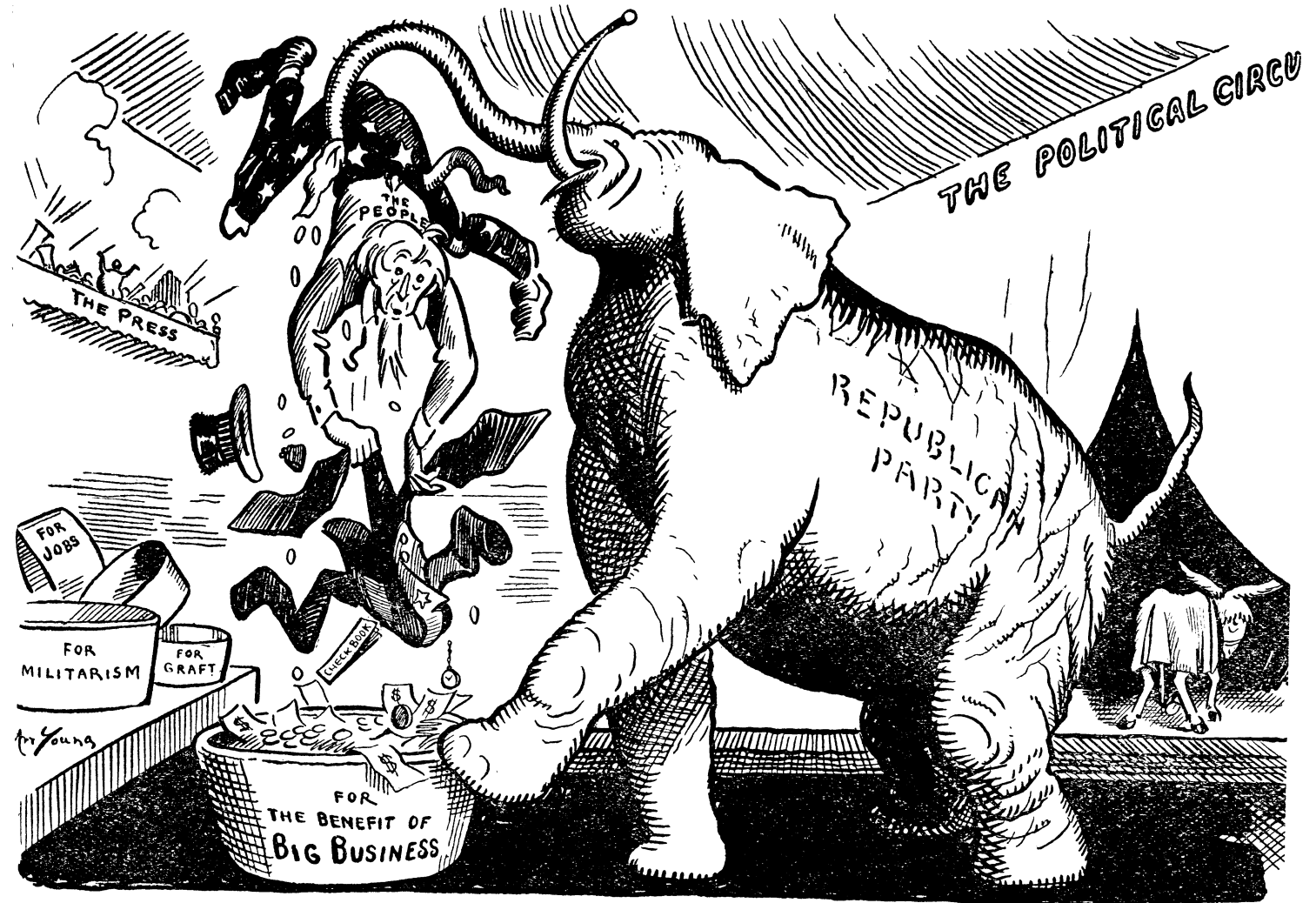


APRIL 1, 1921.

15 Cents

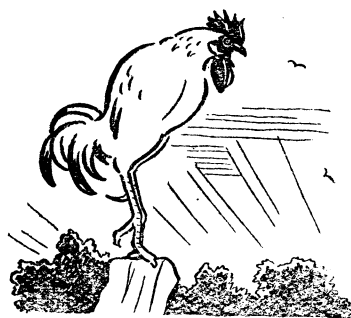
# Good Morning

Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



The Shake-Down

“Ambassadors and Such” in this number



## Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo-oo!

Our favorite fowl is working himself into a frenzy about our birthday anniversary. We're two years old.

Spring is here. The dogwood is barking, the crocusses are croaking, the beans are stringing, the jasmines are jazzing, the lilacs are lying, radishes are getting red and already the modest violets are wild.

Well anyway, whatever blooms in the spring is celebrating. So are we. And we want you, too, to come along and caper at

## GOOD MORNING'S SPRING CAPER

(Costume Dance)

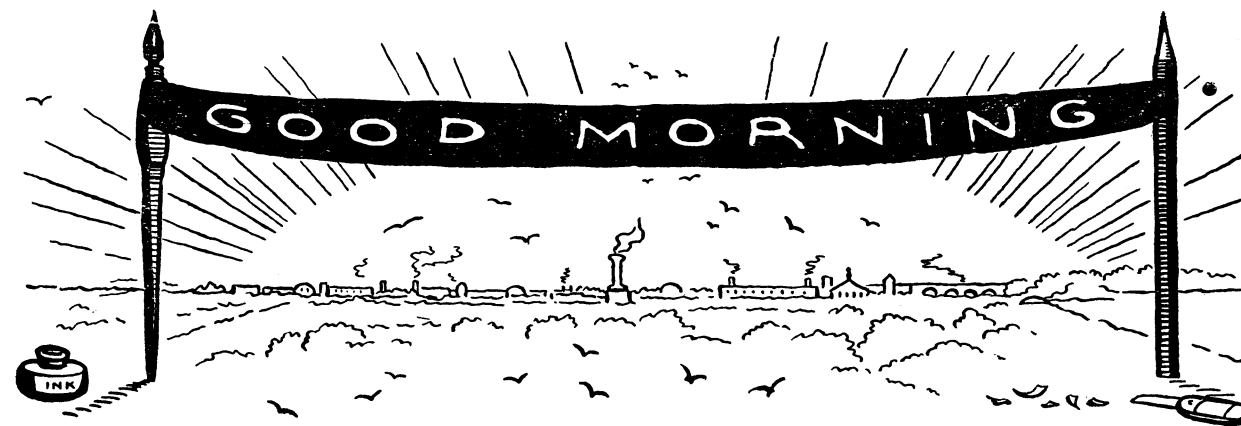
on Friday Evening, April 22nd, 1921

at Tammany Hall

14th Street near 3rd Avenue.

