

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—maybe a mile!
Suddenly the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.
—And that's how umbrellas first were invented.
—*Oliver Herford.*

Lest We Be Swallowed

IT is prophesied that in 1950 Chicago will stretch along the shore of Lake Michigan from Waukegan to Michigan City, a hundred miles of territory all to be under one municipal control. It is a prospect that is not pleasing to such communities as ours which is beloved by us just because it is different from Chicago.

But the fact that we do not like the prospect does not change the conditions that have brought it forth. We shall have to do more than that.

The future of the north shore towns and villages rests with the people who live there. Unless there is a constant and thoughtful consideration of the trend of events and a consistent program of individual municipal development that will meet and overcome the natural tendency of the great city to spread and absorb, the chances are that those who foretell the mighty Chicago of the next quarter century are true prophets.

Each of our communities has its own small group of those who can see the vision of what this district might be in the future. They can forecast what will be the conditions and prescribe a method of control. We have our planners and our plans, but we do not give to these plans the attention and the support that we should to put them to work to bring the north shore into such a state that there will be such a strong sense of community interest and so intelligent a plan of serving it that absorption into Chicago cannot take place.

If the towns of the north shore are to maintain their several individualities as municipalities it rests with the people to build to that end. What we of this generation devise and do will determine what the people of the next will have to build upon.

Izaak Walton League

MODERN city and suburban life is largely indoor life. Seldom, especially in the winter, do we go out doors, unless it is to get from one building to another. And even then we shorten to a minimum the exposure to the elements by making the trip in a closed car. We hurry from house-door to car as if afraid of catching some infection.

The results of this indoor life are loss of appreciation of the great outdoors, lowered resistance, and lessened love of living. If one is to increase his appreciation of nature he must live with nature, brave the hardships of primitive life and visit northern Wisconsin in January. He must skate in zero weather, go bob-sledding with his boys and girls these crisp arctic evenings. What will at first be far worse than unpleasant will become a real joy.

In the second place life behind home walls means lowered resistance not only to cold but also to disease. The purer, moister air of the outdoors is better for the mucous membranes than the stale, dry air of living-room and bedroom. When epidemics of influenza spread abroad, hot-house humans fall easy victims.

Finally, indoor life decreases love of living. This result is closely related to the two foregoing results. Dislike of outdoor life and poor health affect one's attitude towards life itself, causing one to question the real value of living, to become pessimistic. An effective cure for this pessimism is to leave the house and live outdoors.

Any organization that has for its avowed object the promotion of outdoor sports, preservation of our natural resources, love of life in the open—such an organization is to be praised and supported in every way and at all times. We have such a society on the north shore—the Izaak Walton league.

"I Hereby Resolve!"

IF the married ladies—God bless them!—didn't resolve on New Years to keep buttons sewed on their husbands' clothes, when would they have the time and desire to so resolve? Never! So it's a good thing that the year is no longer than 365 days, and that January 1st comes at least once every year.

The ladies—and the men as well—resolve soon after Christmas to do better than they have been doing, to begin all over again, to turn over a new leaf. And what, we ask, is a better time to make a fresh beginning than the very first day of the new year?

All human progress that goes against the so-called natural tendencies, all growth against the grain, has to be started by a "I hereby resolve," a determination to improve. This resolution is the meeting point of I won't and I will. On this day the ship of life comes up into the wind and slowly veers around onto the other track. The vessel heads for another port.

New Year's Day is the occasion that brings the matter to a head, the factor, small in itself, that finally forces the making of the good resolution. It's a most valuable day and one that every calendar maker must take into account, remembering that there must be at least one day every year which, because it is the FIRST DAY, will induce our hesitating hero to sign on the dotted line.

Shore Lines

WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS MAY DO

You never can tell my friend
What your thoughts may do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things,
And their airy light wings
Fly swift as a carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe;
Each thing creates its kind,
They fly o'er the track
And they bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.
When the sands in the hourglass faller
And the end of it all is nigh,
When the signal is made for the curtain
And the footlights begin to die,
It is good to glance back at the duties
We have done in the days gone by.

—HARRY LEE BURGESS.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Beer was five cents a glass and the lunch was free. Eggs were three dozen for a quarter, milk was five cents a quart. The butcher gave liver to the cat and treated the kids to bologna. The hired girl was satisfied with \$2.00 per week and did the washing. Women did not powder or paint, smoke, play poker or shake the shimmy. The men wore boots and whiskers, chewed tobacco, spat on the sidewalk, worked eleven hours a day and never went on a strike. A kerosene lamp and stereopticon in the parlor were luxuries. No one was operated on for appendicitis or bought glands. Folks lived to a good old age just the same and walked miles to wish their friends **A Merry Christmas!**

TODAY

Everybody rides in automobiles or airships, plays poker, shoots crap, plays the piano with their feet, goes to the movies, smokes cigarettes, drinks synthetic gin and blames the H. C. L. on the Republicans. They never go to bed the same day they get up, and think they are having a wonderful time. This is the age of suffragettes, profiteers, excess taxes and prohibition, and if you think life worth living, we wish you **A Happy New Year!**

—MAC.

HOMER MCKEE'S PRAYER

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I may lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me. I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

And when there comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: "Here Lies a Man."

We're going to go to New Trier high school Saturday evening and hear Capt. Donald MacMillan tell all about the northland, and exhibit his 9,000 feet of film taken within 11 degrees, or some such distance, of the north pole. We want to see the Eskimo girls dancing to jazz music, received over the radio, on the decks of the Bowdoin, MacMillan's schooner. We want to see the charge of a muskox bull, who nearly cost the captain a moving picture camera and his life. We want to see the pictures of the polar bear cub captured by the party. But most of all we want to hear MacMillan tell the story of his exploits. Mac is the man who should know all about the north; he has spent most of the past 10 years within the shadow of the pole.

THE SLAVE.