

# Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1925

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

## QUIET WORK

*One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one,  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—  
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!  
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

## CRIMINAL

"A small child, suffering with a severe cold and having all the early symptoms of measles was not only permitted to attend school, but according to the health officer, Dr. Schneider, was actually taken to school by its father, who assured the teacher that the youngster was quite well and need not miss classes."

Forty cases of measles are traceable to this act, called "criminal" by Dr. Schneider.

When shall we all be intelligent enough to cooperate, at least, with the scientific experts who are working hard to keep our communities healthful? When shall we feel strongly enough about disobedience of health laws to punish offenders in this respect as surely and severely as we do many other cases of criminal neglect that do not cause a fraction of the harm that this present neglect has actually done?

Forty cases of measles traceable to one person's neglect! Consider the inconvenience, the expense, the suffering, mental and physical, involved!

Let us all work with our own officers. If one of our children has the slightest cold let us keep him at home until he recovers completely.

Let us work, not against our own representatives but WITH THEM!

## LEVITATORS

If a fat man or a tired woman will attach to his or her shoulders a balloon of adequate lifting power the aforesaid unfortunate individual will find the load of fat or fatigue so lightened as to be practically nil. We recommended such a helpful device some months ago, but nobody having taken up the suggestion, we take this occasion to repeat it with variations.

We are the more moved to do this, having recently seen in Milwaukee a dog wearing one of these levitators. The animal in question was a fairly plump cocker spaniel. The balloon was of the ordinary toy variety with the string tied to the dog's collar.

Believe me or not, but the relief afforded the spaniel by this friendly lift was sufficient to enable him to move forward with almost no effort. Pavlova herself could not have traversed space in a more sylphlike fashion, nor have exhibited to the gazing world a more carefree countenance. As we have said, the

lifting power of the balloon was just enough to prevent the happy animal from sagging, but not enough to cause him to tip toe along.

Now that the anhedonic days of spring are nearing, we long to see some one, burdened with adipose tissue or dull despair, get the benefit of this simple machine. He may be a business man. He lingers on the train platform, after alighting from the Suburban Homecoming, to slip the harness over his shoulders and adjust it comfortably. Then off he steps, or shall I say dances, light as thistle-down, and skims homeward. At the door he meets his wife, whom he properly salutes, and then floats up the stairs to his room where he removes his shoes and the levitator. Shall we take your order for one of a light blue hue, guaranteed to reduce your weight to an agreeable minimum?

## REAL LIKING

Of course you know that the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park is a great work of art. You KNOW it is, but do you sincerely believe it? Have you a realizing sense of its surpassing value? Has its worth really come home to you? Do you really like it?

We have a friend who at long intervals visits the Art Institute, saunters through the various rooms, looks more or less attentively at the pictures, sees one that impresses him more than others, hunts the name in the catalog, looks at it again, yawns, and passes on. Having spent an hour or so in this fashion he is done.

Now, does he really like these pictures as sincerely as he likes a movie? He does not. He looks at them from a sense of duty. He gets a very slight pleasure from his tour of the galleries but is mostly bored and fatigued. Refreshed and recreated by his experience he certainly is not. He hasn't the mildest notion of the enjoyment that a real appreciator gets from studying paintings and sculptures.

His appreciation is on the movie basis.

A course of study under the real appreciator might so develop our friend's tastes that he would really like fine paintings.

## ANHEDONIA

It's serious but not incurable. It comes between late winter and early spring, when the setting of our main luminary is getting noticeably tardy. When in the very early morning the note of some returning bird comes to the ear of the wakeful sleeper. When the rising temperature is drawing the frost from the frigid earth.

It attacks the young and middle-aged, and even old folks at home, though in milder form. Those between 16 and 60 are especially susceptible. Dwellers in suburbs get it sooner and in severer degree than urbanites and real rustics.

Being translated, it is loss of appetite for living. You may know that one has caught it by his listlessness, his general air of drowsiness. In fact it is not unlike the sleeping sickness, except that the latter is more fatal. The anhedonia patient hates to get up in the morning and hates likewise to go to bed. He hates to make out his income-tax schedule and spends much of his time gazing out into the empty spaces.

There is no specific cure for this malady. With the coming of spring and the passage of April days the sickness itself passes. It is superseded by hedonia, which is a grand thing.

The 1913 dollar is worth 38 cents more than the 1925 March dollar. Which being translated means that in 1913 the dollar could buy 38 cents more in commodity values than it can today. In still other words prices have in twelve years gone up 38 cents.

