

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, AUGUST 15, 1925

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

BRING IT BACK!

Who took the fine radio, gift of a Winnetka citizen, from the room of the Winnetka Post of the American Legion in Community House?

It has disappeared. Somebody has stolen it. The members of the Post have been deprived of a means of entertainment and general profit. All they have left is a loud speaker, unpleasant reminder of what's been taken away!

This disregard for the property of others, to put it mildly, is altogether too common. Articles of value intended for public, or partly public, use are often appropriated by individuals, not usually classed as feeble minded. All kinds of institutions suffer at the hands of these vandals—hotels, public libraries, churches, museums, railroad stations, community institutions.

Most of the offenders are boys from 15 to 20 years of age. They do not, and perhaps cannot, see clearly the consequences of their vicious actions. How these youthful thieves can be corrected is hard to say. A term in jail improves some. A heart to heart talk helps others. Some are hopeless. But if thefts, such as this one at Community House, are to be decreased in number, definite action of some sort must be taken.

Whoever you are that took the Legion's radio, BRING IT BACK!

OFFICER CUMMINGS

Winnetkans should be grateful to Patrolman Cummings for his prompt and courageous capture of the negro ex-convict on Tuesday evening, August 4. Both the recognition and capture of the criminal deserve sincere commendation, inasmuch as the man was carrying concealed weapons and was obviously a dangerous character.

It is rather useless to speculate on what this negro might have done had he not been discovered and arrested. We might reasonably believe that after nightfall he would have broken into some unguarded home or perhaps have held up some unfortunate pedestrian, or in a moment of anger have shot one of his victims. What he might have done is by no means so important as that he was prevented from doing whatever he had in mind to do.

For the citizens of Winnetka we express gratitude to Cummings for his intelligent and prompt action. It is such action that will preserve the security of life and property on the North Shore.

SUMMER READING

Summer reading seems just as popular as winter reading. The summer hammock is as productive of the desire to read as the winter fireside. The long winter evenings are no more inviting to the lover of books than the long summer days.

The statements made above are borne out by the reports of village librarians. The average number of books taken out every day from the Wilmette public library

is 400; from the Winnetka library, 200. Many of these books taken out are so-called "vacation books," the borrowers by special agreement being allowed to take them away with them on their vacations. This summer the number of books on evolution and religion has been remarkably large, due to the Dayton trial primarily. Travel books go strong every summer.

In Winnetka during January 3,767 books were read. In Winnetka during July 4,210 books were read; 443 more than in January. January is a typical winter month; July a typical summer month. As might be expected the most popular summer books are from the departments of fiction and travel.

We also have good reason for believing that the north shore suburbanites are heavier readers all the year round than the residents of other suburbs and towns of equal size. Batavia, Illinois, a much larger town than Wilmette, reads 100 books a day, as against Wilmette's 400.

Incidentally it wouldn't be bad if fiction were read a little less and more serious literature a little more.

THE LAKE'S THERE!

Do you of the north shore appreciate the all-around resort in which you live? Enjoy the lake, its cooling breezes, beautiful shores, inviting beaches?

Are you one of those citizens who forgets that he lives on the shores of a great lake, until some outsider from Kansas, Oklahoma, or Texas comes along and calls attention to its generous beauties?

Our attention was called to this point by the statement of an Evanston woman, for many years residing within three blocks of the lake shore, that she had never been down to the lake.

Sounds impossible, but it's true. We sincerely hope that on the north shore such cases as the above are few and far apart. Not to enjoy these unbuyable natural beauties that lie almost at our very door steps seems almost criminal.

Why go to Michigan just to see the other shore of the lake? Our side is equally beautiful.

But 'tis an ancient and wise saying: "Other pastures ever look greener than our own."

TAKE A TEACHER!

Tell your superintendent of schools that you will lodge and board a teacher. Tell him that you are willing to provide a room and two meals a day for one of his teachers. Perhaps you can take two. That will be twice as good.

Many of the teachers come from their homes in other parts of the country. These homes are often so far away that the teachers cannot afford to visit them even during the Christmas holidays. Many of the teachers are girls who have never before been away from home. Naturally they are often very lonely. They miss the social gatherings which they used to attend in their home towns.

