

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK.

by  
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## Christmas Seals

**B**EGINNING with Thanksgiving and extending to Christmas the Christmas seals of the Anti-tuberculosis Association will be conspicuously on the market. No one can plead the difficulty of securing the seals as an excuse for their absence from his pre-Christmas mail and holiday packages.

Everyone buys packages of the little Christmas seals which are displayed with the ornamental cord for the doing up of the gifts provided. The head of jolly old Santa, the pointed evergreen tree, the mistletoe—all add to the festive bedecking of Christmas presents. They look more in harmony with the joyous character of the season than the other seals. But only to those who forget the real significance of Christmas.

Nothing can be more in tune with the idea of peace on earth and good-will to man than the expression of a readiness and desire to help drive from the world the scourge of tuberculosis. Every little seal, with its red symbol of the purpose of the organization whose work is forwarded by the sum realized from their sale, proclaims the sympathy and co-operation of the purchaser. No one who appreciates the good that the association has done to relieve those who have fallen victim to the plague and to protect those who are constantly exposed to infection can be excused for failure to contribute in this appointed way to help the cause of health.

Buy Christmas seals!

## The Library

**T**HE community library grows constantly in usefulness as an institution to the people who patronize. No longer is the library looked to solely as the source of reading material with which to while away an idle evening. Rather is it as a source of information on every sort of subject that the library patron turns to its shelves.

Fundamentally the only value of education is to create a desire for knowledge, to train the mind in its capacity to use knowledge and to teach the individual where to turn to find what he wants to know and to be able to apply the information when found to the solution of his particular problem. Any other sort of training in school is valueless except in a superficial way.

In the library one finds food for every intellectual need. One may turn there with confidence expecting to find instruction and inspiration for any purpose. The housewife finds there material to help her feed her family with greater effectiveness. She may learn the principles that underlie the decoration of the house in which her family is being reared in such a way as to make it

a home, where restfulness and harmony are the background for the household life.

There the carpenter may find detailed instruction in the matter in which he particularly is interested. The bee keeper, the horticulturist, the architect, men and women of any and every profession will find help and interest. As a contribution to the real life of a community there are few, if any agencies, that equal the library in importance and value.

The opening of a story hour for children is an innovation in the community library. Children love a story and the lessons so taught are among the enduring impressions of childhood. Few women possess the story telling talent, even if they have the time and the inclination to give that sort of entertainment to the children with whom they come in contact. It is not a natural attribute of motherhood, by any manner of means. It is an art to be cultivated and studied, practiced with appreciation of its high quality.

Children love the tales of the old heroes and heroines of mythology. They love the fairy tales and stories of adventure and wandering. And they love them the more when they are told to them with the animation that the story teller puts into her narrative. When they have become men and women they will remember the story hours and bless the opportunity that was theirs to fill their young minds with the matters that are in the background of every culture.

The more the library extends its service to the intellectual life of the people who live within its reach, the better will that people be.

## Limited Parking

**R**ESTRICTIONS as to the time for parking is always a nuisance to the person who has to move his car at the expiration of the period allowed. To the driver who follows into the space vacated the justice and wisdom is apparent, for at least the allotted time. Here is only another instance of the fact that life is essentially a compromise. To secure one benefit we must sacrifice another.

The coming of the automobile was a factor unconsidered by our predecessors, who planned the highways through our towns and cities. What appeared to them laudable economy by the limitation of paving space has become to us a considerable embarrassment. But the situation is here and not to be changed without such sacrifice of property of values as make it, for the present at least, out of the question.

There remains only the necessity of making the best of it, of providing such regulations as will impose the least hardship upon the general public. A time limit to parking in those sections in which cars are likely to accumulate is one of the unavoidable restrictions.

In every community there are men, women, and children who need help. To give this help Relief and Aid societies have been organized. But these societies, it must be remembered, are merely agents for their respective communities. People forming these communities must therefore supply their agents with money and material to be distributed among these needy individuals. Winter, ahead of time this year, is just now making felt the great need for clothes for our community poor or others temporarily helpless. Get in touch with your local Relief and Aid agent and find out what you can do.

# Shore Lines

## LIFE SILHOUETTES

*I saw the shadows pass:*

*Twisted shapes, shambling wearily,  
 Ragged at the edges by life;*

*Rounded, steady forms, yet grim,  
 Turning a bit and questioning;*

*Jocose, banty caricatures, overboldly  
 Strutting with fear-filled fearlessness;*

*Tall blacknesses, with sweeping lines,  
 Hurrying, yet walking with the stars;*

*Tiny, timid figures, faltering  
 With steps not yet grown wise;*

*Tomorrow there will only be*

*The print of feet on the desert . . .*

—RUTH.

We've been so busy ever since we became a conductor (column, not street car) that we've hardly had time to do justice to our new position. Our friends complain that we don't look the part; our enemies insinuate that, judging from the column, THE SLAVE may be the janitor. We welcome any kind of comment, so this is an invitation to fire away. Have you a little hammer in your home?

## PRICELESS GEMS OF THE WEEK

(Culled from the New Trier News, of New Trier High School.)

First Convict: "When I get outa this pen I'm gonna have a hot time, ain't you?"

Second Convict: "Don't know; I'm in for life."

## Want Ads

WILL EXCHANGE ukelele for a baby-carriage.  
 Newly-wed.

## BEG YOUR PARDON!

The repetition of the poem "Giving Thanks," which appeared in this column two consecutive weeks, was neither intentional nor due to a lack of other material, as has been insinuated by some of our critics. The blame may be placed partly on the mixup which resulted from getting our papers out a day early Thanksgiving week and partly on Wild Bill, the demon make-up man, who assembled the column in our absence.



Princess Punk

## OUR LITTLE GIRL REPORTER

This will introduce our little girl reporter, Princess Punk, who will "cover" all events of importance for SHORE LINES. She will also issue advice to the lovelorn, give cooking recipes, health hints, sporting news, weather reports, tips on the stock market and, in addition, will read proof on this column, make it up when we're not around, sweep out the shop and fight our battles with Wild Bill, the demon make-up man of the back shop.

She is a product of the north shore, having been born and reared just eight blocks east of Sheridan road, where she has spent her entire life. She knows north shore life from the inside out, as it were, and is unusually competent to write on subjects pertaining to the district. Having graduated with honors from 87 of the 91 courses offered by the Universal Correspondence school, her range of information covers nearly every subject. You are invited to submit to her any question or problem which may confront you. We know you'll like her!

—THE SLAVE.