

Note: This is the advertisement that was chosen by the women of Winnetka as being the best advertisement in last week's Winnetka Talk



LEE SAYS:

YESTERDAY we saw a LITTLE girl about five YEARS old walking ALONG the street and WHEN she reached the CROSSING at Elm St. SHE stopped and looked BOTH to the left and RIGHT, and about a BLOCK down the street SHE saw a car coming and SO she stood right THERE for a full MINUTE until that CAR passed before she VENTURED out into the STREET and we knew THAT there was a little GIRL, who had been COACHED at home about THE danger of running ACROSS the streets IN front of autos, AND we wish all the GIRLS and boys in this TOWN would remember THAT advice as well AS she does.

SPECIAL
THIS WEEK
POPULAR
BOOKS
59c

Lee Adams

ADAMS

The Rexall Store

Elm & Linden WINNETKA 2

Manila and Old Hongkong
Give Tourist Many Thrills

North Shore Man on World
Tour Studies Life in
Oriental Lands

EDITOR'S NOTE: The subjoining letter is from the pen of J. Melville Brown, a Wilmette resident and affords a peculiarly interesting insight into Filipino and Chinese life as viewed by the sight-seer. The story (for the letter amounts to just that) is well worth the time of any person interested in the lands of the Far East.

Hongkong, China.

Dear Friends:

I am writing on a sunny balcony of an upper Hongkong level, the afternoon sunshine glittering past a rusty looking old church and into my room. But perhaps I had better retrace my steps and mention our trip beyond Shanghai, where the wake of a passing typhoon tore the ocean to tatters, roughly handling our ship and its passengers; but leaving our family serene and behaving decorously. There was one wonderful day in Hongkong, before we proceeded to Manila over a sea as smooth as a polished floor. I spent hours on the Hurricane deck, not a soul near, and no sounds save the low coughing of machinery and the waves caressing the ship. Flying fishes darted in the sun light like bits of flashing silver and in the evening from the opposite side of the boat, a full moon was chiseling a silvery pathway across the water. It was an ideal voyage in every way and it is too bad there were not a lot of romantic honeymooners, instead of sedate travelers.

Seeing Manila
We found Manila interesting but warm, but the beautiful hotel protected us from the noontide heat, and a traveling companion shared his friend's car with us so we saw Manila pretty thoroughly. Besides we could obtain a "caramentus" by a beckoning hand. They are a two-wheeled vehicle pulled by a dinky, round-bellied horse a bit larger than a Shetland pony. We crawled in over the wheel, the driver first covering it with a wicker rim, which he afterward placed under his seat. This seat was a single one near the horse's tail and he used a whip cord lash about as large as a shoe string and the animal minded about as much also. So we could jog about quite comfortably, always two and often three on the wide seat at forty centavos per hour or twenty cents gold, or, to make an even finer division, seven cents per passenger if there happened to be three.

The hotel was spacious, rooms airy and with probably our last modern bath tubs until we reached Europe.

"Make" the Headlines
The morning after our arrival I heard the family laughing heartily, and, upon inquiry, found that we simple travelers, "unhonored and unsung" at home, had been heralded and headlined in the morning paper while Zimbalist, master of music, world famous, had received just one line in the same paragraph. We laughed till tears came. We found Zimbalist approachable and democratic, on the steamer and at the hotel, and the children attended his concert and Elizabeth hears him again tonight in Hongkong, the guest of the dashing young American Consul.

Manila is really three cities in one. Fonda is the old Malay town, practically unchanged. Then there is the

Spanish or walled city with its old Cathedrals, rusty with age and cracking in the weather, and the old Spanish houses. Next we see the American Manila, broad streets, plazas, squares, finely paved streets and buildings at a distance that give a Paris perspective. A lovely road follows the harbor and in time will equal the one along the sea wall of Havana. There is growing improvement in the morals and culture of these natives where education has touched them, otherwise they seem on an equality with the Japanese natives and their life and habits no more refined.

Favor U. S. Control

I might mention that self-government is spoken of only by a few half-baked personally interested politicians and almost to a man whether British, Dutch, Spanish, or American, the opinion seemed to be that it would be a crime for our government to drop this work for 100 years, and that if it does there will be an almost immediate civil strife and insurrection, and, in a very short period, Japan will seize the Islands.

