

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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From the days of Adam down to the present days of Eve and her daughters, people have learned to do by doing. Adam himself never would have learned to till the soil and thus force it to yield him and his family a living had he not actually stirred up the ground, planted the seed, and cultivated his little field. So far as we know, nobody before Adam knew how to raise grain and fruits. But he learned by doing. Doubtless also Eve learned dressmaking in the same way.

If one desires to learn home building, let him actually build a home. A less expensive way, though not so profitable from an educational point of view, would be to observe a more skilled builder. By simply watching, and thinking as he watches, he will understand why first of all a solid foundation must be laid. He will perhaps understand why the foundation must be strictly level. He will next see the sills and floor joists laid upon the foundation. He can then imagine the rest of the structure growing up from these substructures.

If he is to have a fireplace—and what is home without a fireplace?—he will note that its foundation is laid at the same time that the principal foundation is laid. The joists laid, the next step is the putting into place of the vertical beams, the studding. Now the house is indeed going up. Boards are then nailed on the studding. Then comes the roof, and if it is a ridge roof the observer will become aware of many problems. The beams that form the roof must be sawed accurately so that the two sides of the roof will lie in two even planes like cards leaning against one another. The watcher will note the sidewise strain that these two roof parts place upon the sidewalls and will understand why tie beams must run across under the roof from one plane to the other.

Were one to see only as much as this of the building of a home he would learn enough to entitle him to some sort of a graduation diploma.

Four thousand five hundred children were killed in automobile accidents during the year 1925.

**4,500  
Killed!**

To say that these children were killed by automobiles is distinctly unfair to the automobile itself. Of course no one really believes that the car itself kills people, but just the same a more exact statement of the facts will help to reduce

the number of deaths. The fact is that the killer is usually the driver. The person behind the wheel is almost always the sole individual responsible for the killing of innocent children.

Moreover, to narrow down the analysis, it is the desire in the mind of the driver to move rapidly that really causes most of the accidents. It is safe to say that if people did not care to drive rapidly, to burn up the road, 4,500 children would not have been killed in 1925.

The question is then, Why do people desire to drive fast? It can't always be because they need to get somewhere. In fact the need for getting somewhere in a short time does not usually exist. In earlier days, before the coming of the auto, people kept their engagements just as promptly as they do now. People drive fast just because they like to drive fast. They love speed for its own sake.

Adolescent boys like to drive fast. They love speed. They can't very well help loving it. If they could travel 500 miles an hour they would. The very velocity itself thrills youth. Men and women who are still childish also love speed. We believe it's because they want to get away from something, usually the dullness of their own everyday lives. Whiskey increases this love of speed. The answer is that such persons should not be allowed to drive cars. If they were not allowed to drive, fewer children would be killed.

Moreover, if all of us would form the habit of liking slower and fuller living our children would not die such untimely deaths.

Man, unaided, cannot move about in the air, his entire body off terra firma. Airplaning is as near as he can get to floating unsupported in the air.

## Swimming

In dreams he can fly somewhat like a bird. But for a number of sufficient reasons he no sooner leaves the earth, than if unaided, he returns at once, and quickly, to mother earth. No doubt it would be great fun to compete with the birds and butterflies.

But, thanks to our Maker, we can almost, if not quite, float in water. We are not restricted to living on earth. We can swim! We might have been made with a specific gravity much greater than we now have; for instance, we might have been made as heavy as iron. Then we could not possibly swim, except by a miracle.

What a joy it is, especially on warmish days, to swim! To bathe, to swim, just to be in the water—what wonderful fun it is!

A morning summer dip in a clear, clean lake is on a warm morning an invaluable refresher. It is not pleasant, we admit, to get out of a comfortable bed, pull on a bathing suit a size too small, and proceed more or less gingerly to the water's edge. Nor is the descent into the cool water a pure delight. But after these preliminaries are over, the remainder is unalloyed pleasure. To stand in the water, feet planted on smooth, solid sand, and then launch out vigorously into a dozen lusty strokes—where is there an exercise more enjoyable and at the same time more beneficial?

How good it is to be an amphibian!

## SHORE LINES

### THE ROSE LEAVES

*As the leaves and petals fall  
Listen for my Spirit's call!  
Safely in some fragrant urn  
Let their perfume sweetly burn!*

*Every petal is a prayer  
Softly, sweetly uttered there!  
Every leaf a thought of thee!  
Here—in death—eternally!*

*Like the bee that seeks the flowers  
Through the bright and sunny hours,  
Leads himself with honeyed sweet,  
Homeward wings to his retreat—*

*Let my Soul still soar and mount,  
Drinking sweetness at thy fount!  
Let the ills of life betide—  
In thy Love I'm sanctified!*

—H. A. MILLS.

We don't know what the Line will look like when we get through with it this week as we can't think of anything but our vacation. We leave Saturday and won't have anything to do with the line for the next two weeks.

### THE PAPER BOY

Our Paper Boy is such a mite—  
I see him in the early light  
Just trudging along. He grasps it tight—  
This paper-cart—with all his might;  
And then I feel—well, sort of sad—  
I really want to help the lad.

The handle of his cart and he  
Are just the same height, I can see;  
I wish that I might know his heart  
And if he dreads this early start.  
But as he nears our drive I hear  
His whistled tune so full of cheer—  
It makes a smile light up my face  
And starts the day with better grace.

If in Life's route, my little lad,  
You whistle when the roads are bad  
And bring good will to all you do,  
A future bright I see for you.  
There's many places needing men  
That do not whine—who mean to win;  
Who bridges build when roads are bad—  
God bless you, whistling Paper Lad!

—MISS ANONYMOUS.

### What a Variety of Disasters this Group Wishes Us!

Dere Slave,

Me and Lydia and Elfrieda hope you choke!  
—PEG-LEG.

### OUR OWN JINGLET

Vacation,  
Elation;  
Stagnation—  
"Damnation!"

Because of the absence of the staff artist we will have to do without pictures for this classic little prophecy of ours.

Listen, and you shall hear the great surprise! We have secured, to run the column in our absence, none other than Jane Arnt and Lydia. Jane Arnt is a prominent contributor to Riquarius' Pillar to Post, in the Chicago Evening post, and also contributes occasionally to Dick Little's Line O' Type in the Tribune. She also uses other names than Jane Arnt, so you never know how many contributions she may have in the same day. Lydia is one of our earliest and most faithful contributors and is well known to all readers of Shore Lines. They have received permission to do whatever they want with the column for the next two weeks and we're sure it will be more interesting than ever before.

In the meantime, take care of yourselves till we return. For the next two weeks we will not be

THE SLAVE.