

Winnetka Weekly Talk

by
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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, NOVEMBER 22, 1924

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

A GARDEN?

*A Garden? Oh, perhaps a rose or two
Struggling and dusty, for the soil is
light;*

*Not quite the spot where roses seem
to do;*

*Tho' heaths and pine trees get along all
right.*

*A Garden? It's more like a narrow strip.
But somewhere for a quiet evening's
stroll;*

*A place to mess about in, dig, to clip;
A place—well! if you like—to save my
soul!*

*A "buffer state" which guarantees my
heart*

*That God and Mammon shall be kept
apart.* —WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT.

THE NOVEMBER TICKET

The lawn is covered with withered leaves, and it doesn't seem as if we'd ever have the time to rake them up into piles and burn them. Perhaps the early days of December will afford a suitable opportunity.

Autumn is waning, and far away can be heard the threatening drums of winter. A few precocious snow-flakes alarm the timid householder. Already he sees January's cold white walls closing in about him. He dreams of the mercury falling down, down, finally losing its identity in the bulb below. He is tormented by nightmares of the furnace fire dying at midnight, the water-pipes freezing, and home congealing into one solid ice-block.

But the November ticket is a delicate blue. It cannot be that while it lasts Nature will be cruel. Robin's-egg blue promises mild days and unclouded skies. The future will not be too severe on thin-skinned mortals. The Lord will temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

REDUCE BURGLARIES!

"Sneak thieves gained entrance to the home of R. M. Smith, 367 Willard avenue, Tuesday night. They escaped with a number of trinkets and other articles."

"Sneak thieves made a haul of jewelry, handkerchiefs, perfume, money, and an alarm clock from the home of F. G. Jones, 362 Wilton avenue on Saturday night."

"Several valuable pieces of jewelry and expensive wearing apparel comprised the loot in a daylight robbery at the M. O. Brown home, 1764 Henson street, Wednesday of last week. The Browns were in Chicago at the time the burglary occurred. The house was thoroughly ransacked by the burglars, no trace of whom has been found."

Items such as these are occurring with altogether too great frequency. Almost every week our local papers report such happenings. Is there no possibility of preventing burglaries? Can they be made less frequent?

There are good ways of decreasing the number. If you are to be out for the evening or the night, be sure to leave a light burning in your home. A well-lighted house is not so attractive

to thieves as a dark one. If you are to be away for several days make arrangements to have your daily papers NOT delivered. A paper lying on the walk or steps for a day or so is a plain notice that nobody is home. Come right in!

So, leave your lights turned on and don't have papers strewn on your walk or porch.

The best way to guard your home against looters is to get the co-operation of the local police. Telephone to the chief and let him know when you expect to be absent from home. He will then watch your home with especial care. People loitering about your premises will be questioned or arrested. You will also have greater peace of mind than if you had left your home unprotected.

Help the police to co-operate with you.

WHOSE FAULT?

Young people may think that middle age and old age are devoid of fun. They often act as if twenty or twenty-five rang the curtain down on good times. If they want pleasure they must get it before it is too late.

Older folks are largely responsible for this demoralizing idea. For it certainly is a demoralizing idea. If a boy or girl entertains this gloomy to-morrow-ye-die notion he is very likely to act upon it. Much pleasure attends the sowing of wild oats; but sorrow and suffering attend the reaping. So they say. Therefore "gather ye rosebuds while ye may." And youth goes wild.

Who started and kept up this idea? Authors and speakers. Novelists, playwrights, poets, public speakers. In numberless ways and in multitudes of phrases these older people, who ought to know better, have painted life after twenty-five or so as dark and serious. They have depicted lovers as having a gay, exciting time before the wedding and after that settling down into staid married folks, or at the best living a rather barren stretch of uninteresting happiness.

Why not tell young people the facts? Out with the truth! Here it is: Human beings after twenty-five are normally happier than they were before. The steady good times come as one grows older. The golden days are NOT the days from one to twenty-five; the golden days come later.

We are going to start a movement to correct this evil. Our motto will be, "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." Instead of the "good old days" we shall call attention to the value of the present, which we have always with us. We invite everybody, especially the boys and girls, to join our movement.

