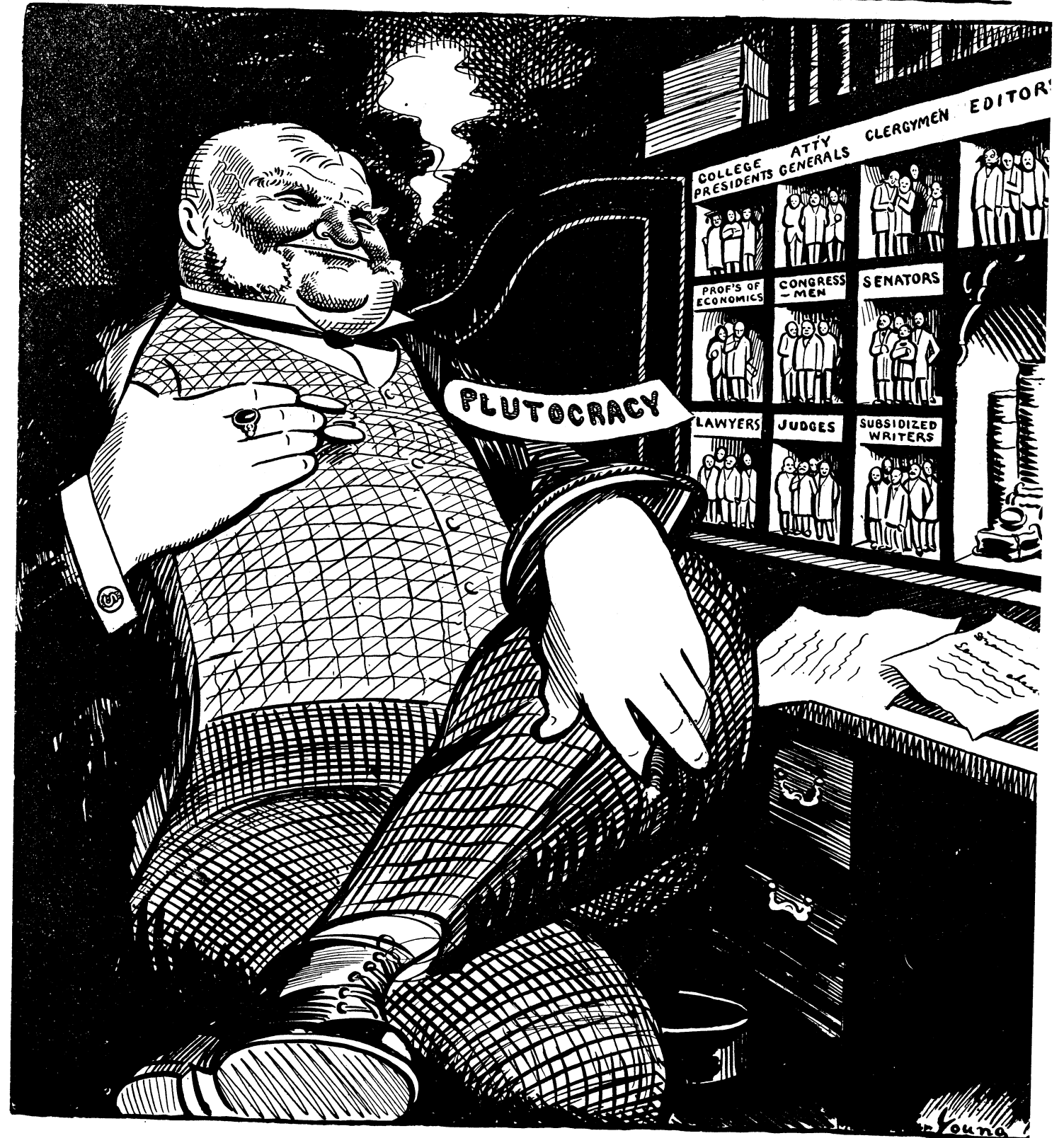


TEN CENTS

GOOD MORNING

June 12, 1919





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IF YOU SAY

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TO HIM, HE WILL RESPOND IN A WAY THAT
WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY FOR A WEEK.

TRY IT AND KEEP ON TRYING IT.

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VOLUME 1

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NUMBER 6

Application for Entry as Second-Class
Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1919

Published Weekly By Good Morning Company
7 East 15th Street, New York, N.Y.

UP!

