

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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The mosquito must not be allowed to be born or to survive if unfortunately he is born. It is better that he remain unborn, but if by some ill-chance he makes his appearance in this world that hates him, he should at once be shocked to death by a well-placed oil-film.

## Suffocate the Mosquito!

The North Shore Abatement District, by which term we refer to a group of active, determined individuals, and not to a certain area of 150 square miles, will eradicate the mosquito nuisance. Of this we have not the slightest doubt. Even if floods from the heavens should wash away each successive coating of oil we are sure that the summer of 1928 will not see, hear, or feel mosquitoes in North Shore towns. It's a question of the survival of the fittest, and we know who is the fitter in this particular situation. The mosquito was eradicated in the Panama Canal Zone. The mosquito will be eradicated in the North Shore Zone.

Every North Shore individual can assist the Abatement officials, and especially Superintendent Edwards, in this splendid work. Every householder can see to it that there are no mosquito breeding places about his home—no empty cans, no clogged-up water troughs, no spots where water can stand long enough to serve as a home for wrigglers. Let every single one of us—young and old alike—lend an active and willing hand.

As we were traveling to Chicago a Saturday or two ago we were compelled to hear a mother (we suppose she was) reading to her three youngsters, aged about six to nine. We sat just one seat in front

## Don't Force the Children!

of the quartette. Had there been a vacant seat elsewhere in the car, we should have gone after it. It certainly was unpleasant to hear that woman. In the first place her voice was high and hard. In the second place her words pursued one another with a speed that was genuinely distressing.

Every little while we'd hear such words as protoplasm, variation, and survival. Evidently she was reading to these poor little things Darwin's Origin of Species or Morgan's Principles of Epigenesis. At intervals she would pause and explain some unmanageable polysyllable.

Did that woman (we really hope that she was not a mother) believe that she could make the children as wise as Darwin or Morgan by reading to them this highly inappropriate stuff? Evidently she did. Otherwise why was she feeding it to them?

Somebody ought to tell this misguided woman to put the science books back on the shelf and read to the children in a less unpleasant voice Puss in Boots or Pinocchio.

Having lived for several years in a flat which we rented, a house which we rented, a house which we owned, and a hotel apartment which we rented, we trust that we know something about the desirability of each mode of living. If then some young husband should ask us which of the four kinds of living we should recommend for him, we really think that he would do well to consider carefully our reply.

## Which Is Best?

We should advise him to live in his own home, a small house in the suburbs. We should urge him not to rent a house, if he could possibly afford to buy. And the house should be small but so planned that he could add to it when the need arose. He would probably be getting more pay when the need arose. We should recommend that he get a fairly deep lot, 180 feet or more.

Renting a house would be the next best thing to buying. Our young husband's offspring would never know, perhaps, that the house was rented. But the husband and wife would not enjoy living in a rented house so much as they would enjoy living in their own home. In the very first place they would miss the satisfaction that comes from using what is one's very own property. In their own home they would have to carry more responsibility, but the load need not be irksome.

If the young couple have a family they ought not even look at a flat or a hotel apartment. Children must have a house and their own back-yard.

Baseball is a great sport, without doubt the great American game. But it is not a game to be played in the streets. Perhaps city children living in congested neighborhoods have good reasons for playing in the streets. They have no vacant lots within a mile or so. The only place available to them is the street.

## Play Ball Off the Streets

But it doesn't seem at all necessary in our North Shore suburbs to have streets used for baseball grounds. There are plenty of vacant lots. Even if the lot is a block away it's much better than a street.

It is by no means pleasant for an autoist to drive up a street on which children are playing ball. In the first place there is some danger that one of the youthful players will be injured. In the second place the autoist as he passes by is likely to be the recipient of remarks more or less disparaging, if not worse.

The streets are for wheeled vehicles, not for playing children.

The pictures produced by amateur photographers are oftentimes unusually artistic. For example, the recent pictures on the covers of our own papers were certainly attractive with the shimmering water in the foreground, the lines of the branches and the twigs etched against the gray sky, and the flat lands leading the eye far back to the distant and dim dwellings.

It must be rather nice to have a sister or brother who is your twin. Obviously there are plenty of contemporaries trudging along beside one on the highway of life, but they are not keeping such close step as a twin would. No matter how young or how old one becomes, if he has a twin, how can he feel lonely?

# SHORE LINES

## WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD

*There are fields of yellow and fields of green,  
But the prettiest fields I have ever seen  
Are the ones where the violets and buttercups grow;  
The lovely fields that I used to know  
When I was a little child.*

*There are homes of every color and scheme,  
But the dear old homestead of which I dream  
Is the one where I used to romp and play;  
Then a few short hours seemed just like a day,  
When I was a little child.*

*There are mothers, yes mothers of every kind,  
But I'm mighty certain I'll never find  
The same lovely mother I used to know  
In the dear sweet days of the long ago,  
When I was a little child.*

—Olivia Kingsley.

## How Very Startling!

Our great and near great Chicago Dailies are making the alleged strange discovery that the recent renovation of our commonwealth's political household has not as yet cleared up the crime situation and that men who only a few weeks ago were at each other's throats, so to speak, get along famously now as co-guests at important dinner gatherings. Now isn't this all very alarming? Well, not so very, when one considers that the rejected members of the p. h. are still in the saddle? And, besides, politicians must not necessarily be "mad" at each other between campaign periods. Verily, it is an intensely interesting game, this politics business.

## The Girl

(Dedicated to That Beautiful Girl Who Got Off the North Shore Train at Linden Avenue, Wilmette, at About Four Minutes After Twelve A. M., Tuesday Morning, January 10, 1928.)

*I would that I an artist were  
That I might paint those eyes of her,  
Oh fate you set a task I cannot do,  
For oil and brush, or stone, or pen,  
Or all expression borne to men  
Could never, never make her real to you.*

*I simply sat and gazed at her,  
For I was quite amazed at her,  
To think that she could really breathe and live  
Upon the earth, so fair and good—  
Breathe earthly air, eat earthly food,  
O would I could to you her beauty give.*

*A symphony of glory, she  
Celestial vision sent to me,  
An ideal fair, a perfect phantom goal,  
No man could e'er describe her looks  
Tho' he might write a million books,  
For man has never yet portrayed a soul.*

—Nayr S.

## A Tragedy

The atmosphere of gloom which prevades "Hy" Cazel's corner drug emporium in Wilmette is attributable solely to the fact that "Tom," mouser extraordinary, has gone the way of all flesh, and that in a most mystifying manner. It seems, my dears, that Tom was a victim of symptoms. At least none of the wisecracks who drape themselves about the place could render any more satisfactory diagnosis. At first appraisal the old fellow appeared to suffer nothing more serious than spring complaint so the staff of embryo medicos—Willie, Johnny, Marjorie, Ed and "The Doctor"—applied the prescribed remedy. The shock, however, proved too much for Tom's sensitive nature and he politely turned up his toes, another victim to medical experimentation.

## A Word to Peggy

So the fact that some people like sugar in their vegetable soup struck you as neither a familiar nor a splendid thought? When you have passed your adolescent years and have traveled some few miles up wisdom's slope you will have discovered many strange things. Time will do much for you.

Yours sincerely,

—Filosofer Fil

## He Crossed Our Path

And the grieving at "Hy's" is no less intense than that in the Winnetka household advertising the loss of an ebony-hued feline pet which staged a disappearing act on Friday, April 13, last.

Now, you'll simply adore him, Peg.

—MIQUE