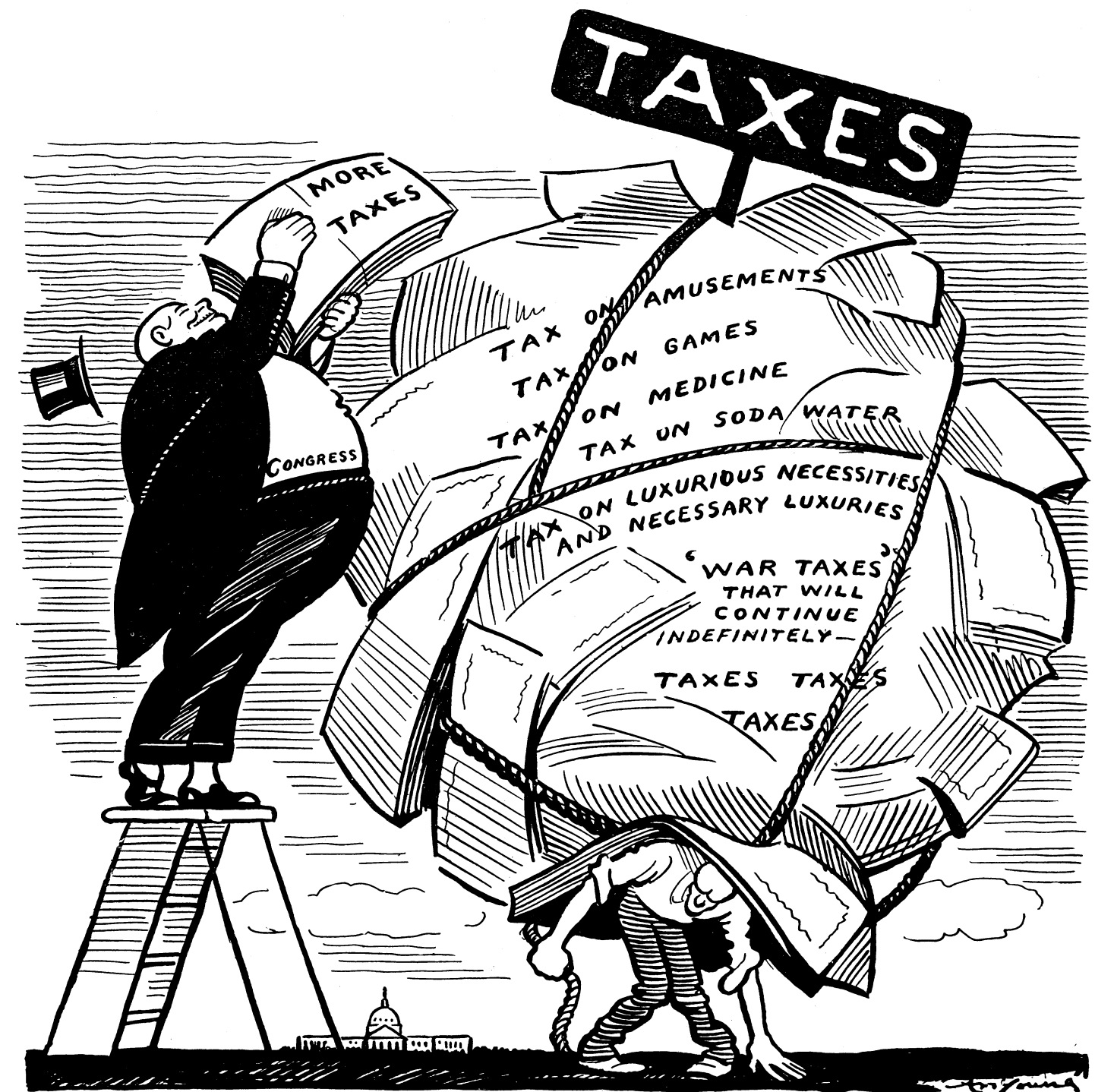


GOOD MORNING

June 19, 1919



Piling It On

SEE THE PEOPLE



THERE ARE IN THE WORLD ABOUT
FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILLION
 JUST LIKE THIS PROCESSION

(To be exact, 1,503,469,702 and one ex-kaiser)

All these people as regularly as the sun rises, no matter what part of the map they call their home, and no matter what kind of language they speak, have acquired the habit of making a noise with their vocal organs that means:

“GOOD MORNING”

That's why this modest little weekly is the most advertised periodical on earth.

If your newsdealer is reasonably progressive he will supply it to you.
 If there is no progressive newsdealer on your visiting list, fill out one of these coupons.

This for Yearly

This for Three Months

Inclosed find Three Dollars (Canadian \$3.52, Foreign \$6.04).

Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Name.....

Address.....

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

Inclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26).

Send GOOD MORNING for three months to

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VOLUME 1

\$3.00 A YEAR

: 10 CENTS A COPY

NUMBER 7

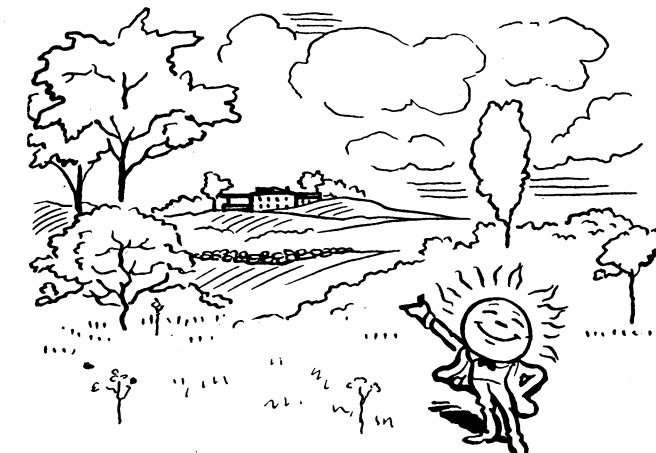
Application for Entry as Second-Class
 Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1919

Published Weekly By Good Morning Company
 7 East 15th Street, New York, N.Y.

