

GOOD MORNING

June 5, 1919



PSHAW, I SELDOM
THINK OF MONEY

WE HAVE BEEN TOO OFTEN
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
DEVOTED CHIEFLY IF NOT
ENTIRELY TO MATERIAL
ENTERPRISES.
WE HAVE BEEN SUPPOSED
IN THE COMMON PHRASE
TO WORSHIP THE —
ALMIGHTY DOLLAR. ”
*From Pres. Wilson's
late speech*

WE DENY IT

Signed:
WOODROW WILSON
NAY'L MANUFACTURERS ASSN.
GET RICH QUICK CO.
MILLIONAIRES CLUB
THE SQUEEZEM DRY CO.
THE ONE-LEAP-BEHIND-
WAGE SLAVES ASSN.
JOHN ROCKEFELLER
AND EVERYBODY.
DENIED IN TOTO
NOTHING TO IT.

NEITHER
DO I.

Another Lie Nailed



Think
of
Your
Grandchildren

"That's a complete file of Good Morning, children"

Some day you may be old enough to have grandchildren, long whiskers, anchylosis, lumbago, ungrateful relatives, upper and lower plates and a favorite blood tonic.

When that time comes, nothing will cheer you up so much as the feeling that your bookshelves contain a complete file of

"GOOD MORNING"

Send in one of these coupons to-day

This for Yearly

This for Three Months

Inclosed find Three Dollars (Canadian \$3.52, Foreign \$6.04).
Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

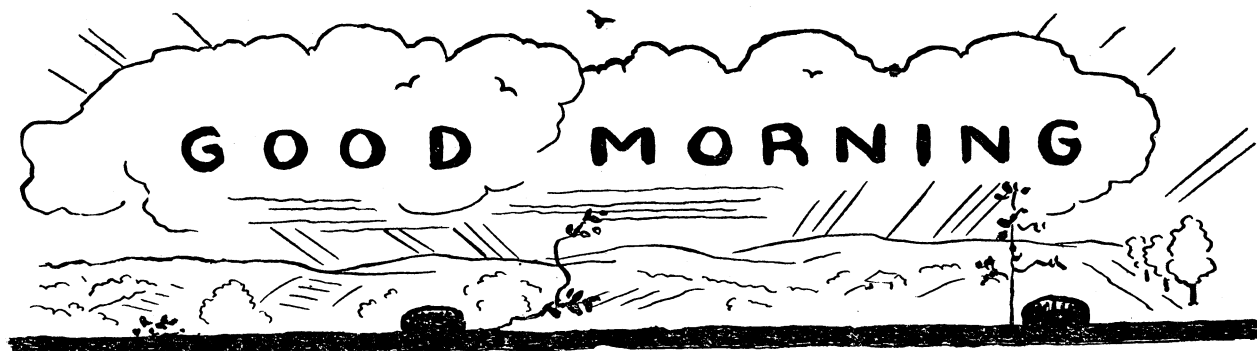
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GOOD MORNING 7 East 15th Street, New York

GOOD MORNING . . . 7 East 15th Street, New York



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WHY THE SUN SHINES

ONCE wrote a piece on the blood of the martyrs. I wasn't writing of the distinguished examples but of the obscure ones. I think I might have written rather of the fun than of the blood of the martyrs. Even of the effaced ones. Of the men and women totally unknown in their present or future who gladly took their medicine. They talk on the street corners and in the parks for fun. They go to jail for fun. They are ready to be misunderstood for fun. There's a glorious promise in such a tendency. We feel finally sure of a race that can work in and suffer in and dream in unknown and invisible gladness. The really ephemeral figures of a generation are those who receive all the immediate hurrahs. There are others better fortified. Not necessarily in reputation but in substance. They may never be known for their fundamental importance. But they'll always glow anonymously in the general sun. Why does the sun shine, anyhow? I suppose, just for fun. — Horace Traubel.

MILLENNIAL PEACE

"The lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them."

How truly touching 'tis to see
'Mongst folk who are not free as we
Our President, like naked Truth
Clad in the Innocence of Youth,
Leading, in bonds and bullion bound,
The fierce Consortium round and round,
While gambols o'er the green and gory
The trustful, lamblike, Mandatory.
—Frank Stephens.

MANY promising politicians may be observed in various parts of the country. May they rapidly develop from promising politicians into fulfilling statesmen.

WHEN the social physician gets around to him will he take his medicine like the Doughty Democrat and Pulchritudinous Patriot that he is?

