

# WILMETTE LIFE

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Telephone WILMETTE 4300

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## TIMELY WARNING

Behind every firecracker which may be sputtering soon in celebration of the Fourth of July lurks death, tetanus poisoning, maimed hands and sightless eyes.

While 4,044 soldiers died in the American Revolution and 6,000 were injured, the casualties resulting from the annual celebration of that occasion have mounted relentlessly until 4,290 persons have met their deaths and 96,000 have been injured in accidents involving fireworks in the last thirty years alone.

For many years the Illinois Society for the Prevention of Blindness has been waging a war against the sale and unregulated use of fireworks in the state. Each year the mounting toll of deaths and injuries caused by fireworks has spurred on this civic group. Many cities and towns of Illinois, including those on the north shore, have realized the importance of curbing unregulated celebration of the Fourth, but in many instances, due to lack of such laws for counties, the restrictions have been limited to the corporate limits of each town.

The appalling toll resulting from last year's celebration alone in the state is one for serious thought. Injuries to the eyes top the list with 112 persons, thirty-four of whom today have impaired vision and ten who are totally blind. With grim regularity the perennial toll goes on, and will be curbed only when all communities awaken to the danger of unregulated sale and use of fireworks and take proper action to halt the traffic of these explosives.

The Illinois Society for the Prevention of Blindness has no quarrel with the pleasure obtained by spectators watching pyrotechnic displays—providing the fireworks are handled by experts in their use.

## ANOTHER BLUE EAGLE?

Two years ago the Supreme court invalidated the NRA and stripped the blue eagle of its feathers. During its consideration of the measure, it was freely prophesied by administration tops that to invalidate the measure would throw the country into chaos, endanger "the whole recovery program," and bring about such disaster as the country had never seen.

Congress is now being asked to consider another bill which is said to embody all of the principles of the unworkable NRA. The New York Times suggests that before "breathing life into ghosts" it might be well to take a look at the record. It says:

"It is now clear that there was no foundation in fact for the early fear that the Supreme court verdict in the case of the NRA had dealt a death blow to the whole recovery movement. Precisely the opposite happened. The government's own index of industrial production, compiled by the Federal Reserve board, stood at 85 when NRA was declared unconstitutional. It now stands at 118. The government's index of factory payrolls stood at 68.5. It now stands at 104.8. But the point of most significance is that the percentage of increase in payrolls has been even larger than the increase in production. Freed from the controls and restraints imposed by NRA, business has not achieved its subsequent recovery at the

expense of labor. For the reward of labor, measured in terms of payrolls, has more than kept pace with the increased output of factories and mills."

What the effects of renewed attempts to regulate wages and hours in every locality and plant will be cannot now be foreseen. It is certain, however, that arbitrary wage and hour restrictions must inevitably lead to confusion during a time of steady recovery. It is just as certain that increases in wages and decreases in hours must be added to the cost of production, which in turn must be paid by consumers. Really, why attempt something that has already proved to be a failure?

## RELIEF, \$1,500,000,000

A billion and a half dollars is a lot of money, even in President Roosevelt's town, and when congressmen come to lightly appropriating that much for relief it certainly should hesitate for at least ten or fifteen minutes to consider the matter. They should attempt to find out how many people are going to get a "cut" of the big pie, how many people really in need will get their share, how many political tax-suckers will get the greater portion of it, and such other little matters as common sense might suggest.

Relief expenditures are supposed to be based upon unemployment. How many are unemployed? Who knows? Does anybody know? Who cares? Does anybody care? The appropriation seems to be the important thing—and is to the relief racketeers, who naturally want to keep the racket going as long as possible.

The American Federation of Labor estimates there are 9,722,000 unemployed. The National Industrial Conference board says there are 8,914,000. President Roosevelt puts the figure at 8,650,000. The United States Employment service says it has 6,115,000 applications for jobs on hand. And a recent survey of the manufacturing industry showed it was employing as many as it did in the previous peak year of 1929, with further advances foreseen by Secretary Frances Perkins.

Thus you can take your choice between 6,115,000 and 9,722,000. And you can say that they are not unemployed because of conditions in the manufacturing industry. Furthermore, the federal government is planning to reduce its work-creating expenditures on durable goods, because of the belief that they have been stimulated enough.