Our Asylum For Sane People.

IF you are sane, you will be interested in GOOD MORNING'S new venture to build an asylum for sane people. For four long years our cities and towns have been seething with the insane. People that you thought sensible have leaped into the air, cavorted and danced with wild enthusiasm for hating and killing. We have seen calm college professors, sensitive poets, harmless ministers, and even professional humorists gnawing their finger-nails looking at us google-eyed and whispering confidentially that the Kaiser was sneaking up behind them. We have seen motherly mothers, the kind that say: "Don't tease the cat, Willie," and "Love your enemies, Pa,"—read the newspaper headlines and then go out into the kitchen, get a butcher knife and come back snorting that she'd "like to kill something, no matter what." We have seen almost everybody coaxing everybody else to get on the band wagon of insanity. The country was one big mad house and sane people were lonesome.



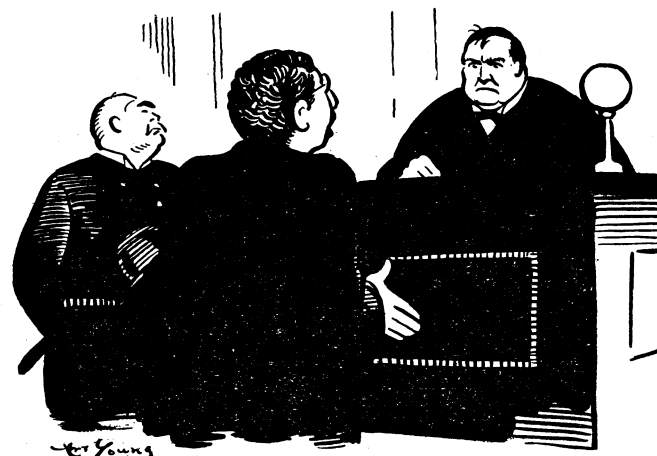
Our asylum for the sane is to be in charge of experts who know the cause of insanity. They know that the press of the country if turned loose to attack a certain thing insists that the thing is soulless, immoral, worthless and blacker than hell, and that a certain other thing is pure white, moral and devoted to heavenly ideals, in contrast with the bad thing—a wave of murderous insanity can be started that will accomplish the purpose the press intended; to get rid of the black thing and leave the pure white intact. A sense of proportion does not concern the Press. Newspapers are like lawyers hired to attack, never mind whether the defendant has ever done anything to his credit.

One year of a concerted newspaper attack with the avenues of publicity closed to the criminal's

defense and most anybody can read himself into a frothing maniac, unless he knows history, has a little common sense and a knowledge of cause and effect that cannot be overwhelmed by the power of black type. It may be fun to go crazy, but it is much wiser to stay sane just as long as possible. Our asylum will be for the few ostracized, despised, lonely people who stayed sane when most people went crazy, just as a few stayed sane when witchcraft swept New England. We admit our asylum was needed most during the war, but remember no one dared admit that he was sane then; if he did he was put in an insane asylum or a jail.

Hundreds of people are now willing to admit that they are sane. Hardly a day passes that you don't meet persons that were batty for three years—now quite sane. Many have been cured by The Peace Conference.

Our asylum will be a sort of soldiers' home, for the soldiers of sanity, wounded no less than



SIGNS

Judge (to man arrested for violating the no-smoking law): What's the matter? Can't you read?

Culprit: Sure I can read. I see many signs: Drink Moxie. Use Lye Tooth Powder. Eat Heiny's Pickles. Do I do it?

others, but who are fortunate enough to be able to see through the lies of the press; who know the hypocritical pretensions of statesmen and who realize the commercial power that organizes a nation's hysterias.

Our asylum is intended to help people of tested sanity to fortify themselves against the next wave of insanity, but will welcome all who can give testimony that they are now rational human beings, no matter how looney their past has been.

APPLES

THE legislature of New Hampshire having grimly set aside the sum of \$200 to find out why New England sells apples to Chicago and buys apples from Oregon, light is likely to be shed in dark places. Even in these days of reticence and mystery, investigations cannot well be projected on so lavish a scale without prying something loose.

The restrained and scholarly debates of Congress disclose that the numbers of the unco rich have jumped from fewer than 10,000 to upwards of 30,000, and 30,000 families who feel no interest in apples costing less than 40 cents apiece are bound to be a factor.

We are a country of magnificent distances and in nothing are they more magnificent than their effect in making a perfectly commonplace apple picked in Oregon worthy of the serious consideration of the best people in Boston or South Scituate.

ALL people may be divided into two great classes: those who are crazy about the right thing and those who are crazy about the wrong.

LETTERS OF A BOLSHEVIK

DEAR GOOD MORNING: When I stand strongly for the release of all political prisoners from our jails, it is not because I am a great humanitarian. Indeed, I am not sure I know what a humanitarian is, especially as I have heard it applied to so many hypocrites and polite grafters.

My chief reason for signing petitions to our once democratic President for the release of all political prisoners without delay, is that I am desirous of having our prisons and our jails once more take their proper place among us. To be incarcerated in a jail worthy of the name should be a badge of dishonor. It should be a sign that the prisoner is not fit to be allowed to run loose in a decent community. But recent tendencies have rapidly been taking this distinction away from our jails. Instead of being badges of dishonor, they are rapidly becoming badges of honor. In the days to come when, as a free people, we have emerged from the chrysalis which now envelops us, nobody will be able to be a leader of society unless he or she has served a term in jail or at least been under indictment for having opinions.

This tendency can not and must not continue. If it does, then the first thing we know, there will be such a scramble to get into prison that we shall have to turn aside from our ordinary peaceful pursuits and go into the extraordinary business of building hundreds of additional structures to meet the demand. Or, to put it in another way, instead of hiring guards to keep honorable people in jail, we shall be compelled to hire guards to keep them out.

