

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. tate 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000

Telephone Wilmette 1920

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR

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

Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

We see by the papers that Principal Clerk of New Trier has been looking around. He's been all up and down the Pacific coast visiting high schools. And he's back home with a satchel full of good ideas. These same good ideas he intends to use for the benefit of our own township high school.

Looking Around

Anyone who looks around, as Principal Clerk has been doing this summer, will find answers to questions that have been troubling him for a long time, and they will be answers that would never have occurred to him had he not left his own job and looked around at the work of others. Mr. Clerk, for example, by looking around, saw a way of saving the space now occupied by study halls. This way, he discovered, is to lengthen the class period. He also saw that much of the teachers' clerical work might be done by students and the teachers' more valuable time be thus freed for more important work.

This idea of looking around might be adopted to great advantage by many people in all walks of life. The housewife can learn a great deal by watching other housewives at work. Writers who have not been improving in style can often make notable advance by observing the methods of other writers. Executives in business and government can get many fine suggestions merely from looking around at other executives.

We recommend to our own local village trustees this practice of looking around. See how other trustees solve similar problems. Since there is very little new under the sun, it is more than likely that problems now vexing North Shore officials have been faced and solved elsewhere.

Keep your eyes and ears open. Look around at the other fellow. You'll learn something.

*"The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."*

While others are spending their holidays at the seashore our future great men and women are going to summer school. Over 600 boys and girls registered for summer school courses in New Trier High school. It will be a source of justifiable pride to these young people and to their friends and parents to find that they have outdistanced their companions who did not attend summer school. There will be many a boy who but for summer school would not be able

to enter high school until the fall of 1927. There will be many a girl who because of summer school will graduate from college a whole year ahead of her present grammar school comrades.

Time is money to many young men and women. There are many boys and girls who ought not to go to vacation school. But there are many more who might better go to summer school than to the seashore or country. Time gained now will be money gained later on. Especially is this true of older youths who through some misfortune have been retarded. Such youths by taking two or three studies in summer school have often regained time lost.

Moreover, this catching up process usually gives one a real feeling of satisfaction. He has won a victory over time itself. He has forced time, which along with tide waits for no man, to yield to his endeavors. Often it happens that a student does better work in summer school than during the regular year. He takes fewer subjects in the summer; he can put longer hours on laboratory work. He has as colleagues students who like himself are conscious of gaining time.

Plan to go next summer to vacation school. You will undergo a new and pleasurable experience.

Among the courses given by the Hadley School for the Blind one of the most popular is the course in life insurance. Twelve have completed the course, and fifty are now taking it. Six of the twelve graduates have received appointments with the New York Life Insurance Company. According to the latest and necessarily vague, reports, all six are doing well. Fourteen of the fifty now taking the course are selling insurance in several companies.

Everyone is interested in the results of this good school. Many have been waiting to see what its graduates will go into and how they will get along. While much of the benefit can be measured only in terms of personal satisfaction, still some of this benefit can be measured in dollars and cents. For example, it will be interesting to know how much these blind insurance agents earn per year. Of course it would be still more interesting to know what portion of this annual income is traceable to the course taken in the Hadley School. But this it is impossible to ascertain accurately.

According to accurate reports, blind insurance agents working for the New York Life have made as much as \$15,000 per year. Though none of the Hadley graduates has made this amount, still it is fairly probable that some well endowed graduate may exceed this sum.

As the work of the school goes on in this and other branches it may even appear that the very blindness has helped individuals. Deafness, partial or complete, is not an unmixed curse. If one does not wish to listen to a bore he can turn a deaf ear. And certainly 90 per cent of the sounds of a city are not worth hearing. Almost as many sights are not worth seeing. The blind can concentrate better than the sighted, other things being equal. They can pay better attention to the pleasures of the other senses. Therefore, why should not the Hadley graduates be able to surpass the sighted in many fields of endeavor?

