



THE MONEY-MIND

NEARLY everybody who is rich has the money-mind.

The money-mind is a brain disease. It is better to be a good dog than to be the victim of this fatal malady. For "Rusty" can love and be loved, live in joy and die in peace, because he is not "demented with the mania for owning things."

Now this mania for owning things gets hold of the humblest and best of us, indeed, it is sad to see the good ones (like you and me) who, when the lucky wheel shall turn a million or so our way are going to give, and give, and give so handsomely to the deserving and to the less fortunate. Alas! for these noble resolves—these impulsive pledges of the scanty purse!

When a fortune actually falls to me what do I do? Only what the rest of them do when this money disease comes in with the checks.

Straightway, I levy myself a motor car or two. My wife a rope of pearls. My children a pony, et cetera, et cetera.

At Christmas time I give to my faithful servants one turkey each (unless hard times should compel me to make it a chicken). Upon my admiring relatives I bestow a few odd fives and tens, besides that thousand (which is about a tenthundredth part of my fortune that I have divided among them all so neatly in my will). Quite often, with a splendid air, I pay the nickel car-fare for a friend—forgetting none you see.

And sometimes at night, as I sit in my sumptuous library watching the fire snap and sputter up the chimney I can just feel the goodness in my heart. And I murmur softly to myself—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

H. W. W.

THOSE NARROW BOLSHEVISTS

"Those Bolshevists in Russia are narrow. Now you take this question of nationalization of women—"

"Don't you believe women should be nationalized?"

"No, they ought to be internationalized."



MR. SLIMLY: "That's my wife sitting over there—where the flowers are is the front."

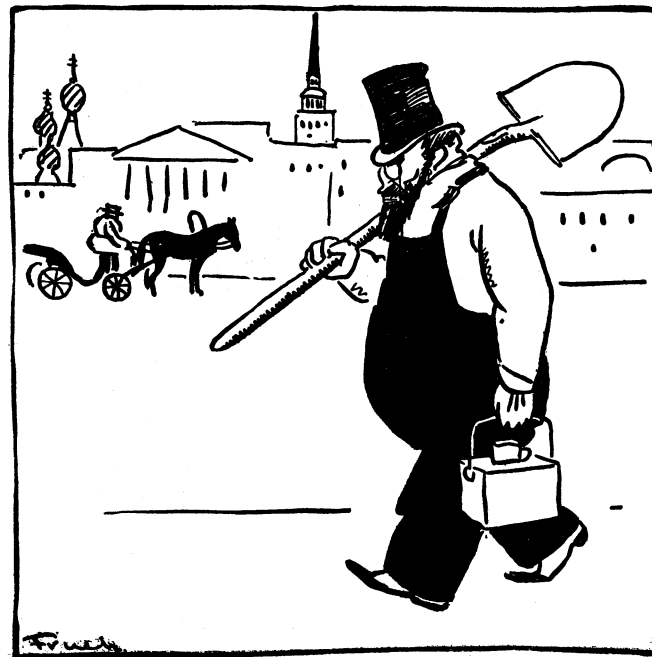
MERELY A SUGGESTION

The eagle's a majestic bird
And soars to dizzy heights,
Nor heeds the toiling world below
In his empyrean flights.

But when we chose the eagle for
Our country's coin and seal
Two bits would buy most anywhere
A fairly decent meal.

Still up and ever upward has
The cost of living flown
And bills of every household have
Numerically grown.

And so to be our Nation's bird—
Most glorious post to fill—
I nominate the pelican
Because he's mostly bill.
— Alan C. Madden.



SOCIETY NOTE FROM MOSCOW

Grand Duke Nevawuk, who is noted for correct costumes, appeared on the Boulevard last Sunday in overalls of a new cut. The Grand Duke says that overalls will not be worn creased this year.

OUR OWN LEAGUE OF NATIONS

INASMUCH as it is the style just now for everyone to be in favor of some particular League of Nations, GOOD MORNING herewith sets forth in tentative outline his idea for a League of Nations which would best conserve the interests of the most important of the dwellers upon the earth's surface:

(1) There shall be absolute freedom of the seas within reasonable limits. The seas shall be allowed to indulge in the regular tidal movements upon notifying the signatory powers hereto, and especially Great Britain, of such intention. They shall be rough on stormy days and smooth on calm days provided this does not interfere with the imperialistic ambition of any member of the League and especially great Britain. All fish who now have vested rights in the seas may continue to exercise those rights provided they are not caught at it.