Tickets \$1.00 in advance—\$1.50 at the door.

More news anon. But dont wait—send for your tickets now!



Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,  
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 6.

April 1, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

## Fair and Warmer

"We must have an adequate navy," says GOOD MORNING's favorite president. Everybody can get aboard this sentiment, from Admiral Firewater who wants one equal to any other two in the world, down to the fellow who thinks an adequate navy is one dinky tugboat named "The Mudhen."

On top of the charge that the churches are embracing Christianity comes Sam Gompers' vicious indictment of the International Federation of Trade Unions for favoring the interests of the working class. How much better it would be if people would think kindly thoughts, if any, like Mr. Harding.

The white-collar slaves are getting restless and busting into full page ads. It is feared that this can mean only one thing—the fall of Troy, N. Y.

Look who's here in the proposed triple alliance against Russia—Poland, Rumania and Hungary. Maybe they mean "Cripple Alliance."

The controversy between Judge Landis and Senator Dial has quieted down, to my personal regret. There were heavy casualties on both sides and nothing but innocent pleasure for the bystander.

Wall Street is selling long-term bonds yielding eight per cent and upwards. The poor we have with us always, but the rich look kind of permanent, too.

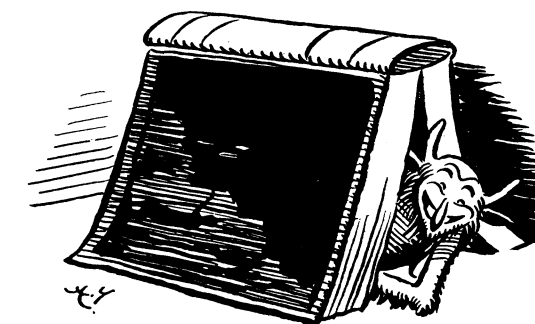
There is a serial story running in the papers involving the carrying-on of some very lofty and solvent people. The movie rights should be worth consideration — "Low Life Above Stairs."

Art note from the N. Y. Times: "This large picture of the new administration is arranged so as to be easily framed and will make an attractive picture." Hung on the wall, this cabinet photograph will make you forget all your other troubles.

Our scientists are developing a substance which can be dropped upon a city and instantly abolish its inhabitants, including children. The new Congress must take steps to protect our infant poison industry from the pauper chemists of Europe.

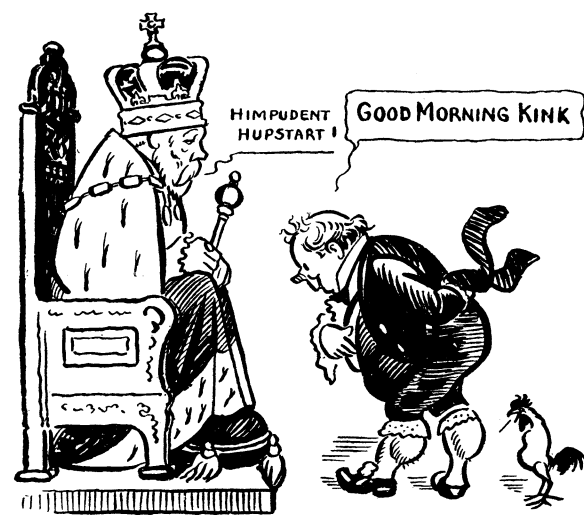
The doctors got the better of that case of "talking sickness" in Michigan but they are frankly worried about what may happen in Washington in April.

Howard Brubaker.



## Ambassadors, Editors and Such

By Art Young

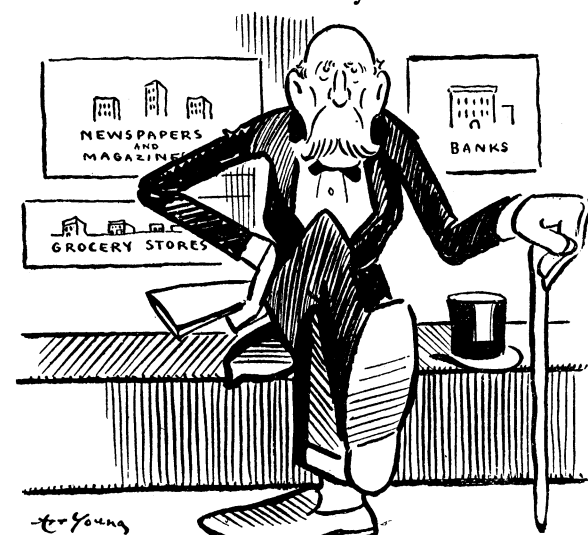


As a potent influence in the back to normalcy movement, it was but natural that I expected Mr. Harding to appoint me to some post of becoming honor. An ambassadorship with plenty of leisure, dignity and salary is what appealed to me most.

Friends close to the President had assured me that there was a chance that I would be made minister to the court of St. James. If they could once get the ear of the President it would be easy. Your editor was pleased at the outlook. He had pictured himself in knee-panties, bowing to His Majesty King George and dancing the woggle-woggle with the Queen's lady-in-waiting, if she could wait long enough between woggles. I had fancied myself living in Mr. Morgan's house, the house that he promised to give to the Government for its Ambassador. I even went to the extent of learning to bow correctly.

But something went wrong. It may have been caused by my insistence that I edit GOOD MORNING and run the United States in England at the same time. At this writing it looks as if an editor, with a stronger pull would get the appointment. We have nothing against Col. George Harvey or anybody else who may be delegated to shine at the social functions of British royalty and we hope Mr. Harding has made no mistake, but we can't help feeling that he has lost an opportunity to give a touch of social distinction and cultural significance to his administration at the start.

Frank A. Munsey, another editor, is talked of for an ambassadorship to one of the allied countries and the question arises, "Is not one country too small for Mr. Munsey's mental scope? Has he not proved himself to be possessed of one of those masterful "directing minds"? Mr. Munsey owns a chain of grocery stores, several newspapers, magazines and a bank or two. We suggest that Mr. Munsey be made an ambassador to at least three countries, say Italy, Denmark and Turkey. Checho-Slovakia, Fiume and the Island of Yap might later come under Mr. Munsey's jurisdiction, as a further test of his versatility.



