

The New Humorous Weekly

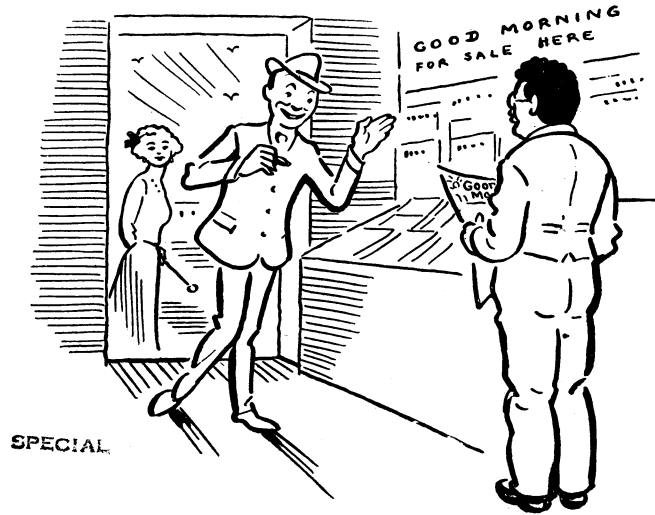
GOOD MORNING

MAY 8 1919

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GOOD MORNING

VOLUME 1

\$3.00 A YEAR : 10 CENTS A COPY

NUMBER 1

Application for Entry as Second-Class
Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1919

Published Weekly By Good Morning Company
7 East 15th Street, New York City

BEAM NUMBER ONE

GOOD MORNING, having been born on American soil, is manifestly not a foreigner. This is a statement of cold, statistical fact. GOOD MORNING has a strong suspicion that American soil is all right, although professing to be in no wise expert on agricultural or geographical matters. There is a general tradition, however, that soil is good in proportion to the amount of decayed matter which is mixed with it. Goodness knows there has been plenty of rottenness discovered in our politics, our finance, our business, our educational institutions and so on. Therefore, American soil ought to be rated from good to prime at the very least.

But that is not the point. The point is that nobody can help where he is born. Therefore no pride or shame whatsoever should attach to the place of birth. It is no different whether one is born north or south, say, of the Bronx River or any other river. The other day we heard a man actually boasting that he was born in Alabama, the state that treats its little children worse than any other state in the union. Others again, are proud of having been born in Hoboken or Canarsie or on the north side, the east side or south side of Manhattan Island or elsewhere. Of course, there is no accounting for tastes.

In so far as possible under the present exasperating fenced-off, customs-housed, private-keep-out condition of affairs, GOOD MORNING aspires to be a citizen of the world, but that is not possible quite yet. Under existing conditions, if GOOD MORNING wanted to take a little trip to other parts of the world, he would have to go to Washington and tell a lot of lies to Secretary

Lansing, his heirs and assigns, showing indisputable proof that he was born, that he was not a Socialist, an Anarchist, an I. W. W., an idealist or that he stood for any kind of better order of society, in short, that he had no ideas that Secretary Lansing was not entirely in sympathy with. He would have to prove that he was going abroad for no honorable purpose whatsoever, but merely on some errand of brigandage, by which he hoped to separate some unsuspecting foreigner or foreigners from their hard-earned product.

As GOOD MORNING is not skilled in that particular kind of lying, he will be compelled to



HUNGARIAN SOCIETY NOTE

The Baroness Aristocash is playing a piccolo in a Buda Pesth Restaurant for her board.



"Say, Jimmie!—There's the guy that won the War!"

stay here and specialize on America. Not to say this is not important. In fact there is almost nobody else of importance on this job at present, what with Woodrow Wilson abroad and Colonel House abroad and all the wonderful editorial big-wigs abroad and all the correspondents abroad, leaving only Tom Marshall and a few others to keep things properly suppressed. Therefore, GOOD MORNING will aim to tell the truth about America. But not the whole truth by any means. Our stomachs are altogether too weak for such highly concentrated pabulum. Nor will he pretend to tell nothing but the truth. That is a degree of perfection to which even such a well-sponsored and well-reared creature as GOOD MORNING cannot hope to aspire. No. He will tell each week only such outstanding and pregnant truths as can be guessed at or pieced together from the drippings which our variegated censors allow to leak out.