OVER THE WALL

When earth's last rifle is melted,
When earth's last battle is won,
When dukes and earls are unbelted
And nations are living as one,
When fear and hate to the jungle
Return from whence they came,
When love will rule triumphant,
Then Man will be worthy his name!
— Charles Bruce.



WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE DONE

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings."
"In a moment of weakness!" exclaimed the Judge.
"What would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

THAT AWFUL FOREIGNER

ALL the trouble seems to come from that unspeakable human phenomenon called the foreigner. Did you ever stop to think how fine it would be if every foreigner were killed off just as soon as he, she or it was born, leaving only that wonderfully perfect and always well-behaved native?

These revolutionary times have brought to us more emphatically than ever before how terribly the foreigners mix things up. We read it in all the papers and therefore it must be so. For instance, we are told that if the patient and kindly Russians had been left to themselves, they never would have started a revolution. It was all on account of the pesky foreigners. In that particular case, it was the shrewd far-seeing and unscrupulous German foreigner.

But mark you, when it came to a question of revolution in Germany, were the Germans either able or willing to accomplish it themselves? Nothing of the kind. We are assured by the whole battery of newspaper correspondents that it was Russian gold and Russian emissaries, who turned the trick in Germany, probably in order to get even.

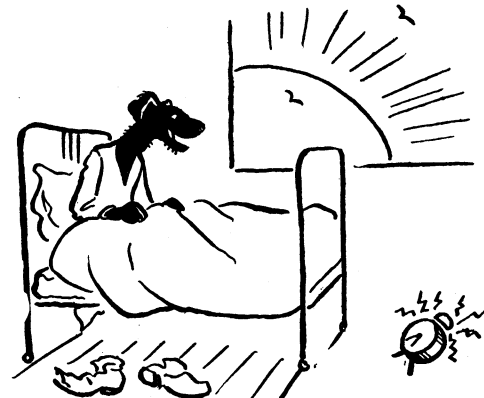
And still more recently, in the revolutionary manifestation in England, was it the Englishman who created the trouble? Not at all. That would have been impossible. It was the Irish, with an admixture of Russians and Germans of course. And so when the revolution comes in Italy, it will undoubtedly be conducted by the French. When it comes in France, it will no doubt be in charge of the American doughboys who are trying to get even for the way they have been victimized and buncoed.

The same sort of thing is true in the western hemisphere. It is said that conditions are seething with discontent in Canada, but not by the Canadians. Oh me, oh my, oh no. It is the

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says he admits things aren't perfect, but he doesn't believe in improving them too suddenly.



Every Dog Has His Day

French element that makes the trouble. And so when our own revolution gets in full swing, it will become more and more evident that we Americans, if left to ourselves, would never be so lacking in good breeding and politeness as to rise up in a demonstration of righteous wrath and throw off our own native parasites, born and brought up right in our midst. It is the foreigners alone who are so lost to all sense of decency that they object to being ordered around like a lot of dogs. This is already seen in Seattle, Lawrence and elsewhere. That's why our most wise and all-seeing authorities are going to solve the question by extensive deportations.

Let the good work go on. And if there are any real Americans in our midst who want to disgrace themselves by having a revolution, let them not do it on home soil. Let them go to Mexico or Peru or Chile or the Island of Borneo, where they can function as duly accredited foreigners.

AESOP INTERPRETED

Two men were strolling along a road, when one of them found a fat pocketbook.

"What shall we do with it?" said the other.

"Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" said the finder.

While they were disputing, the owner came up and threatened them with the law for stealing.

"But we found it!" said the man who had picked up the purse.

"Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" said his companion.

—Aesop.

Capital and Labor were making profits.

