

TEN CENTS



GOOD MORNING

July 3, 1919



The Old Man---Dearie, something tells me I'm not going to live much longer

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

If you are one of the original three months' subscribers to

"GOOD MORNING"

your subscription expires with number

13

If you should forget to renew it might turn out to be very unlucky for you. There is no time to lose. This issue is Number Nine. Number Thirteen of a weekly as swift as this one will be upon you before you know it.

Fill out one of these coupons immediately and escape all possible and impossible consequences.

This for Yearly

This for Three Months

Enclosed find Three Dollars (Canadian \$3.52, Foreign \$6.04).
Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26).
Send GOOD MORNING for three months to

Name.....
Address.....

Name.....
Address.....

GOOD MORNING . . . 7 East 15th Street, New York

GOOD MORNING . . . 7 East 15th Street, New York



VOLUME 1 \$3.00 A YEAR : 10 CENTS A COPY NUMBER 9
Application for Entry as Second-Class Mailing Matter is Pending. NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1919. Published Weekly By Good Morning Company 7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

GOOD MORNING!

"GOOD MORNING!" how with gracious nod
and smile
You've sped tired man on many a weary mile,
Brightened his day and made it doubly glad,
Brought joy to him who otherwise were sad;
Banished the gloom from many a haggard face,
Caused happiness to shine there in its place,
Touched weary souls as with a magic kiss,
Almost too sweet for such a world as this;
To flinty hearts an open sesame—
A little thing, but much to you and me;
Two simple words, yet you have made a day
And turned the dreary task to one of play.

So here's to you, GOOD MORNING, may you be,
Another boon to tired humanity.



"I'm a government factory inspector."
"Come around at four o'clock. We haint got it in
shape for inspection yet."

A RAINBOW

A LAD once started out to seek the end of the
rainbow. His eyes were wide with hope, and
on his lips was a song merry with youthfulness
and the pure joy of living. On the way he met
a man whose eyes were tired and whose lips were
still. The lad was strangely attracted to him and
for many miles they travelled together. One day
the stranger asked:

"Boy, whither are you going?"
"I," the boy answered, "Am seeking the rain-
bow."

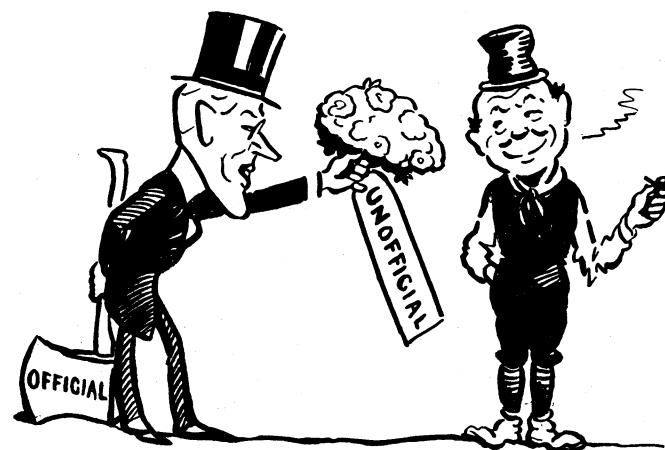
When they came to the parting of the ways the
stranger kissed the boy upon the forehead and
said:

"Lad, when you reach your rainbow of life de-
cision and are forced to make your choice of col-
ors, turn away from the flame for it burns the
heart, turn away from the gold for it is as cold
as forgotten desire, turn away from the blue for
the pain it brings is so exquisite that the
possessor weeps silently in the night and knows
not why, turn away from the violet for its
shadows are deep and the possessor sleeps and
dreams in the midst of things that might be. The
green of the fields is the color you must choose,
for that is contentment. Only through content-
ment will you find happiness."

"Why must I choose?" the boy asked.
"Because," the man smiled sadly, "The rain-
bow only yields one color, and it is only from the
refraction of this one color, that you ever again
dream of the meaning of the rest."

"And how do you know this?"
"I," said the stranger, "Am the shadow of all
the rainbow seekers. I am allowed to meet each
man as he comes and speak these words to each
as he passes by. No one has yet believed."

He turned quickly and disappeared.
The boy smiled confidently:
"I shall get the whole rainbow," he cried, "For
I am the Chosen One." — Walter Chapelle.



Wilson will Recognize Ireland Unofficially"—Newspaper.

THE SICK AGES

IN the last century and this we've done a lot of nonsense writing about the Dark Ages. As if our age enjoyed any too much or enough light. As if we had anything to brag of and get chesty about. Let's get off our high horse long enough to have a good laugh at our fantastic arrogance.

There's another age to come. And still other ages. And our grandchildren won't bother themselves much about the Dark Ages. They'll write about the Sick Ages. And among the Sick Ages ours will shine in eminence.

Look at our Sick Age. Its superstitions. Its drug worship. Its money obsession. Its art and science bogies. Its social idiocies. Its endless train of conventional hypocrisies.

The Sick Ages of the body and the soul. The Sick Ages of saviors. Of the doctor to save our bodies. Of the priest to save our souls. Of the critic to save our art. Of the professor to save our culture. Of the bandmaster to save our music. Of somebody to save everything.

The Well Ages will come. Then they'll write of the Sick Ages. About the ages of voodooism masquerading as the conservators of intelligence and prophecy.

The intercessory superstitions will be out of business. No one will be sick. Good bye the doctor. No one will worry about good and evil. Good bye the priest. Nobody will discuss with anybody else: what is poetry? Good bye the literary sophists and criticasters. Nobody will try to cheat anybody else in statecraft. Good bye the diplomat. No nation will be jealous of another nation's bigness or be ashamed of its own limits. Good bye the warmaster. Commerce will be for service not percents. Good bye competition. Good bye, all! Good bye! Good bye!

The Sick Ages. The Sick Ages are your age and my age. Medicine ages. Dogma ages. The critic ages. The minister ages. The ages of ped-

agogic rule and law. The profit and loss ages. The ages of challenge and conquest. All sick. Sickly sick. Sickest sick.

