THE TEACHER—WHAT IS LIBERTY?
THE TAUGHT—THAT'S WHAT YOU PASTE ON FENCES
TO OUR READERS:

“Good Morning” will not be published during the remaining weeks of July, August and September.

We will resume publication October 1st, when subscribers will again receive the paper weekly and will have their terms of subscription extended.

This is the last issue until October 1st, next.

GOOD MORNING
THINGS WE HAVE LEFT UNTAXED

ONCE upon a time there was a man who baffled his fellow men. Even as a boy he seemed to have a secret apart in his dream and living his life alone. Now, the human race does not like people whose secrets cannot be shaken, and they dearly love to sit in judgment upon those they do not understand. Try as they might, however, they could not fathom or judge the boy. At every question he evaded them, and he had no fear of their curiosity.

As he grew to manhood, his secret grew with him. His lips smiled and his eyes held the power of understanding which had no meaning to the world at large. At first the world wondered saying to themselves: "What is this man?"

They waited for solution, but no solution came. Later they smiled and shook with glee for they thought they had fathomed his secret.

"He is conceited," they chuckled.

He did not notice their mirth; he did not notice their curiosity. He smiled when the earth was fair, he smiled when the earth wept. He always smiled even when he should have despaired. Soon the world began to fear him. 'They could not understand': "He is a devil," they cried. He smiled and kept his secret.

Then came a winter of great famine, and he gave his strength. He labored gold upon gold, and gave them his bread to eat. They kissed his hands and acknowledged the street, cheering:

"He is a saint!" He smiled and kept his secret. Years flew by and old age came upon him. He still walked erect, but the vision in his eyes had grown deeper until it seemed to have become his soul. At times it seemed as if he had become blind, yet when he spoke he mentioned things a great distance away. One day he began to sing a strange tune in a strange tongue. As the world had never heard such a tune, they knew that there could be no such tune:

"He is mad," they cried. "The man sang on and kept his secret."

Hearing the clamor, wise men came from all parts of the earth to look upon him and to discover his secret through the magic of their art. When they looked upon him, they saw him, saying:

"This man belongs to science.

Cleverly they prepared his body in order to discover the reason of his difference. All night they probed and tore, they came to the people and announced in pompous times:

"Lo, we have discovered great things. This man has been born with a strong heart and a lively liver, also he hath clean pipes with which to digest and distribute his food."

Far out on the horizon someone laughed.

—Walter Chapelle.
AND now there comes an official protest from Russia against the rather "irregular" treatment with which Mr. Martens and other Russian representatives were received at the hands of Messrs. Stevenson, Lusk and their band of merry-making constables. To receive such a protest from a government that is not "officially recognized" is of course extremely amusing to the Washingtonian dignitary and especially when the protest carries the implied (and ill-advised) threat of reprisals upon human beings of American nationality who happen to be found in Russia. Nevertheless the proper Washingtonian personage has deemed it proper to reply in a sort of testy fashion which avoids the issue while hinting that we also are capable of reprisal at the reprisal game. There is a kind of Katydidness about it all, but the irrepressible optimist will hold out the hope for the future in the situation. Who knows but this insipid episodal interchange may be the crude beginning of a more amicable understanding which may lead to "recognition" assuming of course that such a thing is desirable.

By the time these weighty words reach an expectant world, our own Woodrow will be once again in our midst or very near it. Consequently this is the last chance we shall have to wonder how we will feel once more to have a president so close to us and also how he will feel to have us so far away. Do you think he will wake up in the air and crack our heels together for sheer joy at the sight of his scholarly face and the sound of his schoolboy voice? Shall we experience a thrill at his magic and majestic presence or shall we be too busy to worry about a little thing like that? It is a question to be answered by the man in the air when he arrives. Will he be sorry he stayed away so long or will he wish he had stayed longer?

This much, however, is sure. He has set us a very bad precedent and one that may have an important influence on the future course of our affairs. This is an absolute proof that we could get along without a president for an entire period of seven months. This is an important revelation. Many of us did not think we could do it. Now what if we should take a hint from that? What if, some day when we are feeling in an economical mood, we should fall to wondering why we should have such a high-priced man on the payroll when Secretary Polk and a few office boys were able for seven months to hold down the job of attending to the affairs of state? Indeed many people already seem to think that the day of presidents is nearly over and some are so optimistic as to think that President Wilson is the last president.

