

## LINDBERG'S EXPLOITS THRILL FAR-OFF INDIA

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and in their fields. Mr. Wolsted doesn't feel that these farmers are particularly interested in politics as such, but adds, "It is well to remember that 90 per cent of the whole population of India is in this agricultural class." His feeling regarding the future of India is very hopeful. "Changes are coming, and I have confidence in the future," declares Mr. Wolsted. "The other day an Indian civil engineer said to me, 'We need a world history for our schools—a text that will guide our children to international friendship. There has been too much of nationalism and its unhappy results.'"

## Reschke Gets Contract to Pave Several Alleys

Seven more alleys in Wilmette will be paved in the near future as a result of action taken by the Wilmette Board of Local Improvements at a special meeting last Thursday night at the Village hall. The paving work was let to Paul Raschke of Winnetka, at a total cost of \$26,061.

## BACK FROM CONNECTICUT

Mrs. A. F. Marsh, 645 Hill road, and her children, Shepardson and Allen, returned recently from a month's visit with Mrs. Marsh's mother, Mrs. John Manson of Westbrook, Conn.

Miss Lillus Price, instructor in mathematics at New Trier High school, attended summer school at the University of Wisconsin.

## Rambles Abroad

BY VALONA BREWER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Herewith the second of a series of letters written exclusively for WINNETKA TALK by Mrs. Valona Brewer, well-known Winnetka violinist, who is engaged upon a tour of European countries. Other letters will appear at frequent intervals. They represent the impressions of a keen observer and promise delightful reading. Don't miss the "Rambles Abroad" feature.

Paris, I find, can be just as red hot in mid-July as any American city. It is a blistering hot day, too hot for sightseeing or anything else, except sitting quietly in the garden of our little pension where there is a fountain splashing to give an illusion of coolness. We leave tomorrow for Geneva in the hope that the Alps will send down some cool breezes.

Since our arrival two weeks ago,

we've had many interesting adventures; Paris is bewildering in its many-sidedness. By far the most interesting side to me, is connected with its past, the marvelous old places, glorious Notre Dame Cathedrale, the living legend of Napoleon. Far more compellingly does that imperial personality dominate the city than any connected with the late war. With her usual dramatic instinct, France has placed the grave of her Unknown Soldier under Napoleon's great Arc de Triomphe, where it is guarded by a flame of fire.

We spent a day visiting Chateau Thierry, coming back by way of Rheims, for the cathedral. But the hills round about are very peaceful now, covered with grass and lovely poppies; it is almost impossible to imagine that here, ten years ago, men were dying by thousands. It gave us Americans a thrill to see the flag flying over Belleau Wood, where our troops gained their first decisive victory.

Best of the short trips out of Paris were Versailles and Malmaison, the first vividly associated with Marie Antoinette and the other with Josephine. The ghosts of gay and arrogant aristocrats still haunt the lovely old rooms and garden paths. How beautifully they lived—on the surface—those exquisite, so many of them going the way of the guillotine at last. Fontainebleau is so enormous that you can't possibly see it all in a day, or a week. You feel in the very air the pompous tyranny of the old days, so out of tune with the spirit of our time. Rather an amusing, incongruous picture is the spectacle of these hordes of earnest tourists, in little groups, each headed by a guide, tramping through rooms where once kings held their court.

## Service at Notre Dame

We wandered into Notre Dame just in time to hear a fine service in honor of the Allies. The Cardinal was there, magnificent in his red robes. There was a full choir and an orchestra in addition to the splendid organ. Altogether, it was an unforgettable introduction to the noble old building which has seen so much of bloody strife, yet stands, staunch and firm, still serving the people of the city, and inspiring the hundreds of visitors who pass through its doors each day.

Last week I went to a concert given by the Conservatoire prize winners, enjoying the novelty of it immensely. It was given, like everything else French, with the utmost finish, but what struck me as rather comical was the attempt at stage setting when part of "La Boheme" was sung by one of the students. Before the number was given, two stage hands came out solemnly, placed a chair, a table, and a candlestick in their proper places. The singer then came out and did his scene.

Of course we shopped a bit and soon found that prices are higher than at home, or else they add a franc or two when they see an American coming. Their politeness often fails them, in their greed for the dollars. One characteristic of these people which endears them to me is their warm kindness to animals. The dogs look so happy and contented. You see them on the busiest streets beside their owners. They are exceedingly clever, too, about going through the heavy traffic, though I really believe a driver would wreck his car rather than harm one. One day, while waiting for a taxi, the traffic policeman's horse sidled gently up to me, touched my coat pocket with his nose, then looked at me with a twinkle in his eye as plainly as though he had used the words, "Haven't you any sugar for me?"

Tomorrow we say goodbye to the gay boulevards and journey toward the mountains of Switzerland.



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