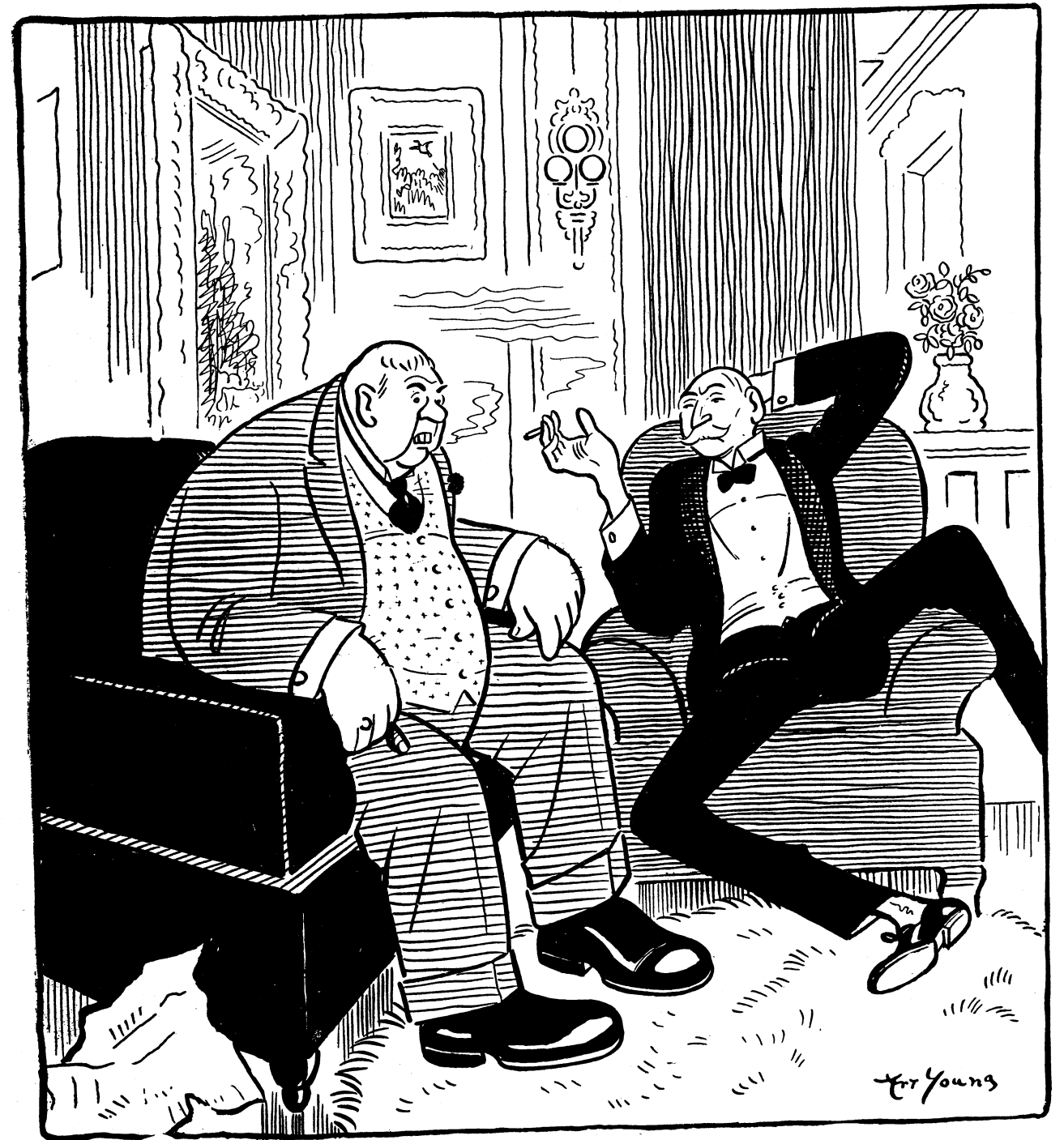
"Let us divide," said Labor.

"'Us,' indeed!" said Capital, putting the profits in his pocket.

As Capital was starting for home, Bolshevism poked a gun in his face and demanded all he had.

"Hey, Labor! Help!" cried Capital. "Bolshevism is trying to steal those profits we're going to divide!"

—William Ivy.



FIRST MILLIONAIRE: The trouble with the average man he haint got no intelligence.

SECOND MILLIONAIRE: You said it. We just gotta keep 'em where they belong.



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 5th, 1919

IF the ticket speculators have stocked up with seats for the Wilson bandwagon, they now stand face to face with a serious loss. Already there are many vacant places with exceedingly few inquiries and, if the disaffection becomes much more pronounced, the vehicle will soon be quite empty. Of course one is not unprepared when the New York Nation, in a grand editorial knock-out of the peace treaty, declares that the "one-time idol of democracy stands today discredited and condemned." For sometime Mr. Villard has been headed in this direction and going strong. But when the New Republic, who for so long found extreme pride in the thought that its editors had done more than any other editors at the critical moment to send us into war, now hints gingerly that the result is not all that an intelligent editor had reason to expect, it commences to look as if all were not well along the banks of the Seine which is now substituting for the Potomac.

