Look out for the Proletarian Steam Roller

Revolutionary Charter of the New European Governments

The Old Man—Dearie, something tells me I'm not going to live much longer
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GOOD MORNING!

"GOOD MORNING!" how with gracious nod and smile
You've sped tired man on many a weary mile,
Brightness his day and made it doubly glad,
Brought joy to him who otherwise were sad;
Banished the gloom from many a haggard face,
Caused happiness to shine there in its place,
Touched weary souls as with a magic kiss,
Almost too sweet for such a world as this;
To flinty hearts an open sesame—
A little thing, but much to you and me;
Two simple words, yet you have made a day
And turned the dreary task to one of play.
So here's to you, GOOD MORNING, may you be,
Another boon to tired humanity.

GOOD MORNING

A LAD once started out to seek the end of the rainbow. His eyes were wide with hope, and on his lips was a song merry with youthfulness and the pure joy of living. On the way he met a man whose eyes were tired and whose lips were still. The lad was strangely attracted to him and for many miles they travelled together. One day the stranger asked:

"Boy, whither are you going?"
"I," the boy answered, "Am seeking the rainbow."

When they came to the parting of the ways the stranger kissed the boy upon the forehead and said:

"Lad, when you reach your rainbow of life decision and are forced to make your choice of colors, turn away from the flame for it burns the heart, turn away from the gold for it is as cold as forgotten desire, turn away from the blue for the pain it brings is so exquisite that the possessor weeps silently in the night and knows not why, turn away from the violet for its shades are deep and the possessor sleeps and dreams in the midst of things that might be. The green of the fields is the color you must choose, for that is contentment. Only through contentment will you find happiness."

"Why must I choose?" the boy asked.

"Because," the man smiled sadly, "The rainbow only yields one color, and it is only from the refraction of this one color, that you ever again dream of the meaning of the rest."

"And how do you know this?"
"I," said the stranger, "Am the shadow of all the rainbow seekers. I am allowed to meet each man as he comes and speak these words to each as he passes by. No one has yet believed me."

He turned quickly and disappeared.

The boy smiled confidentially: "I shall get the whole rainbow," he cried, "For I am the Chosen One." — Walter Chapelle.
THE SICK AGES

In the last century and this we've done a lot of nonsense writing about the Dark Ages. As if our age enjoyed any too much or enough light. As if we had anything to brag of and get chesty about. Let's get off our high horse long enough to have a good laugh at our fantastic arrogance.

There's another age to come. And still other ages. And our grandchildren won't bother themselves much about the Dark Ages. They'll write about the Sick Ages. And among the Sick Ages ours will shine in eminence.


The Sick Ages of the body and the soul. The Sick Ages of saviors. Of the doctor to save our bodies. Of the priest to save our souls. Of the critic to save our art. Of the professor to save our culture. Of the bandmaster to save our music. Of somebody to save everything.

The Well Ages will come. Then they'll write of the Sick Ages. About the ages of voodooism masquerading as the conservators of intelligence and prophecy.

The intercessory superstitions will be out of business. No one will be sick. Goodbye to the doctor. No one will worry about good and evil. Goodbye to the priest. Nobody will discuss with anybody else: what is poetry? Goodbye to the literary sophists and criticasters. Nobody will try to cheat anybody else in statecraft. Goodbye to the diplomat. No nation will be jealous of another nation's bigness or be ashamed of its own limits. Goodbye to the warmaster. Commerce will be for service not profits. Goodbye competition.


Sickly sick. Sick as a dog.

The Sick Ages. Let them go. The Well Ages.

Welcome!

It's your turn next, you Sick Ages. Into the dock with you! You've been talking of the Dark Ages as though somehow you had gone way ahead. Why, you've scarcely moved. The Well Ages are due. They'll try you. Convict and sentence you. Execute you. Thank you and execute you. As we have the Dark Ages. We thank them and execute them. Resurrect and transmute them.

The Sick Ages are dead nearly to death. Execute them. They deserve no mercy. Bury them. They deserve no mercy. Can we resurrect and transmute them? Let's try it. They deserve so much mercy.

I see the Well Ages in the foreglow of tomorrow.

-Horace Traubel.

LOVE IN SPRING

(To An Honored Veteran Men Desirous to Remain 161/2, Efficient)

Dreaming of you is none of my business.

You are a luxury I can't afford.

You are, I fear, a kind of a dizziness

Just as when much too much good wine has been poured.

