

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 16, 1925

Depress the Tracks.

Give the Business Men Fair Play.

Build a New Village Hall.

Enforce the Traffic Laws.

Build the Truck Road

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:

Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

Long through thy weary crowd I roam;

A river-ark on the ocean brine,

Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;

But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;

To Grandeur with his wise grimace;

To upstart Wealth's averted eye;

To supple Office, low and high;

To crowded hall, to court and street;

To frozen hearts and hasting feet;

To those who go, and those who come;

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,

Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—

A secret nook in a pleasant land,

Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;

Where arches green, the livelong day,

Echo the blackbird's roundelay,

And vulgar feet have never trod,

A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,

I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,

Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,

At the sophist schools and the learned clan;

For what are they all, in their high conceit,

When man in the bush with God may meet?

—EMERSON

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

The primary purpose of every village board, especially those administering the civic affairs of North Shore suburbs, is to further community spirit. Our village trustees aim not so much to govern as to conduct business to the advantage of all concerned. Their duty, as they see it, is to serve without fear or favor.

Sometimes it becomes necessary for them to prohibit practices that are detrimental to the good of the village as a whole. For example, the drivers and owners of local delivery trucks have to be warned against exceeding the speed limit and against violating other sections of the auto ordinances. Owners of cars left unlighted after dark or parked on the wrong side of the street must be advised of their neglect. But such cases as these of regulation or discipline are exceptional.

At no time is it the intention of trustees or officers to cause an individual undue hardships. If a citizen is arrested and fined, or given notice that he must clean up his premises so as to conform to sanitary regulations he should not take the action as personal but as an enforcement of law and order.

Help your representatives to further community spirit.

BEAUTIFYING

It's surprising what a change comes over a town when everybody's business is picking up. When things that have been left lying around by Tom, Dick and Harry are gathered up and put where they belong, by Harry, Tom and Dick. Matter out of place is dirt. Therefore, to clean up a town, restore to its rightful place all misplaced matter. Things out of place are a pile of tin cans, new or old, in a vacant lot; pieces of paper outside a container; boxes, wooden or pasteboard,

scattered about; general rubbish anywhere except out of sight.

Order is Heaven's first law. Therefore a godly town will be also a good-looking town. Moreover it will be a healthful town.

Help to beautify your home town by beautifying your own property and the vacant lots in your neighborhood.

SUMMER SCHOOL

Last year 520 in New Trier's 1924 summer school. More than 300 already registered for the 1925 summer school with a very probable 600 at the date of opening. Is further evidence needed that summer schooling is popular and useful on the north shore?

The long summer vacation when grammars and arithmetics accumulated dust on the shelves from June to September has gone into the past along with the golden days of chivalry. There was a time when after commencement, school doors remained closed until September. But nowadays the janitor, after disposing of the graduation flowers, cleans the blackboards for the summer classes.

The new regime brings profits to both teacher and pupil. To the teacher it brings added income, enabling him or her to see an extra show or two, or to buy a fall suit or dress, as the case may be. To the pupil it brings enough more credits to shorten his grammar or high school course materially. Or it helps him to make up for a failure or remove a condition.

Sometimes ambitious students go to summer school when they ought really to go to the country or seashore and loaf. But such individuals are glaring exceptions. The average July-August school-goer benefits by the extra term.

THE HOME MERCHANT

The home merchant. Who is he? He is the chap who gives you credit when you are financially broke, and carries your account until you are able to pay.

He is the chap who gives you back your money or makes exchanges when you are not satisfied with what you have bought.

He is the chap who meets you at the door with a handshake, and lets you out with a message to the "kids" and a real "come again, goodby."

He is the chap whose clerks live in the home town and spend their money with you and other local people.

He is the chap who helps support our churches and charitable organizations and talks for your home town and boosts for it every day in the year.

He is the chap who visits you when you are sick, sends flowers to your family when you die, and follows your body out among the trees and tombs, as far as human feet may travel with the dead.

He is the home merchant—your neighbor—your friend—your helper in time of need.

Don't you think you ought to trade with him, and be his friend and his helper in the time of his need?

Don't you know that every dollar you send out of our town for merchandise is sent to strangers—to men who never spend a dollar here? You don't save much, frequently nothing, when you send your money out of town. And don't you know that the growth and prosperity of this town depends very largely upon the success and prosperity of the home merchant? Out of town people judge our town by the appearance of our stores and the degree of enterprise shown by our merchants. And our home merchants cannot succeed unless home folks give them loyal support.