One thing that impressed us greatly was the sunset drill and retreat at Pilibid prison, one of the finest and best managed penal institutions in the world, where the number of prisoners averages 3,000. There are well ventilated wards radiating from a central tower, cells being little used. A little before sundown the band strikes up some stirring music and the prisoners file out from their wards and, at a signal, begin their calisthenics. We could witness every move from our central tower, and the drill was absolutely perfect, even the inmates of the women's ward keeping perfect precision. At one point, where there was ever so slight a pause in the music, the prisoners, as one man, placed their black-shaped helmets on the ground, and immediately came the command sharp and clear, to we observers in the Tower, "Hats Off," and the band (prisoners too) struck up the National hymn, and Old Glory came slowly down for the night. It all happened so suddenly, and the first time since leaving home, that we had seen the colors lowered, that our eyes were unconsciously full of tears. I think we shall always remember that flag against the crimson Philippine sky, the half-bowed forms, like bent and broken statues, and the stirring music.

Back to Hongkong

We returned from Manila, over an angry ocean with only four passengers in the dining room, and Bob was one of the heroes. The rest of us are in disgrace.

And now for Hongkong. I can look up from level to level until the peak seems to touch the cloud, and from our other room, I can see down on the blue bay, crowded with ships from all over the world.

There are no straight streets in Hongkong, not a single one. All wind in and out, up and down, and intersect at the most unexpected places. Buildings stand on crags like castles in air, and, buttressed by strong walls are built to stand storm and stress. The British are solid and substantial, if not always up to date. Every inch of street surface is paved. The buildings have covered porticoes for every floor, protection against typhoon and hurricane. One effect on a newcomer is, of looking into windowless buildings, like pictures you often see of ancient Aztec villages in Arizona. This hallucination fades away on nearer approach.

Beautiful at Night

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sights in the world is Hongkong at night. It is indescribable. As we watched the panorama from our steamer where she lay in harbor, it seemed like a brilliant milky way on the hillside with a few brilliant planets thrown here and there for extra illumination, and I often look up from my pillow at night, wondering where the Peak lights end and the stars begin, for they seem to intermingle. Down in the harbor the darting sampans, tug boats and majestic moving steamers seem like moving fireflies, all except the ferry, that moves back and forth with a clock-like precision, as if to emphasize over and over, one of St. Paul's sayings, "This one thing I do."

If you stop to think, Hongkong would not be, without the "coolies." Modern machinery could not climb these levels, and, with clanking jaws and tentacles, clutch great loads, and, with raucous chuckle, lurch forward for more. Hongkong grew piece by piece, and level by level, coolie labor and coolie workmen carrying and building and sweating in the torrid sun. How many lovely temples and buildings we shall see as we work forward, made possible only by the coolies, and the sweating out of untold lives.

Town Built by Coolies

Everywhere we go, we hear the hoarse cry of the coolie and his hacking cough. We first saw him when tugging impossible loads from the wharves. Two of them brought our heavy trunk up these steep levels suspended from a bamboo pole, and I suppose the transfer company may have given each one ten cents. When I gave them unexpected tips, they favored me with the grateful looks of dumb beasts. We see lines of young girls, with two large baskets swung from poles, carrying heavy loads through the streets, making frequent stops for rest, haggard, wrinkled old women sweep the streets, wash and scrape the rough stone walls and receive ten cents, barely enough for a little food and a bed of straw. I was looking down at one of these laboring throngs, with Elizabeth beside me, and murmured what trick

of fate placed us on the bridge and them in the pit, and Elizabeth spoke up, "Daddy, that was just what I was thinking too." These people do not have a ghost of a chance from birth to death. Think of these coolie girls becoming mothers at an early age, and think of the millions and millions in China and India, who can never hope for anything better or different. Their numbers are increasing tremendously, and almost double in a century, and how much longer will it take for this rising tide of color to fall on the rest of the world, like a dead corpse. It will happen unless there is birth control and education and more decent conditions and surroundings.

Millet has painted his "Angelus," and we love the poetry and attitude of his peasants, as, with bowed heads, they listen to the distant bells. But no Millet could paint poetry or glamour into a coolie's life, and the nearest approach would be Gethsemane, or the suffering on the cross. I do not like to sketch a doleful picture, but facts are facts, and fancies do not change them. We ourselves may not change present conditions, but we can practice a bit of self-denial, for a little to ourselves means a lot to these people, who have almost nothing.

