

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1925

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

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

As we look back over the symphony concerts given at New Trier, many pleasant memories arise. It has been a season of edification and enjoyment. The master composers have spoken to north shore audiences through an organization of musicians unexcelled, in comparison with other orchestras of its size. Individually the players are the foremost in their respective fields. The leader, George Dasch, has been most satisfactory in leadership and musicianship.

It has been good to meet north shore friends at these concerts, friends from Evanston to Glencoe. The sociable times between the halves of the programs have renewed old acquaintances and formed many new ones.

These concerts have not been mere entertainments; they have been real symphony concerts, educational in their influence. And that means much that is worth while in these days of much that is simply amusing. There is little in the life of the business man that is improving. He works, eats, sleeps, and sometimes plays. But where is he moving? We should all be grateful for any agents that educate adults.

We are promised a larger orchestra for next year's concerts. That's good news. Many modern scores cannot be played by 25 or 30 men. But with an augmentation of 15 or 20 the orchestra's repertoire can be surprisingly increased.

The New Trier Orchestral association has done splendid work. It has planned and executed a wonderful program. We appreciate the time and energy that have been put into activities of individuals and committees, activities that have meant and will continue to mean great satisfaction to the entire north shore.

We anticipate next year's concerts with gratitude for the past and high hopes for the future.

THREE LEGS

In Wilmette there is a little three legged black dog. He lost his leg as the result of having been run over by a coal truck. But how he lost his leg is not the point of this story. We are more concerned with his remarkable courage and cheerfulness. He might have given up the struggle for existence and retired to a life of comparative idleness. Many human animals have done such things, but not so our little three-legged friend.

By diligent practice he has formed a surprisingly rapid three legged gait, by means of which he covers as much ground as he formerly covered on four legs. His new gait is a sort of hop-skip-jump, which in record time gets him where he wants to go.

What we admire most of him is his matter-of-fact behavior. Evidently he does not think of the past. In his actions there is nothing of the "dear-dead-days-beyond-recall" attitude of his "superiors." He goes about his business without the slightest show of sentimentality. He reminds us of the soldier crippled by shot or shell who asks no odds

of anybody, but does his job cheerfully and efficiently.

Whenever we see this little three legged black dog going cheerfully and directly down the street, a definite end in view, we take thought for the morrow and resolve to meet as he has done, all setbacks and sorrows.

LAWS OR LESSONS?

Which is the more important for a world, a country, a community,—laws or lessons? Government, with its laws and punishments, or education, with its lessons? Education, beyond a shadow of doubt.

By its government a community may make many much needed improvements, reform many abuses, control a multitude of activities. An efficient and well disposed group of officials backed by good laws may do much towards making community life happy and healthful. But as an agency for good, government is limited. Necessarily its work is largely negative and piecemeal.

Through education however, a community can shape its own programs, and carry forward its own constructive work. Through its schools it can develop in its young, ways of acting, thinking, and feeling that will always ensure progress. Education is positive and fundamental. When it is as it should be, it spends a minimum of its energy on correction and devotes itself to comprehensive construction. It is the principal agency of social progress.

Therefore, the community's supreme duty is the support of its educational agents, the schools. In every general civic planning education must be given first place.

Compare, over a period of years, the results, in any country, of education and government, and you will see the supreme importance of education.

TRUCK ROAD

When the gigantic motor truck, the Colossus of Roads, trundles from Winnetka avenue to Oak street along the new truck road just west of and hugging the steam tracks, everybody will be much pleased. At present this useful monster comes from the big busy city by some more or less direct route.

When it reaches Winnetka avenue, it is west or east of the tracks. Thence it lumbers north on Ridge or Railroad avenues, up hill and down, right and left, avoiding or using the death trap at Willow street, till in the course of truck events it reaches Oak street. If in transit it hasn't done any damage to curbs, passenger cars, pavement, or pedestrians, it's due to the good management of the driver.

When the entire through truck road is ready for use from the north limits of Evanston to the north limits of Glencoe all parties involved will be greatly benefited. Winnetka is about to begin. Hurry up, Wilmette and Glencoe.

CAMPING

In our earlier days we camped considerably. Not the adventurous pioneer, ort, battling with wolves in the wilderness, but mild camping on the banks of the ponds near Fox Lake.

We had been looking forward with keen anticipation to our first expedition to the wilds. Our folks had given their permission, and so, off we set by train to the selected spot on Lake Marie. We pitched our tents, one for the cooking, the other in which to sleep, perchance.

We had our joys and sorrows. Freedom from customs and houses was enjoyable. Swimming, ball-playing, large and unconventional eating, and the like were real joys. Mosquitos, other insects, uncomfortable cots, and packing up were real sorrows.

