

Day Books of various dates. I bought them. But Saturday's issue was not among them. Finally, a newsboy at the LaSalle Hotel corner produced the issue I wanted from his inside pocket. He seemed loath to part with it at that.

Since then I usually buy two Day Books, one for myself and one to send or give away.

But, Mr. Cochran, you made a big mistake in challenging the heads of the Chicago newspaper trust to a debate on the question as to which is the world's greatest newspaper. Because The Chicago Tribune, in claiming and copyrighting the name of The World's Greatest Newspaper, made a false claim. It can't stand up and defend that title. Its claim is only good in a world of counterfeit people, who think counterfeit thoughts and do counterfeit deeds. The real people, who think real thoughts, do not subscribe to the Tribune's sub-title, though they may be subscribers to the Tribune.

And, believe me, The Tribune and Hearst (you see, I bunch them together), The Tribune and Hearst are losing their power; false power, I should have said. For example:

They can't stampede this country into war with Mexico. Poor Joseph Medill Patterson. I read that screaming farce of a story of his the other day—his first from "the front." I'm sorry for him. He does want to die for his country so badly and he wants to die typewriting from an automobile or an airship.

Joe hit the nail on the head just the same in his story, when he asked the question of the young second lieutenant, "What do you think about the Mexicans?" and the young second lieutenant made answer, "I don't think." That's a very good sample, Mr. Patterson. Very, very few army officers think. If they did think, they would not be army officers.

Now, I have two brothers. One is a major in the British army. He has seen considerable fighting, but I am

not going to accuse him of being a thinker. He would not want me to do that. The other brother volunteered during the Boer war and was in the thick of it with General French, one of the few British generals who "made good" at that time. This brother refused a commission in the British army. He came back home disgusted with militarism. He happens to be a thinker.

Now, the reason Hearst, the Tribune, et al. can't stampede this country into war is not simply because we happen to have a president of the United States who is a thinker. It is because of the great and growing army of thinkers who are behind our president. Common, thinking people. Thinking, common people. I don't blame the Tribune. Of course, it should know better. But it doesn't. And so it sends its secretary, the secretary of the Tribune Company, to the front to report the mix-up. And, at home, the war fans rally around the Tribune, and Bert Taylor, the paid humorist of the line-o-type or two column, continues to grind out "his," consisting at present largely of insults to the president of the United States, insults for which he would be put in jail if the real thinking people had their way of it. The mockery of it: In one column The Tribune prints an editorial on Patriotism to the Flag, and, five columns to the east, allows Bert Leston Taylor to try to insult United States citizenship by his attempts to belittle the work of Mr. Wilson.

But I haven't lost hope. This is a splendid world—our world, I mean. Yours and mine, Mr. Cochran. And we will convert the Tribune sooner or later, and it will come to realize that it is living in a false, counterfeit world. It will grow and grow and grow—into the real world, the world of real thinkers, who know that the "greatest among you" is "the servant of all."

Yours most cordially,
Wilmette, Ill. Alfred Gordon.