

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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In the late afternoon of Monday, May 9, when the heavens hurled at the earth hailstones big as hen's eggs, one of the particularly heavy rainstorms suddenly ceased and the sun as suddenly came out from behind a cloud. Then there appeared in the east a great rainbow. It was a rare and beautiful sight, recalling the lines of Wordsworth:

A Rainbow

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky."

The majority of our fellow passengers on the Elevated did not see the wonderful seven-hued arc. They were occupied in talking with one another or in reading the details of the Snyder murder case. Nor did many of the people on the street share our inspiring experience. Either the buildings obscured their view or the people themselves did not look upward. Comparatively few saw this wonder of the heavens.

We noted also that the rainbow seemed to move southward; so that we had it in view almost the entire distance from Howard to Wilson; at the latter point it had faded away. This apparent forward movement of the bow caused us to realize that there were really as many rainbows as there were people looking at the eastern sky in our vicinity. A rainbow for everybody who looked! Wonderful!

At irregular intervals nature goes on a rampage. If these outbursts never occurred, if nature were always calm and well-behaved, man might conclude that he was her pet and immune to all trouble. So she sometimes goes on a spree and beats mankind up a bit.

On a Rampage

That's what she did on Monday, May 9. She rained, blew and hailed something extraordinary. The rain fell in bucketfuls, the wind swept across the fields and streets like a tornado, and the hail came down in a vicious barrage. Poles were toppled over, giant trees were uprooted, glass was shattered everywhere.

Some day we'll have an earthquake.

Now that nursery schools have become fairly popular on the north shore and are to be incorporated in the Winnetka public school system, it seems to us appropriate to say a few wise words about schools for adults. Just as the nursery school idea

School for Adults

has met and weathered bitter opposition, so the school for adults will meet and weather bitter opposition.

This new school will be divided into several grades corresponding to the traditional grades. But these grades instead of covering the work of a year or less will cover

the work of about five years. There will be twelve grades of five years each, so that a student entering at the age of about twenty will be ready for graduation, if all goes well, at about the age of eighty. If he survives the graduation exercises he can fill out the rest of his remaining time with post-graduate work.

This school for adults will differ from the ordinary school in that those who enroll will take up studying not as a vocation but as an avocation, a side line. There will be no examinations. Students will continue for sixty or more years the subjects they liked most in college or university, adding others as they desire. At regular intervals they will be given opportunity to attend lectures given by great scholars. They will also publish anything that will be of interest to the reading public.

If the demand is strong, we shall write another article telling what good results may be expected to follow the establishment of this system of adult education.

Almost fifty percent of the New Trier students will in all probability attend the 1927 summer school. Quite different from the percentage of attendance at the old time summer high school. Then the percentage was zero. Nobody ever thought of having high school in the summer time. It was too hot and all the boys and girls were supposed to vacate during July and August.

Summer High School

But nowadays the summer school students are fast becoming the rule instead of the exception. Six to ten weeks, or eight as at New Trier, of intensive schooling in the long vacation is now welcomed as an opportunity to make up college entrance units, high school graduation credits, or to improve low grades.

Having been dean of a summer school for several years we know the trials and triumphs of summer school work. The days are sometimes insufferably hot and humid, but not often in Chicago and vicinity, with the great cooler to the east. And then how pleasant are the extra credits! The extra money is, moreover, not wholly unpleasant to the teachers.

A Sunday or two ago the Winnetka Rifle club held a "shoot" at Fort Sheridan, where, we understand, J. M. Dickinson, Jr., carried away the honors of the occasion. Not being well informed on events in this special field we had supposed that target practice with rifles had died out, but we are glad to learn that such is not the case.

Practice Rifle

There was a time when the man of the family and the older sons were very handy with the rifle, and here and there could be found a man who was able to drive a tack at fifty yards. Those were the days when the gun provided food and protected the fireside. But with the coming of the neighbors and the police the rifle receded to the rear of the attic closet.

Rifle practice is, however, coming in again. Target shooting societies are being organized. The Winnetka Rifle club is a notable instance. And this is well, for exercise in this field develops strength and steadiness of muscle as well as keenness and steadiness of eye-sight.

SHORE LINES

CRADLE SONG

A house so small, that only love
Could dwell within,
A roof so low, that far above
Treetops grew dim.

And when at dawn, the morning light
Played on the floor,
I heard some fairy of the night
Passing the door.

The rustle of her silver wings
Roused me from sleep,
As by the lintel, Mother sings
Of forests deep.

Refrain:

Silver wing,
Silver wing,
Fly, fairies, fly,
Sunshine and playtime
Will come by and by!
Silver wing,
Silver wing,
Down thru the wood,
I'd be a fairy
Yes, if I could!

—SARAH SILVER.

And They Shot . . . etc.

We thought that hail bombardment had been forgotten when up pops a Wilmette gent with this one which we can't resist handing to the compositor. We'll let him tell it himself. Here yu'ar (as they say over the radio):

"I was in the yard building a fence when the hail started crashing on my head. I'd only finished one post hole, but I had to run into the house to escape the pelting. When I returned to the job it wasn't necessary to dig any more post holes. The hail . . ."

Ananias get under the bed!

Neigh, Neigh

Is it plausible to suppose that all the gentlemen boasting hirsute adornage wagered on Whiskery last Saturday?

—HUB.

Just Another Casualty

Not being content with having others of the editorial staff in a state of more or less ill repair, it fell to the lot of "Gin," the type-eating terrier, to engage in combat with a motor car on one of Wilmette's teeming thoroughfares. He is now negotiating rather haltingly on three of his regulation underpinnings. A "dolly" has been proposed for the fourth.

Of the other hospitalized members—the lady of the second desk northwest is basking in the warm sunshine of Kentucky, home of accelerated equines and PAT-rician beauties. Wickie, on the other hand, has returned to her native northland, hard by the county line, where, 'tis said, she awaits the complete rehabilitation of her vocal faculties, "soft, gentle and low . . . an excellent thing in woman."

Remarkable!

One of our office colleagues is a most interesting individual. Indeed we might say that he was endowed by nature with most surprising abilities and skills. He can bark so like a dog that not even a dog can tell the difference, let alone a mere man. Many humans can imitate a bark, but this chap really barks a bark that has all the traits of a genuine canine exclamation. If he were a dog he could do no better.

Also he can crow to beat a whole poultry yard. To hear him crow one would swear that the Caruso of roosters was exercising his lustiest aria. Our colleague must have been brought up in a rural district where he had abundant opportunity to hear at close range Chanticleer saluting the rosy morn. Since leaving his boyhood haunts in lower (geographic, purely) Illinois he must have frequented the small farms bordering our north shore villages. Many a hen has cackled with joy at hearing him clap his sides and triumphantly crow.

He can do many other things well—make faces, execute curious steps, etc., but these two things he can do marvelously well.

—PHILUP SPACE.

The sweet young person's definition of Scotland Yard as "a measurement a bit short of one yard," is offered for the catalog of quips currently perpetrated at the expense of a considerably annoyed nationality.

—MIQUE.