

## Winnetka Weekly Talk

by

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1924

*Depress the Tracks.  
Give the Business Men Fair Play.  
Build a New Village Hall.  
Enforce the Traffic Laws.  
Build the Truck Road.*

### THE WORLD

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste  
our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all  
hours,  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping  
flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather  
be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me  
less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the  
sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed  
horn.* —WORDSWORTH.

### SINGING TOGETHER

Several times recently we've seen pictures of men singing together. They had their mouths wide open and must have been stirring up the atmosphere considerably. But they looked happy standing up there in close friendly formation. They called to our mind the singing boys of some Italian sculptor, maybe Donatello.

We love to sing together, much more than all by ourselves. When our rich baritone blends in soulful harmony with our friend's mellifluous tenor we create something that never was before, an art product that tickles our heartstrings. He sings the air and we vamp a second part. He will begin softly "You can change a fool, but a doggone mule"—by that time we've chimed in, and our individual tones are deliciously blending. One of our greatest favorites is "There's a long, long trail a-winding." We get great effects in this romantically melancholy selection. Dogs have been known to howl as we struck and held certain rich chords.

Harmony is a mysterious creation. Melodies have their own peculiarly attractive qualities. But they are matter-of-fact compared with harmonies. The latter are unearthly, suddenly coming into existence and as quickly vanishing. When the tones uttered by ourself and friend first come into intimate communion there is delivered to the listening world a weird and, on the whole, pleasing product. Physicists call these resulting tones "combination" tones. It sets one up considerably to find that he is a partner in the creation of such an absolutely new affair. In fact each of us, we makers of sweet harmonies, often break down in the midst of our singing overcome by the mysterious beauty of what we ourselves have brought into being.

Singing together banishes care and sorrow, rejuvenates the middle-aged, restores ambition and hope to the jaded, injects joy into everyday living, strengthens social ties.

### LEVITATORS

Our friend, Pete Magnuson, is of an inventive turn of mind. Asleep or awake his fertile brain

is planning some new device, some labor-saving concoction that will benefit humanity and add to his own bank account. For a long time he was thinking up some new-fangled hairpin that would stay put. Before his creation had quite matured, the market was supplied with the useful knock-kneed variety. Then he turned his attention to the working out of some scheme for indicating on the instrument board the amount of gas in a Ford car. He could think of no inexpensive way, so he dropped the idea.

Yesterday, when I met him on the train, his face was all lit up with that glow that transfigures prophets, promoters, and inventors. "I shall call it the 'Levigator,'" said Pete. "It will be a boon to all who are on their feet much of the time. It will be of especial use to fat people."

"What's the big idea?" we queried. "What is this thing?"

"Just a minute," said Pete. "I got my idea from seeing the value of balloon tires. Like riding on velvet. I began figuring on something of the same general kind for walkers. I knew from my own experience that rubber heels and soles turned stony sidewalks and streets into country lanes."

"Those devices are well enough advertised already," we interrupted. "So get down to business."

Pete drew on the back of an envelope a picture of a fat lady with some strange contraption fastened to her shoulders. He explained it. "Now here's a fat lady. Weighs 200. Think of the weight she has to carry around with her, a woman no stronger than a woman of 150 pounds. That affair fastened to her shoulders is a balloon."

"A balloon!"  
"Sure! Balloon, or, as I shall call it, a 'levigator.' It's a lighter. It's filled with just enough gas to enable this fat lady to walk as lightly as a feather weight. It has a levitating power of 100 pounds. It decreases this lady's weight to 100 pounds. Think of the possibilities of this device! Inexpensive, too. Isn't it wonderful?"

We had only enough strength left to utter feebly, "Wonderful!"

### CAMPING OUT

What is Jimmy dreaming about while his teacher is explaining the binomial theorem? We know. He is thinking of the fun he had up at camp. That wistful smile hovering about his lips means that he wishes he were there right now. Gee! that was some sport!

There is much of the savage in every normal man and boy. We know a dentist who recently spent a fortnight up in the wildest Canada. He told us with evident joy and pride of carrying a ninety pound pack through the underbrush and being toppled over while trying to balance on a huge windfall. He went on to tell about the four-pound black bass that he caught so easily. And then of the guide who cooked elegant biscuits right out in the open.