This would be the time and place to make the necessary apologies, but there is not space enough. Suffice it to say here that GOOD MORNING now realizes at least fifty per cent. of his short-comings. He has not expected to spring full-panoplied from the head of Jove. On the contrary he realizes that one must start on first speed before one goes into high, that one must walk before one rides, that one must crawl before one walks and GOOD MORNING is even willing to be swaddled a bit before he crawls.
His Solar Majesty.

PRAYER

OUR Father
Who art in Washington (sometimes)
Hollowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come
In Petrograd and Berlin,
Even as in Washington and Paris.
Give us this day our daily graft.
And forgive our laughing in our sleeves
As we forgive those who laugh in their sleeves
against us.
And deliver us from the boll weevil
For thine is the kingdom
And the power (somewhat reduced)
And the glory (slightly tarnished)
Forever and ever (if not sooner terminated)
Amen.

CENSORED

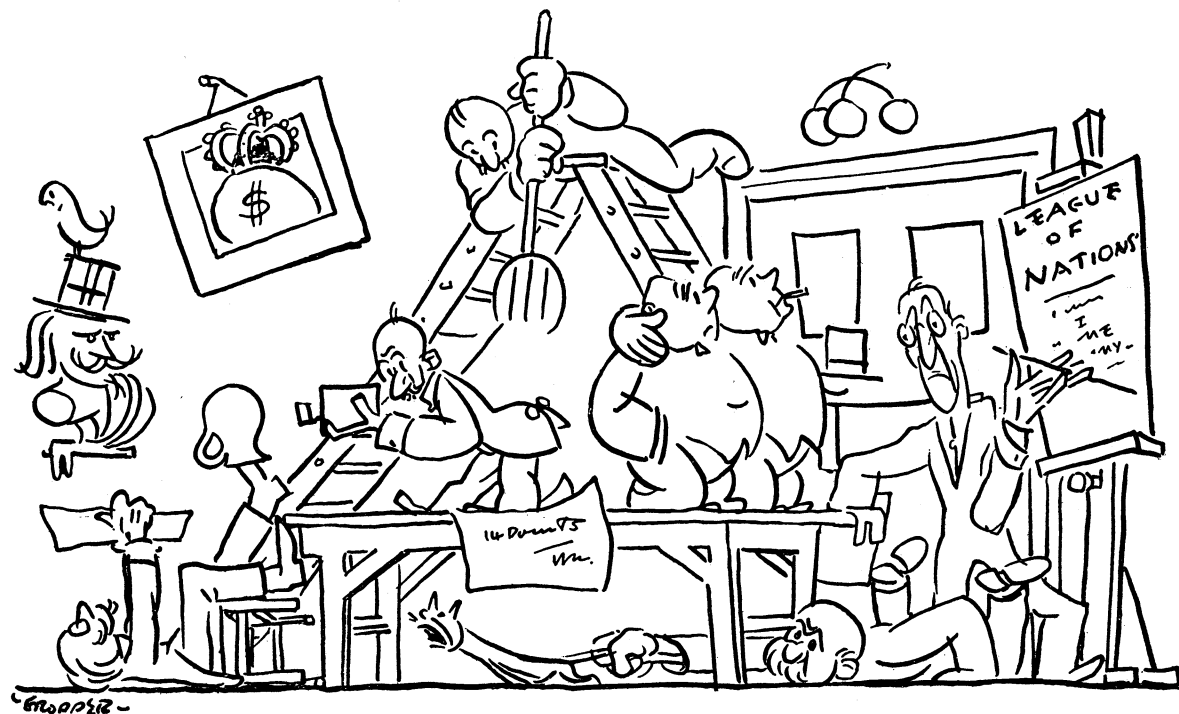
AN ostrich buried his head in the sand. "What's the big idea?" asked a bystander, in no small perplexity.

"It's the only way," the fowl affably explained, "I can keep information of military importance from leaking out."

Wisdom of the Poor Fish



The Poor Fish says progress is all right but it ought to stop sometime.



THAT ELUSIVE LEAGUE

A NUMBER of prominent Republicans seem to think they have found a suitable issue for next year's campaign. It is the League of Nations.

In truth the League of Nations possesses many of the attributes of a perfect campaign issue. An issue should be something that is capable of such infinite variations that no two people can agree and therefore the whole thing has to be left to the judgement and integrity of that particular politician who, in his speeches, can talk the most and say the least.

