

A DOG'S LIFE

By Dr. Jim Butterworth

Dear Walt:

Well, Boss, Christmas is what you might call practically over—or maybe I should say just theoretically over, because practically it isn't. There are still all the filled-up-too-much stomachs to think of and stuff like that. When I say filled-up-too-much stomachs I am really thinking of Margot Mandel, because she had a stomach that was very much filled-up-to-much the other day — which was why Margot's dad called me up in so much of a fluster—although Margot's stomach wasn't filled up from eating too many second helpings, and it was a whole week before Christmas, so probably Christmas didn't have much to do with it at all. Anyway, Margot's dad called up and said come up and see Margot right away because something is wrong. Margot is a great big police dog, all grey and tan except for a lot of black mixed in with the grey. A lot of people call police dogs like that wolf grey, but most self-respecting police dogs don't enjoy being compared with a wolf, particularly self-respecting police dogs like Margot.

Anyway, I went up to the great big place where Margot lives to see if I could help Margot's dad out. Of course, I wanted to help Margot, too, because she's one of my particular friends. It's not often that two people get as friendly as Margot and me so I wanted to do my best to straighten things up. Well, when I arrived finally, and went into the big sun room where Margot was lying under a table I could see right away that Margot wasn't feeling any too well because she forgot to wag hello with her bushy tail when she saw me. Margot must have been pretty sick to forget that because big friendly police dogs don't often forget the important things when you get right down to it, particularly big friendly police dogs like Margot.

It wasn't long before I had decided that maybe Margot had better come back to my house with me in order to fix up her stomach properly, so we got in the car and came out here in short order. She must have been feeling worse by the time we arrived because she forgot to wag hello to Charlie and the Big Boss and didn't even smile when she was put to bed. Anyhow, all that night she was so sick that it almost reminded her of the time when she was just a little furry police dog and had almost gone to dog heaven—I forgot to ask her—and by morning I could tell we'd have to do something awfully quickly or else I'd have to go over and see Margot's dad and tell him some bad news. Well, after we had spent a long time with a lot of big rubber tubes and stuff like that we finally discovered what was making Margot's stomach feel so badly—and incidentally what was making Margot feel so badly because since Margot's stomach is in Margot, naturally the two of them would feel badly together. And Boss, what do you think it was? We found a regular assortment of things like toothpicks and matches and corks and bottle caps all mixed up inside. I was going to scold Margot for eating all those things but when I saw how good she was feeling when it was all over and how she was smiling and thumping her tail on the edge of the bed I just didn't have the heart to say anything harshly. That's one of my troubles, Walt, and now I'll bet that just because I didn't tell Margot she was a bad girl she'll go right out and eat some more things like that and get sick all over again. Well, I hope not, and I'll bet Margot's dad hopes not too. Tell Mrs. Walt hello for me and here's yours for a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
Doctor Jim.

Pity the Winter Birds

The plight of our feathered friends who remain in the northland during a winter such as this is a sad one. Ice covers everything out of doors, their natural food is entirely shut off, and starvation is their fate unless we humans come to their rescue with food. Even the weed seeds and berried shrubs are encased in ice.

Without specifying what each bird likes, some of the staple foods are: bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, shelled nuts, oats, cracked corn, canary, hemp and sunflower seeds, the latter furnishing food for the cardinal, chickadee and nuthatch. Suet is especially relished in winter, and should be placed in hoppers or wire cages attached to tree trunks or in ordinary soap shakers hung from the banches.

The ideal way is to have a feeding shelf or covered feeding station attached to a window sill or on a post in a sheltered position near the house. Another practical way is to place an old door or wooden storm sash on top of the snow and scatter the food on this. Then as fresh snow covers it or it becomes coated with ice it can be turned over and the dry side exposed.

And do not forget the grit—sand or ashes. All birds need this to digest their food, and that too is denied them this year. A story is told by a group of Wisconsin sportsmen who were feeding the pheasant and quail during the severe snowstorms of 1936, to the effect that whole flocks of these game birds were found stiff in the snow, their craws filled with grain, but not having any grit they choked to death.—Conservation Chairman, L. B. W. C., Lake Bluff Woman's Club.

Ton of Steel Hoops Used For Costumes

"One ton of steel hoops." When Adrian sent this unusual order to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchasing department, it caused an investigation to check against possible error.