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

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

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

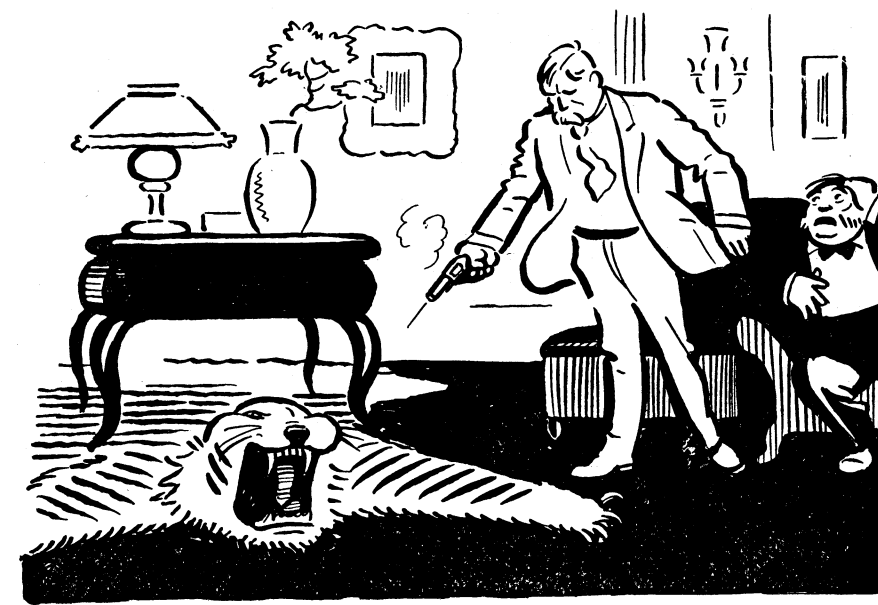
Flour is up!
Who had it increased?
"Not I," says the Yeast,
"I've raised it no more

Than for centuries before;
I'd not raise it on souls
Who knead it for rolls."
"If she did," says the Powder
For Baking, "I'd crowd her."

Thus the Cup and the Bee and
the Hen all disputed,
And the charge that they'd
done it was stoutly refuted.
So it seems that the trick
Was the work of Old Nick.
—William Wallace Whitelock.

The Worldwide Millennium

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



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

PHARISEES
May Their Tribe Decrease!

CERTAIN men went up into the temple to pray.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the Roman Catholic stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, ignorant, fanatic, accursed, even as this Jew. I am of the True Faith, I go to Mass, I do Penance, I give alms.

The Protestant stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, medieval, benighted, credulous, even as this Papist. I put no faith in Priestcraft or Pagan Mummeries, I read the Book myself, I make my own Creed, I hold the True Light.

The Theist stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are, childish, superstitious, hypocritical, even as this Churchman. I am fairly sure that there is some kind of an Absolute, somewhere, I try to walk about straight and rationally, I rather

think there is some sort of a Heaven, somewhere, but I take no stock in this Hell idea.

And the Atheist stood and prayed thus with himself: God! I surely am glad that I do not class up with this bunch! God! Ye gods! What fools these mortals be! Kids! Afraid of a switch that is not, and looking for jam that never was! I am the straight goods myself, to hell with fools and hypocrites!

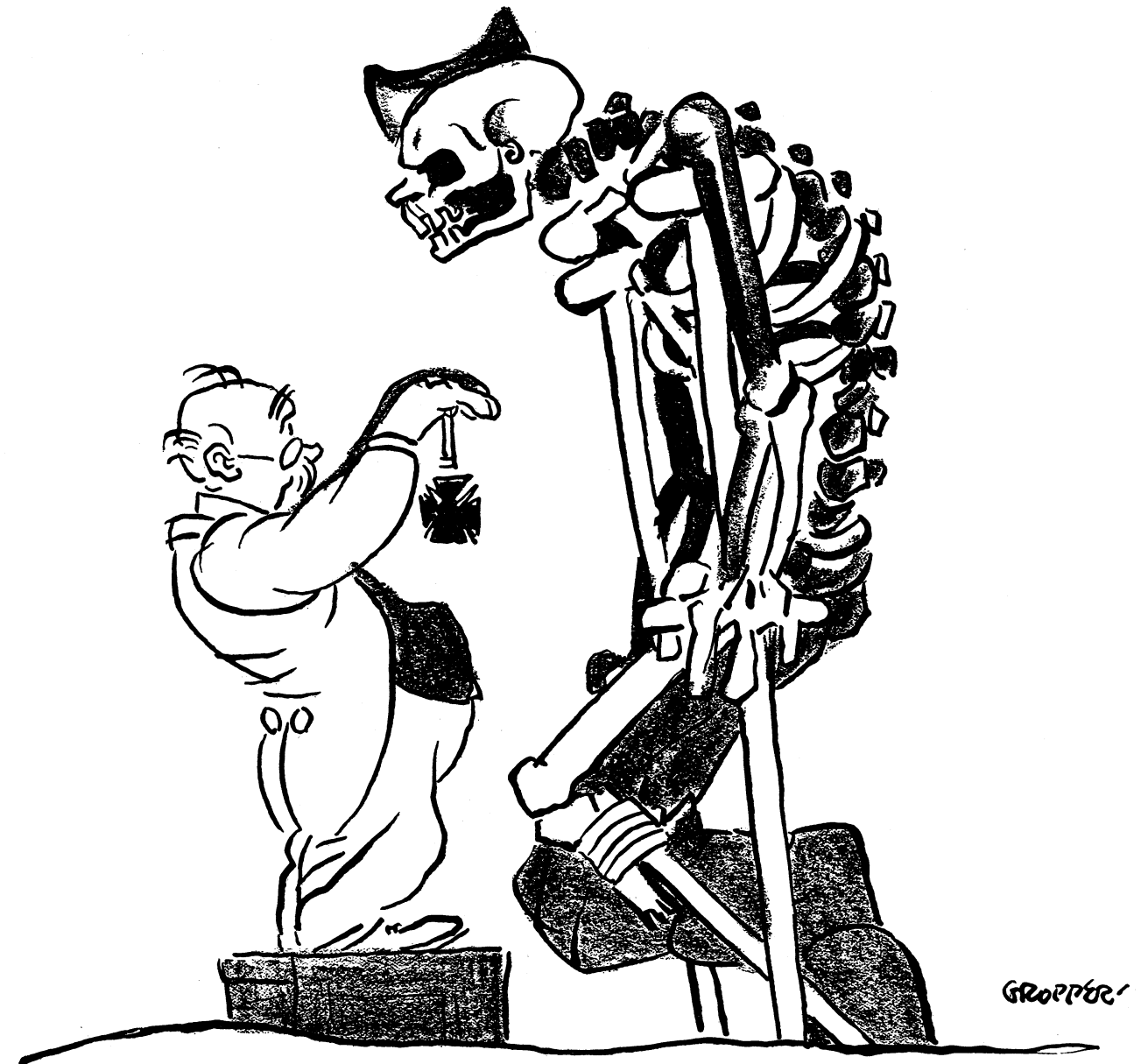
But the Publican, in all ages, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE CHILDREN

