

newspaper has power. And whoever has power has responsibility. That is also true of any man who has great wealth. YOU can't escape it. No man can. YOU can't dodge your responsibility.

I believe it would be a good thing for Chicago if YOU, Victor F. Lawson, would now take an inventory of YOURSELF.

You are an old man, Vic. You are past 61 and you haven't many years to live. Within a comparatively short time you will die. A fashionable undertaker will come to your beautiful home. He will squirt embalming fluid into your veins, and after he has fixed you up in the latest undertaking style he will put your remains in an expensive coffin. Many friends will send beautiful flowers. Somebody will arrange them about the casket and the room. And probably somebody will sing "Rock of Ages," "Lead Kindly Light" or some other beautiful hymn.

Doubtless some prominent preacher will preach a beautiful sermon and lie about you beautifully. It would be bad form, you know, to tell the truth about you during the last public function in which you will play a prominent part.

And finally they'll haul you out to the cemetery and lower your mortal remains into a little bit of a rectangular hole in the ground. The cemetery employes will dump the unfeeling earth over you—and then the live ones who faithfully attended you to the grave will ride back home and go about their business.

But the singers will sing for pay, the preacher will preach for pay, the undertaker will undertake you for pay and haul you to the cemetery for pay—and the cemetery employes will bury you for pay.

There will be distinguished pallbearers and mourners who will furnish their small service on that occasion without hope of financial reward.

And that will be the last of YOU, Vic—so far as any of us know.

You won't hear the music or the sermon. You won't see the flowers. You won't know whether you are riding in a hearse with rubber tires or steel ones. And you won't feel the bitter cold of it in winter or the burning heat of it in summer.

BUT—you can't take the Daily News with you on this last excursion. Nor your beautiful mansion. And you can't take with you one single penny of all of your many millions.

There will be no creditors to mourn your loss because you owe them money, but all the same, Vic Lawson, YOU WOULD DIE IN DEBT IF YOU WERE TO DIE TODAY.

FOR YOU OWE ALL YOU HAVE AND ALL YOU ARE TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

THEY gave you your newspaper circulation that was the foundation of your great fortune. The State street stores whose owners you have served so long and faithfully only advertised with you because you had that circulation. So your first debt is to the people of Chicago—the readers of the Daily News.

I said you would leave no money debt—I almost forgot that money debt you owe to the school children of Chicago because of the rent money withheld from them for THEIR school land—the land you occupy at an unjustly low rental because of that infamous midnight action of a newspaper-controlled school board.

But we'll let that pass. Square yourself with your own conscience as to that as best you can.

The big debt you owe is to the people of Chicago. And what have you done for them?