

# WILMETTE LIFE

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## WHAT GOOD'S A CONSTITUTION?

"No one can think clearly or sensibly about this vast and burning topic without in the first instance making up his mind upon the fundamental issue. Does he value the State above the citizen, or the citizen above the State? Does a government exist for the individual, or do individuals exist for the government?"

"I hold that governments are meant to be, and must remain, the servants of the citizens; that states and federations only come into existence and can only be justified by preserving the 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' in the homes and families of individuals.

"I judge the civilization of any community by simple tests. What is the degree of freedom possessed by the citizen? Can he speak, think, and act freely under well-established, well-known laws? Can he criticize the executive government? Can he sue the State if it has infringed his rights? Are there also great processes for changing the law to meet new conditions?"

"Judging by these standards, Great Britain and the United States can claim to be in the forefront of civilized communities.

"The founders (of the United States) \*\*\* were as well acquainted with the follies and intolerance of parliaments as with the oppression of princes. 'To control the powers and conduct of the legislature,' said a leading member of the Convention of 1787, 'by an overruling Constitution was an improvement in the science and practice of government reserved to the American states.'

"All the great names of American history can be invoked behind this principle. Why should it be considered obsolete?"

"In the shelter of the Constitution nature has been conquered, a mighty continent has been brought under the sway of man, and an economic entity established, unrivaled in the whole history of the globe."—Winston Churchill, English statesman, writing in Collier's Weekly.

## PASS 'EM AROUND

That borrowers of books are keepers of books is a sort of tradition built up by paragraphs and the constant repetition of the assertion that books loaned are never returned. Of course it isn't true. But borrowers who return books, and the lenders who get them back, never mention the fact. Hence the Rotarian magazine, in speaking of books, urges that they be loaned freely by those fortunate enough to own them. It says:

"The best books are those which contain the records of the history and the wisdom of men. They are the priceless links with past ages and other peoples. They are the keys to the treasure chests of the accumulated thought and experience of races and nations. Good books are the constant companions of the man who would serve his best purpose in life, for they advise him in service, and strengthen his ideals. Good books are available to all, at little or no cost. They are your ready and constant companions—if you want them. Everyone who enjoys life should like books; should want to own them, and should be ready to lend them to others. For books are useful only as they are used."

## "LAUGH, MAN, LAUGH!"

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is a trite saying, but loaded with truth, as one's own experiences will prove. When approached by a sour, lugubrious individual, with the aspect of one who has been racing the undertaker and about to lose, it is difficult to respond to his appeal, whether to buy a bond, subscribe to a church benefit or donate something to the orphan asylum. But let that same appeal be made by one of jovial mien, a personality that radiates joy, and an infectious smile that gives way to peals of laughter at the slightest provocation, and the impulse is to dig deep into the old wallet. The Rotarian Magazine preaches a whole sermon on the subject in these words:

"There are times (at least twice or thrice a year) when the everyday world seems to focus just a bit blurrily, out of proportion. A few months of monotonous, steady plugging at the same old job can upset a sound sense of values as completely as a long-suffering donkey can upset an appercat; and the proverbial molehill begins to resemble the upper reaches of the Himalayas.

"But when the office desk assumes the dimensions of a geographical unit, the personal foibles of the office boy appear as Jovian moods, and whether J. X. Smythe will take the contract seems to involve your prospects for personal salvation, just remember that you're not past all hope. The resilient human mind has a cure for just such states: a specific which will restore health, appetite, and vision. That medicine is laughter, big hearty guffaws—at one's self.

"Says Aldus Huxley, he in the vanguard of the greatest modern novelists: 'A little ruthless laughter clears the air as nothing else can do . . . it is good . . . every now and then . . . for solemnity's nose to be tweaked; for human pomposity to be made to look ridiculous.'

"Or if one's too far gone to be capable of a merry bellow of self-ridicule, just recall that, as far back as the Middle Ages, a wise philosopher figured out that man's comparative importance to the cosmos is as a single speck of sand to all the seas sand in the world. Then face that Smythe contract again!"

