

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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If you are burning the dry grass in a field near your home, watch it carefully and when it has done its work put it out. And be absolutely certain that you put it all out! If you don't put it all out, it may start up again in the night and with the help of a good stiff breeze grow into a blaze that may set fire to your home. And that will mean distressing loss of property and life.

## Put It Out

Up in the north woods campers often learn to their great sorrow that a fire is not dead even when not a spark can be found. We remember very vividly a fire of this sort. We had cooked our evening meal over an open fire. We had extinguished the fire completely, as we thought. We went to bed and soon were sound asleep. At midnight or thereabouts we were aroused by a strange sound and a most unusual odor. Tumbling out we made our stumbling way to the door of the tent and there saw an alarming sight. The fire had revived and was roaring its way towards the cook-shack. Hastily grabbing up a pail we filled it at the lake about fifty feet away and after what seemed innumerable fillings and pourings, and incidental stubbings of our toes on invisible roots, got the fire under control. Then we got a spade and thoroughly covered the blackened area with sand. And stayed awake the rest of the night.

When you are sure that the fire is out, put it out again. Then you will have done your best.

Weaker physically, no doubt, but more active in politics, much more active, than the more muscular sex. And if you don't believe it, consider the activity of the League of Women Voters, local and state. Was there ever a band of men, organized for the purpose of rendering the voting of individual men more intelligent, so active the year round and especially at election time as the League of Women Voters? If alertness and study and seriousness count for anything in political contests, and these qualities certainly do, then men must see to it that their wives and sisters do not gain an undue influence. But perhaps the ladies' remarkable sense of proportion will prevent the near approach of this day of "undue influence."

A careful reading even in our own north shore papers, will reveal the immense interest taken in suffrage by women. They take the matter seriously, which is more than can be said for most men. The League holds frequent meetings, sometimes inviting men to profit by their programs. Members are constantly being added by the help of very effective methods. League members know before the day of voting the issues involved and the qualifications of the candidates. How many men do?

"The poor," said Christ, "we have always with us." And in spite of the hope that poverty will some day be abolished, Christ's statement is likely to hold true for several generations. There will always be people who through fault or no fault of their own will at times be

## Always With Us

destitute. They cannot care for themselves. They have no able relatives or friends. Others must lend a hand, if these unfortunate ones are not to starve, sicken, or die.

And doesn't it seem logical at least that these helpless ones should be helped by their neighbors and fellow townspeople? If we are responsible for assisting the Armenians are we not more responsible for assisting our poor neighbors? Shall the burden of helping the sick and poor in our own community be assumed by kind people in Chicago or Oak Park?

Our local Relief and Aid societies are doing a much needed work. But they need your financial help. Your money will help a struggling fellow citizen.

Every organization, like every organism, must have aims. If it is to live it must keep active; and to keep progressively active it must have objectives, things it wants to do. The best kind of education is that which commits the pupil to the working out of projects.

We know of no social organization that is so forward pointing, so responsive to the call of the future, as the Boy Scouts. The Scouts have accomplished much, it is true, but what they expect to do is infinite. This is as it should be, for the "thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts."

In the field of outdoor activity there is no limit to the hopes and resolute purposes of the Scouts. They want especially to provide for summer outings. They desire to co-operate with churches and schools to improve the standing of any local group. They want to help all they can toward the development of good Scout leaders. Another of their laudable aims is the rendering of civic service.

In many of our churches the Lenten season is now being observed. The period culminating in Easter Sunday, April 7, is being made an occasion of self examination and cultivation of faith and other kindred virtues.

## Lenten Sermons

It seems good that men should take advantage of certain times and seasons. There are days in the years like the Fourth of July when one's love of country should be emphasized and quickened by special exercises; there are other days like Christmas when Christians should make much of God's gift to the world. Certain religious organizations like the Catholic and Episcopalian follow closely a calendar of feast days and special seasons.

