

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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The cold and wet of the week ending June 24 were more disagreeable in Northern Michigan than on the North Shore, though blazing

Notes From Northern Michigan

wood-fires in a tightly built cottage helped to make these disagreeable features somewhat less intolerable than if we had been camping in the open.

From where we sit producing these notes we can see, and almost smell, the light green tips on the cedar branches. At the end of every pine bough also there is a little cluster of this year's pine needles. Near the foot of every pine tree is a colony of baby pines.

The lake this year is unusually high, washing the under sides of the boards on the pier. The little spring box which was last year ten or twelve feet from the water's edge is this year so close that one cannot take out the cream bottles without risk of stepping into the lake.

A group of Boy Scouts from a near-by town has camped in the woods a few feet behind our cottage. They are celebrating their presence by a frequent firing of crackers. Last night before crawling into their tent they made a tall fire of slim cedar trunks. We are afraid that they have spoiled this year's growth of several fine maples which grew close to the fire.

The lake is too cold for bathing and swimming. Our ladies tried it yesterday, but came out after one icy dip. Perhaps the water by the Fourth of July will not be too cold for a slight degree of comfort.

At the present writing few members of the summer colony have arrived. The only ones now in residence beside the beautiful lake are members of that fortunate profession, school teaching. The farmers who supply the cottages with forage are waiting patiently the advent of warmer weather.

One of the prime incentives active in promoting the endeavor of New Trier students to excel in literary composition is the annual Henry P. Williams prize essay contest. We are sure that many a boy or girl has received from this source just the impulse that was needed to move him or her, usually her, to try out native and acquired ability in this field. Everyone regrets the necessary absence of Mr. Williams at the conferring of prizes.

Although in general prices are still up and will continue to stay there for several more years, still all of us ought to be to some degree thankful that mail rates are lower. We are especially grateful to Uncle Sam for lowering the price for carrying picture post-cards. Not that we are addicted to the habit of sending such cards, but merely that we have often been annoyed to remember just after we have mailed a pretty view of our handsome home that we should have stuck on it a two-cent stamp.

Strange history is being made in Chicago. Public officials who were chosen for the special purpose of administering effectively the affairs of that great city have used their splendid opportunities for service as

Public Office and Public Service

means of forwarding their own petty ends. Consequently representative citizens have assumed a responsibility which they should not have been obliged to assume, namely, the responsibility of cleaning up some of the mess made by these same delinquent officials. As a prominent and public spirited north shore citizen put it recently: "The people permit paid incompetency to hold office and themselves assume the burden of law enforcement."

Such treacherous conduct as that shown by Chicago officials does not occur on the North Shore. Some will say that the reason is evident: the population and stakes are too small. Were the population up in the millions and were the money itself also up in the millions, our boasted character could not stand the strain and the Chicago situation would repeat itself on the North Shore.

We do not believe these statements. We do not believe that we are flattering ourselves and our fellow citizens when we assert that our public officials have exhibited an intelligence and character that could not be defeated or broken by millions of people or dollars.

Public office is still regarded by many as an opportunity for public service.

Certain unpleasant things last a long, long time. In spite of all that is done, these enemies of man, of one kind or another, seem invulnerable. Yellow fever seemed impregnable. Plagues seemed beyond man's control. Old age, at present, if

The Last of the Mosquito

it may be called an enemy, seems destined not to yield to man's attacks upon it. Cancer continues its deadly work.

But man as scientist has conquered some of these enemies. Yellow fever has yielded. Many plagues are now kept within bounds. Old age will some day be rejuvenated. Cancer cannot resist the advances of science.

Two of man's enemies still persist in the form of flying pests—the mosquito and the fly. But there seems not the slightest doubt that the mosquito, at least on the North Shore, is doomed.

With the Sanitary District, the County Officials, and the respective Abatement Districts all co-operating to conquer this disagreeable and dangerous pest, victory this year is assured.

One of the auto highways which will be of great use to North Shore drivers is Harlem Avenue. It takes one directly into the heart of Chicago's western and southwestern suburbs, a boon to those who heretofore have been able to get from the North Shore to Oak Park and River Forest only by threading the traffic congested boulevards or by hunting one's non-descript and ever-varying way over Western, Irving Park Boulevard, Central Avenue, or what have you?

Two duties combine to give going away for the summer a darkish, if not a black eye. These duties are getting ready to start, with its packing up and saying good-bye, and getting ready on the return to go to work again, with its unpacking and shaking hands with one's fellow-workmen.

SHORE LINES

LOVE

Along the flowery path they walked together hand in hand,
Lover and maid,
And as they watched the glorious sunset fade,
They dreamed of the future bright,
Of Life and Love.
Presently, they heard the notes of a nearby thrush
Chanting his evening song,
And as they stood there in the hushed silence of the woods—alone—
Far from the noisy throng,
There came to them the meaning of another sort of love,
Something exalting and Divine.

—Olivia Kingsley

Heat Waves

With E. T. trying to cool off in Decatur (ever try it?) and a short week because of the holiday, we were not surprised to encounter the hottest day of the year in the midst of our feverish toil Beth shows up with a flaming red bathing suit. No, no it is done up in a neat package, (you're wrong again), and she allows as how she'll be going down to Elder lane beach tonight we are thinking seriously or recruiting a guard of honor to signalize her inaugural stroll beachward The Old Plug has returned from the lair of the bangtails at Arlington with the firm avowal to henceforth lead a better life Doc and Doris appear with the news that they passed the week-end getting married, just by way of slipping in on the June procession all the femmes venture forth in the season's display of summer finery and we know that it is July and only two weeks until V-a-c-a-t-i-o-n time.

Friends

Lonely I sit and think of you,
And the days that have passed away.
Long have I been so true to you,
But you haven't a thing to say.
Those days can never be again,
Only friends we can be once more.
And true friends we can be then,
Friends—for evermore.

—"Bud"

Note: Happy to have it, Bud, and please repeat.

Scottish Humor

And why the announced wedding of Doc and Doris should have so pleased the Scotch pressmen, is more than we can fathom.

To My Own

Silence
Surrounds us
With her impregnable cloak;

The stillness
Of evening
Is softened by the moon;

Stars
Chuckle quietly
And dance above the clouds—

And yet
There is one sound
That comes gently thru the dark:

It is the sound
Of our hearts
As they beat together as one—

They croon
In truest harmony
To the love-song of my soul—

The love song,
Our hearts,
And silence—deep silence.

—Yakumaia.

"Gin" Saw Him First

Having successfully disposed of his first muzzle, "Gin," the type-eating terrier, has now taken to the wire basket variety. Catcher Charlie espied our hero 'tother day, but, well, you'll have to ask Charlie. "Tennyrate, "Gin" now seems not to mind the bite eradicator.

And how did you enjoy the glorious Fourth? Knew you would.

—MIQUE.