The Sick Ages. Let them go. The Well Ages. Welcome!

It's your turn next, you Sick Ages. Into the dock with you! You've been talking of the Dark Ages as though somehow you had gone way ahead. Why, you've scarcely moved. The Well Ages are due. They'll try you. Judge you. Convict and sentence you. Execute you. Thank you and execute you. As we have the Dark Ages. We thank them and execute them. Resurrect and transmute them.

The Sick Ages are dead nearly to death. Execute them. They deserve no mercy. Bury them. They deserve no mercy. Can we resurrect and transmute them? Let's try it. They deserve so much mercy.

I see the Well Ages in the foreglow of tomorrow.

—Horace Traubel.

LOVE IN SPRING

(By An Honest Young Man Determined to Become 100% Efficient)

Dreaming of you is none of my Business
You are a luxury I can't afford.
You are, I fear, a kind of a dizziness
Just as when much too much good wine has been

poured,

(I've signed the pledge) You are a fizziness
Like soda-pop, or a sort of a whizziness
Like to skyrocket, a sort of a sizziness
Murm'ring to those by whom champagne's

adored.

Dreaming of you is none of my business
You are a luxury I can't afford.

—Gertrude Nafe.

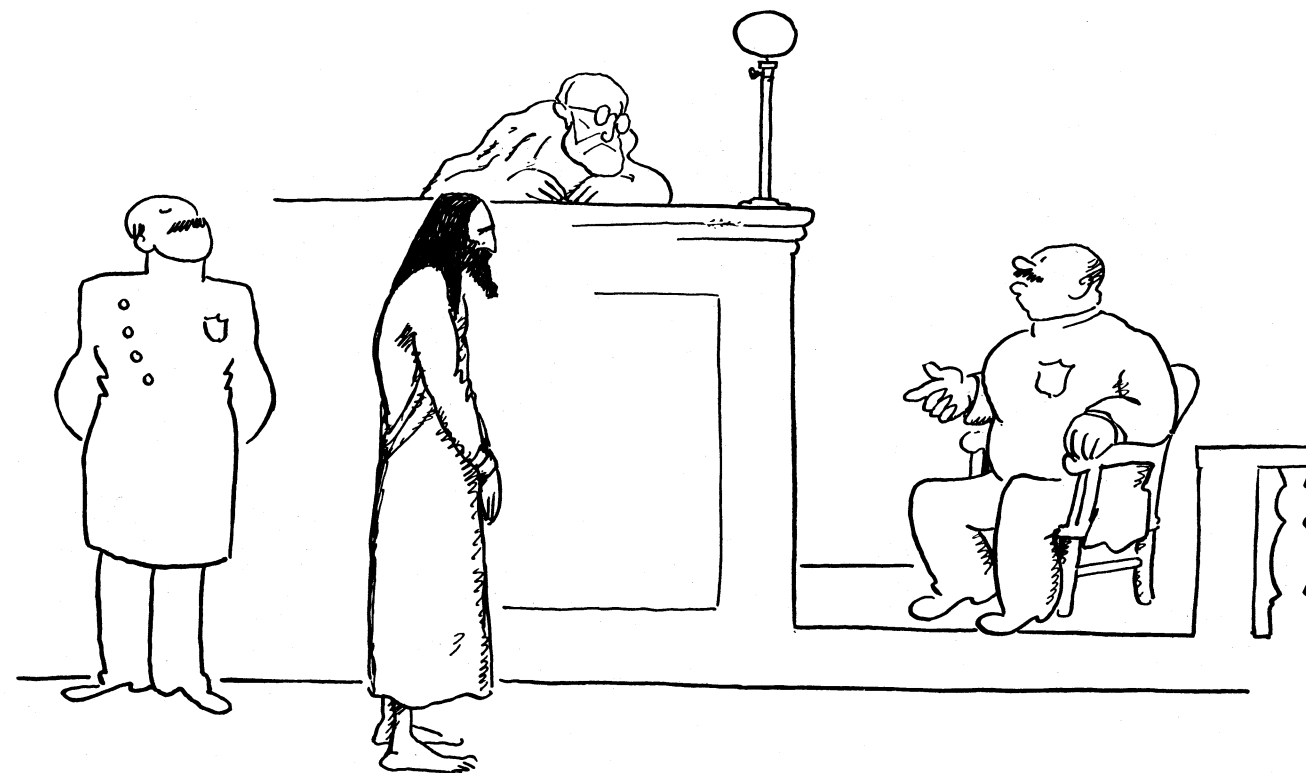
THE SEVEN BURGLARS

ONCE there were seven Burglars—but two reformed—so the other five formed a League for self protection.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



*The Poor Fish
says things will
probably come
out all right in
the end, but he
doesn't expect to
live to see it.*



Policeman (testifying)—Your honor, I was walking along patrolin' my beat soon after midnight when I was attracted by a racket in a house on Hester Street. I goes in and finds a bunch of kikes drinkin' wine and celebratin' a weddin'. Then I asked one of the guys where they got the booze. He pointed to this nut and sez he "he's makin' it outa water." Then I pinched him.

FROM ONE WHO SACRIFICED

GOOD MORNING: I am surprised to notice that my name has been included in the list of pacifists given out by the government. I wish to protest indignantly against this possibly excusable action of the government in associating my honorable name with that of the dishonorable Jane Addams, Frank Harris, Eugene V. Debs and 20 or 30 other numbskulls and sentimentalists. While it is true that I preached against war, yet I wish to state proudly that when America entered the war I humbled myself and in the greatest haste repudiated every idea I had preached for the previous 40 years. I was and still am a pacifist; but I am a rational pacifist. I am also an American, and I never permit any selfish whims of my own to allow me to differ from the majority.

