

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.
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No one can doubt that the value of the North Shore as a suburban district lies in its natural surroundings. Its easy proximity to Chicago is indeed an important factor in its total value, but our North Shore suburbs would be of little value were it not for the natural surroundings. Our lake and our trees make this area distinctly a most desirable residential area.

Natural Surroundings

Though perhaps the majority of our people do not see the lake once during the winter and only a few times in the summer, still there it is contributing its benefits, esthetic and hygienic, to old and young. Not a few, it must be maintained, have found the lake hard on throats and lungs and have moved farther inland. But, notwithstanding this, no North Shore resident would care to have the lake filled in and a wide prairie land stretching off to the east.

The trees are our familiar friends. Everybody loves them. When a tornado uproots them, we mourn almost as if our human friends had been taken from us. Our trees, elms and oaks mostly, must not be allowed to sicken and die. From every window in almost every North Shore home one or more of these towering trees may be seen. Even in winter when bare of leaves they stand out against the grey sky, pleasing the eye with their black tracery.

They must be preserved. They have their natural enemies against which they must be protected. Open wounds must be skillfully treated. Dead branches must be removed. Our natural surroundings must be kept at all costs.

The average vote, like you and me, will probably never be a candidate for public office. We lack both ambition and ability. If not both these qualifications at least the first. So it is not at all likely that the average voter will ever have, or take, the chance to exercise his membership in the great American Democracy in any other way than by voting.

The average voter is not much at speech-making. If he had to gain votes for his particular candidates by spell-binding he would probably do more harm than good. But he can vote, and his vote counts for just as much as the vote of the greatest statesman or the biggest boss.

It is therefore the plain duty of the average citizen to vote whenever he gets the opportunity. Our one hundred and more million average citizens can make this government whatever they want it to be. They can kill graft and secure clean politics. They can smash the machine and put good men into office.

Vote on every occasion. Do more if you get the chance.

The latest, the very latest, in finger bowls is the running water finger bowl. Ever since that far-off day when we first laved our fingers after a too intimate meal we have longed for a bowl that would be adequate to our need for something more than a mere dip. And this longing was particularly acute after our kind

The Latest in Bowls!

hostess had allowed us to pick up in our fingers a dripping drumstick and satisfy a ravenous appetite. After such a feast we did certainly need something more than a mere finger bowl.

And now such a bowl has been contrived. Over at Bill's Shack—otherwise the Villa De Metre—in "No Man's Land," running water finger bowls are supplied with each and every finger-soiling lunch or dinner. Enjoy yourself without restraint, let joy be even unrefined! Dip your fingers in the stew with Gipsy John or anyone else; you can cleanse them thoroughly in the running water finger bowls.

We've read much about Count Keyserling of Darmstadt. We've run across this foreign gentleman in daily papers and periodicals, and the more we learn about him the less we like him and his philosophy.

The Count from Darmstadt

That he is an egoist and egotist to boot is unpleasantly apparent. The extremely arrogant list of regulations sent out either by his business manager or himself is to be laughed at or thrown into the wastebasket.

What surprises us not a little is that so many people should be willing to welcome into their homes and lecture halls men and women with such unprofitable doctrines. Most of what he has to say about women and their effect on men is either as old as the hills or outlandish.

But the sensation won't last long. It never does in the States. Soon the Count will enter his Korean monastery to be forgotten forever.

North Shore citizens have always opposed Small and politicians of his kind. Never has the North Shore failed to make perfectly clear its desire to have Small and his friends withdraw from politics and remain withdrawn.

Keep Up the Good Fight!

At the primaries on April 10 another opportunity to fight Small presents itself. The most effective way of defeating him is to vote for Emmerson, Glenn, and Carlstrom. On April 10 we shall have a better chance of getting rid of the present governor than ever before.

Rally around Emmerson, Carlstrom, and Glenn. Fight against Small.

