

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Christmas

CHRISTMAS only a week away! Already there is that feeling of joyous anticipation which grows steadily as the days go by bringing nearer and nearer the holiday which is so significantly in harmony with the sense of kinship that holds family members close together at this season of the year.

Christmas is like no other time. Hearts are kinder, love is stronger, thoughts of self have receded into the background. At Christmas we really feel that "good will towards man" of which the herald angels sang. Peace on earth seems to be coming nearer, with the realization on the part of more and more people that war has nothing in it to harmonize with the songs which have proclaimed its glory and honor. We have come to see its waste and hideousness and are beginning to suspect its uselessness.

Peace on earth, good will to man! What a slogan for a generation to adopt, not only for the Christmas season but for the whole three hundred and sixty days of the year.

We say a "Merry Christmas" and we mean that we really do wish that each home into which our paper comes may have on that day a fulfilment of every desire. We read the Christmas story and we realize that in that first great Gift to mankind there was nothing of the sort of spirit that we, two thousand years after the event, associate with the Day of the Nativity.

Let us on this coming Christmas Day be merry, but let us too, take thought of how we, today and here, can forward that ideal of Christmas which was proclaimed at the time of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem.

When We Sing

MEMBERSHIP in the Winnetka Glee club, it has been announced, may be secured during the present month, provided, of course, one has the necessary vocal qualifications. There should be a whole hearted response to the invitation, both for the pleasure and benefit that the individual will derive from taking part in the activities of the Glee club and also for the contribution that the organization makes to the cultural facilities of the village.

It is a happy people that sings. Involuntarily one bursts into song when the outlook on life is particularly pleasing. But it works the other way too. Those who find life a little less than might be desired take new courage and find fresh inspiration in singing with others.

Not by chance did community singing become a recognized part of the war-time meeting. It was generally acknowledged that the audience was benefited by the half hour or so of singing that preceded the pro-

gram of the meeting. A sense of community interest, and uplifting of the spirit and stimulating of patriotism resulted.

What Books?

IN no part of Christmas buying is there likely to be as little thought given as in the purchase of books for children. Adults go to the book-shop or to the book-department in the city store bent upon checking off the names of the boys and girls who appear on their Christmas lists. They have little acquaintance, for the most part, with the juvenile literature and only vaguely remember what sort of a book it was that delighted their own childhood.

Times have changed and with them children's books. Choice is no longer limited to nursery rhymes or those once approved tales of boys and girls so good as to be nauseating. Today we have an endless variety of books written expressly for children, books which tend to train in the young reader a taste that will be a joy in later years.

Not everybody can be "up" on children's literature. It is a subject that requires more or less steady attention to the output of the publishing houses. Mothers, many of them, feel that the matter is of sufficient importance to warrant the expenditure of the time necessary to become properly informed. But mere aunts and uncles and cousins and old family friends are not likely to qualify as suitable judges of what to buy or not to buy at the book counter.

At the public library advice may be had for the asking. In the book-shop, and less likely in the department store, the attendant may help in the determination of the purchase. Among one's friends there may be someone who knows children's books and can give wise counsel. It matters little where information is found. The point is to know what books are worth buying for the children whose whole future attitude towards books and reading may be affected by the volumes received at Christmas.

The Blind

THE report of the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind, recently compiled and presented by Alfred Allen, the energetic and devoted secretary of the school, is full of interesting facts. The figures will surprise one unacquainted with the amount and variety of the school's activities.

At the date of the report, October, 1925, 598 pupils are listed as taking 935 courses. Almost 600 individual blind people taking not far from 1000 separate courses! The youngest pupil is 15 years of age. The oldest is 83. The average is approximately 35. And though most of the correspondents live in the United States, will there are some in Canada, the Philippine Islands, China, India, and Australia.

The growth of the school since January, 1925, is not merely remarkable; it is alarming! The membership has almost doubled in size in less than a year. At this rate the present offices on Lincoln avenue in Winnetka will very soon be outgrown. Probably they will be, because additions and inquiries are coming in every day.

If one will try to imagine what this studying means to these 600 blind adults, what their growth in knowledge and ability means to them, he will begin to appreciate justly the valuable labors of Mr. Hadley and his associates.

Shore Lines

THE TRAVELLERS

We met,—my dear, remember?—
As travellers wandering through
Loved paths and precious nooks,
Discovering quaint, like tastes
In the curl of dying leaves,
And songs of shade-clothed pools . . .

One treasured hour we lingered,
But hours end too soon;
We kissed, our lips clinging
Like vine tendrils clutching
Desperately a mouldering wall;
An darkness whispered through . . .

O, was that hour, so fleet,
Too perfect to repeat?

—ROBIN

It Is Indeed Fortunate That They Didn't Fail at the Crucial Moment

"The New Trier High School Concert Band gave its first concert of the year on Friday night, December 4th. The band succeeded in playing some very difficult numbers, especially 'Poet and Peasant' overture."

NEW TRIER NEWS.

We'll Have to Wait for Horace

"The double sextet played a miserere from 'Il Trovatore' and a sextet from 'Lucia di Lamermoor.' The sextet, however, was not a success because Horace Hubbard, who had a very important part, was absent and had the music with him, so that no one else could play it."

NEW TRIER NEWS.

THE FALLING STAR

You would not heed my love
My dear, so I
Have hung it, a lonely star
Tucked in the sky.

So long it shone, and you
Heard not its calling,
That now, my dear, my dear,
The star is falling!

—LAUREL.

We received a letter from one who signed herself "A Wolverine" some time ago. Later, upon looking for it, we found it not. Having no Vangie in this office we were forced to conclude that The Flaming Youth (our proofreader) had approached too close to it, destroying it without leaving a trace. The blame must rest upon us, however, as we found it, together with some last year's Christmas cards and other long-sought valuables, when we cleaned out a drawer of our desk this week. We hope that the Wolverine will see this and write us again.

Having read with interest the many earnest exhortations to "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" which have appeared in the columns of this paper for weeks past we suddenly were conscious of a guilty feeling because we had not done ours. Checking up in the office, we learned that neither had the editor, nor the society editor. We went no farther, fearing we would find no one who had. A careful calculation convinces us that if we get through with the paper early enough Christmas eve, we may be able to buy a few things then. "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early."

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

As Christmas time is drawing near
We laugh and sing and loudly cheer it;
We're hoping you'll be full of cheer
And (whispers) full of Christmas spirit.

THE SLAVE.