

Winnetka Weekly Talk
 ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
 by
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.
 1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
 Telephone.....Winnetka 2000
 Telephone.....Wilmette 1920
SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication should reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

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.

Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1925

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

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with
 the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths,
 dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight
 to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of
 river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise
 and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that
 pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold
 thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the
 welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer
 home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows;
 reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form;
 yet, on my heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou
 hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless
 sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must
 tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

—BRYANT

ARCHERY

"My sire shot a good long bow at Hastings," quoth Robin Hood's opponent in the celebrated archery contest so thrillingly described in Scott's "Ivanhoe." In a similar vein some future north shore lad will boast of the skill his father showed in a contest between the Wilmette Archery club and the Winnetka Quivers.

We understand that a renaissance of interest in the bow and arrow has arrived. Medieval romance flowers again in the middle west. The dean of the department of education in N. U. may be seen almost any day with baldric and bugle striding down the streets of Evanston to take his chances with others before the great straw target.

Anybody can run a victrola, but it takes a lithe athlete to pull the mighty bow, and a keen eye and steady hand to direct the steel-tipped shaft to its home in the bull's eye. Penelope's unwelcome suitors got what was coming to them when Odysseus stood in his doorway and spitted them so neatly with his feathered skewers. Perhaps some modern successor will transfix an unwell-

come porch climber in a like fashion.

Hail to the north shore archers! Clad in Lincoln green and bearing their sturdy long bows, may they parade past our house to achieve a notable triumph over their Chicago antagonists!

N. T. MUSIC GUILD

There are probably in Wilmette, Kenilworth, Winnetka, and Glencoe one hundred professional musicians, men and women who earn money by teaching music. Many of them help boys and girls to acquire skill on piano or violin. Others teach appreciation and train groups of young people to sing together.

However different their special occupations they have one aim: to increase interest in music and to heighten the value of music. They believe that this aim can best be achieved by an organizing of themselves into an association which they call "The Music Guild of New Trier." A society in which individual interests will be united into one splendid goal and will do much for music on the north shore.

The Guild has in it remarkable possibilities.

COMING NEXT YEAR

Our active interest is aroused by the announcement that the recitalist engaged to open the 1925-26 series, sponsored by the Winnetka Music club, is Edward Johnson, famous grand opera and concert tenor. Many years ago we first heard this truly great singer. He was then, if we remember correctly, member of a New York church quartet. We believed then, and have been given no reason to change our belief since then, that he was one of the world's few clear-toned, easy-singing tenors.

If the remainder of the club's concerts—five next year instead of four—are as fine as this opening one promises to be, the north shore will have, musically, a splendid season.

"THE ANCIENT ARM"

It tires us not a little to hear younger men expressing their surprise at what an older man is able to do. If a man of middle age or beyond does something a little unusual, a very little out of the ordinary, the callow reporter speaks of the event as a miracle. "How wonderful that a man of his advanced age should do such a thing!"

For example, whenever Walter Johnson loses a game, the newspapers tell us that's just what they expected. The veteran ought to retire. If he wins a game, why, even then, the sports writer can't get rid of his prejudice. He writes this headline: "Ancient Arm of Walter Johnson Trims the Sox." "Ancient Arm!" Why not forget for once at least that Walter is older than he used to be?

It almost seems as if young people were jealous of the exploits of their elders. There is something positively indecent in the haste shown by them to put the not-so-young on the shelf.

People will live longer and die younger—if you get our meaning—when the immature of the species break their ridiculous habit of hustling the more seasoned individuals off the stage. Young fathers had better train their children not to apply the word "old" to anyone under 75. Then perhaps when the children talk and write about their fathers they will go easy on stiffening muscles and gray hair.

Occasions arise when we would like to have people do certain things. We'd like to have them vote for us or our friends. We'd like to have them buy goods at our store. We'd like to have invite us to their homes. Yet we are not friendly towards them. We don't put ourselves out to please them or do them a kind turn. We'd do well to call to our minds the old proverb: **More flies are taken with a drop of honey than with a gallon of vinegar.**

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

REMEMBER?

'Tis sweet to remember, dear,
 The Spring when first we met,
 In the garden there—
 When climbing the stair—
 Remember?

You were running away, dear,
 But I caught you in swift embrace.
 Near the fountain there—
 By the winding stair—
 Remember?

Then Cupid held out his bow dear,
 His swift arrow pierced my heart,
 While sitting there—
 Neath the winding stair—
 Remember?

I asked you to be mine, dear,
 In answer—a kiss—my request,
 As you stood there—
 Near the winding stair—
 Remember?

