

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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 those days of our early history when men had not yet been able to save the time and energy necessary to organize

In An Emergency

special administrative agencies, they were obliged to do the work themselves. They had no bodies of law to enforce and no police to enforce them. When a fire sprang up and endangered property, the householder and his neighbors did what they could to put it out. Whatever formal schooling the children received was bought by individual parents.

Nowadays children are born into very highly developed societies. Police and fire departments are paid for from public funds. Likewise schools are no longer supported by payments from private individuals but by payments from the public treasury.

These changes have not been entirely productive of good results. As the gap has widened between the private individual and the public institution, the individual has lost interest in the expending of the money he has been obliged to contribute to the support of this and that public institution. It must be confessed that most property owners regard the paying of taxes as a necessary nuisance, a kind of imposition.

It is therefore not wholly to our disadvantage to be forced in critical times, in times of public emergency, to help our public institutions. We can now see very clearly the close relation between schools and taxes. No taxes, no schools. That's a perfectly plain lesson.

We may not particularly relish being forced to put our shoulders to the wheel. But just now we **must** do it. Perhaps, after all, it may be good for us.

At intervals some old building on the north shore is torn down to make way for a more modern structure. For example,

North Shore History

the oldest building in Winnetka, the town's first grocery store, built more than 75 years ago, has been pulled down to provide space for the erection of the Illinois Telephone company's handsome building.

In those Civil war days, trees, Indians, and no doubt, wolves occupied the land now mainly occupied by people, buildings

and streets. Fathers, to keep little girls from being lost in the woods, blazed trails in what is now the crowded business center of Winnetka.

We do not regard mere history as in itself worth studying. If history is nothing but a chronicle of past happenings then we cannot think highly of it. But if it has a bearing on present life then we can scarcely study it too diligently.

It is good for us to know who lived on the north shore in early days. A fuller account than we have yet gained of the daily life of the Indians would add much to the richness of our own lives. We want to know more about the early white man, the pioneers, the explorers, the messengers of the church.

Let us learn more about those who came before us.

It begins to look as if that through highway from Evanston north through north shore towns to the upper limits of Glencoe might be completed before the Century of Progress draws to its close. We hear that

That Through Highway

there is throughout the village of Glencoe a very strong conviction that work on the Glencoe portion of the road should be begun without further delay.

Wilmette has only a short section to finish. Kenilworth has entirely finished its contribution. Winnetka has only a brief space on its southern limits to pave. So when Glencoe actually begins work on its stretch, the through highway will begin to look like a 100% reality.

It seems certain that the completing of these missing links is the only process necessary to induce the great majority of Sheridan road drivers to take the wider, smoother, straighter highway.

Incidentally we believe that traffic would be benefited by switching the national and state route off Sheridan road over to the west of the north shore towns.

And now they tell us that flying is to be put within the means of the average man. A new plane has been built. It's small, has a speed of from 85 to 100 miles per hour, and when placed on a production basis will cost only about \$1,000. Just what we've been looking for to take us expeditiously to certain pleasant spots a few hundred miles away.

If in our attempts to speed up better times we learn to economize, we shall have learned a most valuable lesson. At the same time we ought to learn that in order to economize we need not become stingy or penurious. Economy means the spending of money and energy for things that we really need.

The entire north shore was gratified by the re-opening of the Glencoe schools after that unpleasant vacant period. It's a long pull in a stormy sea, but we'll get there yet.

SHORE LINES

Washington

*Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honor worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men borne;
Dumb for himself unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all that and ours and all men's—
Washington.*

—James Russell Lowell

Singularly appropriate, so it seems to us, is the above dignified and eloquent tribute to George Washington from the pen of one of America's great poets. Singularly appropriate, we feel, not only because February marks the natal date of the First President, but because the nation, this year, will pause to observe the Bi-centennial of his birth.

A FORTUNATE MONTH

Next Monday comes February,
A fortunate month, full of happenings,
Some happy happenings, some not so happy.
The Second is Ground Hog Day;
This year without meaning,
Because winter hasn't come yet (we hope).
The Tenth is the First Day of Lent, Ash Wednesday,
Beginning of a season of fasting and prayer.
On the Twelfth Honest Abe was born,
And that was a happy day for the slaves and
America.
The Fourteenth is St. Valentine's Day, beloved by
lovers.
And on the Twenty-Second, 200 years ago, George
Washington was born,
What a happy day that was!
Twenty-nine days in this February,
An extra day for the girls to make as much of as
they can!

—Fil Ossifer.

A WINTER SUNRISE

*Sunrise came veiled one morning
With dim grey skies above,
The tones as softly blended
As the breast of a dove.*

*While stretched beneath, a mantle
Of silver tissue lay,
With frosted grasses woven
In mystical array.*

*When gradually, faint shadows
Of shell pink came to play,
Like lightest touches tinting
That symphony of gray.*

*And then it seemed the artist
Paused while the faint tones dried,
And from her brush, thoughtlessly
A drop of color pried.*

*It lay there glowing brightly,
That drop of ruby red,
And as it grew vermilion
The sun beamed overhead.*

—Edna E. Lanfeman.

Our good friend Augie, quipster extraordinary, who hails from the eastern shores of our great inland sea, paid a hurried visit to the sanctum last week and tarried just long enough to comment upon the happy coincidence that a Marshall Field advertisement invariably "backs up" the editorial page. Sort of Weber and Field combination, sezsee. Augie, you see, being a very old, old friend of ours, has just recently learned our true identity.

Come, come, can't you guess?

And the gentleman who perpetrates the adjoining columns continues to worry about all the lighting on McCormick boulevard, what with the general effort (elsewhere) at retrenchment in expenditures. Strange, too, since that brilliant illumination does show up the justly celebrated (yea, whoopee) bridle path to such splendid advantage.

Have you bought that Tax Warrant(s)?

—MIQUE.