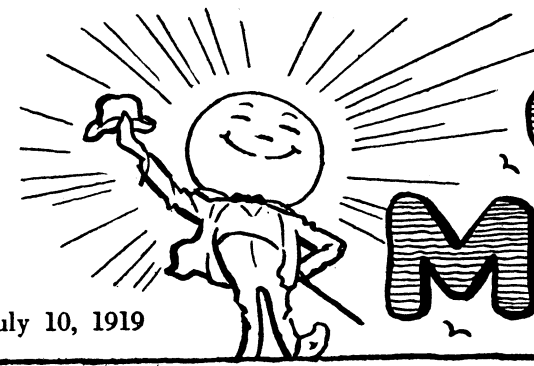
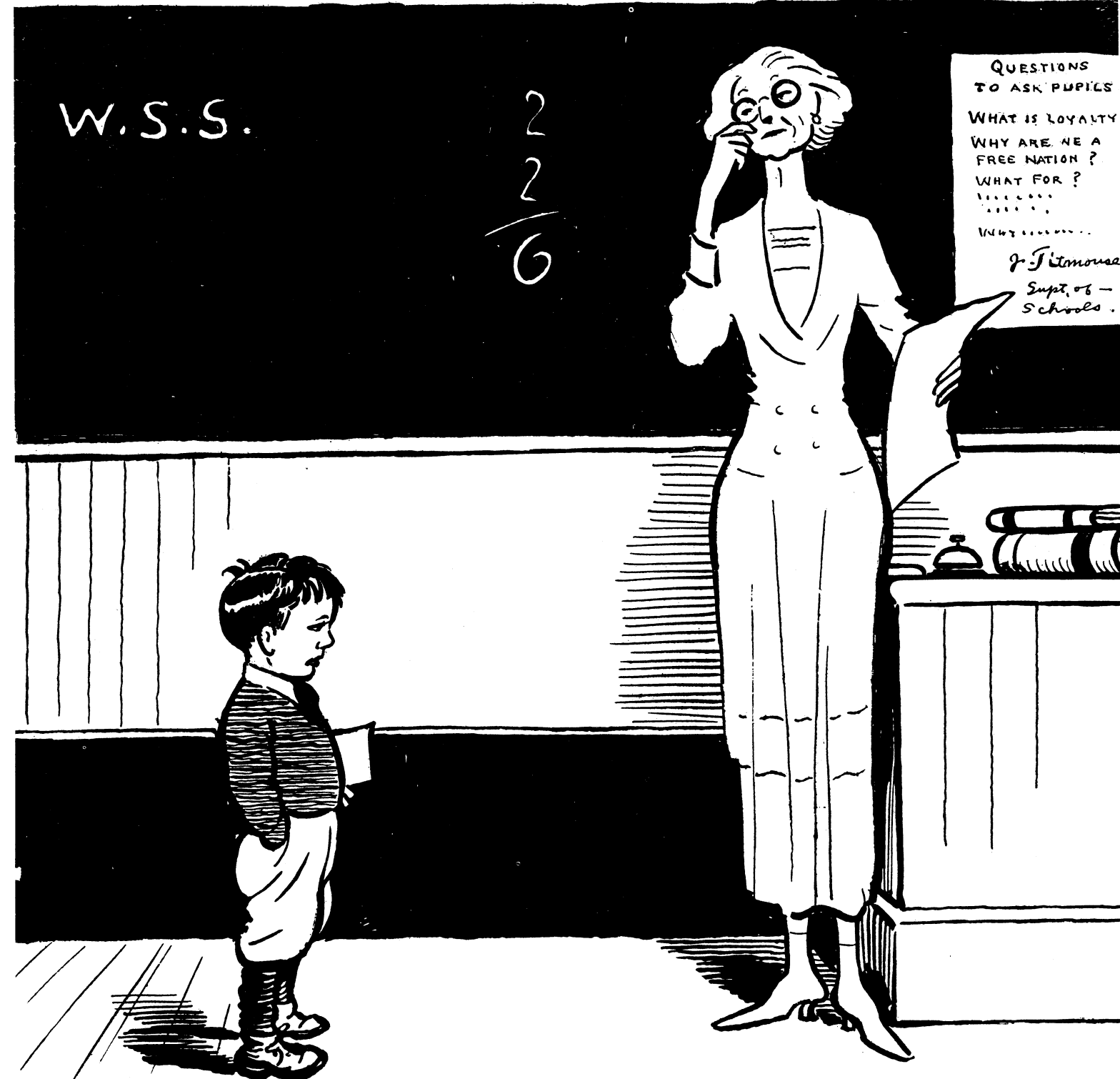


TEN CENTS



GOOD MORNING

July 10, 1919



**The Teacher---WHAT IS LIBERTY?
The Taught---THAT'S WHAT YOU PASTE ON FENCES**

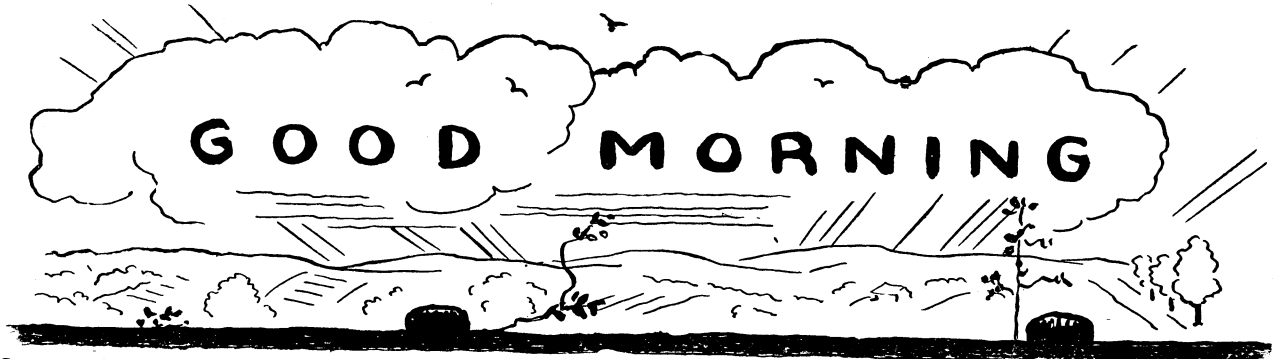
TO OUR READERS:

"Good Morning" will not be published during the remaining weeks of July, August and September.

