ZONE VILLAGE IN SCHOOL CAMPAIGN

Winnetka's new school was ushered to supervise the work of the housein this week by the organization of to-house canvass gathered in the the committee in charge of canvass- Horace Mann school to consult with ing the homes of the village.

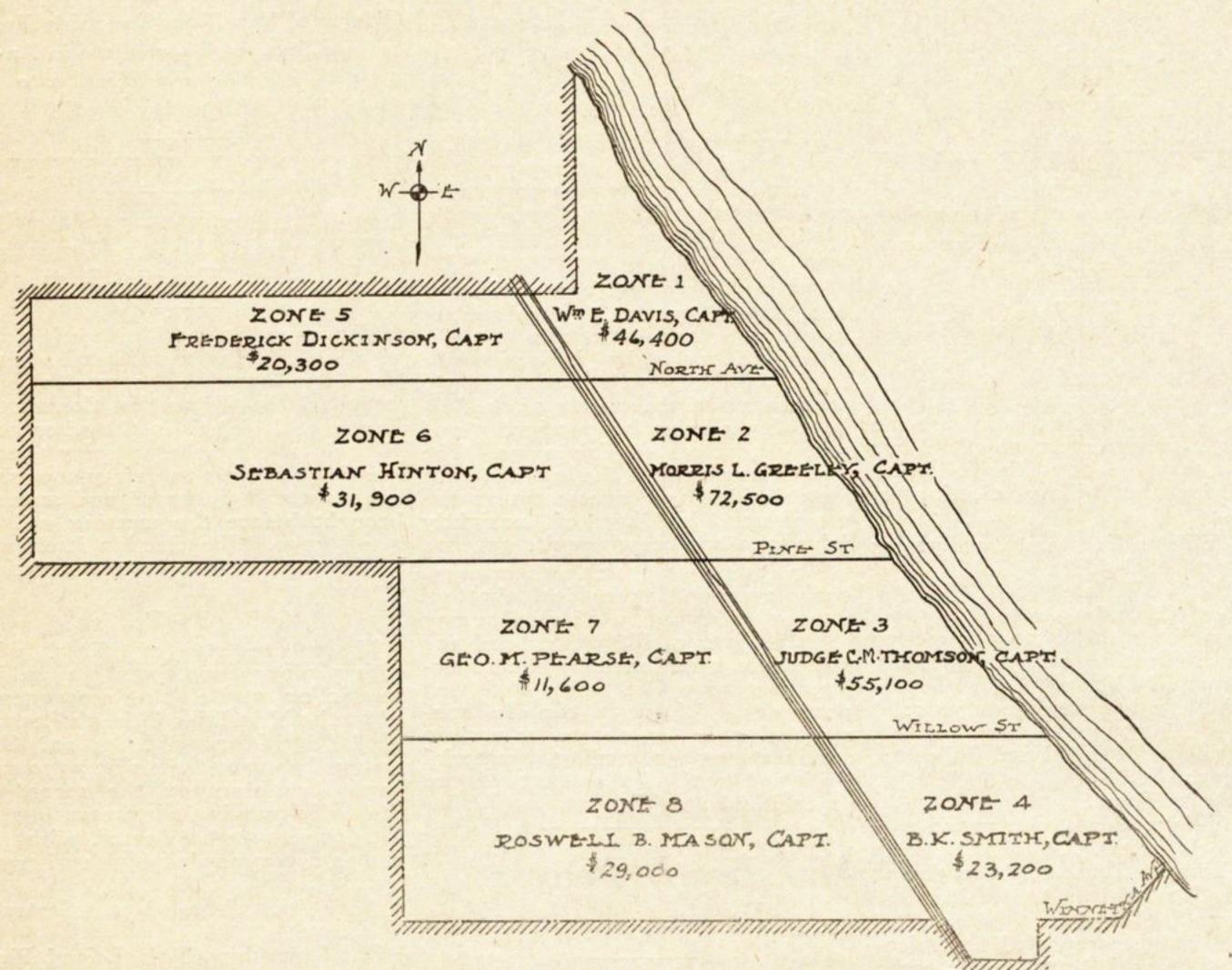
people as a unit to get behind the meeting was an enthusiastic one, Zone 7-Pine street to Willow

The active campaign for funds for On Tuesday evening those who are Charles Howells Coffin, who heads Simultaneously the stores and rail- the fund-raising organization, and Captain, Frederick Dickinson. way stations blossomed out with Laird Bell, in charge of the new posters and signs calling upon the school project as a whole. The street, Captain Sebastian Hinton.

