

Downers Grove Reporter

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The people of Downers Grove have every cause to be thankful this year at the Christmas tide. Santa, the patron saint of the Yuletide, was especially good to everyone, so far as can be learned.

The Christmas Spirit hovered over the village and brought good cheer to every home. The less fortunate members of the community did not lack the good things over the holidays.

Let us in 1920 endeavor to carry the Christmas Spirit with us at all times. A pleasant look, a word, a smile, thoughtfulness for others. These are real things which Christmas brings out as no other season. Let us not crawl back into our shells for another eleven months, coming out again next December for another Christmas tide.

SCIENCE ATTACKS DEATH

Did you know that there is a large company of scientific sharps in America and elsewhere—mostly biologists—who are spending their lives in experiments to determine why we don't live forever?

The editor of The Downers Grove Reporter and most of the folks of Downers Grove have taken death to be an inevitable fact of life everlasting for individuals as unthinkable. But just the same it is interesting to know what the scientific fellows are doing and thinking about.

The biggest recent fact discovered is that the first forms of life do not die. That is, the microscopic forms that in scientific language are called "one-celled" organisms, and protozoa. Human life sprang from these organisms millions and millions of years ago. If the things we sprang from don't die, what have we built into our systems since then that makes us die? That's the one point science is now eager to learn.

And if we shall be able to throw off the death element, what then? But what's the use? It's like speculating on the end of time or the end of distance in a straight line. For ourselves, we'd rather go on editing a newspaper.

PROSPERITY FORECAST FOR 1920

We are asked by a good many people these days: "Will the hard times come in 1920?"

We don't know. But we have read the past few days a number of analyses of business conditions, and a few forecasts by men who are supposed to be experts, and as a result we would hazard the opinion that 1920 will be fairly prosperous in America and, perhaps, very prosperous.

Charles C. Selden, editor of one of the most important financial magazines in the country, has had his ear to the ground for a month, listening to business. He says—

That exports will continue to be heavy although America will not expect cash for all its goods; we will give long credits to the cashless countries of Europe.

That eight great, private, richly financed banking corporations will see to these credits.

That with exports continuing heavy all that America can produce in 1920 will be sold.

That the coal strike having checked steel and iron production for the winter, the demand for these metals during 1920 will be heavy. The saying is that when the iron and steel business is prosperous so is the country.

That immigration being small, there will be a labor shortage; therefore labor will have all the work it cares to do in 1920 and will be prosperous.

That prices will continue high. And finally, says Selden, all indications seem to point to no panic at least until 1925.

Hope so!

"PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD"

Wonderful Articles by Frank Comerford Will Soon be Run in The Reporter.

Starting next Week we will publish a series of articles by Frank Comerford entitled "Problems Facing Stricken World." Nothing more timely or more important has ever been printed.

Unrest is the important manifestation of the day. Is the world really afire and in danger of burning up? Smoke is apparent everywhere and is naturally heaviest in stricken Europe. Is it merely on the surface or does it come from deep, subterranean, volcanic forces?

To accurately gauge the conflagration we must know its causes and whether it is merely the work of an organized and efficient but comparatively small band of incendiaries, or is a great flame originating in the smoldering breast of the masses? If the former, it can be dealt with speedily and effectively; if the latter the combined brains and statesmanship of the world will be required to combat it, with safeguards against its spread and a copious application of remedial measures to quench it. In the fight it may be necessary to dynamite some structures; destroy some cherished institutions imbedded in the web and woof of law and custom.

Mr. Comerford, who has visited all the suffering countries of Europe, applies to the study the combined equipment of thinker, writer and analyst, with the additional quality of a legal mind. One who knows, reveres and thinks in terms of the law, he also has been close to and knows the people. His observations and conclusions are embodied in a remarkable series of articles which should have a very marked effect in settling the vexed questions of social and industrial unrest.

