

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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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, obituaries, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

The best thing that can come to a human being is happiness. It's better than wealth and better than health. It's more desirable than mere success, no matter how great the success may be. At various times men have imagined some higher good than happiness, but in a short time the substitute has been removed to give place again to happiness.

## The Happiest of New Years!

If an individual is happy, may he not justly conclude that he is doing as well as any human being can do? He thinks of what he is doing and experiences only a glow of satisfaction, or happiness. Can he have any more reliable indication that he is on the right path? We think not. We believe that even Hamlet might have answered his own question, "To be or not to be?" more adequately if he had trusted his own feelings in the matter. Perhaps he did. Perhaps that is just why he went on "being."

We all want to be happy, the old person as well as the child, the business man as well as the artist, the student as well as the laborer. We can see no justice in holding that some people have a right to be happy and not others. The right to be happy rests on the desire to be happy. So when we wish you a happy new year we mean that we hope that you will get what you have a right to get.

PROLOGUE: This little production must be written in prose. The well-known "Twas the night before Christmas" is a poem, full to the brim of the Christmas Eve spirit, almost bursting with the tension crowding its lines. It is loved by children of all sizes and ages, from zero to 100 or beyond. Hearing those galloping verses on Christmas Eve one can scarcely wait for the wonderful day to dawn. But the day after Christmas—!

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring not even a mouse. And why? If the facts must be told, it was because they had all eaten so much turkey, mince pie, and candy, and had been overwhelmed by so many presents that they simply could not stir.

Weeks before Christmas the faint sounds of the Christmas bells began to make themselves heard. With the coming of December first came the first real suggestion of Christmas. And as the days succeeded one another the greatest day of all drew closer and closer. Then the schools closed, and Christmas Day itself was only a short distance ahead. The buying of gifts grew more and more frantic. Everyone bought, and everyone expected. Sales records were smashed. Sales-

people, at first fresh and full of helpful hints, grew weary and barren of ideas. Saturday, the day before Christmas, arrived. Last-moment buyers jammed the stores and streets. Mild weather brought everybody out. Would-be purchasers were obliged to park blocks away from their destinations. Windows everywhere were hung with wreaths. And when evening came joy was unrestrained. Electric bulbs of all colors hung on nearly every tree, certainly on every balsam and cedar. Windows were ablaze with candles.

The next day—"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere, Cheerily it ringeth through the air!"

And the next day was the day after!

We know that many auto accidents can be avoided. This is knowledge based on actual personal experience and not merely a reckless statement.

## Auto Accidents Can Be Avoided

What will prevent these accidents? Forethought. Thinking of what unpleasant results may follow certain actions and then avoiding those actions will prevent many auto accidents.

Obedying the stop-and-go lights strictly will almost certainly prevent accidents at busy intersections. One may easily admit the annoyance of waiting, when traffic is light, for the green to appear. It seems unnecessary. But obeying the lights is a genuine good.

The prevalent habit of swerving clear over to the wrong side of the road in order to pass another car is a dangerous habit. It produces critical congestions, and if one of the drivers involved is not skilful, collisions are inevitable. Keep to the right!

When you're driving, use your head more than your feet.

Now that the holidays have passed into history, let's face the unseen with a cheer. What's done is done. No regrets. The future is coming loaded with opportunities. What we have left undone can perhaps be done to-day or tomorrow.

## Here Comes the New Year!

May we here register a protest against the almost universal habit of regretting. There are very few people who on failing to achieve a goal or on being disappointed do not regret the failure. We agree heartily with the old proverb, There's no use crying over spilt milk. The milk cannot be recovered. And tears are not a good substitute for milk.

Don't cry about it. Waste no time in regrets. The past is of no use except to help us to make better use of the future. Ask yourself what was the cause of your failure. What mistake caused things to go wrong? Then don't make the same mistake again.

Here comes the New Year!

We are pleased to note that supper dances and other doings are being given for the boys. All too long and exclusively have the girls monopolized this sort of thing. Overmuch has been made of the buds. It's no more than right that at last a little something should be made of the thorns. May we hope that the day is coming when even the neglected bridegroom will be allowed to wear something a trifle more attention-compelling than the conventional black?

# SHORE LINES

## MY DIARY

I pressed a little faded book  
Close, close against my breast,  
For it contained my girlish thoughts,  
It was my treasure chest.  
My longings, my ambitions, all  
That I had hoped to be  
Were written on the pages of  
That little diary.

What boy or girl did I like best?  
What was my favorite dance?  
The questions and the answers, yes  
I knew them at a glance.  
No wonder then I loved this book  
And cherished it, for lo!  
It held the precious memories of  
The dear sweet long ago.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

## Getting the "Breaks"

Vacation season is at hand again for Fil the Filosofer, who is undoubtedly the most vacashunest fellow in our rather broad, though more or less localized field of acquaintance. Fil, being one of those college professors, vacations along with the students (though, perhaps in different fashion) three months in the summer, again on Columbus Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas (three weeks) Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, spring (another week), and at Eastertide, to say nothing of every Saturday and on "Institute" days. Yet that scamp has the unmitigated nerve to steal away on a Christmas journey to visit President Cal et al., in the National Capital, while we other sanctum serviles are denied even the home-stay lest the dear subscribers storm the fort in search of the current issue. "There oughta be a law"—as Merle Thorp would say. And Fil even takes off on Labor Day.

## To My Sweetheart

The sky will be a deeper blue,  
The sun will shine more brightly,  
The world will have a fairer hue,  
My step will be more sprightly,

The birds will sing a merrier tune  
While in their nests they coo,  
The days will pass by all too soon—  
When I come home to you.

—The Piscator.

Our Gin's proclivity for casting off dearly purchased and brass-studded neckwear has resulted in a generous contribution of a varied assortment of canine cravats very evidently obtained by the gross at the five-and-dime. Net result, Lose 'em, you rascal, but we'll greet you at each new dawning with another, aye, yet another.

## "Oh, Promise Me"

A good friend comes forth with the interesting information that he intends to forego certain expensive pleasures simultaneously with the peeling of the New Year bells, though he insists his decision shall not be classified as "resolutions," for which he professes a distinct abhorrence. "I'm not making any resolutions," is his word, "but I'm just going to quit."

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