

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Hundreds of our north shore girls and boys, having completed their high school courses, are off to college. Having learned to cross safely the pons asinorum and when to use shall and will, our future citizens have migrated in large numbers to the many centers of higher learning, east and west.

## Off to College

To most of them the change will be sudden and radical and the adjustment difficult. Until now these young people have lived at home under the protection and guidance of parents. In many cases everything has been done for them and they themselves have not learned to be responsible. In other cases parents have wisely endeavored to cultivate in their children some sense of independence, some ability to go it alone.

But even these latter will find college life different not merely in degree but in kind from life in the schools back home. Many of the young people will be obliged to find their own lodgings and boarding places. They will have to answer for themselves questions regarding subjects and hours. Not having any longer easy access to the parental ear and mind they will have forced upon them weighty decisions. Doubtless they will do many things that they will regret in later years.

But the breaking of home ties is not to be deplored. Changing of one's religious views has sometimes been productive of real good. The boy must become a man, and the girl a woman, and the college puts valuable stiffening into many a limp dependent. It is not pleasant to have one's youthful illusions roughly dispelled, but it is well to face the facts of life early.

Saving is not always true economizing. A stingy man is not necessarily an economical man. The thrifty Englishman practices more economy than the close Scotchman. Economizing is wise saving plus wise spending.

## Wise Economy

The habit of wise saving is an excellent habit. Putting away in a trustworthy bank a fixed amount every week not only finds one at the end of a year with a most satisfying amount in the bank; it also cultivates in the saver a desire to save, a pleasure in saving, and a regularity in doing something worth while.

The habit of wise spending is also excellent. There are times when spending puts a man farther ahead financially than saving. No doubt it is much better at times to buy a high priced suit than a low priced. Better in the long run.

It was well said that education takes time and that the saving of time in being educated is wasting time. Likewise the saving of money that needs to be spent is

the wasting of money. When a house needs to be painted, it is folly to put off getting the work done merely to save money.

In fact it is often true that the best way to save money and energy is to spend it.

There may be here and there a few benighted individuals, tucked away in the backwoods, who still imagine that church life comprises only Sunday School, regular church service, and prayer meeting. These back numbers think that the church building is used only twice a week, once on Sunday morning for Sunday School and church service, and once on Wednesday for prayer meeting. Therefore they blame the church authorities for making so little use of an expensive plant.

## Church Activity

The modern church is open the year round, every day in the week, and almost every evening. At almost any hour of the day or evening one may gain access. A business office may be open only from 9 to 5:30, but an up-to-date church is doing business both day and evening.

A mere showing of organizations in a single church gives one a useful idea of the extent of this activity. In addition to the congregation, which meets on Sunday morning, and the Sunday School, there are probably a young men's club, a young women's guild, an aid society, a missionary society, the boy scouts, the girl scouts, the choir, the boys' club, the neighborhood circles, to say nothing of organizations peculiar to individual churches and divisions of the organizations listed above.

During the recent untimely heated spell when we were coming out from town on the 2:05 North Western we ran into a totally unexpected, but highly welcome, rain storm. We and our fellow passengers had been more like steamed clams than normal human beings, gasping for air as only steamed clams can gasp. As the rain began to sprinkle the window sills one could almost hear the thanksgivings that permeated the car. One tired woman deliberately chose to be wetted than lose the benefit of the delicious rain. All seemed to agree that at last the heated spell was cracked if not broken.

## Rain and Shine

But strange to say we ran out of the rain as suddenly as we had run into it. At Chicago Avenue we had met the storm. At Morse Avenue in Rogers Park we left it. The sidewalks and streets were now as dry as a bone, and the air as hot as though rain hadn't fallen for months.

Rain and shine. That's the way it goes. Some get soaked while their neighbors dry up and shrivel away.

There were no Boy Scouts when we were young. Otherwise we should have been one. We shifted for ourselves, we boys, in those days back in the 19th century. We went barefooted in summer. Our greatest fun was to go chestnutting. We'd tramp off to the woods with a bunch of pals. When we got there we'd throw sticks up at the open burrs and down they'd come rattling on the dry leaves. Or we'd go hunting bull frogs or mud turtles. Do Boy Scouts hunt bull frogs?

## SHORE LINES

### LAMENT

All my dresses are so short,  
Oh! How to get them long!  
These changing styles will  
Drive me daft,  
Each dress has something wrong.

There's one that's short; another's full;  
And still one more that's tight;  
There's not one in the whole ainged bunch  
That really is just right.

So tell me, what's a girl to do—  
One with not much money?  
These changing styles perhaps  
Will leave  
Me just a bit—well—funny.

—ANNAMARIE.

Would that we could give a hand to Annamarie in her desperate plight, but, really, we quite like her just as she is. Still, if we can be of service—

### Why, Tho Thad

Dear Mique:

We are thome of the Wilmette thitithenth who, like the Arabth with their tenth, fold up their automobileth eath night. Our alley ith being paved and thith little poem was inthpired while watching the big gravel and concrete men.

Pebbles on the sands of time,  
Concrete on the pebbles,  
Make the ribbon band of road  
On which the tourist trebbles.

—THERIOUTH THUE.

### Barnyard Lays

I  
The rain has spoiled the hay this year,  
Although it's liked by every froggie;  
Just so your anger, Hepzibah,  
Has made my heart all soggy.

II  
Dear Hepzibah, you doubtless know  
A curry comb makes horses sleek;  
I feel as brushed and pepped, I'll say,  
When you just kiss me on the cheek.

III  
A cow that has no cud to chew  
Is surely very dumb.  
Dear Hepzibah, when you're not here  
I feel so lost and glum.

IV  
I take a bath just once a week,  
That's quite enough for me;  
But I could bathe within your smiles  
For all eternity.

V  
My hopes are all dead horses  
(I rode them much too far)  
But I'll make glue of Tho'ts of you  
And charge five cents per jar.

VI  
You can't make soapsuds without soap,  
You surely must agree;  
You are my scented soap; O wash  
This longing off of me!

—HENRY BUB.

Having spent a few days down on the farm 'tother side of Niles, we can appreciate fully just what Hepzibah's heavy hearted Henry Bub meant when he yearned for improved facilities for the daily ablutions.

### That Settles It

Of absolute knowledge I have none;  
But my Aunt's washerwoman's son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer on the street,  
That he had a letter just last week  
Hand-written in the finest Greek  
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,  
Who said that a son in Cuba knew  
Of a colored gent in a Texas town,  
Who got it straight from a circus clown,  
That a man in Klondyke got the news  
From a gang of South American Jews,  
About some fellow in Borneo  
Who knew a man who claimed to know  
A hermit who lived beside a lake,  
Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
To prove that a friend's sister's niece  
Has stated in a nicely written piece  
That she has a son who knows about  
The date the new Ford car comes out.

—SAM, THE RADIO MAN.

What do we think of the Cubs? Well, hardly that.  
—MIQUE.