

Winnetka Weekly Talk

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by
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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925

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

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

*O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-
wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough
In England—now!*

*And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in
the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the
clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent
spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each
song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could
recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with
hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes
ancew
The buttercups, the little children's
dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower!—ROBERT BROWNING*

PESTS

Meanwhile the mosquitoes are getting ready to make life miserable for north shore residents. While we are doing nothing about them and putting off doing something the little mosquito fathers and mothers are planning to raise families that will run up into the higher millions. Families that will fill the air with music, mostly profane in its effects.

Is nothing to be done to eliminate this pest? Are we to be beaten and eaten by this nasty little enemy of happiness and peace?

The plan to spend \$7,500 has been knocked in the head by the New Trier auditors. We have the cold comfort of knowing that possibly the state legislature will pass a bill creating mosquito abatement districts. Maybe there won't be any more mosquito visitations after this bill is passed and put into effect.

FACE FACTS!

Some people are afraid of the facts. They simply can't stand it to meet them. They prefer to dodge or deny them. Most human beings are afraid of ghosts, but fact-fearing people are frightened by the most material of things, by the truth.

In reality the facing of facts is a tonic. The taking into account the most stubborn of our beliefs (that is, facts) is a bracing occupation. Find out what your faults really are. Be examined thoroughly by an expert. Hear his diagnosis. Then act accordingly. You'll be surprised at the benefits that will come to you.

Suppose your hearing is failing. Don't blink the fact. Find out what you can do about it. Then do it. We know many who when they discern the approach of an ailment bewail the fact and turn cynical. Or they envy those who are younger and perhaps sounder. They call these others fortunate, privileged. Such an attitude seems to us foolish, because it not merely does no good but also does positive harm.

If your fences are beginning to break down, get busy and mend

them. Don't waste time in feeling bad about it, in criticising the universe for its bad habit of decaying and changing.

If King Lear had not spent so much time and energy in grieving over the ingratitude of his daughters, he might have organized a little kingdom somewhere else and died a happy, efficient old man.

It is in this field of fact-facing that science can make valuable contributions. The surest way of arriving at the real facts is by the use of scientific methods. Try it out in the laboratory; that's the best way of reaching the truth. Science is applied to the making of better automobiles; why not to the making of better people? Science can give us facts. Face the facts!

FOG

Some writer has said that it is better to be wrong than muddled. We believe it. The man who is wrong, positively and plainly wrong, will probably have a sudden awakening and see his mistake and correct it. The man who is muddled is like a man lost in a fog: he goes wandering about, feeling his way and perhaps never finding it.

One of the commonest instances of fogginess is the misconception of the difference between easy and interesting. If a man is doing interesting work, it is assumed by many that he must be doing easy work. If a person likes his occupation, many people think that he must be idling his time away. Are there not many who when they see an artist painting a picture conclude that he is a sort of gentleman loafer?

There is also afloat the idea that anything that is disagreeable must be valuable; that for work to be worthy it must necessarily be very distasteful. This common belief is like the belief that medicine in order to be efficacious must be decidedly unpalatable. On this ground the best remedies are sulphur and molasses, rhubarb, and old fashioned castor oil. We say "old fashioned," because a new and pleasant variety of castor oil has appeared, which cannot be good, because it is not unpleasant.

This view is a hangover from the century following the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, who preached the doctrine that in order to be morally good you must first dislike doing something and then do it. If you like to do something and then do it, no credit to you. Duty must be regarded as the "stern daughter of the voice of God," with the emphasis on "stern."

We believe that this view is a mistaken view. It is a result of failure to discriminate, a failure to see that work can be interesting and also hard. An artist can work harder than a ditch-digger. A student can be doing pleasant work in shop or class-room and still be perspiring vigorously. Let's clear up our ideas.

SLOW UP!

A woman was killed by an electric train at the Elm street crossing in Winnetka. She crossed in front of the train, either not seeing it or misjudging its speed. She might naturally have expected that it would stop, or slow up at Elm street, but it didn't, and she lost her life.

