

# PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

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

### IMPERATIVE NEED FOR ACTION

Twelve Months Since the Signing of the Armistice Practically Wasted — Call for Aid From America Must Be Heeded.

Article V.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

The signing of the armistice ended the fighting. The signing of the peace treaty brought peace, but neither of these acts restored devastated Europe. The great job ahead is the work of reconstruction, and when I write the word "reconstruction" I have not in mind the mere rebuilding of the war-stricken areas of France, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Russia. Gigantic and important as this task is, necessary as it is, it is only a small part of the work of real reconstruction. Hundreds of thousands of square miles make up the actual war zone, the ground marched over, the territory under shell fire. Millions of acres of land that once yielded food in response to the touch of the plow have for the past four years been tilled by high explosives.

Belgium was literally looted, pillaged and ravished. Almost the entire state was violated. Nearly one-eighth of France, her industrial section, was crushed. Buildings were destroyed, factories dismantled. Sixty thousand square miles in Poland were laid waste. Italy suffered terribly. The ground is filled with high explosives, undischarged mines and shells. Every day since the work of recovery and restoration began men working in this zone have been blown to pieces. Billions of feet of barbed wire and millions of tons of metal make a dangerous wilderness out of what was once a highly productive area.

Cities and villages are jungles of twisted, broken, torn wood, iron, brick and stone. I have walked through these villages and have stood stunned by the completeness of the destruction. The streets are uneven and lumpy with brick and stone and plaster and glass, aisles of wreckage. Roofless houses with walls gutted and torn, heaps and piles of broken building material; jagged, ragged plinths, masses of debris meet the eye. Had I not known of the war and come upon one of these unsightly, shapeless masses of material, I should have thought nature had entered into a mad conspiracy, combining and concentrating all of the powers of a cyclone, a tornado and an earthquake, and spilled their fury on these mangled, dead villages.

Sights to Wring the Heart.

Picture the refugees returning to these villages—coming back home. What the sight must have meant to them. I have seen them, their faces gray as the gray ruins, standing in the midst of their destroyed homes. I have seen them picking their way over piles of stone and brick through great openings made in the broken walls. I saw in their eyes homesickness, a hurt of heart I never shall forget. Old men and old women and little bare-legged children; now and again a boy with a worn, soiled uniform, some limping on crutches, others wearing an empty sleeve. One thought surged through my mind until it almost sickened me—War. The land of the war zone must be reclaimed. These acres are needed now more than they were before the war. The world's food supply is low. Hundreds of miles of trenches must be filled up. Trees must be planted, the ground must be cleaned of shells, cleared of barbed wire; villages, cities, must be rebuilt; sewer systems must be installed. The men must be moved. It is a big job.

One great misfortune is that although 12 months have come and gone since the signing of the armistice, no general comprehensive plan of reconstruction has been started. Here and there small sections of the devastated regions are being partly reconstructed. Temporary provision is being made for the homeless. This is all well and good, but intelligent, economical, efficient and speedy reconstruction demands a general plan and an organization big enough to put it over. The doing of this work requires vision and capacity for doing big things well. If the physical reconstruction is left to Europe it will not be finished in 50 years. Here is a chance for America. We have a faculty of doing things on a big scale and in a short period of time. Europe needs our help. If we are to give it eventually, why not now? But the clearing up of the wreckage and the rebuilding is a minor problem compared with the other greater and more important question of reconstruction, the reconstruction of industry, the establishment of normal life.

The reclamation of the devastated area is, after all, only a matter of plan, time and money, and notwithstanding the fact that Europe is bankrupt today, the money must and will come. The barbed wire will be rolled up, the mines and shells will be dug from the fields, the villages will be rebuilt; everything that has been destroyed will be replaced. Physical reconstruction is the least of Europe's problems. The great problem is the reconstruction of life. The war-devastated and disordered life of the world. It threw everything into confusion; it left the scheme out of balance.

Only Road to Prosperity.

We live by work. Prosperity means production. Poverty is underproduction. Stripping economics of all its high-sounding jargon, the simple truth that everyone knows is that the world has only the things it works to produce.

