

THE DAY BOOK

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THEY LIKE THE MEDICINE.—

F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie railroad, promptly lines up with R. S. Lovett, president of the Union Pacific, in declaring himself strongly in favor of the re-election of President Wilson.

Thus Mr. Hughes' house of cards topples about him. Rendered desperate by his failure to find an issue upon which to base his candidacy, which the voters would accept as an issue, Mr. Hughes seized with avidity upon the 8-hour-day law, thinking to rally the vast railroad interests solidly behind him with their tremendous influence and mighty dollars. He made the "surrender of congress to force" the issue. He even accused Uncle Joe Cannon, La Follette and 117 more or less good Republicans of rank cowardice. Now come the great railway presidents, one by one, and upon sober thought decide that Pres. Wilson was right.

Is it the beginning of a Wilson stampede?

Three weeks before election and with issues, issues everywhere, there's not one for Hughes to use. It's disheartening; it's cruel.

FAITH IN OTHERS. — "I like to believe in people," Chas. M. Schwab tells the American Magazine; "it is instinctive for me to be frank with them. Sometimes they take advantage of this and I have lost millions

because of it. But that doesn't worry me. I would rather lose money and have a reputation for honesty and fairness and trust in my fellow than to make millions and be known as 'smart' and 'tricky.' Besides, I find that when I lose \$10,000,000 through being misled by my faith in people, I afterward made \$20,000,000 because of that faith."

It's good philosophy, that of faith in your fellow man. From a financial standpoint it may not often work out as well as it does with Mr. Schwab. But in content and confidence and self esteem and most everything that stands for real happiness, it pays big dividends. A man may tint his own existence in roseate hues or dullest drab as he wills, according to the state of his liver and his mind.

It's a fine thing to trust your neighbor. It often makes him trust you.

Better, indeed, be an easy mark than a grouch, even if you never get in the "magnate class" thereby.

LAND ANIMALS.—H. Miller died at San Francisco last Saturday. He owned at time of death, an empire in California, Nevada and Oregon land. Taking the Central California valley route, he could drive his herds of cattle from Arizona to Oregon and each night camp on his own land. Experts said his lands totaled about 14,539,200 acres, about 1-134 of the total area of the U. S. proper.

Man is called a land animal, which is somewhat of a reflection on other animals. No other animals on earth are so stupid as to permit one of their number to own 1-134 of that upon which the lives of all depend.

Some people's arguments why they are against a presidential candidate are almost as clear as the guy's argument on why he didn't like cabbage. "I don't like cabbage and I wouldn't eat cabbage any more if I liked it because I don't like