The hoops proved to be a requirement for the 400 gowns designed for Norma Shearer and her court ladies in "Marie Antoinette." The hoops, which average sixteen feet in diameter, will form the foundations for the elaborate costumes worn during the Louis XVI period, many containing 30 yards of material and weighing 50 pounds.

"Fortunately," said Adrian, "Hollywood doesn't have electrical storms. Otherwise, we would be forced to equip the dresses with lightning rods."

\$257,000 Lake Park Is Begun For Libertyville

The first shovelful of dirt on the \$257,000 project that will give Libertyville a new park and a "new" lake was turned by Village President A. E. Suter in a ceremony attended by more than 400 persons recently. Charles E. Miner, state WPA administrator, was a guest of honor.

Gown of 1900's Is Worn by Third Bride in Fleming Family

Chiffon and lace over satin formed the lovely gown Miss Josephine Fleming wore when she took the wedding vows that made her Mrs. Thomas MacPherson Thomas last evening in the Church of the Holy Spirit.

Miss Fleming was the third bride in her family to don this "heirloom" gown, with its slightly puffed sleeves, flowing skirt, and graciously modeled lines. Her mother wore it 27 years ago last June 28 for her wedding to Joseph B. Fleming in Chicago. When her sister Charlotte became the bride of Norman Lee Cram just two days after her parents' anniversary last June (it had been planned to hold the wedding on the anniversary itself, but the date fell on a Sunday, necessitating the change) she, too, chose to wear this sweet and dignified costume of the 1900's rather than some modern creation.

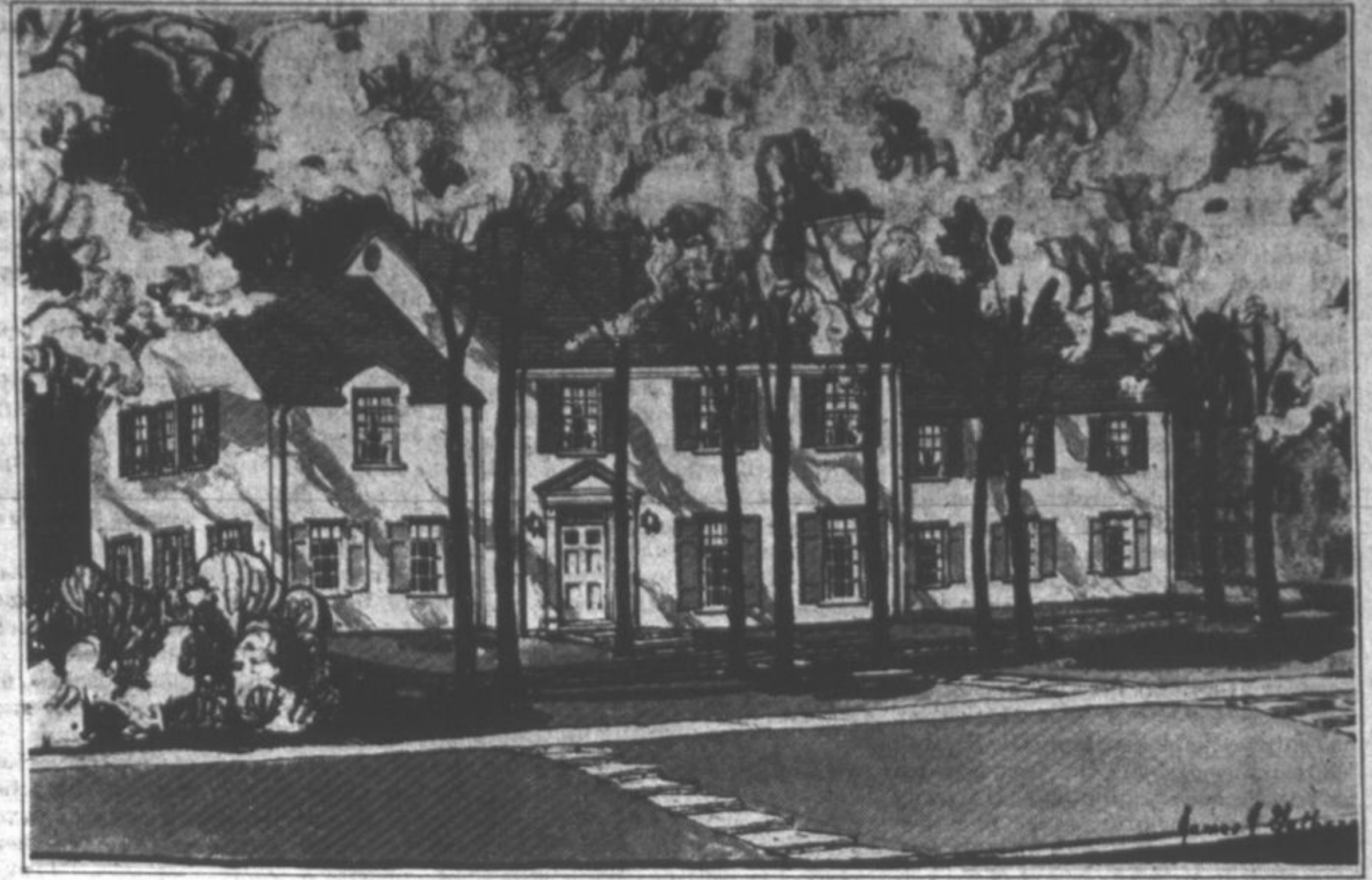
White bride's roses bowered the altar of the church as the Rev. Herbert E. Prince read the service, and a bouquet of the same roses was carried by the bride. Her fingertip-length veil was of old lace.