Some Ancient once said, "Nothing new under the Sun," but he never looked ahead of time when we sophisticated Westerners would be traveling in War times. In Japan we experienced our first earthquakes and felt what war meant by being blocked out of Peking. We arrived in Shanghai in time to find the arsenal ready to explode, soldiers on guard, or parade, and dead men being transported from the warring camps, while miles of terror-stricken refugees hurried through the streets. And here we are in Hongkong, after being swished hither and thither in the wake of two typhoons, safe enough, but the same throngs of terrified people fleeing from war, and Canton closed.

No Fear Nor Faltering

We hear of the flood ahead, of discontent in India, of uprisings in Egypt, and feel like stormy petrels on a heaving sea. But the good luck and fortune, that has brought us thus far, beckons us onward and we have no fear and feel no faltering.

I want to relate two stories told here by the missionaries. One dates back and is related by a Swedish missionary in the next room. About 25 years ago, or when Roosevelt was president, this missionary was sailing up to his compound with \$200 in his possession. The boat was boarded by bandits, armed with knives, who demanded his money. He pleaded, mentioning the wrath of the Emperor, the King of England, and the King of Sweden over such proceedings, all to no effect, but finally they gave him ten minutes in which to produce the money or be killed. So he told them he would have the money in ten min-

utes, but in the mean time to think well what "Teddy" Roosevelt would do when he heard about the affair, and 't the mention of Roosevelt's name they turned and fled precipitately.

Providence Intervenes

The other story comes down the river and is a very recent occurrence. Several young women were being sent up stream to a new Y. W. C. A. camp. Their boat had tied up on the moonlight river for the night, and all were asleep, when one young woman thought she heard the quiet swish of oars, and an approaching boat. She rose to full height by the rail, the wind blowing her hair back in waves, and the moon shining on her white garment. But she was scared stiff, speechless and absolutely rigid, by the sight of these pirates with their ever-ready glimmering knives. But to her utter astonishment, they gazed on her for a few seconds and rowed furiously away, and the supposition is, that these bandits were superstitious and thought she was a ghost, of which all Chinese stand in mortal fear. At this story was told I thought of Cowper's hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious way, His Wonders to Perform—"

And now a brief bird's-eye view of the street life, and good night. Ex- (Continued on page 23)

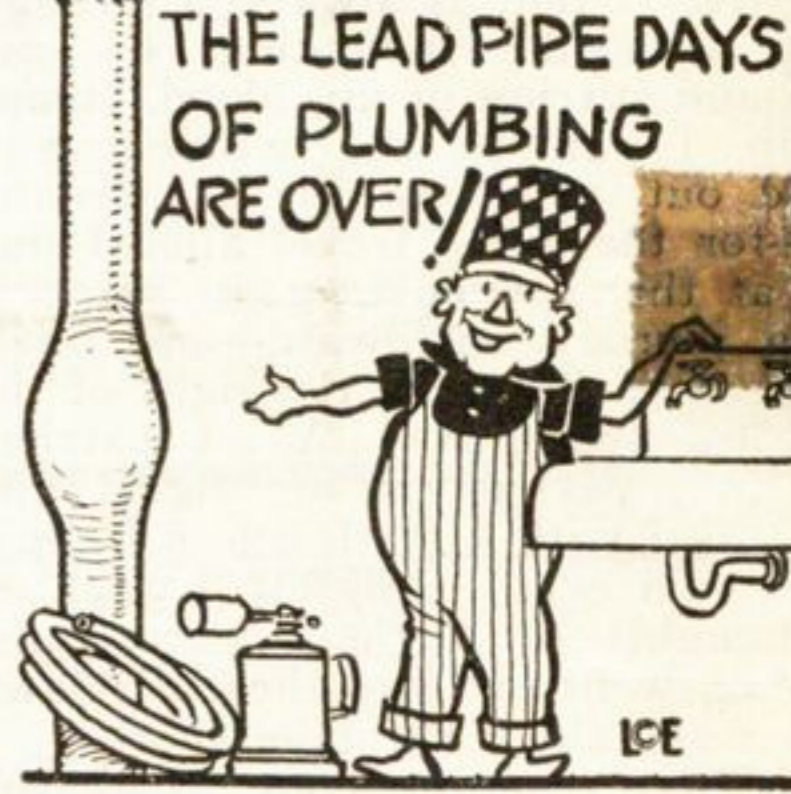
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