The tariff is the classical example par excellence of a perfect issue. Everybody (except a few rational, and therefore not to be considered people) was in favor of a tariff, but nobody was in favor of anybody else's idea of a tariff. This enabled the silver-and-golden-tongued orators to favor the same thing for different reasons or different things for the same reasons. One could be for "high tariff for revenue only" or "high tariff for protection only" or "free trade so long as it does not interfere with protected industries" or "protection so long as it doesn't interfere with the freedom of trade," etc., until the poor voter was so confused that he was glad to stick his

little paper into a box and have it over with

The "League of Nations" is almost as good. Everybody knows that we must have some kind of a League of Nations or Peoples or Tribes or Dubbs or something.

Some want a League without "entangling alliances"; another wants a League that will not interfere with the Monroe Doctrine; another wants one that will not be a League of Nations at all, but a League of Peoples; another wants a League that will make the Bourgeois and the Bolsheviks live happily together ever afterward. And so on.

This opens the door for a long parade of carefully-groomed non-committal rhetoricians, the substance of whose representations will be that they, on account of the vast differences of opinion, cannot afford, for political reasons, to be too specific before election. Therefore there will be a long string of "wait and see," "wait till I am once sure of a regular salary and the emoluments thereof," "leave it to me," "I know more about this question than is proper for me to divulge at this time," "depend upon it I will always strongly favor the right kind of League and bitterly oppose the wrong kind of League," and much more of like tenor.



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

MAY 8, 1919

NOW comes the New York World, gallant and conspicuous exponent of an undeviating Democracy, and unlimbers its batteries in the vicinity of one Burleson—to be exact, one Albert Sidney Burleson, now and for sometime past Postmaster General of the United States of America, the same U. S. A. which is to be one of the most potent factors in the League of Nations if there is one. It is clear in every line of this most vitriolic explosion of literary shrapnel of the World's, that this matter has been talked over for a long time in the inner sanctum. There were a multitude of signs on the horizon of a gathering storm and what more natural than to conclude that some Jonah was a stowaway on the Democratic Ship of State.

So it appears, after due deliberation, that the situation no longer could be stood. Mr. Burleson has been appointed official Spring Jonah of the Democratic Party, his immediate predecessor having been one McAdoo, official Winter Jonah. All of the many official crimes, misdemeanors and incompetencies are to be draped gracefully about Mr. Burleson's neck, whereupon he will receive a gentle push into the sea of oblivion. The implication is clear. Unmistakably we are to infer that, with Burleson gone, the Democratic Party once again becomes whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

"Snoop," "trouble-maker," "disorganizer," "autocrat," "arch-politician," are some of the fond epithets which this faithful organ of Democracy associates with Burleson in its headlines. Here again the assumption is plain that the World would never do such a thing as to snoop, to say nothing of making trouble, disorganizing and so on.

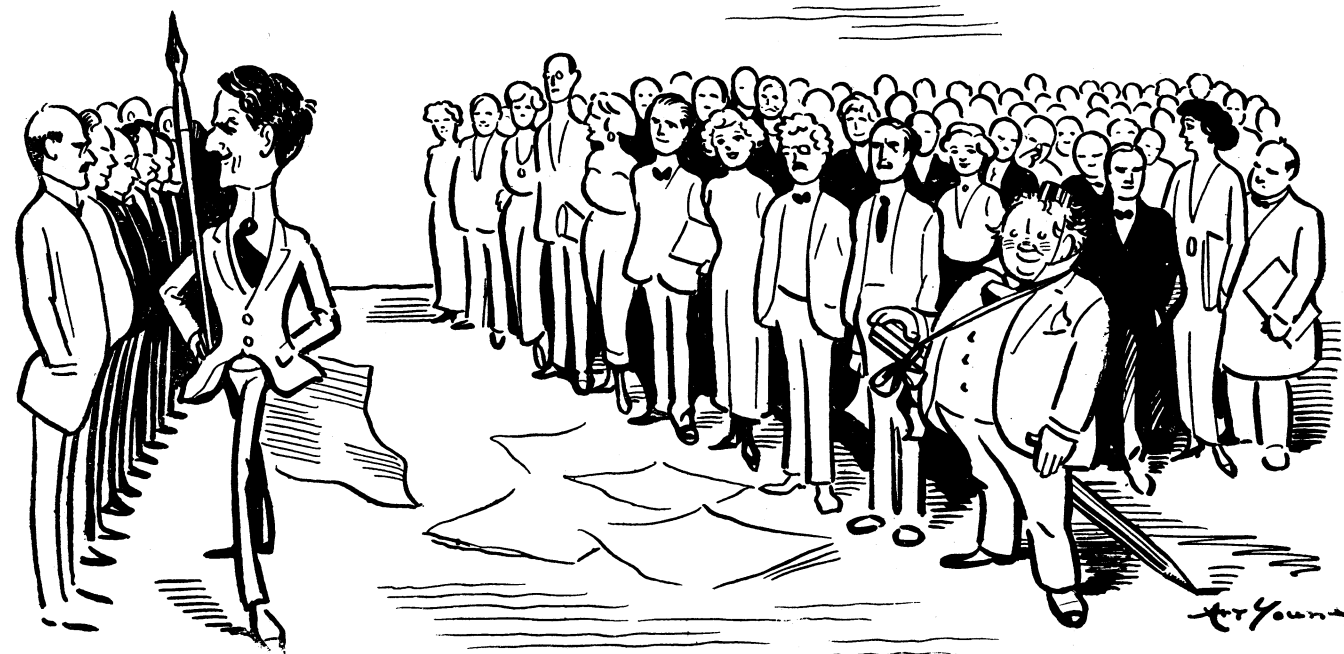
Well, it may all be true. We have had a hint before that Mr. Burleson was not quite all that could be desired by a Democracy that was worth fighting for and running into debt for, but on the other hand, we shall require considerably more evidence before conceding that he is the only fly in the ointment.