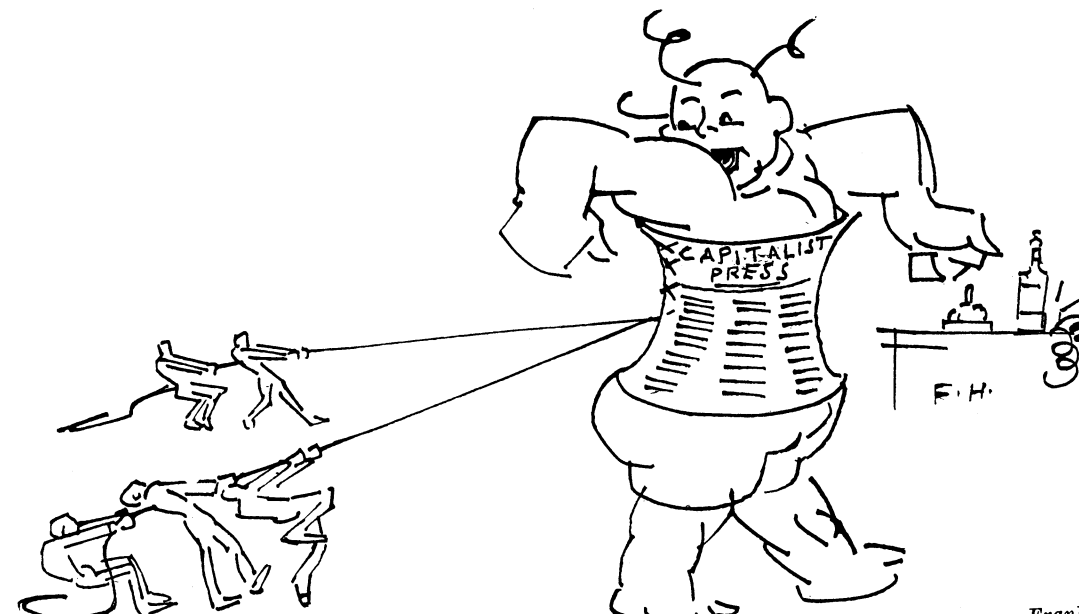
Too Much Munsey  
An Ideal

I want to live in a world where 100 warships, costing \$200,000,000, will not be paraded before a city too poor to feed its hungry school children; to live in a world where the opinion of long dead grandfathers, inscribed in constitutions, will be of less consequence than the mangled arms and limbs of the destitute women and children of our factory workers; where breaker boys will not be permitted in coal mines; where it will be criminal to place little children in canneries, chemical vats, glass mills, or phosphorous factories.

I want to live in a city where daily wages of women and girls will support life; where the loss of a job means something else than street starvation.

I want to live in a world that thinks of its people rather than of business, of consumers rather than producers, of users rather than makers, of tenants rather than owners; in a world where life is more important than property and human labor more valuable than privilege.

—Frederic C. Howe.



Frank Hanley

"Big Biz," the vamp, making up for her new movie, "Almost Within the Law."

## Making War Safe

These be great days. War at last has been made impossible. To be sure, we all remember those other great days before Anno Domini 1914 when war had likewise become impossible. But war was not so impossibly impossible as it is today.

It has all come about through poison gas. The *New York Times*, which should be an authority on the matter of poison gas, tells the story. The new gas invented by our chemical geniuses is said to be one hundred times more deadly than any that was used in the late unpleasantness. Not that a victim will be one hundred times more dead but there will be one hundred times more of them.

Three drops from an aeroplane will kill a man, says this account. We can readily believe it. As for us, we are determined not to take more than two; and anyone who wants to spring another on us will have to find us first. We are not unpatriotic and we don't want any word of ours to interfere with enlistment, but we know about how many drops from an aeroplane we can thoroughly digest.

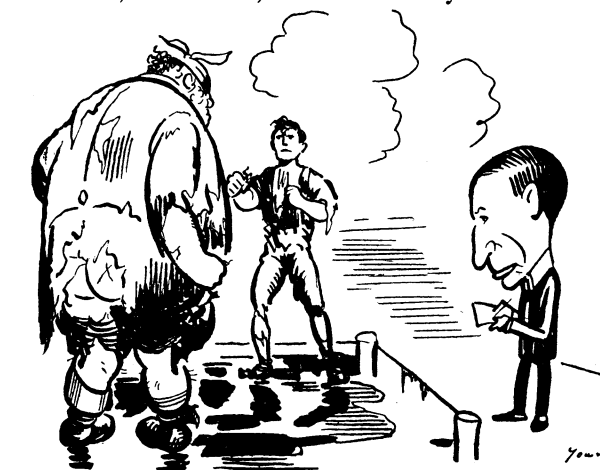
As we re-read the statistics, we gather that the man isn't dropped from the aeroplane. It is some chemical that is dropped and the gas does the rest. Each aeroplane is to be equipped with four tons of this chemical; and the reader may figure out for himself what four tons of these knock-out drops will do.

It becomes obvious that war simply can not

be carried on. Half a dozen aviators could destroy a continent; and with a few million of them on the job, our supply of continents would soon run out.

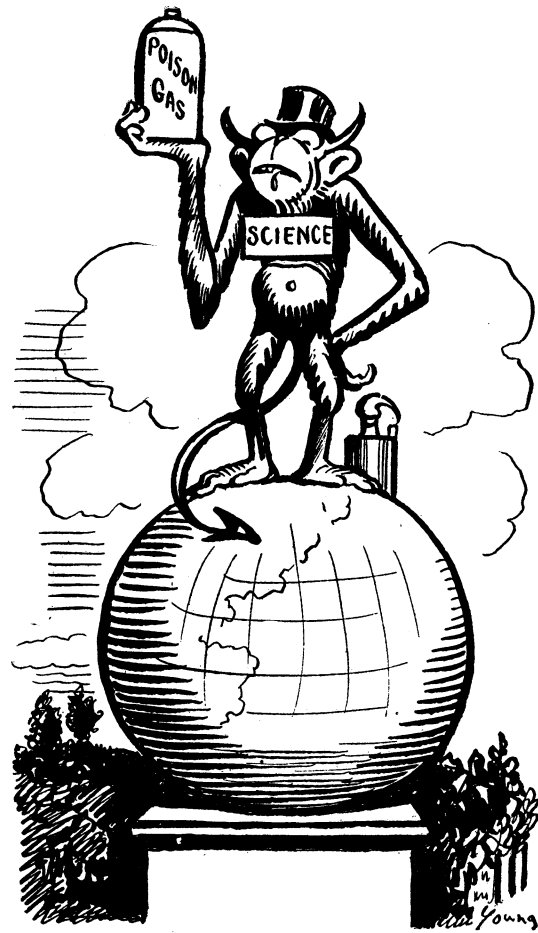
There is only one hope. That is in the protective garment which another branch of our War Department has simultaneously invented. Every combatant is to wear one and it will cover him completely. If he doesn't keep his shirt on, he'll get hell from the heavens; but when he's once dressed to kill, he himself will be invulnerable.

And all the combatants in the next war will be dressed to kill. Only the civilian population, therefore, need have any fear.



