

# Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1923

## AMERICA SINGING

One of the simplest and surest ways to find out what a man really is deep down in his heart is to find out what songs he likes to sing, or likes to hear sung. It is a simple way because it involves no extended investigation; it calls for no elaborate apparatus; it is easily put into practice. Ask him what songs he most enjoys. Can there be a simpler way? It is also a sure way, revealing very certainly the man himself. What a man appreciates shows without doubt his personal side.

Not only does singing show a man, it also shows a nation. Tell us what songs America likes to sing and we will tell you what kind of nation she is. We don't believe that she especially enjoys singing "The Star Spangled Banner," appearances indicate that she takes a genuine delight in singing "Dixie." Study "Dixie," observe its rhythm. The heart of America in its gay moods beats in much the same way. Analyze the melody. America loves it. She may feel it her duty to sing the Star Spangled Banner, but an American doing his duty is after all a sad sight.

A man often sings to keep up his spirits, or to raise them to a higher level. The boy passing the grave-yard or "gravy-yard" as Cartoonist Briggs calls it, whistles to persuade himself that he is not scared and to keep himself company. The man, faced by a fearful situation, sometimes hums a fragment of a tune.

During the Great War America took to singing. All America sang, soldiers and civilians, old and young. Men and women were cheered up by it, felt braver. The vocal expression took a pain out of their hearts or under other conditions increased their joy.

When hundreds of citizens sing together they are somehow drawn together. The people of Winnetka felt it when they sang together that last Sunday night in February at Community House.

## COMMUNITY GRATITUDE

In every community there are men and women who, without salary, devote a tremendous amount of time, money, and energy to the promotion of civic enterprises. They attend meeting after meeting, giving not only their evenings but also, very often, their comfort and inclination to public welfare projects. Members of their families know how much time these citizens spend at the telephone, announcing meetings, exchanging opinions, answering criticisms.

Most of the people in the town or city are not ungrateful to these unpaid workers, but, at best, it's a kind of negative thanks. There's many a man who never lends a finger to help his community, whose gratitude takes the form of finding fault. Finding fault has its value, but appreciation of service rendered should be expressed often and strongly.

So, we take this occasion to thank especially one man for what he has done for Winnetka. In many places in Winnetka there are evidences of his unselfish and vigorous social spirit. Skokie school is an everlasting monument to this man. We speak for Winnetka, when here-with we tender our sincerest gratitude to Mr. Laird Bell!

## VILLAGE CAUCUS

Ever attend a Village Caucus? If you haven't, you've missed a unique experience. City people never have a caucus; the meeting would be too big. But villagers get together in a caucus before election time to nominate candidates for village offices and talk over matters of community interest.

Everybody has a right to be heard. If you have a suggestion or a grievance, you can ventilate it at such a meeting. If an evening or two before you just missed running into an auto, standing at the curb without lights, here's a fine chance to tell what you think of people who fail to light up after nightfall. A caucus is distinctly an opportunity for discussing village affairs.

A student of civics can learn more about democratic government in two hours at a caucus than he can in two months from a school book. He can see just how it is done. He can see real human beings, Bill Jones and Nellie Bly, making arrangements to govern themselves through officials of various sorts. He will see the real thing, know it just for what is, and have no vague, abstract ideas.

We had one in Winnetka last Monday evening.

## MUSIC MEMORY

Imagine yourself in Orchestra hall. The Chicago Symphony has just played part of a movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. You are then asked to answer the following questions:

- (1) What is the name of the piece, part of which you have just heard?
- (2) Who composed it?
- (3) What was his nationality?

Suppose you had shown your familiarity with twenty-five such pieces of music, wouldn't you feel rather proud yourself?

The fact is, that if you're an average man you'd get a grade of about 23. Another probability is that your little son or daughter would get a rating four times as good. That's because when you were a school boy they didn't have Music Memory contests.

Nowdays it's quite different. Children who are to take part in the contest are, with the help of a phonograph or piano, drilled thoroughly to recognize almost any phrase from the world's master composers.

The teacher puts into the phonograph a record, the name of which only she knows. The children listen to it. The teacher stops the machine and asks some child the name of the composition. If the child makes a mistake he is corrected. So the drill goes on until every child in the team is letter perfect. They rehearse over and over again to make sure that they will not forget. Then the grand final contest comes at Orchestra hall.

The value of the affair, of course, does not lie in winning. The great thing is that they become acquainted, get to be on intimate terms with masterpieces. Appreciation is heightened and life has more value.

It's too bad, however, that the element of contest, of competition, is made so much of.

