Your Newsdealer Is Human

HE WILL RESPOND TO POLITENESS.
IF YOU SAY
"GOOD MORNING"
TO HIM, HE WILL RESPOND IN A WAY THAT WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY FOR A WEEK.
TRY IT AND KEEP ON TRYING IT.

THE COUPONS ARE FOR THOSE WHO PREFER TO LEAVE THE MATTER TO US AND BURLESON

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GOOD MORNING

GOOD MORNING

UP!

Sugar is up!
Who put it up?
"Not I," says the Cup,
"In me it's resolved
Sugar trusts are dissolved—
Not I," says the Cup,
"I'd not put it up,
"If she did," says the Sancer,
"I'd quickly divorce her."

Eggs have gone up!
Who put them up, then?
"Not I," says the Hen,
"For I fear if they fell
They might shatter their shell,
So I lay them down soft
In my nest in the loft—
Not I," says the Hen,
And she cackled again.
"If she did," says the Cock
"I would give her a knock!"

Honey is up!
Whose fault do we see?
"Not mine," says the Bee,
"I pack it in combs
Near the poorest of homes,
In gratifying 'cells'
Where the 'loving' herd dwells
So the fault," says the Bee,
"Can't be traced back to me."
"If it could," says the Drone,
"I'd soon alter your tone."

Flour is up!
Who had it increased?
"Not I," says the Yeast,
"I've raised it no more
Than for centuries before;
I'd not raise it on souls
Who knead it for rolls."
"If she did," says the Powder
For Baking, "I'd crowd her."
Thus the Cup and the Bee and the Hen all disputed,
And the charge that they'd done it was stoutly refuted.
So it seems that the trick
Was the work of Old Nick.
—William Wallace Whitelock.

The Worldwide Millennium

The economists and business men and trade experts tell us that it is favorable to a nation to send out of the country more goods than are brought in. That of course applies to all country alike, to Christian, Mohammedan or Buddhist. The millennium, therefore, can only come upon this benighted earth when each country is sending away more than it gets back which as the geometers would say, is absurd.

COL. ROUGH: (After two years of war.) "Pardon me, I know the things dead, but I just can't take any chances."
PHARISEES
MAY THEIR TRIBE DECAY!

CERTAIN men went up into the temple to pray.
The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.
And the Roman Catholic stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, ignorant, fanatic, accursed, even as this Jew. I am of the True Faith, I go to Mass, I do Penance, I give alms.
The Protestant stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, medieval, benighted, credulous, even as this Papist. I put no faith in Priestcraft or Pagan Mummeries, I read the Book myself, I make my own Creed, I hold the True-Light.
The Theist stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, childish, superstitious, hypocritical, even as this Churchman. I am fairly sure that there is some kind of an Absolute, somewhere, I try to walk about straight and rationally, I rather think there is some sort of a Heaven, somewhere, but I take no stock in this Hell idea.
And the Atheist stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I surely am glad that I do not class up with this bunch! God! Ye gods! What fools these mortals be! Kids! Afraid of a switch that is not, and looking for jam that never was! I am the straight goods myself, to hell with fools and hypocrites!
But the Publican, in all ages, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE CHILDREN
The little little children
They spin all day with care
To weave the web of gossamer
The fine ladies wear.
The little little children
• Stand working all the day
To weave a dainty fabric
For ladies' array.
The little little children
They work into the night
To weave a dainty gossamer
For ladies' delight.

THE SITUATION

THE chief trouble with writing about the Situation is that it does not situate. In these troublous and revolutionary times, the Situation sits even less than in normal and comparatively frictionless times. This is particularly true of the German situation and the French situation and the British situation.
There seems to be more of a real situation in Russia than in any other part of the world. Russia, politically, is as it has been for a year and a half and promises to continue in much the same situation. The various oppositions that menace Russia seem to be less menacing all the time, whereas the growing strength of the Russian regime enables it to do considerable menacing on its own hook.
The time may come when the worthy editor can sit down and write long and learnedly about the Situation in a calm and deliberate manner, but that time has not yet climbed over the horizon.