How boys love to go out camping! Even the preparing to go has something heavenly about it. Ordinary days are transfigured by the getting of the necessary paraphernalia—tents, blankets, camping shoes, knife, and ax. Books on camping are read over and over again.

The day for starting is a red-letter day in his calendar. The train crawls to its wonderful destination. He and his companions pitch camp in the very midst of heaven. Then follow days that are genuinely golden days. Such freedom from home restraints! Old clothes and who cares how dirty you are? Besides, you can go in swimming twice a day. No chance to get dirty. There never were such comfortable beds and such delicious food. Royal days those were, full to the brim with pleasures that were delicious to the very last drop.

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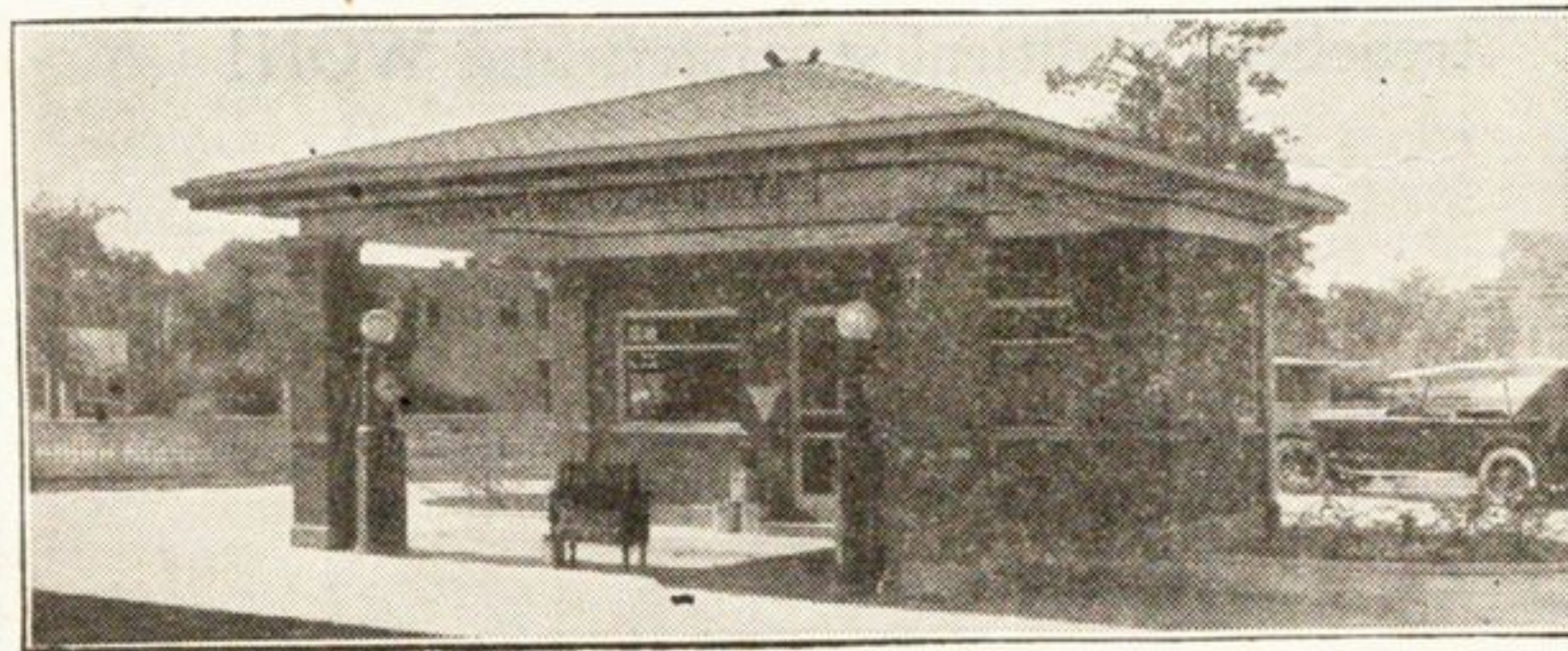
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