## Sporting Note

Wm. Hard, writer for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, is acting as referee in the match between Battling John Bull and Kid Ireland.



### Suggestion for a Statue

If you shuddered when you heard that the German imperialists were using poison gas in an effort to win the war, let's see if you shudder when our American imperialists use superpoison, improved to cause more torture than the German brand, to do the job on a larger scale, and to make it the poisonest annihilator of masses of people known to man.

We suggest a statue to modern science (especially American science) for its services in the cause of destruction. We simply must be prepared to hate any nation of people the imperialists tell us to hate and be ready to annihilate them.

First you've got battleships to fight with; then you've got torpedo boats to sink the battleships; then you've got torpedo destroyers to sink the torpedo boats and so on till your head spins.

Reminds us of the old recipe for taking a grease spot off the carpet. Put a mustard plaster on the grease-spot, then cut a hole in the carpet to get the plaster off.

### In Quest of the "Big Idea"

I am a Red, a Bolshebob angel from Bolshebobia, cast unwittingly and somewhat reluctantly among you good Americans. My seraph superior forced this unpleasant mission upon me.

I am here in quest of your "Big Idea"—the great American Ideal, whatever or wherever it may be. My country and my people seek the best in the industrial and art marts of the world. We have adapted your steel bridges and skyscrapers because we find them superior to our own domestic products, but until lately, it never occurred to us that you had anything in the shape of original ideals. In fact it might never have occurred to us at all if it hadn't been for one of your national press agents—a secretary of your Chamber of Commerce, I believe. He visited our country for a short time and said that we would never get on until we got the "Big Idea."

He seemed rather hard put to it to explain just what he meant by the phrase and said that it was a thing which could not be explained, as it was only perceptible to the feelings; that he had often felt it best at the height of a bull market on steel or at the climax of a get-rich-quick story at his Rotary Club banquet.

Though my official superiors are an extremely critical clique of statesmen, your press agent so aroused their curiosity that they immediately despatched me by aeroplane here to your shores to verify the report. My sky pilot, who knew of my mission, being somewhat of a wag, said that in the few short visits that he had made to this industrious pioneering country he had sat in on some Big Business banquets. The only ideals he heard voiced, so he said, were those of profits and frenzied production.

In the lobby of my hotel, I met last night a man who said he was in the "advertising line." I thought if ever there was a person who ought to be articulate on this "Big Idea", surely he must be my opportunity. I had only been in conversation with him a few minutes before he just oozed over with the glories of the advertising cult as a medium for the expression of American ideals. I suspected right off, as he exulted over the copy of a pill adver-

tisement, that he was vociferous but not articulate. He seemed to have the two things badly mixed up. I discovered later that all press agents have this affliction.

The following day I met by chance in the Pullman dining car, a great manufacturer of motor cars. One of the "biggest" in the line, so he told me. Well, here I thought again is a chance to catch the "Big Idea" on the wing. I was informed that all the active ideals of American life were embodied in its business system. There may be a few dormant in your churches and universities, but these it might be inexpedient to disturb. Well, fate had placed right before me at table one of your most distinguished business men, a great manufacturer and a man quoted in all of your popular magazines as a "business man of ideals and ideas." Perhaps he might have it among his stock in trade. A well known trade-journal said that his motor engines functioned on American ideals. I thought it wise to broach my quest not too abruptly; begin by commenting upon the weather and so forth. We were passing a beautiful stretch of lake country. I ventured an opener on the scenery:

"The hills across the bay fuse majestically into the gold of the lowering clouds. The water on the lake—notice the silver ripples roll and gleam in the sun. That farmer's cottage over there in the valley nestles so comfortably against the brow of the overhanging hill."

My neighbor, the great manufacturer, looked up at me from his newspaper and grunted something like "Great country, great country," repetition meaning approval. I plunged right into my quest, the "Big Idea."

"What's the big idea behind the American people, as voiced by its spokesmen, you business leaders?"

He was very polite and obliging indeed, but after watching him struggle with some stale phrases from yesterday's newspaper headlines, I knew that I was not quizzing at the proper source. I could have picked up his opinions at any way-station for the price of the morning newspaper. It wouldn't do. I must have them first hand. I dropped off at the terminal station of a big city.

I hastily bought a daily paper and rushed off to interview its editor, hot on the trail of the "big idea."

I found him in his Sanctum Sanctorum, a partitioned closet about five by eight. That same day he had designed and revamped the program of the business administration in Washington. For ten years he supplied American statesmen with their campaign shibboleths. For many more years he had tipped great financiers on bear and bull markets. His second assistants had supplied American mothers with moral, religious and cooking recipes. His cub sensation-hounds had kept the primitive instincts of this great city's inhabitants vicariously supplied with murder thrills and divorce filth. Large and windy phrases oozed from his pen. His shrewd, fishy eyes flew in hectic glee across the sheets of foolscap. Here indeed was a diseased genius. I looked and saw the light. Here was the gargantuan father of the "Big Idea." But he was not an American. He was not even a human creature. He was the myth called Public Opinion in some strange, grotesque and horrible form, the giant toad that the American people had swallowed.

Adieu, sorry, very sorry, Sir. I thought I was on the trail of something noble, something big.

A. D. S.



Public Opinion

### THE QUIET LIFE

Bored Wife: "I wish a friend would come to see us."

Ditto Husband: "Yes, or even an enemy."



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Twice a Month by

GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.  
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Edited by ART YOUNG L. C. GOLLOMB, Bus. Mgr.

April 1, 1921

## Capitalist Feudalism

In the days of feudalism, towns were built around castles and the Count of the castle ruled the town.

The story is told of one of them who used to yoke his vassals to the plow to till his lands. When they complained of not having enough to eat, he told them to go fill themselves with grass.

Wherein does feudalism differ from our American capitalism?

Go into Pennsylvania. Above the grime and smoke is the castle on the hill. In the valley are the hovels of the wage-slaves. The same is true of most industrial towns.

When the employer of today, for any cause satisfactory to himself, shuts down his mill or factory, are his workers any better off than were the serfs of the feudal lord? Even an appetite for grass would not help much where the smoke and gas in the valleys of mining towns kills vegetation.

If it were character, honesty and superior intelligence that lived in the castle, one might feel a certain justification for the one who is nearer Heaven. But who is there to say that Mike and Jim, Giovanni and Ole and all the rest who live in the hovels are not "superior", from the ethical point of view. If the men who gain political and commercial dictatorship in this capitalist world are "superior", let us pray for the dictatorship of the "inferior". Most thinking people are willing to take their chance with any system but our present Capitalist Feudalism.

