

'DEAR BRUTUS' IS DRAMATIC TRIUMPH

Theatre Guild Players Score
Hit

By S. D. W.

Who has not longed to be given a second chance, the opportunity to redeem oneself in the eyes of the world? And who more delightfully than J. M. Barrie reveals the foibles and frailties of human nature?

In his whimsical "Dear Brutus," presented by the North Shore Theatre Guild on Tuesday, November 15, at Durand Hall, Lake Forest, at the Evanston Country club on Wednesday, November 16, and at the New Trier auditorium on Thursday and Friday evening, November 17 and 18, the players moved smoothly and with dexterity, showing excellent coaching. Mr. Raymond O'Neill's direction produced results in the finished product that met all expectations.

Works of Barrie's Magic

It takes just a wee bit of Barrie's magic to transform a houseful of ordinary folk with but one thing in common (the desire for a second chance) into very interesting beings. At least what they do is illuminating! The second chance, strange to say, does not bring all wisdom, but merely proves the fallibility of mortals. A staid husband becomes a rollicking piper, the husband who is tired of his wife woos her again; the haughty Lady Caroline sees all romance in the stodgy figure of the butler; the alluring Joanna was as nothing to the charm of a prosaic wife.

Joanna Well Interpreted

Joanna was excellently interpreted by Mrs. Howard Tracy of Winnetka as was also the part of the charming elderly Mrs. Coad, by Mrs. Frederick Dickinson of Hubbard Woods. Mr. Lyman, in the difficult dual role of dilettante and delightful parent to a dream-child such as only Barrie could conjure, deserves special mention. Mr. Sam Otis of Winnetka did a bit of clever character work and Mr. J. William Macy of Winnetka as a ponderous, rheumatic philanderer was most amusing. "Lob", portrayed by Dr. Oliver Farnsworth of Evanston, and Margaret the dream-child by Miss FitzHugh of Lake Forest, were exquisite touches of witchery. Mrs. Laird Bell as Mrs. Dearth, and Mrs. Henry Tenney as Lady Caroline did excellent work, and Miss Fabian of Evanston portrayed Mabel very excellently.

Shows Master Craftsmanship

The play itself shows master craftsmanship and is so well balanced technically that the audience was constantly changing its mind as to who had the star part, each player having a delightful scene.

The play is full of lovely bits of whimsy, and was presented with great charm. It was most enthusiastically received. One feels one's self looking forward in pleasant anticipation to the next play to be given by the Guild in January.

Overheated Burner, Flue, Cause of Two Home Fires

Emanating from an overheated burner in an oil burning furnace, a fire was started in the residence of Mellen C. Martin, 319 Burr avenue, at 10:55 o'clock Sunday night. The fire department was immediately called and was successful in quelling the flames before they had obtained a start on the first floor. Damage amounting to \$500 was done to the basement and to the stairways. The house is owned by Charles W. Watson.

An overheated flue pipe was responsible for a small fire at the home of Harry L. Street, 592 Sheridan road, last Friday noon. There was practically no damage.

Friendship Circle Frolics At Unique Hardtime Party

"A wonderful party," was the unanimous verdict following the Hardtimes party at Community House Tuesday of this week, given under auspices of Friendship Circle, the club for working girls.

Unique costumes marked the outstanding feature of the party attended by a "house full" of girls. There were prizes for the most unusual costumes and those which provoked the most mirth.

The party this season took the place of the Hallowe'en party of the circle, which it was found necessary to postpone.

Philip Hoza Thinks of Home While Traveling in Europe

Philip J. Hoza, Winnetka tailor, is enjoying an extended vacation in Europe and, according to a postcard message, has been spending several weeks in Germany.

Writing from Berlin, Mr. Hoza admits a touch of homesickness and wonders "how everything is going at home. I'll be back in the spring," he concludes.

SCHOOL FOR BLIND NEEDS MORE FUNDS

(Continued from page one)

All of those who believe in this service to the adult blind and who have not previously affiliated with the movement are asked to consider this a personal invitation to lend their financial support.

Checks are to be made payable to Harry S. Moses, treasurer, 840 Linden avenue, Winnetka, Ill.

The Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind, had its inception a year ago when public spirited citizens rallied to the support of Prof. William A. Hadley, himself blind, in making it possible to afford the adult blind an opportunity to secure an education.

