

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

LLOYD HOLLISTER INC.
1232-1236 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

TELEPHONE Wilmette 4300

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 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 Hasten the Day!

In the report of its Board of Directors for the year 1930 the American Telephone and Telegraph company, otherwise known as the Bell System, published a number of items of more than passing interest. A summary of these items is well worth studying.

In the world there are over 35 million telephones.

Almost 60% of these are in the United States.

91% of all the telephones in the world can be reached from any Bell telephone.

The total assets of the company on the last day of 1930 were over five billion dollars.

The net earnings in 1930 were over \$267,000,000.

In 1930 the company spent more than 15 million dollars for development and researches for future improvements.

The number of stockholders on December 31, 1930, was over 567,000. 100,000 of these were Bell System employees.

The recent depression did not disturb the fundamental objectives of the company. It has continued to improve and extend its service. It did not reduce wage rates. It reduced long distance rates, securing a saving to users of about five million dollars annually. In changing from manual to dial operation it laid off practically no employees.

The Bell System pays sickness, accident, and death benefits, and pensions. The employees do not contribute to these payments, which in 1930 amounted to \$7,803,000.

Did we exaggerate in calling it a "great company"?

Equality of opportunity is the very essence of freedom. If people who have the power will but grant and guarantee an equal

Give Them Opportunity opportunity to all the people, then all the people will be free, free in the most effective sense.

In fact the world will be safe for democracy when everyone has a real chance, not chance that is merely a word, but a real chance to do what he can.

Opportunity of this real sort is what many of the physically handicapped ask for. The self-respecting blind, for example, do not ask for charity, nor do they crave sympathy. Most of the one hundred thousand adult blind in the United States expect only equality of opportunity in education and employment. Any person who thinks the beggar's tin cup the most fitting symbol of the blind has failed to understand the truth of the situation.

Since its establishment, the Hadley Cor-

respondence School for the Blind with headquarters in Winnetka has enrolled on its books for various courses more than 2,000 adult blind men and women. This school gives instruction in 28 courses entirely free of charge to the pupils, itself depending on thoughtful citizens for funds necessary for the carrying on of the work.

If you believe in helping those who with your help can more effectively help themselves, you will want to contribute to the support of this remarkable school. Give the blind a real opportunity!

We believe that most musical critics will agree that the London String Quartette is today the foremost of the world's string quartets. Other quartets may have achieved greater technical skill, though this is doubtful; others may play with more discriminating feeling, again doubtful; but the four from London possess to the greatest degree the qualities that combine to make excellence in this particular field of instrumental music.

The London

String Quartet

Each member of the group is not only an able ensemble artist but also a solo artist of the first order. While it must be admitted that this skill as an individual player is a remarkable trait, still no one would be so thoughtless as to say that the possession of this skill would make the player a good member of an ensemble. It is therefore surprising that most capable critics say of the London Quartet that they "play as if they were members of one family."

North Shore music lovers will be eager to hear the London Quartet in its recital at Kenilworth Assembly hall Sunday afternoon, March 15, at 3:30.

Merritt Lum, until recently of Winnetka, is publisher of an attractive and useful magazine called Popular Homecraft, which appears every two months. Read the March-April number, and you will learn how to bind your own books, how to refinish your floors, how to make all kinds of bird-houses, what to do when you blow a fuse, how to figure lumber for a job, in short, how to do a goodly number of the thousand and one things that every thrifty and handy homeowner wants to do.

In this day of the motorized home-shop it's no wonder that the sale of this home-workshop magazine has increased rapidly since its first appearance. We have no doubt that in a very few years every north shore basement will contain a complete electric workshop.

We know of no game that is so calculated to increase the girth of one's head as chess. A single game of chess has been known to demand and receive so much thought that it lasted several years. It is the commonest thing in the world for an ordinary chess player to take an entire hour for one lonely move. Players have become so immersed in their game that they have neglected time altogether, even dinner-time.

Our local shop-keepers with their low prices and special sales may well take to themselves a considerable degree of credit for the returning tide of confidence. Bargains mean buying, and buying means better business.

SHORE LINES

DEAR ERIN'S NATIVE SHAMROCK

Through Erin's Isle, to sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright,
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass, a triple grass
Shoots up, with dew drops streaming,
As softly green as emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Oh! Chosen leaf of sire and chief,
Dear Erin's Native Shamrock.

Says Valor, "See, they spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no, for me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends three god-like friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"
Oh! Chosen leaf of sire and chief,
Dear Erin's Native Shamrock.

So firmly fond, may last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall one drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love as twine His flowers divine
Of thorny falsehoods weed 'em!
May Valor ne'er a standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh! Chosen leaf of sire and chief,
Dear Erin's Native Shamrock.

—Breda M. O'Shea, Winnetka, Ill.

MUSINGS OF OUR NIGHT EDITOR

Now that the foregoing poem has helped to prepare us for St. Patrick's Day, let us now consider a "sassy" letter that may throw some light on night life:

Night Editor:

Why do you always refer to yourself as "we"? I'll bet the capital "I" on your typewriter is worn so thin that you're afraid to hit that key any more.
—The Idler.

ANSWER TO NIGHT EPISTLE: Be reasonable, please. We employ the editorial "we" in order to keep ourselves company these dark nights.

The superstitious are quaking this week, for there's a Friday the thirteenth. We can hardly blame 'em, for persons, who scoffed at the groundhog's shadow several weeks ago, are probably sporting lame backs as a result of overexertion in snow shoveling.

However, three north shore theaters have arranged it so that the superstitious may laugh away their fears—even when a March 13 follows hard upon the heels of a February 13. These three shows have all scheduled rip-roaring comedies for their screens on Friday, March 13. Unconscious humor?

Speaking of movies, it's difficult to tell whether more emotion is registered on the screen or by the audience. Just the other day in the theater we overheard the lady behind us whisper rapturously to her friend: "That was a wonderful movie; it simply tore me to pieces!"

By way of registering emotion, we laughed so hard at a Laurel and Hardy comedy that after our spasm was over, we spent several minutes sheepishly groping in the dark for our hat, coat and muffler which had fallen off our uncertain lap.

However, if too inclined to swoon over such sentiments as "the moonlight's bright tonight along the Wabash," hearken unto this old college custom:

When the students of Purdue university, which is located near the immortal Wabash river of blues and moonlight, go to restaurants in Lafayette, these students do—or used to, anyway—when ordering coffee, ask for "a cup of the Wabash." They must have seen the river in the daytime.

Parting Shot: Come on in, the water's fine!