

# WILMETTE LIFE

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## AN INCIDENT

Next Sunday, May 9, has been set aside as a day on which to do reverence and honor to mother—by visit or message, tender solicitude and gifts if she be still among the living, by the holiest thoughts that come to the minds of men and the most intense longing that comes to the hearts of men if she be among the angels. It is not intended that Sunday shall be the one day of the year on which to express love for mother, but a sort of extra special day to be exclusively hers.

In verse and prose poets have paid high tribute to mother, heaping encomiums upon her, prodigal of high sounding words, and filled with the deepest of sentiments, until there seems to be nothing to add to what has already been said. And what if there were? Would it be possible for a grateful son or daughter to couch in words a reverent love for a good mother, even if standing face to face with her? Scarcely. How much more hopeless the task, then, if she be no longer of the earth! If it be a duty, it is gladly left to others, even though there be an urge to undertake it.

Pondering the subject, we have wondered if there is any end to the influence of a mother, and if it is possible for one to live long enough for it to become impotent, or for love for her to become a forgotten thing. The thought brought to mind an incident which occurred comparatively recently, which seemed to sustain the view that neither mother influence nor love for mother ever come to an end. An old, old man was nearing the end of life's journey. He was in the nineties, without physical ailment, coming to life's end unresistingly and quietly. One evening a member of the family heard him talking in his room. Knowing that no one was with him, the listener slipped quietly up the stairs and stood near the open door to hear what he was saying. He was sitting in his easy chair, his age-dimmed eyes turned to the wall as though through all material obstructions he was catching the glorious lights of another sphere and perhaps, (who knows?) hearing voices where others found only silence. From his lips there came the words, repeated over and over, "Father. Father! Mother. Mother!" as though he were attempting to attract their attention to his nearness, or to call them from a large company, or was seeking them.

Both the father and mother of this old man had been taken to their reward more than half a century before, yet in the twilight of his life, when the shadows were gathering about him, from his heart of hearts he was crying out for those parents who had exerted so large an influence upon him, and whom he had loved and respected throughout his years.

Certain it is that in this particular case there could be no limit of mother influence, and faith challenges any assertion that it ended even with the passing of the old, old man.

## IT IS HERE

In the May 3 issue of the United States News, David Lawrence, its editor, one of the keenest and most reliable political commentators of the country, says that "Fascism is no longer a cloud on distant horizons—it is here in these United States

of America in the year 1937." He further states, in part:

"The last group in the world to consider themselves fascists are the New Dealers. And yet the New Deal has finally emerged as an American adaptation of the fascist doctrines of Germany and Italy.

"Two announcements last week revealed the peril to democracy in America. One was the proclamation by President Roosevelt that he had signed the Guffey law which provides for regulated monopoly in the coal industry, and the other was the official disclosure that the President is planning to revise the anti-trust laws in effect to permit government control of prices and competition in all businesses.

"For four years the Roosevelt administration has been gradually working toward the climax it has just reached. There has not been, of course, a conscious effort to destroy democracy. Rather, have the New Dealers sincerely professed an intense loyalty to democratic principles.

"But whether one agrees, as I do, that the Roosevelt administration's intention has been benevolent or, as so many impassioned citizens argue and with which argument I do not agree, that it has been deliberately malevolent, the results we are witnessing are the same: Fascism has come to America."

Mr. Lawrence goes on to say that the plan is for regulated monopoly with dictatorship by the central government, the end of days of free competition, the stifling of small businesses and the entrenchment of big business. "Why," he asks, "is the new Guffey Coal act the beginning of fascism? Why is the statement of the Attorney General the outline of a fascist policy for the United States of America?" and answers thus:

"These are the two major items in the present indictment though the gathering force and momentum of New Deal fascism has been apparent in other laws and regulations in the last three years and in the recent attempt to remove from the path of one-man government the single obstruction—an independent and impartial Supreme court—which has heretofore impeded New Deal progress toward its fascist objectives."