Imagine the daily life of one of these strangers in our midst. She rises at an early hour in her room. She goes for her breakfast to some restaurant. She goes to school and until perhaps five o'clock is engaged in teaching. Then she goes to her room to rest a little before dinner, which she probably takes in the same public and unsociable restaurant. To her room again where she marks papers and prepares until her work is finished. Then to bed. Ditto the next day.

But suppose she lived in your home, ate meals with the family. Instead of room existence she would be having genuine home life. Eating meals with people has from time immemorial brought them into pleasant and usually profitable relations.

And if you help them they too will be a real help to you. So, lodge and board a teacher. Phone your superintendent to-day.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

MEMORIES

*Cups . . . only fools keep them,—
Old, they are, like memories
Of you . . .*

*I had forgotten this shelf of cups
Each holds a liquor once tasted
Joyously . . .*

*Your arms . . . your easy laugh . . .
Your eyes . . . your lips . . .
You . . .*

*Bah! I shall give them
To the Old Junk Man
Tomorrow . . .*

—CRISS-CROSS.

We're Waiting To Verify!

"Believe It Or
Not, Cubs Take
Two In One Day"
We read recently, but it can't be true!

We Deny The Allegation and Defy The Alligator!

Sir:—You must have been a Sunday School Superintendent, judging from your patronizing hip, hip, hooray comments to Contribs. Listen here, Sonny,—be human! If you can't, turn in your mediocre titled column to some grammar school, and go back to your dolls and pretty blocks. It annoys me to have to bother with criticizing you—I do it as unaccountably as I stopped my Gray Goose yesterday to steer a foolish young airedale across the street. You can't expect your Contribs to toe the mark of interesting originality unless you set the example.

—THE THIRTEENTH BUCCANEER.

And Buckie, old thing, even the above caption is far from original—it should be in quotes—as it is a favorite ultimatum of Col. Waters, the Tunnel sage, when he considers himself to have been insulted. To be truly original is far from human—and if we are anything we are human.

However, with your splendid help we should be able to make this column so brilliant as to make Dick's Little Line look like a 1919 used Ford!

IMPOSSIBLE

According to a paragrapher in a Detroit paper: "Fashion has accomplished the remarkable feat of making the girl who is all curves look as if she had none whatever."

THAT'S AWFUL GLAD!

"Mabel's So Glad
She Looked as if
She'd Adenoids"
According to a Chitrib headline over a recent interview of Mae Tinee's.

ODE TO ELIZABETH

Our old Ford, she works fer Pa,
An' she's the goodest car ever you saw!
She comes to our house every day
And runs to the office, two blocks away,
An' my Ma, she ist laughs
When Dad he steps on the gas,—
Ain't it the beatnist car ever ran,
Rattley, battley, bandedy can!

—Srs.

Yes, Sis, had the faithful "Lizabeth" been known to the loveable Riley he would undoubtedly have immortalized her even as he did "Lil Orphant Annie."

OPTIMIST LEAGUE

Our own Pollyanna Editorial chief recently came out flat-footed for the movement favoring an Optimist League. We are all for him and it! And we should like to suggest the following ticket of worthy optimists when the election of officers is under consideration:

For,
President, Our own good "Doctor Phil" Kohlsaas,
Vice-president, "Doc" Frank Crane;
Secretary, the original "Pollyanna, Herself, in Person";
Treasurer, "Eddie" Guest.

And among other real dyed-in-the-wool optimists who should be considered for honors are the following:

The man or woman who thinks that any person with money enough to hire a smart lawyer will ever HANG by the neck in Cook county;

Little Miss Muffet;
Any person who thinks that the crime situation in Chicago is NOT serious;

Any one who still believes in the ancient worn-out saw that, "Two can live as cheaply as one." (Let him read the current ads for feminine clothing or the annals of the Court of Domestic Relations.);

The young man or woman who enters into a career of journalism with his eyes open and in his or her right mind, and expects some day to make a living;

Any man who takes a job as a Chicago "copper" without taking out insurance;

And the watchman at the North Western crossing at Central street, Wilmette. Anyone who can remain a smiling optimist and watch that crossing is sure the champion among optimists.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT WE GO ACROSS TO SEE!

