

Winnetka Weekly Talk

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

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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, JUNE 27, 1925

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

SHE WAS A PHANTOM

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of celestial light.

—WORDSWORTH.

WHO PAYS?

Western railroads have slashed Sunday excursion rates. The North Western line, for example, offers a round trip Sunday rate of \$2 between Chicago and Milwaukee, \$3.14 less than the regular round trip rate. The same railroad sells a round trip Sunday ticket between Madison and Chicago for \$2.75, which is \$6.61 less than the regular round trip rate, a reduction of 70%.

Good! Fine idea! BUT this same road is about to make an advance of 20% on commutation rates! Is this 20% advance to be used to cover some of the 70% reduction? Will the regular six-days-a-week suburban commuter be forced to pay part of the fare of the irregular Sunday excursionist?

If this lowering be merely a step in the regaining of business taken from the railroad by the motor bus and private auto, and if it means ultimately an increase in the bank account of the railroads, then we don't object to it. That's the railroad's business. But if commuters have to pay for the cut in excursion fares, then we certainly do object!

If the cut in Sunday excursion rates means an addition to the commuter's load, we protest vigorously!

THE WORLD MOVES

Recently there appeared in the rotogravure section of a Sunday paper a picture of a miniature railway, and on one of its ridiculously tiny seats—George VII, King of England and Emperor of India. Opposite him a small boy, of the ordinary British variety. What about that "dignity that doth hedge a king?"

That a monarch on whose realm the sun never sets should so forget his regal rank as to mix up with the common run of people on a toy railway seems incredible. Can anyone find in all history a parallel to such an extraordinary come-down? Truly the world moves.

Time was when the Lord High Chamberlain would have physically restrained the potentate

from so debasing himself. But now the most powerful monarch not only thinks of doing a plebeian act, but actually does it, apparently with the connivance of the members of his court; moreover he apparently allows his photo to be taken.

We honor the king for this free expression of his democratic spirit. One or more of our presidents might have done the same thing as George, T. R. could easily have done it, but not Wilson. We doubt Calvin's willingness to come off his pedestal.

Life is just one thing after another, with occasionally some act like King George's to relieve the strain.

PICNICS

Sunday School picnics—that's the kind we're going to tell you about. Not the imitation variety, in which five or six people go out to the Forest Preserve and have a nice little meal. No, we have in mind the SUNDAY SCHOOL picnic, a picnic on a big scale; four or five hundred people, mostly young ones.

In the Sunday School which we attended years ago in the East, the superintendent announced some months before the actual event that the Sunday School was to have a picnic on a certain wonderful Saturday. How we awaited that great day and how slowly it came! A day in the woods meant much to city boys and girls. We were to go by train to this beautiful picnic grove.

We assembled on that notable Saturday morning at the church and went from there by omnibus to the railway station. With us went big baskets of provender of all kinds—mostly sandwiches and cakes. We piled aboard the cars, the ladies and older people taking the seats, and the boys not settling anywhere, but running back and forth, infesting the platforms until the trainmen drove them in.

The ride to the grounds—what a long ride it was! Lengthened by our being obliged to wait on the switch for every other regular train, even the freights. Arrived at our destination, off we scrambled and ran into the grove to pre-empt the best places for our own parties. It was next in order to explore the adjacent woods and fields, just for the pleasure of seeing what we could see. Then, if there was a river near by (usually there was), to it we bent our happy steps to see if we could rent a row-boat and for how much.

Soon lunch-time came, high spot in the day's festivities. Mother had spread a big cloth on the grass and on it had arranged a feast fit for the gods and dangerously attractive to boyish eyes and stomachs. We ate and ate until, strange to say, we were satisfied. We then strolled about, waiting for the games and contests to begin. We often tried our skill and strength against others, but usually won nothing.

The hour for returning to the city came round, and on board piled a incoherent throng of tired-out mothers and children, the fathers usually not caring for picnics. The ride back to town added to the already frazzled-out condition of the picnickers. The trip was enlivened somewhat by accounts of how Willie had fallen from the swing and sprained his foot and how Mary had been chased by an irate cow. That night there were dreams in plenty of ants and spiders and miraculous escapes from drowning.

The next day many were the discussions as to whether picnics were really worth while, the adults maintaining the negative and the children the affirmative. As for us, at present, we've lost our appetite for Sunday School picnics.

Have you ever met a man who gives with reservation, or, in simpler language, never gives whole-heartedly. The same is true of his lending. Say to him when next you would borrow from him: *If you give me the loan of your breeches, don't cut off the buttons.*

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

LAMENT

What ails thee?
Tear, rend, twist my heart-strings
Thou anguish so severely intense.
Drag, tire, numb my senses,
Strange fit.

