

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Picnics and Such

WE certainly had a picnic!" That's what any normal man, woman, or child will say if he wants to impress upon others the fact that he (or she, if you insist) has had an especially hilarious time. And the universal use of this method proves that everybody loves to go picnicking.

Of course there are a few very old people who simply hate picnics. Such people would rather, much rather, have their food served to them on a china plate and eat it with the customary utensils. They have not the least desire to sleep anywhere else than on their own comfortable mattresses.

But everybody else except these luxury-lovers gets a thrill out of picnics. What does your true picnicker care if the bacon is only half done? If the straw-stuffed tick is lumpy? If he has to walk a mile every morning to get nice rich cream? Of course we are referring here more to camping out than to the ordinary one-day picnic, but after all, camping out is merely a protracted picnic. The one-day picnicker has the same attitude. He likes pink lemonade, sandwiches, and pie eaten al fresco on the ground:—So tired but so happy!

The season of picnics is opening. The churches are making dates for their annual outings. The various secular organizations are looking forward to their more or less sylvan gambols. Let's go on a picnic!

Taking it Seriously

TIME was, and still is, in many places, when the summer school student could easily be distinguished from the regular scholar by his much greater seriousness. The expression in his face, and in fact in his entire bearing, plainly said, "I'm here to get all I can out of my brief stay in these halls of learning." Quite different from that of the regular scholar, which was nonchalant and, we may say, bored. And there was a good reason for this difference. The regular attendant had nine months at his disposal. He had thirty-six weeks in which to digest Caesar. But the summer boy or girl had only six or eight weeks in which to chew, swallow, and assimilate (if possible) De Bello Gallico. Why shouldn't he take his work seriously?

The summer school student whom we have seen at the University of Chicago was, if a girl or woman, an ultra sober individual, actuated by a most solemn purpose. Her favorite motto was "Life is real, etc." She attended every public lecture offered by anybody. She must have felt as

we did when we skimmed all Rome in five hours, seeing St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, the Coliseum, the Forum, the Baths of Caracalla, and everything else of importance.

The summer student was usually much older than the September-to-June pupil. We believe, however, that inasmuch as the habit of attending school during July and August is growing more common that the difference referred to above is diminishing. Today it is rather difficult to tell the two types apart.

Camping Out

EVERY man not too near 100 years of age can recall with considerable vividness his first camping experiences. Of course there are a few men who never had the good fortune to camp out, but since these unfortunates are in the decided minority, we shall proceed to disregard them.

Our first experience in this field began at that very moment when we became aware that a certain group of our friends was planning to go and that this same group would allow us to go along. Receiving the permission of our parents we at once hitched our wagon to a star and cancelled all the dates on our calendar except the date of departure.

Our preparation, as we now recall it, was very simple. We simply gathered all our old clothes into one large bundle. Thus equipped we set off by train—North Western, we believe—for Lake Marie, one of that numerous group in the neighborhood of Fox lake, not far from Chicago. Arriving at the favored spot we pitched our tents. The details of life in that camp are faded. The general memory is pleasant.

We recall distinctly that one of our camp fellows brought with him a bushel of roasted peanuts. Our experiences with peanuts having previously been limited to five cents' worth, a bushel was incredible. The meals, cooked outdoors, were better in prospect that in actual reality. We swam, rowed, fished (not much) and slept (when the mosquitoes allowed).

A grand life!

Young boys should not be allowed by their parents to drive automobiles unless accompanied by an older person. The reasons are obvious but apparently need emphasizing. The main reason is that children are imprudent, willing at almost any time to take chances. Moreover, they cannot properly estimate the power of the motor which they are controlling nor the momentum of the car itself. They should not be allowed to drive alone until they are much nearer the years of discretion. Our lawmakers, recognizing these facts, have passed laws forbidding the driving of cars by boys of 16 or under unless an older person is with them.

IT often happens that a clever chap will attack a piece of work with great vim but will fail to accomplish his aim because he lacks staying power. Whereas a fellow of moderate ability and steady persistence will make little headway at first but by keeping at it and losing no ground will in a moderate time succeed. It is well to remember that **a blunt wedge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.**

SHORE LINES

I THINK OF THEE!

Each day—each night,
By dark or light,
I think of Thee!
When all the sounds of day are dead—
When God's fair candles burn o'erhead—
Divinely bright—
I think of Thee!

In grief—in joy,
That cheer or cloy,
My soul seeks Thee!
When all the worries of the day
Are in their graves and laid away
To ne'er annoy—
I think of Thee!

On earth—on high
Forever I
Will long for Thee!
When for this body bells shall toll
And life is done—Ah, then my soul
Shall upward fly
And seek for Thee!

—H. A. MILLS.

We Thought It Had Been Started!

Dere Slave:
Don't you think it would be a good idea to start the fashion for men to wear divided skirts?
—LYDIA.

SUMMER IN CHICAGO

(By which, of course, I mean the Chicago area.)
Cold days, hot days, windstorms, rainstorms, thunderstorms, clear days, cool days, cloudy days—the right kind of weather at the wrong time, always Shebas in light summer dresses and sheiks strolling hatless and coatless in the heat of the afternoon the same shebas with cloaks covering the same dresses strolling in the evening, accompanied by sheiks wearing topcoats and straw hats clouds and a northeast wind shivering shebas and sheiks in all varieties of coats advertising posters on the "L" platforms "Blah theatre, 70 degrees cool inside," "Great Snowstorm at the Merry Paradise," "Drink Coco Cola. Always Refreshing" Yellow slickers on wet days covering street clothes yellow slickers on dry days covering bathing suits Chicago beaches jammed with the populace in all its glory north shore beaches jammed with children Sheridan road jammed with traffic "Is this the way to Channel lake?" "How do you get to Waukegan road?" "Where's the Garden of Allah?" Maxwell street on a hot night families sleeping in trucks parked along the curb children sleeping in pushcarts parked anywhere and everywhere big rats disputing the right-of-way the usual garbage smell fighting to hold its own against the fragrance of the stockyards creeping up from the southwest Lincoln park full of families from the Italian district on the near north side Garfield park full of a conglomerate mass of humanity Washington and Jackson parks the same Up north at the lake resorts, giggling girls in knickers, giggling girls in sailor togs, giggling girls in bathing suits, giggling girls in sports wear sheiks in ditto jazz bands across the water "Let's Talk About My Sweetie" moonlight Away down on the south side, in the steel mills district, the eternal red glow flickering up, brightening the sky, then dying down a bit big ore freighters tied up in the slips the electric lights of the hydraulic and electric rigs, sparkling as they shoot back and forth, shrieking and groaning and along Ninety-second street, and elsewhere, the bums sitting on the curbing outside the soft drink parlors of such as Honest John (Wieczlewski) who sells a shot of raisin-jack for 15 cents, two for a quarter

—THE JOKER.

TO YOU

A sunbeam chanced my way;
It danced and twinkled within your smile,
Dispelled the shadows a little while,
And warmed me for a day.

A melody reached my ear;
The lyric woven of tender words
Rang out far sweeter than song of birds,
And dried a burning tear.

The sun and song have flown;
My life is empty that once you filled—
Hope cannot die, my heart, be stilled—
I wait, and walk alone.

—SAMPSON.

Hooray for the Glorious Fourth! They've removed all the glory and this year they even hold it on the Fifth.

—THE SLAVE.