

Winnetka Weekly Talk

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by
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.
1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000
Telephone.....Wilmette 1920

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SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1925

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

SPRING FEVER TALK

*Phil an' me've been talkin' some
'Bout the nice Spring days that's soon
to come;
'Bout roads an' rivers, lakes an' such,
An' workin' 'round without doin' much;
An' I've got an idea that Phil's all set
To go a-fishin' soon I'll bet.*

*Now Phil's my friend, older'n me
But acts a whole lot younger'n what I be;
Though the finest feller you've ever seen
He starts actin' queer when the grass gits
green;
An' he ain't much good at work or play
Till the fishin' season's once out of the
way.*

*So I reckon we'll pack our rods an' reels
An' put some grub inside our creels;
Throw boots an' tent into my old car
An' head her out where the trout streams
are;
I've been diggin' worms—about a peck—
An' we're goin' off fishin' for a week, by
heck!*

—D. K. GRANT.

EASTER

The highest hopes of all Christians, regardless of time and country, grow out of the resurrection. Paul, the great missionary, said, "If Christ hath not been raised, then our preaching vain, your hope is vain." Jesus, of Nazareth, son of Mary and Joseph, carpenter and teacher, was crucified by the leaders of the Jews for his doctrines. And the third day after, he arose from the dead.

Millions, since that first Easter Day, have pinned their faith in immortality to this supreme fact. Whenever the anniversary Sunday comes, this faith is expressed in music, flowers, and praise.

CONFIDENCE

By electing the Village Ticket candidates the citizens of Winnetka expressed their confidence in the ability and reliability of the administration. Winnetkans approved of the work done by John Miller and his associates and showed this approval in the emphatic form of a big majority vote. We believe that this majority vote says "Thank you!" very sincerely to the village officials for their generous and efficient services to the community.

The beginning of the actual track depression will, we trust, take place in the near future. The roads are committed in principle to this method of grade separation, and we are told that the principle will soon lead to practice. Work on the Through-Traffic road is also on the Village Board's program. With the completion of this road and of track depression an era of real safety and convenience will dawn for Winnetka.

The Park Board will continue its negotiations leading to the acquiring of the Skokie lands. We are given to understand that even at almost the last moment if the project proves to be too expensive, it can be abandoned.

Doubtless taxes will not be lower. If the Tax Payers' candidates had been elected we do not believe that taxes would have been lowered. We do not see clearly how they can be. Nor do we think that the administration will spend less money than it has been spending. Economy in the best sense does not seem to demand it.

THE APRIL TICKET

Why the April ticket should be a light muddy color we can't undertake to say. We're glad to be using it, no matter what its color, for its coming marks the passing of winter and all the ills that we are heir to in that hard season.

We'd like to be able to tell you that we recently saw a blue-eyed vireo, but we prefer being truthful to being popular at the expense of the truth. We love nature as much as the next citizen, but somehow we remember only the names of the commoner birds and flowers. We admit a certain fascination in mere names; indeed an acquaintance once gave us considerable pleasure by reciting a list of Irish family names. But meaning adds much.

Just as some weeks before the appearance of winter we are urged to have our skates sharpened, so, several weeks before the real need shows itself, we are invited by the enterprising hardware man to have our lawnmowers put into good working order. Such urgings and invitations largely make up life. We don't know how we could get along without the little things, one of which is the using of the April ticket.

PABLO CASALS

Pablo Casals is the greatest cellist in the world. Many, perhaps most, of those who know rate him as the greatest musician in the world.

He is bald-headed and therefore does not look like the traditional musician. While playing he keeps his eyes closed and his head turned away from his instrument. He is always serious and sincere.

We think it worth while to emphasize his seriousness. We are well aware that many hearers wish that he would smile at least once during an evening's recital. We, however, are convinced that this very seriousness renders humanity a great service. It dignifies music.

Music means the greatest thing in the world to Casals. He takes it with the utmost seriousness. Many take it lightly, take it as an amusement or as a means of bringing in money. Not so Casals. Playing is as significant to him as making money is to the business man, as painting a masterpiece is to an artist, as saving life is to a surgeon. His attitude while playing seems to say, "Here's something well worth your full attention. Listen closely." Casals' attitude rebukes the society woman or business man who looks down on music as a toy, something for children, women and effeminate men. To Casals a symphony by Beethoven is a priceless human possession.