TO add to the presidential thorns, the President of the Democratic Club of Massachusetts, and twenty-six Democratic members of the Legislature sent a cable to Mr. Wilson the other day asking him to come home and reduce the cost of living which, they asserted, is far more important than the League of Nations. This goes even beyond the bounds of lese majeste: it is almost Bolshevism. Again, one of our leading Washington-infesting, magazine-writing warriors who for three long years could not see anything but blood, made the remark to a group the other day that he was ashamed to look a pacifist in the face as the passage of time washes more and more of the camouflage from his eyes.

THEN to cap the climax, come the near-resignations of six members of the Peace Commission in protest over the peace treaty and other miscarriages of our great democratic war. This makes the thing begin to look serious. Here are men who have been watching the wheels go around; men to whom a protest might mean a loss of salary and the emoluments thereof; men who have had ample opportunity in the last year

or two to become inured to high diplomatic crimes, misdemeanors and expediencies; men, as we might say, whom Wilson has been holding in the hollow of his hand, if not in the hollow of his voice. Mr. Bullitt, in his letter of resignation, expresses sorrow that Wilson "did not fight our fight to a finish."

In a similar vein now speaks Amos Pinchot, for long staunch supporter of and believer in Wilson. Mr. Pinchot admits that Mr. Wilson had principles, and very good ones, but the behavior of these principles is very different from that of Napoleon's Old Guard. The Old Guard died, but never surrendered. Mr. Wilson's principles never die, however, "but they surrender with a regularity that is almost rhythmic."

IN the meantime, New York is worrying itself sick over the assertion of Attorney General Newton that our fair metropolis is a hot-bed of Bolshevism. Can it be possible? We shall soon see. A legislative committee is going to go into the matter thoroughly and spend as much as may be necessary of the taxpayers' money to get at the truth of the matter. This sounds to us much more reasonable than the investigation of the Senate Committee into the truth about Russia. It seemed such a hopeless task to try to get the truth about one hundred and eighty millions of people covering almost a continent, and with nobody to depend upon for the truth except newspaper men trained in the art of subordinating truth to interest. But it ought to be comparatively easy to get the truth about the four or five million people in New York and after we get that, maybe the truth about Russia will not be necessary.

IN order to get at the facts about Bolshevism, the redoubtable legislative investigators will quite likely buy front seats at "A Prince There Was" and other Broadway revolutionary offerings. They might even be courageous enough to visit the Rand School under a heavily armed guard. And so in one way or another the truth will at last prevail. To us who are here on the ground and have only the naked eye to depend upon, Bolshevistic activities do not for the moment appear to be particularly strenuous. We account for this partly by the sojourn in our midst of Ole Hanson, The Terrible Swede. His presence is enough to make the stoutest hearts quail. But while he was here, we got the news that the "West" is seething with Bolshevism: that people are burying their potatoes against the coming famine. If this is true, Ole will undoubtedly fix it up when he gets back. On the other hand, it may not be true; it may merely be that American Bolshevism is like the atrocities we heard of which never occurred at the place you happened to be, but always somewhere else.



FORTUNES OF WAR

Private Brown of Grand Rapids (writing from Archangel): Lucky Russians! They went out to get victory and they got freedom. We went forth to defend freedom and we got victory.

RESPECT THE LAW

TODAY more than ever is it necessary for us to cultivate a respect for the law.

In the days when law came nearer being suited to the demands of a peaceful orderly society, one could have respect for the law without cultivating it.

But when the time comes that law bears no relation whatsoever to the well-being of those in whose interest it is alleged to be enacted, but only makes for the well-being of the politicians and the grafters who are in control, then the only way to have respect for the law is to cultivate it.

So therefore, let us cultivate and cultivate and cultivate. Let us keep on cultivating. If it is necessary in order to have respect for law, let us cultivate and cultivate so hard that we will cultivate an entirely new set of laws that we can respect without so much cultivation.

P. I. G.

THE HOUSING QUESTION

Of terrible landlords on robbery bent
Our Woodrow's as quiet as a mouse,—
He should worry about paying the rent
As long as he has a good House!

—Oliver Opdyke.

POLYPHONIFEROUS SYMPHONY

THE remarkable polyphoniferous symphonic poem here given, is by Bytter Winner, one of the very youngest of the young poets who are scaling Olympus and knocking the blocks off the doddering old rhyme-rooters of the Past.

MEMORIES:

I wonder, do you remember
The Nile-green Pig?
And the Kitten with the wooden tail
That used to chew Spearmint?
(Or was it Socrates did that?
He was the Bullfrog, you know,
Who took snuff and sneezed
In the chromatic scale.)
But let me see,—Where was I at?
Oh, yes, about the Nile-green Pig:
Well, say,
He's dead, dead, DEAD!
Ah me.
Ah you.
Ah, the sanguinary Butcher Man!
Ah—h—h—h—h!