## FACTORIES VS. AUTOMOBILES

During recent years, the industrial accident record—both as to frequency and severity of accidents—has steadily declined. More and more manufacturing companies are operating month after month without a single reportable mishap. Unless all signs fail, 1936 will witness still additional improvement over the preceding years.

During the same period, the automobile accident record has grown steadily worse. More accidents occur—and result in graver injuries. It now seems likely that the death toll for 1936 will be the greatest in history, and will pass the 36,000 mark.

Why should factories grow more safe while highways grow more dangerous? It can be argued that constant progress is being made in guarding hazardous machinery. So it is—but constant progress is likewise being made in improving cars and roadways.

The real explanation of the anomaly can be expressed in two words: The "human element." Factory managements have been unsparing of time, money and effort in instilling "safety consciousness" into workers. The congenitally careless employe, who risks the lives of other workmen as well as his own, merits and receives dismissal. A workman who won't absorb the doctrine of "Never take a chance" has no place in a modern factory.

The motorist, on the contrary, is not similarly restricted. If he wants to be reckless, it is up to him. True, we have traffic laws—but no state or city can employ enough peace officers to keep a check on all drivers. And it is an unfortunate fact that the most reckless driving practices are usually punished with only a small fine.

## NEWS-COMMENT

School days are here again, and children of all ages, from the tiny tots entering first grade, wide-eyed and wondering, not knowing what to expect,



to those starting their senior year at high school, will be taking up the duties that will keep them busy for the next nine months. Mother, too, is entering a season that will keep her busy, for it is little she can expect in the way of help with the routine work of the home, the curriculum of today's school being based upon giving the student plenty to do. Especially is this true in high school. The youngster who completes the course knows that he has had a real job. But it is a job well worth the doing, for without it he is tremendously handicapped in securing another sort of job upon which his living may depend. No one has ever found a royal road to knowledge, nor are there any lazy ways or short cuts. It is a long, hard grind, but the reward is great.

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The Phantom Reporter's extended absence, presumably in hiding to clear away the clouded effects of the Yates City Harvest Moon Festival, which our constant readers will recall, regaled that worthy as the center of attraction, precipitates the herein-after mental wanderings of his Substitute.

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First off it should be noted that the P. R. Marching Club, fearful of the heat waves in Yates City, eventually settled upon a clambake at the Wilmette seaside as a fitting alternative—the clams having been carefully dug out of hiding in a well known north shore general store.

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An ardent New Deal follower, already convinced that the Landonslide will engulf his favorites, come next November, is gloating over the fact that he will enjoy four long years of reversing the situation by casting verbal missiles at the Republican administration. It is obvious he has not been following Mr. Farley's most recent prognostications.

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And while all and sundry are concerned about the political campaign, it is soothing to observe that Haydn Jones, Wilmette scientist and associate of Dr. Arthur H. Compton at the University of Chicago, is assisting in the task of calmly bending cosmic rays and the atomic electrified debris so that their energies can be calculated. A 12-ton magnet is their tool, the magnetic field of which is 40,000 times as powerful as that of the earth. Wonder what scientists think about politicians?

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The counterpart of the sidewalk fireman, or the fellow who keeps an alert, though unofficial, eye on building excavation jobs here and there, is the "400" watcher. Every nice evening witnesses sizeable groups of citizens lined along the North Western right-of-way eagerly awaiting the flash of speed that is the "400." All this to the extreme interest of Mr. Tom Gallagher, erstwhile brakeman, fireman, engineer, who now is presiding genius at a prominent Wilmette crossing. "Railroadin' has had me fascinated for more'n fifty years," says Tom, "but I never saw it get under the hides of these amateurs like since the '400' started scorchin' the rails. And of all the questions! say, you'd think I was the information guy down at the Terminal." Secretly, however, Tom is having the time of his life. He knows all the "regular" addicts by heart, has an answer for every question and makes 'em all like it.

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Coach Lynn Waldorf is getting his Wildcats in trim for the 1936 football season. They always look swell from the press box.

—Mique