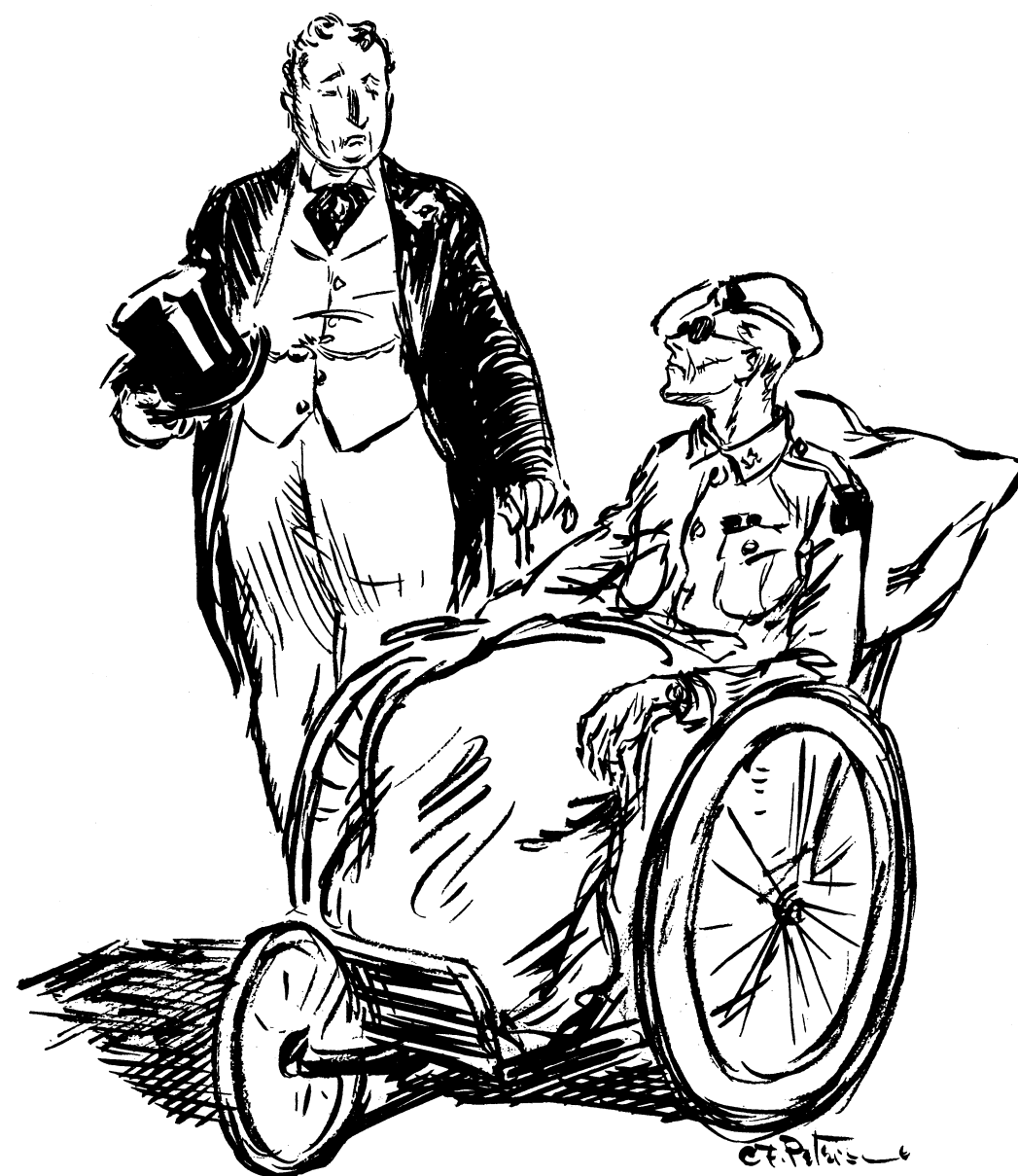
If you happen to know any great avatar of textbook democracy either in Versailles, Washington or elsewhere who may have a bit of influence with the powers-that-be, I beg of you put this matter to him in the right light.

Yours sincerely,

John D. Bolshevik.



The poor fish says that if there are any ex-soldiers mixed up in these bomb outrages they ought to know better.



"MY LAD, I ENVY YOU."



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

JUNE 19th, 1919

WELL, the Treaty of Peace is now public property in that the public can get hold of it and read it without asking London or New York or Washington or Paris or Keokuk or Little Rock or Hoboken. But, although the heroic Senator Borah has "read" the entire text into that capacious mausoleum, the Congressional Record, the Treaty of Peace is still exclusively private property inasmuch as the public has not shown that it has the slightest interest in the details of the ponderous tome. There is material for interminable commentaries and eternal editorial elaborations and interpretations in those eighty thousand words, but the visible public somehow seems to have acquired the hunch that all this ceremonious bother is merely a kind of superficial unreality only distantly related to the price of bread and butter which is one of the most frequent topics of discussion heard hereabouts. This Versailles business seems to be the flickering flame of a bygone age. "Let'er flicker," says the public and wonders what time the next boat leaves for Coney Island.

