

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shed Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

NOW WEAK AND HEARTBROKEN

In Mourning and Poverty She Counts Her Dead and Looks With Eyes of Sadness Toward the Threatening Future.

Article II.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

August 1, 1914, was the day. On that day Germany declared war on Russia. The fire alarm rang around the world. Peasants in the field straightened their backs, listened and looked into the sun confused, wondering. Flags were unfurled, bands played, faces were white, tense and serious. Men left their work and talked in groups on the street corners. Women laid down their brooms, put aside their washing, and talked in whispers; sad lights were in their eyes. Children stopped playing. Something had happened. Evil things were about to happen. August 3 and 4 found France and Great Britain mobilizing their sons. The torch was sweeping Europe—the fire of death had started. For four long years—heart-sickening years—the world ran red. Men waded through mud and blood, fought, suffered, cursed, prayed, while back home in the manless houses women and children worked, cried, prayed and waited. The world was mad. Death poisoned every breath the people breathed.

It is over now. It is finished. A stunned, numbed, weak, heartbroken Europe is again sitting in the sun of peace. Europe is in dirty black rags. The black is mourning, the rags are poverty. Her face is deeply lined—frenches made by suffering. Her eyes are downcast and dead. Hope flutters weakly in her breast; faith has faded from her soul. Her home is a house of darkness. The fire on the hearth has turned to cold gray ashes. The little no longer sings, it moans. Her mind is weary, her body is wasted. Hunger has robbed her of her strength. Her stockings, shoeless feet are blue from the cold. Her lips wear starvation color. Ice in the winter's wind lashes her shivering, half-naked body. She mumbles as she stares vacantly into space—she is tired, so tired. As I beheld her it seemed to me that a face so troubled and sad must never have known a smile.

I listened to her mutterings, I found that she was counting. Over and over again she counted on her thin, tired, worn hands—she was counting her dead.

Thinking of Her Loss.

She was thinking. Her eyes looked over the hundreds of thousands of square miles of war zone, slashed with trenches, pitted and pockmarked with shells. She sees where they fell. No tears are in her eyes. Long ago the heart had reached the point where tears dry up. How upon, row, line upon line, mile upon mile, white-painted wooden crosses mark their graves. For the most part they were her youngest born, her most beloved, who dug deep in the soil to sleep forever in the dark dugouts.

As they fell bleeding from steel and lead, choking from gas, writhing in agony from fire, they proved in the dying world they spoke that they were brave boys, as they had shown in their fighting that they were brave men. To the poppies they entrusted their message, and the red poppies remember the last word of Europe's dying sons, who went out into the great beyond with this last word on their lips: "Mother."

She has finished counting; an ache shudders through her bent body. She sighs and sobs, "Seven and a half million of my sons are dead."

Her thoughts turn to the living, her arms open to receive them, she holds them to her heart. They have come, but how?

Some with sightless eyes, doomed to grope through the world in a never-ending darkness, a night without stars or moon; sunless, black, hopeless days, and these, too, young men in the very morning of their day.

Others sentenced to silence—deaf and dumb. Never again will she hear their voices nor will they hear hers. Still others in wheel chairs, dwarfed, legless.

More hobbling on crutches, limping on canes.

Some with empty sleeves.

Many with great scars, where once was a handsome face.

She sees them all, her heart bleeds; the twisted, the mangled, the torn. She is counting them, the 12,616,017, the wounded of the war.

War's Frightful Cost.

Her voice is husky, her hands are tired, but she must count on. Six and a half million of her sons were marked "missing and prisoners" in the official war score. Many of these have come back to her, but she does not question them—she dare not. Their faces tell of the unspeakable horrors they endured. She sees in their eyes a depth of pain that is unfathomable. She is a mother—she knows.

The war is over, but she is not over the war. Must she never stop counting? Is there no end to her losses? The graveyards are crowded. Her

thoughts turn to the dead who, while they did not die in the war, died because of the war. Those who went out in battle left life in a burst of glory. Others there were who fell in their tracks—exhaustion, broken hearts sent them "west." She has not forgotten how the home front suffered. The stay-at-homes were not all slackers. They fought hunger and cold, bent their backs beyond the straining point. Worst of all, they waited. It is estimated that 20,000,000 civilians died from weakness, fatigue, strain, broken hearts—the horror of waiting destroyed resistance. These were the underfed older men and women, the scared, undernourished children. Is there any wonder that Europe has a death look in her eyes? Death has been her morning thought, it has been her night sob, and for four years made up of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds death has been her Nemesis.

