

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Of all that remarkable sequence of sonnets written by George Meredith, called **An Excellent Poem**

Modern Love, Swinburne selected sonnet 47 as his favorite. And certainly if so generally accepted a master of melodious verse as Swinburne put his stamp of high approval on a poem, that poem must have a real claim to excellence. Meredith's recent biographer, J. B. Priestley, says of the stanza, that the "range of the man who wrote this one poem is clearly beyond that of all but the three or four greatest poets in our literature." He also calls attention to its "melodious fullness and romantic beauty." The lines present a picture of an estranged husband and wife who for but a moment seemed likely to reunite but whose likelihood of reunion was merely momentary.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky.

And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.

We had not to look back on summer joys, Or forward to a summer of bright dye: But in the largeness of the evening earth Our spirits grew as we went side by side. The hour became her husband and my bride.

Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud

In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood

Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,

This little moment mercifully gave, Where I have seen across the twilight wave

The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

The Winnetka Coal-Lumber company in a recent ad remarked that "auto tourists are funny looking folks."

Auto Tourists

Well, maybe they are, but they are not anywhere near so funny looking as they used to be. Remember way back when the men who went touring used to wear goggles and dusters? And the women! How can a mere man describe them? Were those dusters that they wore? And what were those queer things they wore as headgear? Boudoir caps? A photograph of one of those touring parties in an open car all fixed

up to annex as little dust as possible is enough to prove that our ancestors must have been very queer creatures.

Nowadays auto tourists are not so very funny looking. At least so far as costumes go. To be sure, one of the auto women-campers is an alarming spectacle with her khaki blouse and knickers. This combination is often enhanced by a cap usually several sizes too large. Little does she look like one of the gentler and lovelier sex. A woman of this genus when burned a deep brick red and togged out as detailed above is no sight to allure an ordinary man into courtship and marriage. Whether she is funnier looking than her sister of the earlier epoch must be decided by someone more competent than the present writer.

Does the H. W. C. L. company appreciate the fact that auto touring calls for a special outfit? Especially for the so-called fair sex? A society belle can't go on a two hundred mile spin clad in ballroom costume. And the cream that she applies to her face is a prophylactic rather than a beautifier. Moreover, the man driving beside her is usually hers by due process of law; no need to fix up for him! Maybe she also senses the fact that when she does really get the chance to improve on nature, the contrast will be all the more effective.

So, maybe auto tourists are "funny looking folks," but they are not nearly so funny looking as they used to.

The women of the party may be fiercer looking.

On the north shore roads there are several danger points. To name only a few—the section of Sheridan road that runs along the east edge of Calvary cemetery, Sheridan road where it meets Ridge avenue near Wilmette, Sheridan road where, in north Wilmette, it makes a sudden turn and runs northward, Sheridan road again at Hubbard Woods hill.

We have often wondered why more accidents do not occur at Sheridan road and Michigan avenue in Wilmette. We have often noticed that south bound cars instead of turning west at this junction continue straight south on Michigan. We have several times narrowly escaped running into one of these latter cars.

Hubbard Woods hill has always been a menace to life and limb. With its steep narrow inclines and its winding course it deliberately offers death and damage to all drivers, careful and reckless. The three sailor boys, Chester, O'Grady and Lesser, recently more or less severely injured when their car went over into the ravine beside this dangerous hill, experienced what others have experienced and will continue to experience. Fortunately in the winter the hill is usually shut off by police order.

The highways, especially those most often used, ought to be made so safe that accidents will be rare. The broadening of the most traveled highways is not only advisable but urgent. Green Bay road north of Tower road is dangerous because of its narrowness, its high crown and its winding nature.

People will continue to drive, and many will continue to drive carelessly. Punish offenders but also make it hard for accidents to occur on our main traveled roads.

SHORE LINES

YOU—JUST YOU

*The brook hath its willow and wide spreading shade,
The willow its nest, that the orioles made;
And all the bright day from sunrise till dew
The song of the bird is thrilling and new!
My heart hath its music and songs not a few
And the words of the song are you—just you!*

*The spring hath its days—ah, wondrously fair!
The summer its hours free from all care;
And the song of the harvest sounds deep in the fall
When the grain is gathered and whippoorwills call,
My soul hath its flights the long year through—
Those moments of bliss with you—just you!*

*The sky hath its planets brilliant and bright
The ocean its tides that roll day and night.
And all the past eons and ages to come
The planets will glitter—vast tides will run!
My soul hath its planets—its tides ever new
That cheer it forever—your love and just you!*

—H. A. MILLS

Next Thursday is the great day when everyone gets out and wins a pair of crocheted bedroom slippers or something of the kind when he expected to get five gallons of oil or a spotlight for his flivver. Yes, we'll be there too!

Yes, We Don't

Dear Slave:

Don't you think the "certain party" who called the derrick used to carry a service shop on Devon a "shoplifter" is clever? So do I.

—M. V. L.

NORTH SHORE SOLILOQUY

*It matters not how cold it is—
In pouring rain or burning sun
The "skeeter" plies his trade the same,
On 'ristocrat or roving bum.*

*The maiden clothed in sheerest silks
May for a time most sweetly pose;
But don't be shocked if soon or late
The queerest antics she disclose.*

*She tries to smile a sickly grin—
You think the girl with pleasure thrills;
With deadly intent in her heart
She makes one dive amidst the thrills.*

—NEPTUNE

But Neptune, they haven't been so bad this year, or at least we haven't been bothered much. But then, what mosquito would risk being poisoned by biting a hardened old bachelor?

Maybe He Was Also the Undertaker

Of course we know that "h" and "k" are fairly close neighbors on the keyboard, but if one gets mistaken for the other, trouble is bound to result. Of course, too, we have read dispatches from the south relating to a killing committed by a minister, but we still maintain that this headline from the great Evanston daily is a bit startling:

PASTOR 36 YEARS WITHOUT SALARY Kentucky Preacher Ministers to Kill Folks

And then when we notice that according to the accompanying illustration our preacher has married five hundred couples free and has fought moonshiners, we wonder more than ever.

Careful, there! Watch your keys!

—J. L. D.

WHEN GOD MADE YOU

*It was a holiday in heaven,
When God made you,
And you were his gift to the earth.*

*God dreamed dreams,
Dreams of the stars, the moon and the sun,
Dreams of the beauties of heaven,
And those dreams came true,
When God made you.*

—JACQUES

We can't think of a last line these days because we're too busy trying to decide whether to take a train to New York, a boat to Michigan, or our flivver to the north woods. These vacations are such a bother!

THE SLAVE