

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, poetry, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge will be made or a collection taken, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1925

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

ODE

*We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams.
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.*

*With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.*

*We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's dying;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.*
—ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY
(1844-1881)

BROTHERHOOD

The quick and generous relief sent to the tornado stricken district by the other sections of Illinois is one of those many evidences that human beings have a feeling for one another's losses. Sometimes it seems as if there were few good Samaritans in the world, as if most people passed by on the other side. But when we read of what Chicago and its suburbs have sent to southern Illinois, hope revives.

Two carloads of household goods were sent from the north shore and distributed to families at Crossville. In these loads were furniture, cooking utensils, and clothing.

It is a matter of justifiable pride to recall the words of the First National bank president of Crossville: "No other territory throughout the area of devastation was so generously and completely supplied."

OBEY THE LAWS

Attorney General Sargent, in his recent address to the Daughters of the American Revolution, said, "The country is safe, society is safe, when the law is obeyed."

In emphasizing obedience instead of enforcement the attorney general preached a valuable sermon to those respectable citizens who do not obey the Eighteenth Amendment, to those citizens who publicly exhort others to obey the law but who themselves privately violate it.

The harm done by this hypocrisy is not so much to the older people as to the younger people, to the children who are forming habits that will later be their adult characters. If they grow up in an atmosphere thick with disregard for law, what will be their attitude and practice when they become citizens? Assuredly it will be contempt for those laws that do not happen to suit them. And no country can long endure where deceit and insincerity become common.

We have heard an otherwise intelligent father, when out with his family for a pleasure drive, instruct his son to watch out for the motor cop. This father can be sure that the son will improve on this instruction and later will join the ranks of the scofflaws. If we don't like our laws, let us

agitate for their repeal, or amendment, and meanwhile OBEY THEM.

DON'T PITY THEM!

Help the blind to help themselves. They do not want sympathy. Don't pity them. They want a little help to tide them over a hard time, a time of re-adjustment. When they are allowed to do what they can very well do, when a certain prejudice, unfair and often cruel in its results, is overcome, the blind can pay their own way.

Give money to the Hadley Correspondence School in Winnetka, the only school of its kind in the whole world. It provides 580 courses for 321 students, according to a count made this last January. Its income last year was \$7,468; its cost of operation, \$8,149; its deficit, \$680.

Eighty-two thousand blind people in the United States are beyond school age. They cannot attend the public schools. Many of them are not financially able to pay the high price of individual instruction. Those of them who want to learn more have just as keen an appetite for more education as their sighted brothers and sisters. Think of how much these correspondence courses must mean to them.

Help the blind to realize their visions!

THE VIKING SHIP

It's an exciting project, that of Mr. Kinney and his Adventure Islanders, to build a viking ship, 36 feet long, brilliantly painted, fitted out with one immense square sail and to be manned by 18 oarsmen. When the craft is finished and launched and sails away to the North what a gallant and inspiring sight she will be!

Bound as we usually are to cold print and mediocre illustrations for our conceptions of olden times we older people are unfortunate. We get fantastic, unreal notions of our hardy, adventurous forefathers. We see them in the movies now and then, but in spite of movement and costume they are far away from the real men. Our appreciation of history is for the greater part indirect and hence vague and inaccurate. We cannot get to the heart of the past; we cannot get a realizing sense of its virtues and vices.

But this viking ship—the planning, building, and sailing of it—will come close to giving these fortunate boys a sense of the brave old Norsemen that will be exceptionally vivid and lasting.

KEEP ON LIVING

Nineteen thousand human beings killed in auto accidents in the United States in 1924 and 450,000 injured. What's the answer? Education.

"Do not cross tracks in front of moving trains." That's a lesson in how to live to a good old age.

Stop, look, listen, and THINK. That's the text of the sermon on safety. We recommend especially the last word—THINK. Thinking requires concentration on the problem in hand. Thinking is most likely to suggest the best thing to do under certain conditions. When you are about to cross an intersection, the approach to which is hidden, stop and think. Or go slowly forward looking to both right and left. Then move on.

