

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
 by
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All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication should reach the editor by Thursday noon 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 at regular advertising rates.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1923

- Depress the Tracks.
- Give the Business Men Fair Play.
- Build a New Village Hall.
- Enforce the Traffic Laws.
- Muzzle the Dogs.
- Build the Truck Road.

THE GATEMAN SAYS

"Almost time for the 5:05. There she comes. I'll have a nice cool drink out of the thermos. Pretty good, but I could make good use of something with a little more kick. Well, I guess I better pull the bell. Queer how people rush across just as soon as the bell rings. Sometime the gates will come down on one of those birds. Guess I'll lower mine now. Pump, boys, pump! Whoa! Say, where do you think you're goin'? Back up! Don't you believe in signs? When they go down, that means a train's coming. People are sure queer beings. Just like hens. It's a wonder there aren't more accidents.

"Look at the people getting off! I suppose they think because they've been in the city they've been working. Maybe they think us fellows don't work. I'd like to see one of them have my job all day. He'd find out what real work was.

"Maybe they think they could get along without me. Well, if I quit half the population would be carried off in the ambulance. No, sir, people depend on me to keep them safe.

"What I don't like is them kids that run in under the gates and across the tracks. If I could catch one I'd spank a little sense into him. Hullo, Jim, how's old 15 working today? . . . That's good! So long! See you tomorrow!

"Up with the gates, boys! Come on! That's the second time today that fellow stalled his car on the tracks. Say, why don't you get that car fixed? Here comes Murphy in that nice new car of his. Wonder what he did with his old one! I'll put down the gates just in time to catch him. Did you hear his brakes squeal?"

THE TRUCK HIGHWAY

Every few weeks sees the truck highway from Evanston through Glencoe on its way to realization. It won't be long now before there will be a heavy concrete roadway, forty feet wide, through these four prominent North Shore towns.

The latest step forward is the acceptance, by men representing these towns, of the \$100,000 allotted to them by Cook County as its contribution to this laudable work.

This amount, though covering less than one-third the estimated total cost, will go far towards giving us what we have long needed—a through truck highway.

ATTENTION

Signs showing the number of the road and distances from important cities add greatly to the pleasures of motoring. If one is driving on highway 50, intending to turn left on 15 when he reaches its intersection with 50, he would be somewhat anxious as to the whereabouts of 15 did he not know that a sign would tell him when he was three or four hundred feet from 15.

Likewise the letters, R and L, indicating right hand and left hand turns, aid the traveler. The marks foretelling approaching

curves prepare him for appropriate action. And who can exaggerate the joy of a thirsty driver when his attention is called to the fact that a spring of clear, cold water is waiting for him beside the road? And as he goes skimming past a beautiful little lake is he not glad to be told by a sign that it is "Diamond Lake?"

Church advertising, once thought undignified like sack coats at an afternoon wedding, is now necessary. One's attention must be called to the coming of events; otherwise they will pass unnoticed.

AEROPLANE REGULATIONS

It won't be long before ordinance books will contain a long list of rules regulating the movements of aeroplanes. Now that birdmen are flying over our buildings and streets with such frequency and intimacy, the chances of having one's chimney removed by an erratic plane are rapidly increasing.

Some engineer must compute for us with what impact a half-inch nut falling from a height of one mile will meet the unprotected head of an innocent citizen. Maybe its force will equal that of an ordinary bullet fired from a revolver fifty feet away. Which reminds us that we've often wondered whether bullets shot upward ever killed anybody on their downward flight. The fellow that shot an arrow into the air, which fell to earth he knew not where, ought to have been dealt with severely for his recklessness.

But to return to aeroplane regulations. How will the trackless air be laid out in avenues and streets? Or will there be a layer of atmosphere for each of the four cardinal directions? And how closely to another may one plane fly? And, finally, shall we have fly cops?

JONATHAN GRAY

You remember Jonathan Gray who died defending his right of way, and who is now just as dead as if he'd been wrong? Every driver ought to think often of this martyr to strict observance of legal regulations, right but dead.

It sometimes happens that a reckless driver shoots across a boulevard directly in front of the car you are driving. He certainly ought not to do such a thing, and you are legally justified in smashing right into him. But what's the use?

In fact it's best not to be excited to profanity, or even to anger, by these road fools. You meet them everywhere. If they're dangerous, avoid them.