Zone 4-Willow street south, Captain, B. K. Smith.

West Side

(In charge of John B. Guthrie) Zone 5-North of North avenue, Zone 6-North avenue to Pine



The New School Fund is \$350,000. Of this Amount Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Kuppenheimer have given \$60,000 for the Jane Kuppenheim er Memorial hall thus leaving \$290,000 to be raised in the campaign now on. The above map shows the quotas for each district.

sible the immediate erection of the that Winnetka always shows when new building Winnetka so badly a vita project is at stake. The exneeds.

Winnetka station of a huge thermometer, its "boiling point" fixed at 350 degrees, indicating the quota of \$350,000 which Winnetka must raise.

The campaign is on in earnest with all the stimulants of the Liberty loan and Y. M. C. A. drives and with Captain, William E. Davis. an equal, the leaders believe, similar in strength to the other "drives" in which Winnetka has acquitted herself with such honor.

Board of Education and make pos- | peppered with the "we will" spirit | street, Captain. George M. Pearse. perience of past campaigns was re-Commuters were startled by the veiwed and quotas set for the various appearance in the park opposite the districts or zones into which the village is to be divided.

> There are eight zones in all, organized as follows:

East Side

(In charge of George W. Gordon) Zone 1-North of North avenue,

street, Captain Morris L. Greeley.

Zone 8-Willow street south, Captain, Roswell Mason.

"Can our part of town make our quota?" was the question the leaders almost as a unit answered for themselves. "Wait and see," they replied, "It's a big job, but we're going over the top." People have been approached on many funds in the past few years, but hardly anything makes a stronger appeal than the absolute need for school facilities.

It is evident that a good deal of Zone 2-North avenue to Pine rivalry has already sprung up among the various districts and that the Zone 3. Pine street to Willow street | town will watch with interest to see Captain, Judge Charles M. Thomson. which district makes its quota first.



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Dreamy Melody of Phonograph in Fire Department is Beautiful but when Alam Clcck-Well Read on

Earl Flaherty, gazing out upon the beauties of nature from the irksome quiet of his room in the Winnetka fire department sighed and thought to himself how beautiful it all wasand yet how very quiet. If only something less noisy. something would happen Mr. Flaherty's natural instinct for excitement would lead him immediately to the scene. But nothing happened excepting, perhaps, the solemness became more profound. And Flaherty sighed again. He closed one eye as he gazed across the sunlit stretch of village green, and could almost discern fairies and nymphs leaping hither and thither about the lawn and beckoning to him with graceful gestures. Then he closed the other

When just about to quaff the refreshing draught of "green river' from a golden goblet, Flaherty was prodded into consciousness by Chief of Police Waino M. Peterson, who called his attention to an automobile truck backing into the fire department station. The driver of the truck struggled with a huge crate and or launched into a profane description of heavenly things, until Flaherty generously offered to help him. But still the mysterious crate threatened to drop through their combined grip and dash to ruin on the floor. It was then that the valiant employes of the village rushed in to save the situation. They did. The box was gently placed on the floor. It was opened. It was a phonograph. While Flaherty registered supreme happiness in the receipt of the gift which he had sought through the columns of the TALK, the rest of the gathering watched several more trucks drive up and deposit huge piles of phonograph records on the station on

floor. Whoever was the generously inclined citizen who had answered Flaherty's appeal for the musical instrument, he was no piker when lavishness was the object. The police had to move most of their equipment to some other place and finally Mr. Flaherty sat down and mused over the generous gift. A phonograph, he thought, was meant to be played. So he wound up the machine and played a record reproducing correctly a crowd of baseball fans offering suggestions to an umpire after a doubtful decision. The effect was startling. The police and residents within a block radius urgently requested

So Flaherty placed a soothing lullaby melody on the machine. Once more he closed one eye and soliloquized upon nature's wonders. When someone played "Nellie Gray," Flaherty's other eye closed. Once more the dancers of Elfland flitted into

But elfs and alarm clocks are not synonymous. So when the police department's "Big Ben" rang out clear and strong like the war trumpet of Mars, Flaherty's sense of beauty was offended. This was due partly to the fact that the noise caused him to bump his head, but all in all, he has decided that a fire department is no place for music.

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