

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

It has been suggested, and to us it seems a reasonable suggestion, that women voters on November 6 postpone their voting until 9 a. m. or after.

Give Men First Chance

Such postponement will prevent undue congestion at the polls between 7 and 9, the time when most of the men voters are accustomed to cast their ballots. It is safe to say that practically all the men who commute daily to Chicago go to the polls on their way to the train. Consequently, women voters, who, as a rule, can go to the polls at any time between opening and closing hours, would render a real service by voting between 9 a. m. and the closing time, 5 p. m.

On next Wednesday evening, Hallowe'en, little elves and fairies will be abroad. Every year on this same evening they sally forth

Have a Good Time!

and from sunset to bedtime make themselves known and felt. Time was when they soaped windows, set up and operated tick-tacks, pummeled unwary pedestrians with soot-bags, transferred gates from normal positions to tree tops and lamp posts, wore terrifying masks. In the evening they collected in various indoor places and dove for apples, ate doughnuts, drank cider, and had a general good time.

Just why these imps liked to bother other people, especially those who were most easily bothered, has never been satisfactorily explained. We suspect that they enjoyed being chased, having during the remainder of the year so few real thrills. It seems odd but the bigger social nuisances they were, the more fun they thought they were having. Sometimes their so-called fun ended abruptly with the serious injury or even death of one of their own band.

Nowadays most of these little sprites have lost their desire to annoy other people. They have real fun at parties, where they can indulge to their hearts' content in all sorts of hilarious amusement. Nobody is bothered. Everybody is the happier.

If you are driving in down-town Wilmette and want to take the easiest, most direct route to Winnetka and other north suburbs, drive north-east on Wilmette avenue to Tenth street and straight north on that thoroughfare to Sheridan road.

Try Tenth Street

Before Tenth Street was in its present fine concreted condition, it was practically impassable, and motorists from Wilmette had to turn east on Chestnut and make a wide oblique-angled turn into north-bound Sheridan road traffic.

Try Tenth street when either leaving or entering Wilmette. Tenth street is also a direct route between Sheridan road and Ridge road.

Educators in their desire to develop in their pupils ability to earn a living and to gain those qualities which constitute happy individual lives are likely to forget the cultivation of those traits that make for good citizenship. Of course intelligent individuals will be better citizens than the less discriminating and less thoughtful, but still there are distinctly civic duties that every boy and girl, every young man and woman, must be able so to discharge as will help to make our country one that will receive unshaken the storms that will never cease their tremendous, and sometimes terrifying attacks.

Making Good Citizens

In many schools the issues of such campaigns as the present are discussed by the pupils with a thoroughness and a discernment that some average adults can not match. That's very fine. The problem of prohibition is difficult, a problem the very stating of which will tax the most experienced and the most skillful in the use of ideas and words. But it must not be unfamiliar to our school children. When they are voters, the same problem or similar ones will confront them. They must acquire today some measure of the ability they will so much need tomorrow.

As simply and concisely expressed by Principal Clerk of our own high school, our schools must co-operate with the home in "helping the pupil to become a good citizen of his city, state, and nation."

No driver outside of the insane asylum intentionally runs over a dog or any other living animal. Not even a hardened wife-beater would, if he could prevent it, deliberately crush beneath his wheels a dog, cat, or even a squirrel.

But every motorist does at times accidentally run over small animals. And everyone not infrequently sees on town roads and country highways the dead bodies of these unfortunate creatures. Even birds fall a prey to the auto. But human pity goes out especially to the dog, man's closest friend among all the dumb beasts.

Our Animal Friends

How can this killing be prevented? As we said before, it is not the fault of the motorist. The dog either saunters slowly across the congested highway or makes his sudden appearance before the unsuspecting driver. Therefore the driver can hardly keep from striking him. It seems to us that the owner is the one who should keep his dog off the road.

There is abundant reason for the owner's keeping his dog under control either on a leash or within home grounds. Many a collision with its resulting injuries and deaths has been caused by a driver's trying to avoid running over a stray dog.

It's up to the owner.

Not long ago while in a street car stopping at Madison and Halsted street we saw lying on the sidewalk the body of a man, face turned upward and arms spread out. We saw no sign of life on his face. Dozens passed him but paid little or no attention to him. Perhaps he was dead drunk. Perhaps he was in the grip of some sudden stroke. But everybody kept away from him. Was it that they didn't care to be mixed up in something unpleasant?

SHORE LINES

THE DREAR SEASON

I

Bleak blades
Of shivering grass,
Once verdant, now a pallid brown,
Wither
'Neath the chilling blasts,
As death unheeding strikes them down

II

Sad heart
Within my breast,
Once happy, now so full of tears,
Withers
Seeking soothing rest
From passing hours that seem like years.
The Piscator

THAT MARRIED LOOK

"Please do send your wife around to hear some of our radio programs... And we have such lovely emblems for her... And we'd just love to count her among our Hoover hostesses... do tell her she simply must come to headquarters for a visit, etc, etc." Thus, the very lovely chairman (they're all women nowadays), to our companion who accompanied us to the Hubbard Woods Hoover headquarters. Though we stood side by side scarcely a foot apart, all these remarks were addressed to our friend, with nary a glance for us; until later, at length aware of our presence, we become the object of attention with: "And won't you have a nice Hoover lapel clasp?" What remarkable powers of discernment, we thought.

Winnetka's presidential poll, which went overwhelmingly to Hoover, resulted just as we had anticipated, for we knew all the while that the postcards sent into the homes of the community were addressed from the municipal water list.

\$2.98 Forever Gone

Our wariness, several days ago, concerning The Old Plug's activity in formulating a syndicate, destined to deplete the available funds at the current hoss race meeting, was completely justified yesterday when the report became current that he had "gone south" with the visible assets, if any, of the aforementioned combination. Evidence of the fact that every cloud is accompanied by its silver lining is to be found in the circumstance that The Old Plug applied the proceeds of his speculation to good purpose. That wretched old fedora has been replaced by the soft equivalent of Al's Brown Derby.

Great Minds, Etc.

While it may be a case of telling tales out of school, we refrain with difficulty from letting you in on the secret that Fil's illustrious efforts (see adjoining columns) are not always the fruits of his own fertile and expensive intellect. Just now we overheard the printer's devil imparting to Fil the correct information regarding just when the polls would open and close on Election Day.

At the Prevailing Odds

Having guessed rightly—and at a gain of precisely one iron man—that Illinois would not trim Indiana by more than six points, we have now qualified as a reliable bureau of prognostication. In fact, we'll guess at most anything for ever so trifling a consideration. Even to the extent that Hoover will be elected and carry Al's home state.

Have You Noticed This?

Prohibition and Prosperity, oddly enough, have come to be the words, mere mention of which send multitudes into ecstasies of unbounded joy—depending entirely upon who utters them. When Al's meetings lag a bit, all he needs to do is yell "prohibition" and pandemonium reigns supreme; and by the same token, when Herbert emits "prosperity," the result is similar. With the situation reversed the two words fall back into the category of quite ordinary enunciations.

The well-ellerized 20th ward promises to be the glowing exception at the November 6 election, since only a very light vote may be expected what with the qualified balloters limited to a solitary vote apiece.

And so we learn that the laugh-provoking exhortation: "vote early and often," has been taken seriously in some quarters.

—Mique.