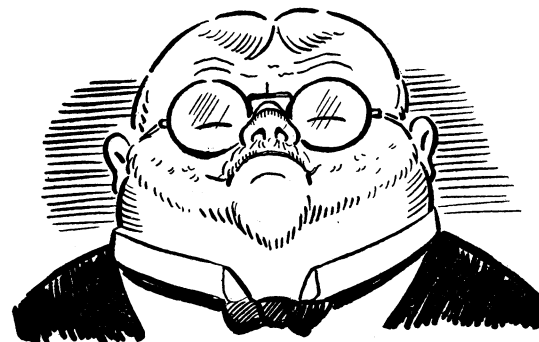
## His Credo

A gentleman from Detroit who sent us fifteen cents for a sample copy of GOOD MORNING wants us to make no mistake about what he stands for. From his letter we learn that "Near, or all his relatives (as far as he knows) and near all his friends and acquaintances are afflicted with Cohalanitis, Toryism, Imperialistic and Capitalistic and Hardingism, some Cox. So he is among and was born among these kind of people and in addition High-collared style. (We are quoting his letter.) So he is the only one that is radical like. He is for worker's freedom and freedom for all nations large and small, even Haitians, Fillipines and those mistreated by our own country. His mother is socialistic and they are both as near socialistic as their religion permits, then their socialism and radicalism after that. They don't believe in free love and children, etc., belonging to the state or having schools done away with. None of these things, but he is against open shop, Palmer, Gompers or anything versus freedom of workers and churches and freedom of nations. He doesn't believe in Capitalism, but is against property being taken from owners. He is a Sinn Feiner and a friend of Farmer Labor Party, for boycotts, against English, Japanese and foreign goods except Irish and Indians"—here our typewriter balked.

But anyway, we thought you folks who read GOOD MORNING would like to know that at least a five-hundred-thousandth part of Detroit's population is up and doing.

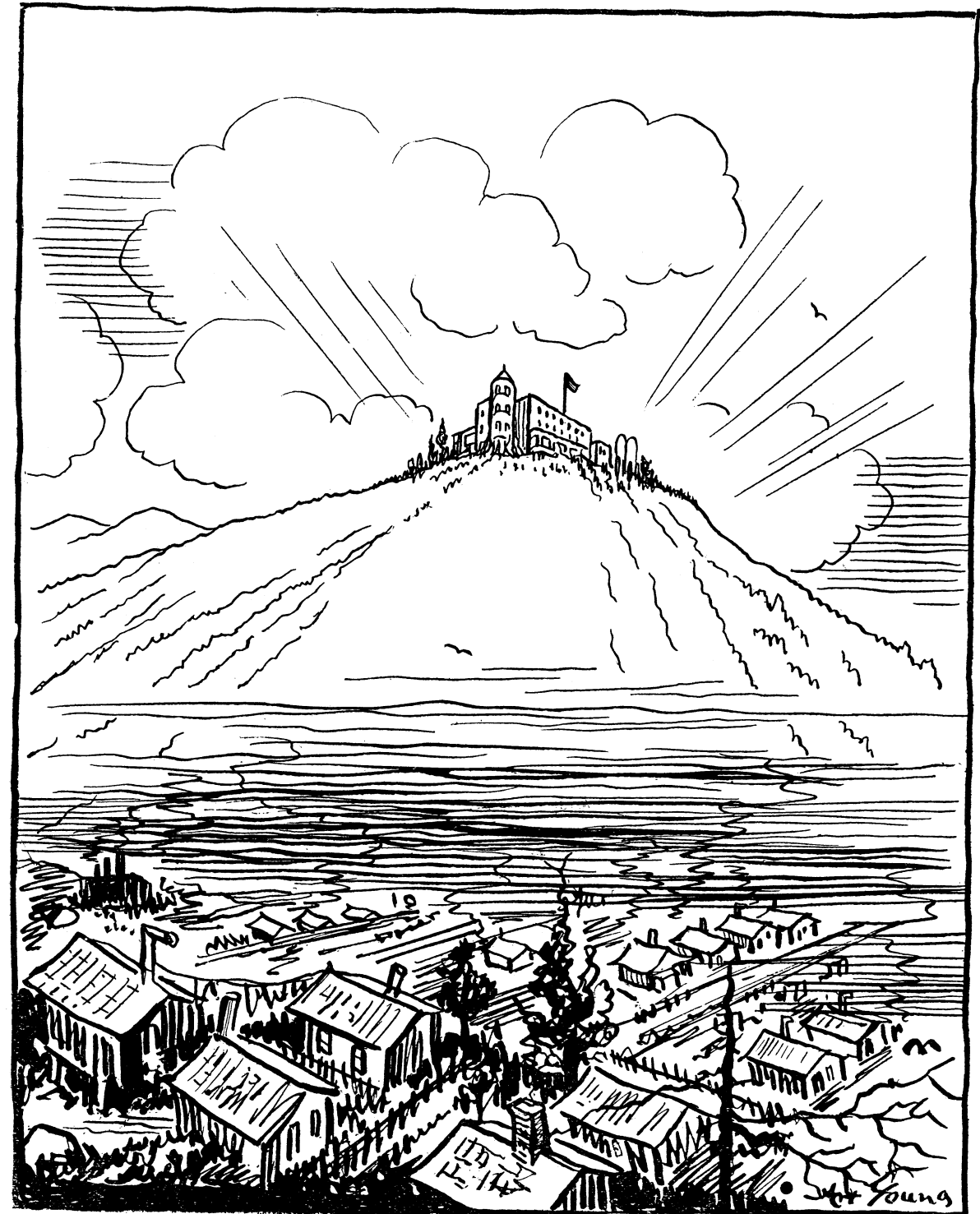
### How to Cure Bolshevism

No. 14



KARL MUDDLECHUMP

*Helsingfors, Finland.* — Karl Muddlechump, head of the Foreign News Service of this city, says he still believes that the way to cure Bolshevism is to spread the news at least once a week that the Russian Soviet Government has fallen. He says it keeps the monarchists and capitalists of the world hopeful. "Besides," Mr. Muddlechump said thoughtfully to our representative, "Lenin may believe it himself if we keep diligently at it."



## Capitalist Feudalism

(See Editorial)



Russia: How often have I got to tell you that I won't "set" on your bad eggs

### Charlie Chaplin As a Proletarian Pilgrim

Charlie Chaplin's film, "The Kid," was just beginning when a lone middle-aged woman came in and sat down immediately in front of GOOD MORNING's head motion picture critic. She was one of those women who, from behind, look so round and mellow, but who, from in front, look like a flinty section of the Hudson River Palisades. She wore spectacles and she glared around as if her habitual attitude was one of non-approval.