Pay your taxes, real and personal, at the Winnetka State Bank. By so doing you will be saving money for use on enterprises in your own community. If all North Shore taxpayers paid taxes, not in

Save Money for Yourself

Winnetka, but in Chicago at the County Building, our own institutions would not have the money when they wanted it and so would have to borrow it and pay interest.

Therefore, pay your taxes on the North Shore.

SHORE LINES

MARCH MIDNIGHT

*And now a wind stirs the slow,
Relentless falling rain,
And trails itself across the snow
In fitful wax and wane.*

*The snow receives upon its breast,
In muted wondering,
The wind's new yearnings, half-confessed,
And tears of coming spring.*

—Wickie

LAST SUNDAY—BRINGING AS IT DID THE FIRST POSITIVE INKLING OF AN APPROACHING SPRING—PROMPTED ONE TO WANDER AFOOT, THOUGH NOT AFIELD. INTERESTING IN THE EXTREME, OUR MORE OR LESS AIMLESS PEREGRINATIONS IN THE GENERAL VICINITY OF THAT INVISIBLE LINE WHICH TRAVERSES THE BORDERLAND TWIXT EVANSTON AND WILMETTE. SHERIDAN ROAD JAMMED WITH SABBATH PLEASURE TRAFFIC—SIDE STREETS PEACEFUL AS A COUNTRY LANE. REAL ESTATE MEN HURRYING AND SCURRYING IN QUEST OF THE ELUSIVE HOME-HUNTER—FATHER, MOTHER AND THE LITTLE TOTS LEISURELY ENJOYING AN AFTERNOON STROLL. TOM AND HIS CATS DROWSING IN THE GREAT BAY WINDOW OF HIS QUICK LUNCHROOM—SHORTY'S BROTHER AL, RAUCOUSLY CALLING HIS WARES AT THE "L" NEWS STAND. A SABBATH AFTERNOON IN VERY EARLY SPRING. TYPICAL, AND THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE.

The First 'un Ain't Got a Chance

That earliest touch of Spring brought out the annual flock of observing citizens who, even at this premature season, are finding tulips three inches out of the ground, trees budding betimes, and lo, of all persons—our Soc Ed., emboldened to announce the arrival of an oriole.

Reverie

Russet hills rise up from the valley and reach forth caressing arms to embrace the setting sun. Soon, a pale sky of subdued pink is all that remains of the departed day.

The gathering shadows slowly deepen with the approach of their queen—Night. They are her courtiers, and, blending into an impenetrable darkness, they pay her due homage. Nothing disturbs the quiet of the evening.

Ah! At last it comes The melancholy moon glides gracefully across the star-sprayed heavens.

The beautiful night is paradise for a lonely dreamer.
—The Piscator.

And Regular as Big Ben

Many have asked us who Piscator might be. And the only response that comes to mind is the simple fact that he (or is it she?) is dern good copy, if you gather our meaning.

Spoon or Spade

Ruminating Ray guffawed with many a loud and harsh guffaw upon reading that the men, not to be outdone by their spouses, are about to establish a Garden club of their very own. The question being: Does a man become a gardener before or after the golf seizure?

Ignazio, Mount Thy Pedestal!

Speaking further of gardeners. Our recent announcement that Narcissus Ferraro is a Glen-coe gardener brought this from Phil Livingston, all the way from Ardmore, Pa.: "May I nominate for a nearby niche in the same Hall of Fame one Hyacinth D'Ignazio, landscape gardener of Wayne, Pa.?"

Reference Is to Garden Bowers

The Men's Garden club, we trust, will not fail to nominate Narcissus to some worthy office, such as, perhaps, Inner Guard of the Right Bower.

Fugitive

The boys who tarry at Ernie Cazal's emporium were astonished last Monday to see a bee buzzing across the window pane. And the quick-wit immediately observed: "Escaped, no doubt, from the bonnet of some erstwhile precinct committee-manship aspirant."

So saying, we repair to the aid of Ruminating Ray, the Box-fight expert, who is engaged in writing pieces about a new church edifice.

—MIQUE.