

Winnetka Weekly Talk

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by
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1925

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

THE COG

Here at the window all day long
I stand,
Eight hours a day, six days a
week and sell
Stamps, and weigh packages, and
things like that.
A child comes in and wants a
postal card,
A blonde stenographer wants two
cent stamps,
A farmer's wife has eggs to parcel
post,
"How much it cost send this to
Budapest?"
So it goes all day long and every
day.
One day a woman said, "I want
to get
Eighteen Kenosha stamps." You'd
never guess
What 'twas she meant. Yes, there
are funny spots
Light the routine—but it's monotonous.
Some day I'll drop and then—another chap
At the same window, doing the
same work,
In the same way, for the same
pay—about.
Sometimes I tell Janet I'm just a
cog,
In a machine. Then she bursts
into flame:
"Why, Dickie, boy, you're not,
you're no such a thing!
You stand there at your window
and you weave
The web of life. Think of it!
Christmas gifts,
Engagement rings, and bits of
wedding cake,
And packages of food to hungry
lands.
Letters from home to far-off boys
and girls,
Letters from boys and girls to
folks at home,
Letters from friends, and lovers,
husbands, wives,
Pass through your fingers like
the warp and woof
Of a great, golden tapestry of
love,
Tucked close around us to keep
us warm,
A cog! Why, Dick, what makes
the world go round
Is just such strong and faithful
cogs as you."
Of course, that's only Janet's
jollyng
But—jollyng, too, helps make
the world go 'round.

FREDERICK HALL

TRAINING

Training will improve a person's acting, thinking, and feeling. Whether this training is administered by other people or by oneself, it is, in the majority of cases, sure to be beneficial. A person can be so trained in manual skill that in the course of no very long time he will be able to perform marvelous feats. A Japanese balancer does miracles with bamboo rods and dishes. Paderewski shows perhaps even greater dexterity on the piano keys.

Ability to think can be trained. Huxley and Darwin are outstanding examples in this field. The thinking of expert lawyers and engineers is a matter of great admiration to untrained thinkers.

Feeling, too, can be trained. A man can by practicing cheerfulness train himself not to feel grouchy. One who does not appreciate good music can, by long exercising, cultivate his love of good music.

But the best training is the training to save life. The training that boy scouts and girl scouts receive in this direction has often resulted in the actual rescue of the lives of those who were in danger of drowning, for example. The girl scout who recently discovered a girl swimmer struggling for life, who swam to her, brought her safely to shore, and then revived her, is a striking example of the splendid effect of training.

CHOKER THE WRIGGLERS

The mosquito must go!

The intelligent, persistent north shore has taken up the fight against the miserable pest, and it must go.

Now is a critical time. Pools of water, mostly on private property, are serving as comfortable nurseries for mosquito eggs and young. Unless these wriggling possibilities are ruined, completely put out of business, the enemy will be upon us again.

Remember last summer! Live over again a few minutes of those pestful days. Go out doors, and mosquitoes begin their awful work on face, hands, and legs. Go into the house and mosquitoes follow in a horrible cloud. And when your skin is reeking with the poison, come back to 1925 and resolve to do your best to prevent the mosquito's return.

At once, when you notice the coming to your home of this buzzing nuisance, telephone to the authorities in your town and tell them the news. This is the best method of keeping your officials informed. And being informed they can act most efficiently.

We are told that Skokie is "threatening to give forth a goodly crop." The best way to destroy this harvest of wigglers is to—REPORT MOSQUITO ANNOYANCE!

ALGONQUIN

It is a sight to "warm the cockles" of anybody's heart to see little girls from homes in which there is no experience of want or hardship bent upon activities whose purpose is the raising of money to be contributed to such a cause as the summer camp where children and women from homes of quite a different character have a little season of comfort and plenty that they take quite as a matter of course in their more fortunate life experience.

Camp Algonquin is an institution which might be expected to appeal to the best that is in the adult population of the district that supports it. They have acquaintance, if not experience, with poverty and squalor; they know something of how the "other half" lives, what are the conditions against which little children of the poor find it so hard to battle successfully in a fight for life itself. But when little girls evince their understanding of the cause for which such institutions as Camp Algonquin stand there is reason for hope, even expectation, that the time will come when those conditions will be so completely changed by the institution of a new social order that the summer camp and the slum will be things of the past.