Thou throbbing heart,
Why dost torment me? Cursed
ague,
What ill omen hast ordained—
Youth's sad awakening
To the ravings of a sordid
world?

Spare me
My dreams, depart deluding
joys!
Go, vain pomp and boughten
toys
Born of Selfishness and Folly—
Come, thou purest Melancholy.

Do not depart,
My dreams, stay and soothe,
Let sweetest music breathe,
Perfumes sate, in some sunned
nook,
Drowsy bees near purling brook.
—DORIS L.

LISSEN TO THIS, JANEY!

Dear Janey:
As I seem to be the main object of your volley of fire, let me give you a word. Keep up the good work. Continue to be distinguished among the rank and file of my acquaintances and friends as the one who gives me the most slams, so, when I become famous as the world's best mathematician, you can say with more truth than any one else: "Yes, I told you so, I always knew she would amount to something!"
—MEDEA

Although, we can't for the life of us see why any one in this wide world should ever wish to become a mathematician, we are right with you Medea! But we fear that, despite the fact that you claim to be a man-hater, some one of these fine days along will come some clever young man who'll up and confer upon you the degree of P. W. and then—another ambitious man-hater will cease to exist.

YALE 25—HARVARD 15!

Read a headline recently. Ye Gods, thinks we, are they playin spring football in the East, or have we done got a-hold of a last fall's sport page? But no, come to read it 'twas a baseball score.
Who sez the 1925 official baseballs are not lively!

THE WANDERER

(To a dragon fly hovering on a plate glass window.)
Oh golden, lovely thing,
Sunbeam on Fairy wing,
Skimming the crystal glasses,
While the noisy city passes.

A quiet hidden pool
Where the Trout lie deep in the cool
And the swallow dips her wing—
Thus does he deem the thing?

Now comes the Red-Wing's call,
Lapsing ripples rise and fall:—
And the heat-curst city passes
While I lie on the cool dank grasses.
—BARDOFF.

IT IS TO LAFF!

Scene—in the Skokie lowlands. First Mosquito—Big Bill—Have you heard the latest? Second M.—No. Wat's the big idea? Ist M.—Looket this! (And he shoves a copy of the w. g. c. n. (World's Greatest Community Newspaper) under the probocis of M. no. 2.) 2nd M.—Reads—"Mosquito now under control! Conquers Skokie pest!" Ha Ha! Aint that hot! Bill. Chorus (with all the wee mosquitoes joining in and the hoarse he-bass mosquitos drowning out the tenors.)
"Ha! Ho Ha! Ha! and a couple-hee he-haws!"

The Moral—Despite all the bunk you may read in the newspapers put screens on your windows and keep plenty of mosquito bite remedy handy!

Attention of N. U. Publicity Dept.!

According to the graduating program of the New Trier High school, out of 240 graduates from that school, 51 intend to attend Northwestern. But 36 the U. of I. 3 to the U. of M. 14 to U. of W.

