

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
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SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925

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

COMMUNITY COOPERATION

The decision of the Winnetka Chamber of Commerce to represent Winnetka, at the Illinois Products Exposition in October, not by an exhibit of commercial products, but by an adequate picture of the town itself was a unique and worthy decision. It was to be expected that a chamber of commerce would as a matter of course provide a commercial exhibit. But evidently our Winnetka organization is made up of citizens whose vision of the true Winnetka is not clouded by narrow self-interest but capable of seeing what contributes to those qualities that have made Winnetka a "model American suburb."

The results of this decision will be remarkably beneficial. The very deciding not to exhibit commercial products will convince those to whose attention it comes that Winnetka business men—and women—are extraordinary. And the exhibit itself will emphasize this fact.

An illustrious example of community cooperation!

THEY'RE AT IT!

Six hundred players on the Northwestern Public Links on Sunday, April 26!

What does it mean that there should be such a host of enthusiastic golfers following the elusive white ball over greens and fairway on a day fully two weeks ahead of the season? It means that April 26 was a fine day outdoors. It means, moreover, that people like to play golf and want to get at it as soon as possible. Perhaps it also means that golf being a Scotch game its most ardent devotees are imbued with the spirit of true Scotch economy and prefer the public links.

ELDERLY LADIES

What kind of an elderly lady do you want to be?

Most old ladies are simply old ladies, and that's all. But every once in a while we see one who is an inspiration and a delight. She is dressed soberly, of course, as is proper; but her white hair has a different twist than the ordinary straight up-and-down parting, and her eyes seen all by themselves look actually young.

Her step is elastic, her hearing is acute, and her manner is forceful, dignified, and cordial. She is an old lady who makes old age seem a time not to dread, but rather a time to enjoy.

Such an old lady did not all at once become as she is. She had to grow as children grow. Only there is this difference: Her childhood was the prime of life, and her middle age the seventies and eighties. After her marriage she did not lose interest in everything which was not a part of her home. She made it a point to go to places to meet people, to read good books, to keep her love for the little fineries of dress, to take an active part in the affairs of young people, and to keep her heart happy with an everyday life, full of sweet kindness and culture.

Her wise conversation, her depth of rich experience, her calm serenity of mind are the accumulated result of an entire life

lived according to the best and truest of physical, moral, and spiritual ideas. She is a woman who proves that goodness brings its reward. —Contributed.

STUDENT OPERA

Whenever we see and hear a group of human beings presenting on the stage an opera or a play we marvel at the range of human ability. Especially if the aforesaid beings are young and are presenting an opera. To the layman the difficulty of getting up a principal opera role, with its words, actions, and music, seems insuperable. But the youth of the North Shore Country Day school presented Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers" in a way that seemed perfect to a middle aged man sitting on the bleachers in the rear of the hall.

We suppose that it's all a matter of native ability and of skilful and persistent training, but the "Gondoliers" is a long opera and in several places difficult. And the young opera singers delivered their parts with apparent ease and convincing naturalness.

AN ANTIDOTE

A good antidote for poison will counteract the bad effects of the poison. A good antidote for pessimism will counteract the bad effects of pessimism. What are these bad effects? Well, if a person believes that this is just about the worst of possible worlds, if he believes that life is not worth living, he is also suffering the bad effects of his beliefs. These effects are poorer digestion and all the ills that follow.

What's the antidote? One of the best, according to Dr. Branick, supervising physician at Arden Shore, is a visit to that famous camp. The particular form of pessimism that this visit is guaranteed to alleviate is despair regarding the youths of to-day and their future. See what the life at Arden Shore has done for the weaklings who have gone there for treatment, and you will see what proper nutrition and exercise can do for the growing body and consequently for the growing mind and personality.

We are especially surprised at the increase of 14 pounds made by one boy in two weeks. If growth in weight in this case is a reliable index of improvement in health, this lad owes much to Arden Shore and its efficient management.

YOU MUST!

When anyone says to us, "You must!", we balk. For some hereditary or habitual reason we object to being ordered about. That's why we're sure that we never could become a good soldier.

When the Chicago city council commands us to set our clocks and watches ahead an hour, we say to ourselves, "We won't!", knowing all the time that we will, though always under useless protest. Our objection is partly due to the fact that one of the offending aldermen is a former Sunday School pupil of ours. We feel not only helpless but also hopeless.

What right has that bunch of Chicago politicians to make us put our timepieces ahead, to make us get up an hour earlier, to change so seriously our ways of living? Why should all of us suburbanites be forced to take up almost daily the question as to just what it is that is advanced—our chronometer, railroad train times, or solar time? Why should we be obliged to worry over the meanings of the terms, earlier and later? Or to bother with the irritating query: At what Daylight Saving time shall we have to leave home to catch a train running on Standard time that will get us to Oak Park in time to meet a Daylight Saving 6 p. m. engagement?