The little little children
They spin all day with care
To weave the web o' gossamer
The fine ladies wear.

The little little children
Stand working all the day
To weave a dainty fabric
For ladies' array.

The little little children
They work into the night
To weave a dainty gossamer
For ladies' delight.



DECORATING THE GREATEST HERO

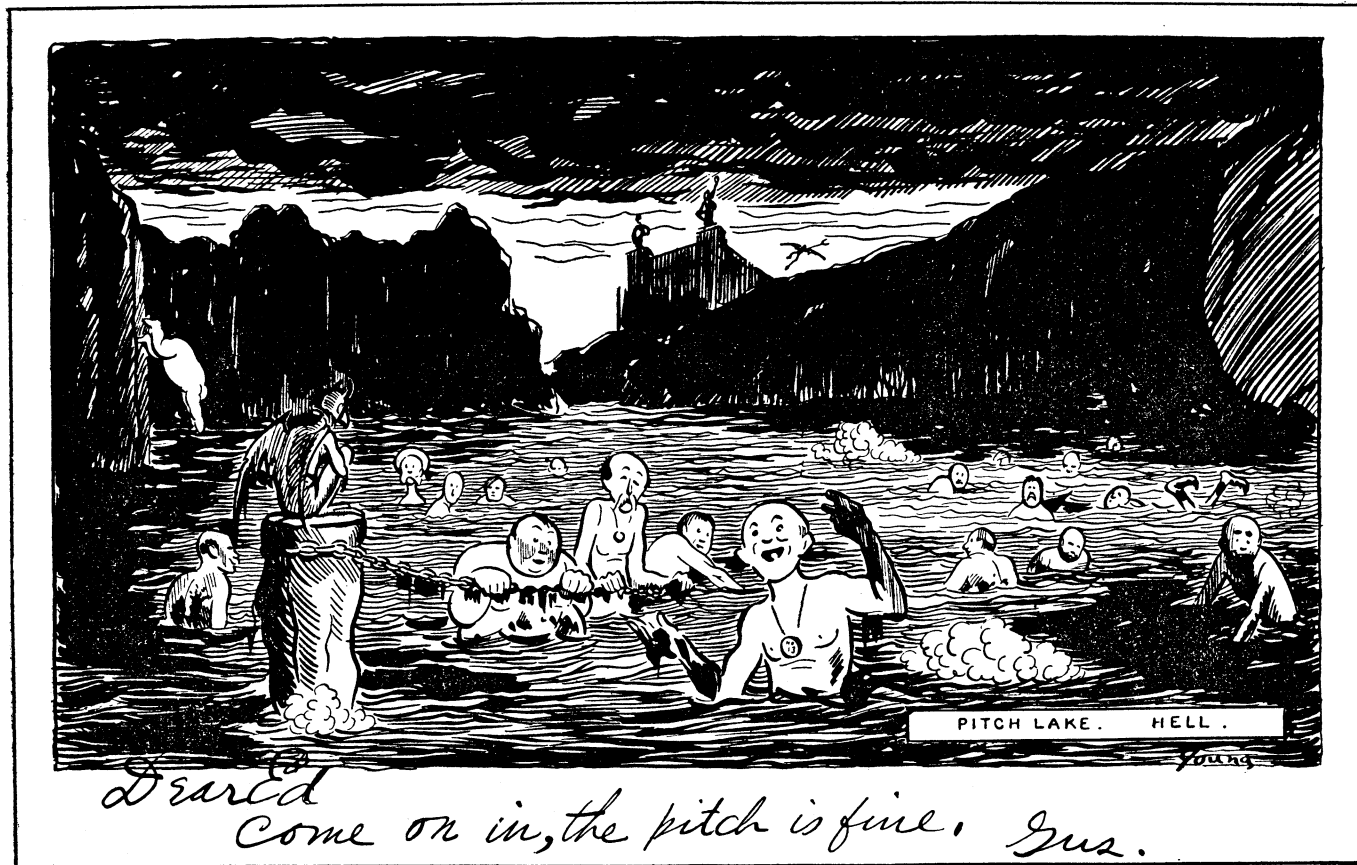
THE SITUATION

THE chief trouble with writing about the Situation is that it does not situate. In these troublous and revolutionary times, the Situation situates even less than in normal and comparatively frictionless times. This is particularly true of the German situation and the French situation and the British situation.