We will resume publication October 1st, when subscribers will again receive the paper weekly and will have their terms of subscription extended.

This is the last issue until October 1st, next.

GOOD MORNING



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

A CALL TO ARMS

THERE is silver in Sonora,
There is gold in gay Chihuahua;
There is laughter in Durango,
Love and peace in Coahuila.
From Nogales to Potosi,
From Tepic to Vera Cruz,
They are making things too rosy;—
And there is no time to lose.

There is oil in Tamaulipas;
There is treasure in Saltillo;
There is only blood to stop us;—
On to Mexico.

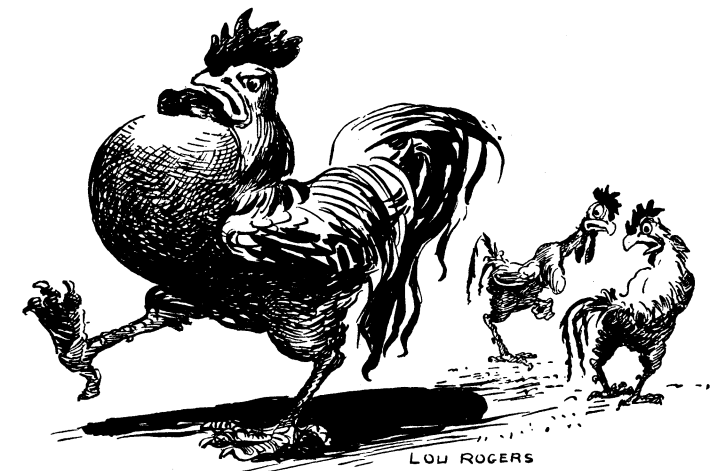
There is only flesh to keep us
From the treasure of the Toltecs;
We have steel and lead to reap us
All the riches of the Aztecs;
We have editors and papers;
We have ink and brush and pen
To send our youth through capers
On the battlefields again.

There is silver in Sonora,
There is oil in rich Tampico;
We will furnish phrase and aura;—
On to Mexico.

We have Pearson, Hearst and Cowdray,
And his kinship Rockefeller;
We have every tout on Broadway,
And every Wall Street seller;;
We have banks with gold in oodles,
And the old Democracy;
And guns and Yankee Doodles
To set the Greasers free.

There is gold in gay Chihuahua;
There is oil in rich Tampico;
There is silver in Sonora;
On to Mexico.

—S. A. de Witt.



"Where did he get a fat crop like that?"
"Why, he took possession of the wormiest spot in the barnyard and charged two-thirds of every worm the rest of the flock scratched up."

THE LAND OF THE FREE

EVERYBODY knows that this is the land of the free, but very few ever take the trouble to find out what it is we are free from.

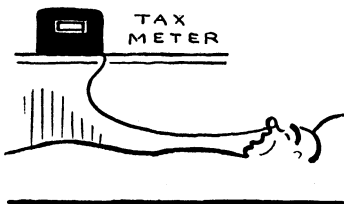
Of course we are free from chattel slavery, but we don't refer to that when we call ours the land of the free, because we began to call it that long before slavery was abolished.

What then is the point? Do we go out about with inflated chests boasting that this is the land of the free and the home of the brave simply because our forefathers sent a few English soldiers scurrying home? Or are we really free and brave in many other ways? All answers to the above questions will be received in confidence. If we are not as free and brave as we have been making out, we should try to fix the matter up quietly without putting the damaging information in the hands of possible enemies.

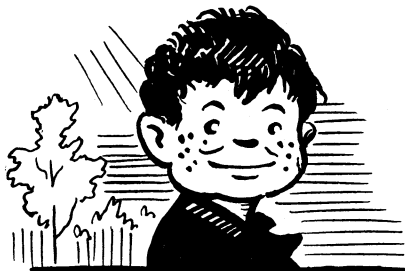
THINGS WE HAVE LEFT UNTAXED



Love has been proved an unnecessary emotion. For falling in love, twenty-five cents should go to the government.



Snoring should be another source of revenue. The various kinds of snores should be carefully classified and taxed accordingly.



Seven or eight freckles are enough for any boy. All over that amount should be taxed at least two cents each per month.



Old age is practically useless. It should be taxed heavily.

We had to pay for war and now we've got to pay for peace. GOOD MORNING will help all he can with suggestions.

THE MAN WHO FOOLED THE WORLD

ONCE upon a time there was a man who baffled his fellow men. Even as a boy he seemed to have a secret apart, dreaming his dream and living his life alone. Now, the human race does not like people whose secrets cannot be shared, and they dearly love to sit in judgment upon those they do not understand. Try as they might, however, they could not fathom or judge the boy. At every question he evaded them, and he had no fear of their curiosity.

As he grew to manhood, his secret grew with him. His lips smiled and his eyes held the power of understanding which had no meaning to the world at large. At first the world wondered saying to themselves:

"What is this man?"

They waited for solution, but no solution came. Later they smiled and shook with glee for they thought they had fathomed his secret.

"He is conceited," they chuckled.

He did not notice their mirth, he did not notice their curiosity. He smiled when the earth was fair, he smiled when the earth wept. He always smiled even when he should have despaired. Soon the world began to fear him. They could not understand:

"He is a devil," they cried. He smiled and kept his secret.