When Charlie and his platypus feet came galumphing out for the first time, the audience responded with one of those yells of anticipatory ecstasy that is Charlie's immortal privilege to evoke, but the old lady did not emit even a slight rumble. Even when Charlie became definitely stuck with the abandoned baby, her face relaxed about as much as that of a competent Egyptian mummy.

But when Chas. patted the little kid from below as the infant swung in its sling and immediately afterward sought a towel, the old lady broke loose with a whoop that rattled the seats and probably strained her interior supports. She was doubtless Somebody's Mother and that gesture woke Memories.

Chaplin can do these things. In the face of his epic antics, grouches dissolve and are washed away and one's sins are borne off on the flood of his mighty humor.

"The Kid" indicates that Charlie had quit making fillums and has begun the creation of motion picture classics. The sources of his power are numerous but one can detect a few of them. Charlie is great because he is the Immortal Hobo, the Pilgrim Proletarian wandering through a world wilderness thick with misfortune and beset by avalanches of hard luck. His fairest dreams wind up in a garbage can and his fondest ambitions are dispersed by the policeman's boot.

Charlie remains human no matter what the settings are. But he is more than human. He is human nature itself, as we know it, under the slave system which by editorial writers is called "civilization." He is Man Under Capitalism—tricky, blustering, cowardly, boastful, fawning, generous, pathetic, ready to exploit his fellows, eternally grotesque, and ever hopeful.

*The Phagocyte.*



**THE POOR FISH SAYS:** He doesn't take much stock in religion but he thinks that going to church is good business.

### A Prophecy by Victor Hugo

We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen over and heavy wagons roll across its surface. The streets extend before us, there is buying and selling, laughter and dissonance; all possible activities are going on, faint fires are lighted over the water that has turned to granite. It is winter; there is ice, and it seems as if this condition of affairs were permanent. A continuous pale light illumines the sky, and it is as if the sun had been extinguished. . . but no, you are not dead, oh liberty! At the moment you are most forgotten, the moment your return is least expected, you will suddenly arise—a blinding vision! Your radiant glance, your invigorating heart will again come to life over this dead mass of ice that has been trodden and become defiled. Can the peoples hear this crumbling, threatening, promising resonance? It is the river Neva breaking up its coat of ice. You said it was granite, and behold it splinters like broken glass. It is the great thaw, I tell you. It is water come to life. Water in its powerful joy and its frightful wrath. Progress once more begins. Humanity continues its onward march. It is a river which now unobstructed again pursues its course, tearing up by the roots, smashing to bits, crushing and drowning in its waves, not only the Empire of the upstart Emperor Nicholas, but also all the relics of ancient and modern despotism. Do you see that bit of furniture floating along there? That is the throne. Over there some other pieces of wood are being carried along. That is the gallows. Do you see that book, half of it submerged? That is the codex of the old morality and law of capitalism. And what are these crows' nests that have just gone down? They are the barracks in which the wage slaves live. All these things are being dragged down and washed away; never to return. And what was required to bring about all this—this incomparable victory of life over death? But one of your glances, oh, Sun! But one blow of your mighty arm, oh, Labor!

### Nonchalance

*There is a brown-gray body  
Peeling through my window,  
Hopping on the sill,  
Picking on the sill,  
To a tripping little cadence  
Of a chirrup and a trill.*

*There is rancor rasping on the street below,  
Creaking in the mill  
Shrieking in the mill  
But nothing seems to trouble  
The titter from the bill.*

*There is anger on the walks  
And in every blow an echo,  
Fingers clutch and tongues command "Kill!"  
But the brown little throat  
Flutes the trickle of a rill.*

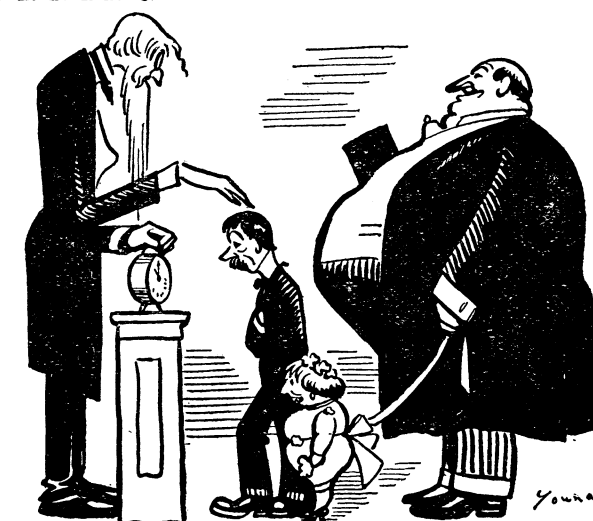
*There is God in the heavens  
With thunder for His foe,  
Beneficent and brutal in His will;  
But the gray-brown body  
Hopping on the sill  
Picks up another crumb  
And chirps another trill.*

S. A. de Witt.



"SPRING CAPER"  
(Good Morning's Ball, April 22nd. See notice elsewhere.)

Drawn by Sil. Hou. Ette.

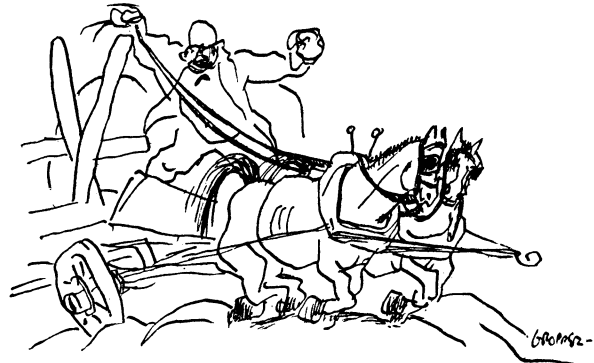


### Marriage Notice

Miss Low Wages and Mr. Nonunion Worker were married at the home of the bride, Industrial Centres. Mr. Profit Employer, the father, gave the bride away without any ceremony. The Rev. Longer Hours blessed the union.

Scandal mongers are circulating the rumor that the couple are not happy, the newly-wed husband has been caught flirting with pretty Miss Join D. Union. The bride's father, however, is reported to be opposed to any talk of divorce.

G. B.



One horse to the other: "Oh, don't mind his cursing. Let's keep our backs turned on him."

## Dictionary

**WORKER:** One who works.

**EMPLOYER:** One who lets other people work—sometimes.

**OPEN SHOP:** A shop that is open part of the time.

**CLOSED SHOP:** A shop that is closed part of the time.

**FIFTY-FIFTY:** Splitting the proceeds of a bad bargain between those who want to work and those who won't let them.

**NORMALCY:** The situation which produced the World War.

**MODERN SCIENCE:** The body of knowledge, discovered since Francis Bacon's time, which has made it possible for people working collectively to produce many times what they could produce individually before.

