

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
by

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Dwellers on the north shore usually welcome spring with open arms. After the closed season for flowers, green grass and lemonade, the warmer days are greeted with an almost unalloyed joy. But when the snow has melted away, and when touring, local and remote, has again become the fashion, the badness of many of our streets becomes evident; becomes unpleasantly apparent.

Bad Streets

On many of them pools of muddy water are standing and will continue to stand because the drainage is not sufficient to induce the water to leave. This condition is especially true of our streets that have been widened by the addition of strips of concrete. Whatever gutter was there before has been so leveled as to make the one-time drain useless. So motorists park their cars in these puddles, step into them and track mud into store and home.

Then there are the streets with chuckholes. These holes seem to have been made with pickaxes and spade, so sharp are their sides, and so deep are they. Chuckholes are cruel traps for the unwary driver. Filled with muddy water they seem harmlessly shallow. But a drop into one of them is almost sure death to spring or tire. The way to the lower world is full of chuckholes.

Bumps and mud and later, dust, are to be expected on main traveled roads, but at the same time these bad features should remind us that the old style of pavement will not stand up against the onslaughts of modern traffic conditions. Better, stronger avenues are demanded.

If you've been sick, laid up at home for repairs, feeling mighty miserable, and all out of tune with every-day living, extend your sympathy to L. J. Mitten, formerly active in Wilmette schools and now "eating, sleeping and training a dog" in Roy, Montana. He has been there several years, and it looks as if he would be there several more waiting for his health to return.

Cheer Up

And does he wish that he could get back to work? Does he? Well, it's the one thing he has to work hard to keep himself from doing. You, with your day or two of illness, fret and scold because the doctor and the folks won't let you go to the office. And Mitten, way off there in Montana, is told by the doctors that he is "getting along as well as can be expected." And what hopes do they give him? "No hopes

of anything definite for a period of from five to ten years." That's jolly isn't it? "Five or ten years!"

But he has been made glad by gifts from Wilmette friends. And he's thankful that he's no worse. So here's what you can do to brighten up your own dark days. Think of Mitten, and when you get well enough to push a pen, drop him a good fellowship letter. Roy, Montana, will get it to him.

If you did not hear Dr. J. Malcolm Bird tell of his experiences with mediums and spirits you missed unusual enlightenment and enjoyment. He is everything that a public speaker should be. He speaks with remarkable and gratifying distinctness and uses simple, everyday English. His talk is a model of scientific clearness, accuracy, coherence and unity. So you see what you missed when you didn't hear Bird.

Bird on Spirits

He is a speaker whom no one can misunderstand. His conclusions are definite. In his work he has followed the scientific laboratory method. As a consequence his results can withstand much more vigorous and much sharper attack than the ordinary lay critic can offer. When he concludes that the evidence leads him to believe that some mediums have supra-normal cognition, that they know more than they could have known normally, one should be slow to contradict his findings. How these mediums get this unusual knowledge Bird does not presume to say. He does, however, advance two hypotheses; namely, (1) transcendental communication and (2) abnormal psychological condition of the medium.

We've decided not to visit any more mediums until Dr. Bird has given us a list of those who are not frauds.

Has fire ever gained such a control over your home that it seemed as if the whole structure would be consumed? Have you waked from a deep sleep to find that flames were creeping up within the partition—cruel, crackling flames? Was one of your children ever snatched from the jaws of a fiery death? If you've ever had any of these distressing experiences you can appreciate the protective work of our village firemen. Perhaps you owe it to them that your home and family are now intact.

Marble time has come. Washington's Birthday, with the mercury up to 50, saw what was probably the first marble game of the season. Several enthusiastic and youthful sportsmen are squatting or kneeling on the first soft dirt of very early spring. Between them rests a large marble. A foot or two away an enterprising young marksman is aiming to hit that lonely marble. The shooter releases his thumb. His marble flies toward its mark, and the game is won.

Marble Time

The same sense that brings the boys out to play marbles is the same sense that causes the subterranean shoots to push upward with more vim than usual. It can be depended on to work every year without fail. And so long as it does, the world will be safe for humanity.

SHORE LINES

A man I met last week
Insists your name is "Meek,"

But I told him that if he
Thinks, he'll see it's "Mickey";

Just what is it like—
"Mickey," "Meek"—or "Mike?"
—WOBBLY.

