

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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Having sailed from New York on the last day of June, Symon Bowe and Walter Schroeder, "Lloyd Hollister, Inc. tourists," are already in Europe, seeing the strange sights in England, France, Holland, and Belgium.

What an experience it will be for these two boys! What they see and smell and hear and taste over there will last them all their lives. They will see people and buildings and historic spots that will live in their memories to their last days on earth. The smells that they encounter on board ship and on their various sight-seeing tours will return to them when they come back to the north shore. The boys will hear sounds the like of which they never heard here—the distant music of chimes, a variety of languages, perhaps the song of the sky lark. And they will doubtless sample the line, rather long in Europe, of beverages, more or less alcoholic. All of which experiences will linger in memory through long years to come.

Why don't some of you older people go to Europe? It isn't extravagant. Teachers find it possible to go, and teachers aren't rich. Go on a second-class boat. The food and rooms are good. Go this summer.

It seems from all appearances that our summer weather has come to stay for a while at least. In between we may have spring and autumn and an assortment of nameless, and unmentionable seasons. A few weeks back we traveled from pole to tropic and back again. We grumble but we shouldn't. The only thing climatically to expect on the north shore is the unexpected. Variety is preferable to monotony. Our climate is temperamental and hence charming.

On Tuesday evening, June 29, Ravinia Park celebrated its fifteenth birthday. We being the husband of a lady who sells Ravinia tickets, accompanied her to the said park to occupy a very good reserved seat, donated by that generous gentleman, Mr. Louis Eckstein. It is his much appreciated custom, and has been for some time past, to invite his Ravinia co-operators to share with him the pleasure of attending this anniversary presentation of one of the greatest of the grand operas.

The opera chosen for this important occasion was Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The artists playing the title roles were Ed-

ward Johnson and Lucrezia Bori. These two outstanding singing actors were assisted by eight or ten no less able individuals—Defrere, Mojica, Rothier, etc. And in addition, providing an adequate musical background, was a well-trained, enthusiastic chorus.

We arrived on the scene fifteen minutes before the curtain rose, and so had plenty of time to see who were in our immediate circle. We saw many of our neighbors. We don't know certainly, but we hazard the conjecture that quite a few husbands were indebted to the same gentleman for their seats. Way off in the distance stood a little group of authorized musical critics. We say "authorized," to distinguish them from ourselves.

The following poem was written by Emily Dickinson, regarded by at least one critic as "possibly the greatest woman poet of modern times." By another she has been characterized as a woman with "the soul of a monk of the Middle Ages bound up in the flesh of a Puritan." The poem is called "Mysteries."

An Interesting Poem

The murmur of a bee
A witchcraft yieldeth me.
If any ask me why,
'Twere easier to die
Than tell.

The red upon the hill
Taketh away my will;
If anybody sneer,
Take care, for God is here,
That's all.

The breaking of the day
Addeth to my degree;
If any ask me how,
Artist, who drew me so,
Must tell!

If Dante were to write another Inferno in 1926 he would be obliged to add to the residents of his underworld that species of autoists known as road hogs. After consigning to perdition all the brands of rascals common to the medieval period he would deal with those drivers who nowadays hog the road.

The most obnoxious of this class are those young fellows who are in a hurry to get somewhere in as little time as possible. In carrying out this ambition they run rough-shod over everybody else on the road. One of their practices is to straddle the dividing line on the concrete highway and force the less reckless driver coming from the other direction either to hug the edge or to run over onto the gravel, grass or sand bordering the road. In Dante's Inferno these young fellows would be condemned to drive eternally on the narrow side of the infernal highway trying to escape collisions with never ending streams of demon drivers hogging the road.

Another variety of road hog is the enemy of society who is continually trying to pass the car just ahead. Even when there is next to no chance of his getting by and safely into line again he will suddenly shoot out of line and take the slight chance of getting in again. When he reaches the lower world he should be sentenced to drive in a solid line of cars where the demon driver behind him is always shooting out of line and nosing in just close enough in front of him to scrape his front bumper.

SHORE LINES

BACK YARD BALLADS

The New Bee Hive

Out in our yard—by a Mulberry tree
Pa put a hive—with a ol' queen Bee!
En a lot of others—workers he said
En some ol' drones—loafers instead!

Pa says he'll have fine honey to sell—
Not right away, but after a spell!
En maybe a swarm—if all keeps alive
He'll raise en put in another bee hive!

Pa says that bees is gentle and kind
If you treat em good—**keep that in mind!**
En tend your own business sure every day,
En keep yer eye pealed—en out of their way!

Honey bees, pa says, often gets mad—
Once quite a few lit on his own Dad
When Pa's a small boy big's I am—
En stung him a lot—en Grandpa said "Wham!"

En his nose swelled up en his lip got big—
He had to take ginger—quite a large swig!
En put on some mud—jes' yellow clay—
Bee stings is cured quickest that way!

Pa said his pa said it keeps a man young,
To always be busy en sometime get stung!
It keeps his eyes open en out of the wet—
So Grandpa's livin' and pretty spry yet!

—H. A. MILLS

We have been receiving quite a few letters and verbal comments praising Mr. Mills' poetry recently and have meant to mention the fact before this. We heartily agree with those who like his poetry.

TAKE A SWIM

When the world is glum and sad
And you haven't any pep,
Everything you do is bad,
All you want to do is fret—
When you grumble, grouch and groan—
Curse the door-bell, kids and phone—
Take a swim!

Just to feel those clear, cold waves
Lapping 'round you in the breeze,
Makes you forget the world
And yourself—that's what you need.
You come out more fresh and free,
So just take a tip from me—
Take a swim!

Tho' your courage seems to fail
And "goose-pimples" appear;
Tho' your figure's like a rail—
You don't like water in your ear—
Plunge right in and plough away;
Forget yourself, forget the day—
And take a swim!

—A. WOLVERINE

Regarding our statement last week that we remained in a state of single blessedness more by good luck than good sense Lydia writes to wish us better luck. Now we wonder whether she means better or worse.

NATURE ALWAYS SURPASSES ART

Two maidens gay, met a boy one day,
His legs were briar scratched.
His clothes were of blue, but a nut-brown hue
Marked the place where his pants were patched.
They laughed with joy, at the blue-clad boy,
And his patch of nut-brown hue.
"Why don't you patch with a color to match?"
They asked. "Why not with blue?"
"Don't be coy, my blue-clad boy,
Speak up" and they laughed with glee.
Then he hung his head, as he bashfully said:
"That ain't no patch, that's me."

The above was contributed by F. L. H. who, however, does not claim authorship. We are in some doubt, ourselves, as to the origin of this touching little masterpiece. Perhaps some of the readers or contribs know something about it.

We are starting to get in training for Winnetka day, which is to be held toward the middle of August. On that day we have determined to win one of the races and the five pounds of bacon, or whatever the prize is. Then we'll frame it as a testimonial to our prowess.

THE SLAVE.