Then came a winter of great famine, and he gave his strength. He lavished gold upon them, and gave them his bread to eat. They kissed his hands and acclaimed him in the street, cheering:

"He is a saint." He smiled and kept his secret.

Years flew by and old age came upon him. He still walked erect, but the vision in his eyes had grown deeper until it seemed to have become his soul. At times it seemed as if he had become blind, yet when he spoke he mentioned things a great distance away. One day he began to sing a strange tune in a strange tongue. As the world had never heard such a tune, they knew that there could be no such tune:

"He is mad," they cried. The man sang on and kept his secret.

Hearing the clamor, wise men came from all parts of the earth to look upon him and to discover his secret through the magic of their art. When they looked upon him, they slew him, saying:

"This man belongs to science."

Gleefully they prepared his body in order to discover the reason of his difference. All night they probed and at morn, they came to the people and announced in pompous times:

"Lo, we have discovered great things. This man hath been born with a strong heart and a lively liver, also he hath clean pipes with which to digest and distribute his food."

Far out on the horizon somebody laughed.

—Walter Chapelle.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says he is not exactly sure of the difference between liberty and license, but he has an idea that one of them is superior to the other.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

I WANT all countries to be one country. Not necessarily in government. No. But in love and justice. I want all ambitions to be one ambition in the same sense. I want all joys to be one joy. And all sorrows to be one sorrow. And all prosperities to be one prosperity. That may sound like a good deal to want. But if I wanted less I'd think my dreams were no use and that something was lacking in the foundation of things.

As Turner on varnishing day used to put a little more red on his canvases to make them stand out from the surrounding commonplaces of color so I add more and more want to what I want to make it clear what I'm doing my best to say.

I want a world of free groups made into one free group. Now you'll say I want the earth. That's exactly what I don't want. But I want the earth to want itself. I want its manifold great-nesses all absorbed in an all-including total. I want the whole to sheath all its parts but not to be limited to any of its fractions.

I want the possible. I'm not after the extravagant. The present world is impossible. It fails to meet the call of the spirit. The vague things get defined. Then we excuse where formerly we distrusted them. I want a world I can go anywhere with without apology. Just as I want to become the sort of an inhabitant of that world which that world would be willing to appear in any company with without shame.

I don't want to shut out anyone from anywhere and I don't want to be shut out from anywhere myself.

What do I want? I'd rather have the world as it is than no world at all. An Irishman said to a fellow Irishman in a hospital: "It's a dreadful war, Pat: sure it is." And Pat cried between his groans: "Yes, it's a dreadful war, but it's better than no war at all!" And so if we are disposed to complain of the emptiness of things as they are

we can also say with the joker that though there may be defects in the technique of the world our world's better than no world at all.

And so I say again of our dear old dizzy imperfect but improvable earth: "I want the best but I'm prepared for the worst."

—Horace Traubel.

YOUR RELATION TO GOVERNMENT

FINDING that some are in doubt as to their relation to the government, I make this statement to enlighten them. A government gets its authority by reason of the fact that the people delegate their power to it. Each individual gives up all right to say what is for his own good and the government assumes this right. Hence the first great truth to be noted is, a government can do no wrong. All its acts are legal, just, moral and good, as are those of its chosen servants.

If ever you happen to be a striker, or if you happen to be interested in a strike, or if you see a crowd and wander over to see what attracts it and the police or secret service men start to break your head, you must not resist. Everything the government does is for your good. Simply stand still, hold your head up so as not to make the poor overworked officer's life harder, and hope and pray that before he kills you he'll get tired and go off to refresh himself at a nearby peanut stand.

Remember the police and military are constituted authority's instruments for preserving law and order; they have all the right on their side. They may break your head, shoot you down at any time or the mounted police may walk their horses on you. This is legal and therefore right. It is part of their civic duty. But for you to protest or to strike back would be an act of violence rendering you liable to the worst penalty a law-enforcing judge can think of.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI

THE chief trouble with the Bolsheviki seems to be that they insist upon suiting the action to the word. This is indefensible and something we positively cannot stand for.

The Bolshevists stand for Socialism. If that were all, then everything would be all right. All of us are more or less Socialists these days. Vice President Marshal is a kind of Socialist and Taft is a kind of Socialist and Morgan is a kind of Socialist and Schwab is a kind of Socialist. We know this, because they all admit it. In one respect they are all the same kind of Socialist, the kind that carefully avoids doing anything to bring Socialism about. Now if Mr. Lenine and Mr. Trotzky would only become that kind of Socialist, nothing would be too good for them.

CONTEMPT for jail is the beginning of liberty.



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 10th, 1919

AND now there comes an official protest from Russia against the rather "irregular" treatment with which Mr. Martens and other Russian representatives received at the hands of Messrs. Stevenson, Lusk and their band of merry-making constabularies. To receive such a protest from a government which is not "officially recognized" is of course extremely amazing to the Washingtonian dignity and especially when the protest carries the implied (and ill-advised) threat of reprisals upon human beings of American nationality who happen to be found in Russia. Nevertheless the proper Washington person has deigned to reply in a sort of testy fashion which avoids the issue while hinting that we also can play at the reprisal game. There is a kind of Katydidness about it all, but the irrepressible optimistic will have no difficulty in finding hope in the situation. Who knows but this inauspicious epistolary interchange may be the crude beginning of a lengthy correspondence which may lead to "recognition" assuming of course that such a result would be desirable.