Publicity giving word of Chicago's forthcoming Golf Show calls attention to the Lie Detector, a contraption designed to trap those who are prone to prevaricate concerning their scores. Such devices have been known to cause our most hardened criminals to cringe in agony and sob out their confessions. but as to golfers—we're quite skeptical.

Gentle as a March Zephyr

The occupant of the editorial chair to the left of the so-called "gentle philosopher" was surprised by the sudden arrival of the latter individual from his tussle with the streptococci. It was a bitter, though short, encounter. We, the patient, have suffered more from the after effects than from the immediate effects.

We are not optimistic enough to believe that, had we remained in bed, Mique would have sent us flowers. Other friends did send us flowers, but we have a settled belief that Mique will send us none except those that we shall not be in a condition to enjoy. And even then he will rent the bouquet instead of buying outright.

What makes us a little testy is to be called "gentle philosopher." It sounds so much like harmless nut and cheerful idiot. It's an easy and not uncommon way of putting on the shelf those whose superior ability alarms one. Call a man a "gentle philosopher" and he's already pale and pining, and one is almost rid of him and his pungent pen. We came back suddenly in order that the cave-man on our left might be aware that we were by no means effete.

By the way, can you figure out how it is that we are each on the other's left? We offer a very small prize to the bright person that can solve the puzzle.

—Fil the Filosofer.

Tales of Awfulflop

(From Tales By Fortune's Fool)

Awfulflop wuz the hi doololly uv awl thet country which lyes between the north and south boundrys of the country over which he rules. In a wurd, he wuz the hi muckity-muck, uv which there aint no whicher. Bein which he wuz, his wurd wuz the las wun which wuz generally sed.

Wun brite dey, not sew long after Hameneggs hed wun all of the panl's buttons and pork barrels in the track meet about which yew wuz tole not sew long ago, ole Awfulflop called thet beggar lad in and sez he to him, "Hameneggs, I got'n idea." "Fust wun yew ever hed, aint it?" sez Hameneggs. "Must be," sez Awfulflop, "but this'n is the mule's announcers." "Shoot," sez Hameneggs.

"Yew've been blowin long enuf about whut yew'd dew of yew wuz king," commenced Awfulflop. "Now ye're goin ta get yer chance. For twenty-four hours I'm gonna be Hameneggs and yer gonna be Awfulflop, hi doo-lolly of which there aint no whicher." "This is two much," sez Hameneggs, "yew musta hed a sun stroke." "Shut up," roared Awfulflop. "Yew'll be king fer a day, but the next dey there wont be no Hameneggs." Awl of which wuz two remark thet there wuz gonna be a de-capitalization and Hameneggs wuz two be the guest of the king's official neckstretcher.

Awfulflop an Hameneggs set down tew a big feed. Now the only an las thing thet Hameneggs remembered about thet feed wuz thet the wine he drunk tasted like vineger. When he woke up he wuz layin in the king's bed an wuz dressed in the king's bes' pajamas. A survent wuz a standin there an asked him "whut 'is majesty wud hev." An then Hameneggs realized thet he wuznt Hameneggs, but Awfulflop—for a day. He bounced out uv bed. "Bring me," quoth he, "the beggar Hameneggs," an chukled tew his self. He clapped hiz hans an in come a runnin another survent, "Bring me," he howled, "my official neck stretcher." An it wuz did.

The court gathered roun tew lizzen tew the words uv hiz self the king. "Hameneggs," roared the new come Awfulflop, "yew hev boasted long enuf. Tomorrow fer yew shall never come, yew shall today be the guest uv the lord hi executer." An so it wuz

The nex dey the new king wuz awl disconsolate, he missed his ole friend Awfulflop. He thot him long an thot him hard, then whispered in hiz page's ear. "Tell the court," sez he. Whereupon awl the court fell down an rolled and roared untill awl the castle rocked and shook.

Thet afternoon when the new Awfulflop went out tew get on hiz horse, they brot him old king Awfulflop, stuffed a painted ropal purple, tew use as a foot stool. Nou ifn yew doan believe THIS'N we'll tell yew another later.

—Demmigog.

Truly, a Masterpiece

Picture if you can—a Scotchman in front of a nickle phone while his neighbor's house is burning.

—MIQUE.