

WILMETTE LIFE

WITH WHICH IS COMBINED
WILMETTE ANNOUNCEMENTS and THE KENILWORTH TIMES

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS BY

LLOYD HOLLISTER INC.

1232-1236 CENTRAL AVENUE, WILMETTE, ILLINOIS
Telephone WILMETTE 4300

MEMBER OF

CHICAGO SUBURBAN QUALITY GROUP
Chicago Offices — 1016-1018 WILLOUGHBY TOWER
Telephone CENTRAL 3355

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

All communications and contributions intended for publication must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but for our files. Such material must reach the editor by Tuesday noon to be in time for the current issue.

VALUABLE SERVICE

Mediocrity so often finds a place in public office that when a really capable and efficient official is encountered it creates no end of surprise, and is considered by thoughtful and alert citizens as a matter for hearty congratulation. The thought is inspired by the great service now being rendered to New Trier township and the State of Illinois by Herbert B. Mulford of Wilmette, member of the New Trier Township High School board.

Trying as the experience must be to Mr. Mulford, it is perhaps fortunate for the public that his incumbency is in the midst of one of the most distressing financial situations through which the schools of the state have been forced to find their way. Bringing to the problems of the board a broad experience in organization and finance, he has, by wise counsel and sound planning, been of tremendous value to his conferees in overcoming the difficulties which have constantly confronted them, making possible the continuation of the high school without serious curtailment of its educational advantages.

Taking a broader view of the state's educational problems, Mr. Mulford set about the task of finding means for financing the opening of many schools that have for sometime been closed. Through an organization of interested school boards, a definite plan was formulated for securing the cooperation of state officials in a program that will eventually restore the educational facilities that have been so seriously impaired.

The service that Mr. Mulford is rendering to the educational system of the state is of such rare value that public acknowledgment is overdue.

BUILDING AND LOAN

For a great many years the building and loan association has been the channel through which men and women of limited means were enabled to undertake systematic saving that would eventually lead to the achievement of their heart's desire—the possession of a home and all the joys that it brings.

Today there is greater need than ever for the building and loan association. It is needed, not alone for young couples starting out to make their fortunes, inexperienced in the ways of finance, but also for older people who, through the unexplainable processes of a depression, have been deprived of homes in which they had at least a considerable equity. To them the accumulation of a fortune that will insure ease and leisure in the evening of life is as a dream that has been dissipated. The most they can hope for is a quiet little home in which to rest after the day's work.

No better aid to that of security may be contained in the possession of a home can be found than the building and loan association, which, under competent and public-spirited management, causes modest savings to grow into sums that permit the shareholder, with the assistance of a loan, to purchase or build the home that will soften the ravages of the years.

The Federal Savings and Loan association, through the Federal Home Loan banks, is now bringing within the reach of even the most modest investor

the means whereby his hope of owning a home may be realized. Since its creation a year or more ago its terms have been liberalized from time to time, until it now presents a most attractive investment proposition. Based upon long term monthly amortized mortgages, government financed in part, it appeals with equal force to the beginners in the search for a competence and those who look only for a means of saving something from a wreck that has all but left them stranded.

A VOICE

When Jens Jensen of Wilmette speaks one listens to the voice of authority on all that is finest and best in landscape preservation and beautification, in the protection of wild animal and bird life, in means by which the glories of American forestry may be handed down to future generations.

As is so often the case, the genius of Mr. Jensen finds expression in his devotion to the finer works of nature, to which his spirit seems to be perfectly attuned. In simple words he speaks of trees and shrubs and flowers as living, breathing things that form an indispensable part of human existence, without which much of the pleasure we now enjoy would not exist. He feels the injustice of uprooting vegetation and removing it far from its native soil, just as he would feel the injustice of uprooting mankind and transplanting it in some distant location. For in local landscaping he strongly advises the planting of vegetation native to the locality, which has the best chance of healthy growth, luxuriant foliage and perfect blooms.

Mr. Jensen also sounds a note of warning that in the construction of highways, so necessary to the traffic needs of today, there is great danger that the natural beauty of countrysides may be sacrificed to the practical ideas of grades and fills. He sounds a plea for the preservation, as far as is possible, of the natural topography of the road routes, to the end that travelers may enjoy to the fullest the beauties of hill and dale and stream, and that they may be passed on to future generations as a priceless heritage.

