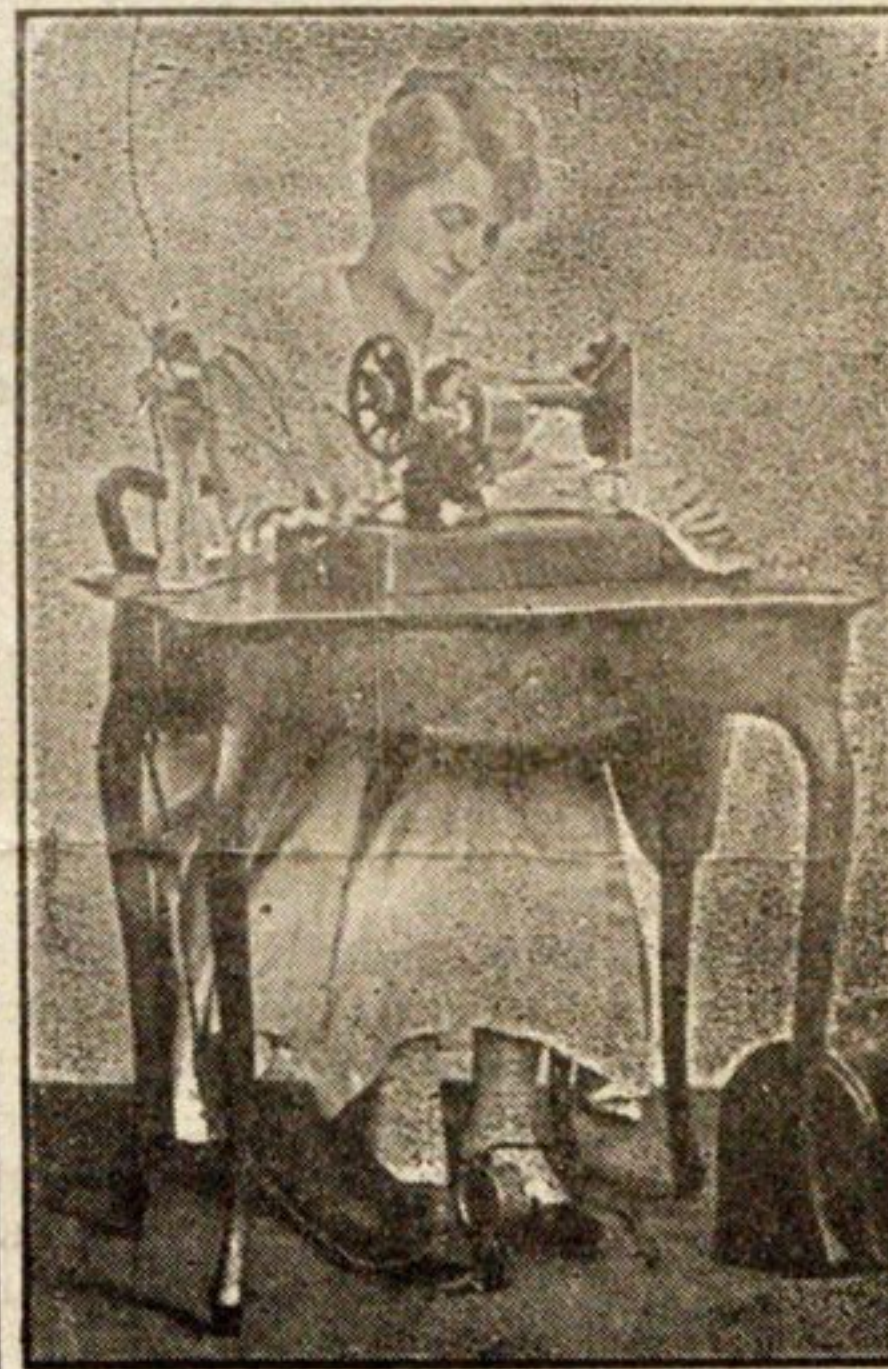
Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21 and 22

A SELECT PICTURE

ALICE BRADY
in "Woman and Wife"

SINGER ELECTRICS

Best Electric in the World



\$37.00 up

Electric Motors for All Sewing Machines, \$15
Used Machines, \$5.00 up
Repairing on All Machines

PATTERSON BROS.

1522 SHERMAN AVE., EVANSTON
Open Tues., Thurs., and Saturday Evenings

Aspegren & Company

TEL. WILMETTE 420
EVANSTON 466

OLIVE OIL—Still chance to buy Imported and Domestic Oil at a price below the present wholesale prices. Old Monk Avanti; Centorba, Antonini, Heinz, Koweba, McNally's, Ehman's are those of highest quality. Some predict that Olive Oil of quality will sell for \$10.00 a gallon before the war ends.

MOLASSES SYRUPS—Present stock and prices are worth closest attention.

SOAP—Chance to buy better now than later.

POTATOES—Government urges raise more eat more.

GINGERALE—Attractive prices. Variety of brands.

OLD FOUNDED BUCKWHEAT FLOUR (a substitute) 10 pounds 89c.

CORN MEAL—10 pounds 65c.

ROLLED OATS—10 pounds 79c.

RICE FLOUR—4 pounds 50c.

CREME OLIVE OIL SOAP—Bar 09c; dozen \$1.00.

GIATRNI RIPE OLIVES—Very fine—can 89c.

MATCHES—Large Package, Special Value, 29c.

Store Open All Day Thursday. No Delivery
in the Afternoon