UNOFFICIAL advices from official Washington inform us that Kolchak is to be "recognized" in Russia and that everybody else over there is to be snubbed. As the Soviet Government can't prove that it represents more than 95 per cent. of the Russians, the officials in charge of such erudite questions have reached the decision that it is not worth considering. Many different decisions will probably be reached before the question is finally disposed of.

In order to "recognize" the Omsk government of Kolchak in proper fashion, men in large numbers and munitions in large quantities will be necessary. Both of these our officials are willing to supply.

Nor do ways and means offer any obstacle. So far as the men are concerned, there are some hints that conscription will not apply, but that volunteers will be called for to conduct the "recognition" expedition. Not so regarding the large sums of money necessary for the munitions, provisions and other expenses. This of course, will be public money and it will be conscripted right out of the public treasury and the public storehouses without bothering about getting the public's consent. This will not worry the public at all. The public has got so used to knowing nothing whatsoever about its own business, that the expenditure of a billion or two to save Russia from the Russians will not matter in the least.

IN the meantime, at Versailles where now resides the seat of our government, and also much of what passes as the brains of our government, things are dragging their weary length, starting from a certain nucleus of dignitaries known as the Big Four and radiating in all directions toward nowhere. No editor who could possibly qualify for a certificate of sanity in a well-regulated psychopathic ward, would try to make head or tale of it all.



REVIEWING THE ARMY OF "GOOD MORNING" CONTRIBUTORS

OVER the top o' the morning." "The world safe for life and laughter." With such shibboleths the promoters of this magazine had several preparedness parades. The editor, accompanied by a cartoonist, whose commanding dignity cannot be disputed, walked around the literary and artistic sections of New York, incidentally making a few graceful detours around the offices of several liberal, farseeing men of means, in an appeal for volunteers. The result was most gratifying.

Still we realize there is only one way to raise a large army of contributors when in a hurry, and that is by conscription. Knowing the conscription law to be constitutional—because the supreme court has said so—we have invoked the law to mobilize an army of people who write, draw, or sing, an army large enough for the task

of proclaiming the dictatorship of a sane sense of proportion and saving the world from chronic melancholia.

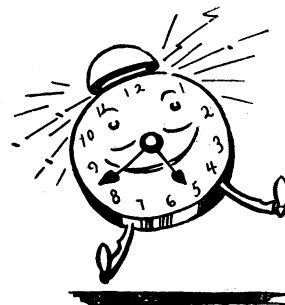
With this army composed of volunteers and selective draft contributors, we hope to make a humorous and satirical paper that responds to the spirit of the new and better day. It will not be as funny as the editorial page of the N. Y. Times, but it will be funny enough. The wheezy institutions of the abnormal night, which now give way to the rosy day will not appreciate our paper. We know that to start with.