—Frederick Moxon.

BEWARE the philosopher. It is a designation often affected by those who know nothing.



A YEAR AGO—



AND TODAY

OUR OLD FRIEND, MRS. BEST PEOPLE

The Time



Is Not Ripe

AFTER Sindbad had carried the Old Man of the Sea a few more miles, he spoke up and said:

"Now, look here, I am about tired of this and I am not going to stand it much longer. You have got to get off my back."

"Now wait a minute, Sindbad," replied the other in a fatherly tone. "I am older than you. I am more practical. I should hate to see you make a serious blunder just as you are reaching the zenith of your career. Above all, I caution you against taking any rash step."

"But what would be rash in my throwing you off into yonder bog?"

"My dear boy, it is always difficult to foresee the consequences of our various actions."

"But I am tired of this situation," urged Sindbad. "There is no justice in it."

"I know exactly how you feel and, to tell you the truth, I am willing to admit that there is a certain amount of injustice in the present situation and the time may come when, indeed, you might be warranted in throwing me off, although if the time does come, I sincerely trust that you will select a soft spot for me to light upon."

"Say, listen," exclaimed Sindbad, "don't start all that again. I've heard it over and over again."

"Wait a minute, young man," continued the Old Man of the Sea. "What I was going to say was this: The time may come, but it has not come yet. In short the time is not ripe. When the time ripens then of course—"

"The time is not ripe? Well when will it get ripe? Is there any way of telling?"

"No absolute way, of course. Each of these matters must be considered by itself. If you will

leave it to me, I should be glad to assist you in reaching the proper conclusion."

"If I left it to you, the time would never get ripe. As far as I can make out, the time will not become ripe until I ripen it by throwing you off."

"Now wait," urged the Old Man of the Sea. "There has just occurred to me a plan by which the whole thing can be satisfactorily arranged. If you will give me a few days to perfect it, I will present it to you and then everything will be all right."

So plausible and kindly spoken was the Old Man of the Sea, that Sindbad consented to this arrangement, whereupon the Old Man of the Sea struck him smartly with his staff and they pushed on towards Bagdad.

A QUESTION OF CAPITAL

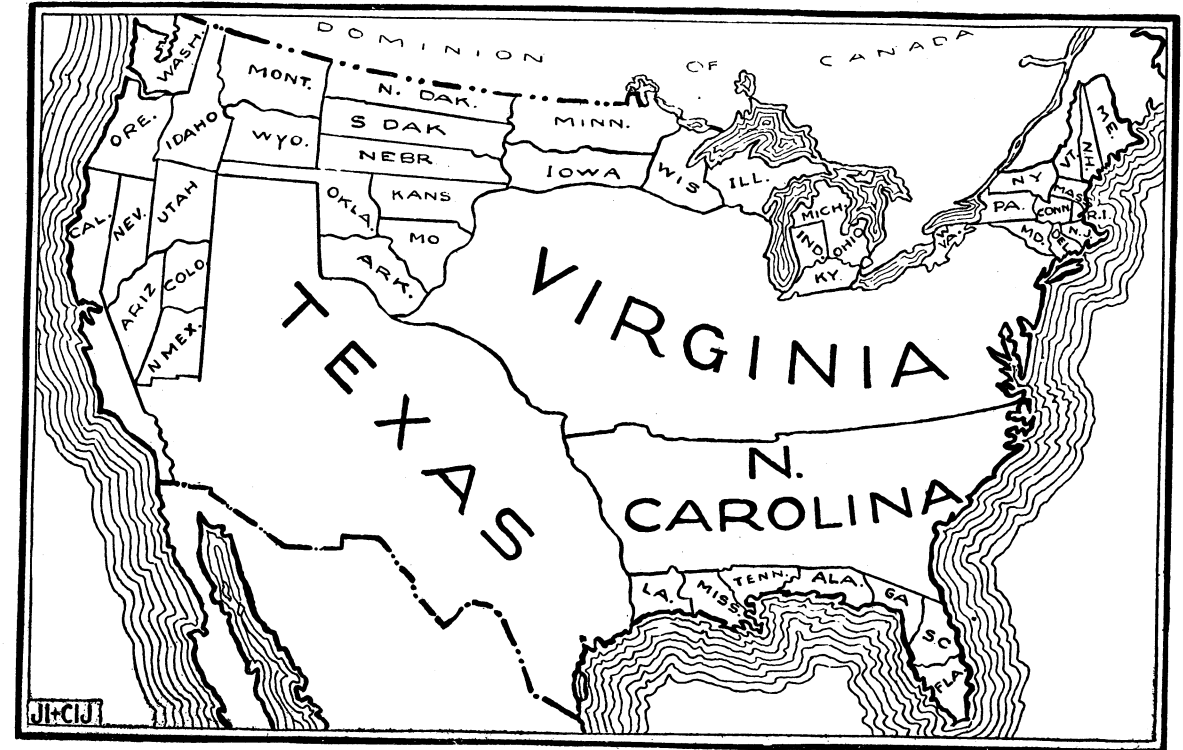
TELL me, please, why is "devil" spelled with a small letter, and "God" with a capital, while logically it should be the other way?