There seems to be more of a real situation in Russia than in any other part of the world. Russia, politically, is as it has been for a year

and a half and promises to continue in much the same situation. The various oppositions that menace Russia seem to be less menacing all the time, whereas the growing strength of the Russian regime enables it to do considerable menacing on its own hook.

The time may come when the worthy editor can sit down and write long and learnedly about the Situation in a calm and deliberate manner, but that time has not yet climbed over the horizon.
C. O. W.



PITCH LAKE. HELL.

*Dear
Come on in, the pitch is fine. Gus.*

POSTCARDS FROM HELL



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 12th, 1919

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

IT is a most absorbing story and we shall watch for the future chapters with an impatience that is breathless. Having purchased Democracy and Victory in blood and purchased it in sacrifice and purchased it in labor and purchased in every other conceivable way; after paying for it in full in every form imaginable, it now appears that we shall have to continue to pay for it year after year until—until we decide not to pay for it any more; that is, provided we can't get Germany to pay it for us once and for all. That of course, would be the desirable thing. If Germany would pay the war debts of America and England and France and Japan, we could look at the future with more serenity, for then there would be no more taxes on nut sundaes, movie tickets and other alleged luxuries.

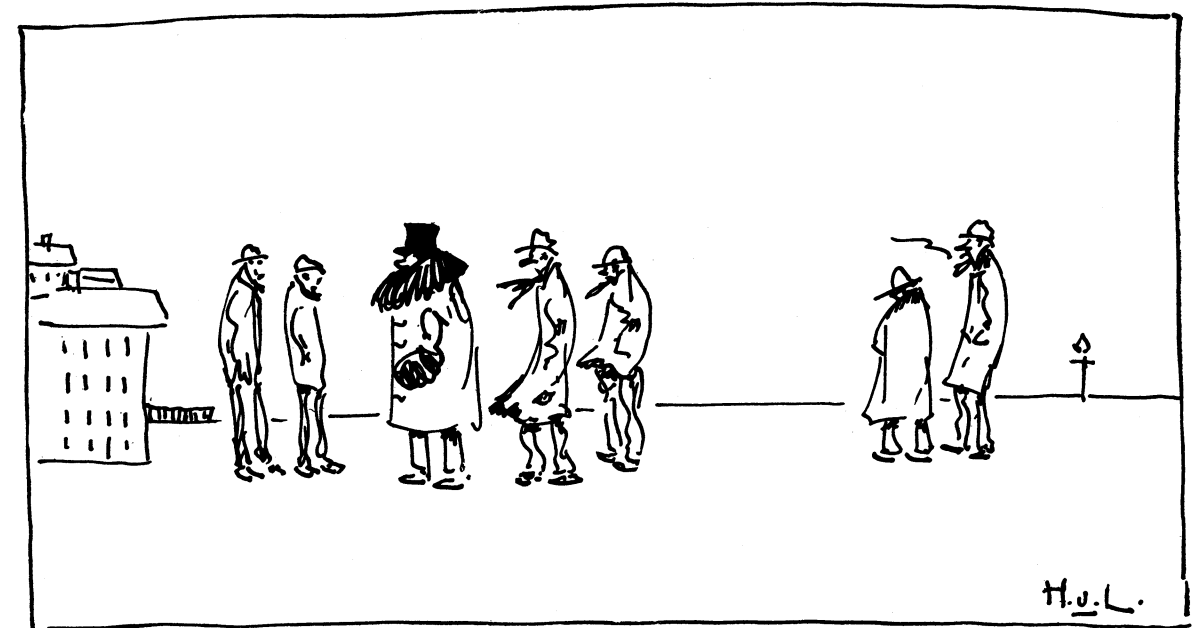
BUT let not the Bolsheviks become hopeful over the situation. The Republicans are promising to look into the matter. And if they don't keep their promise which of course is possible, then undoubtedly the Democrats will look into the matter. If the Democrats don't find the solution, the New Republic is sure to have something to say about it editorially and, if that does not suffice, there is still the double hope that President Wilson will be home sometime and that McAdoo is not at all likely to remain a movie

manufacturer forever. If he should receive a loud enough call from Duty and the emoluments thereof, he might even consent to serve a sentence as resident of the White House.

WHILE these questions are gradually crystallizing, we get the word that Russian liberals have indorsed Kolchak. Such liberality as this is touching and reminds us of the heroic attitude which our own American liberals have so often taken of late. In being liberal with Kolchak, as we understand it, the Russian liberals are using the money and guns of America and the other friends of democracy, provided the democracy does not become too democratic. But our own liberals were more heroic even than this. In their splendid editorials and their sterling magazine articles, they were willing to sacrifice the lives and the dollars even of their own countrymen in order that liberalism might not perish from the earth. Why should anyone ever resort to Socialism or Bolshevism or Anarchism or any other of the more abandoned isms when liberalism stands ready to meet every emergency with adroitness and temperance.

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

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



"WHICH IS THE DELEGATE FROM THE SEPARATION OF LABOR?"
"THE MAN IN THE FUR COAT."

BEANS

A GREAT and proud people went in for safety and sanity to such an extent that beans became with them an object of worship.