Remember "Here lies the body of Jonathan Gray."

LELAND PIERSON

The death of one young in years seems peculiarly timely. One feels as if a man or woman cut off in the prime of life were somehow or other unfairly dealt with. Perhaps this feeling that an early death is especially to be mourned is not entirely justifiable, but can we help sorrowing over the flower that fades before it has really blossomed?

Leland Pierson was only thirty. Only six years ago he began his career as lawyer. Only three short years ago he became a husband.

And now he has gone. Regret is of no avail. He was an estimable citizen. He did his work well.

Many Winnetka men, and women too, will welcome the resumption of the meetings of the Men's Sunday Morning class. The weekly discussion of vital topics has been, and will be, of great value to all who take part.

Life is experimental, and human reason is competent to produce beneficial variations. If you and I talk over some question, doubtless our discussion will make a difference.

So if you're a man, be at the Winnetka Congregational Church at 9:30 next Sunday morning, September 16, and enroll as a member of the Men's Sunday Morning class.

-B-

Butter

You are tearing down and rebuilding your vitality. Are you rebuilding as much as you should?

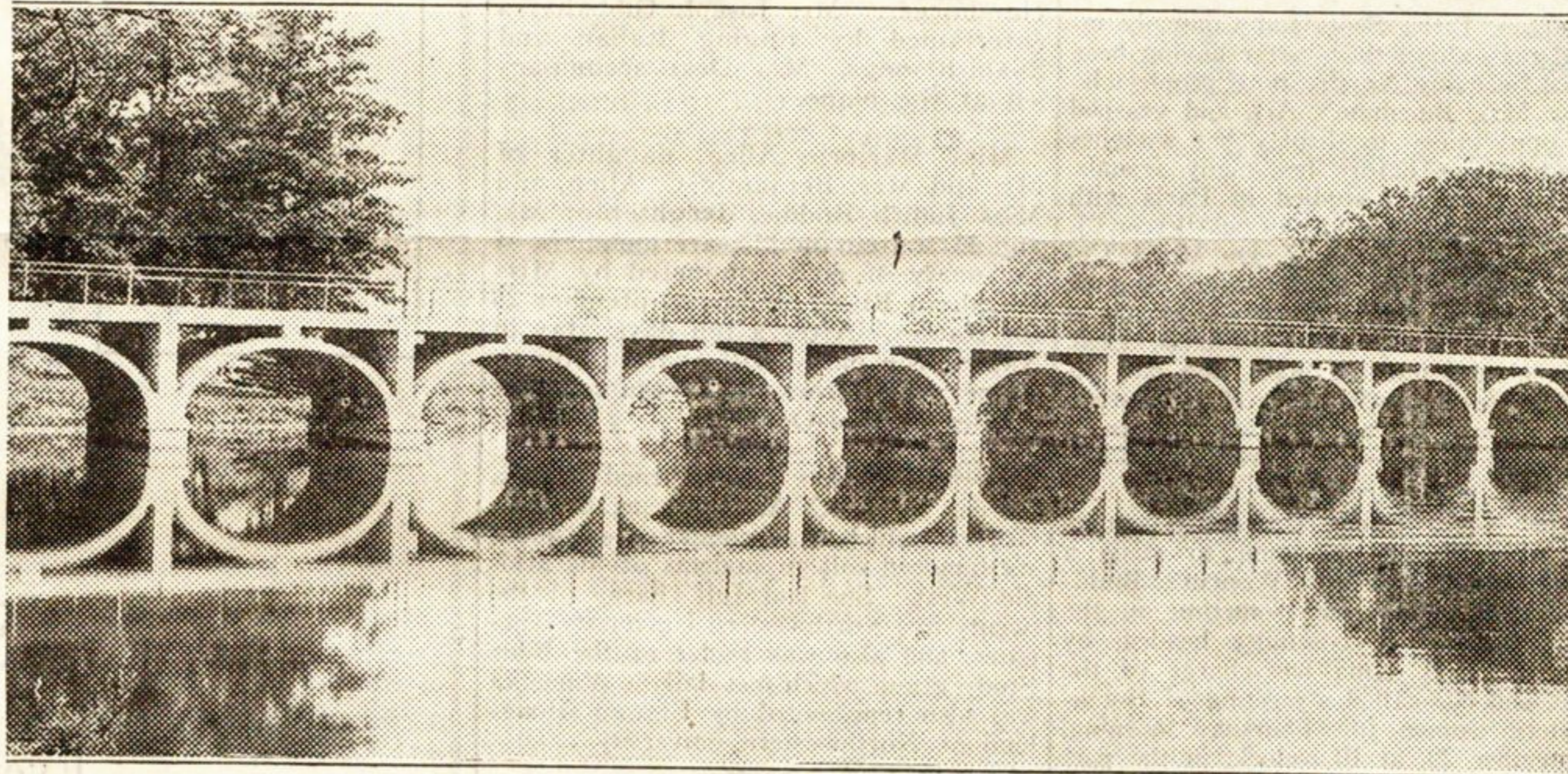
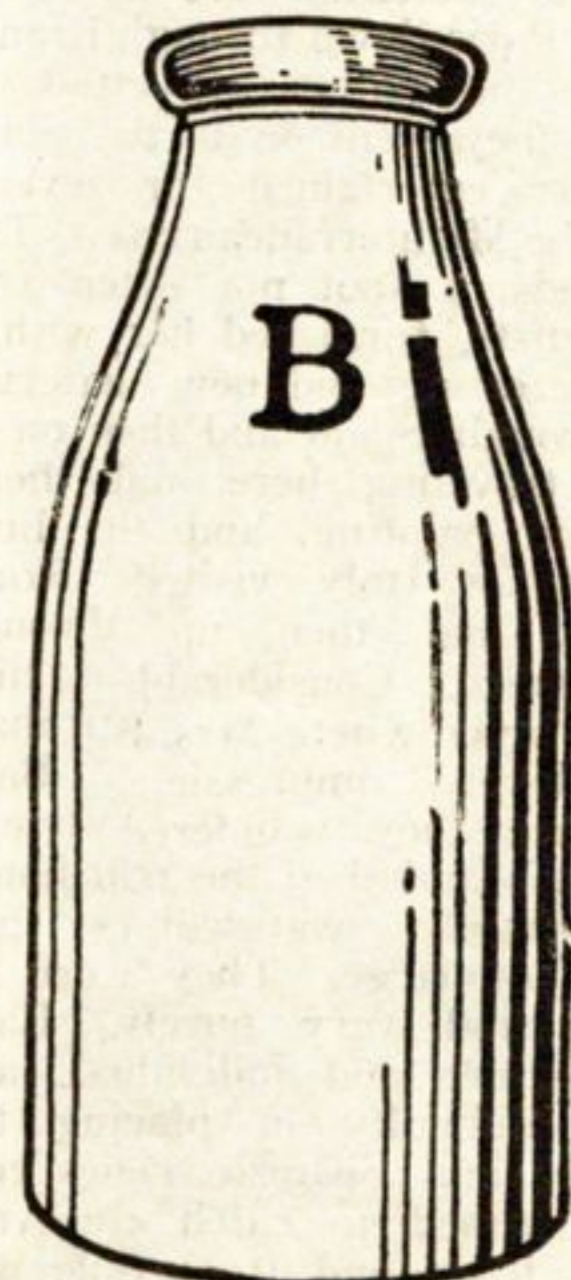
BOWMAN'S MILK is a builder of vitality, the elixir of life. It contains the elements necessary for proper growth and body development.

Drink more milk, at least a quart every day.

INSIST ON

Bowman Milk

DAIRY COMPANY



St. Mary-of-the-Lake

—One of this Century's
 Notable Engineering and
 Architectural Achievements.

Even as far as it has progressed in the two years of its building, St. Mary-of-the-Lake is a garden spot of rare beauty. The plans, which are steadily being developed, will make it the show place of America in magnificence of scope and beauty of detail.

St. Mary-of-the-Lake, at Area, Illinois, is a seminary where young men are educated for the priesthood. The erection of buildings, roads and bridges, and the laying out of superb gardens, is going forward under the guidance of Archbishop George W. Mundelein. The cost is to be approximately ten million dollars.

Visitors are invited to St. Mary-of-the-Lake and we suggest that an early fall trip to Area by North Shore Line would be a delightful and long-remembered outing.

THE NORTH SHORE LINE HAS A STATION AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF ST. MARY. Take a North Shore Train to Lake Bluff Station and transfer to the Libertyville Division.



Winnetka Passenger Station Telephone 963
Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee R. R. Co.