The devil is thoroughly capitalistic in tendency. In modern life he plays a part much more important than his opponent. Also, he receives more homage.

While a few beautiful churches are built for the service of God, the huge skyscrapers in our business section are devoted to Satan's service. They are buzzing with life six days out of seven, while the churches—generally empty—are filled only one day out of seven, with a sleepy semblance of life.

Billy Marvel.

IT'S awfully hard to live down the volunteer recommendations given to art editors by one's personal friends.



STATES RIGHTS AND THE NEW FREEDOM IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1919 AND OF THE REIGN OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY THE SEVENTH

If Virginia, with Pres. Wilson, plus Glass, Swanson and Martin; Texas with Burleson; and N. Carolina with Kitchen and Daniels, have not captured Washington and the U. S. A., who does own them?

SEE THE NEWS!

See the News!

Is the News a true and faithful account of something that has happened?

No, the News is not a true and faithful account of something that has happened. The News is merely a statement that is more or less remotely related to something that might have happened or that would have happened if the man who wrote the news had had his way about it.

But does not the News purport to be a true and faithful account of something that has happened?

Oh yes, but what does that amount to in a world that is full of things which are not what they seem.

How do you explain that the News is so distantly related to the facts?

The News is distantly related to the facts for several reasons. In the first place the man that writes the News originally is a fallible creature of prejudices who would usually rather make

wild guesses than go to the trouble of securing exact information. Then comes the censor who has his own particular notions of how things should have happened and of how he wants the people to think they have happened. Then there are the editors of the newspapers in which the News is printed. These have their predictions concerning the things they like to have their readers know and so they always feel at liberty to change the News to suit these predilections.

And is that all that happens to the News?

No. That is not all. Finally the News comes to the readers and, as each reader also has his prejudices and his suspicions and his aberrations, he makes further changes and allowances to suit his particular needs and conveniences.

THE SINGING COW

Thus fiercely sang the Moon Cow
In deep and roaring bellow:

"I love a mate of any hue
Save yellow, Yellow, YELLOW!"

— Charles Bruce.



CAUSE AND EFFECT

FLATTERING IMITATION

WHY are the capitalists so bitterly resentful over the attitude of the unrestful laborers? Should they not, on the contrary, be highly delighted and flattered?

We are told that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

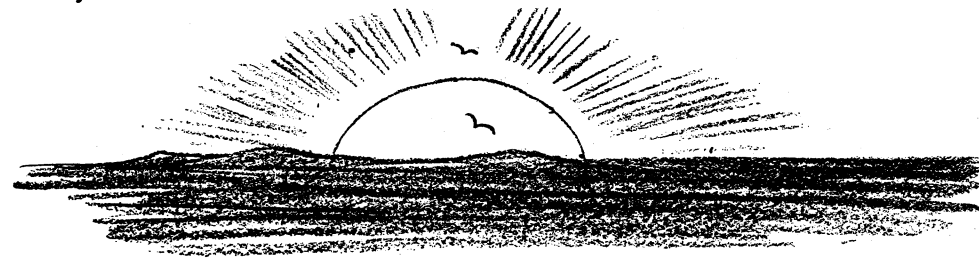
And of course our laborers are only trying to imitate the landlords and bankers and war patriots in accumulating a little easy money.

So instead of opposing such worthy ambitions, the capitalists should take the unrestful laborers in their arms, clasp them to their hearts and say:

"Bless you, children. 'Go to it.' That's the way we got our start."

WILSON vs. FORD

Woodrow Wilson will always be able to crow over Henry Ford. He has already succeeded in staying in Europe the best part of six months, while poor Henry could only eke out a miserable five days in Christiania. And Woodrow has fully as much as Henry to show for it moreover.



