

# 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.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The words of Christ uttered in the First Century apply equally well in the Twentieth.

"The poor we have always with us," and we can only hope that the number will decrease as time goes on. But the causes of poverty still persist. Sickness will come in spite of all we can do. Defects in character causing destitution will continue to crop out. Natural catastrophes will keep recurring, wiping out the earnings of years. Wars will break out, destroying the means of keeping well and happy. It is sure that poverty will not be abolished within the present century.

It is therefore necessary not only that we should aid those who appeal to us personally but should contribute generously to the support of those agencies organized for the relief of the poor and otherwise needy. In every north shore community there are societies whose published object is the helping of those who are unable to help themselves.

One of the most worthy of these organizations is what is known in some places as the Thrift Shop; in others as the Economy Shop. Their mode of operation is simple and just as efficient as it is simple. To these agencies clothing and other things are given and these materials are then sold at very low prices to the deserving needy.

If you have women's or children's garments or other useful things that you desire to give away, call up the relief society in your community and those in charge will be only too glad to call for the donation.

"A wonderful day and no casualties." A brief, pleasing, and accurate description of the Fourth of July in one of our north shore communities.

**"No Casualties"** What a contrast to the description of the glorious Fourth in the largest city in Wisconsin. "Man's thumb blown off by explosion of giant firecracker. Child loses sight playing with Roman candle. Biggest list of accidents in years."

Is there any doubt as to which was the better Fourth? Does anybody in Wilmette, Winnetka and Glencoe really envy the fun had in Milwaukee? Who was the happier on the fifth of July, the child with the lost eyesight or the child who perhaps did not have so much excitement as the child blind on the fifth, but did have unimpaired eyesight?

Too many people love to play with danger, to get as close to death as possible and then escape. It is deplorable that our American people like their work so little that they must take their fun in almost poisonous doses.

It is encouraging to recall that no one

has ever depicted heaven as a place where there is lots of noise and a tremendous amount of danger. That may be because no American Fourth of July celebrator of the old fashioned sort ever undertook to put into words his conception of paradise.

No more mosquitoes! It sounds now as visionary as the prophecy that every day will be Sunday by-and-by, that some day there will be no poverty, or that there's a good time coming.

## "No More Mosquitoes"

But when men set themselves seriously to work, and systematically to work, to stamp out an evil or a nuisance they almost always succeed. And that is exactly what the name, Gorgas Institute, implies. That name means that sixty-two mosquito fighting organizations have banded themselves together to stamp out the mosquito; to do away with that pest so thoroughly that in no long time a mosquito will be as rare as a buffalo or a dodo.

If you know anything about the almost uncanny care with which scientists work to discover the causes of such a disease as cancer you will be sanguine as to the ultimate success of the mosquito fighters. Difficulties are bound to disappear before such well organized, persistent attacks.

Every resident of our villages should be actively interested in the splendid campaign of the leaders in this war against the mosquito.

Attending school in the summer time is like saving money when others are spending. What one saves will come in handy some day. What one learns in vacation school may be useful to one later on. If he is forced to drop a study or two during the regular year

## Summer School

he can do so without being prevented from entering college, because he has gained the necessary credits in summer school.

Many think that continuing in school after the regular year is a hardship. It may be sometimes, but more often it is quite as pleasant as the work from September to June. The summer student has the use of whatever facilities the school provides—gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis courts, etc.

If you have never gone to school in the summer, try it next year.

Our old and highly valued friend, the telephone directory, is coming out rejuvenated and entirely made over. How glad we all shall be to welcome it! We know of few books that have been used so much by us. When weddings were in the offing we thumbed the pages of this good book over and over again. The most we can say for the telephone directory is that it means as much to us as mail order catalogues mean to the farmer. And that's much!

Almost anybody can do the regular thing in the regular way, but it takes a resourceful person to do the right thing under unusual conditions. When things are going along smoothly even an ordinary individual can do what is expected of him. The organist of the Wilmette Village theater rose to an unusual occasion when, the lights going out suddenly and confusion being imminent, he kept the congregation amused by playing popular airs.

## SHORE LINES

MUSIC, the sweetest we have heard in many a day, wafted through the editorial casements this week from across the alley where a steam shovel of elephantine proportions began delving into mother earth to prepare the way for a sound foundation for our new sanctum sanctorum. It may have been annoying to the neighbors, but, oh my, how pleasing to us!

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### To a Cloud

Say, raincloud there, what can you mean,  
You've hung almost an hour  
Above us, now you're movin' on,  
Why don't you rain a shower?

You look so gray and cool and wet,  
Our earth's a fiery grate,  
And fields are fairly burnin' up,  
Why do you hesitate?

I wish my arm was long enough  
I'd reach up there and, say!  
I'd squeeze that water out of you  
Before you'd get away.

—LITTLE WUN.

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### Slightly Superfluous

Culled from the Chi-American Pink Eds:  
"It is difficult to speak of Messalina, wife of the Roman Emperor Claudius, as one always should speak of a lady, especially when she is dead. But, really, Messalina didn't seem to care what anybody said about her, living or dead. Her conduct was absolutely such as cannot possibly be described in a newspaper printed primarily for distribution in quiet, moral American homes."

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### Pity the Poor Scot

Latest from the street—

Have you heard of the Scotchman who was born in the United States to save transportation?

Or of the one who took his children out of the schools because they were compelled to pay attention?

—RAMBLER.

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### And We Have a Type Setter

Our Soc. Ed. volunteers the startling information that an airplane dog is one that is mostly airedale, with a dash of just plain dog.

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### Jus' a Little Boy

Oh, sakes alive! I wish I'd grow,  
I'd like to get quite big you know,  
'Cause I don't count now I is small,  
I don't amount to much at all.  
It's, "Yes, when you get big you may,  
You're much too small—now run an' play!"  
'At's how they talk to me, an' so  
I'm tryin' awful hard to grow.

They say 'at small boys should be seen,  
An' never, never heard,  
An' so when company comes why I's  
Expected not to say a word.  
I want to play football, I do,  
But mother says, "Oh no, not you!"  
"When you get big like brother James  
It's time enough for such rough games."

But still they're lots o' things I like  
'Bout bein' jus' a little tyke;  
I couldn't sit on mother's knee  
If I were big like James you see;  
She wouldn't carry me upstairs,  
An' wait to hear me say my prayers;  
So after all there's lots o' joy,  
'Bout bein' jus' a little boy.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

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### Who Does?

Dear Mique: I see by the poipers that a "lady" in golf knickers is out to smack our game for a black eye by caddying for a couple of stick-up boys who are doing their stuff at Chicago groceries. Something ought to be done about this. What's golf coming to? Guess she has it figured out our game is "putt and take," but she don't know nothing about putting.

—THE OLD PLUG.

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Littul Wun came out of retirement long enough this week to spoil our vacation plans by graphically describing a skeeter convention in the Wisconsin Northwoods.

—MIQUE.