Realizes Plight of Blind

Since about 81 per cent of the blind are adults over 21 years of age, and it has been estimated that 60 per cent of the adult blind are without any means of education, principally because state institutions provide facilities only for children. Mr. Hadley began to realize that the large majority of the adult blind of the nation are doomed to mental stagnation and social failure, and he became keenly solicitous for their condition. He conceived and developed the idea of giving instruction to those who have passed the years of school age and feel the need of further education, and, with the assistance of local people interested in social work, organized the school for the adult blind.

Scores of letters from students attest the fact that the school has indeed found its place as a distinct service to the nation and a boon to the blind, who join with one of their members in the simple but significant note of gratitude: "I appreciate greatly your work relative to the welfare of those who move in the shadows."

Book Reviews

By John Philip Morris

So closely allied are the arts that some books seem expressible only in the vocabulary of the musicians while others articulate themselves through the medium of the painter's palette. Just as to some people each individual is visualized by a color or an odor.

Read ENGLAND MY ENGLAND. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's new book of short stories and see whether it does not seem closely analogous to a series of unfamiliar chords. Chords of some strange minor key that puzzle and yet please, chords that violate every canon of musical law and yet are a law unto themselves, chords composed entirely of deep purple and black-grey notes.

Now there are two kinds of short stories and these are the other kind. Not the plotty kind where Handsome Hal makes the winning touchdown in the last minute or where Insomniac Ida lifts the mortgage through the sale of bayberry jelly and thus is enabled to go to the city where love and a fashionable corsettiere await her. Nor are these the kind where the whole story leads up to the "punch" in the last line nor the common kind that is prevalent just now in which propaganda is slightly veiled with some far fetched plot.

The ten stories in ENGLAND MY ENGLAND have no plots. None of the ten carry any propaganda beyond that usual message that Mr. Lawrence inherited from Job and Omar "All is vanity and better the day of death than the day of birth, but while you live, love, for once dead you never shall return."

Each of the ten is an analytical study of the mind of some individual, a dissection of the uniqueness that each of us possesses. Mr. Lawrence offers us no stories but rather invites us to attend a clinic of souls.

Mr. Lawrence is no more able to keep sex out of his books than is Ben Hecht or was Mr. Dick able to keep the head of Charles the First out of his memorial but the folk in these stories are not the lustmad crew of Aaron's Rod or Women in Love. In fact ENGLAND MY ENGLAND is the best work of Mr. Lawrence's that I have read in several years.

If you prefer reading about Bayberry Mortgage litters you must stick to the Post but if you enjoy burrowing beneath the skin and studying the impulses and idiosyncracies of the so-called human race you will enjoy ENGLAND MY ENGLAND.

Last week I described the Locke mould that turns out Paragot and Trionas with such mechanical precision and finish. Let me now say a few words about another famous Proprietary Brand, THE JOSEPHIC, LINCOLN, CAPE COD MIXTURE.

Mr. Lincoln mixes his ingredients in a bowl instead of casting them in a furnace. The amounts may differ but

the ingredients are always the same. Take parts of superannuated mariners, widows of dead seamen, rich city folks, some small boats, a horse or two, much longshore dialect and a soup of humor, shake well and bottle securely in Cape Cod atmosphere. The result is a Mr. PRATT or a FAIR HARBOR, according to the amounts of each ingredient. Mr. Lincoln does not seem to realize, however, that it was the soup of humor that made Mr. PRATT one of the most entertaining books ever written and the amount of humor in each of his books has steadily decreased in exact ratio as he has increased the amount of plot.

In FAIR HARBOR which has just appeared there is no real humor but many attempts to be humorous. It may screen well.

There is no real villain in it. In fact a real, unadulterated villain is an exception these days. However if you want a real old-fashioned one, the kind that would stop at naught, not nothing but absolutely naught to gain his dastardly ends read CLAIR DE LUNE by Mr. Anthony Pryde.

This is a vivid story of the struggle between a woman, a man and his art, with a final satisfactory solution (see jacket.) Moreover, it has a beautiful soul satisfying villain and for that reason should have a place in every circulating library. It really entertained me and will well serve to pass an idle hour and truly we meet few Edmund Merediths nowadays between two covers.

John Philip Morris.

THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS

All of the Winnetka grade schools will be closed Thursday and Friday, November 30 and December 1, for the Thanksgiving holidays, according to an announcement made by Willard Beatty, acting superintendent.

Dr. John L. Ralston

announces that

Dr. Melvin B. Hasbrouck

is associated with him in the practice of Osteopathy at 353 Park Ave., Glencoe. Tel. Glencoe 43 and 564.

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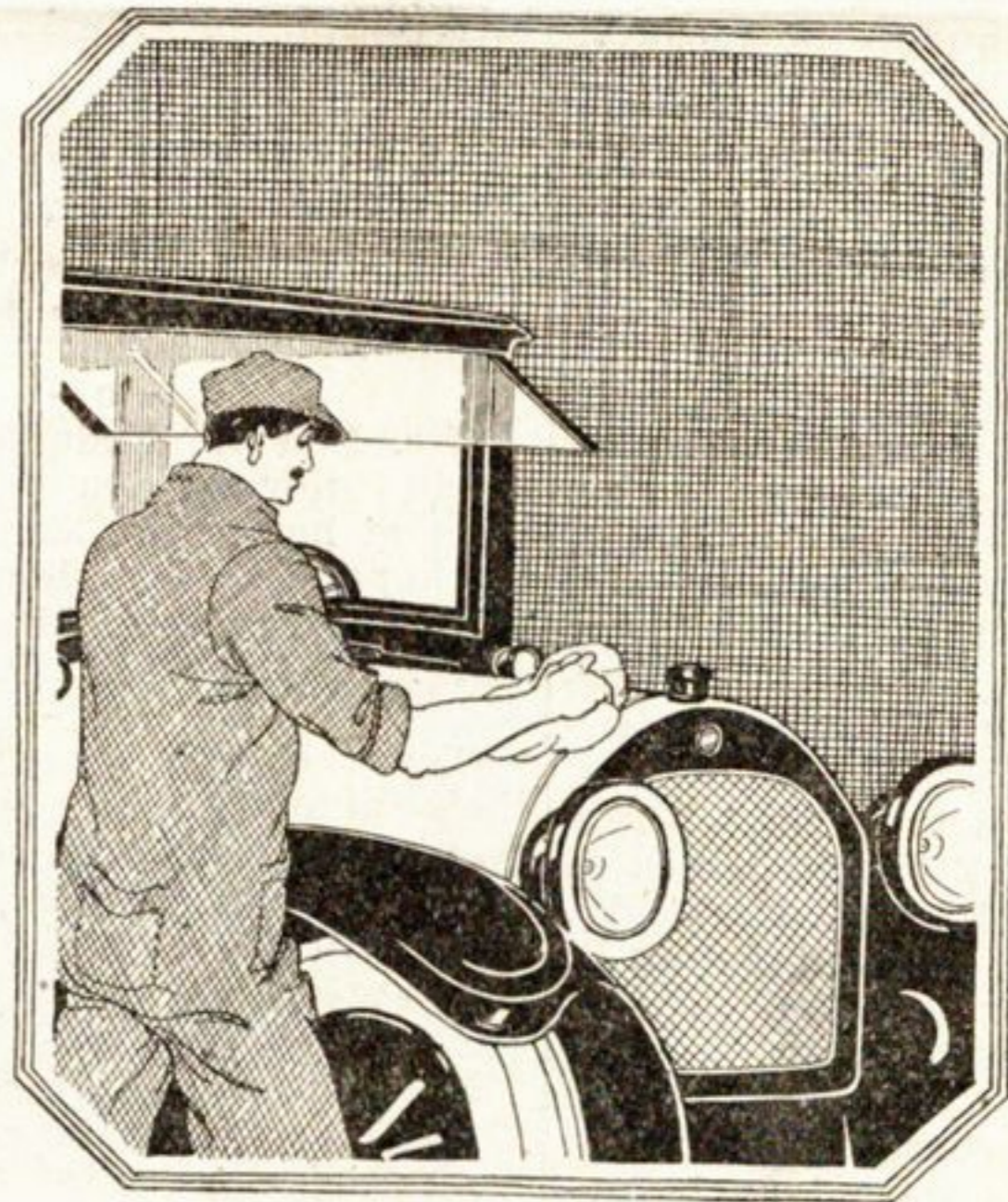
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