

Local News

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

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

CHANGE OF SOME SORT SURE

Returning Soldier Feels He Has at Least Earned a Better Chance Than He Has Hitherto Been Granted.

Article III.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

Europe wears an anxious look. One thought is arousing her from the stupor of her misery. She opens her eyes in wide amazement when she notices and notes the striking change that has come over her children. It is puzzling her, although she well knows what they have gone through, how patiently and uncomplainingly they suffered. It isn't strange to her that they have changed, when she remembers the peace of the years before the war, the quiet, sane lives they lived, and the four years in which they lived in wet, foul sewers called trenches, slept in tombs on the edge of a strip of hell called No Man's Land, breathed the smell of burning flesh, saw their pals "go west," buried their dead, grinned at pain, laughed at death. Nerves of steel could not stand what they have gone through without being changed by it.

They have put on muffs again. It is strange to them. The quiet streets are dull. The demobilized soldier feels the letdown. The tenseness over depression sets in. During the war he didn't have time to think of anything except the job ahead of him. Every minute, every move was life or death to him. Now he realizes for the first time what he has gone through, wonders why he is alive. Two thoughts possess his mind: one the memory of every minute of the days and nights of the war—the other, of what is ahead of him, what he is going to do with his life! He is at a strange crossroads. The word "job" doesn't mean much to him. It isn't that he is lazy. He has to pinch himself to realize that it is over and that he is back from the war.

Earned Right to Better Place.

Between the whizz of machine bullets and the shriek of shrapnel he spent his time thinking, and his thoughts were not all about the war. He never got used to the war, but he learned to forget it. He has brought more than souvenirs and memories from his experience. He has brought home thoughts, ideas and ambitions from the trenches. Many a night, looking over No Man's Land, listening to the "hush" of the war, he thought and resolved that if he ever came back he wanted, and would have, a better chance in this queer thing called life. He feels that he has paid for a place, and he has paid. He has earned the right to a decent place in the world, for which he fought. He helped save the world and he looks to that world to save him from a meaningless machine existence. If it doesn't he has made up his mind to use force. He is willing to work, wants to work, but he insists on being part of his work, rather than his work being all of him. He sees, feels and measures things from an intensely human angle. He feels his humanness. The war emphasized the value and meaning of the human being. It was life or death. He is alive. He wants a human interest in his work.

Hundreds of demobilized soldiers in different parts of Europe, in different words, in different languages, have said to me: "If the world isn't going to give us a better chance than it gave us before the war, then the world wasn't worth fighting for. When we fought, they told us it was to make the world safe for democracy and to make life worth while. We thought this meant us and ours. We have learned that life isn't only a question of a job and enough to eat, we want to be treated like human beings. A man wants to feel that his work means more to him than just wages. He spends most of his time at work, the rest of it is spent with his family and in sleeping so he will be able to work the next day. Why shouldn't he have an interest in the business, and why shouldn't the business have an interest in him? We don't want to run the business, all we ask is a say in it, a friendly say in it. Some people think that to be fed is to be free—it isn't. Being free means being treated like a human being."

I have found many good honest men and women who have lost interest in work. They say, "We don't get a fair share of what we make. We fight among ourselves for jobs because we have to or starve, and they pay us as little as they can." I am not reasoning or arguing this question. I am stating a fact which indicates the state of mind of millions of men and women in Europe who did their bit for civilization during the past four years.

Fair Hearing Must Be Granted.

Calling these people bolsheviks doesn't silence them nor solve the problem. Such tactics irritate and cause the unrest. Their grievance must be given a fair, patient hearing. A attitude of mind must be reached with it we hope to get back to normal living. I have heard some say that these people must be given to un-

derstand that they must work or starve. No law or government in the world is powerful enough to compel people to work. This is particularly true of the people today. To think of using force is foolish, suicidal. We have had enough of force during the last four years and the farther we get away from the idea of beating one another into submission the better off we all shall be. The present unrest is positively dangerous. It isn't like any unrest we have ever had before. It is the restlessness of human beings who have been face to face with death. We need a lot of calmness and common sense. By kindly conference we must try to understand each other, and by just compromise help each other. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, if an effort is made to use blind, brute force on the working people of the world, the present unrest will be set in motion, a whirlwind will break upon the world.

The plain, open road back to happiness is co-operation. If we stop for a moment and realize what we have been through, and the changes that have come upon us while we were going through it, we will find getting together easy. Unrest blocks the road, it fetters the will to work. We must face the truth, and the sooner we do, the better. The world is broke. The war has bankrupted Europe. One thing, and one thing only, will bring us back to sane, normal living. It is work. Sympathy and understanding will do more to secure peace, stimulate work, than defiance, challenge and threats. A normal world is one in which men live and work together in peace, where all men have a chance to be happy. This means an interest in work, a joy in working—living to work, rather than working to live. Men must have food, clean wholesome food, and enough of it to do their work without exhaustion. Men must have clothes. Not only the quantity and quality necessary to protect their bodies from the weather, but clothes that satisfy the normal instinct for appearing clean and neat. Decent clothes sustain self-respect. Men without them are less normal and moral.

