

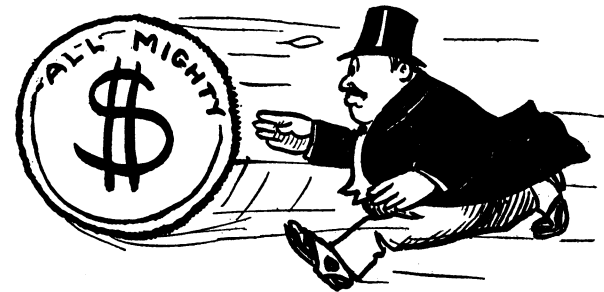
TEN CENTS

GOOD MORNING

June 26, 1919



MERELY A HYPOTHESIS



LET US SUPPOSE THAT THE ABOVE PICTURE REPRESENTS THE HUMAN RACE.

Now it is possible the man thinks if he stops to say

"GOOD MORNING"

the dollar will beat him to it.

That is a fallacy. It is the voice with

"GOOD MORNING"

that wins eternal happiness.

Fill out one of these coupons immediately.

This for Yearly

This for Three Months

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

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

Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Send GOOD MORNING for three months to

Name.....

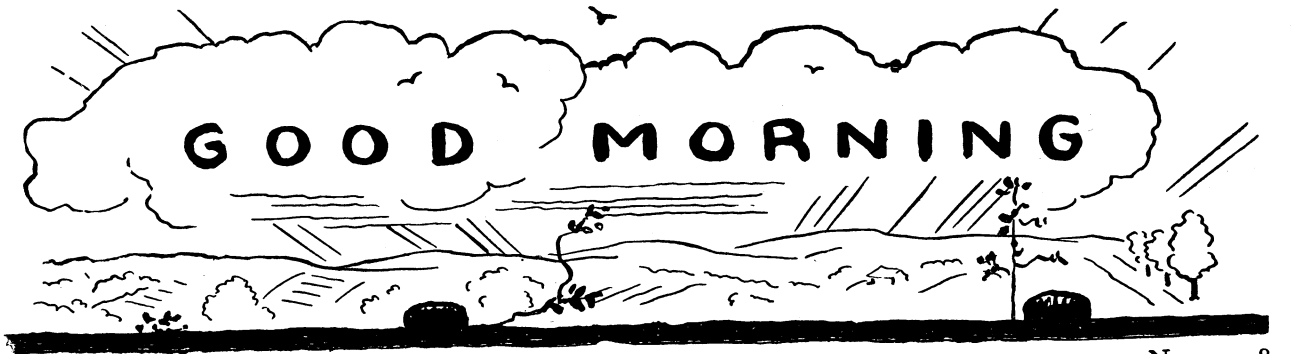
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VOLUME 1

\$3.00 A YEAR : 10 CENTS A COPY

NUMBER 8

Application for Entry as Second-Class
Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1919

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

Workhouse Wash

(The one conscientious objector out of nearly thirty thousand conscripts drafted in Delaware, was sentenced to nine months imprisonment in the County jail and served his term in the laundry of the workhouse.)

Soapy steam on the window panes,
Greasy suds in the oozing drains,
Sloppy pavement and leaky hose
And the slacker washing the pauper's clothes.

Years before Galilee, long before,
The law was given in prophet lore.
And ages and ages men have wrought
Soiling and spoiling what love has taught.

Iron locks on the workhouse doors,
Iron bars in the workhouse floors,
Reeking ragpile and steaming suds
And the slacker scrubbing the pauper's duds.

The ground on which Moses' feet had trod
Till he stood erect in the face of God
Is trampled foul by the coward herd
Who cringe at Nebuchadnezzar's word.

Grim gray chill as the morning breaks,
Struggles and sweats and strains and aches,
So the slow time drags and the dull day goes
With the slacker still at the pauper's clothes.

Princes and judges, masters of men,
Captains of thousands, captains of ten,
Men of affairs and of high renown,
When the trumpet sounded they all bowed down.

