

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6226

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000
Telephone.....Wilmette 1920

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HILLS

*I never loved your plains!
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.*

*I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.*

*Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.*

*So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted.*

*High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me.*

*How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!*

—ARTHUR GUTERMAN.

(From Verse of Our Day—D. Appleton & Co.)

Skokie Valley Line

JUNE 5, next Saturday, will see the opening of the new Skokie Valley line. This will mean rapid increase in the population of all the traversed territory and in no very long time of all the territory between the S. K. L. and the lake. This long strip of land several miles wide and extending from Chicago almost to Waukegan will, in a generation or two, be a tremendous metropolitan area, with not only north and south transportation lines but also east and west.

North shore citizens have their part in this great development. The future will largely be what we of the present make it. It must be a healthy growth, not a rapid spindling growth with many important elements neglected.

For example, it must not be forgotten that this new line will build up a series of towns along its route that will prevent the present north shore communities from extending their boundries westward. All the limits have finally been determined—south, north, east, west. Therefore it is necessary that every piece of property that can now be acquired for park purposes should be acquired at once.

Meanwhile the valley route will probably cut down the running time between Chicago and Milwaukee materially, perhaps bringing it nearer to one hour than has hitherto seemed possible. The cost of the trip will also be reduced.

We predict that one of the most popular summer excursion tours will be Chicago to Milwaukee via the Skokie Valley Route.

A By-Product

Below is an editorial article written by J. W. McClinton, director of the Better Schools league, on the subject, "A By-Product of a Modern School." Mr. McClinton is a north shore citizen, residing at 731 Eleventh street, Wilmette.

"FEW people realize how important a factor are our public schools in the prosperity and growth of a community—purely a commercial viewpoint. We measure the products of our schools in terms of cultural and educational value, their spiritual influence, their part in developing better citizenship, their work in equipping our youth to meet the problems of life. These primary products are of first importance and it is a wholesome condition that they are so stressed. However, we often overlook the fact that a community without an effective school system may be not only lacking in these essential elements but likely to be equally as far behind in material prosperity.

"When the time comes for a family to change its residence, a location accessible to an efficient school is of first concern. This is true in intra- as well as inter-city movements. Realty values are affected by proximity to the class room. A good school will surround itself with a solid population of industrious families, families whose wants must be supplied, who build up church memberships, patronize shops and stores, give their patronage to the professions, and thus fill the arteries of trade with the blood of business.

"The Better Schools league calls attention to this phase of school influence, an influence that aids in building up the business welfare of a district as well as leading in the mental and ethical development of its youth. A substantial, sightly and well-equipped school plant, manned by a teaching force of personality and power, with adequate facilities for study and play, is a source of prestige, a worthy asset to city, district or country town. Such a school atmosphere makes for stability and solidity in the property surroundings, increasing land values through its influence on the character of the neighborhood and on the volume of trade.

"We have the testimony of a former cabinet member who has said that ambitious citizens will go where education may be had for their children. The same point is emphasized in the story of another prominent American who tells of his father's leaving the backwoods of the Ozark Mountains because there were available but three months of school. 'My father packed our belongings in a covered wagon,' he relates, 'and went to a new state—and we moved out of a three months' school into a nine months' one, with a free high school.'

"This leads us to wonder how desirable are new residents to a community who are not sufficiently interested in their children to inquire regarding school advantages before establishing a new home. It has been said, 'We can judge of a civilization as well as an individual by the way childhood is treated.'

"This is a view of a by-product of our schools, a form of public service to the community that should impress residents who have no occasion to utilize the schools as well as non-resident property owners, both of whom sometimes feel that they have taxation without proportionate benefits.

Shore Lines

There ought to be a law against letting column conducters go away for week-end trips, especially when they are foolish enough to take 165 mile jaunts in a luxurious enclosed motor vehicle like our Hell-buggy. Well, anyway, we can always declare a contributors' week. Consider it declared!

DISCONTENT

The sun has forgotten to shine, the birds care not to sing,

The wind is chill, gray is the sky,

I sit and shiver and must sigh

Cruel May you have broken your tryst with spring.

—"SAMPSON,"

"MR. MAN"

*You call me a sturdy Oak
Because I've lived these years,
But, sir, I'm a darn sick bloke
And need the pruning shears.*

*I've many branches that are dead
But you see only live ones.
With all the whiskers on my head
I wish that you would shave some.*

*Cavities fill my body
But why I haven't died
Is because sap, my toddy,
Arises up my side.*

*You think Nature will cure me,
I know that you're all wrong.
If it weren't for surg'ry
Could YOU keep right along?*

—H. G. S.

Add Problems of the Precocious Adolescent

"Fred Hoerber was out of school for two days because the nurse thought he had measles. All he did was shave too close!"

—NEW TRIER NEWS.

In Commemoration of the Unknown Hero

*When spring comes back with tripping step,
And daises paint the fields in gold,
And when the sky is shaded blue
With cloudless lights of rainbow hue;
There shall be wrapped in that most radiant shroud
The form of one who slumbering sings,
While his calm spirit, still unmoved and proud
Shall be borne upward on those unseen wings
Of the Eternal Night.
Morning shall laugh, and all the earth be glad,
And blossoms red like springtime blow:
Song follow song into the deep,
Over a summer's warmth and winter's snow;
But he shall rest in pale and quiet sleep
Till tearless dawn breaks on that starlit shore
And we shall meet him there.*

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

TO E — — —

*In the well of my heart there's a pool so deep,
Within it my hidden hope lies,
The elves of silence their watch round it keep,
And guard it from mortal eyes.*

*But you, my beloved, shall awaken sometime,
And gaze where other eyes search in vain,
To find in its depths a vision sublime,
Yourself the treasure I pray to gain.*

—LITTLE WUN.

Well, that will have to be that for this week. We promise not to go week-ending again—not before the Fourth of July, anyway.

THE SLAVE.