

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.  
564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.  
Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326  
Telephone.....Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 4300  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$2.00 A YEAR

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, obituaries, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

To us few entertainments seem so completely satisfying as an orchestra concert. Movies frequently help one to pass the time pleasantly. Many vaudeville performances are diverting. Artists' recitals are evidence

## A Boon to the North Shore

of the heights to which individual skill can rise. Plays and operas are all right in their way. But for all-round profit we know of no public presentation that can equal an orchestra concert.

North Shore communities are exceptionally fortunate in hearing each year programs by George Dasch and his excellent musicians. Himself an instrumentalist of high rank, and a director, able to inspire others with his admirable knowledge and feeling, he has assembled a group of players well fitted by nature and experience to form a most competent orchestra. To have the opportunity of hearing their programs in a hall so conveniently located is an exceptional privilege.

Moreover, Mr. Dasch and his men do not offer music that is merely frothy and frivolous, but compositions of the more serious sort, thus providing that educational element without which such concerts would be only amusements. Serious elements furnish the foundation and strong framework which make it possible for human beings to meet life's tragedies more effectively.

One of the most enjoyable prospects is that of the return of the Little Symphony orchestra next fall.

Death and taxes are very similar in at least two respects. Both are unpleasant, and both are unescapable. Death has one advantage. It comes only once.

Taxes come every year. And not only one tax, but three at least. Real estate, personal, and income.

## Death and Taxes

The worst of the three is the income tax. The other two are full of MUST'S and PENALTIES. But in addition to these unpleasant features the income tax requires distasteful tabulations of items that are nobody's business but your own.

The making out of the income tax return is so much like the figuring out by yourself of the punishment that you ought to get for your misdeeds that it is positively painful. It's bad enough to have to pay to the government a portion of one's very small income, but to be forced to figure it out is insult added to injury.

Besides, we know quite a number of people, government employees and the like, who receive a check at the close of each month several times as large as ours, who don't have to pay an income tax. This seems to us an unfair discrimination against us.

The present method of income taxing could be greatly improved. Even then we shouldn't like it.

No one is so dull or so reactionary as to question the value and pressing need of separating the railroad and street grades in all our North Shore communities. It would make grade crossing accidents impossible and hence would conserve life and property. The two grades ought now to be separated. It is the duty of our officials to make this

## Separate the Grades

ideal become a reality as soon as possible. And this is just what our respective authorities are doing. They have realized for several years past that the need of separation is a crying need. They have held meetings locally, with representatives of other communities, and with the railroad officials. The problems involved are not simple. Some communities want grade depression. Others are not so insistent. The distribution of costs demands most careful consideration. Inasmuch as the expense will doubtless be immense, plans must be laboriously worked out.

Some months ago a Grade Separation Committee, consisting of village officials from all the towns from Wilmette to Glencoe inclusive, was appointed. Recently this larger committee appointed a special committee of three, representing Wilmette, Winnetka, and Glencoe. We may justly expect satisfactory action on the part of this special committee, composed as it is of three men of proved executive ability—W. D. Gerber of Glencoe; Henry Tenney of Winnetka, and Paul Hoffman of Wilmette.

We have every reason to be proud of the scholastic record made in college by the graduates of our township high school. Eight of the largest colleges in the east, including Yale, Harvard, Smith, and Williams, and Northwestern, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois in the west, have testified to the excellence of this record. We have unusual reason to be proud, because this testimony applies not to a few but to several hundred New Trier graduates now in attendance at these schools of higher learning.

We suppose that much of this excellence is due to inheritance and home environment, but it seems probable to us that the deciding factor has been the schools. Too much credit cannot be given to the work which they did under skilled and interested teachers at the high school, the last work they did before going to college.

Do we realize sufficiently how fortunate we are in our surroundings, at home and in school? There are thousands of places where we might be living, but, as the real estate ads have it, there's only one North Shore.

Now that most social affairs and most recitals and concerts, except those at Ravinia, have been postponed to the autumn months, how are we to occupy ourselves on those evenings when we used to shine our shoes and hie to some drawing room or concert hall? Nothing left now except the movies, and even they are not all worth the price.

Many a boy develops a nose for news in his early years. He knows, without having been taught, what will interest his contemporaries. This ability is fostered by writing for school papers and for such departments in our papers as JUNIOR LIFE and JUNIOR NEWS.

## SHORE LINES

### THE GARDEN

*Life is a garden, where thoughts are the seeds,  
One may plant flowers, or one may plant weeds.  
Will is the nurture, faith is the sun,  
Love is the dew; hate, the frost thereupon.  
Some plant while smiling, some while they weep,  
Each is the sower of what each will reap.*

—Johanna Frada, Winnetka

"GIN," THE EDITORIAL CANINE, WHOSE DAILY PEREGRINATIONS ENCOMPASS NUMEROUS PRECINCTS, WAS QUICK TO NOTE THE UNUSUAL STIR ATTENDANT UPON TUESDAY'S MARCH TO THE POLLS. NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY OTHERS, HE AWAILED HIMSELF OF A SAMPLE BALLOT AND ESSAYED ENTRANCE INTO THE PORTALS OF HALF A DOZEN POLLING PLACES ONLY TO EXECUTE A HURRIED EXIT IN EACH INSTANCE AT THE EARNEST BEHEST OF THE DULY AUTHORIZED JUDGES. THIS SEEMINGLY UNTOWARD ACTION ON THE PART OF THE BALLOT OFFICIALS WAS EASILY EXPLAINED WHEN IT WAS NOTED THAT THE SAMPLE BALLOT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TYPE-EATING TERRIER BORE THE TERSE LEGEND, "VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN."

### Rabbit Hunting, No Doubt

The urge to inspect the various places was, however, as naught compared to this enterprising fellow's determination to attend Easter services, whence, he reports, most of his human acquaintances journeyed last Sunday morning.

### Perfidy

After spending a considerable portion of his time during the past few weeks at the Deneen-Emmerson headquarters in Wilmette, our hero did the expected by toting around a ballot plainly marked for the Small-Thompson candidates.

### In A Moment Of Petulance

*Run along to your tomorrow,  
Moon whose face is rue and sorrow,  
Or at least seek out a cloud  
And make it your nocturnal shroud.*

*I've renounced the sigh and tear,  
The sentimental, candled bier;  
Have the goodness, moon, to smile—  
Or hide your sad reproach awhile!*

R. L. P., Glencoe.

### Health Note

"Doris had just heard about curing hams," writes little Emma Bickham, "when she suddenly exclaimed to her mother: 'How funny it must be to see all the little hams sitting around getting well.'"

### Get This, Peggy!

Mique Sir:

We who build the "two broad columns" which Peggy hurdles each week in her haste to land on Shore Lines are not "simply furious." Knowing as we very well do that there are readers with such exotic tastes as drive them to read the classified ads or the society notes before they read the aforementioned "broad columns," we cannot consistently be furious. Some people like cabbage, others like old cheese, and still others like sugar in their vegetable soup. Let Peggy hurdle. —Fil, the Filosofer.

Note: He's always thinking of something to eat.

### Where's the Game Warden?

'Twould appear that Evanston's bluecoated nimrods have declared open season for north shore cab drivers. That Wilmette youth who spent several minutes dodging bullets last Monday morning, should be placed on the Evanston payroll as a moving target at the police practice range.

—MIQUE.