

**Winnetka Weekly Talk**

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
**LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.**  
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1925

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

**LAWN MOWERS**

Dear Jim:

I just got a new-fangled lawn mower from Adelphi, Mich. It came by parcel post and weighs 7½ pounds. My wife called at the local P. O. and got it for me by paying 46 cents charges.

It's about the size of a medium sized floor brush and much the same shape. It's not like an ordinary lawn mower. Instead of the usual four or five rotating blades and one fixed blade it has 16 daisy shaped interacting cutters.

The directions sent with the mower said, "Don't get discouraged if at first this mower doesn't seem to cut the grass the way you expect it to. Remember the trouble you had with your first safety razor? And now it works like a charm? Well, give the mower an honest chance to make good. It will." I recalled my first experience with a safety razor. I couldn't get it to grip a single hair. I tried it at various angles, and the razor wouldn't work at any of them. But all of a sudden I struck the right position and became an enthusiastic convert.

So I said to myself, "Here goes for a fair trial of this wonderful little mower." I picked it up easily and carried it out. My wife, getting dinner at the time, said she wanted to see how it would work. The grass was rank and damp. Off I started, pushing what seemed more of a toy than a real mower. It clipped a few square feet of lawn and then got clogged up. My wife appeared at the window and said, "It looks as if you were pushing a stick." It did. But I kept on until I had cut almost all the lawn. Being just about all in by this time and dinner being ready, I left the lawn for the dinner table. After dinner I went out with new enthusiasm and pushed the funny little thing around again. But finally, getting no good results I returned it to the basement, lugged out my faithful old 48-pound clipper, and with its help finished the job.

Next Saturday, I shall give my little 7½ pound cutter a last chance to make good.

Yours hopefully, **BILL.**

**PLENTY OF ROOM**

School has opened and one week of the year of work is completed. The children are re-adjusted to the ways of the academic year. Teachers and homes are back in the routine in which the educational progress of the child is the chief concern. And the opening has been a most satisfactory event.

In all our schools there has been found "plenty of room," a characteristic of the beginning of school that is far from being as universal as it should be. In the usual community it is a matter of complete surprise apparently that there are more children to be provided with seats this year than there were last. Rooms are overcrowded and teachers overburdened. But we have none of that here. "Plenty of room" is the slogan of the north shore in all our departments of life. It is that that distinguishes us from less desirable places to live.

One of the most difficult prob-

lems of the great city is to find room in which boys and girls may grow up unhampered into the splendid men and women that they are capable of making. The ever increasing crowding that is a part of city life is crippling to the proper development of young people. The lack of any privacy, the want of any place in which to enjoy social intercourse with friends, sends young people into the street for amusement, explains, if it does not excuse, the parked automobile, fills the dance halls and movie palaces. Anything to get away from home, not because there is any desire to escape parental supervision, but because there is no room in which to entertain friends.

This is one of the most attractive features of life in such communities as ours, the fact that there is always "plenty of room" in which to expand.

**JOIN UP!**

Towns and villages in the immediate neighborhood of Chicago cannot longer escape being affected by what affects the metropolis. Even though we may maintain municipal independence we cannot keep ourselves from being, in actual fact, a part of the great whole of which Chicago is the center. Because of this identity of interest it behooves each group of citizens to become represented in the Chicago Regional association in order that development in the future may be directed along lines favorable to the outlying communities. We cannot expect from Chicago that altruism which would consider the interest of others before its own. That is not the policy by which a great metropolis is created. We must see to that ourselves.

It is characteristic of youth that growth is allowed to proceed in hap-hazard fashion. Our nation has developed so rapidly that there has been little time for consideration of anything but what immediately concerned the public weal. To beauty and cultural conditions we have given little thought. And the city is eloquent warning of the folly of proceeding longer by that policy.

A definite life plan is necessary to the realization of the greatest possibilities of the community no less than of the individual. A planning association is obviously an essential to the proper direction of growth in the district in the immediate environment of Chicago and membership in that body by representative citizens of every municipality concerned the only possible provision for the future. Men and women who have the vision to foresee what the conditions of the future will be should be chosen from each of the north shore towns to have a voice and a directing hand in the planning which will determine the character of the district along the lake in the years to come.

