

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

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

Edgar Guest, intimately known as Eddie, has written verses which he names "Philosophy." Like all his other verses they run along easily from start to finish, making no heavy demand on the reader's power of comprehension, and usually expressing every-day solutions of life's problems. It may be said without fear of contradiction that no versifier in the Middle West to-day is so popular as he, nor does any writer in the same territory make so strong an appeal to the hearts and heads of average men. This position he holds is largely due to the fact that he speaks the language and shares the thoughts and feelings of most of his fellow men. In this piece on Philosophy he calls the reader's attention to the fact that—

Old Socrates had much to say,

He loved to play with words,

He'd prove in a most solemn way

That halves are more than thirds,

And searching the unchanging truth

He sat and talked away his youth.

He talked away his middle-age,

And died a poisoned wise old sage.

And he continues in this strain for a couple of stanzas further, the up-shot being about as follows:

Tho words may have a sweeter sound,

Whene'er I hear the hammers pound

I know with every blow that rings

That men are busy doing things.

Very apparently Eddie does not care much for philosophizing. And just as apparently he cares very much for doing—driving nails, sowing seeds, building roads. We suppose that his dislike of talking and his liking of doing rests on the fact that the results of talking are not easily visible while the results of doing are visible even to a child or a man with only one eye.

If Eddie is correct then even Eddie's own verses are worth nothing except what he gets for them in dollars and cents.

But why take Eddie seriously?

Have you ever seen an orchestra made up of over 300 high school girls and boys play Wagner's Rienzi overture or Dvorak's New World Symphony? Play not like novices but like professionals? If you haven't, you won't have the opportunity for many years. Perhaps you'll never have it, for it is not at all likely that the National High School Orchestra will ever again play in Chicago.

We were thrilled by their wonderful performance in the Chicago Auditorium on the evening of April 17. Frederick Stock conducted the orchestra in the playing of the Dvorak Symphony. The precision of the attacks was of the kind to make one

shout for sheer delight, and the shadings were unexpectedly masterful. The small boy that beat the tympani called forth our wonderment almost every time he took part in the tremendous ensemble. How did he learn to do it so accurately and so easily? Among the trombonists, strange to say, was one lone girl. How did she ever come to be interested in trombone playing?

We couldn't identify any of our own high school instrumentalists. We could only feel proud that they were participating in this 20th century miracle.

One of the most inspiring and unusual reports is that of the Winnetka Music club. Even a single reading will hold your attention. It reveals several surprising features and much interesting information whether or not you love music.

Inspiring and Unusual

In the first place it discloses the fact that the president of the club was visited by an idea, a vision beautiful and lofty and practicable. She had a vision of a possibility that since that time has materialized into the marvelous artist-recital series. We have been able to hear and see almost in our own homes such supreme musicians as Casals, Schipa, Spalding, Martinelli, Novaes, and Johnson. We have heard many of the world's greatest vocal and instrumental compositions.

Moreover, as if to prove that the artistic and economic can be combined, this report states that the guarantors have never been obliged to contribute a single penny towards meeting deficits. Why? The answer is simple. The concerts have brought in a surplus. If you don't think that fact worthy of note, read the history of other ambitious attempts.

Finally on the last evening of this year's series practically everyone in the audience signed up for subscriptions to next year's recitals. Isn't that surprising?

What other suburban community can boast of such a club and such recitals?

Are you taking part in the Village Clean-up? It's a fine undertaking, enlisting the activities of everyone without exception. The oldest veteran and the youngest child can work side by side in the good work of

Help Your Village to Clean Up!

cleaning up the village. Everybody's business should be picking up these brisk spring days, nature's cleanup days.

That pile of ashes in the basement should be shoveled into capable receptacles and placed where the collectors can easily get them. Papers that during the winter have been allowed to accumulate under the shrubs should now be put into fire-baskets and burned in safe places. Dead leaves ought not to be allowed to disfigure the lawns and corners. They too should be consumed by fire.