WELL when we get right down to brass tacks, why not? There probably must be a last president some time. We can't go on having them forever any more than the Russians could go on having Czars forever or the Germans having Kaisers. When the Russians first began having Czars and the Germans first began having Kaisers, it is likely that Czars and Kaisers were good things. So when Americans first began having Presidents that Presidents were good things. We ought to be willing to allow that much to the credit of our forefathers. But our forefathers plainly had the idea that our presidents could be so hedged about with constitutions and statutes and bills of rights and checks and balances and senates and congresses and judges and voting constituencies as is shown, for example, by the annoyance upon their liberties, that presidents would not if they could and could not if they would dare to abandon the humble lot of a president in reaching after more regal roles. There is a rapidly growing feeling that for forty years, after history shall have had a chance to examine it in all its manifold phases, it will see that I am right.

It is perhaps unfortunate in some respects that I am able to do things so much in advance of everybody else. This is due chiefly to the fact that I am exceptionally intellectual. This taken together with the additional fact that I am an indefatigable analyzer does the trick. You don't know how much I mean to analyze it? I just analyze and analyze and analyze and analyze and analyze and analyze and analyze all the time. This gives me a great advantage over other people.

"I am sorry there is a disposition just now to misjudge Woodrow Wilson especially as to his attitude toward the laboring man. There is a feeling that Wilson cares nothing for the laboring man. I happen to know that just the contrary is the case. My keen analytical sense has enabled me to know this. I happen to know that Wilson has never out of President Wilson's mind, waking or sleeping, whether on the golf ground or at breakfast. No matter whether it is whether of the tee or bowling out on the green; no matter whether he is breaking his egg or stirring his coffee, he is constantly worrying about the laboring man and wondering what he can do to help him. This was proven in the great war when he made it an inviolable rule that no trench was too luxurious to be denied to laboring men.

In concluding his interview, Mr. Bawling said that the worst mistake the Socialists could make at this time would be to work for Socialism. He said there was plenty of time to think of Socialism after the Germans were starved to death and after the Russians were educated up to the plane of such sterling leaders as Mayor Hylan and Ole Hanson, and after Mexico has been made safe for investment."

REVISIONS

GOOD MORNING: Is it not time to bring the text of the Bible into harmony with the ideas of the church? This might be done in a safe-for-democracy version somewhat on the following lines:

Revised Texts

Blessed are the War-makers, for they shall inherit the earth.

It is easier for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a needle to pass through the eye of a camel.

I am sure that a revision which had due regard to the feelings of churchmen, congressmen and the National Security League would be an immense boon to those whose duty it will be to arouse the fighting spirit of the coming generation.

—Frank W. Garrison.

SKEPTICS

"Some people see no skeptical concern by the claims of or else call it "The League of Hallucinations."

Perhaps it would be still better if they were given the League of Hell-Loose-in-Nations."
HILLTOP IS NOTED FOR ITS MAGNIFICENT BLUFFS

EXTRACT FROM A SUMMER RESORT BOOKLET
WAR TIME SUBMISSION.

JUST WHEN HE WAS NICELY HYPNOTIZED

FICTION PAYS

WE are living in a world in which fiction pays
and pays big. Should this fact be a cause
of worry or complacency to sober serious minds?
Few will deny that fact is an important com-
modity. The question therefore is this: By
diverting so many of our best minds to the pro-
duction of fiction, does the elucidation of fact
suffer correspondingly? Or are the minds and
pen now bent so diligently upon turning out
fiction incapable of exercising themselves upon
such a prosaic thing as fact even if the compen-
sation were several times what it is?

If there is too much fiction in this country,
the sooner we have a law limiting the amount
per capita the better. But if it is best for the
human race to be so entertained and diverted by
accounts of things-as-they-are-not that we shall
lose all notion of things-as-they-are, then it
would be a good thing to subsidize all fiction
writers and tell them to go the limit.

THOSE TIMID CAPITALISTS

THERE is perhaps little room to doubt the
oft-repeated assertion that capitalists are
timid, and of course we sympathize with them
deeply, but the point is: to what extent shall we
allow this weakness to influence our public
policies?

