

# THE DAY BOOK

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## MOTHER!

### BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

- If you have a gray-haired mother
- In the old home far away,
- Sit you down and write the letter
- You put off from day to day.
- Don't wait until her weary steps
- Reach heaven's pearly gate,
- But show her that you think of
- her
- Before it is too late.

—J. B. Griffith.

"We're here because we're here,"  
goes the old college chant.

We're here because of a better reason  
than that, however.

We're here because some one was  
brave enough to give us birth, be-  
cause some one was content to spend  
many a sleepless, weary night and  
tiresome day of toil guarding us from  
ills of childhood, protecting us from  
our little temptations, defining for  
us the difference between right and  
wrong, giving us the chance to grow  
up into strong, intelligent men—and  
all this WITHOUT hope of REWARD.

That some one—you guessed it—  
was MOTHER!

Why didn't we die like thousands  
of others in some infantile sickness?  
Why weren't we killed by a street car  
or wagon?

Because of the watchfulness, the  
struggle, the constancy of that one  
woman—the woman who daily de-  
nied herself things, that we might  
have our little pleasures and that we  
might go to school dressed cleanly  
and fully as well as the children of  
those who could better afford it—that  
is why disease or injury never over-  
took us.

And now, be you laborer, banker,  
lawyer or pickpocket, you ARE to  
that one woman, "MY BOY."

Grown to manhood, of course, but  
to her you are the same little baby  
at her breast, requiring the same as-  
siduous care, the same watchfulness.  
No matter what the world has  
done to you or said about you, or  
what you have done to the world,  
your mother never deserts you. You  
are still "MY BOY."

The world may call you a crook, a  
thief, but to HER you are the same  
little fellow whose face she used to  
wash, whose fingers she used to ban-  
dage, who tracked mud over the new-  
ly scrubbed kitchen floor to get cook-  
ies and home made lasses candy on  
Saturday afternoons, and who used  
to keep his hat on in the house so a  
recent visit to the "ole swimmin'  
hole" would not be detected.

Revert back to mother's vision of  
you—those boyhood days. Then re-  
vert back to mother.

Then, if this holy woman is alive  
and you are away from her, sit down  
and write her, for the second Sunday  
in May—this Sunday—is MOTHER'S  
DAY. Write her and recount all those  
boyhood incidents—the Saturday  
night tubbing, how funny you looked  
when you had the mumps, when the  
fear of "culera morbiles" didn't stop  
you from eating green apples and  
about how great those ginger cook-  
ies used to taste.

And mother will have a delicious  
day of happy weeping and be proud  
of her boy.

If your mother lives you must wear  
a red carnation Sunday. But if she  
has gone to the reward that the earth