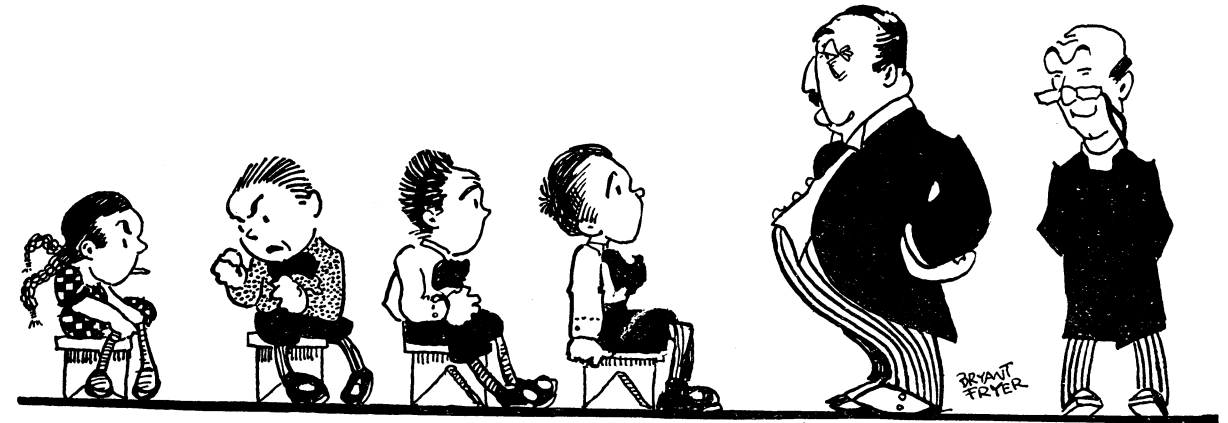
THE public is not even appropriately interested in the perilous voyage of the precious treaty to these shores. The difficulties were almost as great as those which beset Hawker and Grievance and Read and the rest in the recent transatlantic aviationfest. First, there was the official summary designed to conceal the distance which our democratic official had strayed from the paths of democracy in trying to keep friends with our imperialist collaborators. Then, it was explained, even if our own president and our own Secretary Lansing and our own Colonel House, had consented to making confidants of the American public which is generously paying the salary, expenses and emoluments of themselves, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, still London would not allow the full text to go beyond her well-censored borders. Whereupon, horror of horrors, came one of those "leaks" which have become such a bane to our senators, our editorial writers and others who like to assume virtues whether they have them or not. Our editors and our legislative solons have lately acquired a holy aversion to anything that can be accused of being

a leak, which is only another evidence of the uncertainties of trying to determine in what way the virtuous spasms, inevitable to a virtuous people, are going to manifest themselves.

NOW a "leak," for the benefit of the uninitiated is an event in the life of a bit of more or less important news which puts it into the possession of a crowd of Wall Street gamblers in advance of all the other Wall Street gamblers, so that the crowd that has the information can put it over on all those who have it not. This is considered highly ethical by those who are able to clean up on the transaction and very reprehensible by those who are stung. The Senate is going to "investigate"; is going to call Morgan and some others whose names escape us for the moment to give testimony. The Senate will make a strenuous effort to get the truth and by the time it gets it, there will be other truth to discover, so that nothing will really have to be done about it. If you are interested in leaks, it will pay you better to look for the next one rather than to worry about the last one.

SO far as the public is concerned, it would much rather know the truth about the bomb reports that have been going the rounds. That the police have been diligent is proved by the report that one chief has nearly a hundred clues, but unfortunately none of the clues lead anywhere. In the absence of particular individuals upon whom to fasten the blame, the newspaper editors gravely rewrite their well-known generalities about anarchists and socialists and I. W. W.'s and enemies of law and order. The New York World, under stress of a forced microscopic view of conditions, actually discovers that murder and destruction has been preached in this country for a good while. The World should have known this before and has only the censor to blame for its backwardness in securing the information. If it had not been a crime during the last three years to express such obvious truths, any pacifist could have told the World what was going on without the asking. The entire country has been turned into a school for murder and destruction. The trouble seems to be that our population has learned the lesson too well.

INCIDENTALLY the wild and woolly West will have to doff its towering Stetson to the effete East. In a busy part of Manhattan Island, six bandits hold up twenty practical business men in a restaurant and escape with \$15,000 loot. The West has become a mere playground. Out there they have only movie bandits, while we sport the real thing and they are not all of the polite Wall Street kind either. The next time we hear anybody bragging about those rough and rugged cowboys, we will snort with contemptuous disdain.



SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS

(Delivered accidentally by the Hon. O. B. Snyder)

I AM very glad, dear children, to comply with the very kind request of your faithful superintendent, and to tell you briefly some of the reasons for what he has courteously referred to as my successful career.

I am always willing to share with others, especially the young and aspiring, some of the secrets of the methods and habits necessary to attain that success in life for which you all should strive. It seems but yesterday that I sat in this very room as a student;—not, I fear, always giving to the faithful teachers of those days the attention they merited. For I was a spirited though generous and right minded boy.

After leaving this dear old town, about which cling so many happy memories of care-free childhood days, I became, I regret to tell you, rather wild, and devoted myself to pleasure, including strong drink, against which I must solemnly warn you; for had I been less strong, I fear the result might have been different. One day, after a rather prolonged debauch, I purchased, with a small sum borrowed from a friend, a lottery ticket, and shortly thereafter drew a part of the capital prize. It was this which gave me my start, for chancing to meet a friend shortly thereafter,



who was establishing a cotton mill in the South, I invested the proceeds in his enterprise. I managed to curb my evil habits, in a reasonable measure, and by taking advantage of some sensible laws which had been enacted in my friend's State, giving to the children that liberty which is every person's inalienable birthright,—the right to labor,—we were enabled to compete successfully with the Northern mills. Thus we succeeded in building up a successful, thriving business, in a district which had formerly been backward and indolent, giving employment to hundreds of its inhabitants of all ages. I soon acquired complete control of the mills, as I found my associate to be a man lacking energy and ambition, and likely to be swayed by emotional considerations which cannot well be linked to successful business methods. I have recently given to the town an orphan asylum and a day nursery, which I am proud to say bear my name, as a result of an almost unanimous vote of the trustees.

N. L. F.

THE WAR IS OVER

And so the War is over.

And many of us are dead.

Many more of us are maimed for life.

Still a larger number of us have ruined our constitutions working overtime trying to keep up with the cost of living.

A few of us have become millionaires by our unswerving patriotism.

All of us are in debt to part of us.