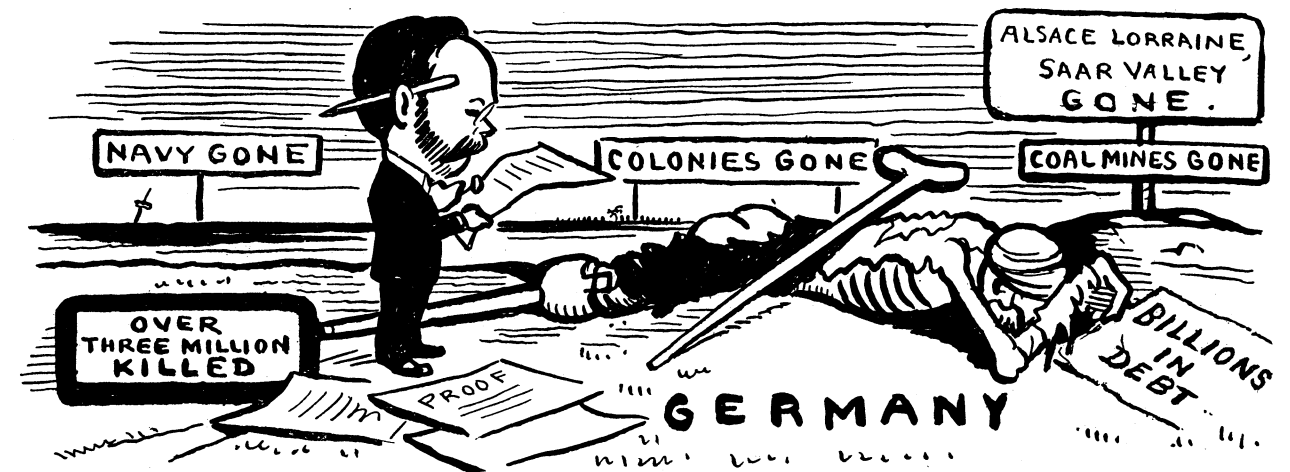
BY the time these weighty words reach an expectant world, our own Woodrow will be once again in our midst or very near it. Consequently this is the last chance we shall have to wonder how we will feel once more to have a president so close to us and also how he will feel to be actually mingling with the people who pay his salary and travelling expenses and who take his orders. Will we jump up in the air and crack our heels together for sheer joy at the sight of his scholarly face and the sound of his scholarly voice? Shall we experience a thrill at his magic and majestic presence or shall we be too busy to worry about a little thing like a president? On the other hand, when he arrives, will he be sorry he stayed away so long or will he wish he had stayed longer?

THIS much, however, is sure. He has set us a very bad precedent and one that may have an important influence on the future course of our affairs. He has given us absolute proof that we could get along without a president for an entire period of seven months. This is an important revelation. Many of us did not think

we could do it. Now what if we should take a hint from that? What if, some day when we are feeling in an economical mood, we should fall to wondering why we should have such a high-priced man on the payroll when Secretary Polk and a few office boys were able for seven months to hold down the job of attending to the affairs of state? Indeed many people already seem to think that the day of presidents is nearly over and some are so optimistic as to think that President Wilson is the last president.

WELL when we get right down to brass tacks, why not? There probably must be a last president some time. We can't go on having them forever any more than the Russians could go on having Czars forever or the Germans having Kaisers. When the Russians first began having Czars and the Germans first began having Kaisers, it is likely that Czars and Kaisers were good things. So when Americans first began having Presidents, it is likely that Presidents were good things. We ought to be willing to allow that much to the credit of our forefathers. But our forefathers plainly had the idea that our presidents could be so hedged about with constitutions and statutes and bills of rights and checks and balances and senates and congresses and judges and voting constituencies eternally vigilant against encroachments upon their liberties, that presidents would not if they could and could not if they would dare to abandon the humble lot of a president in reaching after more regal roles. There is a rapidly growing feeling that our forefathers reckoned without their host. Hence the inventory of the whole presidential situation. This would be a welcome relief from our regular presidential campaigns which have become intolerably tiresome.

A CORRESPONDENT for the World writes that the feeling prevails in Germany that the Peace Treaty is only a scrap of paper. This feeling is not at all confined to Germany. It is general in all countries. A few delegates have promised that millions of Germans are going to do thus and so over a long period of years. Alas and alack, who can foresee what the German people or any other people are going to do in the next few years? Another correspondent writes that France is bankrupt. This is probably true and, being bankrupt, this makes scraps of paper of all of French bonds and paper money. Russia's national obligations have been scraps of paper for sometime. And so the warmongers have made scraps of paper of almost everything; piling upon the backs of the people onerous burdens to pay which becomes still more terrible than to embrace that awful thing called Bolshevism. Still we wonder at crime. That is, there are a few people left who still wonder at crime.



Professor George Herron figures that Germany came out of the war victorious. It takes a professor to figure.

AN INTERVIEW

Mr. W. Endless Bawling, who until the beginning of the war was a well-known Socialist, but who at that time entered upon a higher and more devitalized plane, returned from Europe yesterday on the "Introspectia." Just before landing he hunted up a reporter for GOOD MORNING and said:

"I have every reason for asserting that the Peace Treaty is the sanctified quintessence of epitomized triumphance. It proves once more that the trust I placed in Woodrow was justified. This may not be so apparent to the common herd, but in, say, fifty or sixty years, after history shall have had a chance to examine it in all its manifold phases, it will see that I am right.

"It is perhaps unfortunate in some respects that I am able to see things so much in advance of everybody else. This is due chiefly to the fact that I am exceptionally intellectual. This taken together with the additional fact that I am an indefatigable analyzer does the trick. You don't know how much pleasure it gives me to analyze? I just analyze and analyze and analyze all the time. This gives me a great advantage over other people.

"I am sorry there is a disposition just now to misjudge Woodrow Wilson especially as to his attitude toward the laboring man. There is a feeling that Wilson cares nothing for the laboring man. I happen to know that just the contrary is the case. My keen analytical sense has enabled me to know this. I happen to know that the laboring man is never out of President Wilson's mind, waking or sleeping, whether on the golf ground or at breakfast. No matter whether he is driving off the tee or holing out on the green; no matter whether he is breaking his egg or stirring his coffee, he is constantly

worrying about the laboring man and wondering what he can do to help him. This was proved in the great war when he made it an inviolable rule that no trench was too luxurious to be denied to laboring men.

