

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Now that the automobile has found a commanding position in industry, traffic and commerce, isn't it high time that more serious attention be

Need Uniform

Motor Laws

given to the laws governing the driving of cars? The object of this editorial is not to call attention to the costly human toll being rolled up by those irresponsible persons who apparently "know not what they do," or those who may be counted simply as unfortunate enough to have caused tragedy, but to drive home the point that some way must be found to put an end to or reduce these so-called accidents of motor driving.

It is our sincere belief that action must be taken in these United States and that too, before very long, to bring about more uniformity of laws in the various states. There are several states which already have taken drastic measures for the protection of the drivers themselves and those who fill the pedestrian ranks. We know, too, that in Illinois there has been much talk of enacting laws, laws which many have called too drastic, laws which demand physical and mental examinations before one is allowed to drive an automobile. But nothing has been done about it. Is a law of that type too drastic? There are many who favor it and there are many who oppose such legislation.

Regardless of which side is right we are able to call attention to one state, Pennsylvania, which has not talked about "drastic laws," but has gone ahead and built into its code almost the exact law suggested for Illinois. A man who buys an automobile in Pennsylvania and the necessary state licenses cannot drive a car. First he must see a state inspector and by tests, mental as well as physical, must satisfy that inspector that he is competent to operate a car. He must do this: Pay a \$2 fee on application, be able to answer intelligently thirty questions concerning the traffic rules of the state; be able to sit behind the wheel and drive the car to the satisfaction of the inspector.

So strict are these inspectors, we are informed, that a driver who hits a curb, regardless of the width of the street, is denied an operator's license. He may get it later if he learns how to drive well enough to avoid the curbs. But if he cannot answer the questions which are "juggled" to make the test difficult he must go home and study up, if he wants a license to drive in Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the Pennsylvania laws are drastic, but just the same every right thinking motorist is interested to the extent that he'll be eager to see the result of the working of the laws in the Eastern state. Those results may interest lots of people in Illinois.

A few days ago we motored from our present summer address, not far from Traverse City, to Petoskey, a round trip of 200 miles. Traverse City is more or less accurately called "The Heart of Nature's Playground"

No 'Washboard' Roads Here

and Petoskey is widely known for its curio shops, cement factory, pine trees, and bracing air.

To make this tour we motored south along the west edge of Traverse Bay and north along the east edge of the same body of water. The roads were hard and smooth all the way. Sometimes roads are hard but not smooth, as those motorists know who have been "shook up" by traveling at a fair rate of speed over those formations in gravel roads known as washboards. It is these washboards that shake the bolts out of fords and dislocate drivers' bones. Well, the road to Petoskey was not of this kind. Concrete a large part of the way and smooth, hard gravel, sand, and clay the remainder.

We met few cars, compared with the number one meets in southern Michigan. We were especially struck with the fact that practically all these were of the closed variety, and loaded to the gunwales with camping paraphernalia.

Traverse Bay was in sight almost throughout the whole trip. We saw the Manitou Islands, and that pair farther north known as the Foxes. We also got views on both sides of the peninsula that starting at Traverse City runs up into the big bay. Old Mission is at the upper end of this finger of land. As we sped along we passed to the east several large inland lakes—Elk, Torch, Bass, and Pine.

Charlevoix and Petoskey were swarming with summer visitors, all parking space being occupied in the down-town sections. One little tea-room in Petoskey was so well patronized that we had to go elsewhere to obtain needed nourishment.

The day has long since past when the advance of women into various activities could be likened to a wedge entering and splitting a block of wood. If any poor deluded man thinks that women are still on the edge of things, making infrequent incursions into the interior, let him take a second look. He will be startled to find that women are working front to front with the men. And in some instances ahead of the men.

The Advance of Women

Members of our local Leagues of Women Voters are planning a year of even more extended action. Urged on by the national league, they will be found at every meeting of the County Board, the Forest Preserve, the Board of Education, and at every meeting of the local board of village trustees. We doubt that there will be a public meeting of any kind at which they will not be present.

Every man, with almost no exception, is either an owner or renter. Many rent or own their homes. So almost everybody knows from direct experience what it is to be a tenant or a landlord.

Real Estate News

Most everyone, therefore is interested in real estate news.

The Real Estate and Building section in our community papers will, we are certain, find many keenly interested readers.

SHORE LINES

THAT IS DIFFERENT

DEAR MIQUE—I been reading a piece in the paper about a motorist who loaned his spare tire to another motorist who got stuck in the country with a coupla flats. The wife, she reads it too, and she says kinda spontaneous-like—just like the wimmen folks do: "Old Plug, didn't I always tell you that the world wasn't as bad as you think it is?"

"Yes, Mrs. Plug," I says, "You always did tell me that, but this piece is about a motorist."

"Yes," says the missus, "but what difference is motorists from other people who don't breathe so much gas?"

"Well, they is a difference," I answers. "Frinstance, I'm riding one night in the country and another motorist stops me and asks for a match. He says one gentleman motorist ought to help another motorist and with the aid of a thing that looked like a Mauser he separates me from a quart of something that helped make Scotland famous."

"Well," says the missus, "that was your own fault. You should not have had it in the car."

"You're right" says I, "I was bringing it home to crack with you, dear, because I figured even a gentleman motorist ought to share the pleasures of life with his wife."

"You never told me about that," she says, and is beginning to get 'het up' a bit. "Don't you ever stop on the road again," she goes on.

"But maybe some unfortunate motorist might want to borrow our spare," I says.

"Didn't I just tell you you'll never stop on the road again," she pops, and I know that it's time to move to another line of thought.

—THE OLD PLUG.

Sounds Plausible

Since hog-calling has become a popular pastime at the various farm picnics and fairs, why not invite the members of the north shore dog-catchers' guild to a dog-calling contest. This thought is suggested by the report that the intrepid boys with the butterfly nets are experiencing considerable difficulty in capturing anything bigger than French poodles or canines of similar dimensions.

—THE SIDEWALK CRITIC.

Page the Game Warden

Current public prints seem to indicate this as the open season for the exchange and inter-change of Hollywood husbands and wives.

Fall and Winter Fashions

It being the appointed season for advanced display of milady's winter wardrobe, permit SHORE LINES to suggest:

The winter is to be a season of flowers.

Little gunmetal buttons are attractive on dark waists.

Only small fur neck pieces will be correct this winter.

The fall is going to be a great color season in feathers.

Pink, blue and white ribbon are the only shades used for adorning lingerie.

This year robes, especially for high toilets, are to be more worn than ever.

Green and brown promise to vie for supremacy as the smart shades of the season.

Black and white, so very popular this summer, is to be the great vogue of the coming winter.

The fashionable woman does not consider her collections of silver complete without some pieces of Dutch silver.

The cretonne appliques so popular were evolved, it is said, from a lamp shade decoration at the Paris exposition.

Fashion arbiters predict a continuance of favor to be shown fancy stocks, even when flannel shirt waists supersede the wash ones.

How crazy, observes the flapper. Very well, just turn to the files of the Chicago Daily News of 1901.

Or What Have You?

Also, just 26 years ago. WANTED — DRESSER, IRON BED, SPRINGS, pillows, Morris chair or rockers; cheap for cash, or will exchange camera, stereopticon, range, heater, icebox or best dentistry. Address S 19, Daily News.

And Dr. Roach was doing his level best to get across the new two-step idea in terpsichory.

—MIQUE.