* * * * *
O! Fools and blind and slow of heart
To see of what business this is part.
O! Fools and blind and slow to see
It's the workhouse wash of Eternity.

What's the use of making trouble again,
Of being more righteous than other men?
With shame-faced snicker and cynic laugh
They bowed them down to the golden calf.

Since history's laundry list began
For the cleansing out of the soul of man,
Ages and ages, day by day,
The same old wash in the same old way.

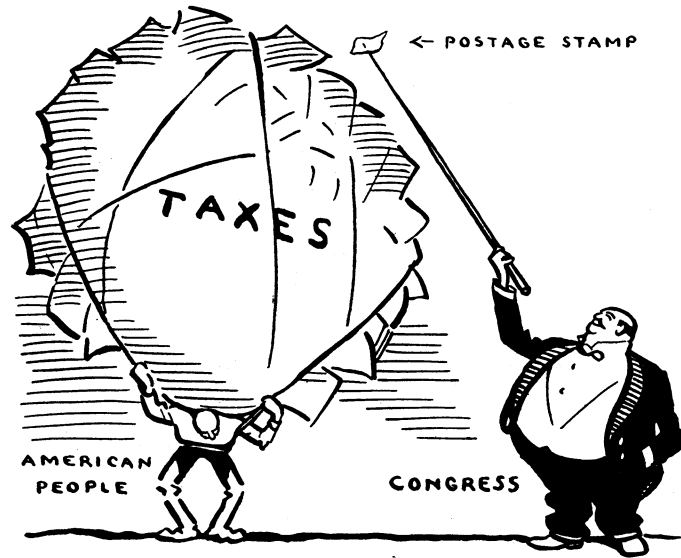
They all bowed down, well had they need,
To the golden calf and the golden greed.
So they voted their business sense, no doubt,
Then God washed their filthy record out.

Over and over and yet again
Mangling the muddied minds of men,
Soaking the sodden shreds apart,
Batting the soul and wringing the heart.

Of all who crowded that glittering plain
Only the names of the Three remain,
The Three who that Fiery Furnace Day
Played the fool and threw their votes away.

What matters if near or far away,
If yesteryear or yesterday,
Two thousand ago in Galilee
Or the everyday now of you and me?

It's the same old tale from the days of yore,
Things fouled once more, things cleansed once
more.
Moses, Messiah, they all agree,
The days of Him and the days of me.



A Little Bit off the Top

The law of Sinai, the great decree,
Is dirtied by scribe and pharisee.
The law of our fathers, the mighty men,
— They called it the Constitution then.

Its Bill of Rights, fair Freedom's dress,
Free church, free meeting, free speech, free press—
Is soiled and torn by the "filthy paws."
— The phrase is Thoreau's,—that write the laws

Senator, lobbyist, congressman,
Their dirty linen who will may scan.
Their caldrons are fired with hates and lies
That the froth may fume and the scum may rise.

Ouf ruler now, like the ruler then,
Is shrewder by far than common men.
New gifts for the Magi proffers he,
"New Freedom" and "World Democracy."

But the hand that would write the Holy Pact
Is the hand that signed the Conscript Act
And goaded the youth to the murder-kill,
So Herod slayeth the first-born still.

Thirty thousand from field and town,
One stands up and the rest crouch down.
The rest crouch down at the slaveking's heel
And but one stands up for the common weal.

"Away with him! Away with him!"
The servile old Judge sits sleek and grim.
"Let him wash the filth of the outcast-mill."
O! Pontius, thou art mighty still.

Appeal the cause to the Court Supreme,
To the great High Priest and the Sanhedreem.
Well the old Chief Justice knows his part.
O! Caiaphas, how wise thou art.

They throng from far and they throng from near,
Munition monger and profiteer,
In stock exchange, on lobby floor,
And so Barrabas is loosed once more.

And Rome's centurion takes his stand
At the foot of the cross with his brutal band,
He raises a hand and the tumults cease,
He is Roman might and a Roman peace.