(2) On and after the date of the signing of this agreement by the parties hereto, no imperialistic ambitions whatsoever shall be recognized unless they emanate from London, Washington, Paris, Rome, or Tokio, and it would be well if even some of those centers were a little modest in any demands that might be construed as imperialisti

(3) Nothing in this League of Nations shall be construed as interfering in any way with the rights of the various governments to waste the public monies of their respective constituencies whether by armaments, military machines, junkets, deficiency bill, revolving funds, price fixing schemes or otherwise.

(4) All questions concerning the welfare of the different publics belonging to the League, shall be carefully concealed from the public until it is too late for the public to assert its will in opposition.

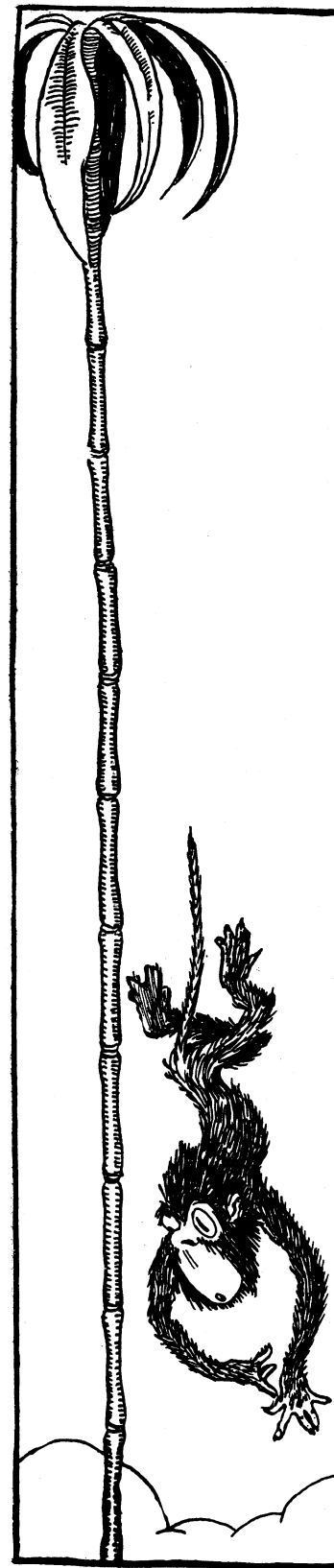
(5) The Government of the League shall be in the hands of a Supreme Council consisting of two reliable Censors from each signatory nation. These Censors shall be carefully selected and each shall present satisfactory evidence that he is interested in no popular or progressive movement whatsoever. This Supreme Council shall have the continuous and active assistance of a Subordinate Council composed as follows from each nation: One banker worth not less than two billion dollars; one business man who can prove that he is a director in not less than forty-seven corporations; one labor leader who has done no useful work for at least twenty-five years and who has lost all touch with the laboring classes; one statesman not younger than sixty; and one Socialist who is convinced that the only mistake the Socialists of Russia, Germany and elsewhere are making, is in trying to bring about the state of affairs that the Socialists have been working for.

(6) The Supreme Council and other subordinate bodies shall meet in various parts of the world from time to time. These places shall be selected according to their remoteness from revolutionary centres in order that they may not be disturbed by revolutionary activities.

(7) In joining the League of Nations, the United States of America pledges itself to lend money, lives, supplies and democratic respectability to any other member of the League, and especially Great Britain, who wishes to pull off any little imperialistic stunt, but nothing herein can be construed as obligating the other nations to return this favor to the United States unless it be to their best interests so to do.

NEWS ITEM

It is reported that Colonel House, who recently went abroad with Napoleon I, and suite, will shortly return accompanied by Napoleon III.



DESCENT OF MAN *A Monkey's-Eye View of the War*

I. Eden.

Some breeze—
Some trees—
Some peacefulness and bliss.
First love
Above
The monkey's mating kiss.

II. That Apple.

So earth
Gave birth
To new humanity
And man
Began
To harbor vanity.

III. Raising Cain.

Could Cain
Refrain
From grabbing what was nice
When "need"
Decreed
His brother's sacrifice?