It may not be amiss to state a few facts known by everyone which explain the meaning of production: We live on the earth. It is land and water. In the ground are minerals. The land grows crops. We need the minerals that are in the ground. We need the crops, but minerals in the ground, as well as the fertile soil, mean nothing until man by his work brings the mineral from the ground and makes the soil yield. We must have food, we must have clothing, we must have shelter, and the only way we can get these things is by working. If little work is done we have a shortage. There isn't enough food to go around, there aren't enough clothes, enough coal, and as a result the prices of all these necessities go "way up." But this is not so important as the fact that when there is not enough to feed the world some go hungry, others must starve. When there isn't enough coal, some are cold, others freeze. When there aren't enough clothes for everyone, some must be ragged and half-naked. Everything by which we live is the result of work. Stop work, and poverty follows. Work, and plenty results. Work is responsible for everything that goes to make life worth living.

To understand Europe's condition today, one must stop and realize that the war stopped production. The result is a shortage of everything. There isn't enough food, there isn't enough raw material, there isn't enough coal. The whole story is told in the word Poverty.

Only Cure is in Work.

There is a cure; the prescription can be written in a single word. Everyone knows that word, but knowing the word and adopting the word are different matters. Before we can get back to normal life this word must find root in the consciousness of the people. We must realize that the world will continue sick and grow sicker unless this prescription is taken. Further, we must know that if we delay taking this remedy it will be a longer time before we get well. The prescription is work. Every effort should be made to make every man will to work. Every employer must contribute to unrest and provoke idleness by refusing to negotiate with his men, and into this negotiation he should go with a friendly spirit and a willingness to compromise. The employer who meets labor with the thought in his mind that he is better equipped to fight than labor, because he has a surplus and can eat and be warm, while labor has been living from hand to mouth and will starve, is shortsighted. He had better get the idea out of his head that you can starve men into submission. There was a day when that was true, but that day has passed, never to come. The man who depends upon his ability to turn a key in the factory door and go off on a vacation, supposing his will on his workmen, will discover that these men stopped a certain "gent," late of Pottsdam now of Holland, from doing this very thing to the world. He may wake up some morning to learn a new definition of the word "fight."

One thing that people do not realize is that the men who fought the world's fight for freedom are the men who are now complaining that they are not getting a square deal. Who made up the fighting men of the war, the rank and file of the armies that stopped the Prussian Push? Who were the great majority of the volunteers and the conscripted men numbering millions who went to the front for the allies? The teamsters, the shophands, the millworkers, the factory hands, the coal miners. These are the same men who are the center of the labor problem.

Mr. Employer, you are dealing with ex-soldiers. Please don't forget it. They fought for you. You wouldn't have any business today if it hadn't been for them, and when you think of the bond you bought, remember the blood they gave. (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Applied Christianity.

The late Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool used to relate how on one occasion he separated two women, one a Roman Catholic and one a Protestant, who were fighting in the street. Afterward he asked the latter, whom he knew, how she, as a professing Christian, could justify her behavior, to which she replied: "Well, sir, I was only obeying you. I have often heard you say 'Fight the good fight!' That other woman came into my house and she saw a picture of you on the mantelpiece. 'That's no priest,' said she. 'Nor no parson, neither! He's only an old quack.' Do you think I could stand that, sir? No! 'Touch not the Lord's anointed!'—I see, and I ups with my fists and I hits her!"—London Post.

Smart Kid.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer. "And now," he said to the same boy, "what is latitude?" The youngster hesitated a moment and then with a merry twinkle in his eye he replied, "Please, sir, we have no latitude. The British government won't allow us any."

# Local News

If you need us, fonus. 188-J.

Miss Paulyne Reiner spent the week-end at Novinger, Mo.

Old Kentucky will be shown again at Dicke Theatre. adv.

C. W. VanBeynum is in New York on a business trip.

See the Beauty Market at Dicke Theatre Saturday. adv.

Miss Helen Hawkins was a week-end visitor at the LaCharty home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Brunet have a new baby at their home.

Clarke's Clean Ems and Mochel's Stars will bowl a postponed game at the Dicke Alleys on Monday evening.

