

Sudden Death Strikes at Home Oftener Than on the Highway

Domestic Mishaps Kill 39,000 in Single Year; Farms Lead Industry in Fatalities

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

UNCLE HENRY put down the newspaper, brushed the cigar ashes off his Sunday suit, lumbered heavily down the little stairs that led from the front porch to the driveway and climbed into the car. He let the low gear motivate it the few feet into the garage. The car stayed and he came out. He carefully locked the garage doors and returned to the veranda. Sinking down into the big easy chair, he adjusted his feet comfortably upon the rail, folding his hands over a generous expanse of vest and was "set" for the afternoon.

"This is one Sabbath there ain't no going to be any joy-riding," he announced to one and all. "I just been reading here in the paper that automobile accidents is still climbing to beat the band. What with all the reckless drivers there is on the road a body is taking an awful risk on the highway these days. Thirty-eight thousand, five hundred people killed in auto crashes during the last year, it says here. That's 1,500 more than last year.

"This is one smart cookie who is going to stay right here at home, off the streets, where he's sure to be safe."

And that was that.

Uncle Henry isn't any different from millions of the rest of us who are getting more than a little

though many of these end in total or partial disability.

The kitchen is by far the most dangerous room in the house. We might well take a lesson from the highway and hang a little sign on every frying pan, to read, "Lift the lid away, not toward, the face." Fifty-six per cent of all the burns suffered around the home are received in the kitchen, and burns account for 35 per cent of all home accidents. Many women have been disfigured for life because they forgot to remember that fat frying is a hazardous occupation. Serious burns often follow the improper removal of a lid from a steamer or roaster, too.

There are almost numberless "don'ts" which, if observed, would prevent painful burns. A few are: Don't remove a grate top to a stove and put on a solid lid unless the manufacturer says it's all right. Don't—for the humpeen millionth time—start a fire in a stove, fireplace or furnace with kerosene. And don't keep gasoline and kerosene in the same kind of cans.

Don't place an oil lamp on a table near a window, where the wind can blow the curtain against the lamp. It might be upset, igniting the curtain.

Don't permit a long, shaky, crooked stovepipe, wired across the room. Too easy for it to bulge open, causing a fire, or bruising someone's head.

Falls Cause Many Deaths.

Don't leave oily mops, cleaning rags, etc., on basement or attic stairways. Remember there's a thing called spontaneous combustion.

Don't forget to disconnect electrical devices when you are through using them. Don't bend or tie knots in electric connection cords, and don't hang them over nails.

Falls are another important classification of home accidents. Oddly enough, more falls occur in the bedroom than anywhere else in the house. Which only goes to show that if you're in the habit of falling out of bed, you'd better sleep next to the wall. More frequently we fall or stumble over a chair in the bedroom at night; some unfortun-



Kicking off an ensilage cutter belt—or maybe a leg.

nate people have broken their backs doing this. There should be a light near the bed to be turned on, or lighted, immediately someone gets out of bed.

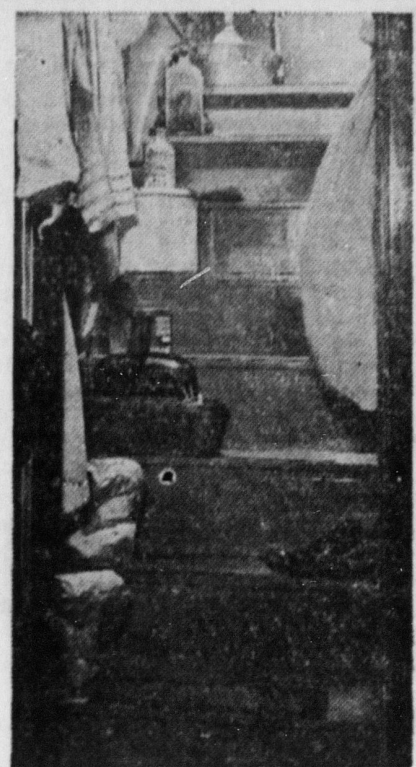
The old saw about getting a black eye from bumping into a door in the dark is no joke at all. Many eyes have been put out by a bedroom door being left jar. Such accidents wouldn't have happened if there had been a light.

Second only to the bedroom as a place for dangerous falls is the kitchen. Stepping on a piece of fruit or a spot of grease too often ends up in a sprained ankle or a broken back. Climbing on things that were not meant to climb on when reaching for an article on a high shelf frequently brings disaster.

Bath Tub Electrocutions.

Falls in other rooms are not uncommon. Once the bathroom was regarded as particularly dangerous. There should be a firm rail on the wall to grasp when you are climbing out of the tub. Such a rail may take only a few minutes to rig up; it may save a life or prevent years of suffering from the results of a severe fall.

Probably more electrocutions have taken place in bath tubs than



More people are killed at home than in traffic accidents. Here is one of the reasons.

in electric chairs. A person who pulls an electric light cord while he is standing in a few inches of water is not in as secure a position as one who lights a match to see if the gasoline tank is empty.


In the age group over 65 more than twice as many persons are killed in home accidents as in motor vehicle accidents. But here is the real pity: Five times as many children under the age of five years are killed in home accidents as in automobile accidents.