She is now totaling. The figures are appalling. They stagger her imagination. It is easy to write them, impossible to understand their full meaning. The mind can't grasp it; the world is bewildered by the number. It is too stupendous, too horrible for understanding. Think of it, seven and a half million young men, for the most part between the ages of eighteen and thirty, the youth, the strength, the spirit, the man power of Europe, dead—twenty million from civil life dead, over twelve and a half million wounded.

Who can measure this loss? War brought death. It did more—it stopped birth. In the devastated regions of Belgium, France, Italy, Poland, parts of Russia and the Balkan countries, the birth rate fell to almost nothing. In England and Wales the birth rate in the last part of 1915 was 19.5, the lowest on record. Mallett calculated that the birth rate had fallen 12 per cent in England and Wales by 1919.

The Journal of Heredity quotes Savorgnan as having estimated that it will take England at least ten years, Germany 12 years, Italy 38 years and France 36 years to recuperate their populations. These calculations by Savorgnan were made before the fearful losses of the campaign of 1918.

A village in France, Blerancourt, tells what the war has done to the man power of Europe. This village, which is in the Chateau Thierry-Soissons district, had a population of a thousand people before the war. Its losses have been tabulated. Twenty-six soldiers from this village were killed in the war. Ninety-seven of the villagers died from war privations. The total of 123 is the death toll of a village of a thousand.

The figures I have quoted from the calculations of Savorgnan and Mallett were made before the war was finished. Since the war, estimates have been made, and these estimates show the situation to be even worse. In France I was told that 57 per cent of the men between twenty and forty years were listed as dead or incapacitated for work. Further, that it would take France over 70 years to recover her normal population.

It is said that it will take Italy 50 years and England 25 years to regain normality of population.

The human waste of the war is more than sad memories. The loss of man power makes a grave problem. It has thrown out of balance the domestic scheme of the world. It will be felt for years. There are a great many more young women than men. Home-life is bound to suffer. There will be fewer marriages, fewer children. Statistics only tell part of the story.

European Tarantula.

An eminent authority in such matters, in remarking that the tarantula is a spider, says of that terrifying creature that it is the Lycosa Tarantula, a species of spider found in some of the warmer parts of Italy and Spain. When full grown it is about the size of a chestnut and of a brown color. Its bite was at one time supposed to be dangerous and to induce a kind of "dancing disease," but now it is known not to be worse than the sting of a common wasp.

It is an old fable, extending to remotest times, that the bite of this spider would produce epilepsy or a strange dancing mania in its victims and that this epilepsy or madness could be relieved only by a particular kind of music. The tarantula of Italy and Spain—and it is found in those countries today—has hairy legs with black markings on them.

America's Debt to Jews.

Jews figured very prominently in the discovery of America by Columbus according to Rabbi David Philipson of Cincinnati. The first man who stepped on the shore of the new world was the interpreter of the expedition, Luis de Torres, a Jew. Bernal, the ship surgeon, was also a Jew, as were several members of the crew.

It is also now said to be established that the long-credited belief that Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to furnish Columbus with the funds for the trip is a legend. These funds, it is said, were furnished by two Jews, Luis de Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez. A letter by Columbus to Sanchez is still extant, in which he gives some account of his exploits.

Who Knows?

A friend of mine called upon a newly wedded pair and I happened to drop in. The bride had been a widow. My friend remarked to me, "You introduced them to each other, didn't you?" "Why, yes," I tentatively blurted, "I introduced her to her first and second husbands and who knows, but what I'll be the one to introduce her to her third one?"—Exchange.

DOWNERS GROVE BOWLERS STILL "HITTING WOOD"

Klein's Colts and Bertolin's Cubs Now Tied For First Place in Local League.

Klein's Colts and Bertolin's Cubs are now tied for first place in the local Bowling League, each team having won 29 and lost 19 games. This makes the race very interesting and the next time these two outfits hook up there is sure to be a good crowd on hand to see the fun.

The standings are now as follows: Team W L Bertolin's Cubs 29 19 Klein's Colts 29 19 Swearingen's Pace Makers 28 17 Clarke's Clean 'Ems 24 21 Dicke Tool Co. 24 23 Tholin's Hatters 20 28 Mochel's All Stars 19 29 Kidwell's Speeders 17 31 *Postponed games to be rolled Monday, February 9th.