What is lagging behind the rest? Nobody knows. Take another angle of the situation to illustrate the uncertainty: Secretary Perkins and the Department of Labor deny that there is a shortage of skilled workers in any field; Corrington Gill, WPA Deputy administrator, says that "while some industries find difficulty in obtaining skilled workers, due to such factors as the loss of skills during idleness, age increases on the part of skilled craftsmen, and absence of a training program for several years, the unemployment program is aggravated by a lack of information."

Wouldn't an unemployment census covering the number who are willing, able and anxious to work but can't get jobs, and enumerating the jobs for which they are qualified give us the facts? We certainly don't have them now.

## TIGHT OR OPEN?

In a recent issue of Rotarian Magazine A. E. Wiggam divides his fellowmen into two classes, tight-minders and open-minders. He describes them in these words:

"The tight-minders are folk who believe what they believe because they believe it. The open-minders believe what they believe because the facts compel them to believe it. The tight-minders believe what they believe in spite of the facts. The open-minders believe what they believe in spite of themselves—in spite of their preconceived ideas, vested interests and prejudices."

A moment spent in thoughtful introspection may show us why we believe what we believe.

# NEWS-COMMENT

Mary Pickford, once known as "America's sweetheart," is doing her best to live up to the sobriquet. Given time, she will probably get around to most, if not all, of us.

\* \* \*

The week's best joke is perpetrated by the C. I. O.'ers, who charge Chicago policemen with murdering "unarmed" workers in the Memorial Day fracas. Can you beat that?

\* \* \*

Our waking moments are mostly spent in worrying about whether Mr. Braddock will knock the tar out of Mr. Louis come June 22, or whether Mr. Louis will wake up long enough to punch the daylights out of Mr. Braddock. This, on top of the late Dizzy Dean crisis, has been almost more than we can bear.

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If we were in Russia and desired—as we probably would—to come out again, we certainly would steer clear of the Red army. To be a high officer in the Soviet's fighting machine seems to be a sure way to a stone wall and a firing squad.

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Ordinarily we have a friendly feeling and quite some sympathy for the weather man. His job is a difficult one, he is none too well paid, and a great many people find fault with his work. But if he keeps on acting as he has since June came, we will be off him for life.

\* \* \*

John L. Lewis is acting much like a boy who has been caught in the jam jar and realizes that the jig is up. Indications are that the sensible working people are getting onto his curves and becoming wise about where he is attempting to lead them. And the general public—well, the sentiment prevailing in Monroe, Mich., is spreading like a prairie fire.

\* \* \*

A prominent north shore business man awoke on a recent morning feeling not so good. He had had a bad night. Disturbing dreams; fitful sleep; rolling and tossing. Didn't feel like getting up. Lingered in bed an extra hour, then decided he couldn't go to work.



No appetite; passed up breakfast. By 9 o'clock thought he should call the doctor. Told his wife to call the doctor. Doctor came in jig time, putting on his most cheerful attitude as he entered the sick room. Asked the patient about his symptoms as he opened his tool kit and fumbled for instruments. As patient related symptoms the doc. discarded cheerful expression and put on one of extreme seriousness. Examined patient's tongue; felt pulse; tested respiration; tested heart; pounded chest; rolled patient over and back again; examined eyes; did all of those things that for a doctor are the day's work. Then he leaned back, as he threw his instruments into the old kitbag and broke forth into peal of uncontrolled laughter. "What the what?" inquired the patient, plainly irritated that his sufferings should be the cause of so much levity. "Know what's the matter with you?" asked the doc. "No," said the patient. "All I know is I'm mighty sick, and you sit there laughing as though it is a good joke." "Well," said the doc., "all that's the matter with you is that you have chickenpox." "Chickenpox?" queried the patient. "Even a man who is sick with chickenpox should be entitled to sympathy and not be made the butt of ridicule." "Sympathy?" questioned the doc. "Say, don't you know that no man who waits until middle life to have chickenpox can expect sympathy—not even from his own wife?" Throwing the night lamp at the doctor as he skidded through the door, the prominent business man approached the window and spent many minutes in thoughtful observation of the sign on the house. It read, "Chickenpox."

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