It is with enthusiasm that we review our army of artists and writers. In a few weeks we may publish the names of this role of honor. Give us time and we may enlist in the service such leading humorists as the members of the U. S. Supreme Court.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

DOCTOR (to sweatshop workman supporting a wife and five children on \$16 a week)—"What you need is a long rest, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, three quarts of milk and a dozen eggs a day."

THE GERMAN QUESTION.—Whether to be a Spartan or a Spartacannot.





THE MIGRA
Fat Party: This year Julia and I have decided to go to Maine—for fish
Colorado, in time for melons, and the

ATER
both very fond of fish; then to Michigan for fresh peaches—to
inia for that nice sweet ham.

Giving Employment

SINDBAD carried the Old Man of the Sea a few miles further on, but finally as the heat of the sun grew excessive, he halted under the shade of a fig tree and once again entered protest.

"Now say, you old duffer, this thing has gone just about far enough. You've got to get off."

The Old Man of the Sea was thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"Have you carefully considered the consequences of what you suggest?" he inquired finally.

"I am not interested in the consequences. All I know and all I care to know is that the present conditions are intolerable."

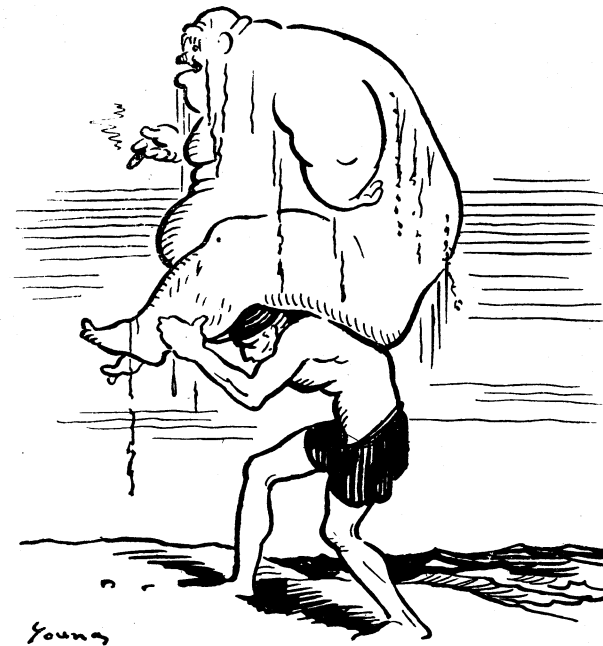
"But wait. You know that splendid adage: 'Look before you leap.' Now you want to remember that I am giving you employment. Don't forget that for a minute. If it were not for my initiative and my organizing ability, you might have nothing at all to do and, instead of being a respectable member of society, you might this very minute be starving to death."

Sindbad, having been reared as a laboring man, realized that, according to the way things were regulated, there was a good deal in what the other said, but he made no reply.

"I do not deny you the right to better your conditions young man. It is your duty to yourself and your family to better your conditions in every way possible, but before giving up one job, you must think about the next one. Now what would you do if I should get off your back and tell you that you are discharged?"

"Well, for awhile I would be content to do nothing at all."

"But you could not keep that up long. You



would be arrested for loitering or for having no visible means of support."

Sindbad shuddered, for he had been taught from childhood to fear the police.

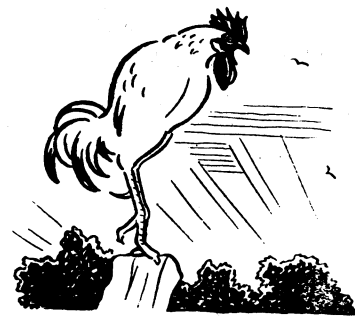
"So you see," continued the Old Man of the Sea following up his advantage, "so you see that this is not a one-sided question after all."

"But I absolutely refuse to go on this way," insisted Sindbad. "My strength will not permit it."

"Well, now I tell you what I'll do. I'm working on a little profit sharing device. In a few days I am getting out some nice new stock certificates and I am going to give you the privilege of buying these at the market price and paying for them on the installment plan. I will make it very simple. You will be put to no trouble at all. I will simply deduct the proper amount from your pay envelope every Saturday night."

"But—" began Sindbad.

"You don't have to let me know now," said the Old Man of the Sea. "Think it over and we will discuss the matter more fully the first of next week. Now I think we better be pushing on, for we have many miles before us."



Judge: Miss Striker, this is the third time you've been arrested for picketing. Why, a girl of your fine appearance and brains ought to associate with the best people.
Miss Striker: I do.