In concluding his interview, Mr. Bawling said that the worst mistake the Socialists could make at this time would be to work for Socialism. He said there was plenty of time to think of Socialism after the Germans were starved to death and after the Russians were educated up to the plane of such sterling leaders as Mayor Hylan and Ole Hanson, and after Mexico has been made safe for investment."

REVISIONS

GOOD MORNING: Is it not time to bring the text of the Bible into harmony with the ideas of the church? This might be done in a safe-for-democracy version somewhat on the following lines:

Revised Texts

Blessed are the War-makers, for they shall inherit the earth.

It is easier for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a needle to pass through the eye of a camel.

I am sure that a revision which had due regard to the feelings of churchmen, congressmen and the National Security League would be an immense boon to those whose sacred duty it will be to arouse the fighting spirit of the coming generation.
—Frank W. Garrison.

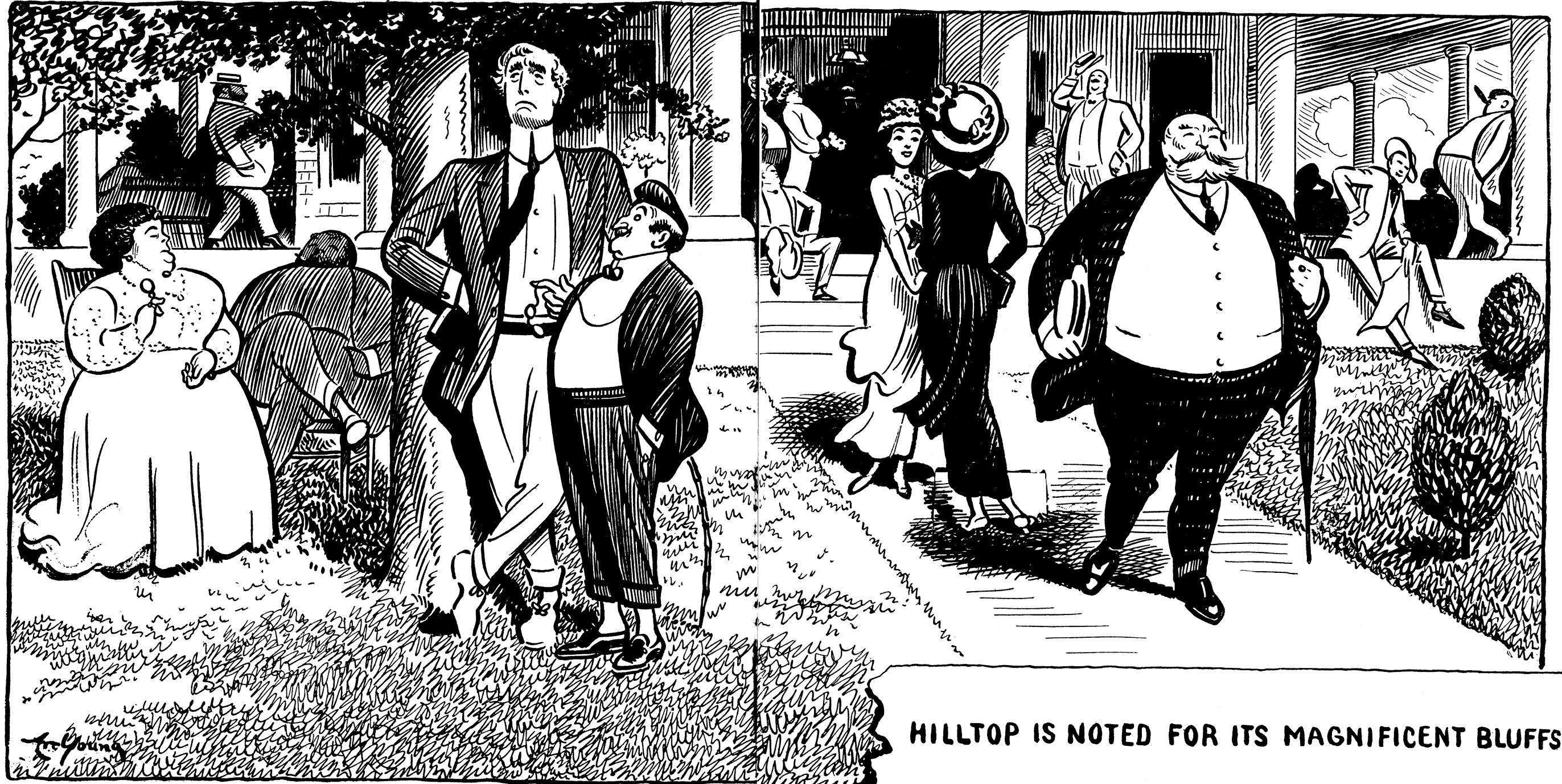
SKEPTICS

Some people are so skeptical concerning its claims that they call it "The League of Halluci-nations."

—Boston Transcript.

Perhaps it would be still better if they called it the League of Hell-Loose-in-Nations.