But we have got Democracy.

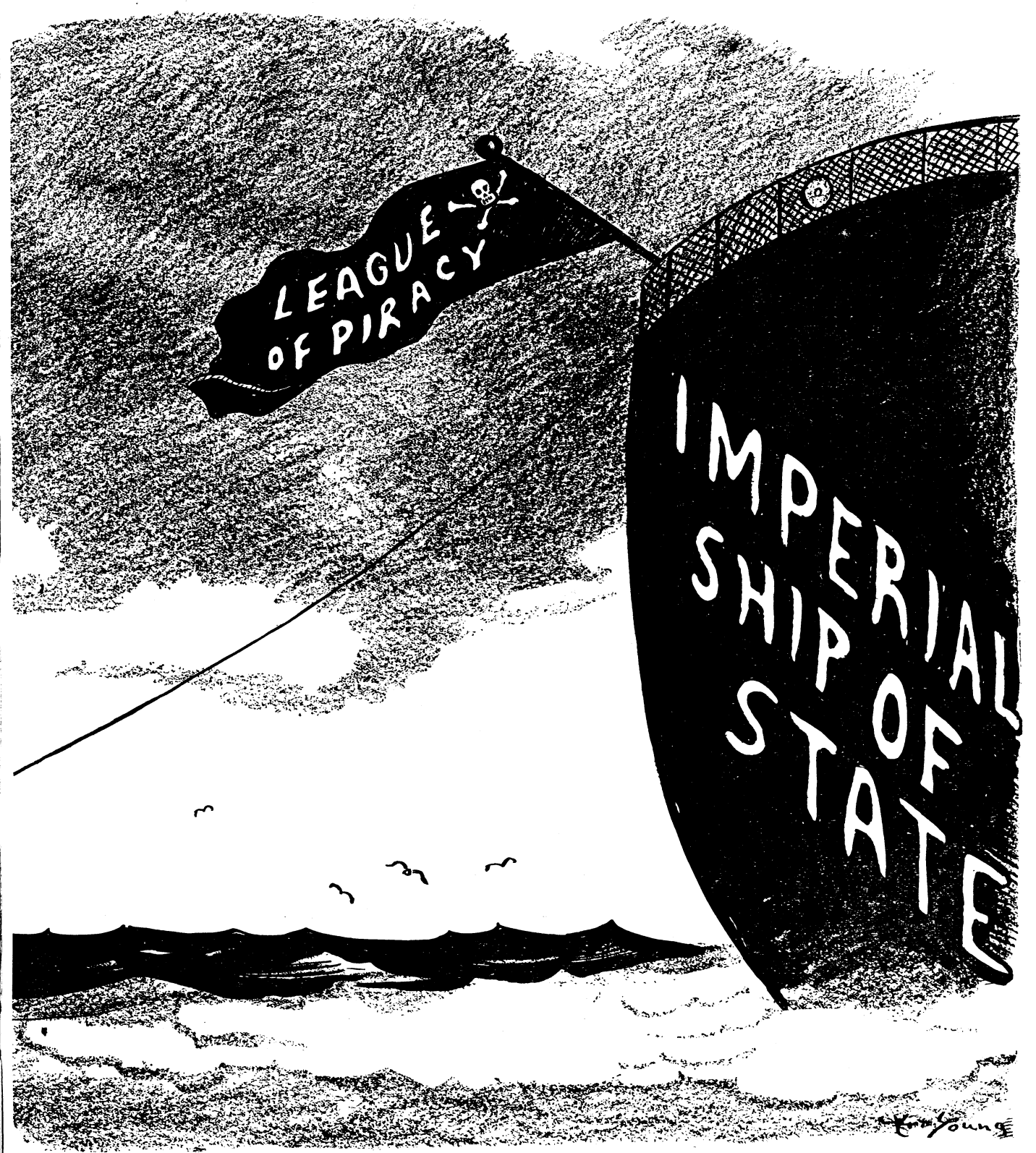
If we can get it.

The War is over.

GOOD MORNING



Coming



Home

Young

The Proper Way

SINDBAD carried the Old Man of the Sea a few miles further on, but as the road was rough he became footsore and discouraged. Finally he spoke up with considerable heat.

"Now see here," he exclaimed, "I have thought this whole matter over very carefully and you have simply got to get off. There is no alternative."

"Of course," replied the Old Man of the Sea with unruffled suavity, "if you have really made up your mind and are quite ready to take the consequences—"

"I am," broke in Sindbad.

"Please don't interrupt. I say if you have thoroughly made up your mind and are quite ready to take the consequences, I suppose there is nothing left for me to do but get off, but of course, as you are an upright law-abiding man, I know you can be depended upon to bring about this momentous change in our relationship only in the proper manner."

"What do you mean?" inquired Sindbad. "I can't say that I get you entirely."

"You know, don't you, that there is a right way and a wrong way to do everything?" demanded the Old Man of the Sea with increasing impatience.

"I've heard it," replied Sindbad.

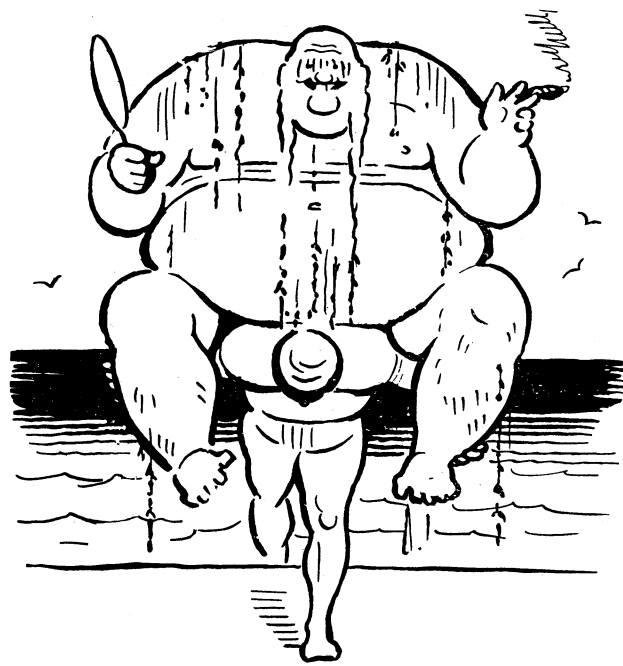
"Very well, then, the proper way, the orderly way to effect what you desire is, as you must know, by the ballot."

