

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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

Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

WINNETKA SCHOOL FACTS

Visitors:

The Winnetka Schools are visited by educators from all parts of the world. From last February to last June 338 visitors came from—

—25 states of the Union.

—Canada, England, and Czecho-Slovakia.

—Hawaii, China, and Japan.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN

*I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And, then, prodigious, step*

*Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare*

*To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill*

*And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop—docile and omnipotent—
At its own stable door.*

—EMILY DICKINSON.

Universal Suffrage

THE Wilmette Forum, a club composed of the men of the First Congregational church of the village, is pledged for the year to come to the effort to secure a 100% representation of the voting strength of the people at the polls. The effort is to be directed not to one election but to establish the habit with the men and women of the community of making this expression of their idea of citizenship upon every occasion that an issue is submitted to the electorate.

Here is an organization purpose of the highest order, for it is a dark blot upon our national political record that so large a proportion of the people who are best qualified to vote should be among those not casting ballots.

The situation is not one of sudden development. It is not a feature of the changed electorate since the admission of women to full citizenship. There is scarcely a higher voting percentage among men than among women. Its seriousness has only begun to be considered by the American people in the last decade. Self government has been a much more complicated process since the world war changed all our conditions and established new standards and ideals.

It is in just such communities as these on the north shore that a full registration of the voting strength is particularly desirable. We have something to contribute to the general welfare which is a little better than what most communities have to offer—a higher standard for public officials, more lofty ideals of service, and a fuller comprehension of the issues and problems that are a part of the political life of the state and nation.

Spare Tires

“WHAT gets my goat is to see a fellow running along without even a spare tire. All his money in the car! None for a tire!”

Thus runs the brakeman's comment on the man who makes no provision for an emergency, the improvident man who puts nothing aside for rainy weather. The comment conveys a warning to everybody. If a tire on a car of the man without a spare tire is punctured, he will either have to buy a new tire or get the punctured tire repaired. Don't say that he can repair the tire himself—having no spare, he will also have no mending outfit. The delay will mean anxiety and loss of time.

The future is uncertain, and yet we can prepare. Food will be needed, rain will fall, clothes will wear out, money will be needed. We can order food, buy umbrellas and clothes, save money. We can take out insurance of various kinds, knowing pretty surely that insurance money will come in handy some day.

We Americans are great spenders. The margin between income and outgo is alarmingly narrow. If the average man should stub his toe or lose his job, who would care for his family?

Get a spare tire!

Seeing Things

IT is not too soon for those who are interested in birds and their migrations to begin to look about for new arrivals. Often a few warm days at the end of January or early in February stir in the migratory bird a longing for new scenes and new experiences.

A little watchfulness will be rewarded by the sight of the hardy winter residents here, the various kinds of woodpeckers, the blue jay, the chick-a-dee. The habit of observing the trees while they are still bare of leaves will be good training for those early spring days when the summer residents and the migrants begin to come.

Seeing things in the out-of-doors is not a common characteristic. Far more people go through life without knowing what is going on about them, except in the circumscribed round of their own activities, than perceive the wealth of interest that lies all about. A habit of looking for birds will breed other habits of observing, and life will become richer and fuller.

Look on the insides of the front covers of your books and see if any of them show the bookplate of the New Trier high school library. These books are the property of your high school. Return them either to the library itself or leave them at the Kenilworth pharmacy, Renneckar's at Wilmette and Central, or Heinsen & Kroll's, 419 Fourth street.

Shore Lines

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*O'er thy grave, oh hero great,
On this memorial day,
A grateful people gather fast
And wreaths and laurels lay!*

*And flags and banners we fling out
Their starry folds we see!
The emblem of thy fondest hopes,
The ensign of the free!*

*Oh hero dead! No!—living yet,
We bow above thy grave—
A nation's tears are falling now!
The life you freely gave*

*To keep our flag in freedom's air
Grows dearest in our eyes!
Exalted, too! Our prayers ascend
To God's eternal skies.*

*Great soul! Thy tomb's an altar now,
Where burns the flame of freedom's light.
It's smokes shall touch the throne of God!
Sleep peaceful then, Great Soul, good night!*
—H. A. MILLS.

AT NIGHTFALL

*As I gaze from my window at nightfall
The streets are hushed and still—
And I see the lights of the village
Gleam o'er each window sill.*

*The snowflakes dance so friendly
My thoughts with kindness fill
As I wonder and dream and ponder—
At the lights o'er the window sill.*

LADY GRAY.

We Certainly Hope to Remain in Our Present Status Long Enough to Appreciate Your Essays,
H. P. B.

Slave:—

Watch for my essay on “Woman.” It's going to be a corker. You know man has been trying for ages to find a successful stopper—just watch for the essay, that's all. It will be ready in a week or so.

Goodby till then,

THE H. P. BACHELOR.

P. S. Maybe I'll write one on bachelorship. It's one of the sciences you know, unless some “she” gets ahead of me.

H. P. B.

Fire away, Mr. H. P. Bachelor, we fear we'll be unable to refrain from printing your essays, although we are trying to go easy on the ladies. You see, we have a definite location here, while you write obscured by the comfortable cloak of anonymity. You are safe, but we fear that some day we will be bombed in our liar. Then, also, we know a little girl, “five foot two—eyes of blue,” and it's getting near spring and—er—you understand. Let's not be too severe on them.

A TALE

*The rabbit's tale is short and fat,
The tiger's tale is long.
The mouse's tail is thin and frail,
The monkey's tail is strong.
The elephant wears one tail aft
And one upon his face—
While Mr. Snake's is just a tail
That has no parking space.*

EIGHTH GRADE BOY,
HOWARD SCHOOL.

The above is printed exactly as written by a young poet of Wilmette. We don't know who he is but we think he should have encouragement. We could never, to this day, write as good a rhyme as that, and we respect anyone who can.
THE SLAVE.