

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.

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Every intelligent person will admit that of all the gems of civilized life courtesy is one of the most highly prized. Even in the middle ages courtesy was the foremost of all the more refined virtues. Moreover, kindly manners will always be at a premium in social relationships.

It is therefore to be regretted that in America courtesy is not practiced so commonly as it really ought to be. To many it seems a waste of precious time to spend it in saying such phrases as 'Thank you or Beg your pardon. The make-it-snappy ways of modern business life leave no room for any but the bare essentials of intercourse.

This being the case it is pleasant to record the few exceptions to the rule. There exist in these hustling United States individuals, and also organizations like the Rotary Club, who deliberately take time to be polite. Some have seen that the so-called amenities of living together are more than mere decorations, useless embroideries.

Forced by the rain some weeks ago to seek temporary shelter in the lobby of a small but up-to-date hotel we noted the following sign suspended over the cigar stand: "Your purchase free if we ever forget to thank you." We were tempted to make an experiment. Approaching the comely looking young lady behind the counter we bought a package of gum. "Thank you!" was her quick reply. We suspect that it is not the owners of stands of this sort that pay the penalty of failing to thank the purchaser but rather the salesperson.

The following facts regarding 300 employes of the Chicago and North Western Railway are significant. Each of the 300 has to his credit at least 25 years of active service on the North Western. Most of them have at least 35. Some have been active for as long as 45 and 50 years. The length of these periods and the number who have completed them, indicates an unusual degree of mutual satisfaction.

Though there seems to be an abundance of water on the North Shore for watering, washing, and drinking purposes, still it seems advisable to be temperate in the use of this valuable liquid not for drinking and washing purposes but rather for watering purposes. Human health first. Human happiness second.

No matter whether you are or are not a resident of Winnetka you will find it profitable to study the annual report of H. L. Woolhiser, village manager of Winnetka. One interesting and significant fact is the almost 100% similarity between the budget figures and the actual expense and receipt

The school boy as he reads his history now and then comes upon some individual who is called great. One of the first to catch his eye is Alexander the Great. He finds too that Julius Caesar was called great. And also that the title was

Who Is the Great Man?

applied to Napoleon. He consults the dictionary and there learns that common synonyms for the word are important, significant, outstanding.

Later his curiosity is stimulated to know the essential attributes that go to make up a person who may correctly be called great. Was Shakespeare great? Lincoln? Beethoven? They were all important, but may not some line be drawn between the near great and the truly great? Has not some able writer and thinker worked out a fairly final definition of the term?

Ralph Waldo Emerson, American poet and essayist, presents in his essay, Self-Reliance, a definition of the great man, which although not comprehensive, still is enlightening and suggestive. "The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." He is self-reliant, trusting his own powers, and trusting these powers even though he may be in a crowd. But "with perfect sweetness." No doubt Emerson rates independence, self-trust, highest among all the attributes of the great man. He must work out his own conclusions effectively and responsibly. But he must have a further attribute, namely, "perfect sweetness." Emerson would not call the bully or the tyrant great.

During the winter Near East representatives were appealing to congregations in Kenilworth, Winnetka, and Glencoe for financial support of the work now being done for needy human beings in Greece and her islands, Armenia and Persia, Syria and Palestine. This work is aided in Wilmette by contributions to the Community Chest.

Near East Relief

Near East Relief, an organization chartered by Congress in 1919, has saved from starvation more than a million women, children, and old men. It is now giving orphans a simple schooling and training for self-support. It is caring for 32,131 children in Near East Relief orphanages. It maintains 45 hospitals, and in 1927 gave 1,963,246 clinical treatments. In addition 350,000 received clothing in 1927 in return for work or by free distribution.

Near East Relief is now engaged in a drive for \$6,000,000, which should be completed by June, 1929. This sum will care for its present commitments in the Near East and will enable it to "finish the job" and outpace or provide for the 32,131 orphans still under its care.

We trust that the relation between our papers and the communities which we serve is in some large measure like that indicated in the following words uttered by the president of the National Editorial Association: "Every editor and publisher should be an outstanding factor in making his community what it is or what it should be, and the time is here when communities, towns, and cities are largely judged by the character of the newspapers which represent them."

SHORE LINES

THE GARDENER'S LAMENT

*I wish I had a lot o' grass,
A-growin' in my yard;
But guess it ain't a bit o' use,
For I've tried it mighty hard.*

*I got some dandy catalogues,
And read 'em through and through;
Then bought some fancy high priced seeds,
'Twas all I'd have to do.*

*'Cept sow 'em in the springtime,
Or better, in the fall,
And get a lawn of velvet green.
They didn't come up at all.*

*Instead of grass, I got a crop,
Of myriads of weeds.
I didn't 'spect to have such luck,
With them there fancy seeds.*

*Accordin' to the catalogue,
I needed fertilizer;
So I doused 'em with a ton of it,
With a patent atomizer.*

*The stuff was simply wonderful,
(So said the catalogue),
'Twould grow 'em all from buttercups,
To whiskers on a frog.*

*Now, I think old scout Munchausen,
Ananias and King Ben,
Compared to the guy that wrote them books,
Were modest, truthful men.*

—J. M. B.

Yea, But We're Going

Dear Sir: I now rate your august column with such life-savers as S. S. S., Paris garters, Lydia Pinkham, Ivory soap and Fischer bodies. No sooner had my article anent my automatic device for sending timid swains to Europe appeared in Shore Lines last week than a certain influential individual in our household said, "Hm, do YOU want to go to Europe?" I turned a few somersaults and cartwheels in my eagerness to say, "Yes, of course, sure, certainly, I should say so!" "Well, then," the pusson said, "I'll see that you get to go next year!" If this isn't a testimonial—! Excuse me, I have to pack my trunk—

—WICKIE.

"Say It With Flowers"

J. M. B.'s lament concerning this gardening business would seem to be in striking contrast to the attitude toward that same avocation as epitomized by a representative of the Wilmette Garden club who allows that "whatever one is, one's garden is likely to be," and continuing—"gentle souls make gentle gardens; kindly souls make kindly gardens; great souls make great gardens," and so on.

After reading which, our trim little Beth crashes through the Line portals with the comment: "Now I know what makes our garden so weedy."

Parting

*In a few swift hours, this
Will be a memory!
Tomorrow I'll recall the sweet
And muted harmony*

*Of your voice; but now my heart
Is deaf with misery,
And I can only stare at you
A little bitterly . . .*

—R. L. P.

Little, But Oh My!

And, in the event you aren't among us fortunates who boast trim little Beth's acquaintance, let us rise to offer humble apology for pinning upon her the erroneous designation of "Betty." After deftly dodging the bound files of our esteemed medium, a couple of four column halftones and the pudgy copy of Roget's Thesaurus, to say nothing of Webster's Unabridged, we are almost constrained to supplant the "trim" with "grim"—almost, we say, but no, she's just smiled amiably, even beautifully.

The Old Plug had a great day at Arlington last week. Taking the Missus and guests along, he blew a tire enroute and, upon arrival, followed suit with his vacation bank roll. He's laboring about the home premises this week.

—MIQUE.