

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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.

Every dog owner is advised, to put it mildly, to muzzle his dog and keep him muzzled until he has been inoculated against rabies by a licensed veterinarian. Dogs must either be muzzled or immunized by a licensed vet.

Prevent Loss of Life

The reason is obvious. If a child is bitten by a mad dog the child will almost certainly die. A mad dog by biting a well dog can communicate his madness, thus spreading the dread disease.

Dogs don't like muzzles. Muzzle a dog and he immediately takes steps to get rid of the irritating thing. A human being would do the same thing. But to prevent loss of human life the spread of rabies must be prevented. Fortunately there is a better way of accomplishing this than the use of muzzles. Get the dog inoculated against rabies. Immunize him.

If you are a dog owner the sooner you have your animal immunized the better for all concerned.

Happiness is within the reach of all who in the good hot summer time can get into our friendly old lake. When the atmosphere is so warm and humid that sweat clings to the skin and won't leave, a dip in the water so near our homes will encourage all the pores to express their deepest gratitude.

Use the Lake

Ourselves, we haven't participated yet this year. But our experiences in past years inspire us to urge those who suffer from summer heat and stickiness to make frequent use of the lake. And not simply bathe, but also swim.

Swimming is the best of exercises. None better, when not overdone, for development of heart, lungs, and muscles. Breasting the waves, large or small, throws the head up, increases the chest capacity. Not only does swimming strengthen the body but it also conduces to grace of figure and movement.

If we lived in one of those mansions on the lake bluff we'd be in and under every morning early. That would set us up for our long hard day's work. But since we are not so favored by finance we shall not be able to get in more than twice or thrice a week.

"A song in every seed." A local bird fancier makes this rather extensive claim for a certain brand of bird seed. The strict implication is that the number of songs delivered by the canary that partakes of this particular product will be in exact proportion to the number of seeds he eats. A very literal-minded person might naturally believe that a bird could extract one song from each individual

In Every Seed

seed. But that would be going much too far.

Why is there no such food for cheerless human beings? Why is there no breakfast cereal having a song in every seed or fiber? A household for whom such magic food was provided would surely be a most happy household, making the home atmosphere vocal with cheerful ditties. No need for Christian Science in this joyful family, melodically inspired with every mouthful.

There are fortunate favored persons who are so persistently cheerful that we are forced to believe that something songful is on their daily menus. Adverse conditions find them and leave them with heads erect and hearts hopeful. The success of others arouses no envy in their breasts but rather happy sympathy. They are not optimists of the extreme sort but in the class of those who while not believing that everything is for the best, nevertheless make the best of failures and losses.

"A song in every seed!"

The summer will be a delightful one for those who attend the concerts and grand opera performances at Ravinia. Not only will all such persons enjoy their Ravinia afternoons and evenings but they will be receiving a liberal education in music appreciation. Many a north shore resident who has been absent from home during the summer has expressed his regret at not being able to participate in these artistic events.

Summer Music

Next Saturday evening, June 25, sees the opening of the Ravinia season. Hundreds of individuals, older and younger, from Chicago, its west and southwest suburbs, north shore towns and villages—hundreds will be heading north in the early evening of the 25th to hear and see the 1927 debut of Ravinia. It will bring a thrilling experience to partake of the presentation of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier"; to be a creative listener while on the stage are acting and singing such actor-vocalists as Martinelli, Danise, Defrere, Rethberg and Bourskaya.

In its annual journey around the sun the earth reaches a place where the sun in the heavens seems to stand still at its farthest point north and then travels southward. This year that point was reached last Wednesday, June 22, the summer solstice, the longest day in the solar year.

Summer Solstice

Thus the earth revolving about the sun marks time for its inhabitants. According to the Scriptures, only seventy times may mortal man see earth make a complete circumnavigation of the sun. It is therefore quite fitting that we should all take note of the summer solstice and reflect upon its significance.