JUVENILE HOBBIES

Hobbies are often an excellent way of helping children to find their vocations. Ray Giles cites a number of examples in the current Rotarian Magazine. The late Cyrus Curtis, founder of the Curtis Publishing company, as a small boy published an amateur newspaper. Helen Hoskinson, famous magazine cartoonist, as a child loved nothing better than to caricature her teacher and fellow-students. A little boy named Boucher was a tireless constructor of small boats—today the H. E. Boucher Manufacturing company is the largest concern making miniature boats and parts.

Some grown-ups have turned hobbies into profitable businesses. The kiddie-kar was devised by Clarence W. White in a whittler's idle hours. A fisherman invented a new kind of bait to attract more fish—and the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnow, nationally known, was the result. A Chicago bond man named Dodson built bird-houses for fun—today, Dodson bird-houses are sold far and near.

"Hobbies," says Mr. Giles, "make us interesting to other people and interested in life." He offers this prayer for parents: "And give to my sons and daughters the hobbies which enlist their keenest interest, which arouse their greatest enthusiasms, which make them painstaking and persistent, and in which they can lose themselves completely, Amen."

Another sweet young thing, just out of her teens, fired a bullet into the mid-riff of her 54-year-old boy friend and blandly told him, "That's what you were looking for." The trial will probably be held sometime around 1940, and the verdict will be "not guilty."

NEWS-COMMENT

For the meanest and most contemptible members of the so-called human race, as someone once called us, commend us to the relief agents who stole food from hungry children to feed themselves and dogs. If moral depravity can sink lower than that we have no desire to see where it goes.

* * *

No one can say that the U. S. Supreme court is not doing business at the old stand. Monday it decided that congress has the power to punish for contempt, affirming a sentence passed on an assistant secretary of commerce. It also awarded William A. S. Douglas of Winnetka, \$5,000 damages from Elijah W. Cunningham of Newton, Mass., for infringement of copyright. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," etc.

* * *

That history repeats itself, that old customs are revived after being long forgotten, that apparel styles of bygone decades at which we laugh heartily as the pages of the old family album are turned reappear as the latest French creations, are facts which we defy anyone to successfully dispute. A recent editorial in the self-confessed world's very greatest newspaper brings them vividly to mind. Especially about the revival of old customs. And it stirred memories, too—memories of earlier days when we furnished the man-power in a country newspaper office and ate at the uncertain board of the man who furnished the brain-power. A custom then prevalent had to do with weddings, but was often stretched to include parties and anniversaries. When a daughter of the community married, the fond mama would appear at the newspaper office the following morning with a box containing an assortment of cake served at the wedding feast. This called for peans of praise, not only of the beauty and charm and accomplishments of the bride, but of the culinary skill of mama. The extent of the praise depended, it is true, upon the size of the box and the quality of the contents, but it was always a glowing tribute that caused the interested families to puff up like pouter pigeons. Well, someone sent the editor of the world's very greatest a hunk of cheese. Swiss cheese at that, and the only thing about it that the editor did not rave about was the holes. Asserting, with that fidelity to truth characteristic of all editors, that "a better piece of cheese we don't remember to have eaten," he thanks the donor effusively, assures him that gratitude fills the editorial heart, and throws out a subtle hint that a hickory cured country ham would be an acceptable adjunct to the editorial table. And so this practice of the good old days, discontinued by country newspaper editors so long ago that the present crop can scarcely remember it, is revived by a metropolitan editor who leaves no doubt that he likes it.



* * *

Since reading press reports of the plea of Mr. Reilly, the rip-roarin'est, hair-tearin'est, tear-sheddin'est criminal lawyer of this age, in defense of Bruno, we have been trying to think of people whom he did not accuse of the crime. We quite distinctly remember that he left out the parents of the baby, and cannot recall that he charged it to President Roosevelt or Mme. Schumann-Heink or Preston Bradley or Shirley Temple or Father Coughlin or Will Rogers. He did not mention us, either, but that was probably due to lack of time. However, we are convinced that we are guilty, and intend to confess at once. That part where he pleaded with the jury to acquit Bruno because he is a carpenter and Jesus was a carpenter, did the trick. Now it is impossible to resist the urge to confess.

THE PHANTOM REPORTER