

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.

Real Issues

WHY do candidates for county offices discuss the World Court? As Dr. George P. Magill, pastor of the Wilmette Presbyterian church, expressed it in a recent letter to WILMETTE LIFE: "Why should candidates for the Board of Supervisors, for instance, bring in the issue of the World Court?"

Does not this lugging in of the World Court issue seem like a deliberate evasion of much more pertinent issues? Is it unjust to believe that there are certain things that the campaign managers and the candidates themselves prefer to keep under cover? Granted that the policy of keeping out of foreign entanglements is prudent, yet what has the World Court or the Treaty of Versailles to do with the running of affairs in Cook County, Illinois? What is it that somebody doesn't want us to see?

What we want is full and accurate information about the qualification and beliefs of the managers and candidates. Is John Smith, candidate for the office of county commissioner, capable of doing the work which will be required of him if he is elected? Will he give contracts to his friends or to good men who can do good work at reasonable prices?

Let's get back to the real issues—expenditures of money, building of roads, control of roadhouses, forest preserves, qualifications of candidates.

The Passing Attic

ONCE the attic was a thing to be regarded with pride and joy, particularly by young people who found there a never ending source of supply for old fashioned costumes. But that time is passing, and rapidly, because of two considerations. Modern homes have little room for storage of out-worn and discarded possessions. Space is needed for other purposes, for things that enter into the everyday life of the household. But chiefly the attic and its contents are growing in disfavor because of the modern avenues by which garments and household articles no longer needful may find a way into service in some other family, less well supplied with worldly goods.

The Economy Shop in Wilmette, and such institutions elsewhere have turned the attic into a thing of the past. By stocking a shop with the contents of store rooms and clothespresses of the more fortunate, these institutions have supplied a long felt want.

But the stock of such institutions depends upon the contributions made by the people of the community, depends upon the

removal of contents of attics and store rooms, the sorting out of garments hanging in closets or packed in trunks, and the dedication of used furniture to the use of some family which will feel proud to own it.

The Economy Shop in every community deserves the support of all its people.

Imported Typhoid

AS spring comes, the lure of the open road calls with a voice not to be withstood by the owner of a car and a love for the out of doors. Soon wayside camp fires will be a common feature of the highway, and the picnic party a conspicuous feature in the landscape wherever conditions invite.

The day in the open is a day of relaxation, a day to restore the tired nervous system. Appetites are sharpened and sleep encouraged by the fresh air. Family ties are strengthened by the family touring party. So far only good can come from yielding to this invitation of spring to come out to enjoy her beauties. But—

People who at home are most concerned for the purity of the water and milk which they drink, who patronize only markets where food is not only fresh but clean, will, when they embark upon a picnic excursion throw all such thought to the winds and drink from any well that happens to be at hand when meal time comes.

If it is not possible to take a sufficient water supply in thermos jugs, it is advisable to drink only such beverages as may be boiled, such as tea, coffee or chocolate. Typhoid fever cases in communities that guard their water and milk sources are usually found to be attributable to infection in some other less well protected place.

Signs and Symptoms

SIGNS and symptoms are never lacking to show the good qualities of the communities lying along the north shore. Whatever serves the welfare of the people is sure to be among the new developments in these progressive municipalities.

One of these signs is the proposition that will appear on the ballots in Wilmette in the approaching village election to provide for a tax by which directed play and other recreational facilities may be brought to the children and the young people of the village. In Winnetka there is a plan being entertained to establish a municipal band, and that proposition will be presented to the voters in the coming election. Both enterprises are eminently worth while, and each will contribute to the home facilities for the amusement of the young people, as well as of those who are a little older.

Whatever brings people together for a community purpose is contributory to the good of the village. Children who grow up with an appreciation of the community play centers will develop into men and women with a sense of obligation to each other, and to the community. Men who gather together regularly to practice as a municipal band and occasionally for concerts will develop a sense of comradeship that would not be established under other conditions.

A very small tax will provide both these advantages for the people who are to vote on the propositions. And money spent for caring for the leisure hours, both of children and adults, is money well spent.

Shore Lines

THE MISTAKE

He sent her a card at Easter
All tinted in colors galore—
A goose in a new Easter bonnet
Was seen strutting out of the door!

When Sunday morning dawned brightly
He called her by telephone;
A feminine voice answered coolly:
"Miss Fairfax is **not** at home!"

The verse—he had failed to read it—
Was there just as plain as could be—
"Like a goose you will look at Easter
Dressed up in your finery."

—MISS ANONYMOUS.

At the altar of inflation France is burning franc incense.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

SPRING

When rains grow warm and skies are blue,
Where clung the frost now shines the dew;
When 'neath dead leaves and through the mold
The crocus peeps, both bright and bold,
When robins fly and bluebirds sing
I thank the Lord again for Spring!

When tiny streams break winter's band
And gentle mists hang o'er the land
And little pools of water show
Where once there stood the drifts of snow—
When buds appear where dead leaves cling
I thank the Lord again for Spring!

E'en from the harsh and brittle briar
I'll gather songs of faith and fire!
For scarlet berries that seem dead
I'll tune my lyre, when winter's fled,
And with the birds and flowers sing
And thank the Lord again for Spring!

When earth begins to breathe again
And flowers show where drifts have lain,
When on the barren spots are seen
Misty veils of tender green
While here and there the snow-drifts cling—
I thank the Lord again for Spring!

—H. A. MILLS.

PERSONAL

Laurel, to the first part of your note we can only reply in accents mild: **Apple-sauce**. Referring to the last sentence we hasten to agree with you that it would certainly be tragic!

A STENOGRAPHER'S LAMENT

I filed a dozen papers, and I clipped a dozen clips,
I typed a dozen letters, and a dozen carbons slipped,
I mimeoed a notice, and I phoned a dozen men,
But what I ask, and howcome, will be my happy end?

Will I file the Golden Letters, and type the Beauteous word
Will I make the carbon copies for angels by the herd
Will I mimeo the notices banning sinners to the deeps
Will I switchboard the prayers, and "wrong number" them for keeps?

—ELFRIEDA.

Spring seems a very capricious maiden this week, but we are going to plug away with our spring poetry (our contribs willing) until we have wooed and won her. Then we'll marry her and keep her here on the north shore until summer comes along. Isn't that nice of us?

—THE SLAVE.