SHORE LINES

Hello, everybody! Back again and glad to be here. After all, there's no place like home—even an adopted home. Jane Arnt and Lydia seem to have done so well in our absence that we are afraid you will wish we hadn't returned. But that won't do you any good for here we are.

Being quite as eccentric as columnists are supposed to be (and usually are) we went south on our vacation, although, up to the last minute, we had planned to go north. But we're just as glad. Perhaps we will tell you something of our trip.

WHY?

(To M. W.)

Marguerita mia, maid of grace,
Thy glorious beauty of form and face
Hath me enchanted to the nth degree.
I would, fair one, that thou belonged to me.

I would give a castle and all my gold
That if, when I sang that song of old,
"I love thee, I love thee! Oh, wilt thou be mine?"
Thou didst not shake thy fair head and decline.

I would thou wouldst nod and say to me,
"Yea, my lord, thy lady I'll be."
But alas! 'Tis fruitless those words to unfurl—
Oh why, oh why was I born a girl?

—J. L.

Welcome to the fold, Jane. Come again some time—we always try not to be too critical.

Mussolini seems determined to make us wear out that little quotation about "Whom the gods would destroy . . ." First he undertook to prescribe how the women should dress and now he informs a breathless world that his star of destiny will protect him from assassins and preserve him to die a natural death.

We had the pleasure of greeting our old friend Carp at New Trier this week. He is all tanned from his vacation trip to the West. We had bad reports about him from one who saw him when he started. This one said that Carp looked quite tough in his driving outfit, and that none of the pretty girls at New Trier would have liked him as well if they had seen him then.

It's a good thing he didn't meet the constable at Oxford, Mississippi, as we did on our trip. We, that is, the Slave, Bill and Bill dog, an airedale of extremely grave and philosophical demeanor, trickled into Oxford about nine o'clock one evening, a bit worn as to tempers because of eighteen miles of road without a single guiding sign and trouble with the lights.

Fortunately (for him, we like to think), we had eaten a good meal and had repaired the lights, or so we thought, when we made his acquaintance. Now we are certain that we couldn't have looked tough, although we must have been carrying several tons of Mississippi dust, than which there is none dustier, upon our persons. But this constable chose to regard us as extremely suspicious characters and inquired at length into our reasons for being in Oxford and our intentions regarding the town.

We assured him that our only desire in regard to Oxford was the opportunity of considering its many obvious deficiencies from the contemplated comfort of a hotel at Holly Springs, a town some miles farther north. This didn't satisfy the constable but he kept away from our immediate vicinity until we finally took the road out of town for Holly Springs. To shorten a lengthy and melancholy tale, there were no markers of any kind on this road which finally ended abruptly in a patch of weeds and railroad ties. We discovered that evidently some day a bridge was to be built across a stream which blocked our path on the other side of the ties, so we wearily and with some difficulty retraced our path to Oxford, a distance of about fifteen miles.

By this time we had but one thought and that was to get out of Oxford and back on the Florida Midwest highway, which at least has a marker, however dim and difficult to see, every few miles. We had intended to come up through Kentucky but now we decided to let that go and to reach Memphis, if possible.

When we got back to town there was our friend the constable again. He was more suspicious than before and we were ruder. When we told him that our only desire was to strike the Midwest highway once more and proceed thereon to Memphis, he was obviously relieved, though still a bit doubtful. He showed us the road out of town—all roads seem to converge on the courthouse square—and told us it was well-marked and easy to follow. This was at midnight, or a bit later.

At two o'clock we arrived at the square again filled with bitter thoughts and dark designs against the health and comfort of the constable. It had been the same old story—no markers on the road. Up came our friend, and only the thought that if we did our duty by him we would certainly have to get out of town immediately, saved him from just retribution.

So we only defied him by stating flatly that we were going to stay all night at the hotel, then we defied the hotel clerk by taking Bill Dog upstairs with us, defied common sense by sitting up an hour and a half over our road maps, and defied our own better judgment by sleeping until ten o'clock in the morning. That was a glorious day. We advanced just about 85 miles and felt as if we had driven 850 or more.

THE SLAVE