After the ceremony, held at 7 o'clock, a family dinner took place in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Fleming, of 907 North Sheridan road. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Cary Wood Thomas, Highland Park, and Charles N. Thomas, New York.

New Year's Eve Entertainment at Deerpath Theater

On New Year's Eve, the greatest entertainment that the Deerpath theatre has ever presented will be lined up for the enjoyment of those who wish to take advantage of a lively, thrilling, and really entertaining celebration at a very reasonable cost.

Besides the showing of two complete pictures and short subjects, the midnight entertainment will contain such enjoyable features as favors, novelties, noisemakers, balloons, and the giving away of valuable prizes. Last year's celebration was a great success and this year's is expected to be just as good.



The R. B. Whitaker Co. Builds another fine home. James J. Gathercoale of Wilmette is the architect for this modern planned colonial home located at the corner of Pine Point Drive and Oak Knoll Terrace. It has just been completed for Edwin S. Rosenbaum, Jr., formerly of Glenoco.

The residence is located on high ground at the corner of Pine Point drive and Oak Knoll terrace. The reception hall leads to the living room, dining room, powder room, guest room and the recreation room.

On the second floor, in addition to the service quarters and four

children's rooms, is a master suite made up of a large sitting room, a dressing room and bath, and a sleeping room.

The summer living room, as a modern feature, leads from the library.

Good taste and elegance has been arrived at economically with simplicity, Mr. Gathercoale explains.

The very best construction has been employed throughout with the anticipation of costly interior embellishment at a later date.

"Fight For Your Lady," which will be the first picture seen in the midnight show on New Year's Eve, will be at the Deerpath on Thursday and Friday of this week as well. And accompanying it is the latest March of Time.

"Vogues of 1938" is the second big feature in the Midnight Frolic. In it are Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Mischa Auer, and Alan Mowbray, a set of stars that mean entertainment deluxe.

"Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is one of the most talked-about pictures of the year. It will be at the Deerpath on Sunday and Monday of next week.

On Tuesday, January 4, "Prisoner of Zenda" will be shown for

the benefit of the "Emily Lehmann Peacock Camp for Crippled Children" at Lake Villa. All seats for this performance will be reserved and the show will start promptly at 8 p.m.

Shedd Memorial Gift To Build New Hospital

At a meeting of the board of directors early in January, tentative plans for the use of the recent gift of \$100,000 to Alice Home hospital will be discussed.

The sum is to be applied toward the construction of a new hospital building, Kent Clow, president of the Lake Forest Hospital association, has announced.

The gift was made by Mrs. John G. Shedd as a memorial to her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Schweppe

Fall on Tavern Stairs Sends Man to Hospital

A one-story fall from the main floor into the basement of a tavern at 768 North Western avenue resulted in only minor injuries for Nick Bantu, a gardener's helper at the A. B. Dick estate recently.

Bantu, who suffered scalp lacerations and contusions when he slipped on the stairs of the establishment and fell their full length to the basement floor, was taken to the Alice Home hospital for treatment.

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