"But election doesn't come until year after next."

"Well you can't blame me for that. Our forefathers have set down certain orderly methods for our guidance and the least we can do is to observe them. Everybody ought to respect his forefathers."

"But," said Sindbad, "I don't see how I can wait that long. My strength won't stand it. My wife and children are starving and I'm sure that something will have to be done."

"Well, if it is as bad as that," replied the Old Man of the Sea sympathetically, "I should be glad to think about it. But really I don't see just what could be done. The law doesn't provide for calling a special election in a case like this and, be-



sides, if you did vote me off your back, you would probably vote someone 'on who was nearly as heavy."

"But I don't want anybody at all on my back." "Come, come, my good man. You don't know what you're saying. Such words are more than revolutionary, they are positively seditious."

At the word "seditious," Sindbad shuddered, for he did not know what it meant.

"And now we must be moving on," said the Old Man of the Sea, taking advantage of Sindbad's temporary condition of fright. "We have a considerable distance to travel before nightfall."

THE EVOLUTION OF NOISE

Lord Dives heard a murmur.

"What might it be?" he said.

"It is the common people
A murmuring for bread."

Lord Dives heard a clamor.

"What might this be?" he said.

"It is the people screaming
Black curses on your head."

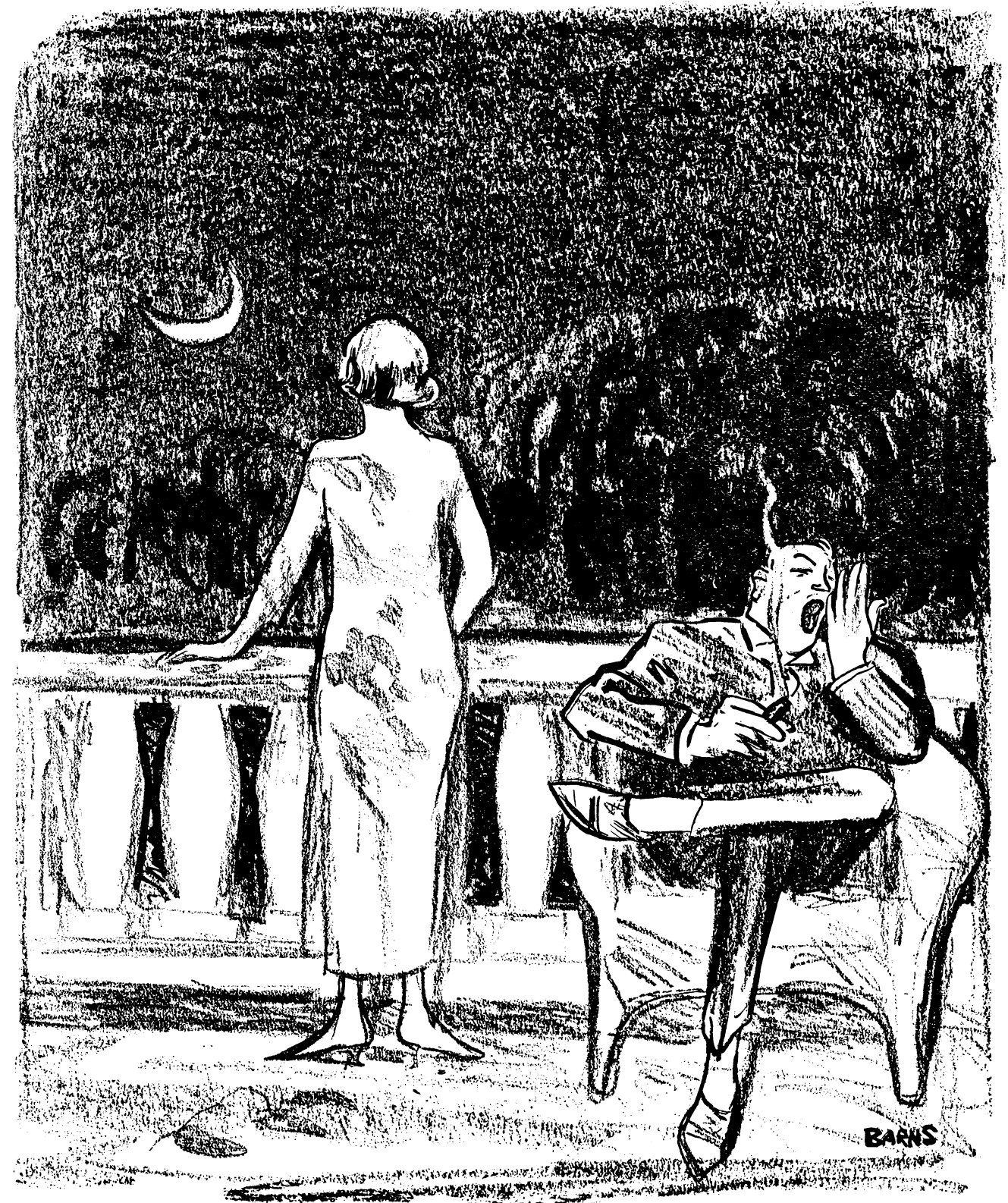
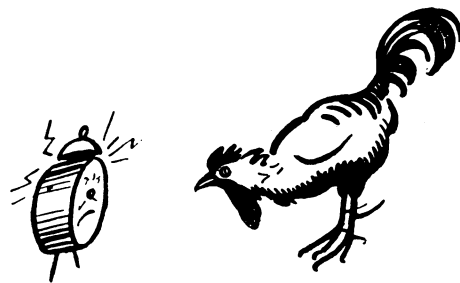
Lord Dives heard a thunder.

