

## THE DAY BOOK

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200 S. PEARIA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephones Editorial, Meavee 353  
Circulation, Meavee 3522

SUBSCRIPTION—By Carrier in Chicago, 30 cents a Month, By Mail, United States and Canada, \$2.00 a Year

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

**WOMEN CAN VOTE.**—This year Illinois women can vote for president. Society and club women know all about it. Their time is not all taken up with housework and they keep posted on politics. Are the women of the working class as well posted? Do they know that they have a right to vote for president this year? Do they know that they have to register or lose their vote? Do they know the first registration day? If the working class is to express its will at the coming national election it is important that the women register and vote. Which candidate they vote for is their own private public business, but it is important that they register and vote. There should be working class organization to get out a full woman vote on registration days.

### SMELL OF "GAS" CHARMETH.

—Up Maine and New Hampshire way, you've heard tell, city slickers used to sell gold brick to the farming gentry—said bricks being composed for the most part of lead with a gilded surface. Our old friend, the Youth's Companion, used to print stories about sharp young men who scraped the gold bricks with their pen-knives, exposed the the lead to the astonished farmers, and then hopped aboard their bicycles and sped after the flimflammers, finally

recovering the deed to the farm and marrying the farmer's darter.

Well, gold bricks are out of date. But a farmer in Croyden, N. H., bought a second-hand flivver, and this is what he traded for it:

Sixteen Yorkshire pigs, two cows, three calves, one horse-hoe, two horses, three heifers, aged 2, one horse-rake, new and one 1915 cultivator.

Truly the smell of gasoline charmeth!

**TO HAVE, TO HOLD.**—The other day in California an old lady, inmate of a woman's charity home, suicided. She arrayed herself in her wedding robes, even to the bridal veil and the high-heeled satin slippers. Then, clutching a spray of orange blossoms from off her veil, in her hand, she threw herself from a lofty window. As they picked her up bruised, broken, dying, she whispered:

"I am going to my husband; he is waiting. Please let me go. I want him so much."

It is a little tale which causes a lump to form in one's throat; the heartstrings to tighten. But it is also a tale which brings a poignant thrill of gladness; it is as a whiff of fresh ocean breeze; as the scent of old lace and lavender.

For it breathes of the love which passeth all understanding; the love which is greater than that of a mother for her young; which death may not sever; the love of a true wife for her mate. It is the Divine gift to all men, white or black, rich or poor; of high or low degree; it is the Divine panacea for all man's ills.

### IMPROVED

"The clam chowder is very fine today, sir," suggested the waiter.

"I had some of that yesterday," said the guest, "and I didn't think much of it."

"You'll find it better today, sir. They've put another clam in."—N. Y. World.