

Public Forum

THE GREAT HOPE

Four years ago this month an American aviator in France, a mere boy in years, full of bounding life and hope, admonished his parents in his last letter: "If anything happens to me let's have no mourning in spirit or dress. It is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country."

Yet when a memorial tablet to his memory was unveiled last Sunday in the Winnetka Congregational church, it was through moist eyes that even those who never knew the lad, read his heroic words which were to be his epitaph. As we read the letters and poems of such intrepid souls as Ely, Chapman, Seeger, Hankey and others, we are persuaded that their willingness to die for their country was not due to any narrow provincial or parochial notion that their country had attained to its full flower of perfection. A high sense of obligation and responsibility to the world's heroes who had preceded them, they certainly had, but with it was linked a great hope for the better country for which they were willing to give their lives.

Into no carnage of blood and slaughter would those children of democracy have entered merely to extend their country's boundaries—to augment the income of a few, through increased rent rolls or royalties on oil. But, they were willing to die, if need be, in a war that was to end war, and "make the world safe for democracy."

That the full meaning of the greatest sacrifice of youth has not yet fully possessed our minds is evidenced in the petty plans and aims of those of us upon whom the responsibility rests to carry on the work which their sacrifice makes possible—and imperative.

In defiance of the teachings and warnings of our Lincolns and Jeffersons, in spite of the sacrifice made for democracy, into what a Babel of conflicting voices have we drifted. With a continent of resources and climate, the like of which was never before found under any government, and with a population marvelously inventive and resourceful, we seem to be almost checkmated. In this dilemma our people find two groups appealing to their intelligence or prejudice, one Aristocratic, the other Bolshevik,—but both distrustful of, and hating democracy. One is de-

termined to resist the removal of vested privilege, the other would lure us into an insane adventure in State slavery. Heedless alike of the dictates of common sense and of the lessons of history, they seem unable to understand that no enduring government can be founded on the fallacy that the rights of man can be secure where control of the economic life of all the people is placed in the hands of a few.

With a hundred years of Public Schools behind us it is surely time for the thinking people of this land to realize that the purple mantle has fallen from the King and now rests on our shoulders as American citizens, and that we must abandon the delusion that groups of place-hunting politicians can lead us anywhere but into a fog bank, such as that in which we now find ourselves.

"If we die," writes this intrepid spirit of hopeful democracy, Dinsmore Ely, "If we die, it is for the Cause. If we live, it is to see an era of remodeling which will be unparalleled. Maps and boundaries, governments and peoples, religion and science all will be reconstructed." That was the great hope in which they all died. "Not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off, they died in the faith."

It is a beautiful thought—and it is altogether fitting and proper to erect monuments of bronze and stone to the memory of such men. But surely nothing less than an honest, energetic, intelligent effort to realize their dreams should be offered as a real dividend on the heroic investment they made.

As St. Paul said of similar like-minded men—"They were men of whom the world was not worthy, who received not the promise (but having seen it afar off), God having provided some better things for us that they without us should not be made perfect."

That is the challenge to us. What will our answer be?

A. P. CANNING.

Winnetka, Ill., April 24, 1922.

860 Ash Street,
Winnetka, Ill.
April 24th, 1922.

To the Editor.
Dear Sir:

We have been steady readers of your paper, for several years and we have not failed to notice the improvement in your paper from time to time. This weeks issue surpasses all expectation. When we read in your column

Practical Service. With all due respect to your paper and to the writer we cannot help but say that this is the most non-sensical bunk we have ever seen printed. It would be very hard indeed for the native of India, the Hindu to discover any superior virtue in the white skin, while the white skin remains so far beneath the Hindu in self respect. Spiritual understanding Science and Knowledge. All who know and all who have studied in India realize that the art of preserving fruits, etc., and almost all other arts have been brought to all civilized countries by the Hindu or his pupils. Not only can the Hindu preserve fruit but he can preserve the human body by putting it in the ground at a depth of from six to twelve feet and for a period of from two to six months, bringing it forth a perfect example of perfection. Perhaps your two American women taught the Hindu this art too.

In conclusion let me say for the benefit of all who may happen to read this in your paper, that is if you are big enough to print that which does not agree with your article. India is a wonderful country. A wonderful school in which the highest of knowledge is taught. India is the one country in the world to day which enjoys absolute freedom and gives to its people unlimited individual freedom. Those who endeavor to create in the minds of the people of America any other idea regarding India are either fools or strangers to the truth of which there are many.

For ye may fail to fulfill a law, but none of ye can break or destroy a law by skepticism.

One who knows India and the proud possessor of the most sacred truths to be obtained from her teachings.

Yours,
Robt. C. Hampton.

SOME HOG, SOME STALL

Arkansas City, Kan.—A specially constructed stall had to be built for one hog recently shipped from here by W. J. Darst, a farmer, of Dexter. This particular piece of Kansas pork tipped the scales at 940 pounds, nearly half a ton. The porker was three years old.

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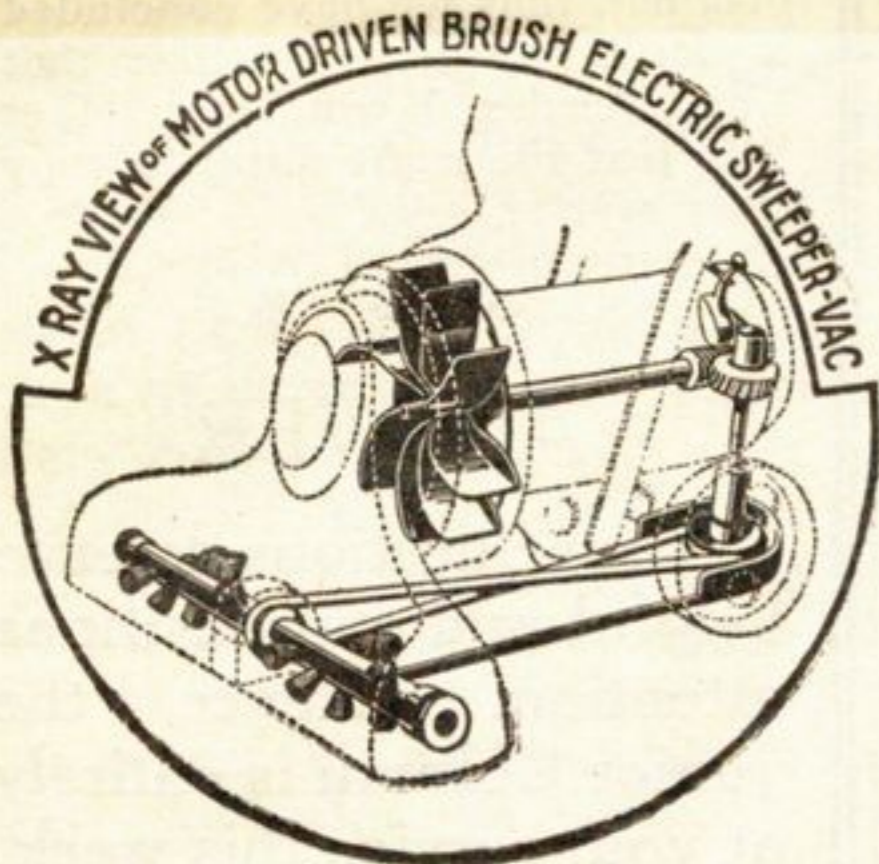
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