

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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There was a primary a few days ago. Only a memory now, but Oh, what a pleasant memory! The citizens of Illinois, more especially of Chicago, fired a broadside heard round the world. Not even yet have all the wounded been restored to normal health.

Revolutions Are Unnecessary

But it's too bad that there had to be a revolution. For years things had been going from bad to worse. The disgraceful story is too well known to need more than mere mention. Had there not been this April revolution a license might have been granted to grafters, hoodlums, and criminals that would have permitted assault and murder throughout Chicago. But just the same the need of this revolution is to be regretted.

The fundamental fault is not with the politicians and terrorizers but with the average citizen. The voter is to blame. We allow these evils to grow until they become almost too strong for us, and then with an extraordinary effort we get busy and put them out of business.

But what a waste of time, money, and energy! What should we think of the housekeeper who would allow her house to go neglected day after day? No dusting, no washing of dishes, no mending, no putting things in order. Then one day devoted to housecleaning. Should we consider a business man competent who let things go at loose ends all month, postponing to the last day the doing of the necessary straightening out?

Revolutions are unnecessary. By keeping everything in order as we go along from day to day we can eliminate the need for revolutions and the attendant waste and loss. Public business can be conducted as effectively as private business. It can be made profitable. The main responsibility for putting it on a sound business basis rests with the voters.

What does it mean to be a First Class Scout? It means first of all just what it says. It means that a boy must be a first class scout. And that means a great deal. It means that he puts into daily practice the ideals and principles of

A First Class Scout

the Scout Oath and Law. The Oath is as follows: (1) To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law. (2) To help other people at all times. (3) To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally clean. The Scout Law requires a Boy Scout to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent.

The slight friction that has existed, and perhaps will arise in the future between certain members of a community and those who are somewhat less sensitive finds its type in the present difficulty in Glencoe. "Glencoe Day" is objected to by

Why Not Get Together?

the Woman's Library Club. Doubtless it would be more accurate to say that the Club objects to the way "Glencoe Day" has been celebrated. The objection, in the form of a petition against these celebrations, declares that those in charge "have filled the park with all manner of gambling devices and concessions, including games of chance." These devices, etc., "are demoralizing and degrading to our citizens and particularly our youth; cast odium and reproach on our village and filled our park with an undesirable class of people."

Doubtless this opposition may be found in every community in the civilized world. The so-called highbrows and the so-called low-brows will never agree exactly as to what is the proper thing. Some people of ordinary manners and morals will never please their brothers and sisters who live on the other side of the tracks. Gambling in any form, even the mildest, will be frowned upon by the teetotalers.

So we who do not undertake to be judges of morality, in such matters as public picnics, suggest that the parties concerned get together and yield a few points.

The throngs of voters crowding the polls on Primary Day is evidence that people will vote if only they can be brought to regard the issue as unusually important. How to get certain people to vote at ordinary elections is a hard problem. But perhaps not insolvable. The small boy objects vigorously to cleaning his finger nails even for festal occasions. However, as he grows older the boy forms the habit, and then nail cleaning becomes automatic. In like manner the habit of voting can be formed.

If you have ever been in England you will be stirred when you read in a recent book of an English soldier in Palestine who, when longing for his home-land, vowed that if he lived to see it again he would "wander through the lanes of England and little thatched villages of England and lie on English grass watching an English sky". But if you have never been there you may not be stirred.

Very nearly all of the talks on child pedagogy in these latter days lay emphasis on the training of the mothers. Little is said about training the child and less about training the fathers. We rather think that the reason for this is that if the mother comes to know what stimuli are good for children, it will then follow that the child will grow as he ought to. Little is said about the fathers because he is home so seldom.

We note with pleasure that among the artists to appear in the Winnetka Music Club recitals next year are Muzio, Spalding, and Horowitz. Which makes us almost, but not quite, wish that the fall were already here.

Only one of the newly painted North Western coaches have we seen, and that didn't strike us as especially attractive. We have grown to like the familiar yellow.

SHORE LINES

THE SEA GULL

*How wonderfully graceful the sea gull is,
As he sails through the peaceful sky;
He soars and he dips like the phantom ships
Of my dreams, and I wonder why,
Just why it is that the lovely gull
On his voyage should be so free,
While I am only a Prisoner of Hope,
Then the sweet thought comes to me;
That in spite of the chains that hold me fast
I should be content with my lot,
For out of my Hope comes a Love and Faith
That the sea gull knoweth not.*

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

Careful Now, Len

The press of Illinois won a victory over the peepul at last week's neat overhauling of our political mechanism, according to no less an authority than King Len, the dethroned. And we wondered whether reference was to that extremely interesting journal conveying "a message from the Governor" which reached our doorstep day before election.

Or What Have You?

We have lately—through the good offices of Gentleman Jim—become availed of an unabridged edition of Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases. In it Jim inscribes this legend: "To 'Mique'—an' may ye always find the right word." Which may or may not be a gentle thrust in the general direction of our cylindrical expanse of jargon, gibberish, jabber, mere hocus-pocus, fustian, rant, bombast, balderdash, palaver, flummery, verbiage, babble, bavardage, baragouin, platitude, niaiserie, insanity, rigmarole, rodomantade, twaddle, twattle, fudge, trash, stuff and nonsense—as Roget would say in his Thesaurus.

Old Love

*Call me your beloved,
Never stand apart,
And let your sudden passion
Beat against my heart.*

*Hide and seek for children,
But we are growing old,
Tomorrow has a way
Of waking, wan and cold.*

—WICKIE.

Fourth of July's Coming

Dear Mique—The Village (Wilmette) forgot to put out its flags on our Village election day last Tuesday. We forgot to vote!

—A Woman Voter.

Mother

*There's a wee little lady
In the gentlest brown,
With a bit of lace
Caught at the throat of her gown.
With happy eyes loving us,
Lingering so,
Upon memories of children,
And days long ago.
Though distance may stretch
Far between us and wide;
In my dreams she is ever
With me at my side.
Home, pictured in summer's
New green is more fair,
Because someone's mother
Is just living there.
It may be a cottage,
Or mansion quite grand;
But home is made heaven
By the touch of her hand.
With her love she enfolds me
Wherever I go,
In that little word, Mother,
From cradle lisped low,
That divine word, just Mother,
The sweetest I know.*

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

Hot Cross Puns

Since the old Fanning residence in Glencoe was mysteriously consumed by fire just as the workmen were proceeding to raze the ancient structure, there has arisen considerable speculation concerning who fanned the flames.

And so to Wrigley Field and the Cubs' pretentious (we hope) inaugural.

—MIQUE.