## THIS AND THAT

*Until We Find a Title*

### FIXING THE DATE OR SIVINTEENTH O' MARCH

*Oh the Hanrehans  
And the Flanegans  
They both had a cheerful way;—  
Two whole days they spent  
In warm argument  
As to when was St. Patrick's Day.*

*Oh their aim was good;—  
Made of black thorn wood  
How the sweet shillalighs sang!  
On both shin and crown  
Merry bloes came down  
And the field with music rang.*

*But good Father Flynn  
Sure he called it sin  
Thus to celebrate Saint's day;  
And he made a truce  
By this clever ruse  
In a mathematical way.*

*"Twas the sixynth, ye say,  
And the tynth, all day,  
Whin the good saint he was born!  
Whist! Ye both have truth!  
For it was in sooth  
Jist the siveinteenth day in the morn!"*

*So the Flanegans  
And the Hanrehans  
Ceased to give each other more drubs;—  
For all others—They  
On St. Patrick's Day  
Had best hang on to their clubs!*  
—BARDOFF

### WE WELCOME CONTRIES WITH OPEN ARMS!

#### YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT!

It is now "Insufficient Sweetie," according to a lady jazzmaniac we heard tother night at Mikvikers. Closer scrutiny of both voice and contour brought the conclusion that we had lamped the subject of yet another blue-blowing masterpiece eclect, "Insufferable Sweetie."  
—THE RAG PICKER

And, believe you me yes, dear Picker of all the insufferable sweetie's we've ever met the "insufficient sweetie" is the most insufferable and the most commonest what is. And we should know—er else we had our education at ole N. U. all for nothing—which aint true—it cost us dear.

#### Evidently the Cynic is Not A. P. A.

New Salem, Ohio, boasts Henry Ford's press agent, is a 100 per cent Ford Town. The mayor bought a Ford some time ago, asserts the p. a. and soon every household in the community had a car. Still he asserts it is a 100 per cent Ford town.

Or maybe he has ridden in a flivver? Riding rough roads in one of "Hank's" w. k. "rolls-roughs" doggoned nigh made a cynic out of us, one otherwise beautiful Sabbath day.

#### DOES ONE? WE GIVE UP!

In re our alleged wise remark calling attention to the item in The N. T. News regarding the new sousaphone, Temperamental Tommie, our demon reporter, insists that "one gazes upon a sousaphone and does not listen to one when one attends a band concert." Perhaps one does? We refuse to quibble!

#### A Four Letter Word—Meaning "The Old Stuff"

Friend of mine just back from a browsing expedition in Europe. He started homeward with 12 containers of the precious goods. One quart—er way back, he had six. At Sandy Hook his zinc-lined valise showed complete depreciation. He's the second guy that's told us how he started out to bring us some back. He, like the other, is looking for it just as have we been since b. p.  
—SUNNYBROOK

Yea Sunnybrook—and we sure get a kick out of your name—your friend's story sounds like the old-fashioned genu-wine hundred percent—B-U-N-K. When you see him again give him the bird as Lord Whatsname would say and sing that popular song beginning "Oh it may be true but it sounds like . . . a fish story to me."

#### WE ARE DAMNED

With faint praise! A student at Northwestern but also a resident of the north shore and a reader of T&T as well as the Acorns, (humor) column of the N. U. Daily, said unto to us thusly:

"I read your column and do you know it is better than Acorns!"  
If this be praise, then come on gentle readers and bring forth your mighty hammers!

#### "Faint Heart Ne'er Won" A Slapped Face!

S. Y. T.—If you dare to kiss me I shall call father!  
(Noise of osculation—can't be expressed in type)  
S. Y. T.—SWEET DADDY!  
No. We did not steal this from either the N. T. News or the N. U. daily—even though it is typical of his school or college humor!  
—T. R. C.




