

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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MY WORK

*Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil
room;*

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

*"This is my work; my blessing, not
my doom;*

*"Of all who live, I am the one by
whom*

*"This work can best be done in the right
way."*

*Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my
powers;*

*Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring
hours,*

*And cheerful turn, when the long shadows
fall*

*At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.*

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

(from Music and Other Poems, Scribner's, 1919)

A review of the past year on our area of the North Shore presents a cross section of life. Most noticeable of all the events that went to make up this life were deaths. It sounds somewhat paradoxical to include deaths in life, but such an inclusion is customary and justifiable. Judging from the frequency with which items of this sort appear in the daily and weekly press we are all concerned with knowing what celebrities have passed away during the year.

The normal number of babies was born in 1926. The decrease in the population was matched by this increase. Unwilling infants were added to many families on the North Shore, thereby providing material for the nurseries, schools, colleges, and in fact for all human institutions.

Weddings occurred in great profusion, not only in June but even in the fall and winter. Our society editors were kept busy announcing the happy dates and the details of the costumes of the brides and maids. As usual the grooms wore the traditional black and white and cut small but essential figures at the churches.

Meetings headed the list for quantity. There were dozens of meetings every week day and hundreds on Sunday, to say nothing much of the private meetings on the street corners and in the parks and parlors of Jane and Henry. Schools, religious and pro-

fane, met repeatedly. Clubs, from Rotary to Bridge, met every now and then.

More property was sold, bought, and improved during 1926 than during any previous year that we can recall. And an extraordinary amount of building took place, the costs running up into the high millions. That our communities are growing materially no one can doubt.

Sports of all kinds flourished on our well known shore during the preceding twelve months. Hockey, baseball, tennis, golf—they all were very lively in '26.

The rest of the time was occupied by eating, sleeping, and working.

Sheridan Road is open again through Glencoe. Northbound motorists on passing through Winnetka on Sheridan may on reaching Tower Road continue north on Sheridan through the Hubbard Hill section, when weather conditions permit, or turn west on Tower Road to Green Bay Road. Then on reaching Scott Avenue they must turn east and so regain Sheridan; thence continue north on Sheridan as far as they desire.

This opening of Sheridan through Glencoe is a valuable improvement. Traffic will now be divided between Green Bay Road and Sheridan. Green Bay Road is narrow and winding and not well paved. Sheridan is much broader, straighter and better paved. The motorist, therefore, will do well to avoid taking Green Bay through Glencoe and Highland Park.

The Winnetka authorities are doing well in shutting off Hubbard Hill during the snowy months. Many a motorist has learned to his sorrow that even after a slight snowfall this hill cannot be climbed without chains. The best winter route between the corner of Tower Road and Sheridan and the corner of Scott Avenue and Sheridan is Tower Road-Green Bay Road.

Stealing pennies from a blind beggar is one of the few mean acts that is worse than stealing colored lights from an outdoor Christmas tree. Decorated trees of this sort are a distinct community asset, adding to the enjoyment of all who have the good fortune to see them. Any vandal who robs these trees of their ornaments harms not one but many people. We trust that the boys who took the colored lamps from the tree of J. D. Stinson, 1601 Spencer avenue, Wilmette, will regret their act and return the lamps.

It's getting so now that almost every backyard is a skating rink. Although yours truly has not cut the double-dutch for a generation or so, still he's convinced that it's a sport only second to swimming for all-round fun and exercise. It's as close to flying as the unaided human being will ever get. There's a volume more of poetry in skating than in dancing, and a whole library more of good health. So let the rinks increase.

Some desperado advertised in a recent EVANSTON REVIEW for a double-barreled shotgun and a victrola. He also specified that they should be in good condition. All he now needs is a record of Chopin's Funeral March. Putting this in operation on the victrola, and adjusting the shotgun suitably, he can pull the string and pass on very artistically.

SHORE LINES

THE STRENUOUS HOLIDAY SEASON NOW A MATTER OF HISTORY, THE OUTLOOK FOR A BIT OF LABOR IN 1927 PROVIDES AN UNUSUALLY REFRESHING RELIEF (SO'S YOUR OLD CHRISTMAS NECKTIE).

Our office boy rushed in all breathless the other day to inform us that the Village theatre was putting "side curtains" on its entrance. We called up, learned the proper term was "parque" and then proceeded to chide the o. b. concerning his frivolous use of Americanese as it is spoke.

Having heard of and carefully observed "Gin," the type-eating terrier of uncertain ingredients, I searched about for one to match. Here it is:

"Student at Purdue calls his dog "Trig," 'cause as a puppy he was such a problem. He was bought as a spaniel but turned out to be an "unknown"; so Trig is it. No copyright on "Algy (bra)" to name a rival of unknown strains.

C. E. D.

Welcome 1,000 Times

MIQUE: In behalf of the numerous readers of your august and enlightening column, allow me to thank you for your large New Year's greetings of last week. So kind of you.

Yours — one of the thousands,

—WICKIE

Shorty, the barber (applying celebrated brand of tonic to barren dome of prominent mortician): "This stuff would make hair grow on a door knob."

Victim in adjoining chair: "But that would be easy compared to the job you've got now."

A Gentleman

You've no doubt heard of the husband, who, being haled into court, was charged with the inhuman cruelty of not having spoken to his wife in four years.

"Your honor, said he in explanation, "I was too much of a gentleman to interrupt her."

Yes and No

Dear Mique—Was out in polite society Christmas night where "Gin" and the society editor were doing the honors. Gin was very polite—as polite as the s. e. Do I recall Mique claiming credit for Gin's beautiful behavior, when Gin is so much in the company of the soc. ed.

—Jenny Wren.

Twisted Humor

Some one has placed on Shore Lines' spindle the note about John Pretzel of Glencoe who is thinking seriously of taking a course in embalming; with the comment: Evidently attracted to bier.

365 of Them

Yes, those dots on last week's cover of WILMETTE LIFE were designed especially by Bill, the composing room foreman, for New Year's morning perusal.

No Predictions

For at least one week the north shore was an ideal winter resort. Travelers from the southland report an abundance of snow most everywhere down there during the holidays while we stay-at-homes were reveling in delightful springtime.

It was so balmy, in fact, that one of our neighbors hitched up his Flivver and spent the New Year holiday at his northwoods lodge.

We broke all our resolutions by neglecting to adhere to our resolution to make some resolutions.

—MIQUE