

THE DAY BOOK

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SEEING CHICAGO.—Jim Keeley's Herald tells us this is market week and that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 visitors in town. I want to do all I can to make visitors have a good time and give them helpful information. Of course, the big thing in Chicago is the stockyards, where our leading butchers make both meat and money. The Armour's, Swifts, Morrises and other expert, leading and prominent butchers are not on exhibition at the yards, but you can see other animals—both with their hair on and all dressed for market. The butchers themselves are busy inside the office counting their coin and putting up the price of beef, ram, lamb, sheep and mutton. So you'll have to be content with seeing the four-legged animals.

Now to get to the stockyards, you can take either a surface car, an elevated train or a taxi. Og Armour hasn't time to meet you at the hotel with his limousine. The wimmin folks may be out riding in it, anyhow.

Neither can you see or hear the justly celebrated odor of the yards. Odor is the polite name for it, although some call it a smell, and those who have become familiar with it through long and intimate acquaintance feelingly refer to it as the big stink.

After reaching the yards, take out your eye-glasses, breathe on the lenses, carefully wipe them off for

clear vision, put them back in the case, carefully replace the case in your pocket, put a clothes-pin on your nose and go as far as you like. You will find clothes-pins in the clothes-pin stores in the loop.

If your wife wants to visit the State street stores, take all her money away from her, put hers and all of your in your pocketbook, hand the pocketbook to the hotel clerk, then take her over to the big Field store and let her shop until her proud heart bursts. Better carefully search her, however, before leaving the hotel. You never can tell where a woman hides money.

And it is almighty expensive to turn a woman loose in the Chicago stores with any change about her person.

And DON'T let your wife read any newspaper but The Day Book. The others are full of advertisements pleading with her to spend her last cent for something that looks good to her even if she doesn't need it.

Strangers may not know it, but many men go broke in Chicago buying newspapers and carelessly leaving them about the house where friend wife can read the ads. It's really astonishing how many things she sees in the ads and wants to buy that she never would have thought of if she hadn't read the newspapers. Ad-reading is woman's most expensive indoor sport in Chicago, and going broke is a common pastime with their husbands. There appears to be some connection between the two.

Speaking about money, we have some big banks in Chicago. You can look at any of them intimately from the street. And there isn't one of them who won't lend you money on your own note if you'll put up as collateral one gold dollar and a silver ten-cent piece for each paper dollar you want to borrow. They have obliging tellers in the banks who will bite your money to make sure it is good.

The best way to see the high building in the loop is to hire a big truck,