

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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Save Life!

WARNINGS and commands can do much towards decreasing the number of children injured and killed by autos. Greater strictness on the part of parents, more certain punishment for disobedience, will shorten the list of these casualties.

But more, and perhaps more than we think, can be done by a campaign of education among the children themselves. Pictures—black and white, colored, and, especially, moving—with a minimum of reading matter will have more effect than the injunctions of parents and teachers. Show children a film story of a child maimed or killed by a car, and the lesson of caution is more strongly enforced than by a hundred commands. Make it plain that the disaster is due to the child's lack of care, and the majority of children seeing the picture will learn the lesson.

The Cook County Citizens' Child Safety Campaign committee—the length of the name may damage the cause—is initiating such a movement as outlined above.

Something New

ALTHOUGH we are not epicurean in our attitude toward food, still our curiosity was somewhat piqued by the recent appearance of a new item on the neighborhood bill of fare. When our marketman announced that he was expecting a shipment of reindeer meat from Alaska we at once determined to buy a reindeer steak and surprise our wife and friends.

At first it was repugnant even to think of eating any portion, however small, of that animal so dear to the heart of our old friend Santa Claus. We seemed cannibalistic. Who knew whether we might not be feasting on some lineal descendant of Donner or Blitzen, those Christmas couriers, made so much of in that most loved of childhood's classics, "Twas the night before Christmas"?

But when we called to mind the fact that "Mary's little lamb" was decidedly attractive when served with mint sauce and that kind-eyed bees furnished us with nice juicy porterhouse, acceptable even to the most tender hearted of ladies, we lost much of our sentimental distaste.

Tomorrow we intend to get that reindeer steak. We shall ask our housekeeper to broil it in Eskimo butter and garnish it with Iceland moss.

Open House at New Trier

THE open house plan operating at New Trier high school has been productive of far reaching results. That parents have availed themselves of this opportunity to visit the classes of their children is

gratifying to those who inaugurated the plan.

Nothing is so important nor, in so many instances, so difficult, as the establishment of a mutual confidential relationship between parent and child. It is only too easy in the family for the way of the child and the way of the parent to diverge. Such a trend begun, it cannot be easily changed.

Confidence is built upon respect and trust and mutual understanding. This confidence is strengthened by the participation of parents in the school life of the child. Such a community of interest leads inevitably to understanding.

Children cannot in the nature of things have a common interest with their parents except in those things that loom large in the child's life. School is the biggest thing in his world. It is the wise parent who shares that experience with his child.

Open house day may lack something as a form of entertainment, but as a builder of community interest it has few equals.

New Trustees

BY the addition of Percy B. Eckhart and John S. Miller to its board of trustees, the National Kindergarten and Elementary College has materially strengthened its position on the north shore. Mr. Eckhart is not only a lawyer of proved ability but has also given valuable service as treasurer of the Ravinia Park organization and president of the North Shore Theatre Guild. Mr. Miller, president of the Winnetka board, has by the generous use of his time, ability, and energy, been largely responsible for the growth of that village.

The college will probably move to its north shore location on Sheridan road about the first of next February. The officers of the school will be obliged to add to their already heavy load of responsibilities. New questions of policy will arise. The relation of the college to the university will have to be more clearly defined. The problem of successfully conducting the finances of the school must be faced and solved.

The college is therefore to be congratulated on securing the services of such prominent and capable men.

Real missionaries! They came from Caney Creek, Kentucky, to tell us what was going on down there. Those four mountain boys, who told their straightforward stories at Horace Mann school some weeks ago, came to us on a mission. They were sent to bring us the good news that the present generation of that old English pioneer stock, lost in the Kentucky mountains 200 years ago, was ambitious to become truly progressive, truly American. It was surprising to hear this message from boys still in their teens. We believe that the mission was successful. Our interest in this forward movement in Kentucky is more intelligent and more active.

Notify the police immediately! If your house has been entered by thieves, tell the police! This prompt information may enable them to catch the thieves. House robbing, evidently by boys, is becoming too common. What can be done? Locks will not prevent housebreaking. The village police force is not big enough to cover thoroughly the residence neighborhoods. What will help, however, is a more active co-operation between people and police.

Shore Lines

THIS COLUMN HAS CHANGED HANDS!

To all whom it may (or may not) concern: This column has been taken over, lock, stock and barrel, by a new conductor. On and after this date we will not be responsible for any jokes, poems, puns or other witticisms which have appeared here in the past. We have changed the name, the policy and, we hope, the appearance, but we still keep disposition. (My goodness! That was awful, wasn't it?) The column is likely to be a hodge-podge of anything and everything and if you want to learn more about it you are welcome to read it—there's no law against that.

GIVING THANKS

Thankful, am I—
Thankful for joy,
Thankful for giving,
For loving, and living,
Thankful for friends,
Whom God ever sends;
And thankful for you,
Good friends and true,
When you're nearby
O thankful am I.

Thankful am I—
For the blue sky;
For sunshine and rain,
Hill, valley, and plain.
Thankful for Home,
Wherever I roam.
Thankful all day,
In work or play,
And when night is nigh,
Still thankful am I.

AMY-ABILITY.

(Want me for a sister, Pollyanna?)

Want us for a little brother, Amy? We had thought ourself a pessimist, but upon counting up our blessings at this appropriate season we find that we, also, are thankful for a number of things. We are thankful to be alive; thankful that this column isn't as long as Dick Little's Line O' Type; thankful that we're still a bachelor and likely to remain so; oh, we've many, many things to be thankful for.

CARES OF YESTERDAY

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees.

I cast them all away,
The foolish fears of what might be
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

—BROWNING.

These beautiful fall days make us sentimental, and when we're sentimental we like poetry. And when we like poetry we print some of it—never our own—so we hope you feel the same way we do.

A good five cent cigar will be awarded anyone who can guess the identity of the conductor of this column from this, the latest picture of



THE SLAVE.