

Winnetka Weekly Talk

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1925

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

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

This question is brought home to us, as we sit and looking from the window, see a row of some half dozen cars parked in the yard next door. Do these cars belong to us, who toil from dawn 'till setting sun, or more accurately from 8:30 a. m. until about midnight on the editorial or writing end of this paper?

They do not!
They belong to the lads who labor at the printing and press machines in the "back room" or "shop"—employees of the mechanical force—the boys who toil in soiled aprons and sweated shirts. These boys who drive the good cars—they are not Fords—they have learned their trade, in the school of experience. They may punch their time clocks, but they have their set or stated hours of labor and when they are through they drive home in their own automobiles.

We, who have been so foolish as to acquire, a so-called education, a smattering of culture, and are allowed to wear a few mystic letters after our names, are happy to get the opportunity to catch a ride part way home with the plutocrats of the "back-room."

From a purely material—dollars and cents—standpoint, we may well question the advantages of our so-called education, despite the statements we read every now and then that a college education, is worth some \$72,000.

Then again looking at it from another viewpoint—and the ability to look at questions from more than one point of view is one of the things we learned in college—mayhap, way down beneath their apparent scorn and sneering at us "rah-rah boys" there lies just an inkling of a suggestion of envy of a something we have that they, the moneyed aristocrats of the "shop," have not.

We hope we have something that the artisan, mechanic and skilled worker at his trade might well envy but nevertheless, when and if, we ever have any offspring, we intend giving them this bit of homely but sage advice:

"Go to school, yea go to college if you wish to, but first of all learn a trade and be of some real use in this world!"

"And then you may be able to have cake, pie, and ice cream, along with the mere bread of your life!"

THE WORTH OF A SMILE

A New York jury has recently awarded \$25,000 damages to little fourteen-year old May Goldhaar of Long Island City in payment for the permanent loss of her smile.

What is your smile worth? Are you making use of your greatest asset? Or are you groping in the darknesses of Life shrouded in gloom, as if your smiling muscles were paralyzed?

We have known some truly "million dollar dollar smiles." And they brought their owners millions of dollars' worth of happiness reflected back from friends,

acquaintances, and business associates—if not in mere dollars.

One can say almost anything, do almost anything, and make it worth—if he will say it with a worthwhile SMILE!

Bring out your smiles! They are the sunshine of the face and soul and will drive away whole flocks of storm clouds of frowns and tears, and soften the deep thunders of ugly passions and deep despairs.

NOT TOO MUCH!

Is athletics being overdone? Are American colleges talking and thinking too much about stadiums, coaches, and contests?

There was a time, surely, when the colleges laid too much emphasis on Latin and Greek. The classical and arts courses were the only pathways to culture. We are now convinced that Homer and Virgil were overpraised.

But nowadays, aren't the papers, the people, and the colleges themselves putting too much energy and money into playing and rooting for college football and baseball?

It's hard to say. Students, alumni, and the public in general like athletics. They seem glad to pay millions for stadiums and coaches. It's almost unpopular even to raise the question as to their value.

But we believe that the question ought to be raised. Mr. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, is the most recent critic of college sports. His criticism is timely and fair. The amount of interest attaching to college sports is truly alarming.

We urge school authorities to examine the worth of athletics as ends and means; to ask themselves the question, without fear or favor, Are we overdoing athletics? What is their rightful place?

A DAFFODIL

Wordsworth has immortalized a field of daffodils, which suddenly met his eye when he was wandering through his beloved lake-land. A field of gold it was, and the memory of it fed his solitary soul for long years after. He put into permanent form this soul-satisfying experience. Thousands have read and enjoyed the poem.

We wandered into our sanctum the other day, and there on the desk we saw in a paper cup one poor lonely little daffodil. It was just as real as any one of Wordsworth's thousand, but everything else in its universe was wrong. It leaned stiffly against the film fluted edge of the flimsy paper cup. There was no other natural object in the office, unless human beings may be called natural. On the walls were calendars, overcoats hanging on nails, newspaper pictures. No beauty of order or arrangement. Just an ugly work-room.

A song sparrow singing in a boiler shop could not have been more out of place. Instead of being filled with joy by the sight, we felt only pity. For several reasons we shall not write a poem about this lonely daffodil. Instead, we shall remove it.

WE MET HIM!

We met him—Saturday evening—Union station!

He was all alone, carrying his own suit-case. The guard at the gate didn't know him. But we did. He wore a light gray spring overcoat and a hat to match. We knew him by his closely cropped moustache and his fighting chin.

Quite an experience to see at close range a man after whom a Chicago boulevard has been named, a man who for several years got front page attention almost every day, one of the few Americans who ever earned and received the title of general.

Yes, it was Pershing. We was about to take the train for Lincoln, Nebraska. When we first recognized him, we thought of saluting, but there was something in his eye that chilled the idea.

We had him at a disadvantage. He didn't know US!

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

TO "THIS AND THAT!"

*If "This and That"
Be labeled "flat"
That's nothing to be dreaded;
For who gainsays
The need of praise
That's paid the level-headed?*

*If what gets in
Provokes a grin
We'll skip the head—not scan it;
But if your wiles
Give us no smiles
We'll read the "Col." to pan it!*

—J. F. C.

YOU'VE THE MOST WONDERFUL IMAGINATION!

Dear T. R. C.:
Your column is quite good, and after carefully considering the matter, I have decided I shall contribute. However, I won't play if I have to sign my real name to any of my contribs. I don't think it's a bit nice.

I imagine you are light-haired and blue-eyed, and I think "Ye Ed" must be AWFULLY NICE.
That's all for this time.

—MEDEA.