C. O. W.
NINE Billions of dollars. That is the tidy little sum that the United States will need this year to have the Congressional Record printed and to pay the interest on the public debt and to help save Russia from the Russians and to provide work for the war workers and do all those multitude of things divers and sundry that diligent public servants can invent to keep the public treasury from growing too corpulent. Nine billions of dollars must be found for expenditures already planned. Five billions of dollars are in sight from those most capacious taxation sources which have already been tapped. Four billions of dollars must be raised by some new method or methods which are not too exorcising. That is the story which comes to us from Washington statisticians.

S UDDENLY, however, wide-spreading headlines tell us that bombs are going off in different cities. We presume it is true, but one can never tell about newspaper reports in these days of camouflage. If it is true, how much of the blame shall we charge to the spirit of militarism and the general disregard for law and order that has been so diligently fostered by our newspapers, our statesmen, our intellectuals and other war workers? Of course it was not on the military program that bombs should be distributed about as an aftermath of this European shooting debauch, but they do say that when a devil out of hell breaks loose, he is hard put to do a great deal of unexpected damage before he is again confined. In getting at the bottom of these outrages, the police should begin at the top and work down as far as necessary.

THE friends of Walt Whitman are to be admired for their zeal in taking matters in their own hands with regard to outwitting the authorities and clandestinely placing his bust in the Hall of Fame. But it is a doubtful compliment which they pay the Good Grey Poet by this action. It is questionable whether Walt belongs in the Hall of Fame. The Hall of Fame is altogether too respectable and too exclusive for a guy like Walt. He ought to have a Hall of Fame for himself alone. Or else he ought to be in a Hall of Fame that celebrates the mob. The sponsors for the present structure, however, ought to be extremely grateful to this band of Whitmanites for some very excellent publicity. Many such events and the Hall of Fame will become famous.

T WANT freedom,” cried the Street Corner Orator.

“THERE’s plenty of Freedom,” said the Sugar Magnate. “I can raise the price of sugar or lower it any time I wish.”

“And I can regulate the price of that great commodity known as oil,” said the Oil Magnate.

“And I have all the freedom I wish,” declared the Railroad Man. “There is no limit to the low quality of service that I give the public.”

“Freedom!” sneered the Politician. “There never was so much freedom. The people will stand for anything. We can conscript and tax and oppress and do anything we wish.”

“What do you mean, freedom?” demanded the Policeman cracking the Orator over the head with his club. “Come along with me. Why don’t you do as I do? Not even the Constitution interferes with my freedom.”

O H National Honor! What barbarities are committed in thy name!
The seed  The sower  The Crop
A WORD TO PROPHETS

Curse, if you must, the barbarous past and the unregenerate present, but spare, oh spare, the future.

The future is now about all we really have left to hang our hopes upon. There is absolutely nothing else to look forward to. Let it, therefore, be treated with the respect it deserves. The adage, “if you can’t say anything good of a man, say nothing,” is a good one. It applies equally well to the future. If you can not prophesy something pleasant, go away back and shut up.

Somewhere in the cavernous recesses of the bible, there are gloomy forecasts of “wars and rumors of wars.” These prophesies have been a favorite theme of sanctimonious calamity-howlers throughout the ages. And of course it was all true enough. That is clear to us now. We have certainly had wars and rumors of wars in bounteous plentitude. But that is no justification for harping on the same string until the ultimate limit of time.

Now let us all, including the aforesaid sanctimonious calamity-howlers, join, for as long as possible, in a more optimistic chorus. Let us adopt the joyous assumption that we have had all the wars and rumors of wars that were coming to us. Let us contemplate about peace and rumors of peace. Let the future rest serene as long as possible. If it comes, it proves to have a turbulent and nasty disposition, then it will have nobody to blame but itself. Sufficient unto the day is the turbulence thereof.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

The Poor Fish says he knows you can’t change human nature because he’s tried it.