Consequently when the war was thrust upon us and we beheld that never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of every American rushing to the army, I immediately decided no self-sacrifice was too great for me to make for my country. I joined the National Security League and went up and down the nation trying to arouse our people to the necessity for conscription and an army of ten million dollars. I suffered with slow trains, small

hotels, fresh eggs and other country food, with being unrecognized and not fully reported, and if it had not been that the League sustained my patriotism by the payment of \$25. per lecture, I should not have been able to continue the suffering and sacrifice.

Therefore is my extreme wrath at this unfortunate inclusion of my name with a lot of fool pacifists who have not enough wit to see that circumstances alter cases, and that while it is alright to oppose war when there is no war, it is quite a different matter when the majority (of politicians) decide in favor of it, and when the President says the nation is in danger. At such time it is the duty of steadfast leaders of vision and eloquence to go out and urge men patriotically to defend our country. I saw my duty and I done it and I feel well repaid for my sacrifice.

Courageously yours, Stetson S. Wyse.

MENTALITY follows the pocketbook.

CAN the United States Senate be bought?" queries the New York World, somewhat anxiously.

We rather suspect it can, but who would want it?



A Weekly Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom.

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
ART YOUNG and ELLIS O. JONES

JULY 3rd, 1919

GOD said, "Let there be light and there was light." Apparently a very simple matter. But things do not move so smoothly or so simply with us mundane creatures here below. If they did, there would now be Peace spreading her wings over the face of the globe enveloping all in their benignant security. For the potentates have spoken. What is known as Great Britain has spoken. What is commonly referred to as France has spoken. What they mean when the newspapers say America has spoken. Others of the duly constituted components of what threatens to pass into history as The Allies have spoken. And what is supposed to be left of an official skeleton of what was once a certain execrated entity called Germany has spoken. The word they have spoken is "Peace." Inasmuch as they have spoken the word in a very formal manner, the result is supposed to be not only Peace, but a formal Peace. Indeed there is so much formality about it that it is really more of formality than it is peace. Many think it is a formality and nothing else. A mere formality. A very mere formality. We shall see.

THE course of events leading up to the signing of the Treaty was not without its bitter tragedies for some of the principals in the dramatic personae and not without its humors for those who have ceased to worry about what happens to bureaucrats. Those cabinets which did not fall were badly wounded. Scheidemann has strutted his unhappy hour and beat it. Noske, the great Ole Hanson of a new Germany, had difficulty to avoid being made the diplomatic goat. And finally, by a wondrous display of that art of salesmanship without which no modern can aspire to be called civilized, the supreme moment of all salesmanship was reached in persuading what they mean when they say Germany to put her name on the dotted line. So there it is. The diplomats have agreed, but somehow or other we can't escape the feeling that nothing has really happened. Everything that happens in Versailles seems to have a vague ethereal far-offness, a something like a fringe of froth on the edge of a whirlpool, a very small and extremely helpless

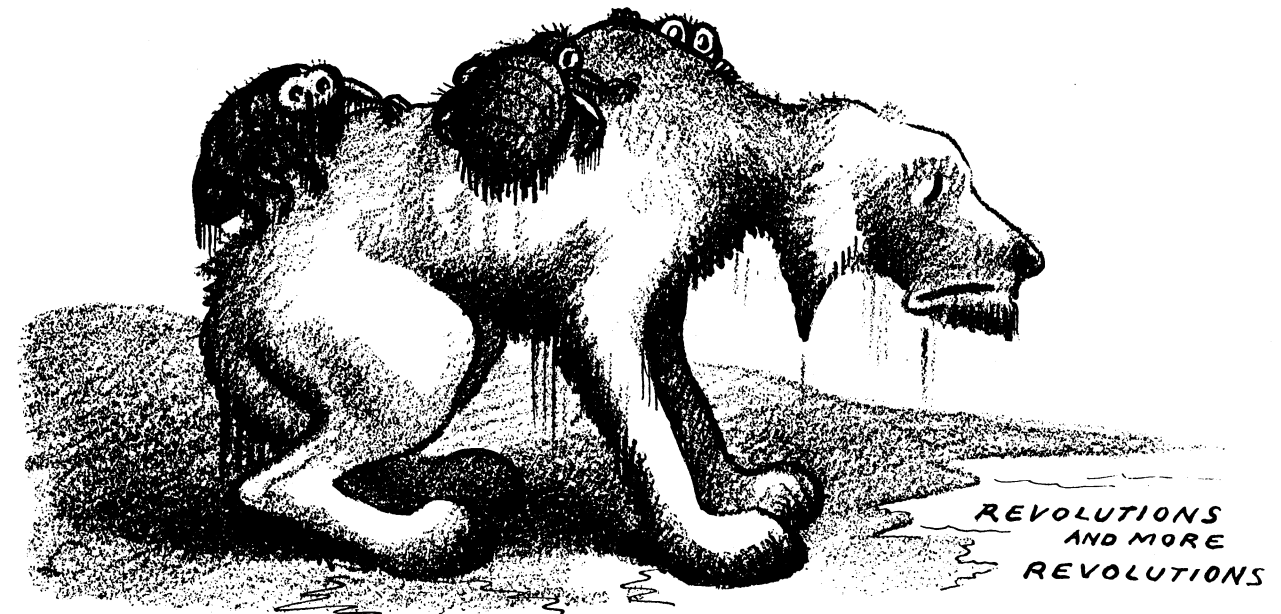
fly on a very large wheel which is moving with irresistible swiftness. The record now shows that a Peace Treaty has been thrown into the turbulent waters, but it is going to require a microscope to discover what effect this performance will have.

IT is easy to form a mental picture of the whole thing as faithfully reported in the papers. There stood Foch and Pershing and Haig breathing fire from every nostril and saying "Sign them papers, gol darn ye, or by jiminy, we don't know what we will do to you." Co of course there was nothing left to do, but sink all the surrendered battleships, hastily form a new cabinet and sign. And as a result, we have every right to predict that we are going to have Peace, such as it is. That is to say, it is a piece of peace, leaving only thirty or forty subsidiary wars to be settled, to say nothing of that ubiquitous and omnipresent war which is often referred to as the Social Revolution. Hence the slogan of the Revolutionists: The war is dead! Long live the war!