So our honored Secretary of War
Stands, trained in diplomacy, strife and law,
Correct, impeccable, suave, high-priced,
On the job, at the feet of the dying Christ.

His is the brutal soldiery
That howls down the plea for liberty,
That mobs the meeting and breaks the head
And tears off your clothes if your necktie's red.

His are the officers grand and glum
Who mete stern justice to soldier scum,
Death for a day in the freezing wet
And forty years for a cigarette.

His is Alcatraz's dungeon isle
Where the Christians rot in the stench vile,
Shackled and starved beneath the sea
That the world may win to liberty.

His is Camp Funston's prison pen
Where they break the bodies and souls of men,
With curse and with kick and with coward blow
For the world is saved for democracy so.

His is Fort Leavenworth's blackened cell
With its manacle torture and spirit hell,
Three cups of water, three slices of bread,
For so is the soul of freedom fed.

So the spirit dies and the letter survives,
But who shall give back the wasted lives
And the stolen years of the man in jail?
Yet the washday of vengeance shall not fail.

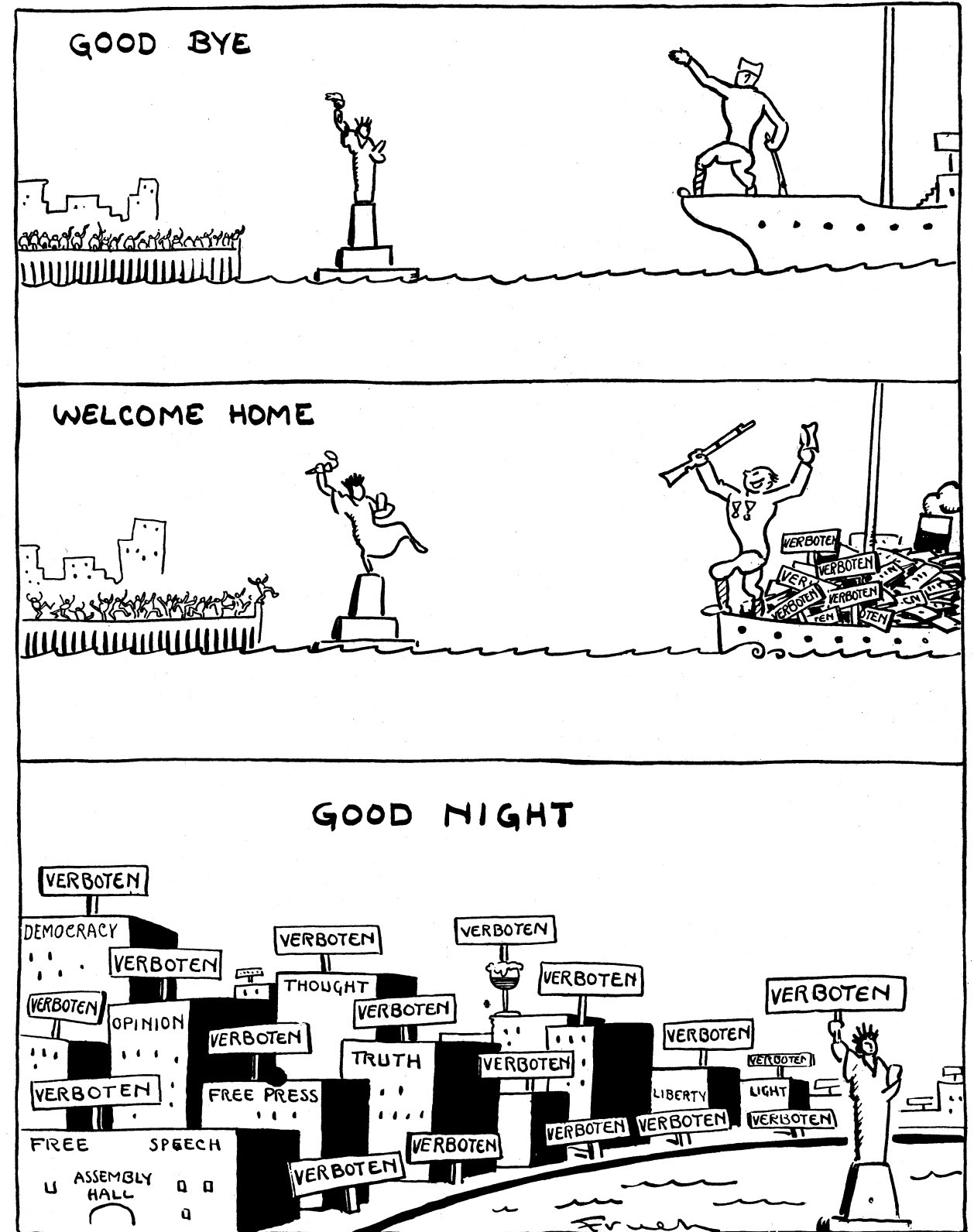
Whatever the cost, the blood, the pains,
The hands of Fate shall scrub the stains
Till all shall be cleansed as all must be
In the Workhouse Wash of Eternity.