TAXED

Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream;
When our cash (which we’re encumbered) Leaves us in a steady stream.
Prizes that once soared to Heaven
Never since have shown a break;
Even peace has caused no leaven
In the profits merchants take.
Taxes have been piled on taxes
Till we know not where to turn;
Rent increases—tribute waxes—
Taking every cent we earn.
—Oscar Northway Meyer.

ARTIST: Beautiful sunset this evening.
BOURGEOIS: Oh, it’s all right.

CHILD LABOR

(From “Glimpses of the Perfect Optimist”)

“We must have child labor, don’t you see?”
The Perfect Optimist said to me.
“It’s good for business, extern-a-lee,
I reckon it’s good for the youngsters, too.
Of docile hands there are all too few.
“It’s the land of the free and the home of the brave,
So of course a child can’t be a slave,
And without it you couldn’t make wages behave.
Don’t criticize Business, that’s bad for the nation,
For Me to make money is Civilization.”
—Gertrude Nafe.

SAME OLD VOICE

MEXICO, Japan, Russia, and now Italy, are each being prominently mentioned as the possible locus of another war. In each case however:

“IT’s the Profiteer’s voice.
We have heard him complain.
You have checked me too soon.
Let me plunder again.”

PROLONGED DEBATE

“The time for prolonged debate upon this question is passed,” dramatically declared the Congressman. Thereupon he proceeded to fill forty odd pages of the Congressional with speech to which nobody listened and which fewer read.
WHY, MY DEAR!

(="Phyl" and "Lill" discuss radicalism at a million-dollar hat shop.)

Phyllis: Why, my dear, I believe I'm going to become a Bolshevik.

Lillian: Oh, my dear, why are you doing that?

Phyllis: Why, I've been reading the magazines and they say that the Bolsheviks are naturalizing women. So if you're a Bolshevik you can go anywhere with a nice looking young man without getting into the papers. And I just love John Barrymore!

Lillian: Why, my dear, how exciting!

Phyllis: Besides, when you're a Bolshevik you can wear red, and I love soldiers.

Lillian: Why, my dear, what has red to do with soldiers?

Phyllis: Why, if you wear red, Arthur Guy Empey and his friends will come right over and give you a hard right swing on the jaw.

Lillian: Why, my dear, how fascinating!

Phyllis: By the way, that reminds me they have Debs in jail again.

Lillian: Oh, my dear, how unsanitary! What are they doing?

Phyllis: Why Debs is the man who struck Mr. Fullman.

Lillian: Oh, do you mean that stout gentleman who is going to fight Mr. Dempsey on the Fourth of July?

Phyllis: Oh, no my dear, you're thinking of Mr. Jess Haywood, the champion of the I. W. W.'s.

Lillian: I'm sorry, my dear. When are you going to be a Socialist?

Phyllis: Why, my dear, the point is that I'm undecided whether to join the S. L. P. or the S. P.

Lillian: Why, my dear, what is the difference?

Phyllis: Why, one has an l in it and the other hasn't.

Lillian: Oh, I see. Well, bye-bye, my dear, see you this evening.

Stan Adler.

THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF BOLSHEVISIM

BOLSHEVISIM can not possibly succeed in this country. This is because all the practical men are against it.

As our eye glances scrutinously through Who's Who and kindred lists, we fail to find a single practical man who is not against Bolshevism, heart, soul and practicality.

This ought to be a great source of consolation to those of us who cannot call ourselves practical, but who are none the less conservative.

THE CONSOler

BILL: Don't carry on so 'bout de mischief. Algy. Jest look at the good you hev done.

HYMN TO AN AMETABOLA

* Sweet Master Burleson, Beloved by everyone, To thee we sing, Suppress our forward youth, Our working girls uncoath, Protect us from the north, Dictator - King.

