

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!**

It's a big shame that the Little Symphony concerts are not to be given this year. It's a shame that should not be charged to Roland Whitman, president of the North Shore Orchestral association, nor to his associates in the organization. It's a shame that there are not in New Trier township enough people interested in orchestra concerts to subscribe the necessary funds.

The officers of the association gave north shore people abundant opportunity to subscribe for season tickets. For one reason or another too many did not subscribe. This led Mr. Whitman and his fellow officers to conclude that public interest did not warrant closing a contract with the orchestra for a 1929-30 series. So the subscription checks that had already been sent in were returned along with the sad announcement that there would be no concerts.

We believe that the officers of the association were fully justified in taking this decisive action. We're sorry that our populous and prosperous north shore villages allowed the orchestra concerts to die such an inglorious death.

We believe that no one will object to our calling Community House in Winnetka a north shore institution. We know very

Community

House Resumes

well that most of its frequenters are Winnetka people, but we also know that the fame of Community House is not confined to a single village.

For many years this remarkable institution has helped men and women, boys and girls, in a multitude of ways. No one is too old, and few are too young, to profit by taking what is offered in this extraordinary social center. If bodies need to be built up, Community House can do it. If minds need improving Community House can provide the means. And many a mother and father will be grateful all their lives for the moral good their children have received in Community House.

Clubs of several kinds—study, civic, and social—meet regularly in this well-known house. What these meetings mean to the members of the clubs in the way of happiness and growth cannot be expressed in mere words. Another enterprise sponsored by Community House is the summer camp for boys and girls on Hamlin Lake, Mich. What memories, mostly happy, spring from these wonderful days!

How many other north shore institutions are as influential in promoting successful living as Community House?

It is the duty of parents to the community to see to it that their children do not on Hallowe'en commit such acts as will violate the rights of property owners. Parents can, if they will, prevent all such depredations.

The Duty of Parents

There is little use in holding the children themselves responsible. Being immature, they cannot easily realize how annoying and often dangerous their mischief-making may become.

Every parent, we are sure, will agree that it is his duty to keep his children off the streets on Hallowe'en. Some individuals, provoked beyond tolerant endurance by the pranks of mischievous boys, have not hesitated to express their feelings with buckshot and bullets, which may lodge in the innocent bystanders. Parents, too, being themselves property owners, ought certainly to be able to respect the feelings of those on whom Hallowe'en pranks are played.

The first lesson in citizenship that a child should be taught is that of not trespassing on the rights of others. Hoodlums take an unholy joy in being nuisances. Children of good citizens ought to have higher aims.

For fourteen years the Wilmette Sunday Evening club has ministered effectively to the cultural life not only of Wilmette but

Wilmette Sunday Evening Club

also of the entire north shore. It would not be easy to name a man or woman of prominence in America who has not appeared under the auspices of this widely known organization.

This year's season will open on Sunday evening, October 20, in the First Congregational church. The speaker on this first occasion will be Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, coroner of Cook County, and one of America's foremost health authorities. Not only will this meeting itself be of unusual interest, but it will serve as a good example of the kind of service rendered to the north shore communities by the Wilmette Sunday Evening club.

The simple biography of a good citizen is often of more than average interest. A brief sketch of the life of one of the north shore's best known citizens, Elmer E. Adams, will be considered significant by every thinking man and woman.

Elmer E. Adams a Good Citizen

1865, February 2 born in Olney, Illinois.
1888, age 23, came to Chicago.

1893, age 28, entered railway mail service.

1898, age 33, moved with family to Winnetka.

1908-1912 Winnetka postmaster.

1920, age 55, became secretary of Winnetka Building and Loan association.

1921 to 1927, age 56 to age 62, Winnetka postmaster.

1927, age 62, retired on pension.

1929, age 64, died.

Elmer E. Adams, in the United States Mail service to which he devoted most of his life, was industrious, efficient, and faithful. As a mark of appreciation of his steady and active interest in the Winnetka Rotary club he was made an honorary member of that organization.

He lived a good life.

SHORE LINES

AUTUMN

AUTUMN days; and God's great-out-of-doors garbed in richest hue. There's an exhilarating tang in the air as we wander along the country lanes or take a turn into the Forest-Preserve. Baseball is out of mind and King Football takes up his brief and enthusiastic reign. Great days, these! The lake was never bluer—nor the sky. It's our happiest, not saddest, season of the year. We're glad to put up with winter so long as its harbinger is autumn time and Indian Summer.

Is It on the Map?

Our good friend the editor of a Rotary club publication (lawd help 'im) writes us enthusiastically to the effect that a brand new Rotary club has just been established in Kuala Lumpur, which, he adds, is located in Selangor. "A good cigar," sezze, "will come into your possession if you can point to that place on the map."

Which is nothing of particular interest, except perhaps to members of the Chicago Cubs and their followers who may be concerned about getting away from hereabout for a spell.

That the Rotarians have settled in Kuala Lumpur, suggests a spirit of aggressiveness that we can readily attribute only to members of the Optimist fraternity. Lions are no doubt well established in that locality.

And, after all, the obvious comeback to the editor's challenge would be: "Who cares?"

Or Anatomical

Mique, Sir:—The talented author of the lines entitled, "The Little Lamp," which appeared in last week's SHORE LINES locates this little lamp on a silent hill which rises out of the Valley Of Despair. Then the author goes on to tell the reader that this same little lamp burns eternally within her heart. We can't understand how it can be on a hill and still in her heart. Maybe the hill is in her heart. Maybe we're too geographical. At any rate we read the whole poem.

—Constant Reader.

Welcome, Stranger!

"Dear Mique," postcards our good friend F. G. "Doc" Test, formerly of the north shore but for several years now a prominent citizen of San Benito, Texas. "Listening to Graham McNamee broadcast the 'late unpleasantness', I was able to suppress my grief by thinking how much greater was yours. However, next year is another year."

And to think that the Cubs had to get walloped in order to bring our good friend Doc back into circulation after all these years. By golly, it was really worth while!

And You're a Big Help

Say Mique: Have them Friends gone Ska-roo-ie? Where do they get that way? First they sock our best pineapple hurler in jail for a cold annum on a gun-totin charge—something we couldn't do on a murder warrant—and then they blast our Bruins for a w of dodos. If that's what happens when one eats Oats I'm heading for the wide open places. On the level, I hope the spirit doesn't move them too often.

Had one of Northwestern's sophisticated little frosh out the other evening. Fed her up on two bucks worth of groceries and then took her on a tour of the north shore. In the course of events we made the lake front in Wilmette park. Well say, the lights on automobiles made the place look like old Broadway in mid-festivity.

"Wow," quoth I, "what's all the red lights about?" "Men at work," says the sweet young thing demurely.

Now wouldn't that make you twang a harp?

—Hub.

P. S. As for the die-hards that don't believe in friend Ernie's educated golf ball, tell 'em to tee off into the lake. And another thing, believe it or not, I'm often taken in but I'm not gullible.

—H.

And with Hank Bruder out of the line-up, may we emphasize "Go You Northwestern!"

—MIQUE.