

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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.

It seems to us that a father can do no better thing for his children than to help them learn to skate and later go out with them on the frozen pond and spend an hour or so gliding about. While not so valuable a skill as swimming, skating, when once well learned, is a source of almost inexhaustible pleasure.

A boy who can perform on the ice such capers as double dutch, spread eagle, and cutting one's initials is surely to be envied by his less fortunate mates. If the ice is hard and smooth and his skates are sharp, he flies over the ice as the swallow skims over the evening water.

Those who have never experienced the joyous adventure of skating down a frozen river to some far off destination must some weak substitute. The poet, Wordsworth, loved this form of skating and tells of it in stirring lines in his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*.

This zero weather is highly favorable for skating, perhaps a little too chilly for all but the hardiest, but wonderfully good for such vigorous youth. It sends the blood coursing through one's veins, and lends a zest to life superior to that lent by any other activity.

Get out your good old skates and enjoy an afternoon or evening on the rink with your children.

We have just returned from a five days' sojourn in Washington, not the state far off on the Pacific coast but the capital of the nation. We boarded the train thither on the second day after Christmas and reached our hometown, returning, on the day after New Year's.

We noted several improvements on our western way of doing things. For example, most of the trolley lines were underground, which seemed to us conducive of both beauty and safety. Second, all the railroads, so far as we knew, converged into one great central station. Third, the plan of building the city with the capitol building at the center of wide radiating thoroughfares, intersecting the other streets, appropriately lettered and numbered, enabled the visitor to locate himself and points of interest with unusual ease.

After we had taken all the trips offered by the sight seeing companies, nothing else remained to be seen. We saw the exteriors and interiors of practically all the national buildings. We visited Alexandria and Mount Vernon, and Arlington Cemetery, and saw the President and his family leaving the Congregational Church.

We found the railroad trips pleasing, getting more comfort out of the dining car than in the sleeper.

How can one most accurately determine the true character, the inner essence, of another person? How shall one find out

What You Like and What You Are

just what kind of an individual his friend or acquaintance is? There is a way of finding out and not a difficult way.

Find out what the other person likes, and you will know what kind of a person he is. Don't take his own estimate of himself. He probably thinks himself better or worse than he really is. In any case he can't read his own character. And you cannot depend on his own estimate of himself.

But one's likes and dislikes are deep-seated and more a part of one's real self than any other traits. They are the least susceptible to change. What a man likes to-day, he probably has liked for many years and will probably continue to like for many years.

And when you try to find out what this man likes, be sure that you search for what he really likes, not for what he thinks he ought to like. Many a man thinks that he likes classic masterpieces, but what he really likes is jazz. Everybody will say that Shakespeare is the world's greatest writer, but few really like his plays.

Examine your own soul. What do you honestly and truly like? Shakespeare or Eddie Guest?

Long ago there was a Puritanic objection to indulging on Sunday in any form of secular entertainment. Piano playing, baseball games, and the like were strictly forbidden. Anyone who has passed the half-century line can probably recall with unpleasant vividness the disapproval which greeted the sound of any sort of profane music on the Sabbath.

But times have changed. Actions once frowned upon are now even smiled upon. The piano, once closed on Sunday, is now open seven days in the week and perhaps more used on the first day than on any other. Sunday baseball was not long ago regarded as positively immoral. But nowadays it is one of the most harmless of amusements.

There was a time, and that only a few years ago, when preachers fulminated against the playing of golf on Sunday. But in these present days church services are so arranged that the anemic business man may get in at least a little golf on his only free day.

Now is just the time to resolve to save money. During the first two weeks of the year, say over and over to yourself, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Put a definite part of your first New Year's money into your savings account and follow that up with equal amount from your second pay envelopes. Keep it up. Then when next Christmas comes, what a grand and glorious pile you'll have!

Remember the poor. They will always be with us and the need of helping them will always be present. If you have lost the belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive, loosen your purse-strings and see if you cannot regain the belief. Even Scrooge was thawed out by the warmth of giving.

SHORE LINES

MELTING SNOW

*Across this open space, where, frayed and tattered,
Lies Winter's drabbed shawl in disarray
Discarded hastily, as though it mattered
Nothing at all since Winter could not stay—
Some one walks daintily in cool, green sandals,
Wearing a scarf of filmy yellow light
Tangled with mist, some one who deftly handles
With coaxing finger-tips the ragged white
Fringes, and brushing all of them from sight
Lights one by one the dandelion candles.*

Grace Strickler Dawson.

Ours through the kindly offices of Irene S.

Rather Snappy, Eh, What?

Something envious was said in Shore Lines last week about Fil the Filosofer and his numerous vacations. The theme permeating the entire diatribe was of the why-should-you-have-what-we-can't-have type. F. the F. admits that he has during the year many so-called vacations, or empty periods. But if one were to observe F. the F. during these apparently vacant times, he would find him working probably harder than during his so-called working hours. We urge the writer of last week's slam to enjoy his work more and take less notice of what those about him are doing or even not doing. Those who philosophize, moreover, need more change of scene and occupation than those who merely collect and distribute news.

Fil the Filosofer.

"Dorothy Jane"

(to D. J. A.)

*Dorothy Jane, you are act'ly ours,
And we love you to pieces, my dear.
Dorothy Jane, with your elfin smile,
I can hardly believe you are here!*

*Dorothy Jane of the wondering eyes,
Looking out on a world of peace,
Dorothy Jane, Oh, most wonderfully wise!
Are you really and truly my niece?*

—Kay Jane Ell.

Note: Kay Jane Ell, so happy to have you back. There you've "made it." But, why not oftener? Why not a resolution?

Year's First Worst Joke

We, too, enjoyed a chuckle over this one that's making the rounds—Why are the House of David folk sporting wrist watches? Ah, because they've lost their Big Ben.

A Farewell Thought

*Soon I'll say goodbye to you
And go so far away—
But I'll come back to you again
Some future happy day.*

*And when I'm far away,
Please just remember, dear,
That though I may have gone away,
My heart remains right here.*

*And so, when we are far apart,
And everything seems drear—
Just realize you have my heart,
And that I'm always near.*

—The Piscator.

Fast Work

She: (with a glare)—"This lovely golden strand of hair on your tuxedo—how come, darling?"

He: "Just a minute"—(excitedly at the phone)
"Oh, Bill, I win! She found it!"

—H. F. S.

Fil the Filosofer (recently in Washington) comments boastfully over the rare treat of having observed President Cal coming out of a church. Yet, 'tis rarer by far to catch many of us going in.

—Mique