

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 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000

Telephone Wilmette 1920

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The building of our new high school to cost the good round sum of \$600,000, has begun and is going rapidly forward. It will be a structure of which the township can well be proud, with its capacious and well designed interior.

New Trier Gym

If physical culture is as great a need of American youth as mental culture, and no one nowadays doubts it, then the New Trier board is to be congratulated for thus meeting this great need. Both girls and boys will find here provided space and apparatus for all forms of bodily exercise.

One feature characterizing many modern gymnasiums is the building of one section of the floor high enough above the other as to provide a stage and audience room. The high school gymnasium will have this feature. Whenever one room can be used for two or more purposes without detracting from its particular values, real economy is thereby gained. The gym will also be of community value, seating, as it can, about 3,500 persons.

We know a man who tried to board a train just after it had started. His foot slipped. He fell under the train. Both feet were cut off. He is sorry now.

Be Safe, Not Sorry

Many people, most of them young, take chances in preference to less hazardous opportunities. Seeing a slim chance of beating a train to a crossing they welcome the opportunity to do something exciting. Sometimes they make it safely. Often they think it over in the hospital.

If a reckless driver never endangered the lives of others, it would not be so necessary to emphasize the need of careful driving. But often in the car with this adventurous young man or woman are babies and old people. Why should they or innocent pedestrians be injured and killed?

Think of the possible consequences to others before you take the chance.

Aside from the good old lake which virtually nobody sees in the winter and few in the summer, our greatest natural assets are our splendid trees. Should they die or be uprooted by a cyclone our north shore towns would lose most of their value as residence neighborhoods. With no trees our towns would look much like other northern Illinois towns. Every citizen should therefore do all he can at any time to protect them from their numerous enemies.

The extending of Crawford avenue from Devon avenue to Ridge avenue in Wilmette will provide a long-needed link between the

West Side to North Shore

north shore and the entire West Side and suburbs. An eighty foot highway covering this five-mile stretch will be a most acceptable means of driving directly from all north shore towns to that immense portion of Chicago lying west of Western avenue.

At present if one wants to drive to Oak Park from Wilmette he has the choice of going through the congested traffic in the Loop or of going south on Ridge avenue, Evanston, and thence worming his way via Western, Irving Park, etc., to his desired end. Neither way is pleasant or devoid of numerous hazards. But a route like the proposed one on Crawford will make such a drive comparatively free from traffic and unusually direct.

We are glad that behind this prospective improvement are the North Crawford Avenue Development association and all the real estate firms along the contemplated thoroughfare.

A person may exist without meeting and talking with other people, but he cannot really live. He must be with his fellows, exchange ideas with them, share his joys and sorrows with them, if he is to be more than a mere breathing animal.

Social Life

In our papers, therefore, we devote a great deal of space to the social doings in our various communities. We tell you all about the teas at which neighbors meet, the dinners where friends eat together and dispense kindly gossip, the sleigh rides where the girls and boys expand their knowledge of one another. Weddings, with all their important details, also find frequent mention in our columns.

We hold the mirror of the north shore society and reflect the news to you.

Public Forum

Editor, WINNETKA TALK:

I note the concluding installment of Mr. Hadley's History of the Winnetka Library in your issue of January 15th. The installment contains one statement without any foundation in fact.

Mrs. Lloyd made no provision whatsoever in her will in regard to constructing a library. What she did was to make a verbal request, of no legal force whatsoever, that her plans in regard to the library be carried out.

With that situation existing, it was determined to accumulate the cost of the library out of income rather than utilize the capital of the estate, which is the reason for the lapse of time between Mrs. Lloyd's death and the completion of the library.

Yours very truly,
Wm. Bross Lloyd.

No other organizations in our north shore communities can take the place of our respective chambers of commerce. They do a needed work that simply would not be done were these bodies to disappear. As promoters of friendly co-operation between the citizens and the business men and of civic pride they are distinctly unique.

SHORE LINES

LINES WRITTEN TO A TREE

How poised and unafraid
In the morning sunlight there it stands,
Lifting its arms for the last time
Upward unto the sky.
Every leaf gleaming and twinkling
With each billowy wind . . . murmuring
Soft music, like the sleepy purring
Of a thousand infant violins.

Unwilling to leave thy quest, O Stately and Proud
Fear not the cruel woodsmen who would lay thee low;
Although thy head as vanquisher is bowed,
So even as dust to dust the beautiful shall go.
The earth shall take thee back
From whence thou first did come;
The stars, the sun, the moon and all the elements
Of the great universe
Combine in thy recession.

But when the winds blow warm again,
And would caress with gentle fondness
Each new tender leaf and bud,
There will be no return of welcome:
Vacancy and potent emptiness instead.
The other trees upon the green
Will be less gay,
Remembering of the other springs
Before it went away.

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

Junkman—"Any rags, paper, old iron?"
Man of the house—"No, go away, my wife's in Florida for the winter."
Junkman—"Any empty bottles?"

Here's My Dime

Special to Mique:

While my presence here has been rather mystifying from the very outset, I am rather enjoying my compulsory confinement. I was truly surprised to find this place so modern and sanitary. The people are most kind and solicitous and promise I'll be like a new fellow when you call to take me back to the sanctum sanctorum. I marvel at the efficiency of those about me and the entire absence of circumstances and surroundings which made places of this type a veritable chamber of horrors for our ancestors. I have the assurance that I shall be quite all right within a few days. Please omit flowers. Any contributions to that end can readily be applied to my bill.

—"GIN," the editorial canine.
(Temporary address, the animal hospital)

For the information of those who may not understand the why and wherefore of the above, may it be said that "Gin," in consequence of a slight nervous affection brought on by too great diligence in deciphering the hieroglyphics on type metal, is enjoying a complete rest in a well known Evanston dog sanitarium. No, nothing serious.

Fitting It In

Henry Edward Warner tells this one:
"Say," said the news editor, "this story about the birth of quadruplets won't stay in page 1."
"A-right," said the managing editor. "Break it over into classified and run it down along Help Wanted."

—FOURTH ESTATE

Among Our Readers

Dear Mique:

Under separate cover I am mailing the requested samples of the Daily Princetonian. The editor told me to tell you that you are free to appropriate any improvements which the copies may suggest.

My WINNETKA TALK came a day earlier last week, arriving on Wednesday instead of on Thursday. The efforts of your circulation department are appreciated—or should I thank the mail service?

No, really, TALK is a very good little paper. I have only one suggestion for it—segregation of crime news, which is being advocated today by the best type of journalism.

Am eagerly waiting my next TALK, especially the society page and the weekly item about the fire department.

—J. F. R.—PRINCETON.

P. S. Oh yes, we got the tail end of your blizzard.

Dear Mique:

Heard of "Gin's" indisposition. May I suggest a bouquet of dog-tooth violets?

FIL THE FILOSOPHER.

Old dobbin has come into his own for the sleighing season. But somehow the old kick of the thing is gone.

—MIQUE.