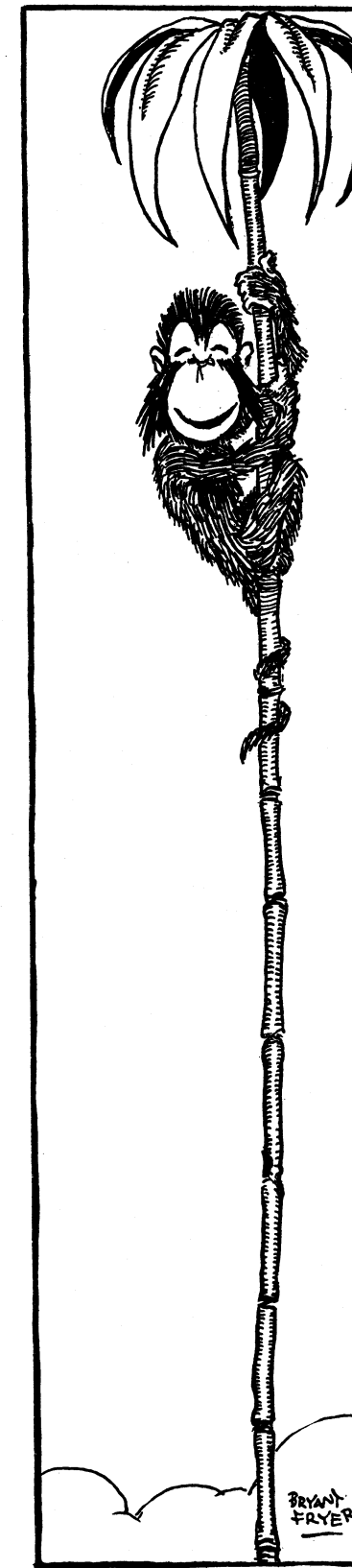
IV. Then Hell.

Still might
Makes right.
By scientific killing
We gain
Domain
And make our neighbors willing.

V. Home Sweet Home.

He fell
To Hell—
The monk that tumbled then.
The trees,
The breeze—
Come, let's climb up again.

— Geroid Robinson.





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 29th, 1919

THE gentle censor, or whoever it is who now decides just how much the public should know about its own business, has neglected to supply copious details concerning the feeling of ungovernable nausea and revulsion which attacked the German delegates when presented with the proposed peace treaty. It is an eighty-thousand word document, which is in itself a clue. It would be beyond the capacity of even such capacious statesmen as now are assembled at Versailles, to formulate eighty thousand words of deliberately serious text that did not contain many opportunities for diplomats to quarrel, especially if they happened to feel a bit dyspeptic. But such things do not worry us philosophers who know that the kingdom of heaven can only be attained through great sacrifice. In common with all true rational beings, GOOD MORNING strongly believes in a peaceful result quarrelsome arrived at.

DURING the working out process, however, we must expect various kinds of crises. As we go to press, a crisis is reported from abroad which is so serious that Brockdorf is consulting Dernberg and Clemenceau had to omit having his shoes shined through an entire period of thirty-six hours, while Wilson was reported as having sent sealed orders to Tumulty to order Daniels to proceed at once with the entire navy to the fishing banks, there to be in readiness for any emergency. This has given rise to a further rumor that the return of American troops from France will be postponed. Over here, the Wall Street speculators seem to be the only ones who know what to do about it. They are reported as selling steel heavily, while those of us who have no steel can only tremble with fear and hope that Providence will be kind to us.

But at least our reputation is now as clear as our consciences have always been. While we have been sacrificing everything to carry democracy to the four quarters of the earth, somebody, probably one of those horrid pacifists, spread the cowardly canard that we Americans cared for nothing but dollars and, it is said that the slander gained considerable currency among certain credulous and gullible people, but since President Wilson's recent speech, in which he

made it clear that, as a nation, we hardly thought of money from one pay day to another, it is hoped that the truth will prevail.

AT the same time, those who sold their steel stock and others who wish to invest in a way that will stimulate the pocketbook without impoverishing the soul, are offered the opportunity through half-page advertisements of the Methodist Centenary. It is a "Guaranteed Investment" that is offered. "Every business man," we read, "knows that the church is not only his greatest guarantee of peace with his workers, but that the church has been the greatest factor in the development of better workers." Of course such statements emanating from a religious source should not be taken at their face value. In matters religious, politeness requires us to accept statements on faith and this must apply to guaranteed investments also. To be sure, history is not exactly replete with instances of wars that the church has prevented, but on the other hand there is no reason for believing that the church would not staunchly stand for peace as against all wars that were not properly sponsored.