The first two or three installments are a painstaking record of conditions from which he gradually works into causes, effects, conclusions and remedies. No one should judge the articles without reading them thru; otherwise he may gain the erroneous impression that the writer is committed to socialism or bolshevism. Mr. Comerford adopts somewhat the plan of the able lawyer who builds up an apparently strong case for the opposition and then demolishes it by some phrase as "In such specious terms will you hear the case presented by counsel on the other side." He graphically and strongly pictures state socialism from the days of Plato down to Carl Marx. He also deals with anarchy from the time it originated as a sort of benign philosophy in the mind of the gentle stoic Zeno, to the knife and firebrand kind of today. Idealism is very carefully sifted and differentiated from the cults of murder and destruction; the fallacies and failures of the idealists also are pointed out.

Frank Comerford went to Europe and visited the wreck-strewn terrain after the deluge had passed. He went to catch and paint the picture, but more particularly to study the great-

est problem of all—reconstruction. Men can face all the horrors of war and retain their morale. Reconstruction tries the very souls of men. Comerford visited England, Ireland, Belgium, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland parts of Russia and the Balkans. He returns with a story such as never has been told before and may never be again.

"Who is Comerford?" The question has been asked at recurring periods of every few years during the past two decades. Sometimes it bore the mild, rising inflection of a passing interest as in something of a trifle out of the ordinary; at other times the quick exclamatory note of amazement as a city, a state or the entire nation was electrified by this strange personality. Always, just as Comerford was about to become famous, with his name on every tongue, his cadenced utterance became silent and his individuality for some unaccountable reason submerged. After sufficient time had elapsed for public interest to wane, brief meteoric glimpses were again revealed and people began to wrack their memories and inquire again: "Who is Comerford?"

Something over twenty years ago in the turbulent political meetings of the day, in the civic gatherings and group conferences of Chicago's great human hive, the West side, a slim, handsome, brilliant-eyed, knickerbockered boy with a shock of dark hair cut (or rather uncut) in imita-

tion of the mass mind. At one time he was among the chief counselors in legal matters for the American Federation of Labor. During that period he conducted the defense and secured the acquittal of Carl Persson, a young editor of a labor journal accused of murder. There were calls for Comerford from labor bodies all over the United States and Canada. He could have easily become the labor leader of America; but he was not ready, nor, indeed particularly anxious for that prerogative. Studying and maturing was his object; studying people and problems. Now he has completed his equipment and arrived.

With the object of reaching the largest and most effective audience in America, the great rural and small-town population, wherein beats the heart of the nation, Mr. Comerford has selected the country press to carry his message. He went to Europe to interview the ghost of unrest. He comes back like a sane, unterrified man from a seance prepared to set forth the impressions which such a spectator could create.

"I went to Europe to see for myself. I was unattached, a free agent. I was not a member of a mission. I had no preconceived opinions.

"Europe looks to America for salvation as a dying man looks to God for mercy. If the United States adopts the policy of leaving Europe alone in the theory that we have done enough for her, Europe will be plunged into the savagery of revolution.



tion of his football heroes was noticeable by his invariable attendance. Always in a front seat, he listened attentively to the debates and speeches. More noticeable was he on account of his attending those dry, serious affairs where he was generally the only boy present.

One night during an unusually heated campaign—a presidential election war on—the managers of a prominent candidate had endeavored to pack one of the most important meetings and were getting away with it quite successfully. Just as the best local spellbinder of the party had finished a masterly, albeit specious argument, producing a visible effect upon the assemblage suddenly this football-haired boy arose and challenged the attention of the audience. Altho rather tall for his age, he was quite obviously all boy, with none of the attributes of the prodigy or any of those evidences of too sudden maturity so painful to behold in the human stripling.

A titter ran through the crowd, while some grew serious at his tenacity or felt sorry for what they were sure was to be a misguided exhibition; it was evident that he intended to make a speech. Experienced men had sympathetic recollections of stage fright on the occasion of their first public utterances and boys, such as were there, had rapid and shaky visualizations of Friday afternoons on the school rostrum.