## THE COMMUTER'S TICKET

The March ticket is green like last Spring's leaves. As the conductor comes through the car with a red carnation in his button hole, he feels like punching the commuter, but instead punches the green ticket. The sun is rising according to schedule and sinking just as regularly. The sparrow chirps as merrily as if spring days had returned. As the days go by, the ticket will be smaller. When he has paid his taxes—income, real estate, and personal property—the commuter's bank account will also be smaller.

Little pools of water on the low side of the walk make wet feet. Soon three things will be green—the monthly ticket, St. Patrick's Day, and the grass. The wild geese are honking northward. The Fords are scooting up and down Sheridan road. Soon March will be past, and the ticket will be no good. Then we will write about the April ticket.

# Stop & Look!

## LOOK AT YOUR OLD FLOORS

The only thing you can do to make them look like new is to

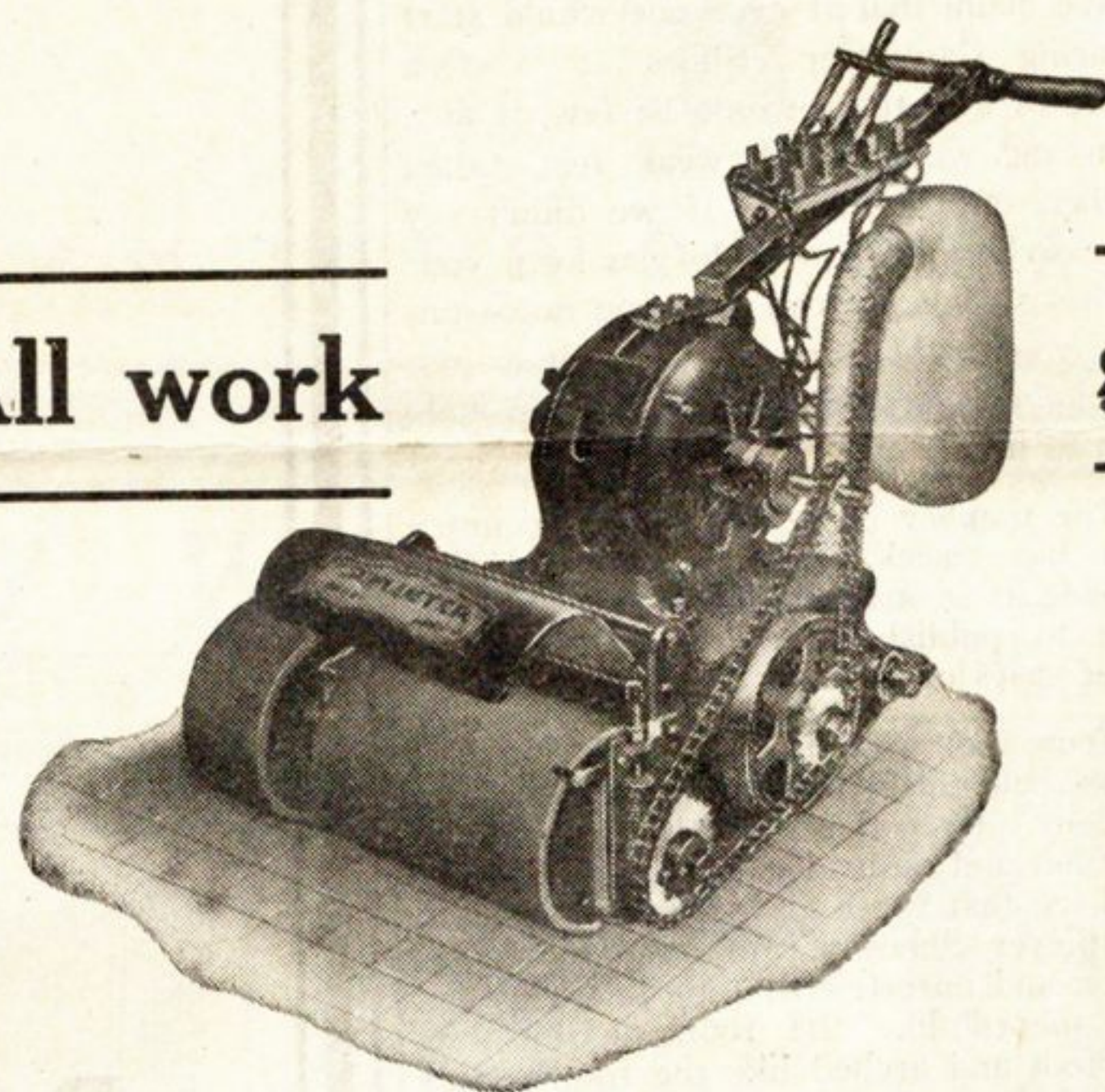
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