

WINNETKANS DEMONSTRATE THEY CAN WRITE REAL POETRY

Editor's Note: Accompanying selections are the last of a series, all representing poems written by Winnetkans and read recently on the occasion of Poets' Day at the Winnetka Woman's club. The poems are selected at random, priority of position in this column having no significance with reference to the comparative merits of the works.

THE CHANGING WORLD

In earlier days our childish ears
Were trained to hymns like these:
"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fight to win the prize
Or sail o'er bloody seas?"

Behold the children that we know
Sing other songs today.
In all the places where you go
They sing, or else they say
"Yes, we ain't got no bananas,
We got no bananas today."

On Mondays, in the olden time
They washed! Was it called Ease?
Today we frolic in gym class
And bend our backs and knees.

From gym we rush to lectures new
Or talks, on themes like these
"The Glamour of the Harem Life
Could We Mohammed See!"

When night comes on we find one more
New meeting to attend:
A brand new Choral Union now
Therein our voices blend.

On Tuesday find our beds of ease
In Circles round the town
Where Infant Welfare, Stranger-folk
And good ideals abound.

By night we're ready for the dance
Or bridge or lecture grave;
To hear what Freud has said about
The complexes we have.

But when we fight to win the prize
(In the 'right set' to be,
Or when we sail the stormy seas
To wander 'tis at large
In Europe or in Panama,
Egypt or Samarkand;
(I don't know now just where that is
But doesn't it sound grand?)

On Wednesdays we no longer bake;
We sprint in gym awhile,
Hear Mrs. Merrill speak, and lunch
At church where there's no guile;
Rush off to Drama Club and then
Haste home! Those men to tell

"How hard life is! What weary ways
We're driven like sheep along.
The path of duty dusty is
And echoes to our moan.
But Thursday up and at it we!
Today our Helots go.

We must stay home till noon and see
And feed the children too;
So that at Woman's Club we glow
With virtues as we hear
A 'few remarks' about our Nation
Our Red Cross Drive, our own
relation
To hygiene, courts or education,
Music, eugenics, legislation,
The drama, parliamentary law,
Public speech and "sublimation."
Religion, archaeology,
Batik and future transmigration.

A hasty cup of tea, and then
We really must go home again.
This evening 'tis our night to be
Hostess to our Community.

Friday is gymn and well you know
How lame you'll be, if you don't go!
Symphony concert comes at two.
Relax a little. 'Tis for you
The only time thus far this week
Your hunted souls appear and speak.

That night we dance or go
To "Movies." There we need not
think
But nod, and get a wink
Of sleep that when the world is still
The latest book review we'll spill
Into our minds; and so

When dining out, we'll safely speak
(Convincingly, you know)
Of Cather, Wharton, Robinson,
Welles, Locke and Goodspeed too.
Oh, what a very lucky thing

We 'crammed' on that 'Review'
And is the Sabbath come again?
Ah well! We shall not go
For where's the use of church? You
see
There's nothing new to know.
Besides, we are not really sure we
have a soul at all.

It may be our subconscious self
Will some time proven be:
Until then why should Sabbath day
Concern both you and me?

"Shall we be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of east?"
Indeed no! That's too slow for us
Just call a taxi, please.

—Carrie B. Prouty.

JOHN AND MANDY

John—
Come Mandy, an' turn the grind-
stone
So's I can cut ye some more wood,
It seems to me you're using
'Bout six times what you should.

For every time I heave in sight,
I hear you calling me—
"Come, John, and cut some more
wood,
I'm out again you see."

Now, it seems to me I'm working
'Bout's hard as a man should.
A sowing, reaping, milking,
And cutting up the wood.

Now, Mandy, why don't you try
And cut a little wood?
It wouldn't hurt you a particle,
In fact, 'twould do you good.

You women sit around all day
And just crochet and knit
Until for any hard work,
You ain't the least bit fit.

Mandy—
Now, John, you ought in winter
To cut up a lot of wood,
And pile it in the woodshed
Just like a good man should.

So's when the summer days come,
And we're busy as can be,
I wouldn't haift to call you
To come cut wood for me.

It seems to me, I'm working
'Bouts hard as a woman should,
A sewing, cooking, sweeping
and bringing in the wood.

Now, John, why don't you try
And cook and sweep a bit,
It wouldn't hurt you a particle,
In fact, it would make you fit.

You men sit round all winter,
And just smoke, and sleep, and eat.
Till rheumatiz gits in your legs
And the gout gits in your feet.

John—
Well! Well! Mandy, you know,
and so do I,
That you work as hard as me,
And when it comes to arguin'
You beat me, five to three.

And Mandy, I believe you're right!
And I am far from it;
And this winter I'll cut lots of wood
While you crochet and knit.

And I'll pile it in the woodshed
Where it is warm and dry,
And a better man to you, I'll be,
At least, I'm going to try.

So when the summer days come,
And we're busy as can be,
I won't hate to heave in sight
For fear that you'll call me.
—Eva I. Lumbard.

MAKIN'S

Of all the dire disasters
To a poet, great or small,
The one when her muse goes on a
strike
Seemeth the worst of all.

I had some lovely "makin's,"
As poetic as could be;
But how they'll ever reach the light
Is more than I can see.

