

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED FRIDAY 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 Wednesday 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.

**Grade Separation will save life
Let's have immediate action!**

Gunpowder, by far the commonest explosive, should not be played with by anybody, old or young. Of course gunpowder is a valuable agent for accomplishing such things as the death of mad dogs and the firing of salutes for returning heroes, but razor blades are far safer to play with.

Don't Play With Explosives!

We are told on good authority that in the last 20 years 61,000 people in the United States have been fatally or seriously wounded by playing with that particular form of gunpowder known as fireworks, and the big majority of these people were children.

Our north shore communities have passed and published, plainly, ordinances against the sale and use of all forms of fireworks within the corporate limits. Fireworks can easily be secured outside the corporate limits. All concerned to conserve the happiness and health of human beings, especially of the children, will cooperate cheerfully and actively with the police of our villages in rigidly enforcing both the spirit and the letter of these ordinances.

You have completed the course laid down for you. You have been given a diploma to show the world that the work prescribed for you has been done. If you are a grammar school graduate you will, of course, be planning to enter high school and get the four years of training given there. If you are a high school graduate you may not, for lack of money or of desire, continue on into college. If you are a college graduate, the probabilities are that your formal education has ended.

Throughout these 16 or 20 years your education has not all been of the formal or school sort. You have been within the walls of a school only five or six hours of every 24. The remaining 18 or 19 hours have been spent at home or with your companions. This last is your informal education, and is having more effect on you than your formal education. Has it been as good for you as the formal schooling?

We advise and urge all graduates to continue their formal education. We urge them not only to take college work but also to keep on studying along some definite line even after their graduation from college. Don't put your school books way up on the top shelf in the closet. Leave some of them on the living-room table. Your mother will not object. Reread some of the books you

used in your last year's course. Pursue the studies which interest you most. Don't give up your systematic studying.

Even a pessimist could have a good time at Ravinia. It's possible that the trip out there, supposing he came from the city, would not be delightful enough to remove his grouch. But we're quite certain that a stroll around the grounds either alone or in the company of an ordinarily nice young woman, would start the process of lifting his face muscles.

Happiness and Ravinia

Let us now assume that the afternoon is about to begin and that our gloomy individual is seated in the reserved section halfway down the middle aisle or one of the side aisles. The director raises his baton, and the concert is on. Then, if the mosquitoes are under control, natural or artificial, and if the listener has no unseatable trouble on his mind—then our pessimist is in for a genuinely good time.

If the gentleman in question is accompanied by the afore-mentioned nice young lady, he will most likely plan to get dinner in the park and stay through the evening performance, probably some one of the grandest grand operas.

If you want summer happiness, try Ravinia.

Swat the mosquito that lights on your sensitive forehead and you accomplish very little. You don't even know whether you've killed a father or a mother and as far as knowing whether your victim is the culex pipiens, our deadliest mosquito foe, or the culex salinarius, a comparatively friendly chap, you remain in dense ignorance.

Don't Let Mosquitoes Breed!

What you had better do is to prevent the pipiens from breeding. How can you do that? Well, one very good way is to dispose of all breeding places in your immediate vicinity. If there is in your yard or at your back-door step an old tomato can partly full of water, pa and ma pipiens will find that can and start raising a family therein. So empty out the water and get rid of the can. Also dispose of the water standing in your rain troughs or in depressions in your yard. Cutting down tall weeds or grass will help to rid your community of this pestiferous hummer.

It is unfortunate that there should be sharp corners at the intersection of life's highways. In attempting to make a sudden quick readjustment at such a corner many an unfortunate man has broken down entirely or been badly injured. Why not prevent casualties by making the corners rounder and hence the readjustment more gradual?

We love nature, but we are irritated by the sentimental gush that is often written about nature. Such stuff is appropriately produced by little girls, but for grown people to allow their own creations in this field to see the light of day is to us incomprehensible.

SHORE LINES

TRAVEL is indeed a liberal education, particularly for desk-ridden column conductors. To be specific, may we comment concerning that grand commonwealth, Wisconsin, home of true law enforcement, and famous for bathtubs, sausages and—well they don't make the other anymore—not much.

But what impressed us most forcibly in our most recent expedition into the neighboring state was the apparent division of its population in terms of nationality. For instance, a tour along the Michigan shore reveals the fact that Milwaukee, Port Washington and Sheboygan are predominantly German; a bit further north we encounter the town of Denmark, settled and profusely populated by Danes, both great and small, while inquiry divulges the information that Swedes and Norwegians are fairly plentiful up Ephraim way—the summer population having been richly augmented by various north shore Scandinavians.

Green Bay retains its plentiful strain of French with a good sprinkling of the sons of Erin.

Then, of course, there are the Indian reservations.

In Reverse

Dear Mique: What are we going to do about this "lovely" thing? Can't some way be found to electrocute or hang it? Every time a feller steps out and hooks up with a gal, the sassiety reporter writes: "It was a lovely wedding." Guess they ain't no wedding that ain't lovely. Well something's got to be done about it. Why not try changing words around a bit and say it was a "brutal wedding," or, if it happened to be a murder, why not say it was a "lovely murder." Just can't seem to get away from that "lovely" thing.

—The Old Plug.

We returned just in time to learn that Fil the Filosopher had departed on his major vacation spell—which continues from now until late in September. When our favorite nephew inquired as to the meaning of the term "Plutocrat," we merely passed along a mental portrait of Fil.

Glimpses Along the Motor Trail

Oshkosh—A busy town B'Gosh—where cops write tickets that are flaming red. (That's a gentle tip.)

Sheboygan—A youngster chanting "Eins, Zwei, Drei, O'Leary."

Marinette—Proud possessor of "The World's Biggest Store located in a Little City."

Menominee (Mich)—Across the river from Marinette and not enjoying the proximity one bit.

Green Bay—A splendid hotel where the traveling gentry still use the sidewalk for a front porch.

Two Rivers—Coolest spot along the lake.
Manitowoc—Hiding place for marine construction engineers.

Observed a Scotchman last Sunday turning off his radio when Mr. Voliva ordered the Zion tabernacle sealed pending the inevitable offering.

Although we shall inflict several demerits upon The Old Plug for rubbing it in about our peculiar Cubs, we nevertheless are inclined to be merciful. We shall not even wish upon him a single flat tire when he embarks upon that second honeymoon journey to the Falls. Oh, yes he's taking the Missus along.

Hub of Henderson, Ky., ambled into town the other day with the announcement that he's weary of waiting for a "colonelcy" and will henceforth take his chances along with other Chicagoans.

Solemn Indeed

"It's always in order," comments the gentleman to our left, "to point out the solemn fact that one way to increase your bank account is to spend less money." To which we rise to reply that we'd be happy to spend less if we could get any.

—Mique.