He cried: "What might that be!"

"Then have ye never heard before.
MUSKETRY?"

— Morgan Ireland.

"PEACE without victory" was the result aimed at. But instead of that, we merely have victory without peace.



"DON'T YOU JUST LOVE A HALF MOON, DEARIE?"
"OH, I SUPPOSE IT'S BETTER THAN NONE."



I WILL BREAK INTO THE BANK TONIGHT AND
IF I AM CAUGHT I WILL JUST SAY THAT
I WAS THE BANK'S = MANDATORY

REVISED COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

- BACHELOR, n.** A celibate; *esp.*, one who has never cohabited with Minerva.
- BENEFACTOR, n.** (*L. nefas, evil.*) One who donates money to colleges for the purpose of building useless masonry structures, the cost of maintaining which effectively prevents the use of college funds for educational ends; a Greek giver.
- COLLEGE, n.** (*OF. col, neck; the superior limit of modern learning.*)
1. A place where the youth is trained to despise thought; an intellectual disorderly house.
 2. An educational institution. (*Obs.*)
- DEGREE, n.** (*L. de, down, gradus, step: a step downward.*)
1. A certificate of superficiality.
 2. Any insult to the intelligence.
- The base degrees by which we did ascend.—*Shak.*
- DISLOYAL, a.** (*E. loyalty, willingness to connive in legalized theft.*)
1. Untactful; ungrateful; truthful.
 2. Unable to tolerate hypocrisy in high places.
 3. Opposed to profiteering.
- Syn.* Anarchistic, socialistic, bolshevist. *Anarchistic* is used of a college professor who protests against lynching. *Socialistic* as generally employed means "insistent on constitutional rights." *Bolshevist* is a term applied to

those who (a) denounce the President of the United States, or (b) support his principles.

FACULTY, n. (*E. faculty, mental power in a state of suspended animation.*) A group of teachers bribed to suppress the truth. (*Generally used in a good sense.*)

FRATERNITY, n. An association of students entirely surrounded by successful alumni; largely devoted to the teaching of table-manners to back-country members.

The purpose of fraternities is to prevent college students from developing heretical ideas about education.

PROFESSOR, n. One who accepts money for corrupting the youth; *esp.*, one who does not enjoy doing it.

STUDENT, n. (*Stewed? Stud? Orig. uncert.*) An intellectual neutrality.

Phr. Student activities, any form of physical, mental, or moral exercise which reduces the intellectual powers.

TEACH, v. i. & t. (*E. tea, a mild narcotic.*)

1. To administer a soporific.
2. To inculcate false doctrine; to prevaricate.
3. To stultify oneself.

TRUSTEE, n. (*E. trusty, a paroled malefactor; Old Revised Collegiate Dictionary; one who enjoys confidence.*)

1. A college officer having the duty to prevent the use of the institution for educational purposes.

2. (*Fig.*) A cancer on the brain.

Phr. Board of Trustees, a board of procurers.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"MR. FLETCHER presented a petition of sundry citizens of Merritt, Florida, praying that in the consideration of the league of nations treaty, the sovereignty of God be recognized and that His name be ever before the proposed league of nations, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.—Congressional Record, May 23, 1919, Page 127.



"Hold your tails, little ones, like mother, so you won't get wet."



THERE was a time in France, before the good Revolution, when it was still considered good taste for intellectual people to go idle. The tavern was their home, they married only in the extremities of emergency, and they drank cheap ale with the best of spirit.

Of that time was a certain Claude Tillier who wrote a novel called *My Uncle Benjamin*. Dr. Benjamin Rathery, the hero of the story, is as interesting as Don Quixote, though not so pathetic. He makes good propaganda for idleness and incidentally wittier conversation than is to be found in any modern novel.

It has recently been reprinted in a beautiful edition by Boni & Liveright who should easily be able to distribute several millions of copies of it in the face of the increasingly dull novel—output of every new publishers' season.

THIS is the age of the psycho-analyst. A few years ago it well might have been said that it was the age of the Christian-scientist. Tomorrow, who knows, it may be the age of the umbro-cyclist.

So no one is shocked with a book like *The Erotic Motive in Literature* by Albert Mordell, in which the secret craving for women is offered as an explanation for the best poetry of Keats and Shelley. Look out, Mr. Mordell, or someone will write an essay on the *Erotic Motive in Criticism*.

THERE is a danger for good poets in growing old and continuing to write good poetry. The younger poets are bound to object strongly.

Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson were made to feel that when approaching their eightieth birthdays they continued to put out their finest works. There were a thousand mediocrities to protest that the old men were getting stale.

Rudyard Kipling is sharing that fate today. After humbly waiting sixteen years he has brought out (in *The Years Between*, Doubleday, Page & Co.) a significant book of the English poetry. Result: articles in review under captions like, *The Light That Failed*, *The Kipling That Was*, and *The Man Who Would Be Kipling*.

Now look into the book and it contains poems like *The Sons of Martha*, *The Female of the Species*, *The City of Brass* and *Zion* next to which

the best of the work of the new poets grows faint and spiritless. Sixteen years later, perhaps, Kipling will do it again and the mediocrities who criticise him today will be dead and forgotten.

WE made our first several acquaintances with Clement Wood by seeing his name signed to poems and articles which we did not read. However we liked the name Clement Wood and decided that it was worth remembering.

One day we received a book called *Glad of Earth* (Dutton) and the name Clement Wood was attached to it. We took off a Sunday afternoon and carried the book to a place in Central Park where even squirrels do not disturb one. It made interesting reading.

