

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.
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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 commodious new home of Lloyd Hollister Inc. on Central Avenue in Wilmette will be formally dedicated on the afternoon and evening of March 3 to the important and highly interesting work of publishing North Shore news and printing North Shore material of every description. And to aid in this significant event all the friends of the house of Hollister have been invited to be present.

Our Housewarming On March 3

Those who come, and we expect many, will be surprised, we hope, by the spaciousness of our home. In comparison with our tiny two-flat structure east of the alley our new plant is a giant. Our equipment, though greatly increased, is not crowded and there is plenty of room to meet demands of several years to come.

Next, we trust that you will notice how much of health-giving sunlight and air can find entrance into our various rooms and offices. Metal casement windows furnished with copper screens and venetian blinds not only make our work more enjoyable and efficient but add to the good looks of our surroundings.

Our house will be on our reception day as neat as a new pin, and as you know nothing can be neater than a nice new pin. Our walls and even our floors will be immaculate. Our machines will be so free from outward ink and grease that not the slightest smudge can attach itself to the early spring gowns of our lady visitors.

We sincerely hope that you will like our housewarming.

The other day we read in a well-known weekly magazine an article which maintained that of all places in which one might live the suburbs were the worst. Live in the city or live in the country, advised the writer, but don't live in the suburbs.

The suburbs of a city are a sort of half-way place, not a place where, as in the city, one can conveniently get to theaters, lecture halls, and museums; nor are they, like the country, right next to nature's heart, amongst fields and woods. So why live in the suburbs?

The author of the article went on to point out other unpleasant features of suburban life. To get to the city and back to the suburbs one must make a long disagreeable railroad journey twice every day. And even when one got back to his nice little suburban home he found himself in the midst of neighbors whom he didn't like but with whom he was obliged to be on decent terms. It was more impossible for him to be alone in the suburbs than it was in the city.

We're sorry for the writer of this sad story. She—it was a woman—must have

had some bitter suburban experiences. Maybe she had neighbors who mowed their own lawns at 6 a. m. or who entertained noisily until early morning. Doubtless she was not a very sociable individual and hated children. No wonder she doesn't want to go back.

We love the suburbs. We can easily name objections to both city and country. But the suburbs for us every time.

Round about Washington's Birthday there are to be found in the daily papers such headlines as "School Children Honor Washington" and "Clubwomen Pay Tribute to Father of Country." These memorial exercises consist mainly of speeches about Washington and suitable music.

Of course our first president died over one hundred years ago and so cannot be the direct object of this honor and tribute. He cannot in any way be affected by these exercises. So far as we know he is far beyond the influences of earthly events.

If the real George Washington was not praised by school children and clubwomen, what was it that happened at these meetings? To tell the exact truth the words and music were heard by none except those present.

Wouldn't it be in the interests of accuracy to say that the children and women spoke and sang to each other about George Washington? He was not benefited in the slightest by what occurred at these meetings. But without doubt the women and children were greatly helped.

By stopping all these talks about honoring Washington and paying a tribute to Lincoln and stating the facts of the case we shall be emphasizing the value of the dead to the living generation.

One of our northern acquaintances who wrote to us recently from Florida said that she found Florida cold and expensive. This doesn't make us feel the least little bit sad, because we always like to believe that where we happen to be at any given time is the best place to be. If we had been told that Florida was balmy and economical we should now be envying somewhat those northerners who had been fortunate enough to be visiting there at present.

The co-operation shown between our township high school and the parents of the high school boys and girls goes far towards making our communities not only what they are now but what they will become, namely, models for the entire country. When people, engaged in the important and joint enterprise of making our country the great democracy it is capable of becoming, co-operate, a red-letter day will have dawned.

A dweller in Glencoe has trained a canary, an ordinary yellow canary, to sing tunes. Just how she did it we don't know, but she did it, and now that small bundle of golden feathers can warble a human tune or two. Isn't it wonderful? There is still hope for even the most unmelodious of us and our monotone friends.

SHORE LINES

MY SOUVENIRS

*The memories of starlit summer nights
 Aglow with joys and happiest delights—
 The memories of rainy afternoons
 Resplendent with love's gay alluring tunes—
 The memories of snowy winter eves—
 Will ne'er desert my lonely soul, nor leave
 My yearning being. But to my loneliness
 The melodies of memories bring sweet caress.
 They are my souvenirs.*

*Crushed petals lie within my memory box—
 Some roses, pansies, e'en some hollyhocks—
 A handkerchief—a little silver case—
 And 'way far down, a bit of crumpled lace—
 Some letters written by a dainty hand—
 Some trinkets I alone can understand—
 They all lie there to sadly comfort me,
 Locked fast within my box of memory.
 They are my souvenirs.*

—The Piscator.

See You Saturday!

Pleased we will be indeed to welcome the small army(?) of Line readers to our "Open House" this Saturday afternoon and evening, (March 3,) between the hours of 2 P. M. and the fag end of the evening. We'll be here to greet you heartily upon the occasion of the most gladsome event in the history of our sanctum sanctorum. Numerous surprises are promised all who enter our portals that day, not the least of which will be something very special now in course of preparation by "Gin," the editorial canine, type-eating terrier, or what have you. Join the throng and make yourself and selves thoroughly at home!

Well, Well, Here's Shorty!

Shorty, the affluent news vender, is enjoying a few weeks in the company of Al Kipp, who has been judging (and occasionally misjudging) rapid horseflesh in New Orleans. All of which has produced the following, to wit:

Al—"How did you like the Mardi Gras?"
 Shorty—"Not so good, I guess she's still running."

Mirrors

*They, the mirrors, tell the truth,
 Tell when age has conquered youth,
 Show the wrinkles left by pain,
 Also those of sorrows train.*

*Yet, like the world they do not see
 What is best in you and me.
 See but surface weakness, power,
 Not true greatness born each hour.*

*For they cannot show the mind,
 Grown each day more thoughtful, kind,
 Cannot show 'neath haggard cheek,
 Snow white soul and heart so meek.
 —Alice Northway Miller.*

Born to the Task

In the event you are more than mildly interested: Narcissus Ferraro conducts a gardening business in Glencoe.

And Our Other Socks?

It may as well be reported now (lest we be scooped on our own story)—the tale of the mysterious burglary in which our very own newest neckwear, the goods we purchased last Dollar Day, was filched from our securely bolted domicile. All the while we had suspected a "ketch" somewhere in these generous bargain-day offerings. The report that Paul Mac is the master mind in this theft sensation and that our pet cravats are even now reposing on his counters, has been emphatically denied by him. Bill, the cruel, is investigating and we hope soon to have some choice scandal for your alert auricular cavities.

And, while the burglars burgled merrily on, Gin, running as ever true to form, was strutting his stuff at the neighbors.

Speaking of crimes and criminals, Chief Charlie tells the one about the Kentucky sheriff who wired back in response to a request to apprehend a fugitive: "What's the reward?" And the other one about the chief who dispatched six varied photos of a Negro criminal to various parts of the country only to hear from the constable of a small hamlet in Dixie: "We got five of your men and expect to have the other fellow by morning."

And yet again: Welcome, thrice welcome!

—Mique.