If the Pace Makers win three from Clarke's Clean 'Ems on the above date this may put them in the lead.

Team averages to date are as follows: Tholin's Hatters—161 19-69 Bertolin's Cubs—159 151-165 Klein's Colts—159 17-192 Kidwell's Speeders—156 99-177 Mochel's All Stars—155 137-174 Swearingen's P. M.'s—155 144-189 Dicke Tool Co.—154 Clarke's Clean 'Ems—153 30-219

It would seem from the above that the teams are pretty well lined up as they are and the reason the leaders are where they are is "breaks" of the game.

High team game to date is 906. Swearingen's Pace Makers, Second, Tholin's Hatters, 892. High game, Bunning, 248. High average, Bunning 190.

Following are the scores of the past week:

Bertolin's Cubs vs. Kidwell's Speeders, January 27, 1920. Postponed from January 23.

Bertolin's Cubs G. Vix 165 187 178 McElroy 154 135 137 B. Vix 163 135 165 Bollow 167 180 181 Brady (Absent) average 157 Totals 806 794 819

Kidwell's Speeders Wells 230 191 158 Peterson 150 144 144 Johnston 129 145 164 Miley 126 228 131 Gervig (absent) average 177 Totals 812 885 777

Bertolin's Cubs vs. Mochel's All Stars, January 29th, 1920.

Bertolin's Cubs G. Vix 146 146 195 B. Vix 126 177 151 McElroy 136 148 150 Brady 159 190 172 Bollow 143 152 185 Totals 710 813 856

Mochel's All Stars Beidelman 156 178 187 Kingsley 152 173 139 Sulist 132 166 147 Reha 137 156 164 Staiger 116 166 174 Totals 693 839 811

Kidwell's Speeders vs. Klein's Colts, January 30th, 1920.

Kidwell's Speeders Wells (absent) average 172 Peterson 137 152 160 Johnston 147 147 147 Miley 160 200 181 Gervig 168 136 168 Totals 784 807 828

Klein's Colts Schlauder (absent) average 158 Severus 149 162 132 Ehninger 180 194 172 Vix 163 158 144 Stamp (absent) average 178 Totals 828 852 838

Tholin's Hatters vs. Dicke Tool Co., February 2nd, 1920.

Tholin's Hatters Staiger 149 116 124 Jehl 115 147 149 Shanabrook 132 158 174 Nash 167 156 128 Bunning 190 190 190 Totals 753 767 765

Dicke Tool Co. Gaehner 147 147 147 Shultz 142 165 198 Dieke 167 156 187 Walters 139 200 136 Near 173 177 198 Totals 768 845 866

HINSDALE HOME ROBBED

During the absence of the Geo. H. Bell family from the beautiful Third st. home last Sunday night, robbers gained entrance and secured several thousand dollars worth of valuables. The maid had gone out to visit some friends and when she returned she discovered the house in disorder as a result of the thorough search for silverware and jewelry. No clue was left, but it is presumed to be the work of Chicago crooks. Mr. Bell carried insurance which will cover the loss.—Hinsdale Doings.

ILLINOIS WOMEN AFTER PROFITTEERS

If the Illinois women can't get at the Profiteer through one channel, they will find another, is the attitude of the Woman's Department of the Fair Price Commission of Illinois.

Refusal to buy at an unfair and exorbitant price is urged by them upon every citizen of Illinois. How to determine what are unfair prices, under present conditions is explained in a little booklet, "Points," which the Woman's Department is mailing free to any inquirer.

Fair-minded dealers—who are in the majority—will welcome the organized co-operation of women in weeding out unscrupulous or unfair competitors.

A budget system of family finance is also urged as another way of getting at the profiteer. A budget is the apportionment of the family income in advance, an equitable share for each branch of expenditure. It is recommended by the Woman's Department as not only the best way to get the most enjoyment out of one's income, but as an excellent method of calling the attention of every member of the family to specific prices which are unfair and exorbitant.

Sample family or personal budgets or advice about planning a budget may be secured by addressing the Budget Committee, Woman's Department, Fair Price Commission of Illinois, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, Chairman, 602 Federal Building, Chicago. All inquiries are considered confidential.

The Four Flush.

"A four flush," says Cactus Joe, "is entitled to a certain amount of respect as something to build on. It's mostly objectionable because of efforts to improve it from the bottom of the pack."

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