

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 30, 1925

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

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day, the last Saturday in May, is the one day in the whole year dedicated to the memory of those Americans who have died in the service of their country. On that day the living should pay a tribute of gratitude to those who "gave the last full measure of devotion" to our great republic. Every citizen lover of his country, every man, woman, or child, should turn aside from his ordinary pursuits and think of these martyrs to the cause of liberty.

The Grand Army of the Republic has almost disappeared, and there are left only the veterans of the Spanish-American war and of the war across the seas. It is our privilege to honor these brave soldiers in our poor way. They rendered the country a peculiar service, risking life and health in warfare against a tremendous hostile force. They left home and loved ones to preserve what we as well as they valued most highly.

We can do very little, if anything, to make up for what they have done, but we can at least dedicate a portion of Memorial Day to grateful remembrance.

TENNIS

Lawn tennis is a grand game! Many's the set we've played in our more agile days. Give us a quarter for every double fault we've served and we'd double our income tax.

Our earliest games of tennis were played on a grass court. These primeval encounters were not very fast, in fact, rather dead. The balls were not always full of vim and vigor, but what they lacked in vitality we made up for in speed of foot and arm. We had fine times, and that's enough.

We recall with vividness one of our liveliest sets. We stood on the service line, racket raised high, our opponent eagerly expectant. Up went the ball, down came the racket, and the ball sailed clear over the other fellow's head. But our second service, being less vicious and much more cautious, was "good," and the play began. Those were wonderful days. Since then we've played on clay courts and cement courts, but we've never had more fun than in those closing years of the nineteenth century.

We'd like to be at the Skokie Country club from July 20 to 26 and see the world's greatest tennis players do their surprising stuff.

THE DEADLY D'S

The Kenilworth Garden club has put a ban on the three deadly d's—dress, disease, and domestics. The members of the said club are allowed to discuss any topics except these three. We have not heard what happens to reckless ladies who violate this rule but imagine that they are gagged.

In our early youth we heard much talk at home about dress, more in fact than we could even dimly comprehend. When we

were at the noon luncheon surrounded by mother, sisters, and dressmaker, all talking about dress, living was a deadly bore. As a mere boy we got so tired of seams, styles, and sewing that we almost decided then and there never to get married. Naturally, therefore, we are now pleased to hear that the ladies themselves have put these topics on the index expurgatorius.

And disease—what would this world do if its inmates couldn't swap symptoms? It took rare courage on the part of the Kenilworth gardeners to exclude this usually welcome conversational subject. Our ailments are like the poor—we have them always with us. They are so close to us, and we are so fond of them, in addition, that we doubt whether we could live up to this particular prohibition.

Domestics! We know very well that the clubwomen will not drop this theme. And why should they so cruelly limit themselves? They might as justly forbid talk on the weather. If the housekeepers say nothing about domestics, husbands will have to tackle the servant question.

GREATLY NEEDED

It will be a red-letter day for Glencoe when enough money has been raised to warrant the building of the new school auditorium. For a long time such an assembling place has been needed by citizens and school children. Without an assembly hall pupils miss the invaluable benefits that come from meeting frequently in a unified school body and acting as a unit. They also fail to develop the good habits resulting from singing together and from hearing speeches directed not to individuals but to the school as a whole.

A body of citizens without some kind of a community house cannot develop that civic spirit which marks the difference between a collection of people in a town and a real, co-operating organization of citizens. Persons who want to get together must have some easily accessible place to get together in.

Citizens and children need this auditorium. Moreover they need it now. So contribute promptly and generously!

TRIM IT!

A man who has had many years of experience in city driving knows that more danger lurks at street intersections than anywhere else. At the corners of ordinary streets mishaps and even death wait for the unwary driver.

There is all the more need, therefore, that the possibility of accidents at street intersections be reduced to a minimum. It ought to be made easy for the driver approaching a corner to look both right and left on the intersecting street so as to decide intelligently what to do.

But when all four corners are thickly overgrown with tall shrubbery, how can even the most far-sighted driver see what's coming? And if he is in a hurry and given to taking chances—more work for the doctor and coroner!

Corner shrubbery ought to be cut down by the owner or the police so as not to become a partner with death. Life is of supreme worth and should be safeguarded in every available way.