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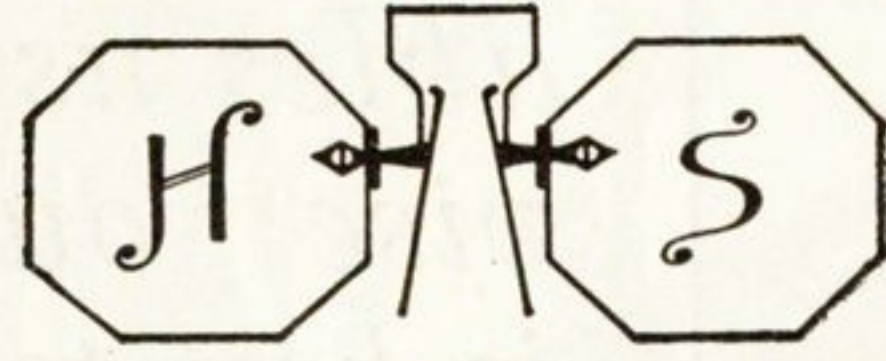


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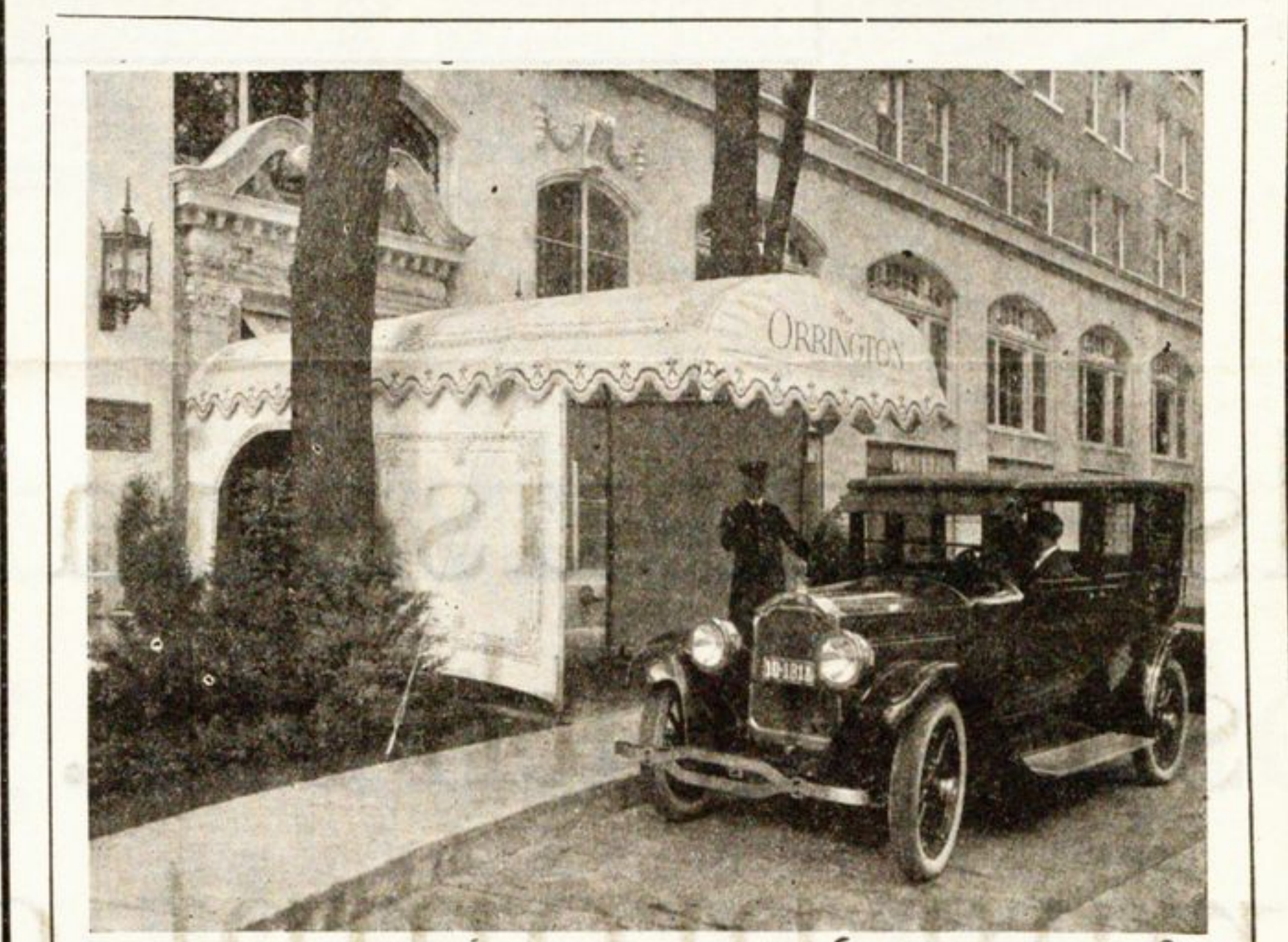
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