That is to say, their fear of spilling the beans was at length about the only religion they had.

Of course there was now and then a voice crying out in the wilderness. "Beans unspilled," the voice ventured to protest, "are always the same old beans. Spill them and they stand a chance of taking root and springing up and bearing increase."

But nothing came of it. Voices eventually flocked in out of the wilderness and signed up with the Chautauqua where people heard them with a feeling that it had been good to be there but otherwise without effect.

GOING to church and joining the army are popular Christian habits—patriots and the devil approve of both, but it is not at all certain that God does.

FREEDOM

"I WANT freedom," cried the Street Corner Orator.

"There's plenty of Freedom," said the Sugar Magnate. "I can raise the price of sugar or lower it any time I wish."

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

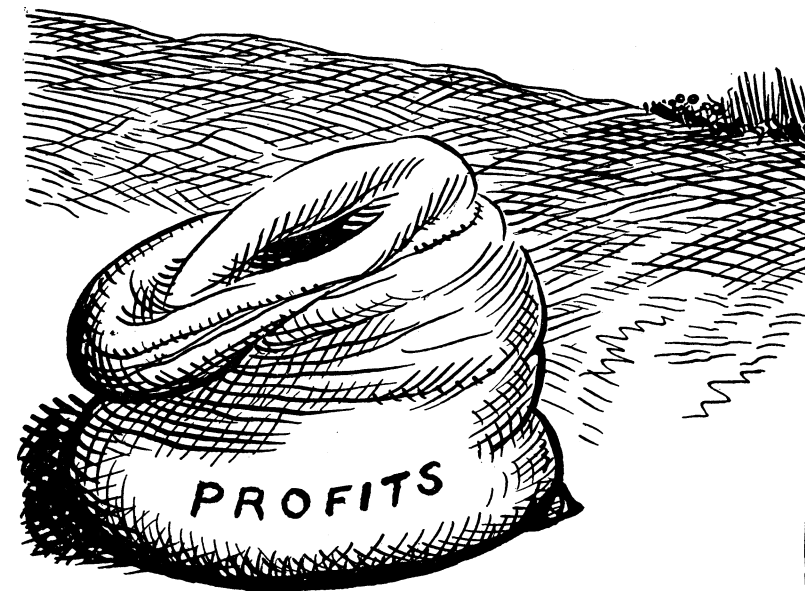
"And I have all the freedom I wish," declared the Railroad Man. "There is no limit to the low quality of service that I give the public."

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

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

OH National Honor! What barbarities are committed in thy name!

