

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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, obituaries, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

Louis L. Emmerson's reply to the late letter sent him by the Wilmette Voters' Advisory Committee is so straight and clear that we think we are wholly justified in reprinting it in our editorial columns. If every branch of government lived up to the letter and spirit of this reply, America would be a real democracy. Read what he wrote.

Emmerson's Straight Reply

"I have your letter asking me to state my position relative to the 'divorce of politics from crime.'

"I should think my whole private and public career would be sufficient guarantee of my attitude. I have never been aligned with the criminal element in politics or elsewhere and certainly have no intention of being aligned with that element now. My campaign for the Republican nomination for governor was made on a platform of good government. No government is a good government unless it protects the decent, law abiding citizen in his home and at his business and assures him the right to have his ballot cast without interference and honestly counted when cast. Neither is it good government if the criminal element in our society has any domination of or influence with those charged with its administration.

"I pledged the people that if nominated and elected I would give them an administration free from graft, extravagance or mismanagement. I promised to administer the government honestly, fearlessly and efficiently.

"These were my pledges before the primary and they are my pledges now. Never in my life have I betrayed a public trust.
Louis L. Emmerson."

Many, if not most, of to-day's troubles will be gone tomorrow. What teacher is there who has not gone to bed wondering how she was going to deal with that troublesome boy in her class, and has gone to school the next day to find that the boy was not so bad as she had expected? And has it never happened that a business man worrying over some bill demanding payment tomorrow has received in the morning's mail a nice fat check? Of course the unexpected doesn't always happen. The clouds don't always roll away. But relief does very often come, often enough to justify us in not worrying when we have done the very best we can.

Teachers coming to our North Shore communities often find it next to impossible to learn of boarding places that are desirable and at the same time fairly inexpensive. They can be greatly assisted in their search by dwellers in the communities who have rooms to rent and are willing to charge rates within the modest incomes of teachers.

Had you been in Evanston on a recent Friday or Saturday, just preceding Poppy Day, you might have seen parked at the curb a queer-looking vehicle. It bore a distant resemblance to a small ark, and in fact was called by its owners "the first ark since the flood." It was covered with multitudes of queer trophies, mostly license plates from every state in the Union.

Are They Deserving?

The apparent owners of this outlandish motor vehicle were two men dressed in a sort of undress army uniform. Both were using crutches, having apparently been crippled in fighting for their country. As we were passing, one of the men said in an undertone, "Buddy, will you help a couple of disabled soldiers?" We took the card that he offered and on it read: "Good citizens remember the boys. The sale of this card will help one of these disabled veterans of the world war who is deserving. We thank you." On the reverse side was a picture of the "ark."

We said nothing and gave nothing to the man. Maybe the two were veterans, but we doubt it. They seemed more like two beggars who were taking advantage of the sympathy for crippled soldiers and of a willingness to help disabled veterans. We understand that some such men were begging on the streets of Winnetka some years ago and were denounced by the local Legion as impostors.

It would be a pity if such men as these should weaken our gratitude to the men who made such sacrifices for us only a few years ago. We trust that we shall remain intelligent enough to discriminate between the rascal in soldier's clothing and the real veteran.

If the persons with whom we are most familiar may serve as criteria we must conclude that there are many persons in North Shore villages who not only do not use our community libraries but who are not even acquainted

Use Your Local Library

with the size, equipment, and range of these same libraries. Those adults and children who are regular users of village books know pretty well what the libraries can do for them.

Many boys do practically all their reading in books from public libraries. They have few books at home other than school books. Scott and Stevenson and Verne would have no chance to tell their wonderfully thrilling stories to these boys, were there not in the neighborhood a building filled with books by these authors and others only a little less interesting.

For fifty years books have been to us a treasure-house of delight. We remember one large book telling of the experiences of David Livingstone, the African missionary. In the volume were pictures of lions and buffalos. One picture that we shall never forget showed the missionary lying helpless under the huge forepaws of a gigantic lion. With what a mingling of horrors and fascination did we gaze upon that frightful sight!

But to return to our village libraries. Become a borrower. Plan to take on your vacation ten books for the entire summer. Maybe you will want to take along with you the biography of Livingstone.

SHORE LINES

FLOWERS

Flowers—
They bloom on my right,
They bloom on my left,
They bloom in the meadows,
They escort me when I stroll
Through the grandeur of silent forests—

Flowers—
They welcome me through garden gates,
They meet me when I traverse valleys,
They greet me when I clamber hills—

Flowers—
All sorts of flowers—
Every flower upon the plain;
All are my constant companions—
All, but one:
The dearest flower I know—
A flower that waits o'er yonder hills—
The sweetest of all
Flowers.

—YAKUMAIA.

Laugh, Clown!

This is the pathetic story of a clown who did not succeed. At the age of five he ran away from home with a featherbed under one arm and a baked ham under the other, and joined a passing circus. By the time he had reached the age of discretion he had played in 1,000 towns, and they say he laughed on the average of four laughs a minute. He was a riot, a sensation, a whizz, but no big circuses would take him on. When he questioned them, they evaded his eyes, murmuring excuses. So he kept on in the small circuses, laughing infectiously through life. But every once in a while he would stop in the middle of a laugh and wonder why he could not quite reach the top of the circus ladder. If it chanced to be during one of his acts, the audience would go off into gales of laughter at his ludicrous expression. Finally, when he reached the age of 89 years, and was reclining contentedly on his death bed, the secret was revealed to him, and as its truth flashed before him he laughed loud and long. He was the only clown in existence who did not have a heartache to conceal.

—WICKIE.

Fil(ler)

Again the envious individual whose name appears at the base of this column of poetry, politics, and persiflage feels inspired to take a tilt at our wise habit of vacating now and then. He ought to know, using his brain now and then, that mental industry is of all work the most taxing, requiring a rest of two days regularly out of every seven, and six weeks, at least, during the sultry summer. A comparison of whatever Mique himself produces for this column with the two entirely original pillars of wisdom and wit adjoining it on the west will convince any fair-minded reader that having unusual intelligence what we need most is recreation and plenty of rest.

—FIL, THE FILOSOFER.

The Gold Digger

(Apologies to Lord Byron)

This modern maid is a coquette
And joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate
Alike she knows how to dissemble.
Her heart can both be bought or sold
How e'er it beats, it beats most queerly;
And as it always bends to gold
To love you long 'twill cost you dearly.

—H. F. S.

New Order of Things

An Iowa judge, one is informed in recent news dispatches, has recently ruled that "back seat" driving is not sufficient ground for divorce. Strangely enough, the plaintiff in the case was a woman.

Our good friend "Moon" Baker is credited with the following, (in the course of a discussion on the prospects for a Chicago subway): "It would seem quite impossible to build a subway in Chicago since all the room is taken by the underworld."

And if they did build a subway, who'd dare to ride in it?

—MIQUE.