HER ACQUAINTANCES

MADAME X—has for long years been a leading stage favorite on Broadway as well as in the provinces. Although her busy artistic life leaves her little time for politics, one of her most cherished possessions is a little red membership card in the Socialist Party which she has carried for years.

At a recent reception, a heroine-worshipping denizen of upper Fifth Avenue thrust herself upon Madame X—and was threatening to bore her to extinction.

"I understand you used to live in New Orleans," said the bore.

"Yes, I lived there for many years," replied Madame X—politely.

"I suppose you know a great many people there."

"Oh yes, I have a great many good friends in New Orleans," replied the actress.

"Do you know the Bloaters there, a very prominent family?"

"No, I don't believe I do," said Madame X—

"They have a great deal of money, many millions, I understand."

"Then I'm sure I don't know them," came the quick retort.

"My son knew the Bloater boy in college and visited him during a Christmas vacation."

"Indeed," said the other trying to conceal her ennui.

"Yes, and he said they had twenty-two servants."

At this Madame X—'s face lighted up with renewed interest.

"Oh, twenty-two servants," she repeated. "Perhaps I know some of the servants."

MASS AND CLASS

AND now, in the Russian vernacular, they undoubtedly differentiate the lower classes from the upper masses.

A KIND OF GENIUS

THEY have a bird down there in Patagonia they call the Walawa. She is all grey except for the tips of her wings which are a bright red. Her disposition is retiring and the natives refer to her as the solitary one, but curiously enough she breeds three times more rapidly than any other bird in Patagonia.

That bird somehow reminds one of the strange ways of the flower of our civilization, the artist, whose ways are individual and lonely, but whose occupation with sex supplies him with an industry as well as with a theme and constitutes him a menace and a superstition to his milder neighbors.

Now it is not at all surprising that the artist, the creator, occupies himself so much with sex which is the only assuredly creative part of the universe he finds pleasure in. The surprising thing is that he usually knows so little about sex, that he blunders about it like a schoolboy, that he has acquired no sex wisdom.

WYNDHAM LEWIS, in his novel, *Tarr*, reminds one so much of those futurist artists who emphasize sex by drawing women with ponderous breasts and abdomens. His English hero, Tarr, has no inclinations towards marriage, but becoming suddenly aware that one of his amours has been outraged by the German villain, Kreisler, he goes to the injured one and proposes marriage and a cozy flat.

Mr. Lewis seems to have felt keenly the humor of this tragedy, for he adds hastily that Tarr did not long live with Bertha, but had many other mistresses of one of whom he says: "Tarr and Anastasya did not marry—They had no children."

The book with all its effort to achieve a conventional wickedness and a literary bestiality, bores frightfully, and leaves one with an enormous desire to reread 'Penguin Island' the only modern novel in which sex is treated wisely and well.

THE other day, rummaging through the poetry pile of a second hand book shop, we hit on a book of verse entitled 'Country Songs' by Norman Gale.

It was a book printed in England some twenty years ago. We had never heard of Norman Gale, but the specimens of the work we saw turning pages convinced us that Norman Gale is a name to remember.

We bought the book and took it home with us to read. On the way home the saddest thought occurred to us. If Time put a splendid poet like Norman Gale on the rubbish heap, what will happen to some of our own poet friends in Greenwich Village?

Think of a day when the names Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, and William Saphier



SOCIETY NOTE FROM ODESSA

The brilliant and polished Baroness Pugnosey has decided not to confine her well-known talents to her own set this summer.

will not ring like Sunday afternoon music in Polly's!

The thought saddened us. It also gave us an enormous appetite. So we drowned our sorrow in a beef steak and more of the poetry of Norman Gale.

HAVE you noticed the increase in the number of the new little magazines. This week's additions are: *American Poetry*, *The Sphinx* and *Kismet*.

American Poetry is edited by several kindly ladies in Chicago, evidently those who did not succeed in breaking into the charmed circle of Harriet Monroe and Helen Hoyt. Sixty-three of the sixty-four pages of *Kismet* are devoted to the poetry of Harry James Stutzlen, the editor and publisher, while *The Sphinx* beats on the horizon with articles on Divorce and the Labor Movement, and poetry by Maxwell Bodenheim.

—Samuel Roth.

THE BLOOD OF DEMOCRACY

Each morning the newspapers reek
Of the war on the red Bolshevik,

Of the North-Russian mud

Where American blood

Flows for profits that money kings seek!

—Charles Bruce.

DOUBT is the spade with which we excavate Ignorance until we reach solid ground. There we lay the foundation of faith for the Temple of Wisdom.