One of the many things we learned was to appreciate the comforts of home, including screens. We hope that Chief Davies of Winnetka enjoys his camp days, and nights, on Hamlin Lake.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

A GEM IN RURAL SETTING

(Inspired by a bit of beauty in the Indian Hill Golf grounds seen from my window)

Limpid pool, sparkling in the morning sunlight,
I see shadows on thy surface, reflected by
The varly-colored bushes, that frame thy loveliness,

I see thy beauty from my case-ments
And seeing, am lifted to higher and nobler thoughts.

Knowing God has created thy loveliness
Along with the birds and trees and butterflies too,
That caress you in the warm sunshine.

In summer heat, frogs cool themselves in thy clear waters,
And sing their weird and croaking song.

In the stillness of evening, stars look down
And the cradle moon, rocks on thy unruffled bosom

Quieting all disturbing elements in sleep—
And silence reigns.

— C. S. H.

WAT'S A-MATTER NOW?

Dear T. R. C.
I am so disappointed!.....
—MEDEA

Sorry, Medea, but most all our long and useless life so far has been spent in "disappointing" the fair and so-called gentle sex.

SPRING

*Spring—Gentle Spring,
All the memories thou doth bring
Of the Springs of yesteryears
All my doubts and all my fears
Thou doth move my heart to tears,
Gentle Spring!*

—PANDORA

It's Not Our Looks, It's Our Personality, Janey!

Say, Medea can sure hand you the baloney, T. R. C. I bet she handed you all that dope about your being blue-eyed and fairhaired and the Ed's being "awfully nice" just so she could make the column.

Anyhow, I don't think you'd set the world on fire for looks. I was up in your office one day last fall when you were kidding with the boyish bob and big black eyes, and you didn't give me my heart palpitations, and neither did the Ed. who walked in a minute later.

Medea's good. Wonder why she's so particular to cover up her name? Don't I remember reading about a Medea who got mixed up with a bird named Jason, quite a while ago? Yessir! I bet she's a Sheba with a past.

Sincerely,—JANEY TOUGH

Sorry, Janey, but we kaint do a thing about our looks—they jist ain't. But our personality, that's what gets us by. And although we can't seem to get the late Dick Little's trick of talking like Ethel Barrymore, we've been told that we have "the sweetest voice"—over the wire.

You must be mistaken with regard to our "kidding with the boyish bob and the big black eyes," for we never kidded a woman in our life.

As to Medea, we'll let her answer for herself. We firmly believe that she can and WILL!

WEBERISM

**TO THE NTH DEGREE
Terra Firma, I Love Thee**

A flying ace once asked me:
"Ah, you have not flown?"
And I replied, "Now, hark ye,
A flight I have not known.

I love the land that I am on;
In flight I'll never leave it.
I'll stay right here till judgment morn
Although you mayn't believe it.

You can plane from here to Burma
Without accident or error,
But leave me where it's firma
And I'll never know a terra!

—CINDERELLA

Lest Cinderella, and other gentle readers, may not understand what a Weberism is, we'll try to explain. No. On second thought, if you cannot understand what a Weberism is, after reading the last two lines of the above, we give up. It's perfectly evident.

R. H. L. ON HIS HONEYMOON

"Alas poor Dick, we knew him well!"
It brought tears to our eyes to read of his downfall and then to have the Trib publish his "obit!"

He married a contrib! Col. cons. beware! The moral is obvious! But one ray of cheer, R. H. L. is going to Mexico for his honeymoon. "Ah matrimony, where is thy string!"

Poor R. H. L. is gone but you still have with you, "heart-whole and column-free," the most eligible bachelor columnist conductor on the North Shore.

—T. R. C.

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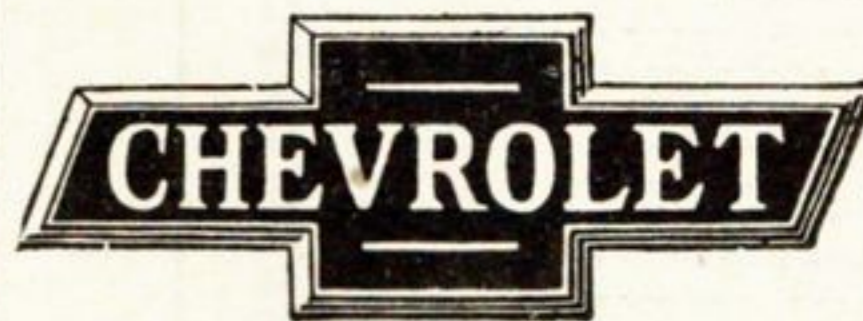
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MEET AND EAT

In Evanston!

WHEN shopping—when tired of the usual kitchen chores—or when servants are absent—remember The Library Plaza Cafeteria in Evanston.

Here in a most attractive environment you will always find good things to eat—for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

Have "father" meet you all at dinner-time, enjoy repast at The Plaza and then a picture show. It's a happy thought—especially, now that the out-of-door days are back. Come tonight!

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that

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