

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

The only thing that keeps our north shore towns from being like a bunch of barren Nebraska towns is our splendid shade trees. Without our beautiful elms, oaks, and maples, our homes would be mere buildings in a desolate wilderness. To get the exact effect compare an abundantly wooded stretch of land with the same land after it has been cleared and made over into a mere field.

Our Shade Trees

Our trees have enemies, strong and persistent enemies. Parasites of various kinds are continually preying upon them. Millions of tiny insects are sucking the life blood of that gigantic elm which you prize so highly. If the building up powers of the tree are overcome by the destructive agencies, it will surely die.

Winds and lightning tear down many beautiful trees. From painful personal experiences of recent years we know what tornadoes can do to trees. Some of us have seen monster trees uprooted like weeds. Lightning splits trunks and huge branches and prepares the way for the onslaught of fatal disease.

The advance of civilization means the retreat of trees. With the so-called "improvement" of vacant land comes decrease of nourishment to trees and resulting weakness and death. Trees cannot prosper long in the close neighborhood of concrete, brick, and stone.

Therefore, we must not only conserve our existing trees but continue to plant trees. Moreover, the suggestion of one of our tree lovers and experts should be acted upon at once. Each of our villages should have a tree commission, whose particular business it should be not only to take steps to plant trees but to plant them so as to get the most economical and most beautiful results.

For both quantity and quality of musical happenings we know of no district outside of the large cities, that can so justly boast as the north shore. After the season opens there is hardly one evening a week out of the seven when a concert or recital is not taking place. There are not many cities whose population equals or exceeds that of our north shore towns that offer such entertainments to the music lover.

The variety of musical events is interesting—symphony concerts, artist recitals, chamber music, band concerts, recitals by amateurs, music lessons, concerts by choral societies. Almost every household shelters some child or grown-up who takes a more or less active part in some musical undertaking. A musical affair of outstanding

merit attracts one or more in almost every home.

Our schools, public and private, primary and secondary, give instruction in every branch of music, except perhaps individual voice culture. School orchestras or bands can be found in any of our communities. Every child, almost without exception, can play something even though it may only be a mouth organ.

Keep to the right! The best rule of the road. Follow this rule rigorously and you will drive most safely day and night. If you and the other fellow both keep to the right there is no possibility of your colliding. But if you do not keep to the right but keep sliding over to the left, you are inviting a collision and weeks in the hospital.

Keep to the Right!

On a curving road in a hilly country it is particularly necessary that drivers keep to the right. One is tempted, when the road curves left around a hill, to hug the hill. But this means going over to the left and it also means that you and the driver coming from the opposite direction will meet head-on just round the bend.

Phew! It's hot! Horribly hot! Cool weather is a dream of what never was and never will be. We don't believe in Santa Claus, and icicles are made of glass and not of nice cold ice. We've learned how to sweat and forgotten how to shiver.

Hot!!

And only a week ago we were sitting in the sun to get warm. Or maybe it's only one of those aforementioned happy dreams. Anyway we dreamed we got up from under sheets and blankets, pulled on a cold damp bathing suit, slid into eight feet of cold, cold water, and emerged shivering. Then we ate breakfast out of doors in the sunlight in order to warm up.

What helps us to stand the heat is the sight of laborers dressed in heavy work-clothes, heavy boots, overalls, and leather gloves, and felt hat. And working with pick and shovel with no shade and no electric fan. And we feel a little ashamed, too, for complaining when we pass the laundry and a draft of parboiled atmosphere greets us. We wonder how the laundry girls are standing it.

Well, it was a cold summer and the corn and other staples enjoy the heat and maybe after all it will not be hot in February. If summer comes, can winter be far behind?

Now that the leaves are falling and accumulating in gutters and on lawns, householders are getting rid of them by reducing them to ashes. The odor of burning leaves is tickling or annoying the nostrils of sensitive citizens. To many this odor, on the other hand, brings back childhood memories, sweet though fleeting.

If you are a burner of autumn leaves, burn them on some other surface than the newly surfaced streets. Fires burn the oil in the surfacing material and in so doing injures and later destroys the pavement. If fire does any harm to concrete it does much less than to any form of tar or asphalt. If the street before your home has been treated with any kind of oil material, burn your leaves in the back yard.

SHORE LINES

A WINNETKA MISS

We love this dainty precious miss,
This laughing tempter of a kiss,
Whose eyes of blue and rosy cheeks
Would'st envy cause, where beauty seeks.

Canst fairies haunt this little dear,
Whose rippling laugh all love to hear;
Whose golden curls dance with delight
Reflecting God's own pure sunlight?

His daintiest flowers scarce compare
With elfin beauty blooming there.
Coquettish ways portray a race
That's noted for their from and grace.

Thou hast a wary modest style,
Bewitching, loving, winsome smile.
Thy voice is music to our ears,
Such tender heart finds vent in tears.

God grant thy future grows complete
In womanhood with charms as sweet.
And may your homey loveliness
Find fruit in heaven's fond caress.

—UNCLE FRANK,

And Your Thirst?

Dear Mique: (message from Heidelberg) Visited a little keg of wine that holds 50,000 gallons. Also, drank a large foaming stem of Muenchner beer and thought of you. Find the German language hard to understand, but, then, I always have my hands!

—MARGIE, THE TOURIST.

PRECIOUS LITTLE LAMAKINS

Precious little lamakins,
Eyes a shinin' bright,
What fo' yo' hol' on mammy's skirts,
Pullin' 'em so tight?
Don't yo' know that nothin's goin' to
Git yo' when I's roun'?
Yo' say yo' hyeah de stranges' noise,
A wailin' sort o' soun'?
Laws sakes alive a massy chile
Dat's jus' de win' a sighin',
But if yo' keeps on pesterin' me
Yo'll have yo' mammy cryin'.

Don't take much fo' to git me when
Yo' pappy is away,
Now stop dat noise dis minute, hyeah?
He ain't a goin' to stay.
Yo's lonesome fo' yo' pappy, deah?
Why bless yo,' so is I!
Come, let me wipe yo' teah's away,
My lamakins musn't cry.
It's time that yo' was soun' asleep,
Dah, lay agin my breas'
An' when de sandman comes aroun'
I'll tuck yo' in yo' nes'.

And when that dear old mammy kissed
That kinky little head,
She offered up a simple prayer,
I don't know what she said,
But this I know, she loved her boy
As only mothers do,
And that little colored rascal, why
He loved his mammy, too.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

Before and After

So many inquiries have come Shore Line-ward concerning Gin, the editorial canine, since having undergone immunization to prevent rabies, that it seems wise to submit the accompanying illustration picturing our type-setter, as he appeared both before and after Der Tag.



Forty Love!

Filup Space has returned from the distant northlands and the sanctorum again functions at full tilt. A new lace fringed eyeshade that would be the envy of the Little Poker Face is the lone mark of extra-distinction accompanying the amiable Fil.

No, dears, Mique II is not of our immediate strain. Nice fellow, though, and betting his bottom dollar on Jack, the Demp, poor soul.

—MIQUE.