WINTER

How to pass the winter is a question answered in several different ways. One way is simply to endure the chilly and the wet and the slippery. Another favorite recipe is to flee to warmer climes and there wait for spring. A third is to enjoy it from start to finish. We have a fourth device to offer.

Our scheme is to shorten it by an early applied method. Here we go. It is usually understood that winter has already lived a considerable portion of its allotted span when the shortest day of the year has passed. That day is December 22. Well, it often happens that good weather stretches almost up to that very day. So much for the front part of winter.

Now for the tail end. It is not rare for March to be quite a comfortable month. We have known several very mild Marches. And February is a short month, barely four brief weeks. This handy method of decapitation and curtailment leaves only one real winter month, January, about four weeks.

Stand it until after Christmas and spring will be upon you almost before you know it.

Training in Authorship

I will conduct an Authorship Class this winter. Subjects to be studied: The novel, the short story, the essay, and the article.

The course comprises fifteen weekly sessions. It is especially adapted as a finishing course for women who have had some training in writing.

For terms and further information write or telephone to

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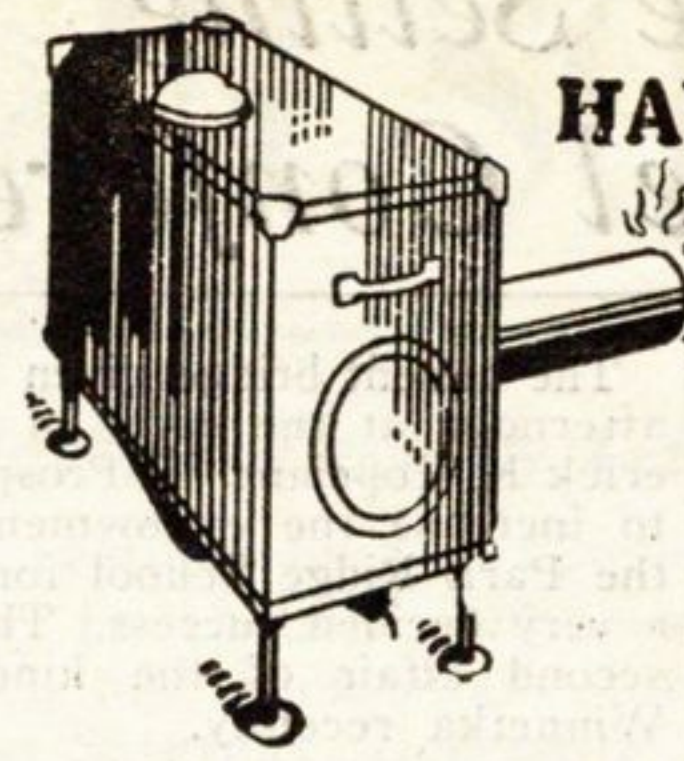
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NOT for bravery under fire, our decorations—but for service under pressure. Not medals, but friendly letters from folks along the road, like you. We are very proud to have them. We won the first Coffin Medal for excellence in transportation last year. But we value most the letters that come to us as a continuous stream of honor decorations from the people we transport.

"I never, to my knowledge, saw a group of employes who were so anxious to look after the comfort of their passengers. I want to compliment the management for having such a well organized group of trainmen."

"One of your mottoes reads: 'The Road of Service', and you are certainly living up to it."

"I wish to acknowledge and thank you

for the prompt manner in which you located my coat which was left on a train. Your road certainly merits the good will of the public."

"You people are indeed to be congratulated upon having honest passengers and trainmen."

"In all my experiences with traffic employes, I have never met a more capable, courteous and considerate outfit."

These are extracts from some of the letters we have received. There are many more like them. They indicate an extraordinary appreciation of North Shore Service from the North Shore residents. We will be grateful if you too will give us your opinion of our service.

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad Company

Chicago Traffic Dept., 72 West Adams St. Tel. State 5723 or Central 8280
Milwaukee Traffic Dept., 403 Security Bldg. Tel. Grand 990 or Grand 2762.

Winnetka Passenger Station
Elm Street Telephone Winnetka 963