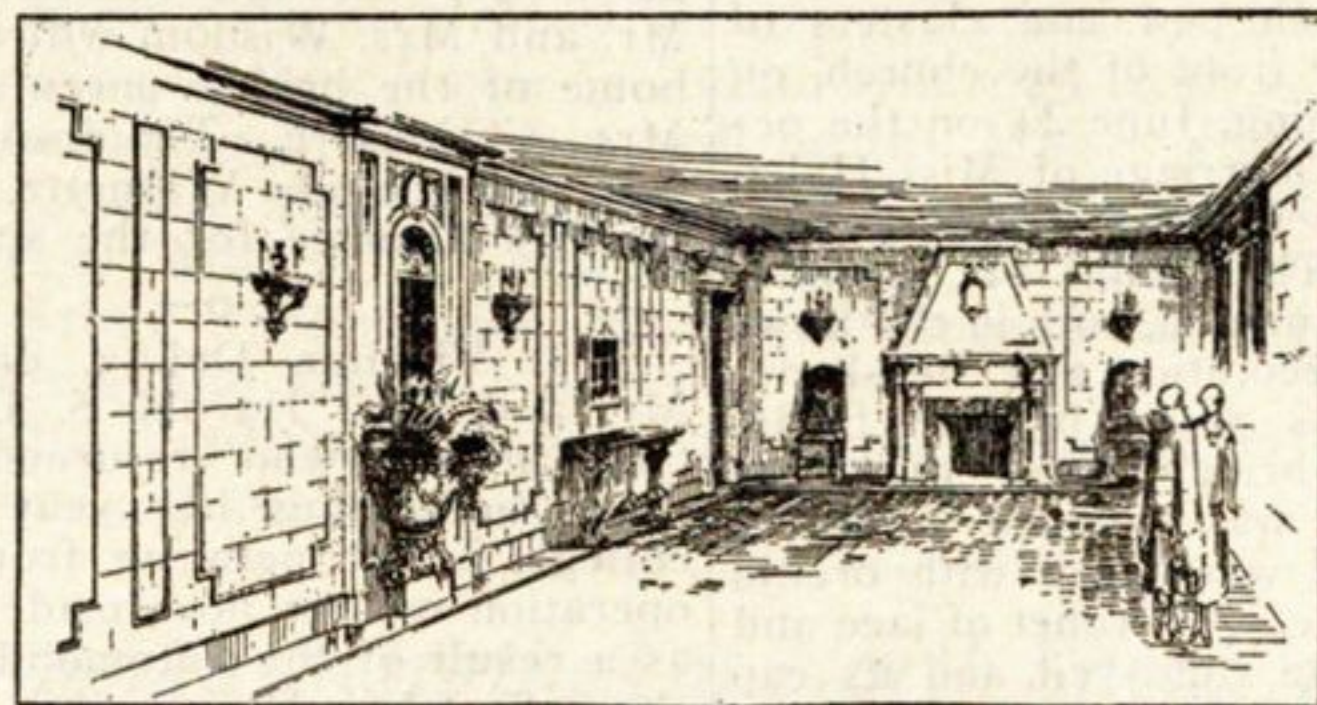
And to the East, hurrah! All of 6 to Dartmouth; 6 to Smith; 3 to Princeton; 2 to Brown; 2 to Williams; 2 to Cornell, and one each to Bryn Mawr, Wells, Mount Holyoke, and deah ole Harvard!

And who can blame the boys for wanting to go to Evanston where the co-eds are plentiful and beautiful, the beach is moon-lit and the moon mellow, or the fair maidens for wanting to go where the men are men and as we hear-ed-tell, long ere we went there, "they kill one and other and get away with it."

Ah would we were back there! Idling our hours in the School 'O' Speech, back to the money we spent, back to Du Breuil's and the Pantry, back to the moon-lit beaches!
Oh well, we will be back as fast as the 5:15 will take us there!
—T. R. C.

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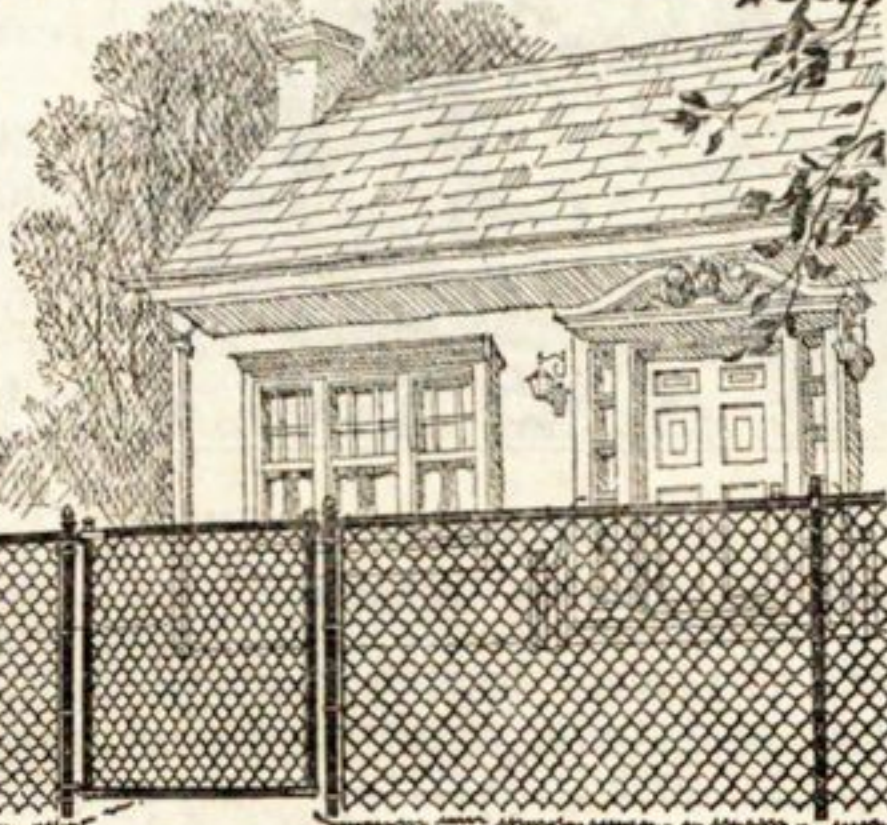
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