Explaining the difference between democracy and fascism—democracy emphasizes checks and balances, three branches of government in our case, while fascism emphasizes one-man government—Mr. Lawrence points out the distinct steps taken in the transition from a democracy to fascism, asserting that some who have not studied the implications of fascist rule might consider it a good thing. He quotes Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt who, in a radio speech on March 2, 1930, said:

"Were it possible to find 'master minds' so unselfish, so willing to decide unhesitatingly against their own personal interests or private prejudices; men almost godlike in their ability to hold the scales of Justice with an even hand, such a government (at Washington) might be to the interest of the country, but there are none such on our political horizon, and we cannot expect a complete reversal of all the teachings of history."

"What are those teachings?" Mr. Lawrence asks, and then states:

"That when an all-powerful central government under the guise of benevolent purpose seeks to impose its will upon the people it encounters opposition by free men. Here is the cycle:

"The independent Judiciary presents opposition—and it is swept aside.

"Then the Press presents its opposition—and it, too, is swept aside.

"Next, the Church makes its protest. And it, too, is swept aside.

"Finally, the university, the church, the press and all the institutions of democracy are rendered helpless because a dictatorship of the Majority says so."

The editorial concludes with the quotation given above: "Fascism is no longer a cloud on distant horizons—it is here in these United States of America in the year 1937."

Faith in mankind is not completely dead. In Texas the proprietor of a general store sells all goods at exact cost to him, but provides a box in which the purchaser may deposit the profit to which he may feel the merchant is entitled. In Oklahoma a banker loans money to farm boys on unsecured notes. The former is making money and the latter has not lost a cent.

The ways of the politician are mysterious and difficult to fathom. The national administration pulls an anti-lynching bill and the South goes up in the air. Then it is softly hinted that if proper support is given the President's Supreme court packing measure the anti-lynching bill might be defeated.

# NEWS-COMMENT

## To Mother

Let me greet you, Mother dear,  
On this special Mother's Day,  
With a heart just full of love,  
I will very gladly say:

That each day is Mother's Day,  
Insofar as I'm concerned,  
And e'en then they're all too few,  
I have long since truly learned.

'N as I'm thinking of this day,  
And how happy I'm with you,  
I am thinking also, Mother,  
What would make you happy too.

Yet, I need not think so long  
'Bout what that would really be.  
This is what you'd always like,  
Listen, Mother, now to me.

Nothing more than kindest words,  
Nothing more than kindest deeds,  
Nothing less than all my love,  
This is all my Mother needs.

Every day a tender thought,  
Every day a loving kiss,  
This is what my Mother wishes,  
All else would she gladly miss.

And I pledge this all to you,  
All this and yet more,  
To my patient, loving Mother,  
Whom I really do adore.

And I tell you, Mother dear,  
This old world's a blessed place,  
While I have my little mother,  
And can see her loving face.

—Harry C. Kinne

\* \* \*

Saturday was annual moving day—and how! In Chicago and suburbs it is estimated that more than 50,000 families exchanged domiciles—the Joneses taking the Smith place, the Browns crowding the Johnsons out, they in turn yelling for possession of the delightful apartment or house or cottage of the Petersons, who couldn't possibly yield it until the Caldwells got out of their way, and so on through the long day and night. Nerves worn to a frazzle, tempers spoiled, husky movers cursing the while they lugged heavy furniture downstairs and up again. Each family arriving at the new home at any time they got there, then hunting for beds and bedding, weary and zestless, longing for any old place to flop down and get a little rest. Followed by other hours of inspecting a lot of plunder and wondering why in heck they ever moved those things, and where to put them. This moving is a great American game which gets into the blood with the coming of spring, but the enthusiasm for which soon subsides.

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"We are free! We are free!" shouted Eddie when told that Wally's divorce had been made absolute. "When is the next train to Paris?" You may be free now, Eddie, but it does not look as though you will remain so for very long.

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A peasant woman in China is reported as having given birth to quintuplets, all boys, all normal. So, the Dionne family has competition! Come to think of it, did you ever hear of such multiple births in highly cultured families?

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Several north shore bachelors have expressed a willingness to help that Ohio young lady spend the \$2,000 which her new gas well yields each day, including Sunday.

\* \* \*

April showers bring May showers.

THE PHANTOM REPORTER