All Need a Playtime.

There must be a time between the end of the day and the beginning of sleep in which men can know and enjoy their families. The man who is so used up by his day's work that he falls asleep at his supper table isn't playing fair with his wife and children, and his employer isn't playing fair with him. All men are boys, even after they have gray hair. This quality is probably the finest and best in them. They need a playtime, a recreation time. They lose something and the world loses more when they do not get it. It is not enough that bodies are fed, minds must not be starved. Light is the right of every human being with eyes. Education is light. The human race must have light. None of us were intended to live in darkness. Children are entitled to a school time, a jump-the-rope time, a top time, a play time. A child who enters manhood or womanhood without ever having known a childhood goes through life with something missing, something lost. The creed of the changed world is that while the world doesn't owe anyone a living, it is obligated to give every human being a chance to make a decent living. The new commandment is that this chance must be given.

I found these thoughts planted in the unrest in Europe. They are strongly, deeply rooted in the consciousness of the people. They are growing. Men and women are gardening, cultivating, protecting these ideas. Any effort to uproot or destroy these flowering thoughts will be resented and fought by the gardeners. They are not weed thoughts—they are the blooms of hope and they belong to the poor. They will fight and die before they will see these hope growths trampled under foot. This is the only garden they have. The blood of the dead fertilized it. The living cure for it.

Words.

"And now," concluded the super orator, as he bowed to the frenzied applause of the common people, "if I have made any point clear to this intelligent audience I will feel that I have failed of my purpose. However, the greatest of mortals is prone to err, so, in justice to the great issue at stake, I trust that anyone who understands what the League of Nations really is will ask such questions as will enable me to obscure such parts of it as may be clear to you now." * * * Silence. * * * More silence. * * * And then some. "Ah! Your silence is flattering, indeed. If you will now dispense with shaking my hand, I will bid you adieu, as I must save my energy for the speech I am to deliver tomorrow before the former munition makers on 'How to Combat the High Cost of Living.'"—Life.

Little Drops of Water.

It has been stated that people are as ignorant of the size of the sea as they are of matters dealing with astronomy. Few are aware, for instance, that the Pacific ocean covers 68,000,000 miles; the Atlantic 30,000,000 miles, and the Indian ocean, Arctic, and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide, and one mile deep, every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 984,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 480 miles long.

Mrs. Alice Thomas has the influenza.

The Dexter Variety Store has a message for all on Page 3, this week.

Miss Edith Snyder is ill at her home on Oakwood avenue.

Mrs. T. E. Brooks returned from Fairfield, Iowa Wednesday after a short visit with her sister there.

Mrs. Jane Wallace has just returned from a five weeks' visit at Dwight, Ill.

Mr. F. G. Wells entertained his Sunday School class of the Baptist church Tuesday evening.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. King, Friday, February 6th, an eight and one-half pound son.

Harvey Shumaker of Kankakee spent the week end with Paul Prickett.

Miss Grace Downes, who has been very ill at her home in Chicago, is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. Ralph Kelly of Aurora, visited Wednesday with Mrs. Floyd Rouse on North Forest.

Mrs. Mary E. Stover is just recovering from a weeks' tussle with the flu.

J. H. Drees has had a light attack of influenza. His son Frank, is convalescing but is still confined to the house.

Harry Bryce is again back at his desk with the Potter Mfg. Co. after an attack of the flu which kept him in several days.

Mrs. Marie Herring, who has been quite ill with the flu at the residence on East Maple avenue, is able to be up again.

They pay, all right. There is not a doubt in the world about that! What? Why those little classified ads. on page seven.

Rev. G. B. Fleming of Holland, Mich., father of Rev. B. H. Fleming of the Grove, is quite seriously ill with the influenza.

The Dicke Theatre is "Flu" proof on account of having a higher ceiling and better ventilation than any similar building in Du Page County.

Those little classified advertisements (costing but thirty-five cents for five lines or less) pay big dividends. Try one when you have anything to sell.

McPherson Brothers are moving this week to their new farm home near St. Charles. Their furniture and farm implements and even their cattle are being driven overland.

The Dicke Theatre obtains the best stars at any cost. They now have contracts for pictures featuring the very best stars and believe that the better the star the better the picture.

Mrs. Thomas Verdenius is teaching a mission study class for the Epworth League of the M. E. church at the church every Sunday evening at 6:30. Fifty were present last Sunday. You are invited.

Mr. Mason Slade, choirmaster at Christ Church, Chicago, was in our village last Tuesday evening to confer with the Rev. Hugh M. MacWhorter with regard to the training of a boy choir for S. Andrews church.

Yesterdays snow and the fact that the slush has frozen would seem to argue that old man winter is still among us. Regarding the Illinois brand of weather we are rather prone to be pessimistic and never believe the sun will shine until it does.

