

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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The present prevalence of rabies has made it most imperative that the owners of dogs should understand that the order of the day is, **Inoculate, Muzzle, or Lose Him**. It must be so. There is no other effective way of safeguarding the people against the deadly effects of being bitten by a mad dog.

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin is quoted as saying that the Chicago health commissioner "has forbidden us to move any dogs from the city to the country without having them vaccinated — an utterly absurd proceeding, for I have had any number of dogs, and many of them lived to ripe old age without ever having the rabies. I would not for anything have a dog of mine vaccinated—it causes them useless suffering and has no effect."

We cannot believe that our state and local health officers would recommend or insist on any treatment that was absurd or ineffective. If our health guardians tell us that inoculation, incorrectly called vaccination, is a protection against rabies, we shall continue to believe them and to act accordingly. Nor shall we believe that our health authorities are inspired by any other than the highest motives in trying to stamp out this present dangerous epidemic of rabies.

Incidentally, inoculation is no more painful than any other hypodermic injection. Inoculation is comparatively painless, most effective, and in this current crisis absolutely necessary.

No one can doubt that carelessness causes most damage, especially when the immediate cause of the damage is uncontrolled fire. According to one of the latest reports overheated stoves and furnaces and defective flues lead most often to costly blazes.

And yet if proper care were taken, stoves and furnaces would not overheat and flues could be kept in good working order. Moreover, it is a little hard to believe that overheating all by itself without any other abnormal condition could cause a blaze. Probably the heating plant is too near combustible material.

Take care of fire and it will do you no harm.

Mid-year graduations seem to us odd affairs. The traditional time is mid-June or very soon thereafter. We have the feeling, perhaps not justifiable, that these February grads will find commencing at such a time like getting off on the wrong foot.

All who would fain join the ranks of the Thespians and impress on a impressionable public histrionic talents that up to the present have been kept hidden, may hereby know that they can satisfy their desires, or have those same desires once for all squelched, by appearing at the Theater Guild try-outs to be held at Community House and other designated places and at various times. Each candidate is herewith informed that it will be necessary for him to learn a piece to speak, so that by its delivery the judges can determine the would-be actor's fitness.

We have thought now and then of offering ourself to the Guild officers. Perhaps we may venture on some date to surprise the judges by the delivery of some well-known masterpiece. How would it be to memorize Hamlet's famous soliloquy or Spartacus's—pronounced Spartacus—Address to the Gladiators? "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for, etc.?"

When our college roommate was rehearsing for the Finals in Oratory at Northwestern U. how often did we hear him orating, "A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all!" And in how many different ways did he deliver this stirring utterance!

We think that we'd play the part of an old-fashioned teacher pretty well, but we'd rather be a dashing hero or a black villain. A lady friend of ours has for many years cherished a secret longing to go on the amateur stage. She'd make a fine Lady Macbeth.

There are certainly in this world of ours plenty of people who don't look ahead. They could look ahead, but they don't. If they are doing routine work, all well and good. They then follow the program set for them by others.

The results of not looking ahead are most unpleasant. Inasmuch as the future cannot be distinctly seen, emergencies frequently arise which can be efficiently met only by those who are prepared. And since short-sighted people are not prepared, these emergencies catch them unawares and often wreck them.

People who don't look ahead make lots of trouble for other people. It's just as true now as when it was first said that no man liveth to himself alone. No imprudent man liveth to himself alone. He leans on the prudent man. When the crisis, the emergency, puts in its appearance, the unprepared individual goes to the prepared man for help. And unless the latter doesn't care what happens to the former, he gives him a lift. This fairly prevalent custom makes it necessary for the long-sighted man to plan not only to take care of himself in case of future need, but also to care for the other fellow.

What can be done about it? It surely doesn't seem fair for one man to carry two big loads. We suggest that just as the borrower pays interest for loans so the dependent person pay for the support he gets. Just what this pay should be we don't know. Perhaps it might be a suitable sum of money.

## SHORE LINES

### YOUR AGE AND MINE

*I cannot alter my features  
Nor the years of life I have seen,  
So let's pretend the years are none  
That come between  
Your age and mine.*

*I will be more of the woman,  
Be brave, more patient, sedate,  
If you will reach down, forget barriers  
Of the years that separate  
Your age and mine.*

—ALICE NORTHWAY MILLER.

### A Lucky Strike

"This new brand of cigarets," commented the enterprising salesman, "is new only in this country. They've had 'em in England for years. They're a genuine English product at only fifteen cents, I tell you."

"How come then," sez Sam at the corner store, "How come you can sell 'em here at fifteen cents? How about the duty?"

"Oh," replies the e. s., "You see, they're made in this country."

### Further Proof, My Man

Mique—Sir:

The graying of one's hair is not due to "energized mental processes," mean that whatever it may, or to "indolent attitudes," a most vague and obscure phrase. It is due, on the other hand, to hard mental work or possibly to a tremendous emotional experience of some intense sort. As a psychologist of slight but real reputation and also as writer of the columns immediately to the west of this tower of nonsense, I must protest against being again dragged into undignified discussions of trivial questions.

—FIL THE FILOSOFER.

### Gardens

*It somehow seems that gardens speak  
The tho'ts of dreams which we would seek  
In words to tell, what we would like to say  
Of beauty which we felt today.*

*So varied each in form, in dress,  
I cannot paint such loveliness;  
I cannot say which I like most  
Or which can fairest flowers boast.*

*The Pansies are demure and shy,  
With timid glance at passers by;  
The Rose coquets in vampish style,  
The Daffodil seeks to beguile  
The sunshine into its own smile.*

*Each tender blossom seeks to rise,  
However small, however fair;  
Upward in beauty to the skies,  
And drink of fountains dripping there.*

*Old fashioned gardens seem to tell  
Of things remembered, things loved well.  
The posy plot of formal cut  
Is regal and alluring, but  
I'd rather have the quaint sweet kind  
That blossoms with the tender care  
Of loving hands which sowed them there.*

*It matters not what style or hue,  
Or if they're built with artist's care;  
It's what the gardens say to you  
That makes each flower immortal there.*

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

### All in the Viewpoint

The effusive Chiheraminer emphasizes the sad plight of the \$5,000,000 heiress who must be content to worry along with a new husband who has been living under pauperized circumstances in a \$17 a week room. Can't you just imagine the plaster falling down all over the place.

### "When a Feller Needs a Friend"

When a feller kills a fiver to buy his dawg a brand new brass-studded harness with "split new" license tag attached (third of the current season—due to repeated losses in canine cravats) and, far from being elated, he mopes for a day and won't even favor with a teenie weenie wag. What to do, what to do?

"Tie the tag to his tail," suggests Chief Charlie. Which, we have reason to suspect, is in Charlie's finest vein of sarcasm.

—MIQUE.