"Why," queries our astute editorial writer, "go to Michigan just to see the other shore of the lake?"

—T. R. C.

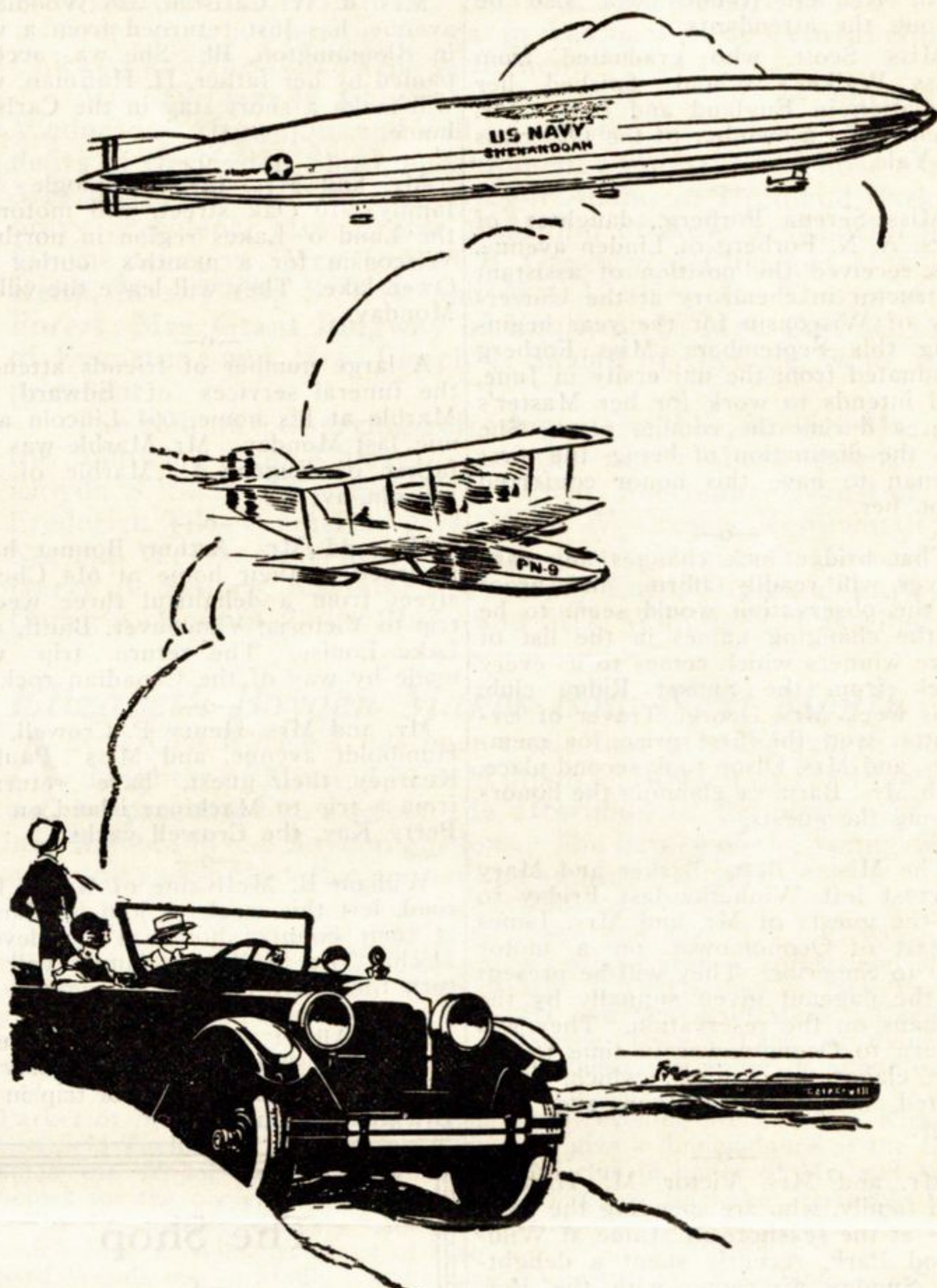
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