

The Day Book as possible. Start in buying one for them at first. They will then become steady readers after they read it several times. It's for our own good you know, men. Let's not forget so soon.—H. E. Schreck.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED. — I was agreeably surprised the other day on perusing a copy of your valuable paper, carelessly left here by a friend of mine, to find that instead of your being a red-handed anarchist on the one hand, or a blind leader of the blind on the other, you are a red-blooded citizen with sufficient courage to take a stand which so far as my observation has enabled me to ascertain has not been taken by any of the Chicago papers in regard to national politics.

Must history be allowed to repeat itself and the calamity howling of little Amerikanders, if I may be permitted the expression, like our esteemed friend, the Chicago Tribune, and blunder-headed windbags, like our thoroughly honest, but ill-advised friend, Roosevelt, be allowed to bring on another panic and hard times, from which, under the wise and beneficent rule of Mr. Wilson, we are at last emerging.

Behold the streets of Chicago decorated with the following intelligently-worded signboard:

"Prepare for idle ships and idle men. A protective tariff will do it for U."

Will do what? Cause idle shops and idle men? Therefore prepare. How prepare? The nations of Europe will come to some kind of peace terms; they will be wanting everything and the only place they can get it will be in the U. S. Therefore, slam the door in their faces, put on a high tariff, run the price of everything sky high, refuse to trade with them and demand gold for everything and lend them gold at ruinous rates of interest. Thus the United States, meaning the steel trust, the beef trust, the oil trust, etc., will be-

come masters of the world. No wonder they want Mr. Hughes for president, a man who has stepped down from an honorable position on the supreme court bench to become a nonentity; a cipher after the decimal point in the interests' profit and loss account.

England is one of the smallest countries in the world, but because of free-trade she is today mistress of exchange throughout the world. Little Englanders, like little Amerikanders, would prefer to circumscribe her activities to fit the convenience of her exclusive privileged class, and are doing all they can to make her inefficient by parceling out the lucrative posts to her younger sons, with no regard to their fitness, but because, as Mr. Kipling says, "Their knowledge of all things that deal not with business is great."

We are trying to run this country as the Irishman did with the lawn sprinkler. He found that by putting on the smallest nozzle that the water spurted a thin stream, twice as far, and fell in a gentle spray upon the garden, but the hose, being rotten, began to leak in all directions, due to the enormous pressure stored up by the tiny nozzle, and soon burst. And Pat was discharged. "Begorra!" says he, "it's a strange country anyhow, where the water comes out of a stick."

I am only a poor cuss chronically out of a job, but at least during Mr. Wilson's presidency I have shared in the general prosperity to the extent of working 75 per cent of the time, but now that we are threatened with another Roosevelt panic, thinly disguised by the respectable but white-livered Mr. Hughes, I am again derelict, with the prospect of total loss and no insurance. I have nothing to lose and much to gain if this government is conducted sanely by a man who has vision and courage to take the course my friend, Mr. Amos Pinchot, describes in your recent issue, namely, in spite of their errors