There was one of a modern village
Where I have loved to live;
A village blest with all the charms
In Nature's power to give.

A lake bright blue and restless
To greet the morning sun;
A rosy glow o'er a peaceful vale
When the long day's work is done.

There was one of a precious boy
Who craved a magic wand,
To bring ice cream and candy
At the touch of his little hand.

And how I caught his meaning,
And wished I had one, too,
To wave before his life long path
And gifts of good bestrew.

There was one of a lovely gown
I have cherished for many years,
But now it is old and faded,
I lay it away with tears.

I lay it aside with regret,
But with hope and trust that it will
Be succeeded by one more lovely,
More loved and beautiful still.

And I think of the earthly dress
My spirit has loved to wear.
When I lay it aside, shall another
More blessed still be my share?

O I had some lovely "makin's,"
As poetic as could be;
But how they'll ever reach the light
Is more than I can see.
— Laura Townsend Dickinson.

Additional Poems Will Be Found on Page 30.

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<p>GOLD RIBBON WEDNESDAY</p> <p>Finest half size Bordeaux shelled walnuts regular price \$1.00 per lb. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 69c per pound.</p> <p>Finest California bleached Valencia almonds, regular price \$1.00 per lb. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 65c per pound.</p> <p>Finest seeded and seedless raisins, 15 oz. to package, regular price, 25c per package. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 15c.</p> <p>Loyal Tissue toilet paper, 1,000 sheets to roll, quality guaranteed, regular price 15c per roll, for Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 11c per roll, 10 rolls limit for \$1.00.</p> <p>Finest Columbia River medium red salmon, regular price 45c per can. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 3 cans for \$1.00.</p> <p>Finest Spanish red sweet pimentos, regular price 25c per can. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 19c per can, 3 cans limit 55c.</p> <p>Finest Cane granulated Sugar, 10 lbs. limit to a customer for 89c.</p> <p>Extra fancy Indian River Florida Grapefruit, regular price 10c, 3 for 25c. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 75c per dozen.</p> <p>Finest Indian River extra large grapefruit.</p>	<p>regular price 15c each. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 1 dozen limit to customer \$1.29.</p> <p>Extra fancy Valencia Blue Goose oranges, regular price, 35c per dozen. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 25c per dozen, 4 dozen limit to a customer for 95c.</p> <p>Extra fancy Baldwin apples, regular price, 3 lbs for 25c. Gold Ribbon Wednesday 75c per peck.</p> <p>Lux, 10 packages limit to a customer for 95c.</p> <p>Palm Olive soap, regular price 10c per cake. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 10 cakes limit to a customer for 69c, or 5 cakes for 39c.</p> <p>Large package Gold Dust, regular price 38c per package. Gold Ribbon Wednesday, 27c.</p> <p>THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS</p> <p>Shredded Wheat biscuits 13½c per package.</p> <p>Corn Flakes 8½c per package.</p> <p>Puffed Wheat 12½c per package.</p> <p>Posts Bran 12½c per package.</p> <p>Jello 10c per package.</p> <p>Kaempfer Bird Seed 21c per package.</p> <p>Blue Label Chili Sauce regular price 40c, this week, 32c.</p> <p>Blue Label pure fruit strawberry preserves, regular price 50c per jar, this week, 35c per jar.</p>	<p>Blue Label Peach preserve, regular price 50c. This week, 35c.</p> <p>Tiller Brand Smoked Norwegian Sardines, regular price 25c, this week, 15c.</p> <p>Mary Elizabeth Boneless Sardines in pure olive oil half pound tin, regular price 55c, this week, 39c per tin.</p> <p>Caumet Baking Powder, 1 lb. large tin, regular price 40c, this week 33c.</p> <p>Beauty brand giant green asparagus, 1 lb. and 14 oz. large can, regular price 65c per can, this week 48c per can.</p> <p>Libby's green or white asparagus, 1 lb. and 14 oz. can, regular price, 60c per can, this week 45c per can.</p> <p>Libby's Chilli Sauce, large jar, regular price 38c per jar, this week 29c per jar.</p> <p>Monsoon Brand Cider Vinegar, 4 oz. bottle, regular price 18c per bottle, this week 2 bottles for 25c.</p> <p>Plymouth Rock Brand Sweet Mixed Jerkins, regular price 20c per jar, this week 2 for 25c.</p> <p>Heinz Chow-chow Pickles, large jar, regular price 40c, this week 35c, 3 jars limit for \$1.00.</p> <p>Beech-Nut Brand Dried Beef in glass 9 oz. net regular price 50c, this week 39c.</p>
<p>SATURDAY</p> <p>Extra fancy Calif. ripe tomatoes, per lb. 19c</p> <p>Extra fancy stringless green beans, per qt. 19c</p> <p>Extra fancy finest spinach, per peck 39c</p>	<p>Jersey sweet potatoes, 4 lbs. 29c</p> <p>Brussels sprouts, per qt. 29c</p> <p>Tangerines, per dozen 35c, 3 dozen for. \$1.00</p> <p>MEATS</p> <p>Maeirs Hams, whole or half 25c</p>	<p>Fancy Leg of Lamb 36c</p> <p>7th Rib Beef 28c</p> <p>Pot Roast 24c</p> <p>Small Breakfast Sausage 23c</p>

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