ON the whole, life these days is just one "drive" after another. In some cases there are so many "drives" to be pulled off that they go along tandem. Simultaneously with the Methodist Centenary "drive" is the Salvation Army "drive" with every section and community allotted its equitable quota. Any community that exceeds its quota will get an extra boom on the big bass drum and several extra toots on the faithful, but not always tuneful, cornet. Unlike the Methodist guarantee of peace, the Salvation Army guarantees a continuous and unrelenting war on the forces of evil. No peace so long as a single sinner is outside of the fold.

While those drives are proceeding as per schedule, the Republicans have started a drive in another direction. They will "drive" for votes, using the same old allurements. Through their able spokesman, Senator Harding, we are promised the "end of Government Ownership." Inasmuch as we have no government ownership, this is an easy thing to promise. We are promised "decrease of expenditures," which is also easy, because it would be almost impossible to make the expenditures any larger. Then we are promised a "cut in taxation," another simple matter; "non-partisan investigation of war activities," for the delectation of the archives no doubt; and "extended discussion of the peace treaty." We quote from a summary in the N. Y. Times and it is all so reasonable, that we predict for the Republicans a brilliant success provided circumstances over which they have no control do not intervene to disturb their extended discussions and their interminable and inconsequential investigations.

SUGGESTED REVISION

IN view of the growing antipathy to red among our leading patriots, as well as other basic changes in the warp and woof of our national traditions, it would meet with widespread approval to revise Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, to read as follows:

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the slave and the fee,
The shrine of each patriot's commotion,
The world now owes millions to thee.
Thy mandates make conscripts assemble,
When Liberty's forms lost to view.
Thy banners help tyranny dissemble,
When borne by the —, white and blue.
When borne by the —, white and blue,
When borne by the —, white and blue,
Thy banners help tyranny dissemble,
When borne by the —, white and blue.

"BUT what good came of it at last?" Asked little Peter Jones. "I can tell you all right," answered his grandfather, "We made Germany give us all her verbotens, and our courts put them into the constitution to make it safe for democracy."



HOPE

When Burleson treats Mackay to a drink,
When William Jennings Bryan begins to think,
When Colonel House and Woodrow are divorced,
When Butler for the Presidency's endorsed,
When Hansen of Seattle takes a pride
In shimmying the Bolsheviki glide,—
When Brockdorf sends a wreath to Clemenceau—
Why, then, perhaps, the League may have a show.
— Oliver Opdyke.

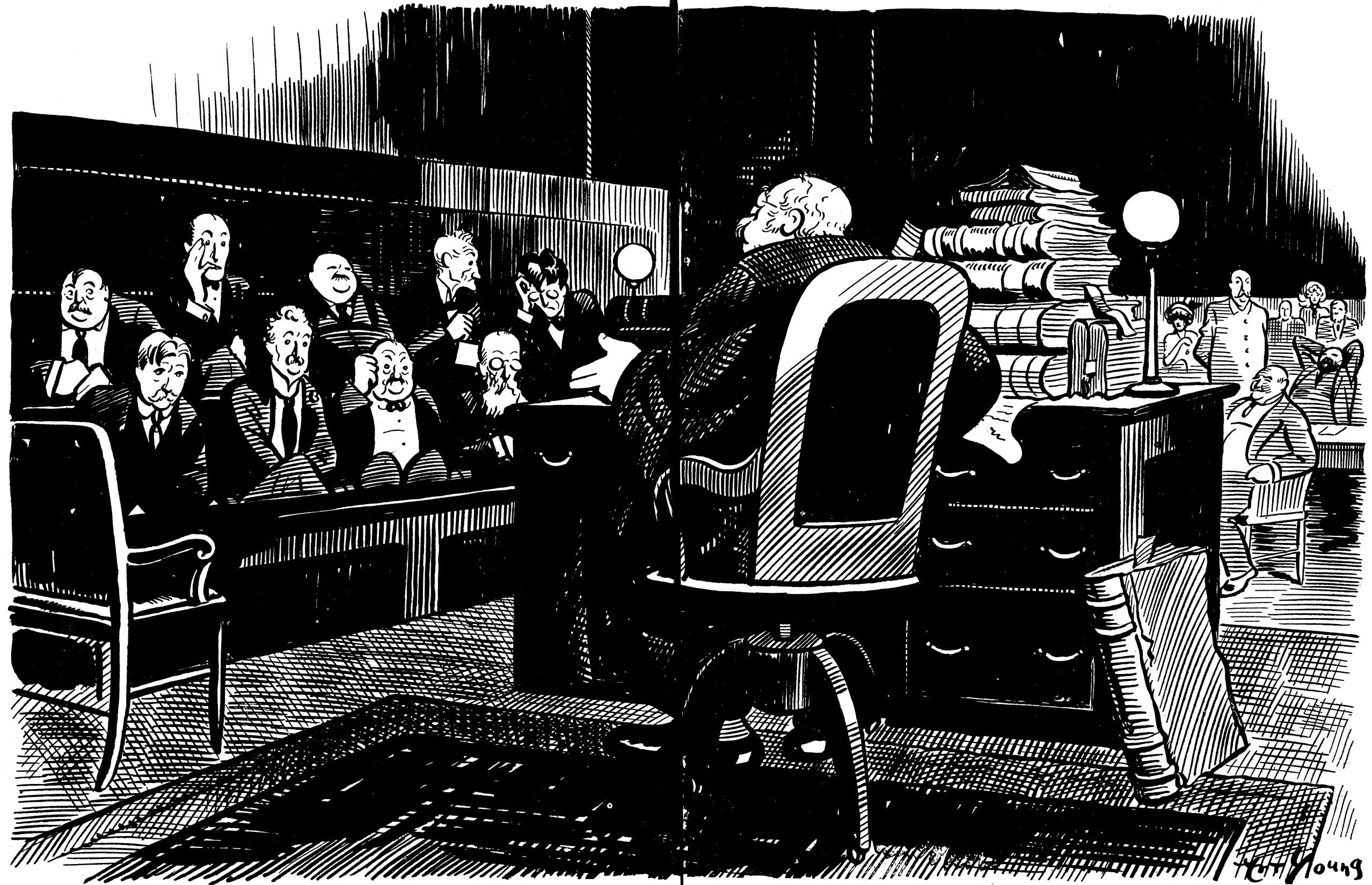
TWO monkeys were discussing the war in Europe.