* * * * *

Just a reeking cell in a county jail,
Just a bar of soap and a rusty pail,
Just a pile of rags and a tub of suds,
Just a slacker washing a pauper's duds.
— Frank Stephens.

"MR. TAFT SHEDS LIGHT," says a Tribune
headline.

Not very startling. It's as natural for a Taft
to shed light as it is for the well-known duck to
shed rain.



VICTORY



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 26th, 1919

IF there are any revolutionary forces in America—we have heard it so intimated by some of our more impressionable papers like the World and the Tribune and as stoutly denied by such far-seeing analysts as Samuel Gompers—but if such forces do really exist, they should feel very greatly encouraged by the recent raid of the authorities upon the offices of the Russian representatives in New York who are trying to re-establish commercial relations between Russia and this country. The raid seems to have been planned on a basis which contained about equal parts of Prussian militarism and Russian Cossackism, with a plentiful admixture of good, old American third degree.

IT is an interesting study in modern banditry. Backed by as much law as that which supports a gang of highwaymen or bank robbers, these raiders, with the State Constabulary, took possession of the persons, the employees, the offices, the correspondence, the property of these thoroughly law-abiding and peaceful-minded citizens. Their telephone wires were cut, they were held excommunicado and were questioned at great length in secret with no chance to consult legal counsel. Quantities of literature and printed matter were confiscated and hidden away. The newspapers, in their news columns, took full advantage of this opportunity for good reading, but perhaps the best proof that there is no defense to be made for such action is the fact that few, if any, of the newspapers could find it possible to work out an editorial whitewash of the proceeding. It is clear that the newspapers approved, else they would have printed editorial denunciations. But, although they have become exceedingly adept in the last few years, in finding ethical bases for the most evil and abandoned official misconduct, they evidently considered this last bit of fire too hot for them to play with without danger of burning their fingers.

HENCE the presumptive joy of the revolutionists if such there be. They have been warning us that things were going from bad to worse; that militarism in America would lead to exactly

the same results as in other countries; that if we surrendered our liberties in war time, they would be usurped in peace time and much more in the same vein. But we were skeptical, asserting that American democracy was immune to any but the noblest of ideals, and so the revolutionists, vastly in the minority, could only advise us to wait and see. We have waited and we have seen. It looks pretty bad. If Bolshevism thrives on repression and official anarchy, it ought to be becoming a very healthy and vigorous plant. The American worm may be a more patient worm than other worms, but like all worms, it will turn if crowded far enough into the corner.