**CAPITALISM:** The superstition which has made it impossible for the people to get any benefit from this multiplication of their producing power.

**UNEMPLOYMENT:** A peculiar religious rite performed periodically by the devotees of Capitalism. Its chief features are prayer (for work) and fasting; with human sacrifices of those the worshippers love best.

**CONSERVATIVE:** One who avoids any entangling alliance with scientific truths.

**LIBERAL:** One who tolerates truth in small doses; who admits, for instance that  $2 \times 2 = 4$  but insists that the multiplication table should not be carried too far.

**EXTREMIST:** One who isn't afraid to read the whole multiplication table and insists that water not only runs down hill but all the way down.

## Anyone Can Do It

It is a lucrative enterprise nowadays—that of going to Russia and returning with material for the capitalist papers. The material should run about like this: "I stopped at a hotel in Moscow. Right across the street from my window I saw a dead dog. I spoke to the manager of the hotel about it and wrote to Lenin but received no reply. It was not removed for two days.

"I am very fond of coffee. I don't like tea. One morning it was served to me cold. When I protested and told the waiter what I thought of a revolution that lacked the first essentials of efficiency, he laughed in my face. O, if I could only make it plain to my friends who have radical ideas that good government is a question of efficient brains, etc., etc."

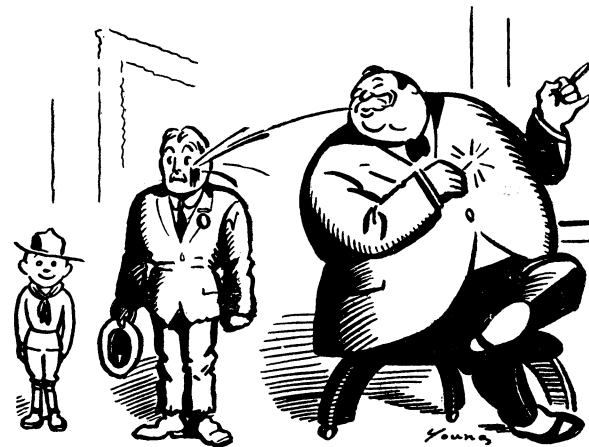
"I have a friend with great influence."

"Yes?"

"He certainly has a pull. Why, that man can stand on a street corner and just by a wave of the hand he can stop one street car out of five."

"Now that the Russian Government has changed", says a Washington dispatch, "we may resume trade relations."

Sneaking back to normalcy.



The N. Y. Daily News investigated the situation in New York and found that employers and employment agencies do not want ex-service men.

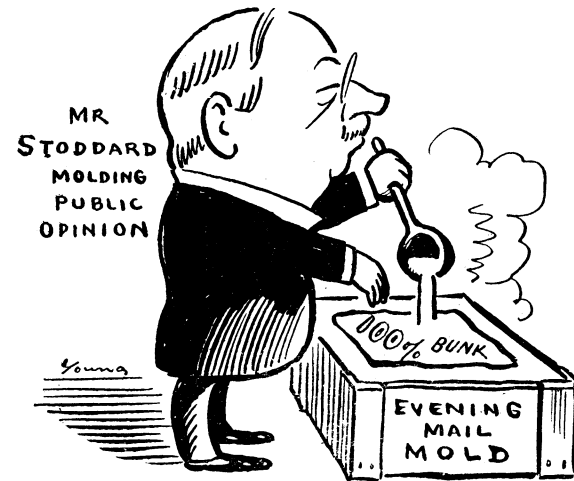
Employer (to ex-service man): We can't use you.—But I'm glad to see your boy is going to be a soldier—we may need him in the next war."



SPRING FLOWERS

Drawn by Alice Beach Winter





It may have been noticed that GOOD MORNING is fond of our moulders of Public Opinion. One reading of an article by Henry F. Stoddard (or his editorial writers) of the *N. Y. Evening Mail*, will prove to any fair-minded reader how fortunate we are in having a man with such a grasp of fundamental economics, a man so fraught with knowledge, a man with so much vision, so much—what are you laughing at?

A writer in the *Times* says the Allies should not allow the dye industry in Germany to exist. Something to that. If we stop German dyes, the American dyes can run faster.

### Fickle Reflections

Some people love liberty so much that they won't permit others to share it.

\* \* \*

A cut in wages is the most unkindest cut of all.

\* \* \*

A denial by a political grafter seems to him to be as good as an explanation.

\* \* \*

The real crank cannot be turned.

\* \* \*

Philosophy is a poor balm for an empty stomach.

\* \* \*

Some people are a thousand years behind the times and so they imagine that it is socialism which is a thousand years ahead.

\* \* \*

Losing your life is not nearly so bad as selling it, body and soul.

\* \* \*

There are those who are forever changing, yet seldom improving.

Louis Weitz

### Friend J. C. and Propertee

(This is the story of Zach and Nick And Jesus Christ of the Communist clique, Zach—the Publican and the sinner And Nick—the Republican and the skinner.)

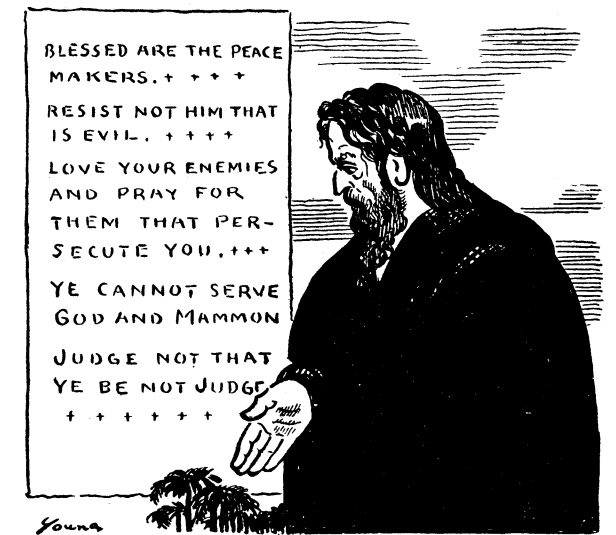
Friend J. C. and you and me And all of us Don't make no fuss About the rights of propertee, Because we aint got any. See?

Friend Jesus told one Zachee-us That he might be better and couldn't be wuss If he gave away his propertee; And danged if Zach did not agree To clothe the naked and feed the poor And call the hoboes to his door, But Zachee-us was an exception Like a communist at election.

One night there came—on a spirichool spree— A whiskered guy named Nicodee Who told J. C. he liked his line And thought the parable was fine And hoped the gang would up and jine. Old Nicodee the Pharisee, Lousy with rank and propertee, Liked the line but couldn't agree To amputate his propertee.