BUT is is certainly enough of a peace to warrant the authorities in going to work in a diligent manner to clean up all the war mess they can find. They can at least commence to get rid of all the war workers and the war idlers and the war bluffers and the war taxes and the war politicians and the war prices and the war editors and the war fiction and the war entertainers and the war profiteers and the war stocks and the war bonds and the war placards. It is certainly time to clear our parks and public places of recruiting tents and war huts and canteens and doughnut factories and organized beggary. Let all our breathing spaces and beauty spots be returned to their original and proper uses. Heaven knows they were all too few before the militarists strutted in and squatted down. And above all let that unsightly recruiting ship be removed from Union Square without further delay. It was always very much out of place and is growing more and more out of place every minute. If the Revolution ever does arrive in New York and that ship is still standing, we should hate to own half of it because somebody is very likely to burn the other half.

LAW and Order Local of the Burglar's Union Pulling off a Job." The New York Call thus aptly described a picture of the Lusk-Stevenson raiders who, in their primitive untutored way, are reviving the unsavory memory of our old friend, Nicholas, and our old enemy, Wilhelm. It would be useless to remind Lusk and Stevenson that Willy and Nicky got themselves into several pecks of trouble by this sort of thing. They read documents that do not concern them, but they would not know how to decipher the handwriting on the wall.

CAPITALISM, MONARCHY, SECRET DIPLOMACY.



PROLETARIAT: Them fleas gotta get off—if I drown myself.

A VICTORY

ONCE upon a time a certain mighty and Democratic Nation felt itself spoiling for a scrap.

And it did gird its loins.

And it did take unto itself mountains upon mountains of debt.

And it did conscript great numbers of its younger men folk.

And it did abandon many of its cherished democratic traditions.

And it did upset its whole industrial and economic life.

And it did send its fighting men and its fighting ships overseas.

And it did win what, in the first flush of success, looked like a glorious Victory.

But when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was seen that the Nation had not won a Victory.

It had won a Bolshevictory.

NUFF SED

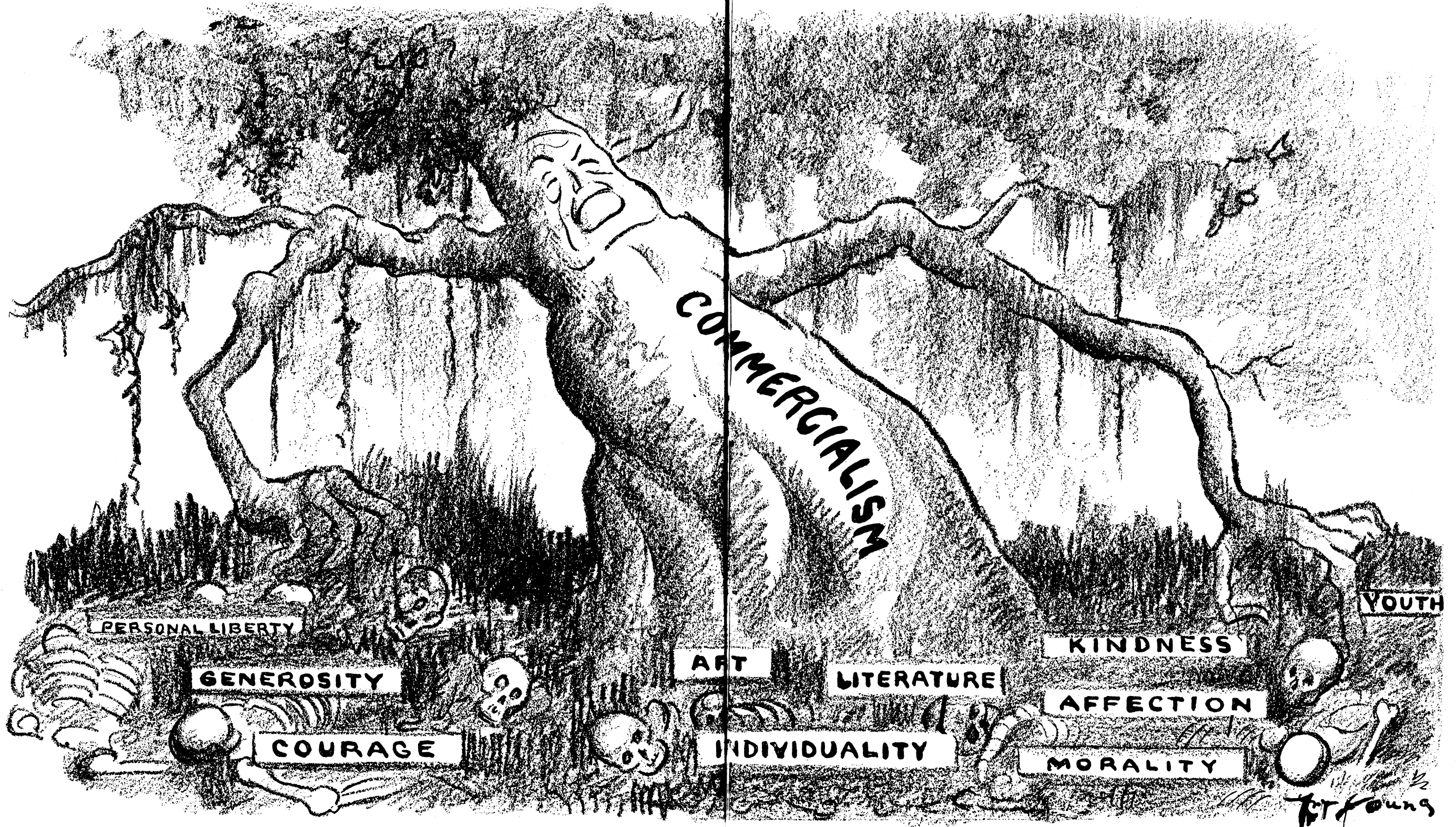
ONCE, as the story goes, a conscientious young man was explaining to his lady love why he could not marry her. He said that there were at least eight good and sufficient reasons which he could give and he then began to enumerate them. But when he had told the first, namely, that he had no money, she was not interested in the rest.