Regard every other driver as a fool and act accordingly.

We have the bad habit of putting the blame on somebody else. Who ever thinks himself in the wrong? The one who does make this confession is so rare as almost to be a freak. We can always defend ourselves to ourselves. We always know just why we did a certain thing. We don't welcome adverse criticism. We say we welcome it, but when it is handed to us we are irritated. At such times we should remember that **when the maid leaves the door open the cat's in fault.**

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER"

(In honor of Mother's Day)
*'Twas "Somebody's Mother" who gave up her son,
For God and her country—to be killed by a Hun
In the great World War.
Did she ask for pay—or quietly say,
"I am proud to have given my only boy.
He was my pride, my comfort, my joy."
She was "Somebody's Mother."*

*'Twas "Somebody's Mother," whose own life was spent,
In doing hard labor and saving each cent
For her children's joy.
Did she ask for pay—or unflinchingly say,
"I'm sorry I could not do more for the dears!"
And raising her sweet face, smiled through her tears.
She was "Somebody's Mother."*

*'Tis "Somebody's Mother" I think of to-day,
A little old lady with hair now turned gray
Caused by sorrow and care—
Does she ask for pay—or so silently pray,
"Tho' my years have been spent 'mid sorrow and joy—
God grant me one wish—make a MAN of my boy."
She is "Somebody's Mother."
—LITTLE MISS MUFFET.*

But We're Off Red-Heads for Life

Dear T. R. C.:
When R. H. L. comes back and gives us his Line again, after his prolonged honeymoon tour, it will be time for you to go and enjoy the same. How about the "lady friend" with the auburn hair? There may be a "little spark of love still burning."
Who knows?
—MAN HATER.

And so you, Man Hater, must come along and put the ole curse of matrimony upon our poor head! How often that curse has been put upon us. But never fear, we have been vaccinated and although we've been exposed to Kappas, Thetas, Chios, Alpha Phis, independent co-eds, members and non-members of the I. W. K. K., E. T. hi school maidens, gay and girlish reporters, sob sisters, and even society editors, we are and intend ever to remain heart whole and harness free.

As to red-heads they are indeed a tender subject with us—why bring up dead memories—and we are not holding our breath until a certain brick-topped lady returns our frat pin—we are now wearing our pin inside our vest pocket—safety first!

DEAR MOTHER OF MINE

(A Tribute)
*Dear Mother of Mine,
I miss you so,
My poor heart is aching
This you must know.*

*My life is so lonely,
I can not feel gay,
Or happy without you
On this, "Mother's Day."*

*I miss your sweet smile,
Your kind gentle voice,
But God took you from me,
For I had no choice.*

*Ne'er can I forget you,
For the love which you gave
To me—so unselfish—
Now helps me be brave.*

*Always with me in spirit
In whatever I do,
So faithful and loyal—
Ever so helpful and true.*

*May this be my tribute
To you, Mother dear,
One day to remember
You—each coming year.*
—LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

TENSION PROOF READERS!

Dear T. R. C.—
You seem to be very sensitive as to the wiles of the poet. Ahem, more so than your EDITOR—the placement of poems in your column, your care of punctuation shows more thought. Hell hath ONE fury worse than the woman scorned; and that is a poet who finds, when his poem is published, so much as one comma, one tittle, nay, so much as one FLY-SPECK, changed."
Sincerely,
—SCRUTINOR.

SAY—LISTEN—BOBS!

Is the most beautiful bob-haired maiden in the Sucker State to be found on the North Shore? We'll say so! We never imagined there were so many beautiful damsels in the Heavens above, the earth below, nor yet on the high seas, until we had the good fortune to take up our labors amid the scenic grandeur of the original "Garden of Eden" sometimes known as the North Shore.

Being a glutton for punishment and no mean judge of beauty after serving a full term at Miss Richardson's School for Girls at Evanston, we wish to put forth our candidacy for a judgeship in the Wilmette Village theatre's bobbed-haired beauty contest.
—T. R. C.