"It is not," said one, "so very hard to believe that human beings are descended from us."

"No, not at all," replied the other. "They are every bit as silly in their actions. The only difference I can see is that they take themselves and their doings with such ludicrous seriousness."



POSTCARDS FROM HELL



THE JUDGE'S CHARGE

'Now gentlemen of the jury, you are to decide on the defendant's guilt or innocence beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt is a doubt that is not unreasonable. What is reason? Reason is the application of jurisprudence to the body politic, so that the sacred and time honored rights of the best people may remain inviolate. (Juror No. 3 has a rush of reason to the head and calls for a drink of water.) If you are satisfied that the defendant with wilful intent conspired to overthrow, deface, undermine, climb on, lean against, crack, bend, push or otherwise trans-mogrify the pillars of our glorious government you are to bring in a verdict of guilty.'

C. Young



BRILLIANT MOMENTS WITH THE INTELLIGENCE

SHE: I knew an artist once who was a Socialist.
HE: Not me—Socialism wouldn't do my art any good.

STEALING

IN order to understand all about stealing one must be a lawyer.

And even then it is impossible to know much about it.

Because stealing is so complicated with subjectivity, objectivity and selectivity that the more laws we have upon the subject the more confused the whole thing becomes.

We should not steal.

That is made clear in the Ten Commandments.

But, alas, the Ten Commandments neglected to define "steal."

Hence the difficulty of deciding whether any particular kind of property appropriation is stealing or merely good business.

To be on the safe side, one should get in control of the law-making machine.

Then when one wanted to conduct some confiscatory operation, one could first legalize it with the majestic cover of a statute.

THE OTHER WHAT?

IT was found that two Columbus brothers, William L. and Thomas T. Scully, both had been killed in the Argonne Forest within three weeks of the other.—Ohio State Journal.