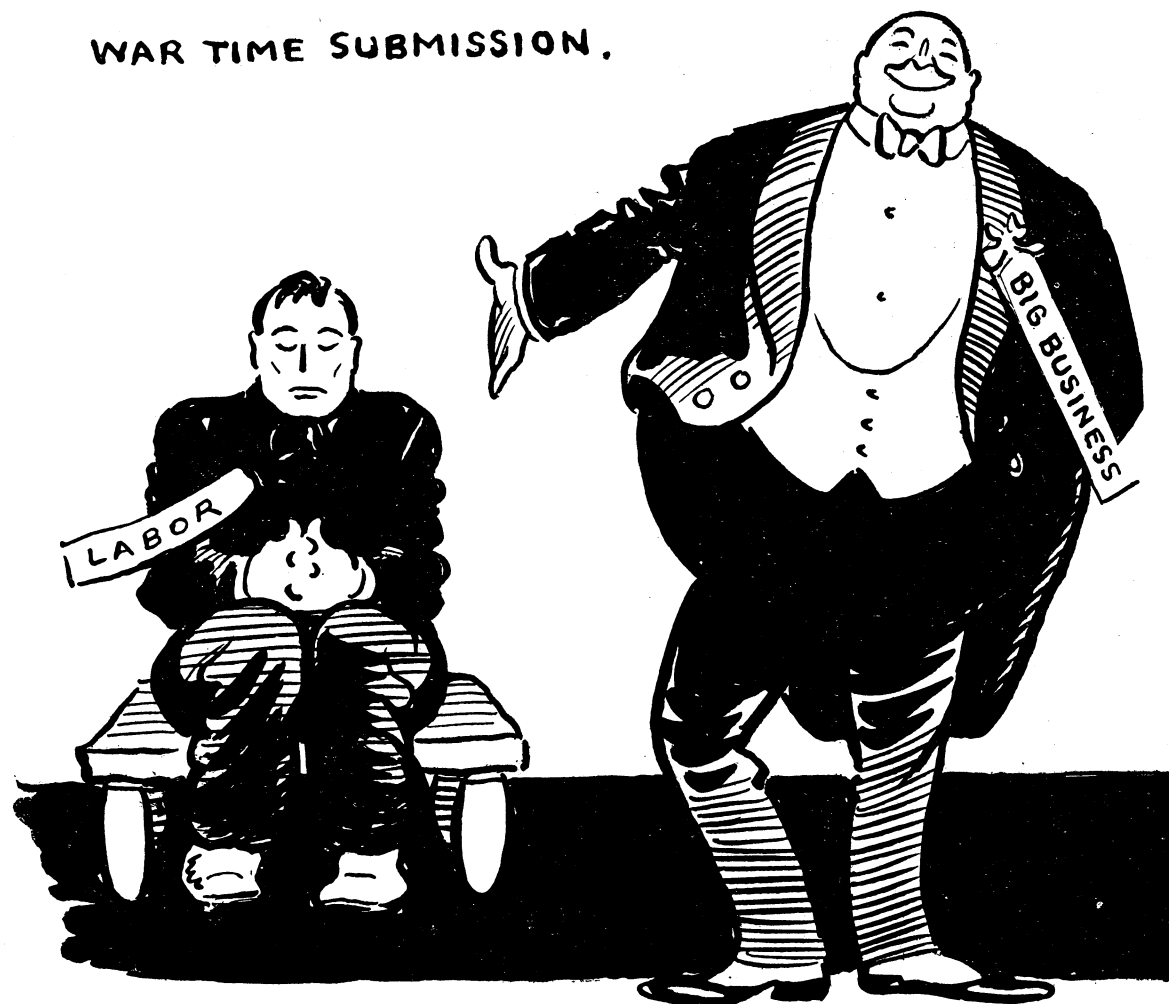
GOOD MORNING



HILLTOP IS NOTED FOR ITS MAGNIFICENT BLUFFS

EXTRACT FROM A SUMMER RESORT BOOKLET

WAR TIME SUBMISSION.



JUST WHEN HE WAS NICELY HYPNOTIZED

FICTION PAYS

WE are living in a world in which fiction pays and pays big. Should this fact be a cause of worry or complacency to sober serious minds? Few will deny that fact is an important commodity. The question therefore is this: By diverting so many of our best minds to the production of fiction, does the elucidation of fact suffer correspondingly? Or are the minds and pens now bent so diligently upon turning out fiction incapable of exercising themselves upon such a prosaic thing as fact even if the compensation were several times what it is?

If there is too much fiction in this country, the sooner we have a law limiting the amount per capita the better. But if it is best for the human race to be so entertained and diverted by accounts of things-as-they-are-not that we shall lose all notion of things-as-they-are, then it would be a good thing to subsidize all fiction writers and tell them to go the limit.

THOSE TIMID CAPITALISTS

THERE is perhaps little room to doubt the oft-repeated assertion that capitalists are timid, and of course we sympathize with them deeply, but the point is: to what extent shall we allow this weakness to influence our public policies?

During the course of a year's time many excellent suggestions are made and many splendid projects promulgated and if possible we ought to decide in advance what we will do about them as they came along. When a good idea appears, should we promptly act upon it or should we put a muzzle on it and lock it up in the cellar just because a band of timid capitalists are standing off somewhere, shivering and fearing to come forward and examine it? It is a nice question which should not be answered without a vast deal of concentrated lucubration.



SOMETHING WITHIN HIM STIRRED

SCATTERED MUSINGS OF A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT

IT is so comfortable to find oneself at last 100% American! In the matter of adopting the red flag, I can, with all my heart, subscribe to that blessed phrase: AMERICA FIRST.

No one can say nowadays that he doesn't know what we fought the war for: the reason becomes clearer every day: it was to decide the momentous issue whether we should be jailed by the Kaiser or by Woodrow Wilson.

Personally, I would find the Kaiser more comfortable—his sentences are so much more lenient!

Another puzzle is no longer obscure, too: Why the Statue of Liberty turns her back on America.

I don't like sermons, but I *would* like to hear one on the text "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth"—preached by Woodrow Wilson and illustrated from incidents in his own life.

—E. Merrill Root.

A GRAVE EMERGENCY

UNLESS we do something to protect our railroads from the grave emergency that exists, we are lost with little likelihood of being able to find ourselves again.

The situation is simply this: In order to save the country, the railroads from time to time put out a great deal of watered stock which represented their opinion of the capitalized value of the amount of gouging that the American public would stand for. Of course the worthy brigands and fiscalizers and promoters were perfectly honest in their conviction regarding the easy markability of the American people and, since they placed such trust in us, we have no right to betray that trust. It is our duty to protect this watered stock with our last cent.