THE AMERICAN

By S. A. De Witt

What is this word—American? I hear it said on every hand. What form or thing of God or man— What spawn of sky or sea or land? Is it the sniveller at the tape Who tells the code of loss and gain? Is it the heavy, bloated shape That corners cotton, coal and grain? Is it the leech that plots and squirms, And knows the legal twists and flaws? Is it the financier who worms And slips between taxation laws? Is it the gambler and the pimp Who fester on Longacre Square? Is it the subway rider—limp And battered for his daily fare? Is it the parasite and snob Who never work and dance so well? Is it the varlet with a job Who tells the rest to go to hell? Is it the scab who breaks a strike— The gangster who may shoot to slay? Is it the leader—Judas-like Who serves the toilers, to betray? Is it the editor who spends His godly gifts for ugly dross? Is it the Caiaphas who sends New Christs to bear the ancient cross? Is it any of this crew? Then, surely as I am a man, I'd hang my head in shame and rue Being called—American.

But if it means—as well I know— To hate the strut of arrogance— To suffer for another's woe— To be a man in every sense— To cleanse the earth of blood and swords, And all the stench of war's remains— To rid the world of Kings and lords— To batter bonds and shatter chains— And if it means to work and build For all to own and each to have— The welding in a common guild Of Goth and Gaul and Celt and Slav;— And if it mean that I am free To live and laugh with God and man As it is given me to see— Then, surely, I am proud to be—American.

—S. A. De Witt in N. Y. Call.

CHARITY

IT was just the other day I was sitting in a meeting that had been appointed to accomplish a certain purpose. As usual they were casting around for some one to whom they could delegate the work.

It reminds me of somebody's definition of Charity—Charity is Mr. A thinking up something and getting Mr. B to ask Mr. C to interest Mr. D in the financing of it and getting Mr. F to ask Mr. G to interest Mr. H in the doing of it.

Today, with the entire labor movement astir over the question of violence and its bearing upon the solution of its immediate problems,

SCOTT NEARING

fearlessly and boldly sets forth his views in his new pamphlet,

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ANOTHER BOLSHEVIST CONVERT

In these piping days of near-peace, it seems impossible to foretell where the Bolshevist germ is going to find lodgement. Many who thought the New York World immune were astonished recently to see in its faithful columns the following tribute to the Bolshevist idea and Eugene V. Debs (or is Lenin the avator referred to?):

THE SUBJECT PEOPLES WAKE

Around the world has sped a stirring word, Borne on the breezes like a bugle-call And born of war that shook the nations all— A word that caused them all their loins to gird, As with new hopes and dreams their hearts were stirred, While opening vistas, fair and magical, With charm to lure and win and to enthral, Came to all peoples where that call was heard, Corea heard it in far Orient clime, And Egypt, dreaming by the banks of Nile, And India, steeped in legends old as time; The Balkans stirred, and Africa, the while That call sped on to islands Philippine, And Erin heard in isle of emerald green. Like to Ulysses bold these peoples are Who now would fain set sail o'er unknown seas, For one has spoken who has voiced their pleas, He of all nations small the avator, Whose word of hope has courage brought from far: He bids them fling their flags unto the breeze And hold their course unto Hesperides, With torch of Liberty for guiding star! But long and dangerous the unknown way; 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis they must steer! Faise sirens lure and stormy winds hold sway; Not yet unto their haven they draw near. Their barks may founder in tempestuous seas, Nor reach the shore of the Hesperides!

H. T. SUDDUTH

A DOUGH-BOY DITTY

Favorite song of the American Army of Occupation, Somewhere in Germany.

Air—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Darling, I am coming back— Silver threads among the black— Now that peace in Europe nears, I'll be home in seven years. I'll drop in on you some night. With my whiskers long and white— Yes, the war is over, dear, And we're going home, I hear! Home again with you once more, Say—by nineteen-twenty-four. Once I thought by now I'd be Sailing back across the sea; Back to where you sit and pine, But we're stuck here on the Rhine. You can hear the gang all curse— "War is hell, but peace is worse!" When the next war comes around In the front rank I'll be found. I'll rush in again pell mell, Yes I will—I will like hell!

--The Watch on the Rhine (published by American Occupying Forces in France).

TRUTH OR GOSPEL

AT a meeting of Sunday School teachers a well known preacher told the following story about his little girl. She was sitting on his knee, listening to the stories she loved so much, and when he had finished she looked up at him and said: "And is it all true, Daddy, or are you only preaching?"

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