On the day of the Summer Solstice people should also stand still for a little and reflect on the evidence of design in the universe.

We take back what we said some one or two weeks ago about regretting the fact that June was failing to warm up. Since the aforesaid expression of regret summer has arrived and with it warm and humid weather. Which goes to prove that one had better be a trifle reserved about criticising nature. We're pleased, however, at the prospect of doffing our outer garments and donning a bathing suit.

SHORE LINES

AH, 'TIS SAD, INDEED

MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES LACK A SENSE OF THE FINE PROPORTION OF THINGS. IN WILMETTE OFFICIALDOM HAS ISSUED A DECREE DOOMING FOREVER AN OLD FIRE BARN JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM, which, for a few decades, has represented Wilmette's sole approximation of that architectural marvel, the leaning tower of Pisa. We have been singularly intrigued with this strange edifice. Its usefulness as a fire station having long since been denied, it has for some years served as an abode for one of the most prolific families in this the finest region in the north suburban area of Chicagoland. It has, thus, withstood the onrush of the elements, even in bold defiance of the late lamented tornado. Now the axe of the workman is about to reduce it to oblivion. How utterly heartless.

Laws Sakes Alive a Massy Chile!

Laws sakes alive a massy chile!
Quick, wipe dat 'lassus off yo' face,
Yo's surely streaked from head to foot;
What fo' yo' allus in disgrace?
Come, wash yo'self dis minute, hyeah?
An' stop dat cryin' too, I say,
Fus' thing yo' no yo's goin' to have
A mammy dat is ole an' gray.

Laws sakes alive a massy chile!
I'd nevah know ma' honey lamb;
Yo' sure looks fine when yo' is clean,
Yo's goin' to make a handsome man.
Jus' like yo' pappy thru an' thru,
Not quite so black—but jus' as fine—
I sure am tellin' de good Lawd
I's mighty thankful yo' is mine.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY

A Prize Yarn

It seems that at one of our golf clubs, a movement was started some time ago to get prizes for the caddies. It was a fine idea, but unproductive. The prizes didn't materialize and neither did the jack to purchase same. Discouraged, one of the prime movers in the project called a meeting for no other purpose than to propose that a new movement be started to give prizes to the members who donated prizes for the caddies.

—THE OLD PLUG.

Health Hint!

Oh Mique, here's a good one, culled from the columns of the illustrious WINNETKA TALK.

DRIVER GETS FINE AS RESULT OF MOTOR CRASH

Oh, Mique—let's go out and get bumped by an auto!

—"BULL."

Charlie the Flagman

Charlie, the flagman, of the North Western, dignifies his job. He comes on duty at 2:30 every afternoon, alighting from the northbound train which pulls in at just that time. In his left hand he carries a basket, which in turn carries a thermos lunch box. His right hand holds a cane, which apparently has seen years of faithful service. He needs this cane to protect himself against the attacks of dogs which may be straying about in the hours around midnight when his watch is ended.

His first occupation on entering his little house is to clean and fill the lanterns which hang on the gates after night-fall and warn the weary drivers and walkers not to clutter up the track when a train is approaching. For years and years he has cleaned and filled and polished these lanterns with diligence and loving care. This done and the lanterns hung he guards the tracks and trains.

Evidently he likes his work, always happy, except when some foolish boy or man runs across the tracks after the gates have been lowered. On such occasions Charlie has been known to become quite bitter in his remarks. He was much stirred up recently by a driver who deliberately allowed his car to push through the gates and dent the sides of a locomotive panting at the crossing. But almost always Charlie is happy in his simple routine loving regularity for its own limited but certain reward.

—FIL, THE FILOSOFER.

Mique—Do you make anything of the fact that Petite Phyllis Stepler danced at the Wilmette Commandery vaudeville performance last Wednesday?

—JERRY.

Society note—"Gin", the editorial canine spent the week-end at Wilmette Rest, a summer home on the Fox river near Fox River Grove, Ill.