

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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WINNETKA SCHOOL FACTS

Individual instruction:

Every individual child in Winnetka sticks to each school job until he masters it. progresses at his own rate, unhindered and unhurried by his fellows.

Prepare to End War

A MACHINE gun troop is to be organized in Wilmette. Another is to be organized in Winnetka. These two troops with a third in Evanston are to constitute a machine troop squadron, with 21 officers and 371 enlisted men.

The question at once arises. Why, when the world wants to end war, organize machine gun troops? Why prepare for war? The answer is that the object of organizing these troops is NOT to encourage war but to END war. Does anyone doubt that the recent war would have been shorter and less expensive had the American forces been better prepared?

This organizing of machine gun troops in Wilmette and Winnetka is a move in carrying out of the provisions of the preparedness act of 1920. It is understood that the main object of this act is to organize a large part of the available man power of the country that it may be able to respond effectively in time of need.

Unlighted Bikes

CERTAINLY it should not be necessary for the police to have to warn children of the danger of riding bicycles on the public highway without lights. The danger is so apparent that even the small boy should see it himself, but, lest he forget, the parent of the boy with a bicycle must be aware of the chances which the rider takes when he rides at night on a street in which automobiles are driven.

It is impossible to see the bicycle until the distance is so short that it is next to impossible to stop a machine which is traveling at any speed at all. No driver wishes to run down a child. It is a fearful thing to remember that a young life has been taken or spoiled, even when one cannot in any way be held blameworthy. It should be quite as fearful for a parent to contemplate the accident which may happen to a boy who is allowed to ride a wheel at night without lights adequate to warn automobile drivers of his presence.

Women Voters

WHILE it may not now be true that women know more about current

political issues than men, still it is no exaggeration to say that some women know much more about these important matters than some men. And it looks as if the first statement might come to be true in a few years, if men continue to be so uninterested in political affairs and women so actively interested.

Almost every community has its league of women voters. Leagues of men voters are conspicuous by their absence. On the north shore women voters are unusually active. They hold frequent meetings, private and public. They are studying the issues and candidates with ardent enthusiasm and discriminating insight. They are training themselves to present political problems and solutions clearly and to argue convincingly.

Needlework

NEEDLEWORK is far from being the universal accomplishment for modern women. In many households the needle and thimble come into use only seldom, for bits of mending or re-adjustment of the details of garments bought in the shop "ready to wear."

Never in history has womankind had the leisure that is today afforded her. The manifold labor-saving devices in the home, the movement away from the big and rambling house in which earlier generation grew to maturity, the withdrawal of the old household industries from the home into the factory—all these changes have given to the home woman hours of freedom from household cares which affords opportunity for other sorts of activities.

But there seems to be an instinct in women which is expressed only through the making of garments with which others are to be clothed. It is manifest in the Bazaar, so ubiquitous at this season of the year. It is shown in the groups of women gathered together to sew for orphaned children, for families that have fallen into ways of distress, for the disabled men who suffered injury in line of duty during the war.

There is virtue in this purely feminine activity. It is at its highest expression when needles are plied in the helping of those who must look to charity for help.

—Contributed.

A ship, serving as weathervane, surmounts the new village hall in Winnetka. A full rigged vessel with swelling sails, even though way up in the air on the end of a metal rod, stimulates the imagination of even a landlubber. He sees a queenly ship, breasting the foaming billows, on its course to some far off port. Through clear weather and foul she sails steadily on, piloted safely by crew and captain. May our north shore ships of state meet with like success!

Signs at street corners showing street names, and signs on houses showing house numbers should be so placed as to be easily seen, and large enough and distinct enough to be easily read, not only by pedestrians but also by people in cars. At night, street names and house numbers should be illuminated. In some of our north shore towns the street names can be read with a fair degree of difficulty, but there are few north shore homes whose numbers, when such exist, cannot be determined except by inquiring within.

Shore Lines

THE LAND OF A MILLION SMILES

*Do you know of a land of happiness
Reaching far through the midst of the miles,
Where every man helps the other man?
'Tis the land of a million smiles.*

*'Tis a land where creed is live and let live,
And would lift up the man who would fall,
Truth, justice and wisdom the wealth of this land,
With the emblem of love over all.*

*Where forgotten are race, and color and creed,
Where malice and hatred shall end,
For on every door the latchstring is out
And in every house is a friend.*

*You will know this land for the land is lit
By a million smiles each day,
And a million stars of hope give light
To the traveler on his way.*

*You will find this land of vanishing cares
Reaching far through its sunlit miles,
'Tis the West! our West! the Golden West,
The land of a million smiles.*

—HARRY LEE BURGESS

The above slab from the sun burned west came all the way from San Diego, California. The author is associate editor of The American Patriot and was kind enough to send us this contribution. Mr. Burgess' brother lives on the north shore and that may explain his knowledge of and interest in this publication. We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks.

THE VARIETY STORE

Truly, a variety store is an awesome and wonderful place! I think that up in Santa Clause Isle there is such a store where Mrs. Saint Nicholas presides. Can you picture her counterpart here,—short, shiningly fat, red-cheeked, with friendly smiling blue eyes? Fresh ginghamed, she waits behind the counter to find you an obsolete game or the latest magazine. Or, if your wish to unburden your mind of sweetheart troubles, here you will find a willing and silent confidante. . . .

At your right, are shelves of brown and gaudy papered boxes. Some are shuffled sleepily together, and some are leaning out over their companions, with their lids half off, like mouths opening in grinning derision of you. In front of these shelves are show cases full of tin engines and wagons, paper mache dogs and cats, red whistles, and all manner of odd delights, waiting contentedly for the whim of a dingy fingered child.

At the left are the magazines, garish bindings flaunting bold hints of forbidden joys, peaceful jackets placidly offering the flatness of the conventional, and tempting beautifully colored pictures sighing for deep leather chairs and soft lights. . . .

At the front is a show case filled with a flat array of candies,—sober licorice, stodgy fudge, orange and lemon drops (like pale invalids), stupid chocolates shedding their brown coats, smugly sugared moth-balls, panicky juju beads and frivolous peppermints. Watch how the eyes of a child transform them to unnameable heavenliness!

The next rainy day, loiter about a Variety store while the narrow dank smell of rain seeps thru, and soon you will imagine yourself in a fairy land of musty mystery. . . .

HE WHO WAITS

When we started to count up the things we wanted for Christmas they made such a formidable—not to mention hopeless—list that we were forced to stop. On giving the matter due consideration, however, we felt that we could dispense with everything else if we could find just one present in our stocking on Christmas morn. What is that present, Mr. Gallagher? A million dollars, Mr. Shean!

THE SLAVE.