THIS crowding tendency is given formal utterance to a remarkable extent in a recent bulletin of the American Defense Society which is rapidly earning the title of the American Offensive Society. They have worked out a large number of new methods by which they wish to interfere with the movements and liberties of those who do not agree with them. And these, of course, they would like to incorporate into the laws of the land. Thus they go blindly stumbling and blundering on. The same people who shout the loudest for law and order do the most to create disorder and to bring the law into contempt until finally a confused, disgusted and indignant people are ready for any ism that will put these privileged militarists and politicians back into their proper places if indeed they have not become so spoiled by overindulgence and pampering as no longer to have proper places in a well-ordered society. Maybe they should be put under surveillance of those who understand treating the virulent forms of megalomania.

THE Versailles puppet show is still on the boards and gathers humors as it proceeds. Revolutionary menaces pop up at every step of the way to confound the intellectual giants who have foregathered to apportion the world among the elite. Hence as the difficulties grow larger the Big Four grows smaller. It is a most amusing anti-climax to all that superheated talk about the eighty-thousand word Peace Treaty and that dreadful "leak" and the proposed investigation and so on, now to be informed that the whole thing has to be completely revised. Oh well, let us not worry. Perhaps this will furnish opportunities for more "leaks"; more Wall Street stock-jobbing and more Senatorial indignation over the fact that Mr. Wilson is not a little more confidential with them over the public's business. We don't really blame the Senate either. It is a rude awakening to learn that our president's well-taken point about "open covenants openly arrived at" did not even mean to include this august body of solons.



The Sad Thing about it all is that The New Republic now Realizes that she has been Ruthlessly Betrayed.

A CIRCULAR LETTER

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER: Knowing you to be one of the followers of Christ who have sense enough not to accept Christ's teachings blindly, as so many pacifists do, I am sure you will be interested to know of the Brotherly-Love Art Co.

The business of the Brotherly-Love Art Co. will be the manufacture of art cards, similar in character to "The Lord will Provide" cards known to you. We shall, however, manufacture only reversible cards. That is, each card will bear two biblical texts, one on either side of the card, which texts will be of an opposite nature. For instance, the card bearing the text, "Blessed be the Peacemakers," will have on its reverse side the opposite sentiment, "Smite them hip and thigh"; and the card bearing "Peace on Earth, good will to men" will also bear the quotation, "I come not to send peace but a sword."

The beauty of the idea must already be apparent to you. Henceforth no more awkward situations, no more embarrassing explanations. Simply hang up one of our beautiful art cards and whenever circumstances change and it becomes expedient to reverse your position you simply reverse the card, chango! the business is done. "Blessed be the Peacemakers" goes to the wall and "Smite them hip and thigh" greets the eye and stirs the blood. Henceforth nothing remains to disturb the needed serenity of a minister's life.

In the conduct of our business we shall apply business efficiency and scientific management. We

shall also adhere closely to the laws of political economy—unless the government sets aside these laws. Hence we can assure you at least 100 per cent profits.

Much of the work can be done by women; widows, elderly women and others whom, owing to the fact that they are considered undesirable by most employers, we can hire cheap. Thus we can do them a good Samaritan act and, incidentally, profit ourselves. Because of the Godly nature of our work, we are sure that some of them will prefer low wages and the knowledge that future salvation waits them than to work in less Godly places for high wages but less assurance of their hereafter.

The Brotherly-Love Art Co. will sell only for cash. Of course, it sounds very nice to talk about expecting well of everyone and of appealing to a person's better nature, but we both know that this is only talk and that as a matter of practise we give everybody credit for the desire to take advantage of us until he satisfies us that we are able to take advantage of him. Even such an altruistic concern as the Brotherly-Love Art Co. mustn't forget that "Business is business."

We probably will not be able to supply all the clergy who will want to get in on this. While the stock lasts it is \$10.00 a share. Profits will be big.

Don't forget—"They're reversible!"

Fraternally,
Brotherly-Love Art Co.,
Walter C. Hunt, Organizer.

GOOD MORNING



"And God made man in His own image"

Tr Young

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says, he deplores striking because it is out of keeping with the dignity of labor.

GOING HOME

THE other day a poor untutored Greek boy wandered into our office with an armful of important looking blanks.

