

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

In an article written for the quarterly review, "Progressive Education," a former and very well-known resident of Winnetka, Edward Yeomans, tells how the family may be salvaged. The average American family is, as it seems to him, shipwrecked; but something valuable may yet be saved.

"The fact is we are spinning a very terrible sort of web around ourselves and what results is entanglement and huge numbers of dead souls. . . . No great results can be expected from the impact of talk on adults. . . . But there is something which does stir at times in response to an insistent calling from without and a beating on the barred door, and that Something is the immortal Child buried there. . . . The only thing to do is to arrange matters with the people who will be parents in ten or fifteen years.

"The old way of the farm was the best of all educators and integrators. . . . "Let us do the best we can under the circumstances and compensate a little for the lack of the farm and the care of the animals and household crafts and quiet places and seclusion and space to grow in. Let 'home work' be *making things*, in wood, in clay, in copper, with reeds, on looms—with pencil and paint.

"Unless we can escape from these high-walled runways which are designed to deliver us all into bondage, unless we can compensate adequately for these enormous losses we will all end, like Troy, 'in one red, roaring, fiery coal.'

"Interests, intelligently treated, develop into skills, and skills are the greatest of all safeguards against evil when they are properly related to life, past, present and future."

If the shopping district of the loop is jammed in November, what will it be in December? If State street sidewalks are now overflowed by the immense tide of human beings, where will the crowding shoppers find a foothold when the holidays begin in real earnest?

At quitting time in the loop every kind of public transportation is filled to the steps, and almost beyond, with men, women and children, all wanting to get home a little sooner than possible. On the L, platforms, just after the stores close, it's each one for himself, and the next train for the hindmost. In a week or two it will be natural selection and survival of the fittest.

Only the men, boys and mannish women will get home safely.

Life in the shopping loop after Thanksgiving will be subject to unusual risks and hazards. Ladies and girls should take out life and accident insurance before embarking on the ultra-dangerous invasion of the big stores. Indeed, it seems to us that a trip into the jungles of Africa would be less dangerous. Any man who has seen his women-folk just after they have emerged from the holiday wrestling match in the loop will share this view with us.

All of which decides us to do our holiday shopping nearer home.

Put yourself in his place. That's the best way to get the point of view of another person. Do you want to know how the postman feels as he does his daily work? Imagine yourself getting a bag of mail at the post office and delivering it from door to door. Put yourself in his place. Using this method you can get a pretty good line on the train conductor, the kindergartner, the tired mother, the bank president, the motor cop.

What's the best way of finding out the thoughts and feelings of the school boy and the school girl. Put yourself in their respective places. Imagine yourself going to school, marching down the hall, entering the classroom, studying, reciting and having a session with the principal. You'll know more afterwards than you did before.

Did we say this was the best way? Yes? well it isn't! There's a better. And that's actually going to school, actually being in a class, actually getting your meal in the cafeteria. That's what's going on on parent's nights in our high school and our grade schools. It certainly is a top notch way of getting next to school children and school teachers.

We wish parents had done this when we were school children.

One's religious life is broadened and deepened by an unprejudiced study of the Bible. A scientific understanding of the two Testaments, the Old and the New, will give one a valuable insight into the customs and ideas of the ancient Hebrews. The student's own spiritual life will be quickened by this increase of knowledge.

Ideas are not given by one person to another. My ideas are mine and can never be another's. All that the speaker can do is to set in motion air waves or ether waves, which may strike another person's ears or eyes and start nervous currents, which may be followed in that person's mind by ideas. So if you want the other fellow to have an idea similar to yours you had better first see what kind of a receiving apparatus he has.

If people would only like to drive more slowly; if they would only like to stop hurrying and to start for their destination a little earlier; if they would only hate to run into other cars and kill and get killed; if they would only rather be safe than sorry, why, then, the hospitals and cemeteries would not be so crowded.

Shore Lines

It seems rather a pity that each anniversary of Armistice Day is not accompanied by the same universal demonstrations of patriotic fervor as was that memorable day November 11, 1918. Where were you that day? And what happened? Do tell us about it!

We have discovered a young man who is compelled to witness the impending Army-Navy game at no cost whatever to himself. You guessed it. He's an usher. Some fellows get all the breaks.

"Gin," the editorial canine, has turned good samaritan, having recently engaged in the business of rounding up stray brothers and escorting them to the sanctum sanctorum, there to place his charges under the gentle care of the news staff. Late last week our hero ushered "Spots," a wab-bly, famished shadow of a canine, into our midst, where the unfortunate one was forthwith treated to a square meal, clothed with the mantle of generosity (quoted from Wickie) and its wounds of adversity salved and bound with tender and soothing kindness. Came evening of the same day and "Spots" located a comfortable home in exchange for watch-dog privileges at the residence of Mac, the lunch king, the confines of which were thoroughly ransacked a few days in advance of his arrival.

Thus we have one instance of "Gin's" claim to canine-itarian proclivities. Here, however, we must note still another. Scarcely had Spots been properly placed with an indulgent household when "King," a youthful member of police dog persuasion (about 75 per cent), came cantering along as guest of the type-eating terrier. It was a bitter cold day and King, in true vagabond fashion, immediately availed himself of a plenteous supply of canned heat, munched a stack of crisp bones, slept the sleep of the innocent, and readily submitted to housing for the night in the local bastille, there to await the arrival of its owner, if any.

Bearding the Lion in His Den

"Only stage seats left," droned the ushers at the Tito Schipa concert last Monday. But Society-with-a-capital-S, gasped and halted, shyly, before the seventy lonely chairs waiting so patiently on the stage, seventy chairs that were more conspicuous to Society's modest eyes than the Rock of Gibraltar, and Society balked. It raced madly up and down stairs, feverishly searched every nook and cranny for presto-chango-seats, stood with a hunted look at the rear of the hall, avowing that it would not intrude upon the sacred aura Mr. Schipa was to cast upon the stage. But, in the end, when the fatal hour of beginning drew perilously near—Rome fell.

—P. R. L.

With Society absorbed with Schipa and the opera last Monday, only a scattered few were seen at the Plestina-Lofannen wrestling engagement.

It was reported early this week that Wiltberger, Evanston's correspondence school chief of police and nemesis of student "rioters," has decided upon a nice, quiet week-end in Cicero. Perhaps you haven't heard that Moon Baker and company are about to annex the decennial victory over Alonzo's singing Maroons?

If the dear boys will only not molest the new stadium. They should be content to demolish the new State bank building, or mebbe the newer Varsity play house.

Admission will be absolutely free. Join in the fun! It may cost something to get out in the morning. But that's so trifling when one considers that it's Northwestern's turn to trim Chicago.

Fellers' it's gettin' mighty nigh to Turkey Day.
—MIQUE