The National Safety Council's records show that in 1934 35 per cent of all accidental home deaths of children under five resulted from burns, and another 17 per cent from asphyxiation and suffocation. Chances of death from falls increase with an individual's age. Among children under five only 7 per cent of the fatalities were caused by falls. Yet in the age group from twenty-four to sixty-five, falls produce 35 per cent of the fatalities.

Children should be kept away from pots and pans in which foods are cooking on the stove; better keep the youngsters out of the kitchen when you're cooking. Dangerous chemicals such as lye, which children often mistake for sugar, should be kept out of their reach, and clearly labeled. All poisons kept about the house should be clearly identified, all kept in one place and either locked up or placed high away from the reach of tiny arms.

Farm Accidents Varied.

There are so many ways in which accidents can mar the peace and quiet of life on the farm that there is no room to go into them in detail here. The recent survey conducted in Kansas by the state board of health recently showed that farming is the most hazardous occupation in the state, accounting for more than 50 per cent of all occupational fatalities. This is despite



FAMOUS
HEADLINE HUNTER

**FLOYD
GIBBONS**

**ADVENTURERS
CLUB**

Hell everybody

"Late for Work"
By FLOYD GIBBONS

YOU know, for a long time I've been inviting the boys and girls to tell me about the biggest thrills of their lives, and here's Frank J. Starr, Jr., of Bergenfield, N. J., writing me as follows: "The greatest thrill I ever had in my life came when I read an article in a newspaper."

Well, sir, when I got that far in Frank's letter I began thinking to myself, "Hold on, there! Reading a newspaper might give you a thrill now and then, but it just ain't adventure." And then I read on through the rest of Frank's letter, and doggoned if there wasn't an adventure in it, after all. You see, that newspaper article was about Frank's dad—Frank J. Starr, Senior. And it was all about how he almost got fired for being late for work.

That doesn't sound like an adventure either, does it? Plenty of people not only "almost get fired," but DO get fired every doggone day, and nobody thinks it's exciting. But this is a special case. You'll begin to realize that when I tell you that, after Frank Starr's bosses thought it over, and investigated the situation, they changed their minds about firing him for being late for work and decided, instead TO GIVE HIM A MEDAL FOR BEING LATE FOR WORK!

Frank Heard a Scream for Help.

Boy, that is news, isn't it? All my life I've wanted to work for a boss like that. But being late for work still doesn't come under the head of adventuring, so I guess I'd better get down to brass tacks and tell you WHY Frank Starr was late for work. The story that Frank Starr, Jr., got such a kick out of when he read it in the newspaper.

Frank Starr—yong Frank's dad—worked for the dock department in New York City. He lived in West One Hundred Fifty-first street, not far from where he worked, and he was in the habit of going home at noontime to get a hot, home-cooked meal. On September 14, 1918, he had been home for lunch and was on the way back to work again, and as he was walking along the waterfront at One Hundred Fifty-fifth street and the Hudson river he heard a loud scream. "HELP!"

Frank looked in the direction from which the scream had come. Out there on the water he saw a head bobbing up and down and a little arm raised up in the air. A kid out there in trouble! Frank didn't hesitate a second. The tide was running strong out in the river, but he didn't even stop to take off his shoes or throw off his coat. He leaped into the water clothes and all and began swimming toward the drowning youngster.

It was hard going with his clothes on, but he swam toward the spot where he had seen that little head go down. As he reached the place, the boy came up again and Frank grabbed him. He took him under one arm and had started to swim back to shore again when he heard an agonized voice on the shore cry: "Save Jimmy—save Jimmy, too!"

Jimmy Also Had to Be Saved.

Jimmy? Who was Jimmy? Frank had seen but one head bobbing around in that water. Was there another kid out there? He looked around. About thirty feet away he saw some bubbles coming to the surface. With one drowning boy already under his arm he turned again and swam toward those bubbles.

He had a tough job reaching the spot. His clothes—the current—the boy under his arm—all of those things hampered him in his battle. At last he reached the place where the sinister stream of bubbles rose to the surface. Down under the water he could see where those bubbles came from—a still form floating down there. He reached down and pulled up a second youngster.

Frank tucked the second youngster under his other arm. Both his arms were full now. Two KIDS, as well as a lot of heavy clothing, were dragging him down. But he started for shore again, fighting with his feet alone to keep afloat.

He didn't have to swim far. A boat was putting out from shore and coming to the rescue. Frank swam toward that boat. It reached him when he was half-way in, and he put the two kids into it and climbed in himself.

Too Modest to Tell of His Feat.

Both kids were unconscious when they reached the shore. After a long treatment they were both brought around again and taken to their homes. The doctors wanted to do something for Frank too, but he refused their offer of medical aid. He—well—he said he was all right, and he guessed he'd better run along and change his clothes. He was late for work then, and he'd be a whole lot later by the time he got into some dry duds.

Frank stowed up for work just half an hour late. The boss wanted to know what was the trouble, and Frank—well—he just sort of shrugged his shoulders and said he'd got wet pulling a couple kids out of some water and had to go home and change his clothes. That report went down on the record, and pretty soon it came to the attention of Murray Hurlburt, who was then commissioner of docks.

