

THE DAY BOOK

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Editorial, Rooms 323
Telephone
Circulation, Rooms 322

SUBSCRIPTION—By Carrier in Chicago,
30 cents a Month. By Mail United
States and Canada, \$2.50 a Year.

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

WILSON IS RIGHT.—If President Wilson were afraid of the big city newspapers and willing to obey their orders he would declare war on Germany right off without waiting for any information about the sinking of the Arabic except such news as got by the British censors.

But he isn't afraid of the jingo press and is determined to use his own judgment. So he will not go off half-cocked, but will wait for official reports before rushing this country headlong into the European war. And he will hear the German as well as the British side of it before making up his mind just what this country's duty to humanity and itself is.

I'm neutral enough to want to hear both sides before taking one of them.

Wilson knows more about the inside of this war than any editor in the country; and I believe the people have more confidence in his mature deliberation than in the frenzied opinions of a lot of fool editors.

If Wilson has permitted himself to be stampeded by these very same papers we would have been at war with Mexico when wholesale murder broke loose in Europe.

Wilson was right then, and he's right now. As our old friend Davy Crockett once remarked: Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

And the more modern Dewey remarked upon a recent historical occasion: When you are ready, Grid-

ley, you may fire. Or words to that effect.

And when Wilson knows just where he's at and what he's doing, he has my permission to shoot.

In the meantime, he's getting too darned much excited advice from editors who are too old for conscription and who haven't the slightest intention of shouldering a gun.

POT-BELLIED PATRIOTS.—The training of business men at Plattsburg for military purposes and the proposed camp for the same purpose near Chicago may result in much good for pot-bellied patriots, even if it doesn't save the country from some military power.

While there has been a gradual improvement in the matter of excessive drinking among the men of this country there has been no corresponding crusade against intemperate eating; and pot-bellied business and professional men are among our most important products.

It seems that men who have more than they need and can eat more than they need are bound to take advantage of opportunity; and we have millions of desk and office men whose work doesn't require physical exercise eating their heads off three times a day—wearing out their kidneys and putting the rest of their insides on the bum.

So we have Bright's disease, nervous prostration, neuritis gastritis, rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and a thousand and one ills of the flesh that are making physical mollycoddles of men who inherited robust constitutions.

Whether it is patriotism or something worse that is inspiring the pot-bellied persons with soft hands and soft clothes to get out under the sun and march and drill and sweat, the result will make better men of them physically—and, perhaps, mentally.

Doctors say that quite as much poison works its way out of the system through the pores of the skin as