Kathryn MacDonald was star in the wonderful picture "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." adv.

Mr. T. F. Kelly spent the week-end at LaCrosse, Wis., with Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Rouse Waples of Berwyn, spent Sunday at the Mrs. Rose Waples home.

Harold Bell Wright's story "The Shepard of the Hills" will soon be shown at Dicke Theatre. adv.

Mrs. Geo. Perkins entertained at luncheon Tuesday, Mrs. E. Marshall, Mrs. Eda McCollum and Miss Adelia Andruss being guests.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Earle Wright of LaGrange, visited here Sunday. They are contemplating the purchase of a home here and moving back to the village.

The second Reelart Picture "Erst-while Susan" with Constance Binny at Dicke's. adv.

Miss Elsie Pishel visited over Washington's birthday with her sister and family, the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Stressman of Woodbury, Michigan.

Word has been just received of the death of Mrs. Grace Rogers Coleman mother of Miss Gladys Rogers at Ventura, California. Burial was made at Los Angeles.

A carload of oats, a carload of shelled corn and a carload of Alfalfa hay will be on the track any day. Phone Jos. V. Dieter, 137-R and leave your orders. adv.

Lester Gerwig has purchased the Miller flat and store building on West Railroad st. from Mrs. Soule of Berwyn. Chas. Haller was the go-between in the transaction.

Don't waste the rest of your winter months! Still time to enroll for Night School at the PATERSON BUSINESS INSTITUTE, La Grange, Ill. Day sessions 8:30 to 2:00. 2-27-2-C

The next regular meeting of the Alexander Bradley Burns Post of the American Legion will be held in the club rooms on next Monday evening, March first.

Can you imagine seeing the Fox Sunshine Co. in such a comedy as "The School House Scandal." Such an attraction as the above and the Anima Murder combined, will surely make an ideal entertainment at the Curtiss this Saturday. adv.

Miss Alice McGuire has accepted the position of Math teacher in the local high school and entered upon her new duties Monday. She was taking a post graduate course at the University of Chicago and stopped to take the position here. Her father is a missionary in China.

Many of you have been following the great serial story, the Anema Murder in the newspaper, and now you will be able to see it in the big Paramount Special production this Saturday at the Curtiss. adv.

Reporter Classified ads bring the buyer and the seller together to their mutual advantage. Try one!

Additional locals on pages 4 and 5.

Subscribe to The Reporter \$2.00 per year in advance

## SPECIAL

Every Sunday Evening there is something special at the Congregational Church Christian Endeavor Society Meeting.

### Don't Miss It!

## S. Andrew's Church

God had a purpose in creating this world and giving it to mankind.

To live a successful life a man MUST know God's purpose. You will have a clearer understanding and a bigger vision of life if you hear these speakers in S. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Wednesday, Mar. 3rd—8:00 p. m.—The Rev. H. H. Parkinson Sunday, Feb. 29th—5:00 p. m.—Archdeacon Long

## Congregational Church

That "SHINDIG" that you may have heard something about will be given Thursday evening, March 4th at 8:00 o'clock. The main part of the program will be a reading by Mrs. N. R. Feasley, from J. Hartley Manners's charming story,

### "PEG O' MY HEART"

There will also be a big helping of good music.

Tickets 25 and 35 cents.

GOT THE DATE?