Which said story comes to our mind whenever we think of the frantic efforts upon the part of our authorities to get at the truth about the Bolsheviks.

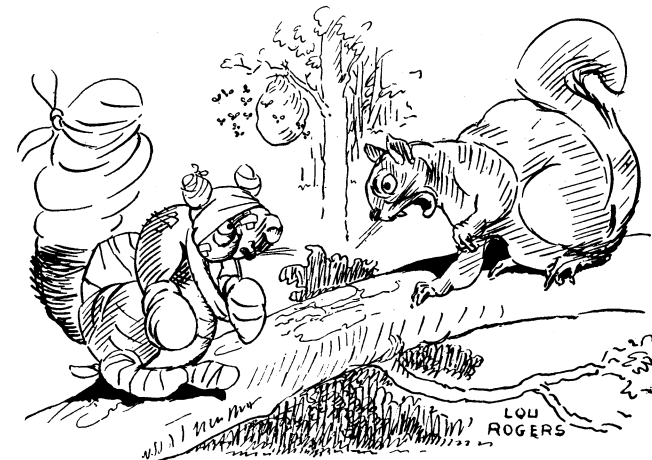
The one great and central truth about the Bolsheviks that worries the real heads of the allied governments, namely, the financiers, is that the Bolsheviks have repudiated the debts which were fastened upon them without their consent by the imperial government.

If they would only pay to France and the others the interest on their bonds, then the allies would allow them, if they wished, to run their country in as high-handed and anarchical a manner even as New York or Lawrence, Mass., is now administered.

LOST: Somewhere between Russia and the United States, one Golden Rule, given by Lafayette to the United States some time ago, but not used lately. Of no intrinsic value. Merely a keepsake.



The Up as Tree



SYMPATHETIC FRIEND—'Smatter?
LANDLORD SQUIRREL—I tried to raise the rent on the Hornet Commune.

DISTINCTION

FOR sometime I have been noticing the bewildering variety of decorations war heroes are wearing on their arms, shoulders, breasts, caps, etc. I have not understood what any of them signified; I supposed, however, that the wearer is a hero, having distinguished himself for his part in winning the war. In the car the other day my curiosity got the better of my bringing-up and I spoke to a stranger on the subject.

"I see your stripes," I said by way of opener. "Were you hurt bad?"

"That's home service," he replied, a bit put out by my ignorance. "I got those for working in a lime juice factory."

The other day a relative of mine paid me a visit and, as she was covered with honors, I decided to learn what they all signified. I had not seen Martha for a couple of years. She married a German named Schumann and he and I used to get near the fighting point arguing who started the war. With him it was all England, England, England. England did this and England did that. You know the kind. At any rate, when Wilson got America into it, Schumann saw the light and squeezed into the supply department of the army at \$3,600.00 a year, and Martha went into the pay section of the Red Cross.

"Say, Martha," I said, "tell me about your decorations."

"This one," said she, pointing to a red stripe, "is for 10 months service without missing a pay day. And these silver ones are for self-denial—144 nights without a hot water bottle. The medal is a special distinction given only to those who worked on rainy days; and these green initials 'P. D. S.' are a rare honor; only six in the whole service got them. They stand for 'Petticoat Don't Show.'"

After hearing Martha's explanations of her own decorations I began to have a better understand-

ing of what all these other stripes and medals mean. In fact, as I saw a chap walking along the street I could guess how he happened to become a hero. "There, that fellow got his stripes for shaving himself." "There's a fellow got special honors because he believed all the bunk the capitalist newspapers published during the war." "This chap got his because he's got a perfect 12 foot, and that lad's arm is glorious because he can eat lemon pie with beer at 11:30 at night." "Gee," mused I, as I strolled along the thoroughfare dazzled by all this sign of heroism, "it's a poor hero that has a short arm!"

TEACHERS AS THEY ARE TAUGHT

THE Teacher—Where is the seat of the Government?

The Taught—In Woodrow Wilson's chair.

The Teacher—Under our system who can declare war?

The Taught—Only Congress, except against Russia—

The Teacher—In the great war, what was the Czar of Russia?

The Taught—He was our ally.

The Teacher—Yes—and now the Soviet democracy.

The Taught—They is our enemy.

The Teacher—How many legislative Houses are there?

The Taught—Two.

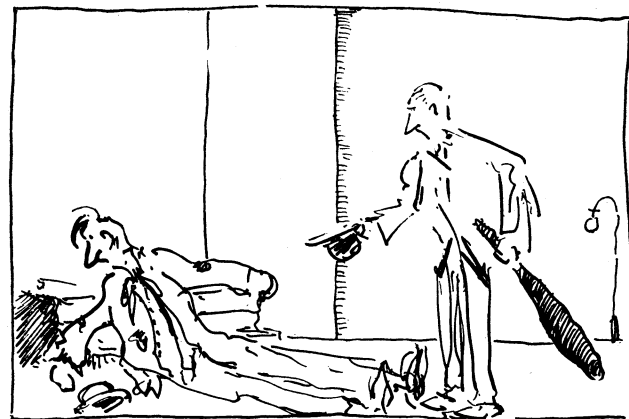
The Teacher—Very good, and what are they?

The Taught—The Court House and the jail.