(I've signed the pledge) You are a fixeness

Like soda-pop, or a sort of a whizziness

Like to skylrockets, a sort of a sizziness

Mourn'mg to those by whom champagne's adored.

Dreaming of you is none of my business

You are a luxury I can't afford.

—Gertrude Nafe.

THE SEVEN BURGLARS

Once there were seven Burglars—but two reformed—to the other five formed a League for self protection.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

The Poor Fish says things will probably come out all right in the end, but he doesn't expect to live to see it.

FROM ONE WHO SACRIFICED

GOOD MORNING: I am surprised to notice that my name has been included in the list of pacifists given out by the government. I wish to protest indignantly against this possibly excusable action of the government in associating my honorable name with that of the dishonorable Jane Addams, Frank Harris, Eugene V. Debs and 20 or 30 other numb-skulls and sentimentalists. While it is true that I preached against war, yet I wish to state proudly that when America entered the war I humbled myself and in the greatest haste repudiated every idea I had preached for the previous 40 years. I was and still am a pacifist; but I am a rational pacifist. I am also an American, and I never permit any selfish whim of my own to allow me to suffer from the majoriety. Consequently when the war was thrust upon us and we beheld that never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of every American rushing to the army, I immediately decided no self-sacrifice was too great for me to make for my country. I joined the National Security League and went up and down the nation trying to arouse our people to the necessity for conscription and an army of ten million dollars. I suffered with slow trains, small hotels, fresh eggs and other country food, with being unrecognized and not fully reported, and if it had not been that the League sustained my patriotism by the payment of $25 per lecture, I should not have been able to continue the suffering and sacrifice.

Therefore is my extreme wrath at this unfortunate inclusion of my name with a lot of fool pacifists who have not enough wit to see that circumstances alter cases, and that while it is alright to oppose war when there is no war, it is quite a different matter when the majority (of politicians) decide in favor of it, and when the President says the nation is in danger. At such time it is the duty of steadfast leaders of vision and eloquence to go out and urge men patriotically to defend our country. I saw my duty and I done it and I feel well repaid for my sacrifice.

Courageously yours,

Stebon S. Wyse.
GOOD MORNING

A Weekly Burst of Humor, Sport and Fun With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom.

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JULY 3rd, 1919

GOOD MORNING

CAPITALISM, MONARCHY, SECRET DIPLOMACY.

IT is easy to form a mental picture of the whole thing as faithfully reported in the papers. The revolution of 1917 was in no small part a breathing fire from every nostril and saying “Sign them papers, god darn ye, or by jingo, we don’t know what we will do to you.” So of course there was nothing left to do, but sink all the surrendered battleships, hastily form a new cabinet and sign. And as a result, we have every right to predict that we are going to have Peace, such as it is. That is to say, it is a piece of peace, leaving only thirty or forty subsidiary wars to be settled, to say nothing of that ubiquitous and omnipresent war which is often referred to as the Social Revolution. Hence the slogan of the Revolutionists: The war is dead! Long live the war!

But is certainly enough of a peace to warrant the authorities in going to work in a dilligent manner to clean up all the war mess they can find. They can at least commence to get rid of all the war workers and the war idlers and the war bluffers and the war taxes and the war politicians and the war prices and the war editors and the war fiction and the war entertainers and the war profiteers and the war stocks and the war bonds and the war placards. It is certainly time to clear our parks and public places of recruiting tents and war busts and counters and doughnut factories and organized begging. Let all our breathing spaces and beauty spots be returned to their original and proper uses. Heaven knows they were all too few before the militarists strutted and squatted down. And above all let unsightly recruiting ship be removed from Union Square without further delay. It was always very much out of place and is growing more and more out of place every minute. If the Revolution ever does arrive in New York and that ship is still standing, we should hate to own half of it because somebody is very likely to burn the other half.

And it did gird its loins.

And it did take unto itself mountains upon mountains of debt.

And it did conscript great numbers of its younger men folk.

And it did abandon many of its cherished democratic traditions.

And it did upset its whole industrial and economic life.

And it did send its fighting men and its flighting ships overseas.

And it did win what, in the first flush of success, looked like a glorious Victory.

But when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was seen that the Nation had not won a Victory.

It had won a Bolshevistic.
The Up as Tree
TEACHERS AS THEY ARE TAUGHT

THE Teacher—Where is the seat of the Government?
The Taught—In Woodrow Wilson's chair.
The Teacher—Under our system who can declare war?
The Taught—Only Congress, except against Russia.
The Teacher—In the great war, what was the Czar of Russia?
The Taught—He was our ally.
The Teacher—Yes—and now the Soviet democracy.
The Taught—They are our enemy.
The Teacher—How many legislative Houses are there?
The Taught—Two.
The Teacher—Very good, and what are they?
The Taught—The Court House and the jail.
The Teacher—If one million men work three hundred days for three dollars a day—what do they make?
The Taught—A millionaire.