IN a happy land
Harmless little dogs
Groan and suffer
In a living death
To satisfy Science.

THE COUNTY JAIL

(An Essay In Optimism)

THERE is one place left to go to, when there's nowhere else to go
 When your pocket's full of nothing and your heart is full of woe
 When your job is gone forever and your friends are turning tail,
 There is still a place of refuge in the good old county jail!
 We can do without the churches, which is what most people do;
 We can do without the Gospel for a thousand years or two;
 But there's just one deprivation that would make the world grow pale;
 For never could we do without the good old county jail.
 There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary Willies rest;
 And you never need to bother how the other ones are dressed;
 And should you ask, how safely to this haven you may win,
 You need only heave a brickbat, and the cop will run you in.
 But the loveliest thing about it is, the people you will meet,
 Such as Thoreau, Debs, and Osborne, and the rest of the elite;
 And if Jesus Christ were here again, who doubts where he would be?
 What saith the adage? "Heaven for rest, but hell for company!"
 Then heave away, my jolly boys, or lift a loaf of bread;
 And the cop will surely come along, and thump you on the head.
 For when our earthly helpers flee, and all our comforts fail,
 There is always balm of Gilead in the good old county jail.

—Franklin Kent Gifford.

EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN ROYALTY

KING RED-MAN, and the Tomahawk.
 KING GEORGE, and the Redcoats.
 KING COTTON, and Slave Labor.
 KING CORPORATION, and Robber Tariff.
 Tariff.
 KING MILITARIUS, and Conscription.
 KING LABOR, and the Strike.
 KING BROTHERHOOD, and the Golden Rule!

DEMOCRATIC Platform Spouter:—Where would the immortal Lincoln stand were he alive today?

Voice:—In Jail!

ART

TIME is fleeting, but art is not. It endures even longer than its fashioners wot. The ancient artists hitched their wagons to stars, to be sure, but those stars after all were of lesser magnitudes. The old masters sought and obtained the patronage of mere kings or ecclesiastical potentates. But what of that? Never, in the uttermost flights of fancy did there break upon the vision of their imaginations that most magnificent star of all, the patronage of an American millionaire.

When, often unkempt and starving, they hawked their wares about, satisfied if only they could adorn a mere cathedral or royal palace, they had not the faintest suspicion that they were mapping out the route for a gilded caravan of twentieth century magnates as they scoured Europe to corral those pieces of canvas for private mansions where, secure behind a barricade of redoubtable butlers, they would be utterly removed from the profaning eyes of plebeian Cook's tourists.

Could those old masters have but foreseen such a noble fate for their work, could they have but foreshadowed the bitter custom-house quarrels breaking over into the very legislative halls of the greatest world-power explorer ever discovered, they would have redoubled their efforts to make the product of their brushes worthy of its fate. Could they have but known that art collections were to be the summum bonum of financial success, supplying at a single wholesale purchase that necessary culture-touch without which no three-score-years-and-ten is well rounded out, they would have died with smiles upon their temperamental lips. Could they have but known that art was to save the day at that critical moment when the muck-raker was abroad in the land and the republic was on trial for its very life, to say nothing of its reputation, they would have matched themselves up with the best god that ever kept house in an Olympic flat.

If they could have but known.

PLURALIZED

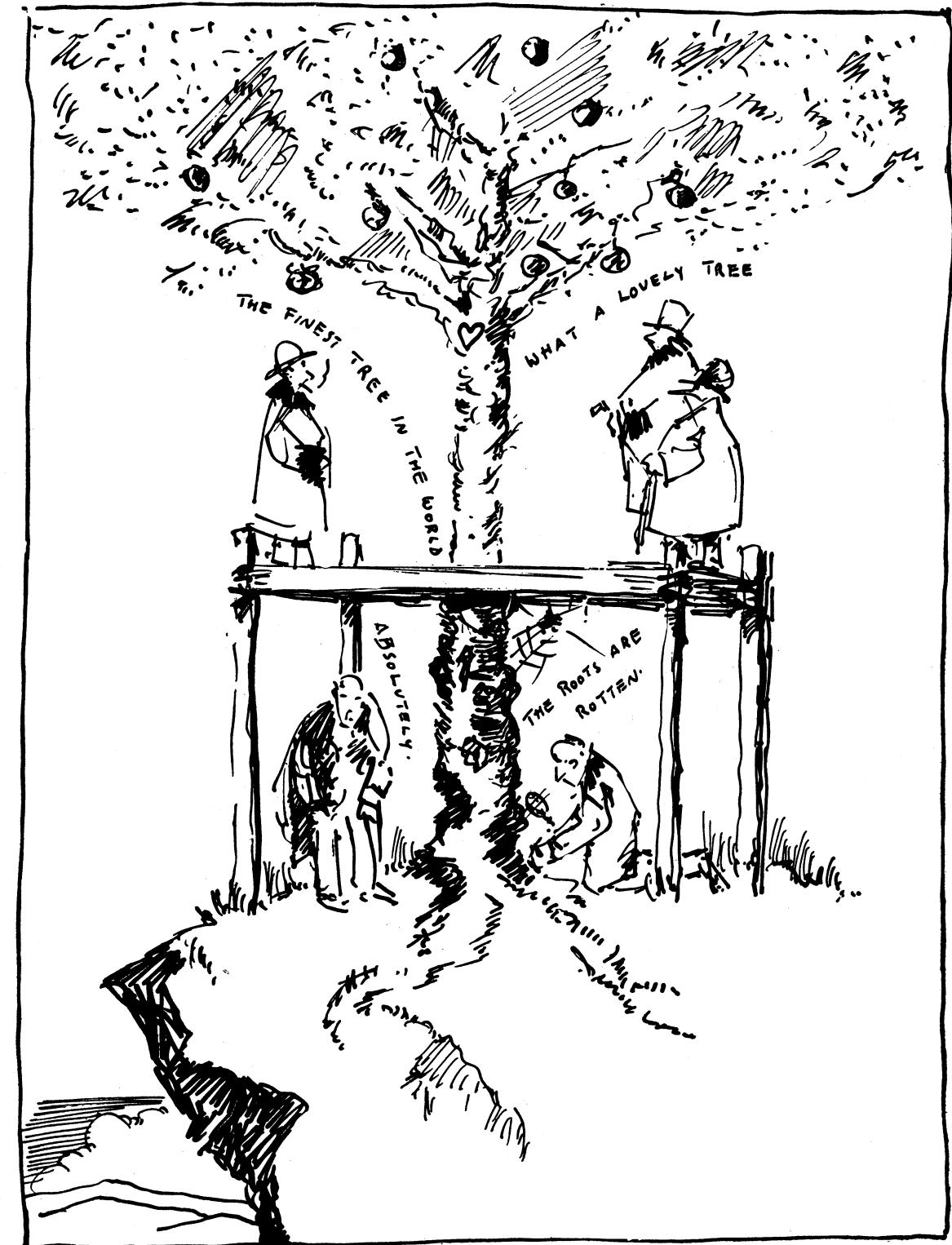
HERE is a-get-together idea. A League Anthem. None of this little local stuff for us any more:

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
 All our flags that so proudly were waving last night?

A PRAYER

O GOD, send down thy rain and heat,
 That we may have abundant wheat,
 That we may have the strength to kill
 And thus obey thy righteous will.

—Amen.



RADICAL:—One who goes to the root of things.—Dictionary.

AN ALLE-GORY

THERE is a tall fence
Built round a complete continent,
Like an iron ring—it is called the stockyards
By the knowing ones.
But it is really only a simile
An international poem.

And they have trouble to lead the herd
Into the narrow way of the shambles,
So that one by one, as individuals
They can be put through the process
Called "packing."

But a certain far-seeing,
Wise white bull, cleverer than the rest
Is let in among the beefy public
To keep them in line, and quiet them.
When all is ready for the drop
He steps off proudly
As their leader
As their guide,
And they walk confidently in
To their finish.

They had believed him,
Had stopped bellowing,
Dropped their tails
Quieted,
After the long driving of their herders.

They believed the wise white bull
For he had fourteen points
On the tip of his horns
And a soft harmless moo in his voice.

They will come out at the other end
Of the fatal walk,
As dressed beef
And the herders will get
Their profits,
And the white bull
Will go on and on
While his influence lasts
And then—

AN AGNOSTIC'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a set of people to hold, concerning the character of the next world and the cause of this one, ideas which are different from those held by other people, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires them to declare the grounds for the faith that is in them.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all creators are created equal; that they are endowed by their creators with certain infinite powers; that among these are omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence; and that when the creators that have been created do not seem to manage the cosmos with the requisite skill and frictionlessness, it is the right and duty of the people either to create new creators or to abolish them altogether. For such is the kingdom of man.

"Keep Hands off Mexico!"

In one of the many articles on the Mexican situation, the Carranza administration and the growth of Socialism in the republic to the south of the United States, that regularly appears in

GALE'S MAGAZINE

Published by Linn A. E. Gale, former American newspaper man in Mexico City. Other typical articles are:

- "The Soliloquy of a Slacker"
- "Who Is Financing Diaz and Villa?"
- "Bolshevism in Mexico"
- "The New Germany"
- "Before the Red Dawn"

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THOSE PLEASING EDITORS

CLOSELY akin to the precept, "Man, know thyself," is another, "Editor, please thyself." Editors who can not make both a pleasure and a business of editing should get into some other line of activity. An editor who is trying to please himself has something definite to work upon and he has some way of measuring his success without referring to his ledger. But an editor who is trying to please some vaguely imagined portion of a vaguely imagined public, without regard to his own opinions and predilections, is in hot water all the time. He is the constant prey of doubt, always at the mercy of rumors and fads and various waves of emotion. He may by a stroke of luck be successful for a time, but he is not uniformly so or anything like it.

Of course an editor must also have judgment and skill and art in addition to the desire to please himself; that is to say, in the process of trying to please himself, he must produce a publication which will be attractive to a large number of people, else he will not be a commercial success. But he will be more likely to achieve this result if he approaches it by making his own pleasure primary and that of the public secondary. Here endeth the first publishing lesson.

SOCIETY

TAKEN by and large, society may be divided into three parts: a submerged tenth, an emerged tenth and the other eight-tenths consisting of all the rest who are in various degrees of submergence and emergence.

Throughout the ages, the eight-tenths have been reconciled to the inevitability of each of the other two tenths and spending their whole time trying to get into the one and to avoid the other.

The confusion of the eight-tenths is exceeded only by the hopelessness of the submerged tenth and the arrogance of the emerged tenth.

Very little of the above is true, but it makes a splendid start for an argument.

AN EXPLANATION

OWING to a failure of editorial supervision we published an advertisement of John Spargo's book on Bolshevism. We have returned the money we received for it, and cancelled the contract for its future appearances. We do not pretend to protect our readers against patent-medicine swindlers, real-estate sharpers, canned goods prevaricators, ptomaine poisoners, fairy bon-sellers, picaroon nickel-pickers, subway ticket speculators, postage-stamp forgers, pie and pancake counterfeiters, plagiary burglars, lecherous pornographers and pictorial back-porch climbers, plundering buccaneer blackmailers and defaulting matrimonial agents, journalistic poachers, foragers, pick-pockets, thimble-riggers, lick-sauce publicity men, notoriety hunters, typographical body-snatchers, black-letter assassins, and promulgators of licentious meters in free-verse. Against these natural phenomena we offer no guarantee to our readers, but we never intended to advertise John Spargo's book on Bolshevism. —The Liberator.

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