Of all these periods Lent is one of the most valuable to the religious person. Or rather it may be made one of the most valuable, for no season will yield value except to the one who uses it. During Lent one may with profit to his soul think of the days in Christ's life preceding his resurrection. The closing days of his earthly ministry as recorded in the gospels when studied contain much of inspiration.

Irreligious men and women may with profit ask themselves what they are missing in not observing Lent and Easter.

## SHORE LINES

### SPRING

When Springtime beckons once again to me  
To come with her beneath the budding tree,  
And welcome back the lovely birds and flowers,  
I marvel at the grandeur that is ours;  
And as I view each tiny growing thing,  
I think how wonderful indeed is Spring.

When Springtime brings again her sunny smile,  
To warm our hearts, and linger for awhile,  
When meadowlarks' and robins' notes resound,  
And migratory birds are northward bound;  
When flowers come peeping up beneath the sod,  
I think how wonderful indeed is God.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

### THE SOLUTION

Hameneggs, by the simple method of extermination, had succeeded in getting King Awfulflop to the throne. But however clever he had been his "coup d'etat," he suddenly discovered that being his doololly and carrying out the work that his predecessor had succeeded in dodging was two entirely separate and different things.

There was a war of the different factions in a war of the north shore towns a hollerin their heads off for representation in the Ego-council. Not only, but also, everyone and everybody was a clamorin for more pay and less work. To state it mildly—Hameneggs was in a duce of a quandary.

Now to give them organized youdlers representation would be as disastrous as playing bare handed with the imperial guillotine. The ole King Awfulflop had been rather uncared for about the way he spent the contents of the royal treasury and that same institooshun was as empty as an apartment building in September. To tell HOW the treasury got anaemic and to disclaim responsibility for its vacancy would be to invite a festival with royal executor over the late necessitated abdication of ole King Awfulflop. Such a thing was not to be considered.

Hameneggs paced the floor; he massaged the place where his hair ought to be; finally in sheer desperation he grabbed up a copy of the "Three Masted Windjammer." He stood as if transfixed—before his startled eyes glared these important words—

### Wilmette to Annex "No Man's Land"

With a snort, Hameneggs threw the paper thru the window and, grabbing his best crown, bolted thru the door. A short time later an aged beggar shuffled rapidly out thru the castle gates and sped away toward the North Shore electric.

As far as he had established since, a war of the north shore slept sound that night; not a whisper grated 'pon the sensitive ears—tried to listen for the rattle of Ciceronian machine guns. But the next mornin! Law what a rumpus! At about six bells the fire siern in Wilmette snorted and screamed like a thing possessed. The towans-people and country people, throughout a war of the north shore gathered in frightened groups and, gestulating wildly, talked in whispers. Down in Chicago, a war of the stalwart boys in blue departed for points unknown; in Springfield Gov. Len Small turned out the Home Guard and prepared for a siege. NO MAN'S LAND HAD DISAPPEARED!

From side to side, charges and counter charges were thrown like hedge apples; the hue and cry of false evidence rose from every place like steam from a boiling kettle. An then someone discovered the missing property, tucked away as it were, in a pawn shop at the northwest corner of Vernon and Park avenues, Glencoe. Fifty thousand grand it took to get that thing out of hock and what the pawn-broker stood for was something scandalous, he was cussed up wun side and burnished off on the other. His demands were preposterous—unheard of. Nevertheless they paid the bill.

A short time later representation was given to a war of constituents in the Ego-council and the treasury was proclaimed to be full to flowin over. Hameneggs chuckled to himself and gave the stuffed Awfulflop an extra kick as he climbed onto his horse that afternoon.

—DEMIGOG.

### You're Very Punny

Hello Mique:

Could you make the "Line tamer?"  
Sorry you weren't in.

—HAIL FELLOW, Wilmette.

Contributions are especially welcome at this season—ho, hum. If you must write Spring poetry we'll be delighted to use it—ho, hum.

—MIQUE.