**MUSIC RECORDS**

A second call has been necessary to secure for the sick in hospitals at Great Lakes the phonograph records which are necessary to full enjoyment of the instruments which are to be found in the hospital. Tardiness in responding to the call for contributions has not been the result of any lack of sympathy for the enlisted men or real failure of our generosity. It is only a case of negligence on the part of the people who have records that could be given.

During the war we learned to give when a drive was forward. When we were asked, we gave. We could then confidently rest in the assurance that where there was necessity there would be the effort to meet it. But the day of the Drive has passed, and there is none to regret its going. We must however, learn to do for ourselves what was done for us in those days of greater emergency. We must make it a matter of personal concern to detect and to answer such needs as this of the patients in the government hospital without the stimulus or the compulsion of the public drive.

**THIS AND THAT**

*Until We Find a Title*

**HIS SAD FATE**

*Sadly he sat all shining and tall,  
And adown his face did the tear drops fall;  
Wide flung were his locks, all golden and long;  
Fearless his heart, as his leg was strong.  
Yet he sat all day with a sad, sad frown,  
From his high seat never could he come down.  
Life for him was bereft of half its joys;  
He could never play football with the boys!*

—BARDOFF.  
(This being the predicament of a wild-haired chrysanthemum).

**THE DUMFULE WIFE**

or (She That Should Have been Slapped, if Not Spanked.)  
With absolutely no apologies to any of Mister Curstmore's best fiction writers.

**THE STORY SO FAR:**

Dumdora Dense, beautiful daughter of one of the best families on the North Shore (if you don't care what you say) marries Faithful Steadfast Daniel Densmore, the most eligible foot-loose male on the North Shore. Shortly after marriage she meets up with an old flame of hers' Dapper Denise De For, formerly a leading chorus man with Mister Zigfield's Institution, who is now a tea hound and pastry snake de luxe. Her husband goes out of town and she takes Dapper Denise out for a ride in her purring Triple X car. They are hitting on all eight or twelve somewhere between the Bull Frog Country Club and the Garden of Allah, when.

**Now Go On With The Story Chapter VI.**

"But Denise dearie, where are we going to eat and WHEN?" cried the desperate child wife, as she put one wee russet gloved hand into the soft hand of her handsome escort.

"Oh, very soon, girlie. I know the nicest and the quietest place out West," and Denise, the furtive-eyed, put her off evasively as he almost rudely pressed her lil hand in what might have been construed as a caress.

"But, Deniseie dear, I'm so hungry and it is getting a'fully late," she wailed.

Wordless they rode on into the night. For hours, it seemed to the helpless, hungry maiden.

She was about to cry out in her agulsh,— "Oh why had she gone out again with Denise, when she had promised Danny that she never, never, would again?" when suddenly without any warning whatsoever the Triple X stopped short.

(Cont. on Our Fiction Page).....

**SYBIL MUST BE SLIPPING!**

Not having heard of our old friend and school mate having broken even a single record for some little time, we'd begun to wonder if Sybil Bauer had given up swimming or what—then we pick up the sport page of a recent paper and see where pore Northwestern School of Speech swim star was only able to bust five records in one day out Long Island way some place.

**WHY SHOULD IT?**

From a story regarding Paul Pry, President Coolidge's airdale pup, we culled the following statement by the more or less astute correspondent:

"Three months of training with the marines didn't seem to make Paul any gentler....."

Well, well, evidently the newspaper man who wrote the above has had very little experience with the American Marines, sometimes gently termed, "devil dogs."

**Who Said Chivalry Was Dead?**

A smart photographer from New York writes of the New York flapper's latest fad. Sez he:

"On casual greetings and leavings, her sweetie kisses the back of her hand. That saves her from resorting to lipstick or powder puff as she would have to do if kissed on the lips or cheek."

**THERE ISN'T BUT TWO!**

We have at hand a news story to the effect that Robert G. Vignola, a motion picture director at Hollywood, claims there are just seven varieties of jokes. But Mr. Vignola is all wet!

There are but two kinds of jokes, funny and non-funny. Or to define more closely there is but one kind, because if the alleged joke is not funny then it is not a joke.

Of course, it all depends upon the viewpoint. To some people a certain joke is so funny as to be side-splitting, while the same bon mot may seem as sad as a funeral to some other person. Thus all the world's a joke to one person, while another may have forgotten how to laugh.

So from the above bit of columnist philosophy, one may gather that a column conductor is likely to find it pretty near impossible to be funny to all his readers. Ye Heave Ho! For one good joke! With seven times seven dead jokes lying dead on a col-

con's sadly humorous desk!