O Burleson, P. G., Of charming dignity, Transmit our mail, But with no undue haste, Have each piece checked and traced, So keep us pure and chaste. Choke them who wait.

—Harrison Hires.

* An ametabola is an insect that never undergoes a metamorphosis.

POLITICAL REPUTATIONS

POLITICAL reputations are cheap. All sorts of men get on top. How? Search them. Search them. Reputation is easily built on ephemeral popular applause and legislative privilege. No other passageway leads to such penuriousness immediately. But these characters whose success is so pragmatically brilliant vanish with as little ceremony. The skies that a minute ago were magnificient with their fireworks are now sponged out in black eclipse. No one ever goes to politicians for essentials. They do the instant things only, the best of them. They're not qualified for long journeys. They get tickets for byplaces. For incidental stations. They never go through anywhere. They're after prizes, not ideals or dreams. They don't make. They mend. They do the best or the worst with things as they are. They are some of them stillful pachyderms. They never create. They never are the first in anything. Trust them not to sail to sea in a rudderless ship. A young fellow who grew up with me, who went to school with me, and who's been what is called successful in politics, sometimes meets me on the street. When he's sober he's serious and reticent. When he's drunk he's still serious though more loquacious. One night he talked tipishly to me on the street corner. "Look me," he asked. "What do you think of me?" I answered his question with another: "You're successful, ain't you?" He looked at me fixedly. "Successful, you call it? I'm rich. Do you call that being successful?" I asked him further. "Don't you? He almost yelled: "I used to. I thought success was riches till I got rich. After I got rich I saw it was failure." Then he added: "Horace, no man can get rich and be a success. To get rich he's got to do too much that he'd never have the check to call success. My friend had made his money in politics. Or, rather, in the commercial enterprises that dictate capitalistic politics. I didn't meet his confession with a "that's so," but said: "It's a disappointing revelation to you, I suppose?" "Yes. Now it's too late." "It's never too late. There's never any too late." He was sick drunk. He only shook his head. "You always keep a chance open for a fellow. But it's too late—too late."

—Horace Traubel.
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TEINLEN, THE ARTIST OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

WAR pictures can be done in two ways—one for the sake of dramatic effect, the other for the sake of humanity. The latter is Steinlen’s way, a very simple way. He sees in war what every man sees. He knows it can be made a swashbuckling spectacle, that he could center his interest on horses and trappings, brilliant uniforms and great pageants. This is not Steinlen’s way. All this is external. He reaches the world through his heart, his work expresses all humanity with a profound understanding and pity.

The fundamental basis of Steinlen’s inspiration is pity, an infinite understanding, an infinite commiseration for the world, expressed with gravity and strength, absolutely without sentimentality, but with every shade of tenderness and delicacy. His is a pity for humanity that is almost naïve. It encompassed his art in Paris before The War when he drew the women of the streets, drawing them never with cruelty or criticism or a sense of superiority, always with a love of humanity saturating his work, rendering it infinitely truthful, infinitely beautiful.

There may be other artists as great technicians as Steinlen. Is there another who encompasses the suffering world with his understanding, who has so completely opened his heart to the sorrows that have enveloped all humanity this last four years?

If it is possible to divide artists interested in war into military painters and war painters, Steinlen must be classed as a painter of war in the biggest sense, with all its heights and depths, its beauty and misery. In all his work the Man who inspires him is “The Man of Sorrows,” the Man who symbolizes the great Peleas. The suffering, the wretched, the resigned all figure in a compassion that seems boundless.

In a spirit like Steinlen, an intelligence directed by the heart, it is not necessary to pass in his work from the social life to the war life. To him there is no difference; the social attributes including love, sorrow, the death of mankind, the birth of children all figure in his art of the trenches, the purely military display has not interested him. What he knows, is the man leaving