

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

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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.

Professional dramatics will always have its important part to play in life. Motion picture shows will never seriously interfere with the popularity of the spoken drama. At times it has looked as if real play acting might die for lack of sufficient appreciation, but it has always revived and returned to normal.

One reason for this recurring revival is the general interest in amateur dramatics. Not only those who take roles in amateur dramatics but also those who are in the audience come to be more discriminating in their appreciation of theatrical production and therefore go to see good professional acting. By taking part and observing, people grow more able to see the fine points in play writing and acting and managing, and at the same time more desirous of supporting whatever there is on the stage that is worthy.

Those who participate in amateur dramatics profit greatly by the experience. They gain confidence in their ability to speak effectively to a number of people. They improve in social deportment, carrying themselves with more ease and grace. Often the self-conscious lose their awkwardness and learn how to influence human behavior.

If the health officers in our north shore communities are to work effectively in safeguarding our health we must work with them. Our co-operation is essential to their success. If we hold back, or what is worse, actively interfere with them, we shall be the losers. Our health and that of our children is in the hands, largely, of our health officers.

Sometimes it is vitally necessary to use drastic measures in dealing with threatening diseases. Steps must be taken that will interfere with the convenience and comfort of parents. When infantile paralysis is apparently preparing to attack our homes, our municipal doctors and school authorities keep away from the schools all children who are in greatest danger of contracting or spreading the frightful disease.

We should all take the view that too rigid precautions cannot be employed. Any action that even seems likely to prevent a disease from being passed on to others should be taken, and no one should object to its being taken. Happily infantile paralysis is retreating, and all danger from that quarter seems to be fading away. But another enemy is approaching. According to the state health director, Dr. Rawlings, diphtheria is running 25% heavier now than a year ago. Moreover, November is the worst month for this illness.

Co-operate heartily with the health officers and school authorities.

## The Value of Amateur Dramatics

## Work with Your Health Officers

Wilmette is indeed fortunate in having among its village institutions so enterprising and progressive a one as the Wilmette Public School Art League. This league, established some years ago, has for its principal objective the placing before the school children of excellent paintings and other valuable works of art. On many occasions the League has awarded to rooms in scholarship contests paintings of outstanding merit.

## Art Exhibitions in the Schools

Visitors to the Howard school will derive great pleasure from the sight of the little picture gallery, with its very useful skylight, its fountains, and its exhibition of worthy pictures. Such a gallery, though small, will surely have a highly beneficial effect upon the pupils and teachers.

The exhibition will be a one-man exhibition, that is all the pictures shown at any time will be the work of one artist, thus enabling the spectator to get a clear idea of styles in paintings, through study and comparison. At the end of the period allotted for showing the pictures of one artist, the pictures will be passed on to another school.

Other schools in neighboring towns would do well to arrange for similar exhibitions.

The employment bureau organized and kept going by the Tri-Ship Boys' Club of New Trier High school is a most worthy enterprise and as such should be actively supported by every citizen in the township. To appreciate even to a slight degree the importance of the undertaking read two paragraphs of the letter in which they solicit your help.

## New Trier's Tri-Ship Boys' Club

"We have been fortunate in locating a large number of boys, in places along the north shore, and hope to increase our work this year.

"In order to do this, we are asking your readers to notify us of any positions left vacant in their businesses. We will be in a position to give the best kind of help and will, at the same time, be giving a boost to fellows who otherwise would not be able to go on with high school."

Help the club boys to help other boys.

"The boast of heraldry" on the north shore may be more than a quotation from Gray's Elegy, now that a man also named Gray has opened a studio in Winnetka. If you have no coat of arms get one at your earliest opportunity. You can then transmit to your descendants a lasting "symbol of virtue and worth."

Rev. F. C. Stifler of Wilmette in his story of his recent trans-Atlantic trip tells of one of his guides in Egypt who when asked why he had only one wife replied that they were too expensive. Economic wisdom from the Orient!

Superintendent Washburne has been visiting about again, now in Indiana and then in Missouri. It is well that the president of the Winnetka board of trustees made no campaign promise that if elected he would "fire" the aforesaid superintendent. If he had, the Winnetka schools might now be minus a pilot at the helm and the individual system might be under heavy fire.

## SHORE LINES

### NIGHT

Across the darkling, star-lit plain  
A hidden singer's voice I hear;  
The song he sings I do not know—  
The melody is never clear.

I do not know for whom he sings  
Or why his song is like a prayer . . .  
Only that I find a peace  
In his unpretentious air . . .

—WICKIE.

### You're Right, By Gum

Dear Mique:

You may want to hang the following onto your Shore Lines. The ability of the clock in the Wrigley Tower not to keep time has had much space in R. H. L.'s line in the Chicago Tribune, but the solution of the mystery that popped into my mind I send first to you because of my loyalty to our fair village and your medium. If you don't take advantage of the scoop I am giving you, I'll try my luck with Mr. Little.

While driving along Boul. Mich. the other evening I again noticed that no face of the Wrigley clock marked the same witching hour as the other, and suddenly I knew why! Because it's Mr. Wrigley's clock, its hands undoubtedly get gummed up.

—"THE SHEIK OF WILMETTE."

### The Fair Usurper

Tweedles, that's the latest acquisition to the editorial menagerie. And Mr. Gin, the type-setter, is wearing an unmistakably pained expression, and rightly so. Lady Tweedles is a feline, rather youngish and pettish, and if there is a branch of the animal kingdom constituting Gin's pet aversion it most assuredly is that of the alley cat persuasion. But Tweedles, though arriving unheralded and alone, has been taken into the bosom of the sanctum sanctorum, and well the faithful terrier knows, this particular member of the feline hosts is not designed for purposes of pursuit. At any rate, Gin is an institution as firmly established as Gibraltar, while no one can venture a guess as to future prospects for Tweedles. Cats are that way.

### November

The grim, gaunt trees stand brooding bare tonight,  
Outlined against the misty saffron sky,  
Where late with eager pride they flaunted high  
Their gleaming robes so gloriously bright,  
Arrayed in varied hues of rainbow's light.  
Despondent trees! I hear your plaintive sigh;  
Oh, death in life, if life be this, pass by,  
When shorn of all that once was my delight.

And yet shall you revive when vernal Spring  
Fulfills her promise to the pulsing earth;  
Where sleeping buds await her whispering,  
And silent, pent-up streams shall know rebirth.  
Oh, heart of mine, be glad; let me, too, sing  
When Spring again resounds with Maytime mirth.

—LAURA RATHBONE.

### Missouri Killed Him

Mique:

I've canceled my subscription to the Park Ridge Weekly. "Why?" says you. "Reason enough," says I. Week before last the This and Thater in the P. R. W. broadcasts to all comers that we can bet our last cent on Dick Hanley's chewing wild kitties. I didn't have a last cent so I bet my one and only suit, my overcoat and my purple Sox against a like assortment belonging to an uninformed freshie from the big institution in the corn belt, that the Illini would take the next train home in silence. By the end of the game I had just my Tux and my shoes left.

Last week I looked up the dope as set aside by the This and Thater and bet my Tux and my shoes in the hope of being able to get out of bed before diner time and now I can't get up at all.

Take it from me, unless the Old Plug wants to bet on Dempsey again—I've still got my type-writer and my picture album left—I shall hereinafter and hence further bet only on sure things such as horse races, as to the exact day the next tornado will strike in Little Egypt and as to what Bill Thompson will do when the British start eating sauerkraut, drinking schnaps and speak the Irish brogue. And I shall not base those bets on the opinions of This and Thater.

—HUB.

Finis.

—MIQUE.