The answer is that if we don't accelerate the hour hands we shall get into no end of trouble with those who do obey the disagreeable ordinance.

We wish that the city hall boys would pass an ordinance making the debtor's dollar good for \$1.25

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

FROM FLORIDA THE MOCKING BIRD.

Sleek head, gray throat,
Fan tail, chuckling note,
He whistles like a mischievous boy,
He warbles, he sobs, he carols like a lover to his love!
Gray slim and dapper, he sits atilt on the tip of a live oak and sings the morning away. —B. E.

B. E.'s contribution, coming all the way from Winter Park, Florida, holds the long distance record to date. Think of it T & T is being read all over the United States! Other contributors from foreign fields are Bardoff, who sings to us from The Furniture Center of The World, the village of Grand Rapids, and The Bard of Benzie, who has sung so sweetly to us, but is now too busy up near Arcadia in the Wolverine state, spraying his apple trees.

It might be of interest to the readers to know that The Bard of Benzie County, some months before we began this column showed us one of his treasured possessions, a large scrap book, full of his contribs which the beloved genius, B. L. T. had seen fit to print in the Line O' Type of the "Way-Back-When" days. We asked him why he had not contributed to R. H. L. and the quaint old bard replied that he was waiting to see, for sure, whether or not "Dick" Little was ever goin' to make a go of that column of his. However, we sold him to the assured success of our column while it was yet in the embryo, to the extent that he contributed nobly—for which we should all feel duly thankful and appreciative.

WHO CARES? Whoishe!

She powders her nose
And rolls down her hose—
(Shocking! Without a doubt!)
She winks one eye;
She is not so shy
(For she knows what she's about.)
She wears a straight "bob"—
And holds down a job
(I ask you what is her name?) *
Tho' her skirt may be tight—
And her looks quite a fright—
She gets there just the same!
—LITTLE MISS MUFFET

*Her name is Legion. We meet her on every corner.

Her Man!

He pastes down his hair—
(She thinks he's a "bear")
He looks like a "shiek"—so they say—
He has a "marcel"
(It looks very well—
'Twill be "out" on a rainy day—)
He wears "bell-bottom" pants—
Oh! How he can dance!
He's a lady's "vamp" one can see—
But I'm not so sure
That his love will endure
For ne'er a MAN will HE be!
—LITTLE MISS MUFFET

RAZZBERRIES! ETC!

Razzberries, T. R. C. razzberries! Medea doles out some more of her soft soap, (but she can be sarcastic, can't she just!), and you take it and come back with a tale of woe about your own troubles.

You didn't even answer her question. Don't you know every woman wants her question answered when she asks one like that? Bet Medea transfers her affections before long. What does the Ed. say about all this?

Let him say something.
More sincerely,
— Janey Tough.

You set us a tough task, Janey, but we did not give up easily. After many days of futile chasing we finally got the Ed. in a corner—he is very modest and shies at publicity—he hates reporters! And we sort-a interviewed him.

"What have you to say?" we asks.
"Nothing fer publication" sez he.
And he started to rush away.
We tried to hold him.

Finally—"Has the woman red hair?" he roared.

"What's that got to do with the case?" we asked.
"Because if she ain't got red hair, I refuse to be bothered," and he ran out the door implying that the interview was at an end.

'TENSION, GOOD GIRLS!

We note by a recent dispatch from Paris that
"Parisiennes Now

Show Pink Toes!"
In other words "Barefoot fashion has come." But we ask yuh, won't it be a rough and rocky road back home, for the "pedestrian" or "good girls" if the barefoot style ever becomes the rage in this country?

SWAT THE MOSQUITO!

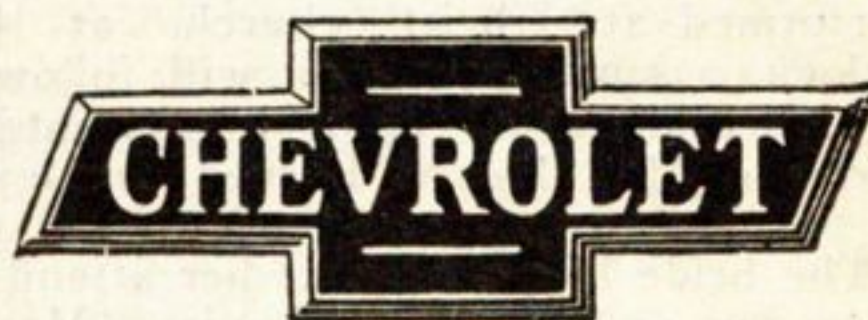
As our editorial colleague continuously crys forth. We had a wee tip to the effect that the darn lil pests already have a committee down at Springfield lobbying against the mosquito bill and we understand that the drive for funds made to fight the bill which was recently completed went over big in the Skokie district. No sirree! The Skokie mosquitos will not quit without a hot fight! —T. R. C.

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