Mrs. L. F. Gerwig entertained a few friends at a luncheon last Friday the occasion being Virginia Lees birthday. The out of town guests were Mrs. I. B. Brady, Mrs. Wm. Dietrich and Zelda Jane of Chicago, and Miss Ida Gushard of Naperville.

Mr. John T. Oldfield died Wednesday morning at his home in Hinsdale, age 87 years. Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon, February 14th, at 2:30 o'clock at his late residence and interment will be made in the West Side cemetery here.

Miss Jewel Farrar, who has been in Washington at the Walter Reed hospital for some time, was recently transferred to Philadelphia. Soon after she was taken sick with scarlet fever and is recovering rapidly. Miss Farrar is a student nurse in the Army Nurse Corps.

The Clark family of the "Edgefield Farm" (formerly Lucas) have sold

their interest to their partner and will leave some time this month for their former home in California. Mrs. Clark recently announced the engagement of her youngest daughter to a westerner.

Corp. John Michalek of Camp Grant, spent the week end with home folks here. He is attending the Motor Transport School at Camp Grant learning the ins and outs of automobiles. He is a veteran of the Second Division and is serving his second "hitch" in the service.

The Tahigwa Camp Fire Girls met at the home of their guardian, Mrs. B. E. Balczynski after school last Thursday, February 5th, for the purpose of making arrangements for a luncheon to be given their mothers Saturday, February 21st at the home of Kathryn Davis on North Main st.

Fifteen of the Epworth Leaguers of the First M. E. church attended the "Q" sub-district Rally last Friday evening at Riverside. Rev. John Thompson, D. D., gave an address on "Social Service." Downers Grove got third place in the contest for the shield.

The Woman's Society of the Baptist church will hold their monthly Missionary meeting at the home of Mrs. F. D. Lempke, 143 E. Maple ave., Thursday afternoon, February 19th. Mrs. W. B. Towsley will assist and Mrs. Chas. Caldwell has the program in charge, "Sons of Italy."

Supt. J. Ritchie Patterson of the Chicago Public Library has been secured by the ladies of the M. E. church for the annual Washington's birthday banquet to be given at the church Tuesday evening February 24. Tickets 50cts. Now on sale at Puffery Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Venard have returned from their honeymoon trip and are at home to their friends at the farm home on North Highland ave. They were married at Elgin, January 21st. Mrs. Venard was Miss Hattie Nelson of Plato Center, Ill., and was formerly a resident of this village.

"Wings of the Morning." Can you imagine Farnum in a more thrilling

story. While this picture will not actually turn your hair white with excitement, it will make 'em stand on end and sometimes that's a good thing to have happen. See th' Fox Special at the Curtiss, Tuesday, February 17th.

Be quite sure that you arrange to see Robert Warwick in his "Adventure in Hearts," at the Curtiss Theatre, this Saturday, also on the same bill, the 2-reel Fox Special Sunshine Comedy, "The Foot Light Maids," and Vaudeville Program Delightful and Interesting. Not an idle moment in the big three hour show.

Mrs. Smith, mother of Mrs. Ed. Emrich, of North Forest avenue, celebrated her 80th birthday yesterday, February 12th. Her daughter, Mrs.

Maid-Allen of Des Plaines, her pastor, the Rev. J. B. Little and wife, Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. McCollum and Miss Anderson were present.

The Brotherhood of St. Pauls Evangelical Grove Street church will give a banquet at the church parlors on Washingtons birthday, which will be observed Monday, February 23rd. The public is invited. The principal speaker for the evening will be the Rev. J. H. Schiek, the new president of Elmhurst College.

Lost something? Nine chances to one that one of our little classified ads will bring it back to you. Try it, anyway. The cost is small.

(Additional Locals on Page 5)

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH
ASH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1920
10:30 a. m. Holy Communion.
4:00 p. m. Church School.
8:00 p. m. Special Service. Annual Meeting of the Church. The presence of every member and friend is urgently requested.

WHERE
TO TEEN-AGE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
BASEMENT
WHEN
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1920—6:30

Fred D. Heinke
PLUMBING
Steam Heating - Sewer Building
Gas Fitting
Telephone 52-R

HURLEY

The Name Back of the
Thor
Electric Washing Machine



Can You Keep Enough Clean Clothes for the Children?

Keeping the children's clothing clean is only one of the weekly worries of the house wife. The other, and equally important, is ironing them. Standing over a board with a hot iron is trying work and for this there is another Hurley specialty.

The THOR ELECTRIC IRON

Come in and let us show you this wonderful iron. It makes ironing easy. You just feed the clothes into the machine. Its polished "shoe" quickly smoothes out every wrinkle and puts a wonderfully beautiful gloss on the linens. The Thor will iron anything, from a lady's handkerchief to the largest sheet. The pressure is always uniform. Also the heat.

Let us demonstrate these two wonderful machines in your home. They take all the drudge out of the weekly bugbears, washing and ironing.

J. D. GILLESPIE & CO.
Telephone 30 Day or Night 61 South Main Street Telephone 30 Day or Night
Retailers of High Grade Merchandise