On Clean-up Days the village will send around town special trucks for taking away what you no longer care for. This will give you an exceptionally fine chance to clean out the medicine cabinet and the basement. Place all this rubbish—empty bottles, tin cans, etc.—in containers. Put the containers in the parkway. The village will do the rest.

Help your village to clean up and thus become beautiful once more.

SHORE LINES

I WOULD SEE SPRING

Once more, O God, unutterable spring.
More poignant welcome
Each return of blossoms bring.
Help me that I may better know
The glory of the hills
And woods below.
I would not ask
For brighter scenes than these;
Such rich bestowal of verdure ushering,
Grant only power to feel
The beauty in each growing thing.
To see in bird, in flower, in sky
The wistful loveliness, unspoken, shy;
To see in face of friend, indeed,
Return of human comradeship we need.
To see in spring which glorifies the earth
The miracle of song and flower in each rebirth.
Not more, O God I ask of Thee;
Give me but heart and mind to know,
And eyes that I may see.

—Rebecca Anthony.

Well, Mebbe, in Evingston

"WOMAN SHOPLIFTER CONCEALS \$225 COAT UNDER HER SKIRT." EV. REVIEW. NOW WALTER LOVELACE, YOU MIGHT FOOL US ABOUT SOME THINGS, BUT YOU CAN'T PUT THIS ONE OVER. WHERE YOU BEEN LATELY? YOU RIDE THE "L" TRAINS AND STROLL DAVIS STREET AND EVEN THAT DOESN'T CONVINCCE YOU. CONCEAL THE FACTS IF YOU MUST, WALTER, BUT DON'T LET THE LADY SHOPLIFTER CONCEAL A COAT UNDER HER SKIRT. IT CAN'T BE DONE EVEN IN EVINGSTON.

R. C. P. of Wilmette.

But, Why Be Meek?

Dear Mique: Judging by the way things are going now, when the time comes for the meek to inherit the earth, taxes will be so high that they will not want it.

—Simplicity.

My Stuff

Since I have come to Wilmette
I've writ' a score of verse,
And when I say, "Please pick the best."
You say they all are worse.

That's funny, now when I read them
To give myself that very test,
I read them, and can't quite decide;
I think they all are "best."

—F. J. Naylor.

Heh, heh!!

Dear Mique: Hasn't Fil the Filosofer some splendid thoughts? At your suggestion I've been reading his editorials and enjoyed them immensely.

—Peggy.
P. S. Please, Mique, don't let him know I ever read his columns, because I've changed my mind about him. Just read his last note to you. So some people "like sugar in their vegetable soup" do they? Splendid thoughts, indeed! Bah!!!

—Peg.

The Dominating Sex

The Women of Rotary, having recently been invited to be guests at the Chicago club took advantage of their generous, not to mention solicitous husbands by dispatching the following startling notice to prospective guests somewhat as follows:

"We want to make this epistle strictly confidential to be sure it gets noised about! The Masterly Males on the Program Committee of the Chicago Rotary Club have turned over their Tuesday luncheon, April 24th, to us and have asked us to put on a Feminist—or as they have dubbed it—a Self-Expression Day. Accordingly, we have already eliminated every specimen of the fictitious "Stronger Sex" from the program and will proceed to show that we could not be bluffed. Every place on the Tuesday luncheon program usually taken by Homo Sapiens (please do not abbreviate) will be taken care of by Mere Woman. It is to be Our Day! He had his "Show-Up!" We shall have a "Show-Down."
"We have secured Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, Republican National Committeewoman from Ohio, who is coming to deflate the self-conscious superiority of the other sex. She will talk—and ably too—on the subject "From the Cave to the Ballot-Box." It will be a laugh—on the men—from Start to Finish.

"What we request you to do is to drag or drag your husband to this luncheon so we may operate on him.

"Please, therefore, fill out the enclosed writ of habeas corpus and return to us immediately, and mark the date on your engagement pad."

This contrib business is pickin' up again. More, and ever more!
MIQUE.