

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000

Telephone Wilmette 1920

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

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

ANOTHER YEAR

*Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds,
By winter's snow concealed.*

*Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.*

*Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows,
More sweet from day to day.*

*Another year of baby mirth
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
And poet's tender lays.*

*Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.*

*Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.*

—J. W. CHADWICK.

The year comes to an end. The dying year is at last dead. The curtain falls, the sand runs out, the long day is over. No matter how one says it, the fact remains that on this Friday night at the last stroke of twelve, our old friend, 1926, draws his last breath.

When one considers the matter, he will see that where there are beginnings there must be endings. And this is no truer of pleasant events than of unpleasant. Both happy and unhappy occasions begin and end. If picnics stop, so do funerals. So no tears should be shed by lovers parting. They should keep in mind that only circles have no endings.

The habit of wanting good things to last forever is so firmly rooted in human beings that it appears in farewells of various nations. The Germans, French and Italians, and doubtless other peoples, do not say a final "Good bye," but an auf wiedersehen or an au revoir, until I see you again. We don't want to stop. We want to go on forever, to be immortal.

But why not think of the so-called ending as merely a change of some sort, a redirecting of our activities? Is it not true that where there are endings there must be beginnings? The year ends, but a new year begins. 1926 dies, but 1927 is born.

If you're a man we know at least one thing you got for Christmas. A tie! And we also know, or suspect, that you wore it last Sunday. And the donor, your wife, present or future, adjusted it for you very carefully. Even if you didn't really like it, you pretended you did and everybody, including yourself, was quite happy.

We aren't so sure of your other presents. We suppose you got a knife, and a pencil or two, and a bottle of perfume, and certainly some handkerchiefs. We know that you weren't so appreciative as you should have been. It's barely possible that even at the very moment the gift was handed to you the knowledge also came that you'd get a bill for the gift soon after the first of January.

If you're a member of the opposite sex you probably received a large supply of wearing apparel, including hosiery, etc. The etc., was displayed to admiring lady relatives and adequately admired. The individuals that got ties and handkerchiefs took one brief look and went back to their smokes.

After all the children had the best time. Even though they didn't get everything they wanted, they got almost everything. They had a wonderful time.

So have we all, but it's good to get back to "business as usual."

5,000 letters and parcels coming into the Wilmette post office during the Christmas holidays were so poorly addressed that they had to be thrown aside until there was sufficient time for correcting the addresses. If there were 5,000 such pieces of mail in Wilmette there must have been millions in the entire country.

Help Uncle Sam

What an extra expenditure of energy and time this revising work involves! And since it is additional work it is all the more wearing. Regular work at Christmas time is unusually hard on our postal employees, but this extra labor draws even more heavily on their last ounces of strength.

A little thoughtfulness would save much of this waste. For example, if writers of letters and cards would always stick their stamps in the upper RIGHT HAND corner of envelopes and cards, the cancelling of the stamps would not have to be done by hand. Moreover these incorrectly stamped pieces of mail would not be delayed.

Address your letters, cards and parcels accurately and FULLY. Don't make Uncle Sam do extra work on YOUR mail.

Almost 100,000 copies of Durant's "Story of Philosophy" have been sold. Never before within our memory has a philosophy book been popular. Never before, at least since the middle ages, has there been so much reading about idealism and realism, monism and dualism, even though in diluted condition. Does it mean that the ministers are not supplying satisfactory solutions of life's most urgent problems? Does it mean, on the other hand, that the philosophers are supplying these desired solutions?

SHORE LINES

1927

H A P P Y



N E W



Y E A R

ONE

AND

ALL

—Mique