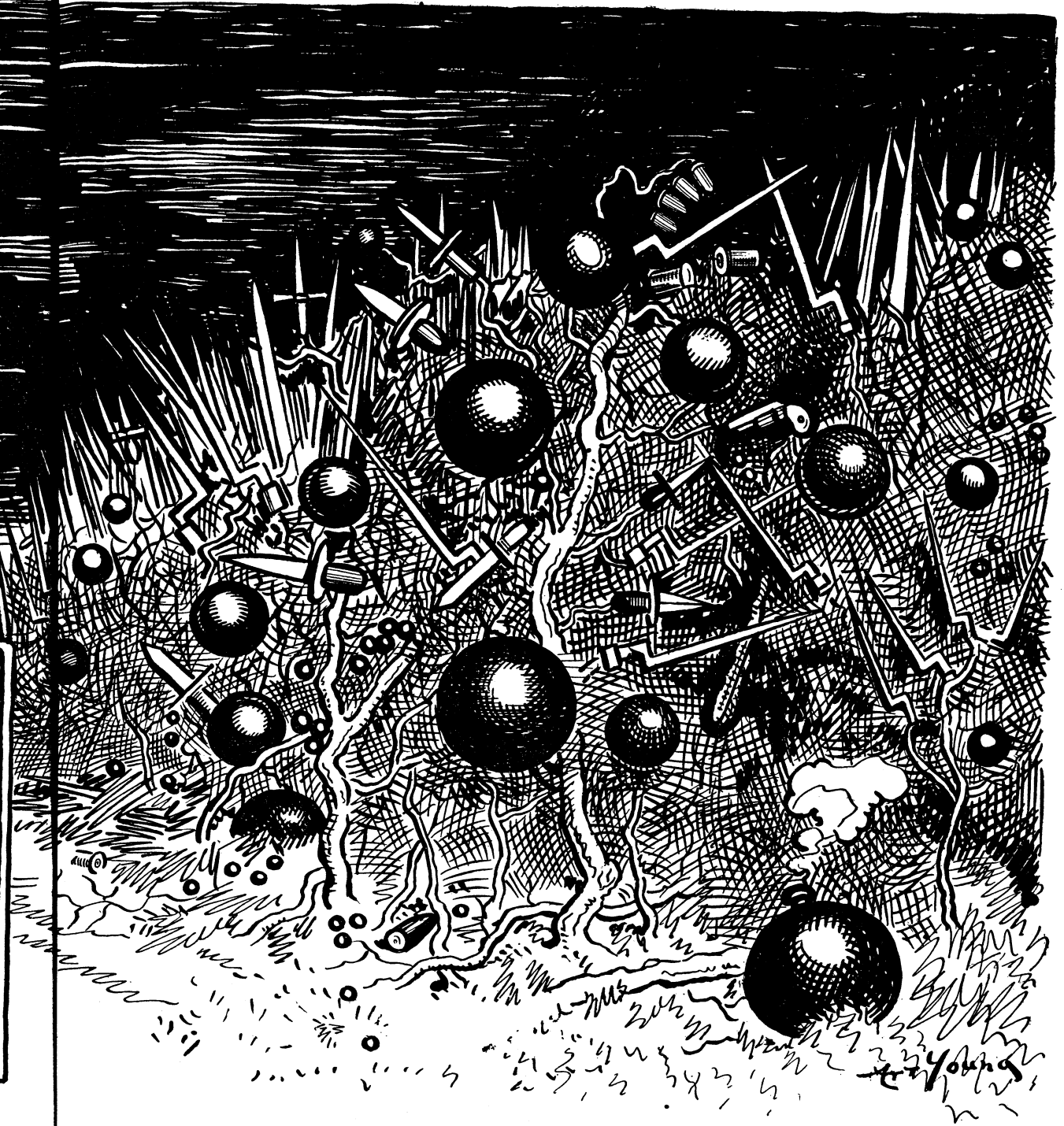




The seed



The sower



The Crop.

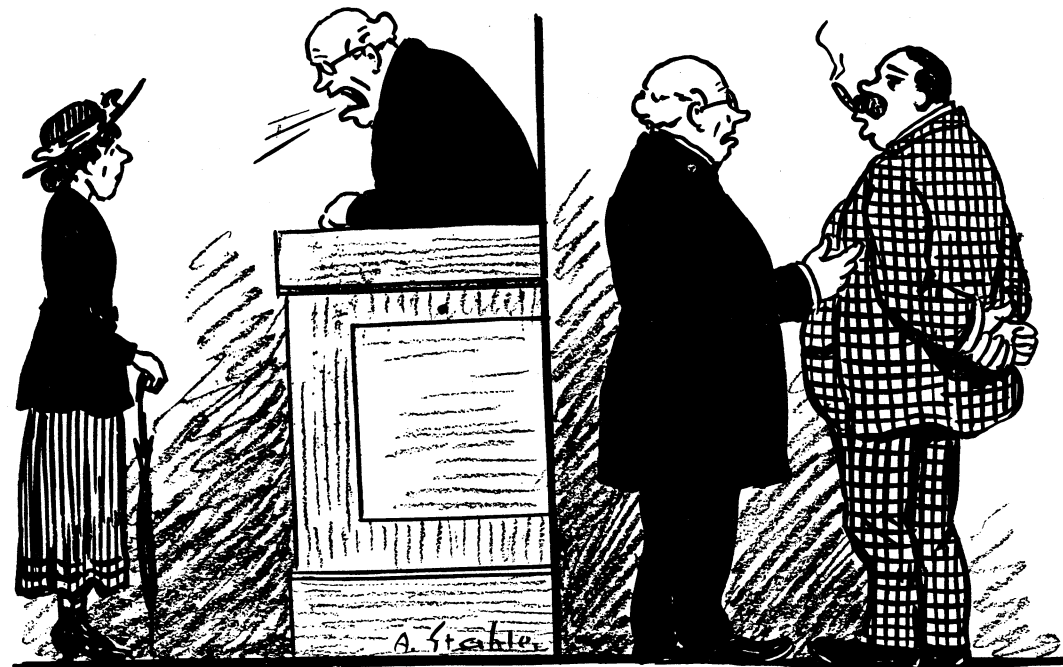
A WORD TO PROPHETS

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

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

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

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



JUDGE: What, you're striking for a 44-hour week and 50 cents an hour? Well, you Bolsheviks are never satisfied.

SAME JUDGE: Say, boss, please hurry up that bill raising the salaries of Judges. Eight thousand isn't enough nowadays to live decent.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



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

TAXED

Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream; When our cash (which ne'er encumbers) Leaves us in a steady stream.

Prices that once soared to Heaven Never since have shown a break; Even peace has caused no leaven In the profits merchants take.

Taxes have been piled on taxes Till we know not where to turn; Rent increases,—tribute waxes— Taking every cent we earn.

— Oscar Northway Meyer.



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

CHILD LABOR

(From "Glimpses of the Perfect Optimist")

"We must have child labor, don't you see?" The Perfect Optimist said to me, "It's good for business, extrem-a-lee, I reckon it's good for the youngsters, too, Of docile hands there are all too few.

"It's the land of the free and the home of the brave, So of course a child can't be a slave, And without it you couldn't make wages behave. Don't criticize Business, that's bad for the nation, For Me to make money is Civilization."

—Gertrude Nafe.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTE

FIUME: The bubble where a certain eminent statesman went down for the last time.