How can such accidents be prevented? The railroad has placed guards and gates at dangerous crossings. It has posted warnings. But people must cross the tracks. And sometimes people are absent minded or mistaken or reckless.

What more can the railroads do? They can separate the grades by elevation or depression, depression preferably. And this separation will take place eventually; meanwhile, they can run their trains more slowly through towns. But their passengers will probably object.

So far as we see, the trains ought to run more slowly through the more thickly populated districts.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

IN ATTICA

(A Song)
*For my hero laurel leaf
Rest the sword within the sheath
For my love sweet roses red,
At his feet let flowers be spread.*

*Blossoms bright, and leaves of green,
Fairest flowers ever seen
Offer him these tokens now
Laurel leaf for victory's brow.*

*Home from wars my hero comes
Swiftly now to me he runs,
Through the glade and mountains vast
Comes my love, at last, at last.*
—ARACHNE.

"You Don't Know the Half of It, Dearie!"

Dear T. R. C.:
"Why try to crush "Janey"? But it might be well if she brushed up on her mythology.

She is one of those people who never quite recover from the pristine state of being a born meddler.

Besides, I don't believe you are the kidding kind. Although you and Ye Ed may not "set the world on fire for looks," I'm sure you both have the inner beauty of a well-informed mind and good intellect which is worth far more than the surface looks of matinee idols and the type of sheik which appeals to sensational "Janies."
—MEDEA.

But, T. R. C., who is the "boyish bob and big black eyes?"

No lady, you have not expressed the half of it when you speak of "the inner beauty of the well-informed minds and good intellects" of Ye Ed and us. You see, between us, as the saying runs in this office, we know everything. It takes brains, nerve and ability to edit a community newspaper—and live to tell the tale. But to attempt to run a so-called humor column, "a line," in such a paper—well, that is not so much a matter of brains as of the possession of considerable of that stuff they make violin strings out of!

MODERN NURSERY RIMES

By LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Oh! My!

Milady's skirt is shorter,
'Tis shrinking day by day,
By next July or August,
'Twill ALL be shrunk away.
And worse yet the almanac experts
predict an extremely cold winter for
1925-26!

Add Perils of Mugging

He kissed her once,
She kissed him thrice,
(Now three and one make four)
But when his turn came round again,
She showed him out the door!

LEAPING LENA

Up in the cold, each winter morn,
Arises my Dad, shaven and shorn,
Down he goes to start the heat,
Up he comes for something to eat.

While out in the alley all covered with snow,
Awaits "Leaping Lena" ready to go,
Defiant she looks as if to say,
"Try and move me this cold winter's day."

But Dad she not so easily foils,
And so for half an hour he toils,
From the driveway comes a rattle,
Hurrah! Dad has won the battle.

And so through ice and sleet and snow,
Down to the loop he does go,
There his duty he never shirks,
Dealing with salesmen, stenos and clerks.

When the sky begins to darken,
What is that to which we harken?
Down in the loop again that rattle,
Dad has begun his homeward battle.

On the table dinner waits,
Among the knives and forks and plates,
But there is a vacant chair,
Who is it that is missing there?

What is that leaping through the snow?
Ah! Only too well we know,
Like a sprite or little elf,
It is "Leaping Lena" herself.

Through with her he struggles daily,
Give her up—well not gaily,
For to him she's like a brother,
Through her Dad gets home to Mother.
—PHEE BEE.

Ho hum! Oh Hex and suffering Felines' paws! Think of all the publicity the humor col. of the N. U. Daily got cause one of its contribs up and shot himself. We'd hate to encourage crime but think what a swell P. A. stunt it would be if one of our contribs would write up a sentimental diary full "o'muggin"—whatever that may mean—and then—Or perhaps twould be a better story if the Col. Con, would git himself shot er something—but then we always did fall down on any stunt we attempted and most likely we'd only do a half way 'ob of gitting shot.
—T. R. C.

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