He wanted to go home, back home to Greece. That was all. The land of the free and the home of the brave had not proved to be all that had been represented by the steamship agents who brought him over here.

He just wanted to go home. Nothing more. Almost anyone ought to be allowed to go home without a great deal of ceremony and red tape.

But you can't do it nowadays. This boy discovered that before he could go home, the authorities would require him to answer vast quantities of possible and impossible questions on large formidable looking blanks prepared for the purpose.

He had to tell what his real name was, what, if any, his alias was; at what age he was born; in what geographical vicinity; who his parents were; what their nationality was both before and after marrying; whether he was married and, if not, why not; whether any of his relatives fought in the recent war and if so, why and for what country or countries; whether his great grand parents were living and, if not, what they died of; who his employers had been since living in the United States and what kind of work he had been doing; how many languages he spoke; whether he had ever been in any other country and, if so, why; was he going directly home or was it possible that he might take a notion to stop off somewhere and see the sights; was he

ever coming back to the United States; how many countries was he a citizen of; and so forth and so on interminably.

All these questions he had to answer, not only once, but three times in exactly the same way and on three separate blanks for three separate archives: one for my master and one for my dame and one for the little boy that lives in the lane. Then he had to sign and solemnly affirm and swear by gods that he did not believe in. And then he had to paste his photograph on each one and he was not a very handsome boy either.

And then he had to sign his photograph and swear that it looked like him before and after taking.

Then in addition to that, the thoughtful authorities had left a generous space for him to add interesting details that they had not thought of themselves.

But even then he was not through. In order to get home, it was necessary for him to travel by a French steamship. This necessitated his penetrating France. Which in turn necessitated his going through the same rigmarole for the French "authorities."

And all the poor boy was trying to do was to go home.

That's all. Just going home.
Home, sweet home.



Young

Putting It Over



PRACTICAL POLITICS



THE PITY OF IT

PROFESSOR: I feel very badly about poor Miller's untimely end. He flunked his English twice, but I think he would have passed this time if he had lived.

MEN AND MONEY

THE more compromise I read the more inveterate I become. The more reform I hear about the more revolution I listen for. I don't call the halves and quarters crooked or insincere. Neither do I call them wholes. When we claim little to begin with we get nothing to end with. When we claim everything to end with we get something to begin with. I'm never afraid people will claim too much. I always know they will claim too little. I never blame people for being too imperative. I always wonder that they

are not more vehement. I'll take anything I can get. But I want all. I don't quibble with little capitalists. I want all capitalism to go. I want everybody to become indifferent about money. Only then will everybody have enough money. I want everybody to have enough money once for all so that everybody once for all can stop thinking about money.
—Horace Traubel.

LOST: Near Germany, by one Will(less) son, a fine toothed comb, with fourteen stub points. As good as new, never used. Valued merely as a curiosity.



BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

DURING the year 1840, Victor Hugo made a tour of what was then the German Rhine country and is about to become a new Rhine Republic. He rather liked the things he saw and the people attached to them, and he wrote a two volume book on the subject under the title THE RHINE.

Hugo's virgin intention was to write a travel book. He remembered some exciting and whimsical experiences and with the instinct of a storyteller there lodged in Victor Hugo, as in all truly great poets, a first rate statesman. So towards the end of the second volume the book becomes a prophetic treatise of Europe.

Hugo insists that the only great nations of Europe, are France and Germany, Germany the heart, France the head of the continent.

"There is a close connection," writes Hugo, "an undoubted relationship between these two nations. They are brothers now and will be brothers in time to come." This book is rarely if ever included with Hugo's works but a reprint of the concluding chapter might do a lot of good to poor mangled Europe.

THE late Cecil Chesterton could have been forgiven for writing an inconsequential history of these states (A History of the United States, Doran); would even have forgiven him a career in Anti-Semitism which he shared with his elder, more brilliant and more vindictive brother Gilbert K., were there an even surface merit to his journalistic efforts.