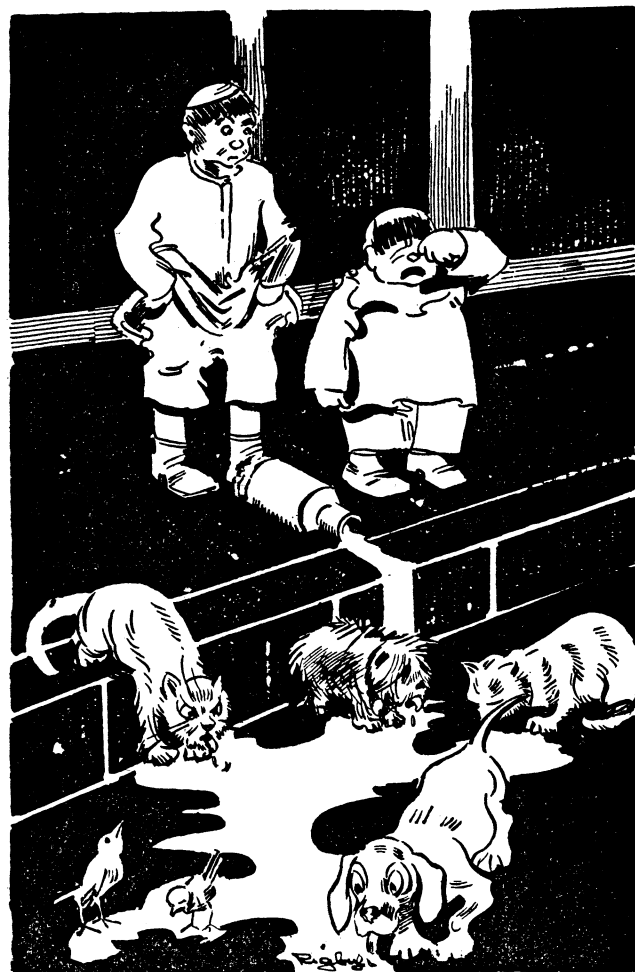
SAME OLD VOICE

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

"T'is the Profiteer's voice. We have heard him complain. You have checked me too soon. Let me plunder again."

PROLONGED DEBATE

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



THE CONSOLER

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

HYMN TO AN AMETABOLA *

Sweet Master Burlson,
Beloved by everyone,
To thee we sing.
Suppress our forward youth,
Our working girls uncouth.
Protect us from the truth,
Dictator — King.

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

— Harrison Hires.

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

WHY, MY DEAR!

(“Phyl” and “Lil” discuss radicalism at a million-dollar hat shop.)

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

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

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

Lillyan: Why, my dear, how excruciating!

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

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

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

Lillyan: Why, my dear, how fascinating!

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

Lillyan: Oh, my dear, how unsanitary! What are debs?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

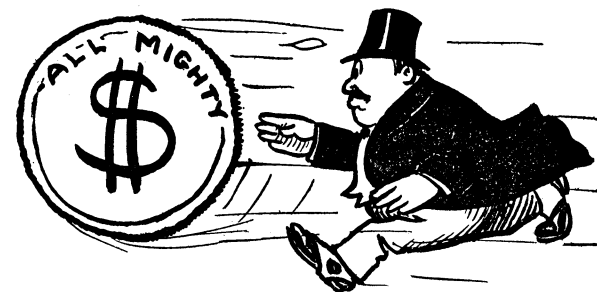
Stan Adler.

THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF BOL-SHEVISM

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

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

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



POLITICAL REPUTATIONS

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

— Horace Traubel.

AWAY UP HERE FROM DIXIE

I'm glad I'm not in the land of cotton,
Things down there are awful rotten,
Come away! Come away!
Come away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land a Bourbon crew
Are waxing fat off me and you.
Come away! Come away!
Come away! Dixie Land!

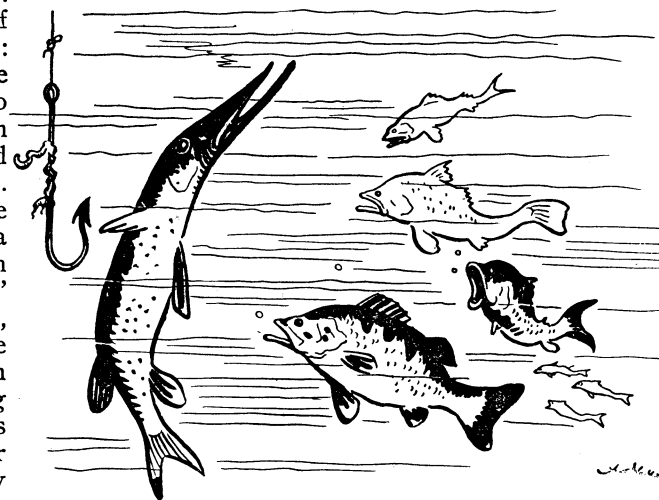
CHORUS

Den I'm glad I'm not in Dixie.
Hooray!!! Hooray!!!
In any land I'll take my stand
To keep away from Dixie.
Away! Away!
Away from awful Dixie.

In Dixie's mills the children slave
Until they meet an early grave,
Come away! Come away!
Come away! Dixie Land!
Poor whites as judged by Dixie law
Are worse than slaves before the war.
Come away! Come away!
Come away! Dixie Land!

CHORUS

Den never more for Dixie.
Hooray!!! Hooray!!!
Till Dixie Land improves her stand
I'll keep away from Dixie.
Away! Away!
From any part of Dixie.



DEEP SEA BUSINESS

ENTERPRISING PICKEREL: Here y'are! A few more nibbles left—going cheap.

IN A SERIOUS VEIN

DEAR ELLIS AND ART:—Congratulations. You've hit the right stride. "Good Morning" is funny but not too funny. I've seen three issues before pronouncing judgment, and it doesn't tire me a bit.