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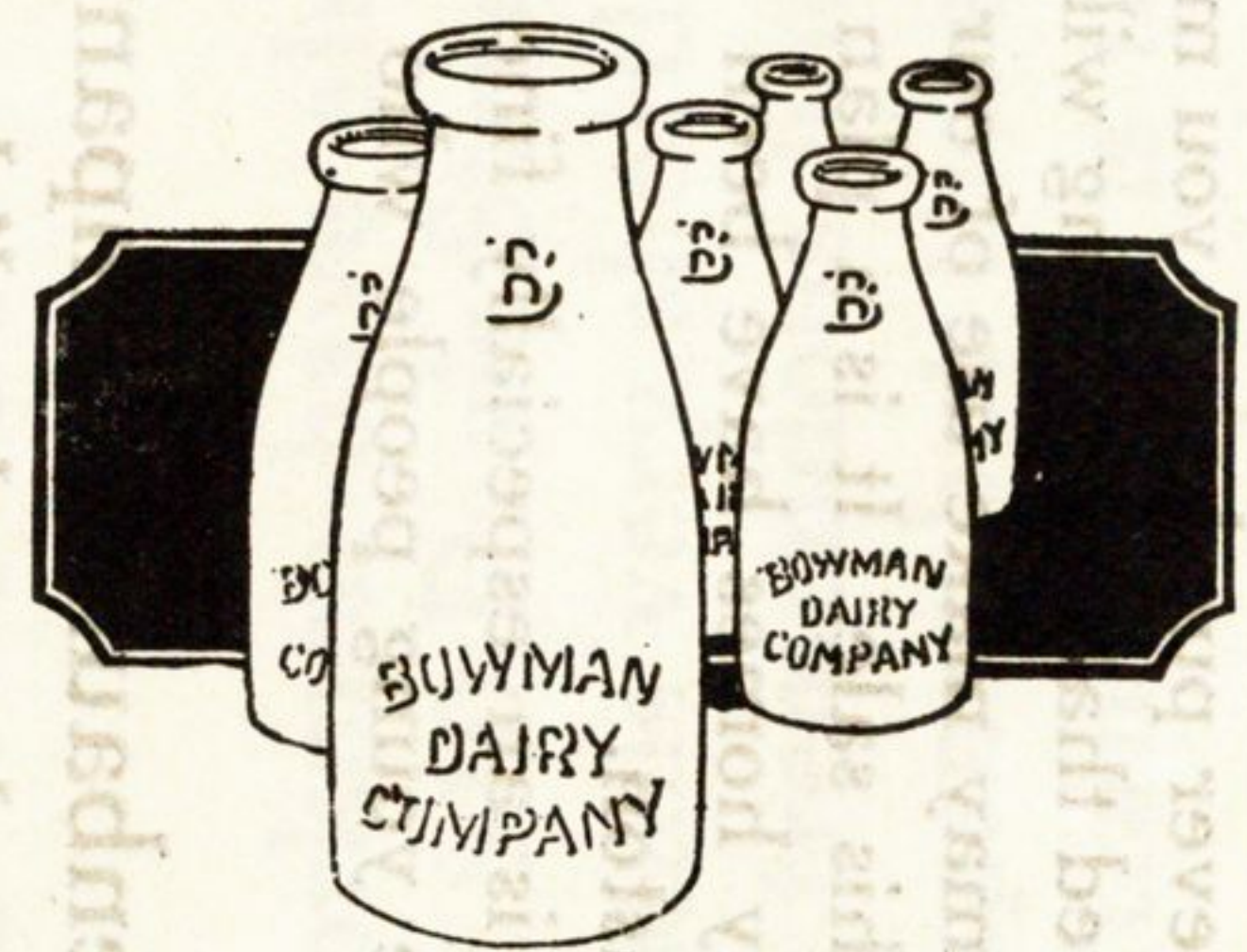
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