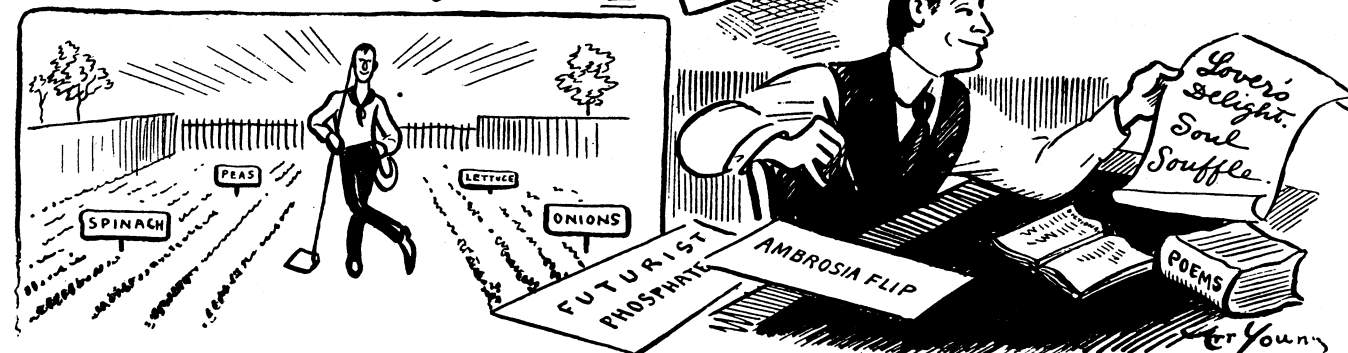
The Teacher—If one million men work three hundred days for three dollars a day—what do they make?

The Taught—A millionaire.

IN Paris:—"Wilson—That's all."

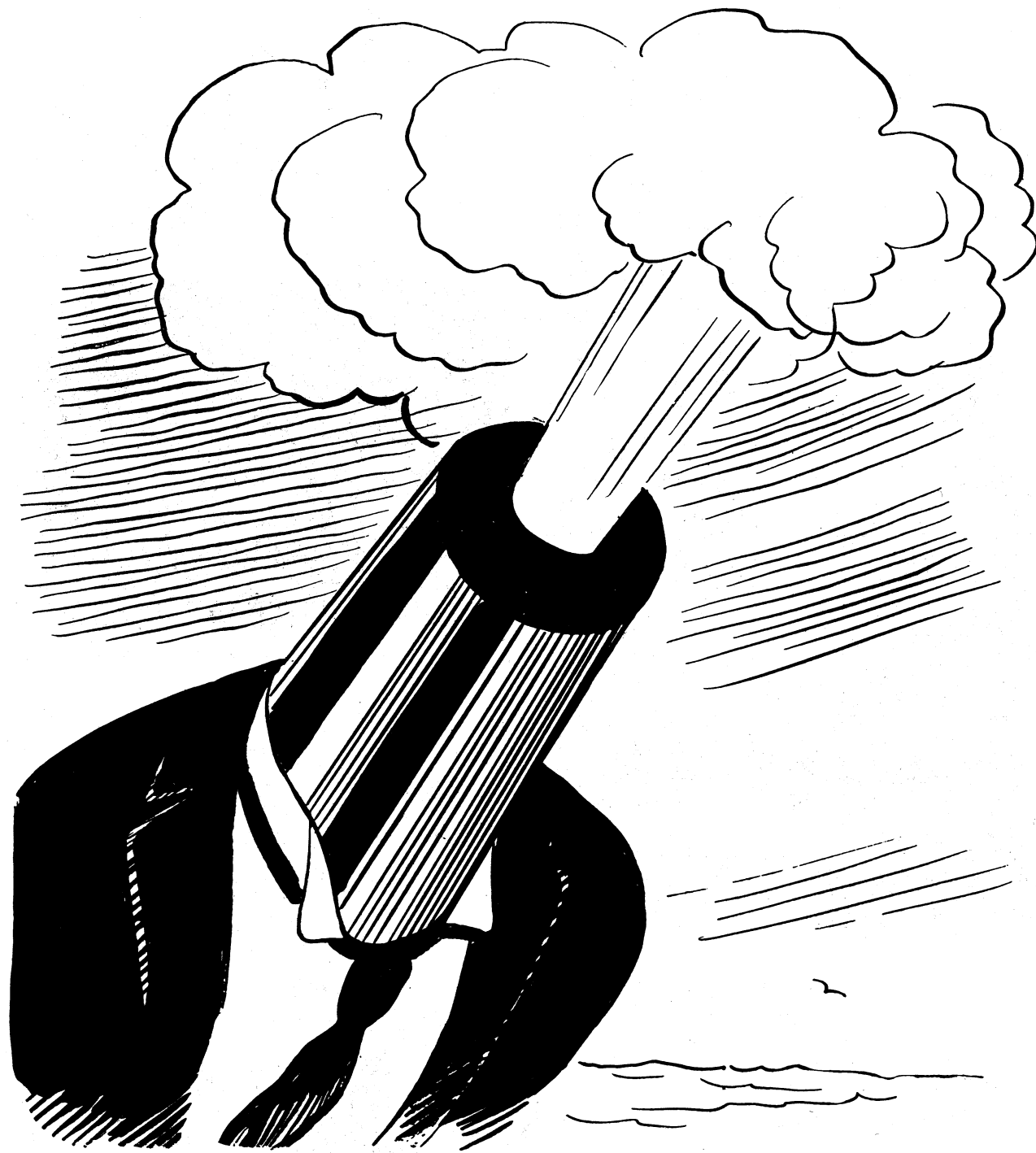


CITIZEN WITH CLUB (apologetically to prostrate citizen)—Pardon me, sir, I thought you were the Russian Soviet Minister.



Well, what do you think of it? **The Drug Store word-artist.**

IN THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER



MORNING SALUTE TO SMALL NATIONS

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON

DEAR Mr. President: Because of the discontent and unrest so general in our country and in the world today, I am writing you to ask that you issue a proclamation asking your people to refrain this year from celebration of Independence Day. A nation-wide celebration of the 143rd anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence may be capable of serious misinterpretation. As we both know, the people are incomprehensibly stupid: in the habit of wrongly interpreting words and deeds. It is this stupidity that makes possible a misinterpretation of the celebration of Independence Day.