## Thursday, March 4, 1920

## Coming

to

## Dicke Theatre

### March 5th & 6th



### "Oh be glad!"

#### The Secret Of Happiness

Spreading the wonderful gospel of everlasting gladness

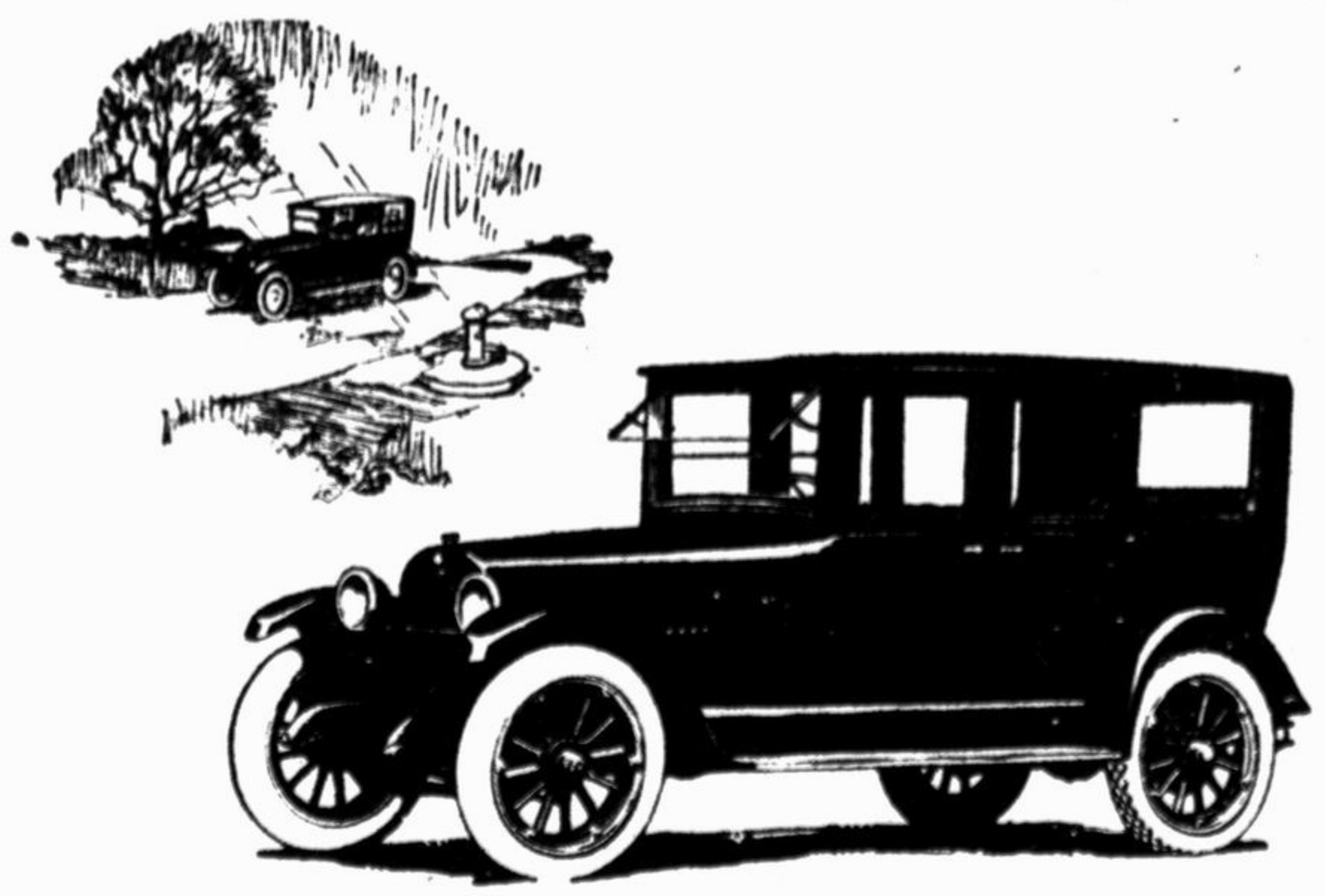
### MARY PICKFORD

in her latest picture "POLLYANNA"

is bringing joy and new hope to millions. As you watch her the "glad" feeling creeps through your veins and into your heart and lo! you find yourself loving even your enemies and trying to do good by them.

This production is

From Eleanor H. Porter's Novel "Pollyanna" Published by the Page Company Screen Adaptation by Frances Marion Photographed by Charles Rosher



### Nash Six Sedan Bodies Are Solidly Constructed



Perfect Valve-in-Head Motor

Solid construction of the Nash Six Sedan body assures quietness which is not the least of the joys of motoring. In addition, this luxurious all year round car with its Nash Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor is unusually powerful, economical and responsive.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1595  
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Four-Passenger Coupe... \$2495  
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