The fact is Cecil Chesterton was the most ill-mannered writer in England, and but for the reputation of the family could hardly have risen beyond the heights of a penny-a-liner. And certainly there can be no possible justification for the publication in this country of a book which suggests that America will some day make anti-Jewish legislation in the manner it is now making anti-Monglo legislation.

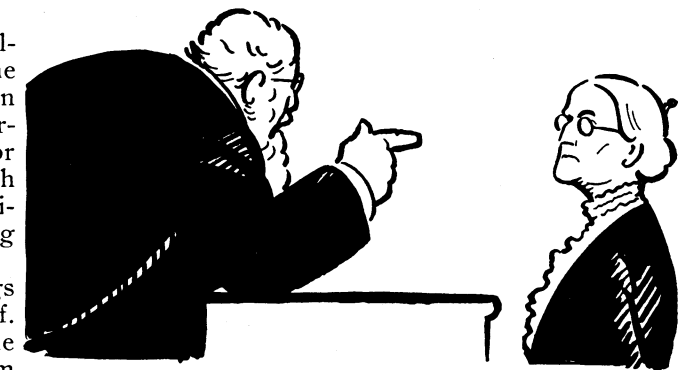
This same Cecil Chesterton did many things in a busy life time to attract attention to himself. A few years before the war he advocated that the British Government ought to support Zionism as a measure for ridding England of its Jews. During the heat of a war controversy, he expressed the view that Israel Zangwill, the Jewish leader, should be led up to London Tower and

be shot. And now comes this book. These acts will at best bring on his name the dubious fame which still pursues the name of a certain follower of Jesus.

LORD DUNSANY is one of a very small company of writers who have written interestingly on the war. Several months ago he published a book of war sketches of which we now remember only that we read it with relish. And here comes a new one (Nowadays, Four Seas Publishing Company) not exactly on the war but reflecting the world in war and ending with this memorable sentence: "Of all materials for labor, dreams are the hardest, and the artificer in ideas is the chief of workers who out of nothing will make a piece of work that may stop a child from crying or lead nations to higher things."

IT may be difficult to believe, but it is true nevertheless, that Theodore Dreiser has written a simple, interesting and almost magnetic book. For a long time Dreiser has been a problem for most readers, a problem of striking peculiarity. Here was a man who wrote realistic novels, books reputed to be risqué, the Post Office had even excluded one of them from the mails, and yet there was no reading him. Little of it ever got into the book review columns which were divided between those who claimed Dreiser was downright obscene and those who insisting that he was our great novelist, could not afford to make mention of the difficulty of reading him.

But the difficulty existed nevertheless. Dreiser was hard reading. That is why this new book (Twelve Men, Boni & Liveright,) is something of a literary event. He not only makes twelve engaging portraits of twelve distinctive American types; he seems to enjoy having written the book. We should add that the book is also an interesting account of Mr. Dreiser himself. A more correct title would be: **Thirteen Men.**
— Samuel Roth.



WISDOM REPEATS ITSELF EVERY DAY

Susan B. Anthony was arrested in Rochester nearly a half century ago for voting at the polls. The judge told her if she did not like the United States Government, she'd better go to some other country.

"BEHIND THE DUST"

Behind the dust, the grime, the gore,
The hideous blatancy of yells and bullets,
The nefarious thundering of cannon,
The hyena-snarling hiss of bombs—
Hark! What trampling, what vibrancy
Of oncoming feet!—
More and more audible,
Steadier it becomes.
There sweeps along my nerves
A thrill more ecstatic
Than any aforesaid heralding
Of joyful news.
I whisper,
Not yet daring to cry out:
"The Army of the Master,
The invincible Host
Of Comrades,
The Majestic Serving Men,
The Farmer Soldiers,
The unclassed Artists
Of a classless Humanity!"
—William Struthers, in The Conservator.

THE WINGED VICTORY OF 1919

Victory rides in the storm-cloud vast,
Poised on our prow in the rushing blast;
Mighty her pinions before us spread—
But where is her head?
—Jessie Wallace Hughs in N. Y. Call.

