

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—T. B. Aldrich.

Banks in Suburbs

BANKS perform an invaluable service to the residents of their respective communities. They expedite the business of corporations and individuals in their various suburbs and lend a stability to activities and enterprises which would otherwise be sadly missed.

Imagine our immediate group of suburbs without banks. The losses and inconveniences would be felt by almost every resident, old and young. Householders would be obliged either to pay all bills in cash personally or do their banking in the city bank. This would entail great loss of time and energy. Two or three times each week, at the least, the depositor would be obliged to make a special trip to the bank, and if, as in many families, the wife administered the home expenses she would surely do it at the expense of her vital energy. What a bankless town would mean to the town's business men in loss of simplified banking, time, and money it would be difficult to exaggerate.

In the list of institutions which are responsible for the happiness of suburbanites the bank will rank among the highest.

Thrills

JOHAN DEWEY, in his latest and perhaps most representative book, says that "man is more pre-occupied with enhancing life than with bare living." He goes on to say, "Any excuse serves for a holiday and the more the holiday is decked out with things that contrast the pressure of work-a-day life while re-enacting its form, the more a holiday it is. The more unrestrained the play of fancy the greater the contrast. The supernatural has more thrills than the natural, the customary."

In these sentences Dewey emphasizes his belief that living is primarily enjoyment, and only secondarily a matter of industry and serious business. The Fourth of July is grasped eagerly as an opportunity for having a good time and not as an occasion for expressing gratitude to the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Human beings want thrills, above everything else.

Naturally men don't like to work. They like to be entertained. They labor because they have to. The liking to work is an

artificial acquirement, the result of the attempt to make fun out of a necessity. The normal human being loves to play. The fine, or useless, arts man takes to instinctively. He enjoys the drama of life. Under the thin veneer of adult convention the "grown-up" is a child, amusing himself. Do you agree with Dewey?

Better Not

IF your better judgment suggests that your car cannot climb to the top of a snowy or icy hill—DON'T try it! Once we tried to climb the south slope of Hubbard Hill after a slight snowfall. We were going up nicely when suddenly the wheels began to slip, and we slid up against the west bank of the road. There we stayed until somebody who knew more than we did came along and helped us up to the top. Now we go around via Green Bay road.

Don't try to beat the other car across the street intersection. If you do beat him, you gain nothing. If you meet him halfway, you may have to sell your home to pay the damages. If you let him get across first, you can make up what you've lost by accelerating in the middle of the next block.

Don't go against your better judgment!

Round the World

CIRCUMNAVIGATE the globe! What a great prospect and what a wonderful accomplishment! And how we'd like to do it!

Every day or so we read of people of leisure and means who are about to tour the world. New York, Panama, the Orient, Palestine, Europe, New York. These world tourists will go on voyages of discovery as thrilling and not half so dangerous as those of the old Spanish navigators. They will see the countries and peoples told of in poem and story.

We should like to board some staunch steamer not far from Hoboken. If the vessel were southward bound we'd prefer to embark in midwinter and live on board until we had returned to our starting point some time in June. After inspecting our state-room we'd walk about the boat a while to get a little used to our new home. When we reached a port we'd look around the town and get as well acquainted as our brief stay would allow.

When we reached the Orient we'd get up early and take in all the sights from the very first to the last streak of light. We'd want to see and hear and smell all the Oriental things we've read about in papers and books. We'd like to see a mandarin and a rickshaw, and a Chinese junk.

But where can we get the time and the money?

We aren't sure what use will be made of that dormer window projection on the new North Shore station at Elm street. It may be intended for a gateman's house, a place where he can stand and see what's coming. At present it's a kind of architectural anomaly, something tacked on as an afterthought.

In midwinter with the mercury hovering around zero, it's a great comfort to know that the health authorities have sufficient faith in the return of summer to be discussing the mosquito nuisance. We're a little surprised that they—the mosquitoes or their eggs—can survive our sub-zero snaps.

Shore Lines

THE OTHER SIDE

*What you mean, "that miserable class?"
Ye Gods, we be the happy mortals;
We are blessed, and free without a trace
Of those who make life miserable.*

*Just think, all they seem to do and know
Is gabble and dance all of the night,
Hen-peck, and drag us around—oh, no!
To listen to their gab ain't right.*

*Ho! Ho! a happy bachelor I;
A king pin upon God's great, green earth.
Without a care—with open clear eye
I dwell in peace, far from human dearth.*
—HAPPY PEACEFUL BACHELOR.

Greetings, Mr. H. P. Bachelor, welcome to our happy little family and so on, but please lay off the poetry next time. It is only natural that anyone with enough sense to remain a bachelor would have far too much sense to be a good poet, so don't be offended. The sentiments you expressed are correct, if not perfect, and that's why we couldn't resist printing the—er—contribution.

INKY EDDIE

*Eddie Lieske works with ink—
With printers oft runs a race.
He sets fine ads and sets them quick
But gets most of the ink upon his face.*

The above touching little what-ever-it-is was contributed by the back shop collectively. We haven't been able to learn the identity of the composer, or composers, but thank him, or them, in any case. To enlighten the general public we might add that the Eddie referred to is our printers' devil.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS

Social Worker (to convict in prison): "Shall I bring you some magazines to read?"

Convict: "Yes, mum, but don't bring any continued stories. They're going to hang me Monday."

—NEW TRIER NEWS.

Old Man: Son, can you direct me to the bank?

Kid: Yessir, for a quarter.

Old Man: Isn't that mighty high pay?

Kid: Not for a bank director, mister.

—NEW TRIER NEWS.

The above, to the best of our knowledge and belief, are two of the oldest jokes extant. We feel that each should have been retired with a pension about 35 years ago, but as they are still being battered about from column to column we print them here in the hope that this will constitute their final burial.

IF

*If I were a star—a wee, lonely star
Way up there in Heaven's gray,
I'd twinkle and shine till a bright
pal I'd find;
Then we'd stroll down the Milky
Way!*

—NEPTUNE.

We have spent much time recently in trying to discover what really does become of a joke. Fred Donaghey, dramatic critic of the Chi Trib says that when a good joke dies it goes on the stage. We have observed recently that after it has gone on the stage, a joke usually appears in some of the cheaper magazines of alleged wit. Then, in a few days, one sees it in the Line O' Type. After that, it appears in the next issue of the New Trier News, from which we often cull it for Shore Lines. Where does the chain end? Can anyone enlighten us?

THE SLAVE.