

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 or Wilmette 1920

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Rabies once established is usually fatal to little children. In the light of this undoubted fact what should you do if you own a dog? The answer is clear and certain. One of two things. You must either have your dog inoculated by a recognized veterinarian or keep him muzzled and at home. If you do neither of these things and your dog gets rabies and bites a little child and rabies is communicated to the child, you have contributed to what may prove the destruction of life. Remember that rabies once established is usually fatal to little children.

Your duty in this matter is so certain that there can be no doubt or hesitation in your mind. You would not leave a loaded gun within reach of children. Nor would you leave poison. No more should you allow your dog not immune to rabies to roam about the streets.

Moreover school days have begun or will very soon begin. Hundreds of little ones have returned from vacation outings and will attend school. Your dog, if he becomes mad, may bite and kill several little children.

Get your dog inoculated or muzzle him and keep him at home!

One of the most potent of all educational agencies in our public schools is music. It matters not whether the music be instrumental or vocal, it is an indispensable factor in the development of the child's mental and emotional life. That is worth thinking about.

This fact has been recognized ever since the days of the Greek philosopher, Plato, if it was not previously. Rhythm, melody, and harmony exercise the child's most valuable powers. You have only to meet and live for a while with an adult who has little command of his body to see and feel how crippled he is. He cannot walk without exhibiting an awkwardness that is pathetic. On entering and crossing a room he puts the wrong foot forward immediately. Everybody, except those others who are like him, sees at once how handicapped he is.

Have you met a man or woman who could not carry a tune? Nine times out of ten they would like to be able to sing an air, but they cannot. They might have learned when they were school children, but they lived in places much less favored than the north shore. Many of these unfortunates cannot even whistle a tune. When they try to whistle "America" it sounds as much like "Yankee Doodle" as "America."

Doubtless there are more people who cannot sing in harmony than there are who

cannot carry a tune. Either they can't sing at all with others or they sing an octave below. And the sad thing is that they not only love to sing but do sing, or at least make noises. There are few persons who can make up a part and sing by ear harmoniously.

One of the latest advances in school music is the teaching of children to play various instruments alone or in a band or orchestra. We won't say that they will enjoy this resource all their lives. Some learn an instrument in school and give it up later. But it is very likely that the resource will last throughout life.

Music in our public schools is indispensable.

A real hero is usually not aware that he is a hero. It often happens that he learns from others that he is a hero. And sometimes these others have a hard time convincing him that he is a hero. The "heroic" act frequently seems to him rather ordinary and matter-of-fact.

These facts only serve to emphasize the very important and universal fact that we learn to know ourselves only through others. A man born and growing to manhood on a deserted island would not know what kind of a man he was. What means would he have of knowing whether he was selfish or unselfish, kind or cruel?

This fact ought to mean a great deal to parents. Their children come to know themselves almost entirely by means of what their parents think of them and say about them. And knowing that their fathers and mothers think them selfish how can the children help being influenced? A girl who is frequently told by her parents that she is very awkward will probably become more awkward.

Let us then before we make too much of our heroes consider carefully the likely effect of this over-appreciation.

It is easy to undervalue our village libraries. We may easily come to take them as a matter of course, institutions that function as naturally as the weather. We get our books with so little effort on our part that we

think of them as just growing like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

For children this attitude is perhaps not to be wondered at. But it does seem curious that adults view village libraries as operating absolutely without friction. An effective way of having this attitude changed would be to get one's self elected library trustee. He would, to be sure, have to attend meetings only once a month, but even this very infrequent engagement would serve to impress upon him the truth that running a village library is a complicated and laborious task.

One thing that we especially wish to emphasize is that our citizens do not make enough use of our libraries. Many do not know we have public libraries. Sad but true.

Visit your village library. Talk with the librarian. Ask her how many books there are and what is the monthly circulation. Ask her what sort of books circulate most. You will be enlightened. An enlightened citizen is a better one.

SHORE LINES

THE GAY VACATION TIME

MIQUE is still on his vacation. It has been a swell vacation in our fair north shore suburb, fine weather and all that sort of thing, but still Mique has reason to nurse a peeve. When the vacation started Mique being a smart boy froze on to the office Annie Oakleys, the ones which permit the crash at the movies, so that it wouldn't be necessary to get his fingers caught in the fish-hooks.

In an effort to stage a "prefect day" he mapped out a program which included a visit to the White Sox ball park to see Ray Schalk's staggering athletes go through the motions. He sat complacently watching the game for an inning or two and then it began to rain. It rained hard enough to stop play for the day and Mique a bit discouraged and somewhat damp went to the Loop. He contemplated a pleasant evening at the movies and casually reached into his pocket for the Annie Oakleys. Sure enough they were there. Then he saw the big headline in the papers "Movie theaters closed by strike."

But the day wasn't lost completely—the public library was open.

—THE OLD PLUG

WELL, WHAT OF IT?

Dear Mique: That fellow who is trying to fill up your column these days must be an Englishman. He puts in some wisecrack stuff about the William Tell neckties, which is enough to make a fellow push some of the water out of the canal.

He says a William Tell tie is that because it "snaps and hits the Adam's apple." That ain't no good way to tell a Tell joke. The answer is "you pull the bow and hit the apple." I know because I invented it.

—BACK OF THE YARDS LOOIE.

They call Mario Chamlee, the famous tenor who charmed Ravinia throngs this summer, the "Song-bird." He's all of that and is proving it by flying in an airplane from Chicago to San Francisco to fill an engagement. Maybe he'll pick up a few high notes en route.

Dear Mique: A fellow got picked up the other night after he had sideswiped a couple of cars on Sheridan road. It was evident that he'd been gargling a bit too freely.

"You were going pretty fast," says the cop. "What's your name?"

The wild driver smiled and answered: "Sure I'm Stewart Warner. Don't you know me?"

—JO JO.

STRANGE VOX POP

Dear Mique: Doesn't it give you a laugh to see all these boys hurrying up to the ticket office to lay down their bucks to get pasteboards for the big fistic doings on the Lake Front on September 22. Some of these fellows will see about as much of the fight as they would see sitting at the reception end of the radio, or if they were in Hubbard Woods. But they'll buy the ducats even with knowledge that they're not going to see what Gene and Jack do when they hook up and start walloping.

People are strange creatures. They'll spend good money and be satisfied to say after the slugfest is over that they were there. They take a certain pride in being able to say that they attended a "spectacle."

All of this reminds me of one day in Atlantic City when Dempsey was training there for his fight with George Carpentier. Jack was strolling along the Board Walk when a pestiferous fellow kept annoying him. One of Jack's friends finally stepped up to the bothersome person and told him if he didn't desist the champion might take a punch at him.

"All right," said the fellow, "I wish he would. Then I could tell my friends who did it."

—SINGAPORE KID.

Modesty forbids us blowing a horn, but we just have to tell the public that we get and print ALL the news. The society reporter phoned one of our best news sources to get the "latest up to the minute" info and was informed that the lady had to hurry to the city.

"But how'll we get the news then," the S. E. asked.

"That's easy," answered Mrs. News Source, "You'll find it all written out and under the door mat on the front porch."

We did. Yes sir, we print ALL the news.

Hurry back, Mique.

—MIQUE II.