Trim down the corner shrubs IMMEDIATELY

Did you ever hear of morals being mixed with matches? We have. Every time we open a new box of matches in our modest little home the first thing we see is a wise sentence reposing immediately under the lid. This week we struck the following: "The best recompense for service is increased ability to render more service." The notion of distributing wisdom with wares of various sorts is novel and probably will advance moral evolution.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

LEST YE FORGET

We Shall Not Sleep

In Flanders' Field the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead,
Short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw
sunset glow,
Lived and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' Field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with those who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Field.

—LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE

QUIT YOUR SPOOFING, DOC!

Bobbed hair weakens the mind, says Dr. Swift of Washington university. For the cryin an sobbin aloud, cut it out Doc! Forgit it!

Jes ferinstance! We have in mind the most beautiful, smartest, cleverest, and most human and likeable co-ed who was among those to be honored with a Phi Bet key this Spring at Northwestern. This delightful maiden effects a closely and neatly trimmed ultra boyish "bob." And if "bobbing" softens a maiden's mind, like it has hers, we are heartily in favor of compulsory hair cuts for the fair sex. How about it Doc?

We Refuse to Follow the Fashions!

According to a recent fashion note in the Chitrib:

"Laces for Men,
Cry of Expert
Fashion Molder"

And the story goes on to say that "there will be top coats of brilliant colors and eccentricities of trimming, with perhaps, lace handkerchiefs."

!?!*****?xxx? — Words fail us! This bein "a clean newspaper for a clean community" our vocabulary is too limited to make the proper comment on this matter.

Who said this wasn't the feministic

TO MEDEA

Whither hast thou been, fair maid?
And how long didst thou stay?
We missed thy letters to T. R. C.
While thou wert gone away!

Tho we know not thy name, fair maid.

As Contribs we unite:
And say, "We're glad Medea, thou
Art back with us. Do Write!"

—LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Yes Yes! By all means tell us all about your vacation and the good times you had. Atta good girlie give us a tell!

We Jes Must Meet Marguerite!

To Marguerite
I love you for your sweet gentle way,
For the lovely things you do and say;

Your bright happy smile makes all love you—

That's something I surely do!

—MAM

CONTRIBS

We can use prose as well as poetry or verse!

THAT'S OUR USUAL LUCK!

To "——"
I didn't think that you would ever care
For me; nor did I dream that you
would let

Me hold your hand, or take a dare,
And let me kiss your ruby lips—in
sweet embrace—

Nor that you'd say, "I love you," with
a quiet grace;

Ne'er did I think that such would come
to pass to-night—

And darn it—I was right!

—LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Hur-Ray! A Brand New Disease!

Yes sir, here we was asittin looking out of the window and basking in the warm spring sunshine and not carin' whether the paper ever went to press or not—no pep, no life—no how—an we athinkin as how we must have spring fever!

But no sir, we were all wrong according to Doc Myerson, in his latest book, we were a victim of the dread disease called, "anhedonia." It's a turrable awful one too.

A TRIBUTE

(To my comrades killed in action)
Those eight flag draped heroes brave,
That carried were to an untimely grave,
And 'neath huge mounds of flowers lay,
In that crowded hall but yesterday.

Oh God! If they have died in vain
Only that nations might territories gain;
Then Heaven grant that vengeance fall,
Strike those guilty, each and all!

—CAMPUS CRITIC

THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING, OR PERHAPS NOTHING!

We tried hard to slip over a very punk piece of our very own so-called "verse" or "poetry" into T & T last week and after holding an editorial conference it was the unanimous decision of those who are guilty of getting out this here sheet, that the "con-trib" was not fit to print.

Oh well, we'll slip one into this col. yet!