Now I can ne'er forget, dear,
 The Spring when first we met,
 And such bliss as this—
 From that stolen kiss—
 Remember?

—LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Oh! But We Did Miss You So-O-OH!
 Dear T. R. C.:

Can't a respectable lady go away for a two weeks' vacation without being forgotten? You never once asked where I was, (I looked up all the back files to see), and you did—didn't m-m-miss me at all! I think you're so mean!

—MEDEA

PARADOXICALLY SPEAKING

There happens to be a business office that we visit in the course of our regular weekly routine, that displays upon its walls conspicuously posted a "No Smoking" sign—translated into some six or eight different languages. And invariably we find a member of the firm sitting at his desk smoking, right under this sign.

Which reminds us of another height of paradox — which we chanced to encounter when we used to slave as a letter carrier—i. e. a bull dog, showing his ugly teeth, squatted upon a door mat with the word "WELCOME" endorsed upon it in huge box car letters!
 Can U. beat these?

Add Best Ways NOT to Live To Be a 100!

Might we not be allowed to suggest that one of the best ways NOT to live to a ripe old age, is to start to clean up Cicero!

(Boy, dig into the morgue and get all the dope on the 'lil visit the Duncan Sisters made in Kikero).

What's Wrong In This Adv?

We ran across the following phrase in a recent hosiery advertisement. "And bargains in other popular shades, including black."

Cheer Up Boys! They Are Not So Bad As They're Painted!

We're Serious, Girls

We, the undersigned, do hereby express our objections to the uncalled for practice of the usage of the heterogeneous mass of cosmetics by the so-called fair sex.

Our objections are: Firstly, it is an abominable and unbearable practice to open in class-room, study halls, corridors, and mess hall, and air the infernal little containers that withhold the deadly and offensive odoriferous compound used in an attempt to beautify; secondly, it is a disgusting practice; thirdly, it creates dust for the janitorial staff to remove from the four sides and top and bottom of the numerous rooms; and fourthly, the stuff makes a mess when dropped, making the air unhealthy, and creating an unnecessary disturbance.

Three Merry Bachelors.

(Clipped from the N. T. News)

Write Your Own Moral!

We noted in a recent issue of Kernel William Boastmore Hearst's Chicago Morning Daily, the following interesting headline: "School Books Save Girl Struck by Auto"

"MEMBER WAY BACK WHEN?"

The young men used to wear garters?

And the same young men rarely ever were seen in golf pants or bloomers?

The fair shebas used to wear black hose?

When the police used to try to enforce the four mile an hour speed limit on bicycles?

And when we used to ride our bicycle on a Sunday, people used to point at us and cry "Shame, Shame, Wicked!"?

When a "tux" was as conspicuous as a full shallow-tail formal now is at a "formal"?

When we used to run a quarter of a mile to see a "horseless carriage" amble by? (Anyone would go further than that to gaze at the quaint looking contraption, now-a-days)

Well, we do, an' we hain't no octogenarian, neither!

—T. R. C.

STORES FOR RENT

Stores for rent in the new Bulger-Gately building, located at the northwest corner of Vernon and Park Avenues, Glencoe.

Stores in this building will be ready for occupancy on or about June 15th. Four stores on Vernon Avenue, 14x52 feet, \$110 per month. Desirable for Millinery Shop, Candy Store, Jewelry Store, etc. Corner store, 28x45, \$250 per month. Desirable for Drug Store.

All stores heated by steam heat

McGUIRE & ORR, Agents

69 W. Washington St.

or

Glencoe Office on Park Avenue, Opposite Depot.

Why a square foot of space here is worth more than you pay

Addressed to

Doctors and Dentists

Have you reserved your office in the new professional building to be ready this fall, on the S. E. corner of Church Street at Orrington Avenue?

Inspect its floor plans without delay. There is no finer location for professional men than here; that fact alone would ordinarily command a heavy rental.

But in this building rentals not only are very moderate, but space is so arranged that not a single square foot for which you pay is wasted.

Inquire today—space leasing rapidly to tenants of high professional standing.

VICTOR C. CARLSON Co.

501 Davis Street, Evanston

Tel. Greenleaf 501

See the MISSION-PLAY ANDALOUMA

To be staged in the Woodland Grounds of St. Mary's Techny, Illinois (on the Waukegan Road)

Four Open Air Performances

June 14, 17, 21, 24, 7:30 P. M.

Admission: 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
 Box Seats, \$2.50

NOW!--BUY YOUR TICKETS--NOW!

ST. MARY'S MISSION HOUSE
 Phone Northbrook 7 Techny, Illinois