—From the Community Builder.

Some people are great talkers. They tell you just what they would do if they were asked to do something. But if the truth were known they would be in time of real need as brisk as a bee in a tar-pot.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

THE OLD TIN BUCKET

(Written in loving memory of the passing of ye ole copy bucket at our office)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my labors,
As fond recollection presents them to view!

The alarm clock, the proof sheets, the desks of my neighbors,
And even Mike's puns that made us all blue.*

But chief of all things in our sanctum sanctorum

There returns to my fancy a battered tin pail;

The stories we wrote, to the printers it bore 'em,

As it shot through the floor with a shriek and a wail.

From proof-room to print-shop it dropped with a racket,

'Twas slung on a rope full of slivers and woe.

From us up above it full many a packet

In it has gone down to the press-room below.

The old tin bucket, the wicked tin bucket,

The bunged-up tin bucket that dropped through the floor.

—YRS TRULY.

*Note—Mike is the nickname for our editor—(Ye ED)—his last name is Weber—hence our col. word Weberism—meaning an aggravated pun.

"Go to the Bee, Thou Sluggard"

Sir:

Anent recent observations of mine respecting the present economic psychology of honey bees, I beg to report as follows; despite numerous deleterious comments on the go-getterism deemed characteristic of the American spirit, my researches indicate that the trait is atavistic in its nature, and is not a new phase of mental evolution. Monkeys of the non-human species being rare in Wilmette, my research has been somewhat handicapped, but the insecta furnish evidence that go-getterism is present in the present descendants of an even more remote ancestor of man than the anthropoid ape. The data, proving go-getterism exists among bees follows:

Early spring; honey-bearing blossoms rare; big spring appetite among bees; hence: bee digging in ground, observed on Wilmette avenue; finds buried bud of blossom, opens it, gets honey.

Conclusions: go-getterism.

—DEE PROFUNDIS.

AH YES! OUR SWEETHEART

HAS LET HER'S GROW OUT TOO!

T. R. C., Discriminator of Beateous Damsels,

How could one compete in the 'Bobbed beauty' Contest, one who clings to her trailing tresses? Lissen—Barba', bob not my mop!

Clip not a single hair!

'Twas always on top,

So now, just leave it there.

If cut you must, well—say,

Just clip two Bits or so

From off my bill, today.

But, bob my hair? Ooo, NO!

I say, just leave my thatch,

Do not—now, go and spoil

My splendid, curly patch,

With your tonsorial toil!

A herpicide will do—

Rub in an egg—er, NO,

Let's have a quick shampoo,

But let my curls just so.

—DORIS L.

It just so happens Doris, that we like bobbed hair—it tickles us—sometimes! But we also have a soft spot in our heart for the old-fashioned and unusual maidens who choose to wear their tresses long and natural. We hate to see them left out of any beauty contest, so we have decided to have a contest all our own for the most beautiful long haired maiden on the North Shore!

And as a reward, think of it girls! the conductor of this col. will give an autographed photograph of himself to the beautiful long haired beauty who wins the contest!

—T. R. C.

"IS ZAT SO?"

According to a headline in last week's edition of our paper:

"Bobbed Girls

Prove Bashful"

But Mister Weber we're not absolutely sold on this point!

—T. R. C.

It's Come! It's Come at Last!

Yessir! It's come at last! And it's got us! As we sit here at our machine, looking out at the N. T. hi school maidens drifting homeward along Central avenue, and basking in the warm sunshine, our mind wanders far afield, and we see idle visions of spring flowers, mossy dells—and geegosh—spring fever is awful!

—T. R. C.

Some people
seem to think they must wear ugly
shoes if they want
comfortable shoes

We find so many women who believe they must wear ugly looking shoes to obtain foot comfort that we hasten to assure them this is not so. We have very trim looking oxfords and slippers made on lasts that conform to every angle of the foot, wide ball room, extremely narrow at the heel and snug in the arch, they make walking a pleasure and combine style with comfort charmingly.

We can fit your feet perfectly with
these stylish shoes

Remember, Mr. Pool and Mr. Piper are not shoe salesmen, but specialists in fitting.

Get away from that idea that your feet cannot appear stylish and be comfortable.

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