

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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## Baby Carriages

TOO many people are being carried from place to place in various sorts of baby carriages. In fact this age seems to us the carry age. After arising as the result of some artificial stimulant—alarm clock or getting-up bell—we walk around a little while preparing to meet the exacting world. Then we slide down the stairs to breakfast. After breakfast many of us are carried to the train, a few blocks away, in a thickly cushioned automobile. The train carries us to the wicked city, and there are many who are carried thence to their offices in taxis. Arriving in the office we at once sit down, move about a little at noon and in the evening reverse the morning procedure.

We get soft, fat and flabby. The walls of our arteries harden and a stroke carries us off.

We are irritated when our employes, domestic and otherwise, and our cars, refuse to work. But it's a good thing for us. It makes us do more work. We have to carry ourselves around and that promotes digestion, assimilation, respiration and other vital processes heretofore neglected.

Rescue the perishing while yet there's a chance!

## Westward

OUR north shore towns are hemmed in all sides except the western. On the east is the Lake. On the north and south are neighboring towns. The only way open for expansion is toward the setting sun.

Wilmette has already annexed a big slice of land to the west, reaching out so far as to overlap land claimed by Glenview. Very interesting evidence that Wilmette is spreading rapidly westward is found in the fact that while 63 percent of school children from six to twenty-one years of age live east of the tracks, more than 57 percent of the children under six years of age live west of the tracks. How long will it be before 60 per cent of the very young children will be living west of the Ridge?

Kenilworth is building west to the Ridge and in no very long time will have no available area into which to stretch out. Can this community arrange to get land west of the Ridge?

Winnetka is spreading out over the Skokie. Almost every piece of land east of the railroads is occupied. The same is true of Glencoe. Moreover, the Skokie branch of the north shore line will soon be filling the country through which it runs, with hundreds of new homes.

The big problem then, for all these towns is to see to it that this rapid expansion is not only rapid but also healthful and of benefit to all concerned.

## For the Blind

WE KNOW of no work for the blind that goes so far in the direction of their development and the happiness produced by such development as the study courses offered by the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind. Doubtless there are many efforts, more or less organized, to ameliorate the condition of the blind, to help them overcome the handicap which lack of sight imposes; but the Correspondence School courses have for their object the training and strengthening of those powers whose exercise brings satisfaction and a sense of service to society.

The growth in numbers of the students and of the courses taken testifies unmistakably to the appeal made by the School and also testifies to the value of the work. The blind want to study and grow. What is good for the sighted is good for the blind; and it is surprising what a very slight difference the lack of sight makes. Much of what the sighted individual perceives with his visual organs is perceived, appreciated, and understood by the blind with other organs. Using our eyes so much we are scarcely able to comprehend the great scope of the other sense organs. How wide a use is made of the auditory and cutaneous organs by the blind can naturally not easily be imagined by the person who sees.

The Hadley school is growing very rapidly. It has outgrown its old quarters and soon will need a building all its own and many more teachers. This future expansion will mean money. We suggest, therefore, that our philanthropic readers either give a generous amount to the school or insert a clause in their wills to the same effect.

## Parking Laws

FOR the public good, many restrictions must be made which work a certain amount of hardship to many people. Often these restrictions seem unnecessary, or at least unnecessarily severe. But ever since the advent of human beings on this globe individual rights have been limited, abridged, and curtailed for the benefit of the majority.

Parking restrictions are nuisances, but necessary. Why can't I park my car wherever I please and as long as I please? For the simple and sufficient reason that some other vehicle, probably a delivery truck, may need to occupy the space that your car is pre-empting. If you park your car for the day before a grocery store, how is the grocery truck to be loaded up with provisions, some of them possibly intended for use in your home?

As in all democratic government there is in this matter of parking regulation great need for co-operation between ourselves and our officers. The results are bound to be good if this co-operation is cordial and continual. The less antagonism and failure to work together the less need for unpleasant enforcement.

Parking restrictions will certainly become more severe as population and the number of car owners increase. Therefore let us all see the sense and justice in these new restrictions and live up to them voluntarily.

# Shore Lines

## SITTIN' STILL IN CHURCH

When I'm at home, er on the street  
I'm jest like other boys;  
I get around as fast as they  
An' make as big a noise.  
I tear my clothes, an' lose my hat  
An' cause poor Ma a search,  
But there's one thing I jest can't do—  
I can't set still in church!

When I git there and set by Ma  
My mind goes wanderin' off,  
Er else I drop my sisters book,  
Er sneeze, er choke, er cough!  
An then I look back at the clock  
To see the time; er with a lurch  
I bump my head an awful whack—  
But I can't set still in church!

I s'pose some day I'll learn to be  
As good as any boy,  
An' 'stead of bein' a worryin' child  
I'll be my mother's joy;  
Fer my Pa says that Solomon  
Says if you spare the birch  
Your children sure will grow up spoiled  
And won't set still in church!

—H. A. MILLS.

Comes a pleasant little note from Little Wun who, however, expresses some disappointment because the recent issue of the column which we reserved for our own efforts was not filled with our own inspired lines. Little Wun wants us to fill up the column with our very own contributions some time—how's that for optimism? She also wants us to have a picnic or beach party for contributors. More optimism!

You'd be surprised if you knew who Laurel is! But never mind, we don't blame her for not signing the names which appear under her contributions in Dick Little's Line O' Type and Riq's Pillar.

## Add Nature Stories for Elfrieda

Again our little friends, Rosie Posey and Prunella Prune Juice, went Maying, this time in the month of May, if we are not mistaken. Our little Prune saith to little Rosie, "Let us, you and I, hie to the Skokie." Little Rosie answered in accents wild. "Sure, let's beat it!"

So they both went to and also fro over the hills to the Skokie. There they met little Miss Bobolink, with oil all over her nice new spring feathers. She was crying. The little girls together said, "Alas."

Next they ran onto Freddie Frog, who was trying to sing, but he swallow'd a mouthful of oil, which made his vocal cords slip, and the poor little fellow strained his voice forever.

"Alack," said the two little girls together. Again the little girls exclaimed, "Alas and also alack, why don't they kill mosquitoes with kindness instead of oil? It would be far better for the Fauna of the Skokie."

—MOUSIE.

## Hist! There's a Poetry-hater in our Midst!

We've been reading the Shore Line Liners—  
The ones set in the form of verse;  
Some are amusing (a few are rhymers)  
But more of them even are worse.

One week, we'll cite, for instance—  
"The Mistake" and "Spring" were sprung;  
"A Mistake," we'd say, without reluctance,  
Would be proper, for every gosh darn one.

—AMI CRUEL.

Comes another pleasant little note, this time from Ethyl Chloride, who calls us such harsh names as "varlet," dares us to print a too-lengthy statement by some efficiency expert in Washington to the effect that old bachelors are inferior to old maids in Uncle Sam's service, and wants us to change our name and shed our "inferiority complex." Ethyl, old dear, we have no inferiority complex; and as to our name, all of us are slaves, but few of us realize that fact. The only two comparatively free things of which we wot are our dog, commonly called "The Woofinpoof," and our luxurious motor vehicle, whose only printable cognomen is "The Hell-buggy." Each of these two comes and goes as fancy directs and without regard to time or tide, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or t  
ter!"

THE SLAVE.