The boy—he was Comerford—stood upon his chair that he might better command the crowd. Slightly pale and a little weak as to voice when he began, he faced the mixed attitude of amusement, ridicule and the varying degrees of surprise and wonderment in his audience. Soon his color returned and his faculties began to function. Very soon it was apparent that the kid was shooting holes in the argument of the polished campaigner who had preceded him.

The astute political managers of the occasion, taken somewhat off of their feet, began furtively to signal to the hecklers but the crowd was with him. Reporters and photographers were there and the next morning Frank Comerford was a first page story.

It is faith in America, belief that America will sustain her and help her carry the awful load that is bending and almost breaking the back of weak and crippled Europe that keeps her from succumbing. This faith is about the only thing Europe has left. Even those who in their irritated state of mind speak of the United States in unfriendly terms, tell you that they will be helpless if we desert them."

WOULD BREAK OLD CUSTOM

Modern Girl Not Satisfied With Second Place, Even When Inscribed on Her Tombstone.

There's a certain old cemetery out in Jersey where, now and again, when visiting friends the writer strolls on Sunday. Many a story lingers about a neglected grave or a haughty headstone.

But two very-much-alive young people furnished her diversion one afternoon. They were engaged, that was plain, and proud of it. There's a happy science, broken by the girl's clear soprano.

"Do you know, George, what I've been noticing in this cemetery?"

Apparently George did not. "Why, on almost every tombstone marking the grave of a man and his wife, his name comes first, with hers tucked modestly below. Take this": And she read aloud, "Thomas Springer. Died April 22, 1842. Age eighty-five years. His wife Annie, died June 2, 1838, aged forty-three years. You see even if the wife dies first her place on the tombstone is at the bottom. Isn't it queer?"

George had evidently not bothered much about tombstones. He'd been too busy looking at her. But it didn't really matter much, he thought. "Oh, but it does," she argued. "It's another attack on a woman's individuality. Now, when I die, much as I care for you, I don't want my name to be a postscript on your tombstone."

Naturally George assured her that it shouldn't be, and they strolled on, in tune with the infinite and the weather. It had been a glimpse of the twentieth century girl that would have amazed Annie Springer, at rest beneath the moss-grown granite.

Oldest Writing

The British museum contains the oldest known examples of Chinese writing, in the form of inscriptions on animals' bones.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE DRAWS CRITICISM

Editor, Downers Grove Reporter:

In your paper dated December 24, appears a Christmas message on the subject of "Peace, Peace, Peace," to which I beg leave to reply because of statements made therein which do not express a Christmas spirit towards Christian Science and toward its Founder, Mary Baker Eddy.

That Mrs. Eddy's teachings ignore sin, and the necessity of overcoming it, as the clergyman implied in his message, is utterly false. Christian Science demands that sin in all its forms shall be exterminated. The warfare against sin in himself and in others, is the cross which the Christian Scientist bears, in accordance with the teachings of the Master: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." (Mark 8:34)

The Christian's cross may not be laid down until, step by step, sin is overcome.

Mrs. Eddy says: "War is waged between the evidences of Spirit and evidences of the five physical senses; and this contest must go on until peace be declared by the final triumph of Spirit in immutable harmony. Divine Science disclaims sin, sickness, and death, on the basis of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, or divine good." (Retrospection and In-

rospection, page 56).

Sincerely yours,

Lee White,

Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of Illinois.

Nightmare

Nightmare is caused by a disordered digestion, nervous troubles or other ailments and must be treated by going after the cause. "When the body sleeps the spirit wakes," and when it comes in the shape of "cauchemar," as the French call it, it is truly a frightful guest.

WOULD BE "SOMETHING LIKE"

Wireless Telephone Nothing to Invent Some Women Hope to See Before Many Years.

