

THE DAY BOOK

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522 SO. PEARIA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Editorial, Room 353
Circulation, Room 3522

SUBSCRIPTION—By Carrier in Chicago,
35 cents a Month. By Mail, United
States and Canada, \$3.50 a Year.

Entered as second-class matter April
21, 1914, at the postoffice at Chicago,
Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE GLORY OF WAR!—What a pitiful, what a tremendous story in these faces from Pietro's great statue, "Mother of the Dead," the remarkable work of sculpture which holds the hearts of thousands who visit the exposition at San Francisco.

Mother of the dead, grandmother of the living! Old age and infancy, the going and the coming—with all that goes between lost, rotting out there somewhere in the warplowed soil of Flanders or Galicia.

The childless and the orphan. Struggle, suffering, unutterable anguish, irreparable loss, the dead past in that old face; a waif's doubt and anxious inquiry of the future in the young one.

An unanswerable arraignment of war's horror, criminality and folly as symbolized by its living victims, the mother who has lost all and the child who must tread among life's pitfalls alone!

"The glory of war!" Can you find it in that old face? Where is the son whom she, in agony, gave to her country, whom she, night and day, nursed, cared for, worked for, struggled for, sacrificed for? He's in his "glory" among the unknown dead of Ypres. Maybe the unspeakable misery on that old face is a reflection of his glory, but it looks like eternal loss, grinding sorrow, hopelessness.

Surely glory must shine forth from

the face of the child. Glory is his only heritage. He had a father, he had a home, he had a chance. War has robbed him of all save the glory of being a soldier's orphan.

The strong die upon the battlefield with their glazing eyes glorifying a



flag or an idea, either of which may be a sham or a villainy. Other victims are the aged who gladly totter to the grave and the children who have to combat the inglorious things of life alone.

Ten years hence the peasant