

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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America has the good fortune to have given birth to at least one shining model of honesty—Abraham Lincoln. George Washington, although referred to in the cherry tree story, is not called Honest George, but rather honored as the Father of his Country. But to Honest Abe parents and teachers can profitably direct the attention of the pliable young and emphasize the value of honesty.

Honest straightforward dealing is not seldom the truest wisdom. Crooked dealing gives rise to misunderstanding and mutual loss. Straight dealing soon wins its way to the best kind of success. Lincoln was known to be a man of sensitive honesty, several stories being now current of his almost unnecessary promptness to rectify what he though might seem dishonesty to the other party of the transaction. American youth may well emulate the spirit that caused this promptness.

With the freeing of the roads from snow and the approach of milder weather there will come an increase in automobile traffic and casualties. More drivers will try to occupy the same space at the same time, thus increasing horribly the sum of human sorrow and suffering.

But the number of these accidents can be lessened. Even if a driver cares little for his own safety he can give a thought to the hazard into which his carelessness puts others. Let him consider the agony his recklessness may cause little children and women, and if he is human he will be considerate.

When he is tempted to take a chance let him think of the momentum his heavy car can gather when accelerating and also think of how little resistance the soft body of a child can offer to this terrific force, and will he not hesitate?

Think of these things! Be considerate.

North shore commuters are served on the transportation lines by an exceptionally intelligent and pleasant body of conductors and brakemen. As one becomes better acquainted with them he finds that they are almost without exception sincerely interested in the convenience and comfort of the passengers, quite unlike the hard boiled human public servants met with occasionally elsewhere.

Twenty years is a good long time. To have been station agent in one place for that length of time is a fact worthy of being celebrated. To have seen Winnetka increase in population from 3,500 to thrice that number is to have seen many other changes take place. Our friend, Mr. Lieber, has witnessed a remarkable community development—the fading of the old and flowering of the new; new buildings, new streets, new people.

We have known Winnetka's genial agent for more than half his term of service. He has sold us more commutation tickets than we care to enumerate. More than a thousand good dollars has passed from us to him through the well known little window. He has always been friendly and kind, always ready with a neighborly greeting.

Long life to him! May we see him still at the little window when another score of years has elapsed!

We are glad that the stop signs on Elm Street, Winnetka, are to be removed and cautious signs substituted. The stop sign demands a physical action. STOP! The caution sign demands a mental attitude. Public safety requires not merely perfunctory stopping but cautious driving. A motorist may stop at through streets and start again without seeing if his path is clear. If, however, he uses caution he must necessarily see whether his path is clear. Moreover, the police have not the time or energy to arrest every driver who fails to come to a full stop where there is a stop sign. Whereas, caution can be enforced. We suggest that caution signs be substituted everywhere for stop signs.

The bowling contests in our respective communities not only serve to stimulate a form of social intercourse that is very pleasant and beneficial, but also serve to exercise the bodies of the contestants effectively. Of all the muscles those that get least exercise and yet need the most are the trunk muscles. These are the very muscles that bowling brings into active, and yet not too active, play.

TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1865)

*O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.*

*In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.*

*Thy task is done—the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.*

*Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of light.*

—W. C. BRYANT.

SHORE LINES

WHAT MARVELOUS WEATHER! JUST NOW THE SUN IS OUT, ITS GLORIOUS GOLDEN RAYS STREAMING THROUGH OUR WINDOW. ACROSS THE STREET AN INTREPID SHOPPER STROLLS SANS FUR COAT AND GALOSHES. HALF A DOZEN DOGS, OF AS MANY DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF ANTECEDENTS, ROMP JOYFULLY ACROSS THE LAWN, ENGAGED IN FRIENDLY TUSSLE OVER A NEWLY FOUND RAG OF GUNNYSACK. WE LOLL BACK IN THE SWIVEL CHAIR, TAKE UP OUR FAVORITE DAILY JOURNAL AND READ—"COLD WAVE DUE TO HIT TODAY; SNOW FORECAST."

Yes, Yes, Go On!

Dear Mique:

I have the proof of what I say—I know of what parentage the Right Honorable Editorial Canine descends. However, for several and more reasons I will not disclose said facts—but unless I find ten thousand dollars under the left side of the bridge over the canal I'll tell the pop-eyed world that Gin is descended from Mrs. O'Leary's cow. And, furthermore, I'll tell 'em that Gin ain't no abbreviation for nothing.

—Ishtar the Iconoclast

AN AWFUL FLOP

Up on the north shore, where Lake Michigan rolls gently on the beach and Sheridan road climbs hither and yon over Hubbard Hill, lies a fair city known throughout all Cook county and the State of Illinois as Winnetka. And in that fair city dwell all of the Winnetka school marms and masters.

Now it came to pass that in one of the years of Anna Dominoes, for whom all years are followed by A. D., as Dickens tells us, that these self-same teachers gathered together at a building called "The Hall of Horace Mann"; a stately edifice of many, many rooms and halls. And among their midst stood old King Awfulflop and the beggar Hameneggs. A magnificent sight was old King Awfulflop, and mighty proud was he, while Hameneggs was a mere beggar lad, with a splinter in his knee.

Then up spake young Hameneggs, sez he, "Awfulflop, old man, I'll bet ye pants buttons to pork barrels that I can beat ye in a race." "Yer on," sez Awfulflop, and so they marked off a track, while all of the teachers looked on. Then up spake old Awfulflop. "Hameneggs," sez he, "you choose half of this bunch and I'll take the rest and beat ye in a track meet." "Yer on," sez Hameneggs, "only the pants go with the buttons and the pork with the barrels." "Done," sez Awfulflop. And done it was.

And then all the Awfulflops lined up on one side and all the Hameneggs lined up on the other, whereupon a mighty conflict ensued. But Old King Awfulflop believed in singing hymns and, sez he to himself, "Now ifen my crew sings, then Hameneggs will stop to listen and we'll tip 'im on 'is ear." So he called time-out and gathered his Awfulflops together while he taught them a song and presently they returned to the conflict full confident and once more engaged the Hameneggs in conflict.

But lo, all uv a suddent there broke upon the stillness of that mighty aggregation, not the sound of conflict, but of song.

Such a song was never heard before nor yet since in all the land and for a minit the Hameneggs wuz dumfounded. Then with a chuckle in his eye, the beggar lad whispered in the nearest trooper's ear, and he whispered in the next one and so on. And while the Awfulflops sang on, they stole quietly away with all the pork barrels and pants buttons. And if you don't believe this'n we'll tell you another.

—Demmigog.

Let's Pass a Law

'Twere simple to arouse sentiment in favor of repairing our rough and rugged roadways, opines Trustee DeBerard of Wilmette. Let all bills for broken springs, sunken frames and what-not be added to the municipal expense items.

Municipal authorities along the shore, by the way, just now are pondering the request of the Illinois Gas association for reduced gas heat units. (nothing whatever to do with council deliberations)

If the demonstrator can influence you to sign on the dotted line after traversing certain Wilmette streets with that new car—Take it, it's a good buy!

—MIQUE.