An inventor announces that he will soon have on the market a wireless telephone that a man can carry around in his hat. There will be another telephone in his home tuned up with the one inside of his hat, and the result will be that the man's wife can talk to him wherever he may be, whether it be his office, a street corner, a baseball game or a church.

This is a fine thing indeed, and may really be considered a step in advance, but it is not what the wives of the world are looking for. The wives of the world are looking for something that will beat a telephone in the hat all hollow.

We may as well confide to you the fact that there is wild hope surging through the hearts of women that some day there will be invented a contrivance by means of which they will be enabled to see the men folks at all times and wherever they may be. A man can fool a woman with a hat telephone just as easily as he can fool her with the telephones we have now. He can say he is attending a meeting of church wardens when he is really sitting in a poker game; and how is the wife to know any different?

But when this thing is invented by means of which the lady can look into something like a crystal ball and see the man person just where he is and exactly what he is doing, then, dear folks, you may prepare to see the world turn good.

The mere man will not be allowed to use this delicate instrument. Yes, it will be a better world then, but there won't be much fun in it.—Los Angeles Times.

HARRIET STRONG VICTIM OF SERIOUS ACCIDENT

Miss Harriet Strong was the victim of a very serious accident in the Illinois Central Station, Chicago, on December 20th as she was returning home for the holiday vacation. She was hit by an engine switching in the train shed and her right limb injured in such a way that the doctors were forced to amputate it at once at St. Luke's hospital where she was taken.

Throughout the accident and while being removed to the hospital Miss Strong showed great presence of mind, directing the disposition of her suit cases and personal effects as if nothing had happened. This in spite of the fact that she was suffering great pain. Witnesses to the accident are said to have told that only by exercising great care did Miss Strong save her life. They say she saw it was either her life or her limb and she acted accordingly.

Miss Strong graduated from Northwestern University in 1905, afterward taking her degree there in 1917.

She taught full college work in the Wheaton College for three years, and last fall went to Rome, Georgia, to teach in "Shorter College." This is a school in the South where they try to hold up the Northern standards of education.

It has worked under a handicap because it has no endowment, and has been able to accomplish what it has only because it has appealed to the substantial and wealthy class of the South. As an independent Baptist institution it was not given assignment in the \$75,000 Southern Baptist Campaign, but was allowed to receive designated funds.

CHURCH SMALL BUT FAMOUS

Brent Tor, on Coast of Devonshire, England, Has Been Prominent Landmark for Centuries.

Brent Tor is a little bit of a stone church built high on the frowning cliffs of the wild North Devonshire coast in England. The church is so little that a Devonshire yokel with a keen sense of humor is said to have inscribed this cryptic warning, which puzzled many a simple-minded Devonshire farmer: "If you get into the second aisle of Brent Tor, you will never get out again." There is no second aisle in the west church at all.

Brent Tor was built centuries ago by a man who was lost among the steep cliffs and rushing waters of the wild North Devon coast. The fog mists enveloped him. In his anguish as the roar and spray of the cold Atlantic assailed him he vowed solemnly that if he ever came safely out of the fog without pitching into the growling ocean he would build a church where he landed. Brent Tor was the result.

The good folk round about Devonshire tell how the devil tried to hamper the building of the little church. At last St. Michael de la Roche, to whom it was dedicated, grew weary of having the devil interfere with the proceedings and heaved a great mass of cliff at his satanic cohorts. There was no further trouble.

A peculiarity of Brent Tor is the fact that it can be seen from all directions—it is a veritable landmark. Before it toss the restless waters of the Atlantic ocean and behind it slope the undulating Devonshire moors.

CARPENTIER HELPS BECKETT TO CORNER



Georges Carpentier, French heavyweight champion, knocked out Joe Beckett, British champion, in 74 seconds, then was the first to gather up the defeated man and assist him to his corner. Public opinion is now demanding a Carpentier-Dempsey battle.