

Winnetka Weekly Talk

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SOMETHING WORTH CULTIVATING

The time has come for the earth in garden plots and door yards to be turned upside down in readiness for the planting of flower seeds.

The love of flowers, as shown by Americans, seems to be a trait that flourishes at a certain season of the year rather than a steady enjoyment of the beautiful things expressed through the care of some window box or plant. England is a country of homes and almost every tidy cottage has plants placed in its windows. The plants are sturdy, healthy, blooming plants, too, that show intelligent care. In the houses large enough for a greenhouse or conservatory, all the year 'round, can be seen bowls of violets and vases of jonquils, roses and carnations among other lovely blooms that make the dullest day seem cheery. French women pet their plants as they would children and they pin a flower on their gowns with delicately tender hands. Over in Germany each child has his or her garden and the parents seemingly take as much pleasure in being presented with a bouquet as they would in seeing a medal for good conduct.

In America flowers are bought in great quantities, they are raised in conservatories and greenhouses under the hand of a clever gardener, but it is seldom an everyday American home can show pots of blossoms and a daily vase or bowl of Chinese lillies, hyacinths or pansies for the dining table or living room. The steam heat is a great difficulty in raising plants successfully in the American home but a little study can counteract its bad effect and where there is any desire for flowers a result can be obtained that is neither a Boston fern, a palm or a rubber plant.

The fact must be admitted that there is not the same love for flowers in this country as can be found in many other lands. When the spring comes there is a great to do. Catalogues galore are scattered by seed men and the Agricultural Department at Washington sends its little packets through the mails. Is all this attention to fill a need in the natives for a little beauty after the dreary drabness of the winter? If the need of beauty had been real, flowers would have been cultivated in the homes during the cold months. Spring brings a desire for a change and when a time table with an inspiring colored supplement is laid aside, regretfully, a seed catalogue is opened and the native will "just grub around."

The little growing plants, with their peculiar intelligence, have not yet found their way into the hearts of Americans but when they do another bond of interest will stretch across the seas.

WINNETKA ARTISTS AT ART INSTITUTE.

Exhibit Holds Five Paintings by Adam Emory Albright and Two Rogers Etchings.

Winnetka is well represented at the exhibit of pictures by western artists now being held in the Art Institute, by five charming wood scenes from the brush of Adam Emory Albright of Hubbard Woods and two unusually good etchings by John Rogers of Willow street.

The pictures by Mr. Albright, with the exception of a hillside scene, were painted along the banks of the river Juniata in Pennsylvania. They are lovely in the skillful handling of soft summer greens. Mr. Albright uses child models exclusively. To him they possess a close harmony with nature. A couple of boys fishing, two children with a pitcher at a brook, or a nude boy on the bank of a swimming pool ready for a plunge, show an ease in composition most refreshing after the photographic detail popular with a certain school and the blare of color loved by the followers of a reverse method.

The spacious studio in Hubbard Woods has log walls and a fireplace big enough for a Christmas tree. It is a fascinating place for work, but Mr. Albright has but one interior with the log background, a picture called "The Coffee Mill," most harmonious in treatment and the last thing he has done. Canvases leaning against the wall, when turned about and placed, are interesting studies: There is one in greens of a boy in hayfield hat and jeans, "Waiting for the Elephant," and another in yellows, a scene in a chicken yard with children feeding the chicks corn. A canvas of a small girl and boy in a wood with their hands filled with blue "Sweet William" was painted near the studio when the trees were showing the tender gray greens of early spring. One done on the lake shore has a motif of three children seated on the sand, looking over the water still veiled with mist.

In the dining room, a most conventional room, are framed bits of Wales and Anisquam, which are great favorites with Mr. Albright. The quaint cottages of Wales and the boats and lobster pots of Anisquam are splendid themes for work. Everything from this artist's brush is softly harmonious, as he dislikes strong color. To use his own words, "You do not have to look at a quiet picture and then you find yourself drawn to it." A recent picture hangs in the art gallery of the San Francisco exposition.

Mr. Rogers' etchings are both done from Winnetka bits. One gives a portion of the cut across lots from Willow street to Walnut street and the other is worked up from a view towards the Episcopal church as seen from the windows of Mr. William P. Sidley's house.

The artist has taken etching seriously since October, but think of doing two pieces in the most difficult of arts well enough to be accepted in an exhibit with the practice of a few months. It probably could not have been accomplished if Mr. Rogers had not sketched all his life and had the knack of an artist in making his impression of a scene possess the essence of beauty.

Not His Preference.

Little James was taken to a luncheon, and the hostess served roast beef. He had managed to put away everything else she served, but left the meat untouched on his plate. The hostess asked him why he hadn't eaten it and he replied: "I can't eat Sunday meat." He doesn't like roasted meat, and that is what they generally have at his home on Sundays.

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