

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.
1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000
Telephone.....Wilmette 1920

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MARCH

The month of equal days and nights has arrived,
When the sun rises at six and sets at six;
When Winter says, "So long!" and Spring says,
"How de do!"

The month of inaugurations and St. Patrick's Day.
It's good to know that the season of greenness and
warmth is at hand,

And that the season of snow and chilliness is passing
away.

The meadow lark and the robin and the bluebird are
coming back;

The crocus and violet and daffodil are awakening.
The tired householder sees an end to his coal bills
And a beginning to his ice bills.

Mother begins to think up summer plans,
And daughter talks about new dresses and hats.
March is really the first month of the new year,
And so we really wish you a Happy New Year!

"Get Out and Vote!"

CAREY ORR, noted political cartoonist of the Chicago Daily Tribune Wednesday of this week gave a remarkably graphic depiction of one of the contributing causes of the alignment of politics with the disreputable or "tough" element in Chicago and Cook county.

Mr. Orr makes the point that the apathy of the "decent citizens" toward political matters, has caused "politics"—depicted as an unwanted boy—to turn to the undesirable element which was anxious enough to adopt him.

Several years later the "decent citizens" read of little "Politics" association with the undesirables and were duly shocked.

Last week Anthony Czarnecki, Chicago election commissioner and arch enemy of the tough element in politics, told Wilmette Rotarians that recent citizens of Chicago and environs were largely responsible for the existing deplorable collusion of politics and crime. Lazy citizens who are in the front ranks when there is any flag-waving to be done, but who just can't seem to appreciate the necessity for voting—except perhaps when a particular friend is on the ticket—have, by their apathy, placed the government of the city of Chicago and its environs very largely in the control of those who are 100 per cent opposed to good government, law and order.

The remedy implied in Mr. Orr's cartoon is 100 per cent voting. The one promulgated by Mr. Czarnecki is the very same. And the Wilmette Forum for 100 per cent voting is preaching identically the same doctrine.

"Get out and vote, you decent citizens, and reclaim the public offices from the toughs, the rulers of gangland!"

Recreation for Adults

LAST week a friend of ours, just turned 50, said that his midway plaisance was getting a bit too convex. When questioned as to the cause he supposed that it was in-

activity. He had the many years been an ardent amateur ball player but had recently given it up. Hence the extra weight.

Middle aged men are in danger of exchanging fat for muscle. Carried about in thickly padded cars their one-time walk becomes a toddle. Their only muscles ever stretched are those of the digestive and vocal machinery. Labor saving contrivances of numberless kinds—furnace tenders, chauffeurs, apartment hotels, elevators, nurses—minimize a middle aged father's physical duties and privileges. Father may work with his tongue and head, but otherwise he is a bump on a log.

It is well, therefore, that our north shore towns are attaching the problem of how to reduce the weights of their prominent citizens. Gym classes are being arranged and suitable out-door, and not too violent, sports are being provided. Recreation for elders is being discussed in afternoon circles.

Great Men

LIVES of great men all remind us of the inherent possibilities of human beings. Reading their footprints on the sands of time we understand more clearly and more fully our own powers. Being ignorant of, or having lost faith in, the capabilities of our bodies and minds some suggestion comes to us of the accomplishments of Washington and Lincoln, and we grow more hopeful and ambitious.

Doubtless the times and other external conditions conspired with these two great Americans to save the country from their foes, foreign and civil. Nevertheless the powers of these two men contributed greatly to the overthrowing of tyranny and slavery. Had Washington and Lincoln never been born we doubt whether these conflicts would have issued so happily as they really did.

The accomplishments of other great men spur us on to renewed effort, to attempt better things than before. February, then, is a notable month for other reasons than being a short winter month and a very early herald of spring.

Show Appreciation!

CHILDREN, like older people, need appreciation. Being frail, again like their elders, young people thrive on discreet praise. High school and college members of societies are pleased to have their faculty members attend ordinary and special meetings. It is always a pleasure and encouragement to young people to have their older friends attend school entertainments and hear school concerts.

The New Trier band recently gave a concert. It is rumored that there were more people on the stage in the band than there were in the audience. In other words the audience was small, so small as not to be encouraging to the band members.

We were also told that many of the boys when soliciting the sale of tickets were not very warmly received. This is too bad. Our boys and girls deserve to be encouraged, especially when engaged in such beneficial business as learning to play musical instruments. Almost every one in New Trier township can afford, easily afford, to buy one 35-cent ticket to a band concert.

The reasons for buying tickets to affairs participated in by our children and our neighbors' children are stronger reasons than for buying theater tickets.

Shore Lines

DAISIES

Myriad daisies in a field—
Each rocked its cradle slightly,
For every cradle held a smile
And it was sleeping lightly.

Each cradled smile, all white and gold,
Lay napping in the sun.

My heart laughed out for very joy—
And waked them, every one!

—GERTRUDE DANFORTH WRIGHT.

And Still the Controversy Rages

Dear Slave:

At last they have been heard from and I trust you will permit me to answer Wolverine's poem "Bachelors," for she knows not of what she writes.

We will pass the personal egoism as displayed in the poem and endeavor to show the side of the real bachelor, and not the temporary article that sometimes uses this noble word not knowing its real significance Sometime, perhaps, I may marry, but if I do it will be a woman who at least knows how to cook and not one of these imaginary home-makers who are to be found floating about in the dance halls, the parks, cabarets and so on

You know, scientists tell us we are descended from apes. We are not so descended, but a great many of us are apes, as anyone can see by looking around in the cars, the parks or wherever humanity congregates. A real bachelor is beyond all the flapperish modes for he is never to be found in this kind of company

In five years of observation I can truthfully say that I have not found a woman of character, or rather, I should say as Heine expressed it, she has a new character every day," and, "He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word finds he holds nothing." Men want to believe in woman for she is all we have, but she will not let us.

Therefore, if Wolverine thinks it is simple, a laugh, a curl, a dimple and so on, she is sure to get a shock that even Edison couldn't control, unless she is satisfied (which she must be) with the apes.

—HAPPY PEACEFUL BACHELOR.

At least the little children can still learn anatomy at mother's knee.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

THE ELF

A warm, elfin breeze softly caressed my cheek,
And now with my curls tried to play hide-and-
seek.

Pray, gentle breeze, tell the message you bring—
He coquetted 'round me, then just whispered
"Spring!"

My heart with new rapture and tremulous joy
Bade him serious be and explain this decoy;
He smiled and he danced while the bright sun above
Gave him courage, in passing, to sigh softly "Love!"

—MISS ANONYMOUS.

If dancing is the poetry of motion, ten modern steps are the *vers libre*.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Inspired by the glorious sunshine on display last Sunday, we are dedicating this issue of the column to spring. We have trotted out most of the spring poetry which we now have at hand and we refuse to allow the wintry winds to discourage us. We are gambling on the fickle nature of March. It has been cold all week so it should be warm and springlike over the week-end. A sop to the gods—if this Sunday is like last Sunday we will absolutely, positively, write a verse about spring—we'd hesitate to say 'poem'. Now if that doesn't bring out the sunshine and gentle winds we don't know what could!

THE SLAVE.