During the course of a year's time many ex-
cellent suggestions are made and many splendid
projects promulgated and if possible we ought to
decide in advance what we will do about them
as they came along. When a good idea appears,
should we promptly act upon it or should we put
a muzzle on it and lock it up in the cellar just
because a band of timid capitalists are standing
off somewhere, shivering and fearing to come
forward and examine it? It is a nice question
which should not be answered without a vast
deal of concentrated lucubration.

SCATTERED MUSINGS OF A JEFFER-
SONIAN DEMOCRAT

IT is so comfortable to find oneself at last 100%
American! In the matter of adopting the red
flag, I can, with all my heart, subscribe to that
blessed phrase: AMERICA FIRST.

No one can say nowadays that he doesn't
know what we fought the war for: the reason
becomes clearer every day: it was to decide the
momentous issue whether we should be jailed
by the Kaiser or by Woodrow Wilson.

Personally, I would find the Kaiser more
comfortable—his sentences are so much more
lenient!

Another puzzle is no longer obscure, too:
Why the Statue of Liberty turns her back on
America.

I don't like sermons, but I would like to hear
one on the text "Let not your left hand know
what your right hand doeth"—preached by
Woodrow Wilson and illustrated from incidents
in his own life.

—E. Merrill Root.

SOMETHING WITHIN HIM STIRRED

A GRAVE EMERGENCY

UNLESS we do something to protect our rail-
roads from the grave emergency that exists,
we are lost with little likelihood of being able to
find ourselves again.

The situation is simply this: In order to save
the country, the railroads from time to time put
out a great deal of watered stock which repre-
sented their opinion of the capitalized value of
the amount of gouging that the American public
would stand for. Of course the worthy brigands
and speculators and promoters were perfectly
honest in their conviction regarding the easy
markability of the American people and, since
they placed such trust in us, we have no right
to betray that trust. It is our duty to pro-
ct this watered stock with our last cent.

IN a happy land
—Harmless little dogs
Groan and suffer
In a living death
To satisfy Science.
THE COUNTY JAIL
(An Essay In Optimism)

There is one place left to go to, when there's nowhere else to go.
When your pocket's full of nothing and your heart is full of woe,
When your job is gone forever and your friends are turning tail,
There is still a place of refuge in the good old county jail!

We can do without the churches, which is what most people do;
We can do without the Gospel for a thousand years or two;
But there's just one deprivation that would make the world grow pale;
For never could we do without the good old county jail.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary Willies rest;
And you need never to bother how the other ones are dressed;
And should you ask, how safely to this haven you may win,
You need only leave a brickbat, and the cop will run you in.

But the leastest thing about it is, the people you will find
Such as Thoreau, Debs, and Osborne, and the rest of the elite;
And if Jesus Christ were here again, who doubts where he would be?
What saith the adage? "Heaven for rest, but hell for company!"

Then heave away, my jolly boys, or lift a loaf of bread;
And the cop will surely come along, and thump you on the head.
For when our earthly helpers flee, and all our comforts fail,
There is always balm of Gilead in the good old county jail.

—Franklin Kent Gifford

EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN ROYALTY

KING RED-MAN, and the Tomahawk.
KING GEORGE, and the Redcoats.
KING COTTON, and Slave Labor.
KING CORPORATION, and Robber Tariff.
KING MILITARIUS, and Conscription.
KING LABOR, and the Strike.
KING BROTHERHOOD, and the Golden Rule.

DEMOCRATIC Platform Spouter:—Where would the immortal Lincoln stand were he alive today?
Voice:—In Jail!

ART

Time is fleeting, but art is not. It endures even longer than its fashioners wot. The ancient artists hitched their wagons to stars, to be sure, but those stars after all were of lesser magnitudes. The old masters sought and obtained the patronage of mere kings or ecclesiastical potentates. But what of that? Never, in the uttermost flights of fancy did there break upon the vision of their imaginations that most magnificent star of all, the patronage of an American millionaire.

When, often unkempt and starving, they hawked their wares about, satisfied if only they could adorn a mere cathedral or royal palace, they had not the faintest suspicion that they were mapping out the route for a gilded caravan of twentieth century magnates as they scoured Europe to corral those pieces of canvas for private mansions where, secure behind a barricade of undauntable butlers, they would be utterly removed from the profaning eyes of plebeian Cook's tourists.