In Paris—"Wilson—that's all."

D. X. S. are a rare honor; only six in the whole service got them. They stand for "Peticoat Don't Show."

After hearing Martha's explanations of her own decorations I began to have a better understand-
ing of what all these other stripes and medals mean. In fact, as I saw a chap walking along the street I could guess how he happened to become a hero. "There, that fellow got his stripes for shaving himself." "There's a fellow got special honors because he believed all the bunk the capitalist newspapers published during the war." "This chap got his because he's got a perfect 12 foot, and that lad's arm is glorious because he can eat lemon pie with beer at 11:30 at night." "Gee," mused I, as I strolled along the thoor
distinctive dazeled by all this sign of heroism, "it's a poor hero that has a short arm!"

IN THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER
DEAR Mr. President: Because of the discontent and unrest so general in our country and in the world today, I am writing you to ask that you issue a proclamation asking your people to relive this year from celebration of Independence Day. A nation-wide celebration of the 143rd anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence may be capable of serious misinterpretation. As we both know, the people are incomprehensibly stupid: in the habit of wrongly interpreting words and deeds. It is this stupidity that makes possible a misinterpretation of the celebration of Independence Day.

The people may say, “If a Declaration of Rights and a Revolution were such virtuous things in 1776, why wouldn’t they be just as virtuous today? If resistance to constituted authority is a means to get 100,000,000 people to celebrate the fact 143 years after the deed, why should not we also accept that means to immortality? If Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Paine and other Revolutionists who confiscated the property of their enemies are held up to every school boy as wondrous heroes, why should we not do a little confiscating and get likewise honored? If the American Revolutionists refused to be beaten up and shot down like sheep and we now celebrate their spirit of rebellion, why would not a little of the same spirit on the part of the public be equally virtuous today?”

You are aware that such questions put by ignorant people may be a little difficult to answer. The public is prone to misunderstand. Consequently they may not appreciate that whereas there was injustice in America in 1776, there is no injustice here now; they may fail to appreciate the great difference between a Revolutionary alive and a Revolutionary dead. They may not understand that such respectable, property-owning, law-abiding and otherwise superior folk as you and I damned Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams as rebels, traitors, agitators, creators of disorder, anarchy and chaos when they were alive, and that we did our best with every legal, judicial, military and other governmental instrument at our disposal to catch and hang them, and that it is only because they are dead and apparently harmless that we now celebrate their names and deeds. Only a modern scholar can grasp these fine shadings of difference. Therefore, Mr. President, in view of this possible misunderstanding of the truth let us allow the 143rd anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence to pass unnoticed in order that life’s serenity may not be unnecessarily disturbed by difficult or embarrassing questions.

Patriotically yours,
Walter C. Hunter.

HAVE just taken pains to get rid of a Kaiser, many good people are laboring under the delusion that we are done and through with kaisers forever and ever. Let such an inhuman and subhuman fallacy be promptly ripped in the butt.

We did not get rid of the kaiser because he was a kaiser, but because he was a certain kind of antiquated, passe kaiser, who did well enough in those benighted days that marked the early part of the present century, but who was not at all suited to such unexamined days of enlightenment and tolerance and mercy as now surround us on every hand.

Of course, we do not need a new kaiser right away. There is no hurry at all. But it is just as well to have the thing a little on our minds. It is just as well for mothers with adolescent boys, or even adolescent girls for that matter, to look them over and then to take a little peep into the future, if possible, and see if the said offspring possess the markings of the kaiser of the new day, whatever the characteristics of the said kaiser or kaiserness may turn out to be.

All men are created equal, but some are a little more equal than others, and those who are more equal than the rest are picked out for rulers. Then we poor unregenerate human beings give these rulers high-sounding titles, such as kaiser and king and emperor and sultan. Then the time comes when these different rulers become a little too equal. Then of course, we have to turn them out and get new ones.

If there is anyone laboring under the myopic hallucination that, after pursuing this policy for centuries, we are suddenly going to stop it, let him go to an astrologer or some other far-sighted and lore-sighted specialist and be fitted with a new set of psychological spectacles which will correct the aberration.

—Eversen Kling.
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