And now we have an even newer book by Clement Wood: *The Earth Turns South*, and we may say that the author is living up to the innate importance or magic or whatever-you-please in his name. Clement Wood: remember that name.
—Samuel Roth.

FREE INSTITUTIONS

"THE free institutions of Canada and the United States work much better than anything that has been devised by the Bolshevists of Russia," asserts the Outlook.

While we are on the subject, will some one please arise and name two or three of the freest of our institutions.



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friend art:

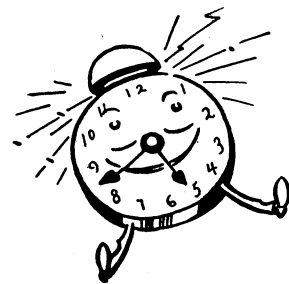
like the ancient parable
of th north wind and
the sun, you will at least
make him take off his
coat..

fearing to trust mr burleson
with so valuable a package i here-
by sign up as a subscriber for
a lifetime via the news-stand...

"may you scintillate forever down
the ringing grooves of change."

sincerely MATE - Pollock





WHAT WASHINGTON IS DOING

IF there are any people in the United States who think that our legislators in Washington are not earning every cent of the vast amounts they receive in salary and emoluments, let them reassure themselves by reading the following "Joint Resolution," introduced by Mr. La Guardia, of New York, May 19, 1919:

Admitting into the United States five hundred and sixty barrels of Spanish wine ordered by Luigi Bick, of New York City, before the passage of the Food Control Act prohibiting the importation of distilled spirits, the delivery of which was delayed on account of war conditions until after that act went into effect.

Whereas on or about October 14, 1918, said Luigi Bick, of New York City, obtained from the War Trade Board license numbered one hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred and forty-two for the importation from Valencia, Spain, of two hundred and ten barrels of wine and on October 30, 1918, license numbered one hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty-two for the importation of five hundred barrels of wine, and on the 12th day of December, 1918, license numbered one hundred and sixty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-five for the importation of three thousand barrels of wine, and that of the total amount ordered two hundred and ten barrels arrived in the port of New York on the steamship Isla de Panay, and that one hundred and fifty barrels arrived on the steamship C. Lopez, and two hundred barrels on the steamship Monserrato; and

Whereas the admission of the five hundred and sixty barrels of wine was refused by the collector of customs at the port of New York because they were received after the Food Control Act prohibiting the importation of distilled spirits, approved November 21, 1918: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in view of the good faith in which this importation was attempted and of the abnormal conditions which prevented its delivery, the collector of

customs at the port of New York be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to admit the said five hundred and sixty barrels of Spanish wine, imported from Leopoldo Hernandez, of Valencia, Spain, by the steamships Isla de Panay, C. Lopez, and Monserrato, and consigned to Luigi Bick, of New York City, importer, and to deliver the said consignment to Luigi Bick upon the payment of the import duty and war-revenue tax due and any other charges accruing thereon.

"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

The Boy Scout In England

By P. W. WILSON

American Correspondent of the London Daily News

Is the Boy Scout Movement a danger or an element of national strength? Read this article in the June 7th issue of THE PUBLIC.

If Woodrow Wilson Were A Woman

By CECILIA HOERR DE PACKH

An article in THE PUBLIC which you will read with delight whether or not you think President Wilson has failed. What would have happened if Joan d'Arc had been a Jean?

THE PUBLIC, 122 E. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

For the attached dollar bill please enter my name for eighteen trial issues of "The Public."

Name Address

I. M. SACKIN COUNSELOR AT LAW

198 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE CORTLANDT 8750

UNCIVILIZED

AN ancient ape, once on a time, Disliked exceedingly to climb, And so he picked him out a tree And said, "Now this belongs to me. I have a hunch that monks are mutts And I can make them gather nuts And bring the bulk of them to me, By claiming title to this tree."

He took a green leaf and a reed And wrote himself a title-deed, Proclaiming pompously and slow: "All monkeys by these present know."— Next morning, when the monkeys came To gather nuts, he made his claim: "All monkeys climbing on this tree Must bring their gathered nuts to me, Cracking the same on equal shares; The meats are mine, the shells are theirs."

"But by what right?" they cried, amazed, Thinking the ape was surely crazed. "By this," he answered; "if you'll read You'll find it is a title-deed, Made in precise and formal shape And sworn before a fellow ape Exactly on the legal plan Used by that wondrous creature, man, In London, Tokio, New York, Glengarry, Kalamazoo, and Cork. Unless my deed is recognized, It proves you quite uncivilized."

"But," said one monkey, "you'll agree It was not you who made this tree." "Nor," said the ape, serene and bland, "Does any owner make his land, Yet all its hereditaments Are his and figure in his rents."

The puzzled monkeys sat about; They could not make the question out. Plainly, by precedent and law, The ape's procedure showed no flaw; And yet, no matter what he said, The stomach still denied the head.

Up spoke one sprightly monkey then: "Monkeys are monkeys, men are men; The ape should try his legal capers On men who may respect his papers. We don't know deeds; we do know nuts, And spite of 'ifs' and 'ands' and 'buts,' We know who gathers and un-meats 'em, By monkey practice also eats 'em."

"So tell the ape and all his flunkies, No man-tricks can be played on monkeys." Thus, apes still climb to get their food, Since monkeys' minds are crass and crude And monkeys, all so ill-advised, Still eat their nuts, uncivilized. —Edmund Vance Cook, in The New Majority.

EMBARASSING

AN illiterate man was he, and consequently found himself occasionally out of his depth. Holding forth one day, he said:

"My bredren, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made ob wet clay, and set up again de palin's to dry."

Taking advantage of a "privilege," one of his auditors solemnly rose to his feet in the presence of all and said:

"Do you say dat Adam was made ob wet clay, and set up again' the palin's to dry?"

"Yes, sar, I do."

"Den who made the palin's?"

"Set down, sir," said the preacher, sternly, "sich questions as dat would upset any system of theology."—Expositor.

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