Thanks for the kind words and the contrib. They were welcomed and we look forward to hearing from you often, Medea. Never fear, there is no need to sign your real name—that would spoil most of the fun of the "column" game.

But, child, do not let your imagination run away with you—we are pretty nigh as high in the forehead as Mister Inx and our eyes—they are more red than our column, most of the time.

As to Ye Ed,—we think he is jest too punny for any use! If you don't get this—we'll gladly send you a diagram, or else introduce you to him. But for the love o' Mike be careful what you say about him—sometimes he opens our mail—by mis.ake, of course!

WE'RE LOOKIN UP YOUR SES-QUIPEDALIAN WORDS
J. F. C.

Why not
Parnassian Pellets?
Moments with Momus?
Recondite Ravelings?
Quasi-Quips? OR
HOLLISTERINE?

—J. F. C.

AN WE JES LOVE TO GET LETTERS

Honest we do! And even if they begin to pour in upon us by the thousands we'll only rejoice the more loudly. And although we may love kind words and "apple-sauce" as well as the next mere male, still we can stand any old sort of hard knocks or criticism, so if you don't like our stuff, just write and tell us about it. WE AIM TO PLEASE!
Remember this is your column and it is up to you whether it is a success or not!

TREETOPS

*Fine, greenish sprays
Like thin fingers
Beckoning from the upper air,
Signaling to the earth.
To me they send a message
Encouraging and kind.
I gather from these waving spires
Inspiration for my tasks,
And courage even to live.
Those fingers once were formless
Within a planted seed;
And now—
Treetops commune with clouds!*

—CINDERELLA

K. H. WRITES

March 29, 1925.

A few more suggestions, as to the title for your column.

1. Beach-Combers, slogan "Out of the North."
2. Shifting Sands, slogan, "Along the North Shore."
3. North Shore Nuggets, slogan, "Do Your Own Panning."
4. North Shore Nuggets, slogan, "I quote others only the better to express myself." (Montaigne)
5. Effervescing Springs, "A North Shore Literary Resort."
6. North Shore Nibblers, "A Little taste of everything."
7. North Shore Saw-Mill, "Chip in."
8. North Shore Main-Springs, "A Timely watch that never fails."
9. North Shore Ebb and Flow, "I am but a gatherer, and disposer of other men's stuff." (Wasson)
10. North Shore High Roads, "My ways are as broad as the king's high road, and my means lie in an inkstand." (Southey)
11. Drops of Ink, "A drop of ink, may make a million think." (Byron)
12. North Shore's Goose-Quill, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter." (Shakespeare)

—K. H.

WATTA A WOULD!

We'd love to be funny but it is too much to ask! Ye Ed. persists and insists upon reading aloud to the entire editorial force from ZIFF'S magazine of WHIT & 'Umor.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at midnight. If you must send flowers—send them to MURDERER'S ROW, COOK COUNTY BASTILLE care of

—T. R. C.

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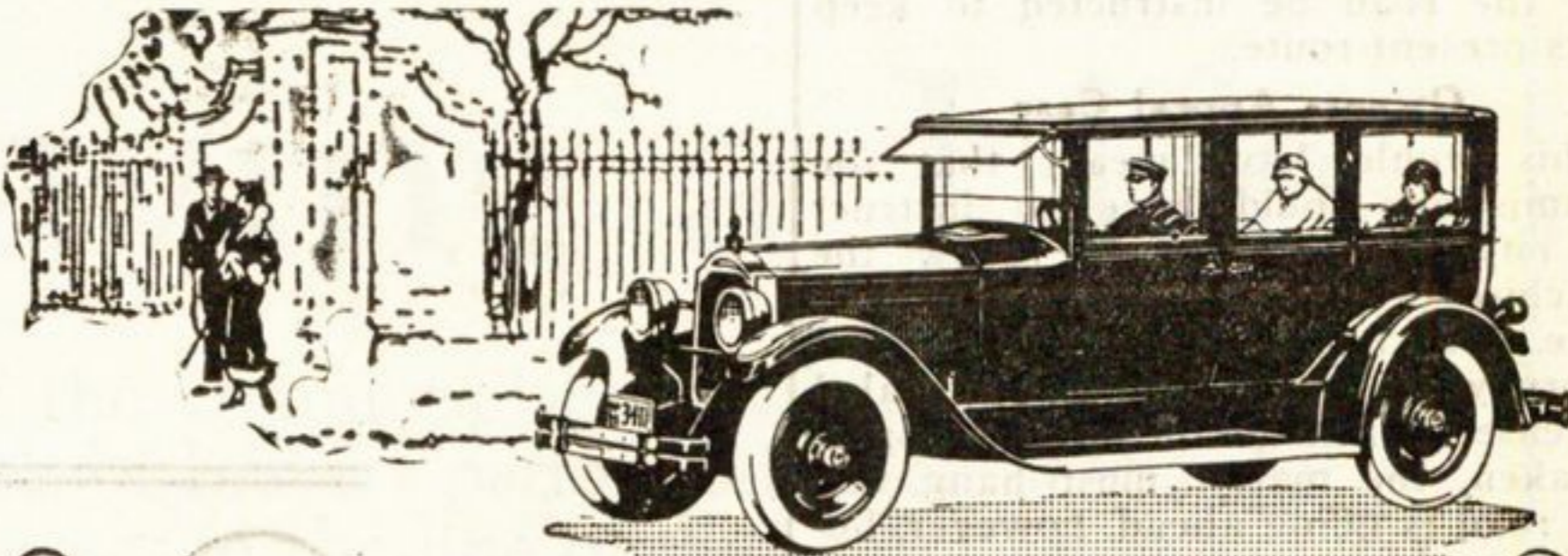
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