

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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Alleys and basements, some time back, were dirty places. No one would think of

Alleys and Basements

taking a walk down the alley or of sitting in the basement. Mud and garbage belonged in the alley, and ashes and dust and cobwebs in the basement. When a guest of the town paid it a visit he seldom, if ever, saw more than the entrance to an alley, and even then he took only one sniff and hurried past. And when a rich relative honored your humble home would your wife let you show said relative your efficient but untidy basement? Certainly not!

Those days, however, are, as the poet said, gone forever. And they will never return. Oil burners and gas burners have converted the basement into a drawing room or perhaps a billiard room. Pictures adorn its once dirty, but now beautifully tinted, walls. Father sits there in his luxurious easy chair entertaining his wealthy relative with accounts of the good old days.

The alley, also, is now clean, hard and smooth. The mud and garbage get no chance to accumulate. Concrete has brought about this wonderful change. Spotless cars skim up and down the once disreputable thoroughfare. The old basement and alley have gone the way of the buggy and the parlor stove.

And the world is the better for their going.

Parents and children are much obliged to the organizations that arranges for and sees through to a finish

Hallowe'en Romps

the Hallowe'en romps given in our north shore communities. It is always a lot of fun to go to a big party on Hallowe'en. You see all your school and playground friends, and the more the merrier.

Many boys and girls would rather have a party at home, but you can't begin to have the gay time with only two or three that you can have with a big bunch of all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. It's fun for parents, too—at least for the kind we have up here—to go to a romp and take a hand in the good time their children are having.

At these romps they have a fine program of music, games, movies and wonderful eats. The music is not the dry, uninteresting sort but songs that everybody knows, whistling and harmonica solos, and piano pieces that tickle your heart strings. And the games! you know them—bobbing for apples, pinning the tail on a muslin donkey,

and plenty of other stunts. The movies help to fill up the evening. But the best of all is the grand eats—cider, doughnuts, pumpkin pie and ice cream.

Be there on Saturday evening, October 30. You'll have a great time.

Everybody likes Jimmie. Not only everybody in the office and shop but everybody in town. Except those inhuman creatures who even dislike children. What's more noteworthy is that Jimmie likes everybody. On his way home from his master's place of business he goes out of his way to give a kindly greeting to the crossing policeman, the corner newsboy, the porter at the station, the postman, even to a stray salesman seeking some customer.

Jimmie's job in the world seems to be divided into three principal parts—sleeping, eating and the above mentioned exchanging of a pleasant greeting with his human colleagues. Sleeping and eating, he is much the same as other dogs. But when it comes to leaving the people on the street a little happier than he found them, Jimmie is in a class all by himself.

He is not effusive. He does not wag his tail vigorously. Not because he has so brief a tail. The reason for his being so mildly, though sincerely, pleased to meet his fellow citizens is that his disposition is not the exuberantly affectionate sort. But though not overly demonstrative, he seldom is misunderstood. Odd as it may seem he once alarmed an abnormally timid lady by his neighborly sniffing.

Jimmie is a brindle bull terrier, stocky but not stout, 98 per cent tailless, and, as has been emphasized above, 110 per cent friendly.

The activity of women in politics seems to us little short of marvelous. Men are remarkably active in business and sport, but the fairer half can and does stir up more action in the field of politics than the other half can even dream of. And when election looms in the offing, the ladies move about so briskly as to cause temporary dizziness in their more phlegmatic mates.

The numerous local leagues of women voters are particularly active. While the men are wondering in a foggy way about the qualifications of the many candidates, the women are holding meetings at which these candidates show themselves and their ideas. Incidentally the men attend these meetings and become less foggy.

The speed and thoroughness with which the leagues of women voters get members for their organizations is admirable. No woman, whatever her residence, age, or condition, escapes the solicitations of the membership committee. This committee not only aims at getting 100 per cent of the women in a community to join; it does get them.

One of the enterprises in politics carried on by the leagues is the citizenship school whose purpose is to give voters adequate information on issues and candidates. Speakers who can deliver this desired information give addresses at this school and discuss critical political questions.

As said heretofore, men are much benefited by these activities.

SHORE LINES

FALLTIME

Gold of a ripe oat straw, gold of a southwest moon,
Canada-thistle blue and flimmering larkspur blue,
Tomatoes shining in the October sun with red hearts,
Shining five and six in a row on a wooden fence,
Why do you keep wishes on your faces all day long,
Wishes like women with half-forgotten lovers going
to new cities?

What is there for you in the birds, the birds, the birds,
crying down on the north wind in September-
acres of birds spotting the air going south?

Is there something finished? And something new beginning on the way?

—CARL SANDBURG.

Autumn is here and has cast its mesmeric spell over village and countryside. Its artistry is noted at every hand, and at every turn in the street some diligent householder may be found offering up his sacrifice to good old Jack Frost who, also, is just around the corner in the cycle of the seasons.

This is a happy season for those who would a-touring go. Just by way of suggestion: Take a drive along the west north shore. Get off the concrete roads and on to those charming by-ways that traverse the country-side as yet unmarred by glaring signboards and disfiguring Barbequed filling stations. Ten minutes from home and one can be in the midst of nature's rarest beauty spots.

"No Man's Land"

Truly, autumn appears to have a most stimulating effect upon our villagers. Bear witness, if you please, to the rumble of excitement that has of late disturbed our customary suburban calm. And it is all about "No Man's Land." It seems that, while most north shore folk were away on vacation or busied with their golf games, some enterprising gentlemen came forth to transform the wilderness into a thriving, teeming metropolitan center. We're to have, they say, clubs stores and a theater right along our beautiful lake shore. Hence, conference upon conference, resolutions and mass meetings, all for the purpose of frustrating the plans of these enterprising gentlemen and preserving the wilderness stretch for park uses. Well, a little excitement will do us no harm. But, aren't we just a bit tardy on this proposition. Ten years ago, perhaps, but now? Well, we shall see!

Vote Frauds

Judging by the number of bright, new spare tire covers in evidence in these pre-election days, it would appear that the candidate with the best advertising manager is destined to get the votes at the November balloting. The Forum for 100 Per cent Voting should consider seriously this situation in its review of the vote frauds. They don't seem to be after the Ford voters.

Radio, that newest of American indoor pastimes, possesses its aggravating situations. Tother night we were enjoying a fine Schubert concert when station JAZZ horned in with a lot of drivel. The crime commission should investigate this peculiarly insidious type of infraction.

Oh, For the Old Days

The annoying thing about these radio interlopers is that we can't reach them with the "bouquets" we would so love to fling.

Not that we aren't fond of jazz concerts, but, by all means, not on the same wave length, or whatever it is these things travel on.

Something must be done about Browning and "Peaches" and Mother Heeman. Why not put them in a vaudeville sketch. It seems destined for a continuous performance.

How About His License?

And all the while we're concerned about the disposition of "No Man's Land," Railroad Jack, builder of portable cottages, and mental gymnast, works on complacently, building, demolishing and rebuilding his nondescript domicile on the Sheridan road parkway.

Another of our film idols lies shattered at our feet. Wallace Beery stops over in Chicago long enough to get a manicure.

—MIQUE.