Could those old masters have but foreseen such a noble fate for their work, could they have but foreshadowed the bitter custom-house quarrels breaking over into the very legislative halls of the greatest world-power explorer ever discovered, they would have redoubled their efforts to make the product of their brushes worthy of its fate. Could they have but known that art collections were to be the summum bonum of financial success, supplying at a single wholesale purchase that necessary culture-touch without which no three-score-years-and-ten is well rounded out, they would have died with smiles upon their temperamental lips. Could they have but known that art was to save the day at that critical moment when the muck-raker was abroad in the land and the republic was on trial for its very life, to say nothing of its reputation, they would have matched themselves up with the best god that ever kept house in an Olympic flat.

If they could have but known.

PLURALIZED

Here is a get-together idea. A League An-
them. None of this little local stuff for us any more:
Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
All our flags that so proudly were waving last night?

A PRAYER

O God, send down thy rain and heat,
That we may have abundant wheat.
That we may have the strength to kill
And thus obey thy righteous will.

—Amen.
FREEDOM
A Monthly Journal of Constructive Anarchism
Published Monthly by the
FREEDOM PUBLISHING GROUP
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 130—New Brunswick, N. J.
HENRY KELLY, Editor
LEONARD D. ABBOTT, Associate Editor
SUBSCRIPTIONS: One Dollar a Year.
Fifty Cents for Six Months.
Name ____________________________
City ____________________________
Amount Enclosed $ ______

THOSE PLEASING EDITORS
Closely akin to the precept, “Man, know thyself,” is another, “Editor, please thyself.” Editors who can not make both a pleasure and a business of editing should get into some other line of activity. An editor who is trying to please himself has something definite to work upon and he has some way of measuring his success without referring to his ledger. But an editor who is trying to please some vaguely imagined portion of a vaguely imagined public, without regard to his own opinions and predilections, is in hot water all the time. He is the constant prey of doubt, always at the mercy of rumors and lads and various waves of emotion. He may by a stroke of luck be successful for a time, but he is not uniformly so or anything like it.

Of course an editor must also have judgment and skill and art in addition to the desire to please himself; that is to say, in the process of trying to please himself, he must produce a publication which will be attractive to a large number of people, else he will not be a commercial success. But he will be more likely to achieve this result if he approaches it by making his own pleasure primary and that of the public secondary. Here endeth the first publishing lesson.

SOCIETY
Taken by and large, society may be divided into three parts: the submerged tenth, the emerged tenth and the other eight-tenths consisting of all the rest who are in various degrees of subservience and emergence.

Throughout the ages, the eight-tenths have been reconciled to the inevitability of each of the other two tenths and spending their whole time trying to get into the one and to avoid the other.

The confusion of the eight-tenths is excelled only by the hopelessness of the submerged tenth and the arrogance of the emerged tenth.

Very little of the above is true, but it makes a splendid start for an argument.

AN EXPLANATION
Owing to a failure of editorial supervision we published an advertisement of John Spargo’s book on Bolshevism. We have returned the money we received for it, and cancelled the contract for its future appearances. We do not pretend to protect our readers against patent medicine swindlers, real-estate sharpers, canned goods predators, phialine poisons, fairy brown-sellers, pickpocket nickel-pickers, subway ticket speculators, postage-stamp forgers, pie and pancake counterfeiters, plague-bug burglars, lecherous pornographers and pictorial back-porch climbers, plundering buccaneer blackmailers and defaulter matrimony agents, journalistic poachers, foragers, pick-pockets, thimble-riggers, lice-suck publicity men, notoriety hunters, typographical black-letter assassins and promulgators of licentious meters in free verse. Against these and phenomena we offer no guarantee to our readers, but we never intended to advertise John Spargo’s book on Bolshevism. —The Liberator.
Hotter Than
RED HOT!
The July
MESSENGER
JUST OUT

Every RED-BLOODED, WIDE-AWAKE LIBERAL-MINDED
INDIVIDUAL must read:

1. The Hun In America
2. Independence For India
3. Jewish Pogroms—American Lynching
4. German Propoganda and The American Negro Soldier
   (Specially written for this issue by a Negro Officer)
5. The Enslavement Of The Worker

SEND TO-DAY, 15 CENTS SINGLE COPY OR $1.50 A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

Messenger Publishing Co., Inc.
2305 Seventh Avenue, New York City

"UNDoubtedly one of the best-edited, best-printed and most-outspoken
Journals in America."

—Providence Journal, in an unfavorable editorial comment.