—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

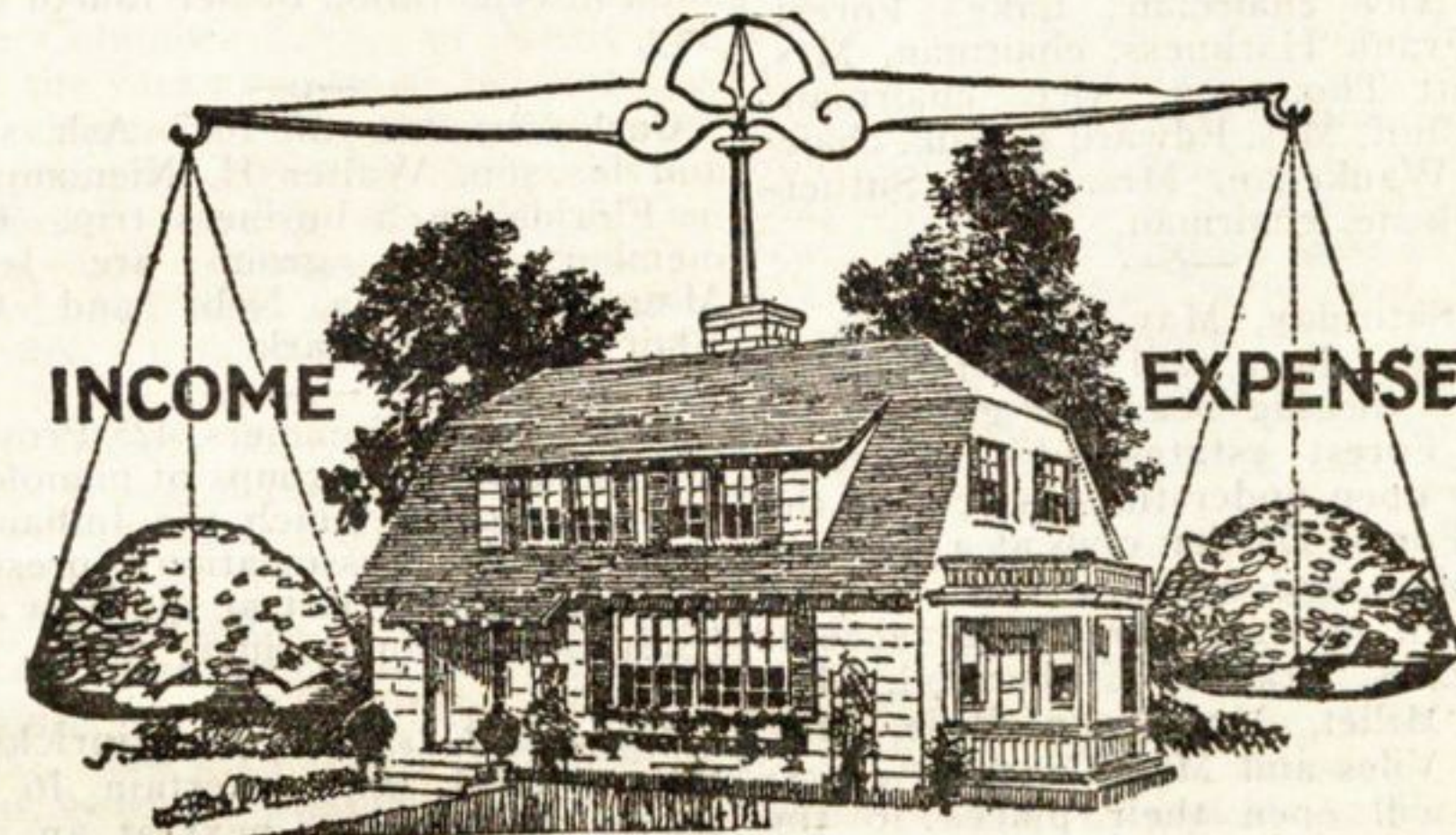
McGUIRE & ORR, Agents

69 W. Washington St.

or

Glencoe Office on Park Avenue, Opposite Depot.

That Lot of Yours Can Have A Home of Your Own Choice



We will build and finance complete. We render complete architect service without extra charges. Our finance charges are the most reasonable on the north shore.

10% CASH if you own your lot.

1% Monthly on balance including interest.

Let us put you more firmly on the road to independence. Over sixty homes built by us between Wilmette and Waukegan.

For further particulars write or call

LAKE COUNTY CONSTRUCTION CO.

212 Washington St.
Waukegan, Ill.
Phone Waukegan 3031

10 No. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.
Phone State 8825

See the

MISSION-PLAY ANDALOUMA

To be staged in the Woodland
Grounds of St. Mary's
Techy, 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

Techy, Illinois