**That's The Way We Like 'em!**  
We noted the following on the printed page of a north shore school graduation program:  
"Cornet Solo—Short and Sweet."

**WE'RE OFF**

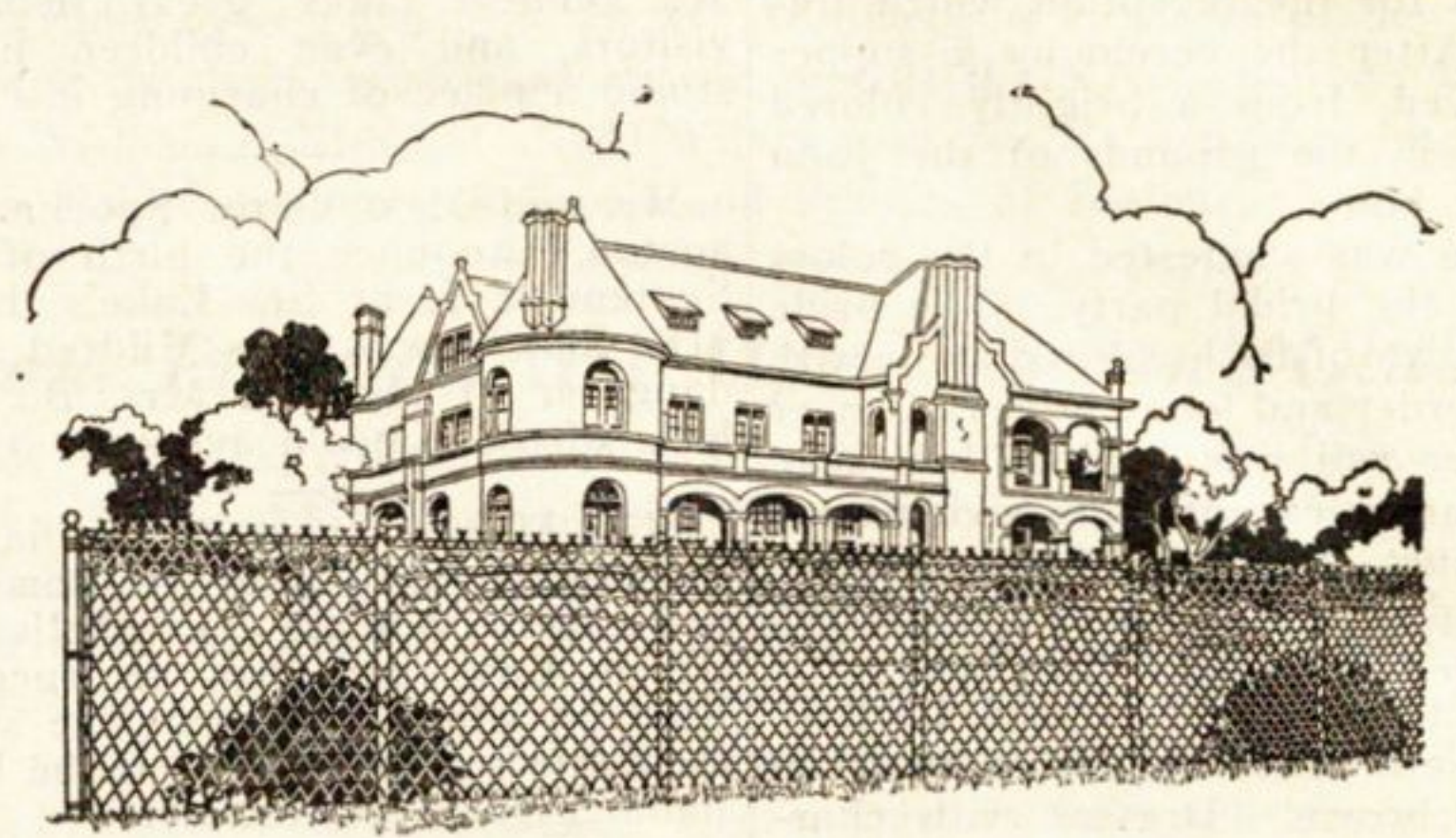
Oh, of course, as some may say, we are always more or less so, but this week we expect to be in Michigan! On our long awaited, indefinite, not to say hypothetical, vacation!

But next week we'll be back, in person and full of pep, rarin to go!  
—T. R. C.

**WOMEN**

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