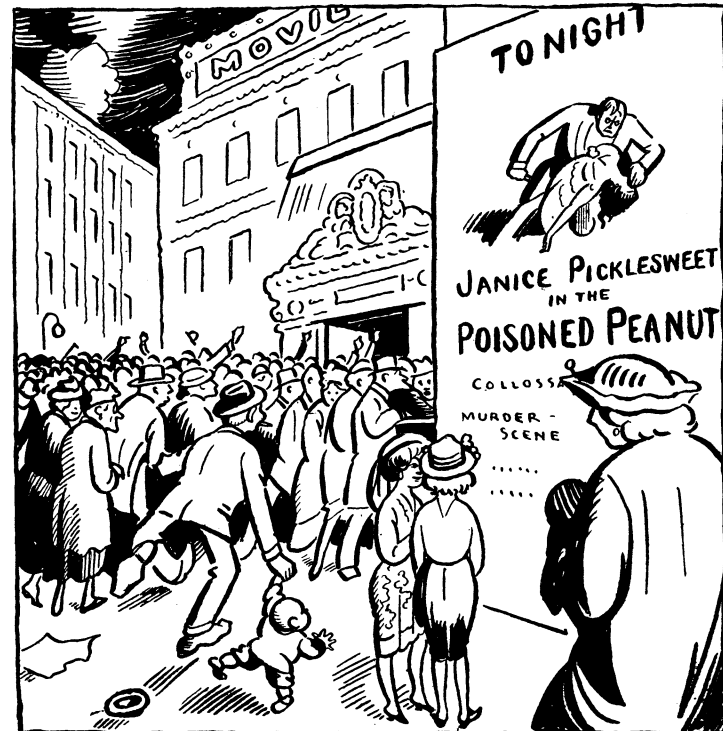
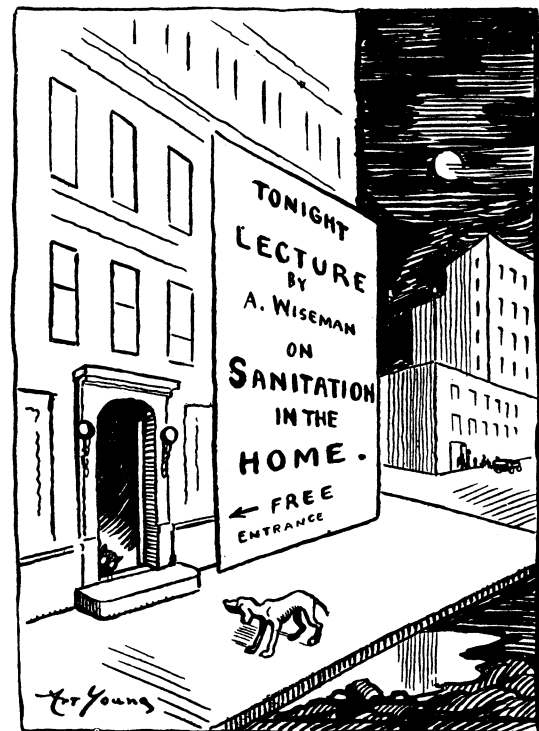
But Friend J. C. and you and me And all of us Don't make no fuss About the rights of propertee, Because we aint got any. See?

Art Shields.



Most of our readers are aware that during the war, the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence were under ban of the law; that is to say, persons who circulated reprints from these documents were brought before the courts and convicted of seditious conduct. This seemed rather remarkable; but an even more remarkable fact has now come to light. The Association to Abolish War is reprinting and circulating the Sermon on the Mount in a four-page leaflet. This is headed by the caption "Now It Can Be Printed"; and an explanatory note is added, stating that late in 1917, a member of the Association proposed to print the Sermon on the Mount, without note or comment, for free distribution. The secretary of the Association, Mr. Wilbur K. Thomas, was officially informed that such a procedure would be regarded by the Department of Justice as "pro-German." How is that for high?

—The Freeman.



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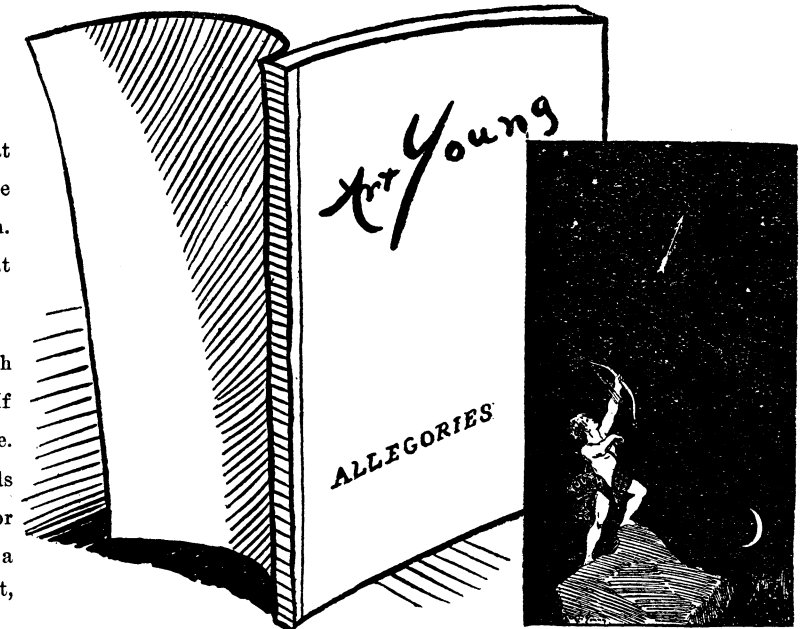
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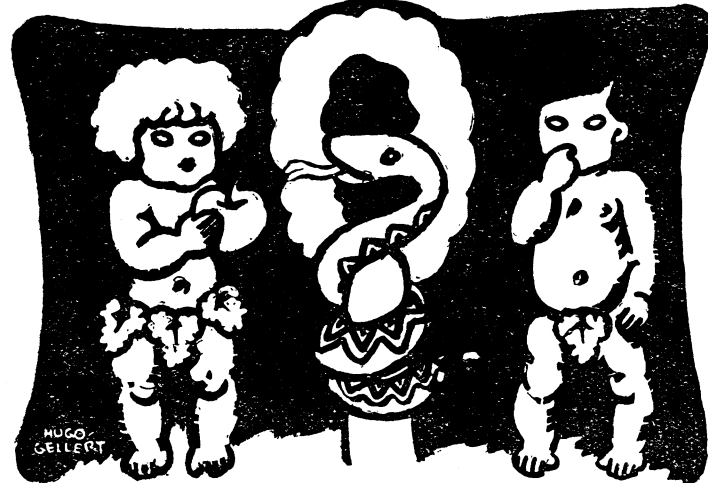
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