The people may say, "If a Declaration of Rights and a Revolution were such virtuous things in 1776, why wouldn't they be just as virtuous today? If resistance to constituted authority is a means to get 100,000,000 people to celebrate the fact 143 years after the deed, why should not we also accept that means to immortality? If Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Paine and other Revolutionists who confiscated the property of their enemies are held up to every school boy as wondrous heroes, why should we not do a little confiscating and get likewise honored? If the American Revolutionists refused to be beaten up and shot down like sheep and we now celebrate their spirit of rebellion, why would not a little of the same spirit on the part of the public be equally virtuous today?"

You are aware that such questions put by ignorant people may be a little difficult to answer. The public is prone to misunderstand. Consequently they may not appreciate that whereas there was injustice in America in 1776, there is no injustice here now; they may fail to appreciate the great difference between a Revolutionist alive and a Revolutionist dead. They may not understand that such respectable, property-owning, law-abiding and otherwise superior folk as you and I damned Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams as rebels, traitors, agitators, creators of disorder, anarchy and chaos when they were alive, and that we did our best with every legal, judicial, military and other governmental instrument at our disposal to catch and hang them, and that it is only because they are dead and apparently harmless that we now celebrate their names and deeds. Only a modern scholar can grasp these fine shadings of difference. Therefore, Mr. President, in view of this possible misunderstanding of the truth let us allow the 143rd anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence to pass unnoticed in order that life's serenity may not be unnecessarily disturbed by difficult or embarrassing questions.

Patriotically yours,

Walter C. Hunter.

EDITORIAL OFFICE



THE NEW REPUBLIC AS HAMLET

"The world is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set it right."

WANTED: A KAISER

HAVING just taken pains to get rid of a Kaiser, many good people are laboring under the delusion that we are done and through with kaisers forever and ever. Let such an inhuman and subhuman fallacy be promptly nipped in the bud.

We did not get rid of the kaiser because he was a kaiser, but because he was a certain kind of antiquated, passe kaiser, who did well enough in those benighted days that marked the early part of the present century, but who was not at all suited to such unexampled days of enlightenment and tolerance and mercy as now surround us on every hand.

Of course, we do not need a new kaiser right away. There is no hurry at all. But it is just as well to have the thing a little on our minds. It is just as well for mothers with adolescent boys, or even adolescent girls for that matter, to look them over and then to take a little peep into the future, if possible, and see if the said offspring possess the makings of the kaiser of the new day, whatever the characteristics of the said kaiser or kaisers may turn out to be.

All men are created equal, but some are a little more equal than others, and those who are more equal than the rest are picked out for rulers. Then we poor unregenerate human beings give these rulers high-sounding titles, such as kaiser and king and emperor and sultan. Then the time comes when these different rulers become a little too equal. Then of course, we have to turn them out and get new ones.

If there is anyone laboring under the myopic hallucination that, after pursuing this policy for centuries, we are suddenly going to stop it, let him go to an astrologer or some other far-sighted and fore-sighted specialist and be fitted with a new set of psychological spectacles which will correct the aberration.

— Everson Kling.

"YOU NEED A REST"

IF you want to get on the good side of your neighbor in a prompt and efficacious manner, be he male or female, intimate to him in a sympathetic, well-modulated voice that he needs a rest.

This will endear you to him in several seconds less than a twinkling. Everybody thinks he needs a rest and most of the people think they need a good long rest. It follows in the natural course that they will esteem anyone who takes the trouble to recognize this all-important fact.

Try this over on your friends. Do it recklessly. Take no pains to find out the facts. At the next dinner party you attend, go to one after another in an orderly diplomatic fashion and tell them all, jointly and severally, that they need a rest. All will agree. Most emphatic in their agreement will be those well-fed idle ladies, who never did a stroke of useful work in all their born days. Indeed it will be more clear to them than to the others that their minds, their bodies and their spirits need an extended period of rest and relaxation. — Everson Kling.

THE PERFECT STATE OF CORRUPTION

ALL grafters and other criminals should take courage in the thought that we don't worry our heads about corruption any more. It is a splendid sign. It is a sign that we have become so used to corruption that we don't mind it. Besides that, we have been so busy stamping out free speech, free press and free thought that we have had no time to waste on such minor matters as public and private corruption.

Corruption, we are told, is almost necessary in war. War cannot be efficient without it. We must wink at graft and excessive profits in order to speed up production. In order that arrangements may not lag, the manufacturers of munitions must be paid high prices to furnish supplies for the lads who are willing to be shot almost for nothing.

Sometime when we get more money, we may have a little leisure to turn our attention to corruption and regulate it somewhat, but just at present anybody who bothers his head about such a well-established institution must be put down as a little queer.

GETTING THE TRUTH

ONCE, as the story goes, there was a fierce little dog who was fond of running after passing railroad trains and barking violently.

Observing the little dog at this practice, a bystander remarked that he would like to see the dog catch the train in order to find out what he would do with it.

Which said story comes to our mind whenever we think about the Senate Committee that is trying to get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Russia.

A PRESSING NEED

IT is imperative that some one be recognized in Russia at an early date. Until this is done secret diplomacy cannot be resumed.

I. M. SACKIN 198 BROADWAY
COUNSELOR AT LAW NEW YORK CITY

ELEPHONE CORTLANDT 8750

GIRLS and BOYS

Who desire to make a little extra money in their spare time, will find it pleasant and profitable to become Subscription Agents and Sales Agents for

GOOD MORNING

GOOD MORNING is published every week and is the only magazine in its field. Commissions are liberal.