IMPORTANT NEWS NOTE

Whippletree Corners, Ohio.—At an executive session of the village trustees Tuesday night it was decided that Italy ought to have Fiume if she



HON. JOHN HAYRICK

wants it and that the United States ought to have Italy if this country wants it.

John Hayrick, a leading citizen, said that so far as he was personally concerned he didn't want either of them.

However, a vote of confidence in the League of Nations was overwhelmingly carried.

WAR DEBTS

THE best way to form an idea of the easy marketability of any national group of people is to run the eye quickly over a list of its war debts.

Stated in plain words, a war debt is a statistical record of how a great lot of people agreed to allow their lives to be wasted and their property destroyed in order that at the end they will have nothing to show for it but—

War debts.

PEOPLE who give to the poor never seem to see that their charity is just as humiliating to themselves as to the recipients of it.

Saving Russia

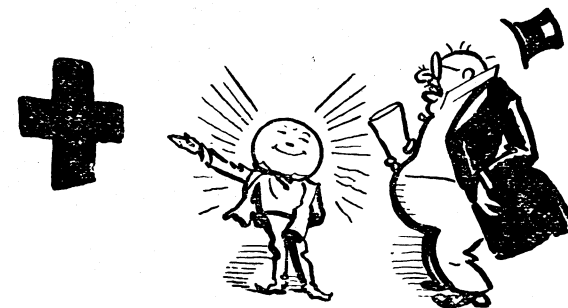
THE following burst of exuberance over the expedition of American soldier boys in Siberia, is reproduced from the Army paper printed by the Thirty-first Infantry, which is now sojourning in that far-off clime:

My mother says, says she to me,
Most patriotic you must be.
Stand ready, boy of mine, to be a hero;
Be ready with your gun in hand
To fight for this, your native land,
Although its provocation sink to zero.
I'll send you, laddie, night or day,
To die for the old U. S. A.
Against its foes from Britain, Spain or Prussia;
But what she never said to me,
Is that she'd send me oversea
To die for Russia.

The Russians may be good or not
(They seem a fairly decent lot,
Although their arguments are thin and squeaky),
But maw, she never said: "My boy,
If you would fill my heart with joy,
Go save the Russians from the Bolsheviki."
I'd like to ask maw if she knows
Why I should tramp through endless snows
Now that the stuffin's out of worthless Prussia;
To ask her if with joy she'd yell
Should I return all shot to 'ell,
Through saving Russia.

So when they put me in a crate
And ship me "Trans-Pacific freight,"
Down in the hold where it is dark (oh, very),
Then dump me on a lonely pier,
A pretty flag around my bier,
They'll cart me off with honors military.
Then home at last, upon the hill
I'll lie beside my Uncle Will,
As if I'd died a hero, fightin' Prussia.
And maw—how happy maw will be
To mark the stone placed over me,
"He died for Russia!"

IT isn't so much that we become less honest as we grow older as that we have more terrible things to be honest about.



GOOD MORNING doesn't want to meddle in the serious affairs of investigating statesmen—but we do feel they ought to know that the red cross is red and stands for internationalism.

Break O'Day Greetings

HELP WANTED

Here are a few of the difficulties that confront us in these terrible times: we have among us—

The Servant Problem
The Sex Problem
The House Problem
The Child Problem

In addition to these there are—

The Drink Question
The Divorce Question
The Negro Question
The Cost of Living Question

And over and above all these we are suffering from—

The Smoke Nuisance
The Noise Nuisance
The Dog Nuisance
The Mosquito Pest
And the Common House Fly

Even if we solve these, we are still confronted with—

The Alarming Growth of Atheism, Pantheism, Materialism, Immaterialism, Symbolism, Occultism and Presbyterianism.
And it is a well-known fact that we simply don't know what to do in regard to—

Our Children, Our Employees, Our Employers, Our Laborers, Our Capitalists, Our Allies, Our Enemies, Our Suffering Clergy, and Our Younger Bolsheviks.
We are falling victims to universal—
Strikes, Hikes, Movements, Agitations, Social Explosions, and Catastrophes.

Our Children are out of hand,
Our Criminals are out of jail,
Our Education is out of touch, and
Our Transportation is out of joint.

In Short, we are up against The Life Problem and The Death Question.

So that—

If we have any individuals among us still gay enough and glad enough to say "Good Morning" to a Stricken World—

Let us hear from them.