We are sure that many who heard him at New Frier have had their eyes opened to the surpassing value of music.

START EARLY!

And you can't start too early. Kill the first fly you see or hear. We know how hard it is to kill something you only hear. But it can be done. Anyway, kill the first fly. Then, if on the next day you see two flies, kill them. This method, if persisted in completely and whole-heartedly, will result in the death of all flies you personally have to do with.

Ditto for the mosquito. Join the Up-and-at-em-early crusade.

If you want a good government you'll have to work hard to get one. If you get out and mix with all sorts of people you'll have some unpleasant experiences. As the old proverb says: **If you would have a hen lay, you must bear with her cackling.**

Be careful of your spring colds! Kill them as quickly as possible! Get the best advice. Use the best ways of getting rid of them. If you can't go to bed do the next best thing. Watch your step!

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

GIVE US YOUR CONTRIBS!

THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS

*I wear the crest,
The plume of old,
The spurs of gold,
In knightly jest,
Or battle bold,
My place I hold.*

*My cause is lost,
Chivalry's flight
Must be stopped by might,
My challenge tossed,
I alone fight,
The last true Knight.*

—THE PURPLE KNIGHT.

Quit Your Kiddin', Medea!

Dear T. R. C.
It was nice of you to let me in, but you shouldn't be so disparaging about yourself. High foreheads are always a sign of genius—I mean intellect, and it's the eyes faintly tinged with red which glow with the fires of genius. Didn't you know that?

And besides, I think people who make puns show quickness of perceptive association. So there!

—Medea

Yea Verily, to use the proverbial bromide, "the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach" and "apple sauce" is our pet food, but too much is plenty. Already we have been accused of writing letters to ourself.

A high forehead may be a sign of almost anything! Like bobbed hair, short skirts, rouged lips, or feminine cigaret smoking—it don't mean a thing!

PUT 'EM ON BUT WEAR AN OVERCOAT!

Dis Und Dat Kolumm:
Dear Tomosa: I se by der local paper in dat headline about our nu elimination sistem a line dat says "Lights By Summer." If dis veather ve are hafing now keeps so darn cule I'm afraid dat I won't wear mine at all dis year.

—THE HON. A. M. S.

P. A. For a name for de colum I suggests "North Shore Economised, Our Colum Saves Dis Paper." THAMS

ALAS!

WE ARE DISCOVERED!

Dear Campus Critic—
I have penetrated your disguise and (if you dare print this) am revealing you—Old Man Acorns, himself, the grouch who turned down so many of my contribs to the Daily Northwestern. I respectfully submit "Inpoxts" as a name for your colum. —JAY.

We fear you NOT, Jay! As to our being a "grouch" we try to be as sunny as it is possible to be and still run a colum—a col. con. probably has to read and listen to more SAD humor than any dozen men.

Some of these days we're a-goin' to kill one of these guys what ups and sez to us, "Here's a good one for your colum" and then like as not begins to tell us that one about, "The lil girl that came a-running to her Mamma, and says 'Oh Mamma, Quick get the Listerine—'"

Thanks for the suggested title and design for a head—it has met a rather favorable response from the powers-that-be and we may decide to use it BUT—we need a short snappy slogan to go with it. Will you oblige with one?

WHEN SHAKESPEARE SANG

(A Rondeau for Spring Poets)
*When Shakespeare sang in Stratford town
He was a wight of small renown;
When, he, Sir Lucy's deer did slay,
Certes, he left without delay;
To London he went post-haste down.*

*For that he lacked the scholar's gown
They fain would use him like a clown;
"Small Latin and less Greek," said they
When Shakespeare Sang.*

*Naught could his mighty genius drown;
He soon achieved the Muses crown.
O'er England and the World away;
Wherefore, sweet bards, let us be gay,
Since many a lay gained critics' frown
When Shakespeare Sang.*

—BARDOFF.

OH GOODY! THEY'LL BE FIGHTS IN HEAVEN!