Call or Write—Subscription Department

GOOD MORNING

7 EAST 15th STREET NEW YORK CITY

FREEDOM

A Monthly Journal of Constructive Anarchism

Published Monthly by the

FREEDOM PUBLISHING GROUP

R. F. D. No. 1, Box 130—New Brunswick, N. J.

HENRY KELLY, Editor

LEONARD D. ABBOTT, Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTIONS: { One Dollar a Year.
Fifty Cents for Six Months.

Name.....

City.....

Amount Enclosed \$.....

"Any Bombs for me—this morning?"

The above was the first page title of our popular second issue. We still have a few of them on hand. Two dollars per hundred postpaid, while they last.

GOOD MORNING CO.

7 East 15th Street New York

BY PROXY

THE octopus sits on his soft leather throne
With dollar cigars in his vest;
He pushes a button and makes his wants known
And then he leans back for a rest.
He looks at the ticker to see who is bled
And who has lost out in the race,
And thus he waits patiently earning his bread
In the sweat of another man's face.

His hours are exacting from 10 until 2;
Of course if he doesn't come down,
His business goes on for his clerks see it through
The same as though he were in town.
He goes to the races, the play, or to bed,
To Europe or any old place;
But still he keeps patiently earning his bread
In the sweat of another man's face.

Ten thousand strong workers contribute their mite
To make him good natured and fat;
To keep the works going some labor all night
And live in a 2 by 4 flat.
By brains and sheer merit his nibs gets ahead
And coppers serenely the ace;
And thus he keeps cheerfully earning his bread
In the sweat of another man's face.

—Duncan M. Smith, in New Majority.

THE REAL TRAGEDY

THE real tragedy of American life is that while we live in the midst of optimistic facts we are governed by inherited pessimistic theories. Calvin's depravity of human nature; Malthus' theory that man is too prolific for nature; Adam Smith's laissez faire economics, with selfishness as the stabilizer of industry. Our job is to jettison these Jonahs and to catch up with present reality. The day of the people has come; clarion voices proclaim it. In our time, democratic common sense is deciding that human personality must be built up, not destroyed, by economic processes; that wages must serve individual welfare and social need. The significance of labor's unrest is far-reaching. It does not merely mean that labor believes itself entitled to a larger share of production and to better sanitary shop and house conditions; labor's unrest means that modern industrial life was organized without taking into account what the worker had to say about it and that in consequence we have a broken-winged industrial machine and a deceptive political order. — Percy Stickney Grant.

"Doc" Didn't Mean Any Harm

This comes from a base hospital:
Private X had undergone an operation. He was wheeled from the operating room into a ward and at the end of an indefinite period recovered from the anaesthetic, held an inventory of himself and brightened.

"I feel better," he said. "And now I'm glad it's all over."

"Huh!" said the man on the cot on his right, "don't be too sure it's all over. They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again to get it."

Just then the doctor entered the ward. "Has anybody," he asked, "seen my hat?"
— Financial America.

SHIRKERS of the World, why fight? You have nothing to lose but your chins, and a shape to gain!

EAT WHERE
THE FOOD IS
GOOD, THE
ENVIRONMENT
PLEASANT AND
THE PRICES
RIGHT.



Uptown Branch
at
"Three
Steps
Down"
34 W. 35th St
CAFETERIA
and
RESTAURANT

To YOUNG INDIA,
1400 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

I want to know more about England's game in India, about the millions who have been killed by famines and diseases caused by British Capitalism.

I am in sympathy with Young India's struggle for freedom and wish you every success in your efforts.

Please send me a copy of the latest issue of your monthly. Enclosed you will find 15c. in stamps.

Name

Street

City

MARRIAGE

As IT was, Is, and SHOULD BE. By Annie Besant. A new edition of that intensely interesting Brochure, 25c. A few copies of "The Scarlet Review" No. 1, Something Unique, 25c. Raymer's Old Book Store, 1330 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

Red Hot If you want for self or friends a paper that combats all religious dogma **AGNOSTIC** each subscriber send \$1 for **PAPER** and get the hottest paper published. Samples, four different, 10c. Not Free.
The **CRUCIBLE**, 1330 1st Ave. **PAPER**
Seattle - - - Washington

THE LYRIC: A Magazine of Poetry

Edited by SAMUEL ROTH

Published by the Lyric Society for the Publication
and Distribution of Poetry in the United States

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN ERSKINE
GEORGE E. WOODBERRY
SARA TEASDALE
AMY LOWELL
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
CLEMENT WOOD
CLINTON SCOLLARD
WILLIAM ROSE BENET

LEONORA SPEYER
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER
D. H. LAWRENCE
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER
ARTURO GIOVANNITTI
ISRAEL ZANGWILL
LEE WILSON DODD

20 CENTS A COPY

\$2.50 A YEAR

FIRST OFFERING:

By Samuel Roth

Mr. Roth has a mastery of form and genuine poetic feeling.

—*William Marion Reedy.*

It has the charm of youthful introspection and self-analysis and a scholarly dignity of expression.

—*Lloyd R. Morris.*

\$1.25 net

THE SHADOWED HOUR:

By John Erskine

Contains: *Youth Dying; Satan Speaks; Ash Wednesday* and *The Sons of Metaneira*, which Professor Woodberry considers one of the greatest poems by a living author.

To miss it is to fail to make the acquaintance of a deep-thinking singer, one of the few poets in America who can philosophize and remain a poet.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

75c. net

ALMOST:

By Martha B. Mosher

A volume of sonnets and lyrics a few of which appeared in *THE LYRIC* during the year 1917. It should prove to be one of the most interesting books of poetry for the year 1919, though this is Mrs. Mosher's first book of verse.

\$1.00 net

THE LYRIC YEAR 1917:

Edited by Samuel Roth

A collection of poems by the best contemporary poets in America and in England—the spirit of a decade summed up in six months of *THE LYRIC*. Only a few copies of this collection are left now.

\$1.50 net

THE NEW YORK POETRY BOOK SHOP

PUBLISHERS

49 WEST 8th STREET

NEW YORK CITY