Until that time comes, until the children of today become the men and women of tomorrow, it is well to encourage in their little minds the realization of the obligation that the exceptionally fortunate owe to the exceptionally unfortunate.

THIS AND THAT

Until We Find a Title

THE DESPOILER

Within a golden garden,
Ah, far from lust and sin,
There dwelt a dainty rose-bud,
Softly sweet,—and pure within.
She waxed,
And soon had grown
Into a rose, full-blown,
Beloved of all who knew her.

Into the golden garden,
One night, on glittering, fluttering wing,
A gorgeous moth descended—
Toyed a moment with the dew-dipped
rose—
Then slipped away.

Within the golden garden,
Ah, far from lust and sin,
All are grieving;
For the dainty rose-flower
Is slowly drooping—pleading,
Pleading for just one more drop of dew
Pleading—drooping—sighing,
Softly crying—slowly dying.
And as the life-shades drew,
There crept from the heart of the rose—
A worm. —DORIS L.

AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!

"But there are no more lamplighters in Glencoe," moans our sob-sister demon feature writer in the NEWS.

ADD OPTIMISTS LEAGUE

We wish to propose for an honorary membership in the Optimists League, a certain Cub fan who ventured to predict that the Cubs were about to go mad and win about 20 straight!

Yep. He Wins The Pink Hand Painted Outfit!

I think the prize goes to the bozo who stood looking at a display of razors in Snyder's window and said, "Well there's a safety in numbers."
—THE PURPLE KNIGHT.

THE YARDAGE IS LESS!

"It is not difficult for a girl earning \$15 a week to get together a wardrobe of six or seven pretty dresses," we read in the paper last week.

SUPER-OPTIMISM

There's a smile for every frown;
There's a joy for every sorrow,—
Tho to-day be dark and dreary—
There's the sun shine of to-morrow.

There's a pleasure for each hardship,—
There's a friend for every foe;
There's more good than all the evil—
If folks only saw it so.
—LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Tut! Tut! Shame on you Miss Muffet! We fear you've been reading Dr. Frank Crane, or some of our own cheerful editorials! Which brings to our mind the one particular one in which our editorial writer tried to Pollyanna us out of there being any cold weather on the North Shore in the winter!

My Ideas About Michigan

(By One Who Has Never Been There)
I have recently discovered that there is a part or district of the United States known as Michigan. Of course the city of Detroit has long been famous as a tinware center, but, somehow, one never associated it with any particular state. It was just Detroit.

From what I have learned about this district, Michigan, I understand that it is a full-fledged state of the Union. The natives, I believe, are a hardy race and simple, their chief means of livelihood being fishing and exploiting tourists who come from all parts of the country to invade its primeval wilds. In the winter, which is long and cold, there is little fishing and no tourists, but I have been unable to discover what occupies the time of the inhabitants. Perhaps they hibernate as do some of the denizens of their vast wilderness.

One of the natives of this strange country has recently been imported, as a curiosity, to the village of Wilmette, and by observing his strange actions and talking with him in his own uncouth dialect, of which I have made shift to learn a portion, I am convinced his race, though semi-savage and fond of raw meat, has reached a surprising state of civilization, almost comparable with the American Indian, whom they supplanted. As further discoveries are made I will relate them to a breathless world.
—THE SLAVE.

WORLD'S DUMBEST REPORTER!

Our temperamental star reporter just asked the boss, "Say, Mike, is 'Ty' Cobb still in the big league?"

Yes, Tommy, and it is rumored that John L. Sullivan is no longer champion!

ANOTHER CANDIDATE!

And another reporter on our paper recently remarked that "the World's Champion Yankees were not doing so well, this season!"

And then said wide-awake reporters wonder why we find it necessary to have copyreaders, editors and proof readers to check up on their stories!

SHE STILL EXISTS

Who? Why, the old-fashioned girl! We have discovered her in Evinston. She still refers to her "boy friends" as "beaux!" But then she hails from Texas, which may explain matters.
—T. R. C.

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