Now we'll start living a different sort of life. Or rather that was our first thought when we lamped a head in the Chitrib which said,

"Angels Lick Cubs."
But when we read on and discovered that the article referred to the California Angels and that they came from the Heaven called Los Angeles, why we felt much differently about the matter.

One consolation, for which we're duly thankful each week, as we read TALK from "Kiver to kiver," we don't have to read about Mister Shepherd!
— T. R. C.



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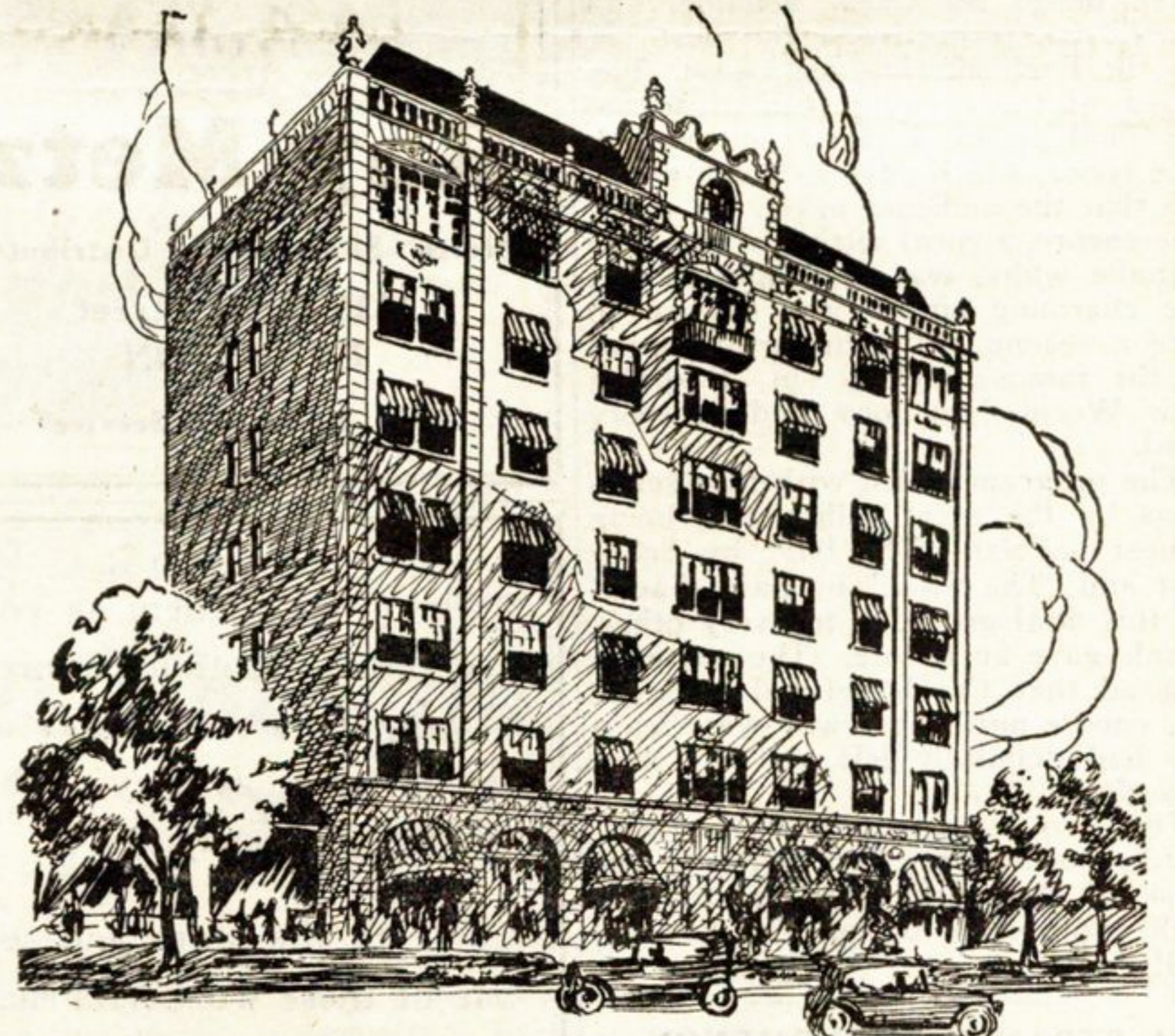
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