LETTERS OF A BOLSHEVIK

DEAR GOOD MORNING: I see by the papers that a well-known person in Cleveland has been relieved of fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry by an unknown person in Cleveland.

I don't know how this affects you, but I must confess that it doesn't fill my Bolshevik heart with grief, except perhaps for the man who got away with the swag. No matter how you fix it, I am unable to muster up any great amount of respect for someone who has fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Why should anybody want that much jewelry or half that amount, or a quarter or an eighth or any jewelry at all?

While I feel thus, the newspaper comes and tells me that a certain fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry has clandestinely changed hands. If I were a truly old-fashioned moral person, I would become greatly excited. Instead of that I am wholly unmoved. What is it to me where those jewels repose? I want to congratulate the one who lost them. She has been relieved of a burden. It has given her a chance to think of something else. As for the poor unfortunate, misguided party who stole them, who risked his life and his liberty in order to possess them, for he dare not show them. On the contrary, he must dispose of them at a great sacrifice to some "fence" in order to get money to buy expensive clothes for his lady love, booze, and other things that he is better off without.

Then in some way this jewelry will come into the possession of someone else who has worked and schemed and lied and denied himself the real things of life in order to get money to squander in this way. Great Scott! What a curious thing this civilization is! I can understand a man's stealing fifty thousand dollars' worth of ham sandwiches to pass around in Union Square, but why jewelry? Yours sincerely, John D. Bolshevik.

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

TELEPHONE CORTLANDT 8750

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

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"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 HAND OF FATE

HE was a motorman; informally they met;
His handsome, clear-cut face she never will forget;
Her large, expressive eyes as they looked up to him
Made all his past seem dark and all his future dim.

At first they spoke no word; each read the other's thought;
All sorrow and all joy that life to them had brought,
Then vanished from their hearts; there was no love so dear
That it could hold her back from him as he drew near.

No duty that he felt had pow'r to make him pause.
They rushed together, there, in spite of human laws.
Her husband and his wife would say they, both, were wrong . . .
Her car had blocked the track . . . he had not rung his gong!
— Belle Willey Gue, in Times, (New York).

THAT BREEZY WESTERN WAY

THEY were playing poker in a Western town.
One of the players was a stranger, and was getting a nice trimming. Finally, the sucker saw one of the players give himself three aces from the bottom of the pack.

The sucker turned to the man beside him and said: "Did you see that?"

"See what?" asked the man.

"Why, that fellow dealt himself three aces from the bottom of the deck," said the sucker.

"Well, what about it?" asked the man. "It was his deal, wasn't it?"—Tit-Bits.

EXPLAINING

YOUR constituents want an explanation of those latest remarks of yours," said the faithful secretary.

"Fix 'em up an explanation that they won't understand," replied Senator Sorghum; "then explain that in the same way, and keep on explaining. I don't believe in ever refusing my constituents anything."—Washington Star.

Beating Father to It

"What did your little ones say when you told them there is no Santa Clause?"

"They asked me if I was just finding it out." — Washington Star.

That Protracted Peace Meeting

They're calling them "The Allied Pow-wow-ers," now. — The Passing Show.

With a Lot of Sinking Funds

The trouble is that the world pool of war-debts might change into a whirlpool.

— Louisville Evening Post.

EAT WHERE THE FOOD IS GOOD, THE ENVIRONMENT PLEASANT AND THE PRICES RIGHT. Uptown Branch of "Three Steps Down" 34 W., 35th. CAFETERIA and RESTAURANT

"The Workers' World"

PUBLISHED BY THE

"Workers' International Information League"

Room 501 7 EAST 15TH ST., N. Y.

"The Workers' World" is an organ of Revolutionary International Socialism and Revolutionary Industrial Unionism.

This paper is UNIQUE in that it is distributed gratis among those workers most in need of our message.

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Edited by SAMUEL ROTH

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