

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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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.

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,

*I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,*

*And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,*

*Then Beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why wert thou there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.*

—R. W. EMERSON.

Teachers might learn much from business men. This is the way they could go about it. They could first of all see that it is their business as teachers to sell education to their pupils. Business men try to sell groceries, dry goods, hardware, etc. to other people. Teachers should try to sell information and instruction to their classes.

And how do business men try to sell? They first lay in a stock of seasonable goods. They don't buy a stock of what they themselves want but of what they believe their customers want. Teachers could learn from this not to lay in a stock of knowledge that their youngsters will never want, like The State of The British Drama in the 18th Century.

Business men present their wares in an attractive manner. They arrange their goods so that those who come into the store can not only see the various articles easily, but also, so that on entering they will be drawn to look at them. The teacher should also see to it that his subject matter attracts the student. If his subject is English literature he should make his pupil feel the value of this wonderful literature, sell it to them.

Perhaps the time is not far off when the teacher will think of his pupils as customers and not as receptacles.

"The largest word working plant in the world is the Kroehler factory of Kankakee, Illinois." (from WILMETTE LIFE, January 14)

We always thought it was the House of Representatives.

Those north shore citizens who had the good fortune to know Edward Yeomans, formerly of Winnetka, will be pleased to read the following article from his pen. With other similar articles it was contributed to the village newspaper of Ojai, Cal., where

Shop Assembly

Mr. Yeomans is conducting a school. The articles, according to E. Y., were contributed "with the idea of keeping our friends and fellow citizens informed regarding a few of our current school affairs and the philosophy underlying them."

"On Tuesday morning the Valley School held its annual 'shop assembly,' thus starting the shop activities for the year. This assembly is designed to celebrate the development of the human hand out of the earlier paw, the tools which that hand devised, and the wood on which we use the tools, and also to emphasize the fact that it was the hand—the grasping power and flexibility of the original hand, trained in the arboreal life of our pre-human ancestors, that developed the highest power of brain, the imagination, the inventiveness, the 'seeking out,' which is the business of kings—as Solomon put it.

"Therefore we desire to express our profound sense of obligation, of wonder and of praise by singing the choral, 'What Tongue Can Tell Thy Greatness Lord,' and by reciting the 8th Psalm—which contains those magnificent verses—'When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy Fingers—the moon and the stars which Thou has ordained;

"What is man, that Thou are mindful of him? And the son of man that Thou visiteth him?"

"For Thou has made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

"Inasmuch as our shop is made of redwood, and the redwood is California's most noble resident, we read a little of Whitman's great 'Song of the Redwood Tree.' With a bright new axe as text we talk a little on the history of that primitive tool, a history of a hundred and fifty thousand years, beginning with the sharp stone held in the limb-grasping hand.

"The axe was the first effective tool and from it every tool has developed which man has used since.

"The axe is a symbol, therefore, of the craftsmanship of man—and craftsmanship is the foundation of civilization and culture.

"Having recited two poems of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's—'Tree Feelings' and 'It Is Good to Be Alive'—and read from Whitman's 'Song of the Broad Axe' beginning with those characteristic words—'Weapon shapely, naked, wan'—and sung again the Bach Choral we began with, the assembly is over and the shop properly dedicated for the winter's work."

"Motor-Mental Rhythmics" is what we need. We need to have brought into our "muscular activities a quality of the spirit." We yearn for "freedom from physical and nervous inhibition." Our body ought to be an "instrument for an unselfconscious expression." Having thus diagnosed our shortcomings we shall at once proceed to take lessons in relaxation.

SHORE LINES

LAMENT

Cold Practicality that reigns
Supreme, o'er mind and motion,
Could I but rise above thy planes
Life might be one sweet mad emotion.
—LITTLE WUN.

Comes a plea from a Glencoe lover of poetry praying for more of that peculiar brand of literary effort in Shore Lines. Especially fond is this person of H. A. Mills and his wares. The answer? Welcome, thrice welcome, contris, whether of poetry (alleged and otherwise) or prose!

One refrains with difficulty from comment anent the clever antics of our Editorial Canine. His latest betrayal of near-human conduct was chronicled this week when, after a twenty-four hour foraging "jag," he turned up in proper contrite attitude, gave the sanctum sanctorum a stealthy once-over and forthwith proceeded to his favorite boarding house to "sleep it off."

Mebbe He's Both

Alva Lee Adams, more familiarly known in Winnetka business circles as "Fadder, the pill-roller," as well as the only one-man orchestra in these parts, is organizing a drum corps among the Legion boys of the community. One is in a pickle to know whether Lee as a musician is a great druggist, or as a g. d. qualifies as a first class musician.

Fortunately or unfortunately (depending upon one's attitude) Lee's "boom-bass" will fit in nicely with his newest enterprise.

To the Guillotine

When Harold Hill contributed to the Winnetka Rotary club Birthday fund recently someone shouted, "How old is Hal?" Came the immediate response: "As old as the Hills."

COLLEGIATE COLLECT

'Tis foolish now to go away
To college when a man can stay
At home, and get a course to pay
Him richly while he learns.

Why ramble off to distant states
When right at home a mentor waits
To open Wisdom's pearly gates
If thirst for wisdom burns?

Your mail man is the dean and all,
The mail box is the lesson hall,
You get it all but basketball
Reduced to rote and rule.

From laying bricks to selling shoes,
From making cars to making booze,
One's only problem is to choose
A correspondence school!

PAUL ERNEST in THE SCRIBE.

Aiding the Dammed

The above bit of verse was, as noted, culled from the pages of The Scribe, brand new organ of the City Press Club of Chicago, and characterized as a "journal chartering the pulse beats of the Fourth Estate." One of its principal—and most laudable—objectives is to foster the interests of the one and only genuine, bona fide, all wool and a yard wide newspaper fraternity namely, those who gather and compose the news of the day.

At that it's about the only profession that has not had some hifalutin' cognomen saddled upon it, such as, for example, "Public Relations Counsels," formerly just plain press agents, or "gentlemen of the press," as assumed by most ad copy chasers, who sport fire badges and deputy sheriff stars.

Professor: "Give me the derivation of the word Matrimony."
Student: "Why that's not a word, it's a sentence."

The Social Whirl

Taken from the PERSONALS of a down state paper—

Fanny Hicks Sundayed with the Knoles till Tuesday, had dinner with the Jake Smooties Wednesday noon and took down with the fever at the Hank Schiveleys Wednesday night. Ma Schiveley says she will be "righter'n trunkit" by next Sunday.
—SIR TRUNKIT.

Those galoshes worn by the men folks during the current drift period look like ma's last season's variety.

—MIQUE.