

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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The north shore suburbs are beautiful. We have the reputation of being rather proud of our good looks, and our pride is not ungrounded. Others have told us we are rather comely. In fact we should not have grown so rapidly and real estate prices would not have risen so high, had our natural and man-made surroundings not been notably attractive.

## Let's Keep Them

It is our duty to keep our towns attractive. We ought to allow nothing to detract from this attractiveness. We ought to take signs off our trees. Our lots, especially lots that don't seem to belong to anybody in particular, ought to be kept free from cans and other rubbish. Our bridges and buildings must be kept good looking. Such signs as have appeared on the Willow road viaduct in Winnetka ought to be painted out. We are grateful to the North Shore road for having removed their painted announcement. Perhaps the North Western road has already done likewise.

Let's keep our natural beauties unimpaired.

Nature begins again in April. Human beings begin in September. Isn't there something alarming in this difference between the methods of nature and man? In the fall nature is harvesting her various fruits. All nature, with notable exceptions, matures in the fall. The leaves, the flowers, all come to an end in the autumn. But man then begins a new year.

## Beginning Again

The outstanding event of man's new year is the reopening of the schools. Time was when the children looked forward to the fall session with reluctance, not to say positive distaste. But now things are different. The normal child is glad to return to school. The reopening of the school doors is a happy occasion.

Business men after the comparative slackness of the summer months tighten up their belts a bit and plan to make the new year outstrip the old. What was lacking in the previous year will be supplied in the coming year. Local Chambers of Commerce issue self-imposed orders to their members to beat the record during the coming months.

It is well that both nature and man should begin over again every twelve months. Although everybody knows that this annual cycle is due to a revolution of

the earth round the sun, still we've got so used to it that it would be most unpleasant to live on the planet Neptune, which takes several terrestrial years to run once around the sun.

Make something of your opportunity to begin again.

In these cool and windy wet days, when the going of summer is being announced by sky and land and sea, it will console many to think of the coming of spring. So we print here a very short poem by Lizette Woodworth Reese telling a very little about the "Young Year." We don't know what spicewood is, "A thing so honey-colored and so tall." We suppose that it is a southern shrub or weed, Miss Reese being a native of Maryland. Will some Southern reader enlighten us? Here are the delightful lines:

The spicewood burns along the grey, spent sky,

In moist unchimneyed places, in a wind,  
That whips it all before, and all behind,

Into one thick, rude flame, now low, now high.

It is the first, the homeliest thing of all—  
At sight of it, that lad that by it fares,  
Whistles afresh his foolish, town-caught airs—

A thing so honey-colored and so tall!

It is as though the young year, ere he pass  
To the white riot of the cheery tree,  
Would fain accustom us, here, or there,  
To his new sudden ways with bough and grass,

So starts with what is humble, plain to see,  
And all familiar as a cup, a chair.

Sunday morning beside a relatively small lake in northern Michigan is like any other morning, except for the ringing of church bells in the town across the lake. The sun shines as hotly as on any other day. The birds sing their usual songs. The fish bite as infrequently as on Monday. In short, nature does not know the Sabbath day.

In general the resorter makes as little discrimination as nature. Had he no calendar he would have no means, except the sound of the bells, of knowing that the first day had come round again. The Sabbath calm, spoken of in hymns and sermons, does not exist either in nature or in the average summer cottage.

We know that there are resorters who go to church on Sunday, people who put aside their everyday tasks and participate in public worship; who return to their cottages with the feeling of satisfaction that attends the discharge of duty.

Truly, the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. If an individual man believes that his observance of Sunday as a special day of rest and worship does him a good that he could not otherwise achieve, then he ought certainly go to church on Sunday, whether he is on a vacation in the country or at home engaged in his regular occupation. If he does not so believe, what is his duty on Sunday morning?

## SHORE LINES

### LITTLE FIRES

I sit by little fires,  
Content to never go  
Out visiting beyond  
Their little sober glow.

The kindly smile of love  
Is sufficient light  
For all my little fancies  
Through a little night.

—WICKIE

### Not a Shingle One!

If you're cut up because your long contributions didn't ride our rails, it's 'cause we're not licensed to bob 'em.

### THIS SHOULD BE A BEST SELLER

If you want to feel as important as a nervous angleworm talking to an absent-minded amoeba, read, or rather wrestle with Spengler's book on the downfall of our western civilization. It is a masterly piece of work, and well worth three months' study. You can't read a chapter before going to sleep, but you must promise not to go to sleep while reading a chapter. When you're through, you will have something upsetting to ponder, as you dash about in this declining world, as one of the declining specimens inhabiting it.

—OSCAR

SHORE LINES PARADISE: No punning allowed. Fables for ladies, bandying room for gents.

### Have You a Little Corn Flake in Your Home? (From the Gulf Port, "Daily Gazette.")

September 1: Gulf Port is glad to welcome an honored guest, Mr. -----, journalist, of Wilmette, Ill. Mr. ----- said in an interview with one of our best-looking reporters, that Gulf Port was a lovely city. "To me, Gulf Port has that something so necessary to a beautiful city. It has charm. It has vitality. It has pep. It has street cars, automobiles and even electric lights. In fact, it is a lovely city," said the famous but austere Mr. ----- in his quaint way.

"I am considering giving up my internationally known attitude toward matrimony, Gulf Port has captivated me so."

Mr. ----- wore a suit, chic hat of French pattern, spats (it is rumored). He drove an interesting car.

### CUPID'S CORNER

Dear Lydia: Peg-Leg said of the Slave, "at dawn you'll love once more." Do you think he will? Honest Lydia, I'm in love with him even if he is a woman-hater and a cynic. Ask him if I have a chance will you? I'm bashful.

—EMMY.

### OH. Poetry, in thy name-----

My Dearest Shore Lines: Won't you please get this in before the Big Slave returns?

### To a Clinging Line

Sing oh! Ye pliers and know not why the tiger sunsets.

May'th it not be the electrons seeing on?  
Ties, rails, poles and trolley, such alas mak'th the graggy\* lines.

\*Chaucer.

—MYKE AND LYKE.

### THE SILVER SPOON

Galsworthy's "The Silver Spoon" left us feeling sorry for Fleur, who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and thought she could do what she liked; sorry for her father, old Soames, who always had to do the unpleasant things, and who couldn't remember when anyone had come to see him except to ask for something; sorry for Michael, who was too much in love with Fleur, and who tried too earnestly to wake up Parliament; sorry for Marjorie Ferrar, who was too petted and too modern for her own happiness; sorry for the three miserable war victims, who couldn't adjust themselves when they had their chance; sorry for England, who lived on past prosperity, England who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and still clutched it, although she was toothless. But, strangely, we were also sorry when we finished the book!

—THE THIRTEENTH BUCCANEER

The Slave has put a silver spoon in our mouth—and we hate to give it up!

JANE ARNT AND LYDIA.