You don't keep a fellow laughing all the time. Compare "Good Morning" with the other humorous publications hereabouts and you'll get what I mean.

There's Hylan, for instance. He's undeniably the funniest Mayor that any city ever published. But when you start to laughing at him, your ears get pushed away back behind your head and they stick right there until the muscles that keep showing them register agony. You're different. You give us time to recover between laughs. Simply, of course, because you're sometimes serious.

Keep it up. I'd like to help you. There's plenty of serious work cut out for all of us if the world is to be made safe for future wars.

Why not a campaign in the immediate future to reform our school histories? They ought to be re-written in the spirit of the New Freedom. The ones in use now tell about an American Revolution. I'm an American and I resent it. George Washington wasn't any revolutionist, and I'll be damned if I'll let any foreign propagandist tell me he was. Washington saw certain shortcomings in the existing government, but you can't tell me that he sanctioned violence. He was an American, wasn't he? And don't Americans always believe in the established order?


The churches need reforming too. Why not take that up before it's too late? Children can't go to Sunday School these days without hearing some sort of Bolshevik propaganda. "It's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," says one of the seditious circulars that is being given considerable circulation, "than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." I've got it straight that the man responsible for this outburst wasn't an American citizen but a Jew of uncertain birth who was openly opposed to hating Germans. And yet American Sunday Schools are circulating his stuff.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust do corrupt and thieves break through and steal": How are we going to sell our bond issues with that sort of propaganda going on? And if we can't have bond issues, what's the use of having wars at all?

And look at this: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin. . . . Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." This is the subtlest of Bolshevik propaganda: for anyone can see that nothing short of a revolution would make it possible to live like that. It's all contrary to real Americanism, if the National Security League and our other exponents of the New Freedom know what they're talking about.

Yours for universal darkness,
C. W. W.

P. S.—I am not opposed to religion. "For God and Country" is my motto; "For God and Country—America First."



EAT WHERE
THE FOOD IS
GOOD, THE
ENVIRONMENT
PLEASANT AND
THE PRICES
RIGHT.

Uptown Branch
of
"Three
Steps
Down"
34 W. 35th St.
CAFETERIA
and
RESTAURANT.

"The Workers' World"

PUBLISHED BY THE

"Workers' International Information League"

Room 501 7 EAST 15TH ST., N. Y. C.

"The Workers' World" is an organ of Revolutionary International Socialism and Revolutionary Industrial Unionism.

This paper is UNIQUE in that it is distributed gratis among those workers most in need of our message.

The editors and their associates give the best of their efforts absolutely free, but the linotyping, paper dealers and Burleson's Services must be paid for. It is up to you, class-conscious workers, to help in every way you can to make this propaganda effort highly effective.

Every organization is welcome to as many copies as it possibly can make use of.

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MARRIAGE

As IT was, Is, and SHOULD BE. By Annie Besant. A new edition of that intensely interesting Brochure, 25c. A few copies of "The Scarlet Revue" No. 1, Something Unique, 25c. Raymer's Old Book Store, 1330 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

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AGNOSTIC each subscriber and get PAPER

THAT LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Oh see that League of Nations!

How they all love one another!

How beautifully they cohere in a spirit of all-circling human brotherhood.

Uncle Sam with his hand on his gun.

John Bull with his hand on his saber.

France with her hand on her rapier.

Italy with her hand on her stiletto.

The King of Dahomey with his hand on his razor.

Mexico with her hand on her machete.

Japan with her hand on her snickersnee.

And all of them with their respective hands on their respective pocketbooks.

Some League!

"NO ANNEXATIONS"

"No annexations?" We agree!

We did not draw the sword for gain,
But to keep little nations free;
And surely, surely, it is plain
That land and loot we must disdain,
Who only fight for liberty.

But, still—we cannot well restore

To the grim Teuton's iron yoke

The countries that he ruled before,

Rebind on liberated folk

The cruel fetters that we broke,
The grievous burden that they bore.

Of course it happens—as we know—

That "German East" has fertile soil

Where corn and cotton crops will grow,

That Togoland is rich in oil,

That natives can be made to toil

For wages white men count too low.

That many a wealthy diamond-mine

Makes South-West Africa a prize,

That river-dam and railway line

(A profitable enterprise)

May make a paying paradise

Of Bagdad and of Palestine.

However, this is by the way;

We do not fight for things like these

But to destroy a despot's sway,

To guard our ancient liberties;

We cannot help it if it please.

The Gods to make the process pay.

We cannot help it if our Fate

Decree that war in Freedom's name

Shall handsomely remunerate

Our ruling classes. 'Twas the same

In earlier days—we always came

Not to annex, but liberate.

— W. N. Ewer in the London Nation.

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American Correspondent of the London Daily News

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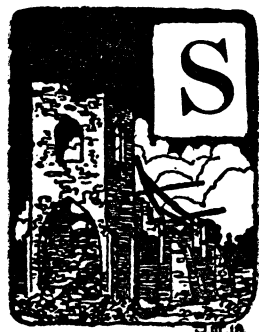
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STEINLEN, THE ARTIST OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

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

ON
LEAVE.
BY
STEINLEN.



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