

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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Don't go south this winter. Stay on the north shore. Going south is just a habit. It means spending a lot of money and missing a lot of fun up here.

Stay North This Winter

It isn't winter itself that you dread. It's not the real thing that frightens you. It's your own idea of what you think December, January, and February are going to be that scares you.

Actually, winter on the north shore is not so bad. In fact it is very often quite pleasant, distinctly enjoyable. Keep indoors if you must when zero weather comes. It won't last at the most more than a very few days. Of course if you would only wrap up well and see that your feet are well shod, you could go out on a zero day and be all the better for the experience.

When the ground is blanketed with snow, the landscape takes on a beauty that is unlike the beauty of any other season. The trees are no longer black skeletons but attractive patterns in black and white. The air is charged with stimulating ozone. Breathe it in generously. It will do you good.

No matter how old you are nor how firmly fixed is your habit of migration, try this winter on the north shore.

What a horrible thing it would be if a neighbor's dog should go mad and bite your own little child! Little children, as you perhaps know, are more likely to be fatally poisoned by the bite of a rabid dog than a grown person is. Rabies

He May Bite Your Child!

is prevalent in our communities just now, and a stray cur might just happen to contract this frightful disease and run foaming at the mouth through your neighborhood.

It is your duty to protect your own family and the families in your vicinity by having your dog properly inoculated, muzzled, or tied up at your home. The most humane method is inoculation. Take the dog to a veterinary surgeon and have him inoculated against rabies.

Why does anyone hesitate about getting something done that will really be a case of self-protection? Why are we so slow about co-operating with our own health officers, persons whom we ourselves through our own officials have appointed, persons whose business it is to serve us in their own special fields? Help them and we help ourselves.

Get your dog inoculated today!

You can't begin your Christmas shopping too early. The sooner you begin the better the choice you can make, the smaller the shopping crowds, and the less work for the salespeople during the jam period. Make life pleasant for yourself and others.

In trying to decide what to buy shall the shopper pay more attention to the engaging, though superficial, charms of price than

Do You Know the Difference?

to the less attractive, though more genuine, charms of value? Shall he purchase a thing for the sole reason that the price is low? Or shall he lend an ear to the sober words uttered by value? McClary's Wireless, a journal much read in certain quarters, offers the following contribution to the perennial discussion:

Don't try to buy a thing too cheap
From those with things to sell;
Because the goods you'll have to keep,
And time will always tell.
The price you paid you'll soon forget,
The goods you get will stay;
The price you will not long regret,
The quality you may.
They ought to cut this "price" word
From dictionaries red;
Make VALUE what men talk about,
Not just the price instead.
In food or metal, cloth or woods,
Remember this advice:
Don't let the price control the goods,
But goods control the price.

Not many days ago we saw on a North-Western train a very short play entitled "An Offense and a Remedy."

An Offense and a Remedy

The offense was committed by a man who could not have been a north shore resident, although he looked like a gentleman. He lounged in a backward-facing seat, his feet so draped over the arm of the seat as to make door-mats of passers-by. Opposite him were sitting in conventional attitudes a lady and a gentleman.

The remedy was simple and its application took a surprisingly short time. The conductor applied it. As he came up to the feet he lifted them off the arm of the seat, and of their own weight they dropped to the floor. We couldn't see the effect of this treatment on the man, but we know that when we left the train both his feet were on the floor.

Three cheers for the conductor!

It has taken a long, long time for railroad officials to think over the matter of grade separation. The subject was broached years ago. The need for grade separation has been emphasized over and over again by articles in local

Hurry Up Grade Separation!

papers, speeches before various assemblies, and most of all by injuries and deaths resulting from accidents at grade crossings.

The ideal grade separation, so far as we can discover, is to elevate the tracks of both roads north to Willow road in Winnetka and depress them from that point northward through Glencoe. This method has been proved feasible and will take advantage of existing levels.

It will be a good day for our north shore communities and for the railroads themselves when the actual work begins.

It is rumored that the through truck route will be ready for use by 1950. By that time, however, airplanes will have come into such common use that there will be no need for the long looked for route.

SHORE LINES

IS THAT SO?

The other night while having tea,
My dear, sweet mother said to me,
"My son if you would hold your fork
Correctly, maybe Mister Stork
Would bring you a baby brother";
I put my head beneath the cover
And laughed so hard I thought I'd smother,
And then I said,
"Is that so?"

And then my mother said to me,
"If you're as good as good can be,
I'll tell Old Santa Claus to come
And bring to you a nice big drum
For Christmas, and a pony, too;
He comes right down the chimney flue."
Just what I thought she never knew,
For I just said,
"Is that so?"

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

Merry Christmas!

Now that we are relieved of the anxiety attendant upon the arrival of Henry's new and long overdue horseless carriage, we can settle back again and contemplate our Christmas lists. At that the sage of Dearborn seems to have hit upon the psychological moment for his surprise party, for now one may expect a copy of his new product in one's stocking at dawn of the very merry, merry day.

Longings

I never walk through the noisy streets
Of a city dull and gray,
But I think of lulling, lapping waves
On the shore of a winding bay.

Rushing of surf as the tide comes in,
White-winged ships going by;
Indolent palms and listless winds
And dreaming stars on high.

Breath of the sea-spray upon my cheek,
Smell of the pungent sea;
The moon's silent wait for the day's long end,
Like a dream it comes to me.

I never walk through the noisy streets
Of a city, dull and gray,
But a longing fills my heart for the sea,
With its lure of wind and spray.

—LAURA RATHBONE.

Nor We

"Most people regard violation of the 18th Amendment in the same light as infraction of the traffic laws," comments the office philosopher. "Every person I know is guilty of violating either or both, except myself—I do not drive a car."

To Peggy

Beneath this lonesome pine I stood,
And sent my prayer into the sky—
It was Thanksgiving Day on earth,
And all gave thanks to Him on high.

'Twas just a little prayer I said—
'Twas just as plain as plain can be,
But it contained my heart and soul;
"Thank God on high who gave me thee."

—THE PISCATOR.

Wanted: one heavily studded collar with license tag attached—property of "Gin," the editorial canine. Where lost? He'll never tell. If found return to the Sanctum Sanctorum and receive reward.

Soon we'll be adorning (?) a brand new sanctum, with casement windows, cross ventilation and everything. Oh, you must come over. We'll tell you when.

—MIQUE.