Stephen Leacock.



GOOD LUCK

When the morning rises red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy bed
Beasts arise betimes—but then
They are beasts, but we are men.

—Hendrik Van Loon.

29 March, XIX.

FROM A PESSIMIST

March 21, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:

HERE is my check for \$1 covering a subscription for three months. In order to maintain my reputation for pessimism I ask that you fill the unexpired subscription with the Brewer's Journal.

Good Morning!

B. W. Huebsch.

New York.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

I SAY, ART YOUNG:

I USED to meet a man who was always full of "Good-Mornings. No matter at what time of the day we met, his invariable salutation was: "Good Morning! Good Morning!"

When I asked him why, he laughed. "You see," he said, "good morning is so much finer than good night or good god or good anything else. The morning's always the start of something, the finish of nothing. I like starts better than finishes."

Some men are invariable Good-Mornings. Others are invariable Good-nights. Some men are Good-byes embodied. Others are How-do-you-'do embodied.

I choose the How-do-you-do's against all per-adventives.

Art, you fellows surely have made a great discovery. Keep your Good-morning. It's the symbol of perennial youth. Love always. Philadelphia. — Horace Traubel.

IN SPITE OF US

April 2, 1919.

ELLIS O. JONES:

I SEND you \$6 for a two years' subscription. I don't share your views but I want to read your weekly and see Art Young's drawings. Those on the circular are immense—particularly the rising sun one! New York. C. Day, Jr.

WHY INDEED?

March 29, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:

I AM sure you will stand fearlessly for all that is free and wholesome and forward-looking and yet so handle your material that the reader's diaphragm will be exercised no less than his intellect. There is a crying need in our country for a real humorous weekly; why shouldn't we taste some of the wit of "Punch," the satire of "Simplicissimus," the mirth of "Le Rire"?

Very sincerely yours,
Eddington, Pa. Robert R. Logan.

BEYOND OUR POWER

April 9, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:

ENCLOSED is \$1 for which please enter my name on your list for the coming year. May your humor warm all that is good and your satire wither all that is bad in our midst.

Very truly yours,
Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Henry Hulst.

Announcing A New Novel

"Revolt"

By Harold Lord Varney

A tale of Revolution, lived and spun through the familiar settings of American cities. A cross section of proletarian life, never before revealed by fiction. A spiritual pilgrimage which finds its haven in the I. W. W. A tale of love which carries the reader across the ocean to the stirring days of Petrograd and the Bolshevik triumph of 1917. Here one meets all the drama, the burning passions, the breathless thrills of the life of the I. W. W. agitator. The drudgery of the factory and the docks, the romantic freedom of hobo life, the agonies of jail and imprisonment, the Federal Labor Movement of New York, the pretenders at radicalism, and the inspiring radiance of revolutionary women, the climax of the great strike at Bayview and the sudden journey to Revolutionary Russia, a great fictional fabric of reality.

Harold Lord Varney is a ruthless realist, who writes his story with the pen of golden romance. His pages are full of the cadences of real life. They glow with the color of the actual class struggle. And his story never lags. One follows the plot breathlessly until its final thrilling page. Never before has such an Encyclopaedic interpretation of the labor drama been offered. The I. W. W. has found its revealer.

"THIS IS THE I. W. W. NOVEL."

— Leonard D. Abbott.

IRVING KAYE DAVIS AND COMPANY

Publishers

42 West 28th Street

New York

Girls and Boys

Who desire to make a little extra money in their spare time, will find it pleasant and profitable to become Subscription Agents and Sales Agents for

GOOD MORNING

GOOD MORNING is published every week and is the only magazine in its field. Commissions are liberal.

Call or Write—Subscription Department

GOOD MORNING

7 EAST 15th STREET NEW YORK CITY

Debs Goes to Prison

By David Karsner

Eugene V. Debs is in prison! Capitalism has at last quenched his golden voice. Arrogant, demented plutocracy has chained his fearless body. And Labor goes to prison with him.

The duty of the hour, for us who are unfettered, is to agitate Labor has the power to open every prison door, if Labor wills to do so. Those of us who know Debs must free him. We must raise a thunder in the land. Debs must not be forgotten. Debs must not be left to rot in the mouldy darkness—unremembered and unavenged.

