

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.

Recently we published an editorial calling attention to the bad manners sometimes exhibited on our North Shore trains. We

Observe the Golden Rule!

also took occasion to congratulate a conductor on his drastic treatment of one of these bad mannered individuals. Others have seen and have disliked it just as much. Here's a letter to us from one of these "others."

"Your editorial entitled 'An Offense and a Remedy' was read with interest by the writer. Elaborating upon this incident I have seen and experienced other offenses against good manners and the rules of etiquette and courtesy on North Western suburban trains; namely—

"Some commuters appear to think that their single prior occupancy of a seat entitles them to its exclusive use.

"Some commuters sprawl and spread their newspapers directly into their neighbors' faces.

"Some commuters seem to enjoy parking their feet against their neighbors' clothes.

"Such hog-pen manners don't square with the Golden Rule."

Schooling is expensive and growing more expensive every year. This increase is due largely to the decreased purchasing power of the dollar and to the increasing school enrollment. But in considering the cost of schools the irate taxpayer would do well to let his eye linger on the long list of activities not on the regular curriculum but wished upon the school mostly by the taxpayer, directly or indirectly.

Here is the list: Recreational facilities for the children, Community centers for the adults, Character training and teaching of ethics, Fostering of respect for law and order, Safeguarding of health, Junior high school, Advisory system, Visiting or home teacher department, Vocational training, Domestic economy, Agriculture, Special training for college entrance, Special weeks, such as Safety First Week, Thrift Week, and Cleanup Week.

All these items add to the taxpayer's burden and also to the burden of school officials. The complete program of the school is tremendously long. Do you think that the cost is excessive?

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said something to the effect that if a man would be the best he was capable of being he must choose his grandparents. Good eugenic advice, but difficult to put into practice. But slightly changed it could easily be employed in solving the mosquito problem. Would you have no mosquitoes, kill their grandparents.

There's an army of Christian soldiers, marching as to war. There's a Salvation Army with its War Cry and its Barracks.

Fight for Happiness and Health!

This army is fighting the great white plague, tuberculosis.

There are some wars the like of which we hope will never come again. They destroy property worth millions of dollars and lives worth infinitely more than millions of dollars. Our fervent hope is that all such wars will never again be necessary. But even more fervently do we hope that wars against sin and sickness will increase in efficiency as the years go on.

We can all do our share in these philanthropic wars. Men, old and young, women, and children, even the very young, can enlist in these great conflicts. Recruits are wanted to join in the fight against tuberculosis. All that will be asked of these recruits is that they shall buy plenty of Christmas Seals.

Have you bought your Christmas Seals yet? It not, any school child will be glad to supply you with all you want.

If you have never bought your Christmas gifts, intended for others, three or four weeks before Christmas, do just that this year. It's a very pleasant experience. Some have tried it and been made happy all the following eleven months.

Buy Christmas Gifts Now!

It's this way. On the 10th of the Christmas month you go to your favorite stores with a decently thick wad of one dollar bills. You find the counters loaded with a surprisingly attractive display of holiday things. They haven't been pawed over by the frantic multitudes. Everywhere you see suggestions of what to give him and her, little and bigger.

You don't feel hurried. It's easy and entertaining to make selections. The salespeople are not on the verge of nervous exhaustion. In fact most of them are tackling their jobs with almost an excess of vim, vigor, and vitality. Three weeks later they'll be ready for the hospital.

Start to-morrow or the next day at the latest.

There are at least three legitimate ways of making sure that you will have money when you need it. You can earn it, inherit it, or save it. Only a fortunate, or unfortunate, few have ancestors willing or able to hand down money. And most money earned goes to creditors. Therefore the average man must save if he wishes to have when he needs. Many, however, have found that the habit of regular saving decreases the amount that must go to creditors and increases the amount that goes into the savings account.

More than ever after reading the details of the accident resulting in the death of a policeman in Winnetka are we inclined to have nothing, or very little, to do with explosives in any form. The victim of this untimely death was a man of mature years and well used to handling fire arms. But even under what we suppose was his careful handling, his own gun was discharged, and he was fatally injured.

SHORE LINES

THIS DAY

*This day was like a woman. Sleepy still,
Some clinging mauve and silver garment drawn
Around her shoulders, on the window-sill
She leaned one dreaming moment in the dawn.*

*Then in a cheerful garb of white and blue
Flitted about her work through shining hours,
Small customary tasks, something to do
With nesting birds and faint white open flowers.*

*Now pondering on her loveliest array
Against the coming of her lover, Night,
One after one, like a fantastic play
She clothes herself in robes of flowing light.*

*Rose and vermillion, amethyst and cream,
Brodered and jeweled to a queen's desire,
Amber and jade, debating which will seem
Most beautiful, which will he most admire.*

*Weary at last, she flings them all away,
Shakes back her hair, one wistful moment stands,
Then goes to meet him clad in quiet gray,
The first frail stars like daisies in her hands.*

—GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON.

Note: The above poem is published by courtesy of Miss Irene Strickler, secretary of the Wilmette Chamber of Commerce and sister of the author. Mrs. Dawson, a graduate of Northwestern university has already won distinction with her poetry. Her verse has appeared in both the Century and Good House-keeping Magazines.

Just Paragraphs

(by the Cub Philosopher)

I see it in the papers that an author says that the ladies' skirts are going to disappear entirely in fifty years. Well, that's encouraging. I didn't think they'd hang on any more than a few months longer.

Gene Tunney, our world's heavyweight champion, allows that this game of college football is more brutal than boxing. Well Gene should know what he's talking about. He knows a lot about end runs, as Jack Dempsey will testify.

Going back to skirts again—won't the brilliant young men who frequent the cabarets have to think up a new name for their lady friends?

More skirt stuff—But why make a fuss over something that doesn't amount to much.

"Oh Dry Those Tears"

Dear Mique: I'm sad Mique, I'm sad!
For hours and days and weeks I been looking forward to that big day, December 25, when a fellow can give and take (the principal part of the "take" being the red-striped necktie that the Misses slips into our sock each year) but now Mique, I'm sad, so sad.

Oh, why didn't I do my Christmas shopping early? Didn't I see it in the papers that I should shop early. Well, why didn't I do it?

But now I'm too late, Mique and I'm sad. Just to think if I'd stepped out and did my buying a few days ago, I wouldn't be wailing now. It would have been such a happy Christmas.

But it's too late now. Al Capone has packed up and left us flat. And this the gay and festive season, the season of Yule cheer! Whatya mean, Yule cheer? "Yule cheer." How them words crackle in my parched throat. And they do say that the stuff was better this year.

Why didn't I do my Christmas shopping early? I'm sad Mique, so sad. —The Old Plug.

Moving Days

Business of moving a print shop, business offices and editorial domain is now underway at full tilt, and only today we learn that the sanctum will be last, but by no means least, to "fold its tent and steal away." Official moving days for us are December 17 and 18 and, of course, you're invited.

Gin, the editorial canine, has found a new home among the cliff dwellers, and is so elated with his new third flight up, that he gives only a few hours a day to the sanctum. He's still minus that collar with license tag appended. Help!

Yes, we like Henry's newest, very, very much. Don't be surprised when you see us skimming over the highways. —MIQUE