Commissioner Hurlburt took a look at that report but he wasn't satisfied. Maybe it just looked like a new version of the sick grandmother alibi. Anyway, he decided to investigate. He found out about pulling those kids out of the water all right—found out that there was a lot more to it than Frank Starr's own modest statement indicated.

So instead of firing Frank for being late he made a couple of telephone calls and told a couple of people what a brave fellow he had working in his department.

And the result of those phone calls was that Frank was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Medal of the Life Saving Benevolent association of New York—for being late for work and, to use the words engraved on the back of one of those medals, "For saving human life in peril."

Spiked Boots Ban Saved Traverse City Sidewalks

His boots were as sacred to a lumberjack in Michigan's boom timber era as a saddle to a cowboy, but the loggers couldn't wear them in Traverse City, reveals a Traverse City correspondent in the Detroit Free Press.

The city passed an ordinance providing a maximum fine of \$10 or 10 days in jail for the lumberman who was found wearing spiked boots in the city limits. In the '90s and the '00s, there was a good reason for the rule. Traverse City sidewalks then were constructed of wood.

After a couple of instances when the city had laid a sidewalk of new white pine and three or four hundred rivermen had come off a drive and riddled it with their spiked boots the city decided to call a halt.

The boots, made of the finest kangaroo skin and costing as much as \$45 a pair, were purchased in the fall. Through the winter the loggers treated them carefully with mutton tallow, but they never wore them until spring when the drive started. Then the boots went on and stayed on for as long as two months.

Why the loggers insisted on water-proof boots when they spent most of the working day waist-deep in the water hasn't been explained.

Marks of Past Illness Shown by Hair and Nails

Signs of past illness often remain long after the illness has ended. These are to be found where the circulation is poorest, viz., in the hair and the nails, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

After a severe illness, you will often find that a ridge appears running across the nail and growing with it, advancing towards the free end as the nail gets longer. This is due to the fact that the illness has absorbed a good deal of the patient's strength and the circulation, in consequence, has not been sufficient to nourish the nails properly.

When anyone gets run down in general health, the nails frequently suffer in other ways, especially if the condition is a chronic one. They may become brittle and crack easily, while sometimes they are pitted with small holes as though they had been worm-eaten.

To restore the appearance of the nails you must, of course, first restore the general health. The principal cause of the debility must be treated, and when this has been done improvement in the circulation follows. As soon as the nails begin again to get proper nourishment they quickly regain their healthy look.

Uncle Phil Says:

Profitless Meanness

There is a meanness that profits not the man who possesses it. That of stubbornly withholding praise where it is deserved. One could understand withholding money.

When in doubt, etiquette is an excellent guide.

Don't ask your friend to do something for you he doesn't want to. Your friendship will cool.

A Successful Secret

If you know intimately a successful man, you know one that will not tell you everything.

There will yet be a Society for the Encouragement of Courtesy Among Automobileists.

Sometimes a pessimist is a man who backed an optimist.

The discipline of children is now nothing like it was in granddaddy's day. Today the greatest severity may consist in insisting that they eat spinach.

We're satisfied with any bathtub that has a handle to get out by.

Man hasn't done much with fish, for all his inventiveness. He has eliminated no bones; yet he got the seeds out of oranges.

My Favorite Recipe

By Gloria Swanson
Film Star

Caviar Canape

1 can of caviar
1 egg
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
1 tablespoonful of onion juice

Bread for toast according to the number to be served.

Spread the caviar on round piece of toast. Then spread on this the yolk of the egg which has been hard-boiled and run through a sieve. Season with the lemon and onion juice, although the latter is a matter of personal taste and should be used at the discretion of the individual. Trim the edges with the grated white of the egg and garnish with small piece of tomato.

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Lazy, bored, grouchy

You may feel this way as a result of constipation. Constipation is an enemy of pleasure. It dulls your enjoyment of the best entertainment and the best friends.

To neglect constipation is to invite serious trouble. For your health's sake, take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. You'll soon feel better. Here's a laxative that is purely vegetable, prompt, reliable.

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WOMEN WHO ARE WEAK

There is no worse evil than a bad woman; and nothing has ever been produced better than a good one.—Euripides.

Mrs. Hattie Zebley of 124 Scott St., Wilmington, Del., said: "At times I suffered from headache and had a pain in my back and thru my sides, all due to functional disturbances. I was miserable, my housework. Dr. Frier's Favorite Prescription taken as a tonic certainly made a big improvement in me. The headaches and pains disappeared, I had a fine appetite and gained in strength." Buy of your druggist.

"Quotations"

The universities have a greater responsibility now than they have ever had to bear. A large portion of the world is moving without a compass.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

To be same is to be neither Bolshevik nor Fascist nor Nazi, but to try to preserve the freedom every intelligent man and woman should passionately desire.—Lady Rhondda.

Many years ago I learned that the periods in one's life when one is simply a listener and observer may seem useless, but are in the end very valuable.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We have only to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for ourselves and others.—R. L. Stevenson.