David Karsner, was with Debs in Terre Haute, in Cleveland and in Moundsville during those last days of Debs' freedom. He rode with him on that gray, tragic journey to the penitentiary; he talked with him and received the final message which Debs sends to his Comrades. As a fitting remembrance, Karsner has written the incidents of those days in a booklet—a tale of Gethsemane. It is a pen picture of revolutionary martyrdom—written in molten passion—written as Karsner has never written before. One reads it, and its scenes open before him with the vividness of living drama. It is one of those rare books which come to us—written from the heart.

This booklet, "DEBS GOES TO PRISON," must be given national circulation. It must be placed in the hands of all lovers of liberty. It must be given to all those who stir at the tale of his noble heroic sacrifice. It will inflame the forgetful. It will get under the skin of the indifferent. It will help to hasten the deluge. For, when people understand the great issue which Debs has raised, they will act—they will speak—they will free him.

We have gotten this book out in attractive form—profusely illustrated; eight different incidents, linked together in a seventy-page booklet.

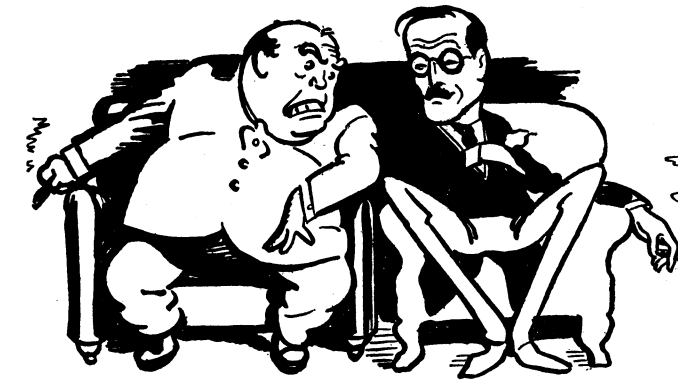
Paper bound, twenty-five cents. Special rates to literature agents

IRVING KAYE DAVIS & CO.

PUBLISHERS

42 West 28th Street

New York



"How do you think wars ought to end?"

"Well, I should say they ought to end in Peace."

"What! Are you one of them pacifists?"

WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY

APRIL 15. It was announced today on the authority of a prominent official, who sometimes gets things right, that the troops will be withdrawn from Russia before long.

APRIL 16. Admiral Strutt, Chief of the Naval Unintelligence Bureau, announced today that the troops will not be withdrawn from Russia until we decide to withdraw them.

APRIL 17. A statement was given out this morning by Lieutenant Snoop, who has been in charge of the Poetry Division of the Misinformation Bureau, that the troops will be withdrawn from Russia.

APRIL 18. It was stated here this afternoon, that Secretary Faker was heard to say to a man in an elevator that he would not be at all surprised if the troops were not withdrawn from Russia until a large number of months had elapsed.

APRIL 19. On the authority of Major Lounge of the Bluff Department of the Camouflage Division of the Service Dodgers' Mutual Graft Bureau, your correspondent feels warranted in saying that the troops will be withdrawn from Russia sometime.

APRIL 20. From a source which never misses fire more than nine times out of ten, your correspondent learned today that the troops will not be withdrawn from Russia until certain matters are materialized.

APRIL 21. Senator Overfat announced this evening, that if they succeed in getting all of the truth about Russia, the troops will be withdrawn possibly. He said this might even be done if they got only eighty-seven and a half per cent. of the truth.

APRIL 22. A man in front of the executive mansion stated today that the troops will not be withdrawn from Russia just yet.

Why is the PAGAN
a unique magazine

?

Because:

1. It has the most fascinating short stories—of genuine merit—any magazine in America.
2. It has the choicest poetry.
3. It has drawings and etchings masters.
4. It has miscellaneous articles, reviews, essays, etc.

20 cents a copy

\$2.00 a year

PAGAN PUBLISHING CO. : 23 West 8th Street

This is a "sample" page
from the January 1919
issue of

The TOUCHSTONE
and American Art Student
MAGAZINE



STEINLEN, 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?

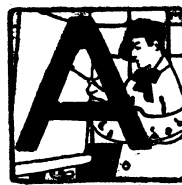
If it is possible to divide artists interested in war into military painters and war painters, Steinlen must be classed as a painter of war in the biggest sense, with all its heights and depths, its beauty and misery. In all his work the Man who inspires him is "The Man of Sorrows," the Man who symbolizes the great Proletariat. 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



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