FOR FUN

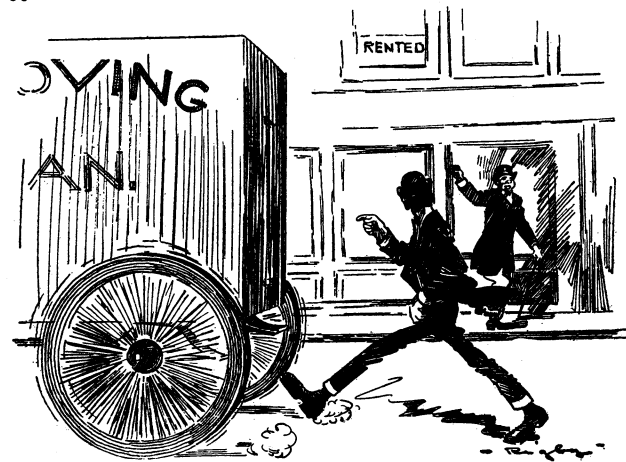
WE do good things and bad things for fun. And wise and foolish things. Also, light and serious things. Sometimes I think that the thing we don't do for fun never gets done or gets only half done or miserably done. I'm tremendously interested and mixed up with the labor revolutionary problems of the age. Why? I guess for fun. Maybe not only for fun. But largely for fun. I guess if Savanorola had been asked while he was roasting to death in the gentle kindly bonfire kindled by a barbarous piety why he submitted to it rather than apologize, he'd have said: "Just for fun." And our own American John Brown the same. And all the conscious martyrs of all religions and sciences and arts and causes the same. It was always for fun. For some kind of fun. Even the inquisitors, all inquisitors of all ages and in all forms, would say they did just what they were doing for fun. Some kind of fun. All of them. The malign and the merciful. In that complete sense we could paraphrase Emerson's outcry over the execution of John Brown—"Now you have made the gallows as holy as the cross"—with "Now you have made the gallows as funny as the cross." To do a thing for merely funny fun may leave a man only with the least of himself. But to do it for essential fun may leave him with the best of himself. A man who can get fun out of his adversities is inevitably safe and well. But the man who questions even his success is sicker in his health than the other man is in his illness. There may be a divine fun. It may rainbow the scaffold and the grave. Then a man is willing to be persecuted for fun. His sense of an immortal situation may lift him above all incidental appearances. Whitman used to have awful trouble to get himself published in volumes for a dollar or two apiece. Even then nobody cared. His royalties were ridiculous. When he died he said he thought he'd got a foothold. He wouldn't claim anything more. When I told him I expected to see him live to be marketed for fifty dollars a volume he laughed loud and outright. I did. Horace Traubel.

THE VOTER

THE voter is a stupid dick
Who puts himself to careful bother
To find which candidate to pick
And wishes then he'd taken t'other.



Frueh



BROWN: Hello Bill, what's up?
SMITH: Looking for an apartment. This van is going to move somebody, maybe I'll have a chance.

ADVICE TO PARENTS IF

IF your son appears entirely oblivious of the rights of anyone else,
AND if he refuses to believe the truth when it is shown him,
AND if he likes to call everybody who disagrees with him by the pet name "Bolshevik,"
AND ESPECIALLY if he shows signs of more than the average stupidity,
DON'T worry about him, for some day he may be admitted to the charmed circle and write editorials on economics for some of our leading newspapers.

BUT

IF he evinces a desire to do his thinking for himself,
AND if he refuses to believe everything he reads in the New York papers,
AND if he occasionally admits that perhaps other human beings have a right to life, liberty and the rest of it,
AND ESPECIALLY if he begins to show signs of doubting the wisdom of supporting a parasite class to fatten on the labor of the world's producers,

LOOK OUT!

He may turn out to be a socialist or something. Hurry and get him into some institution of learning that has been carefully purged of all instructors who teach the truth about conditions as they are. Such institutions are becoming plentiful as blackberries.

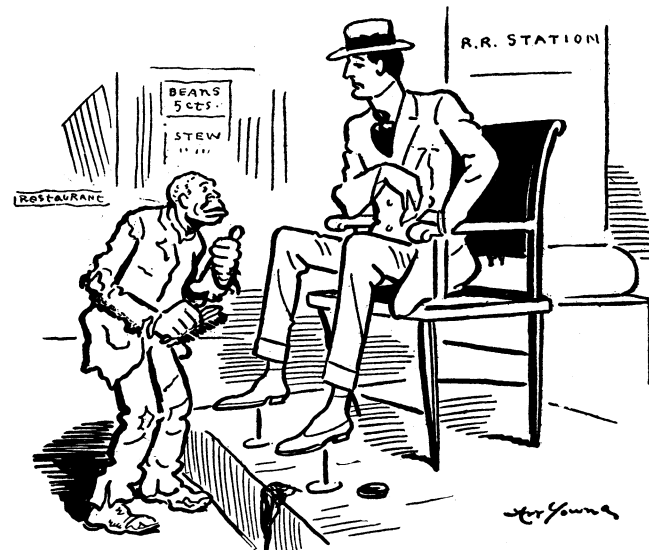
It may save him. — Arthur H. Severson.

HOW TO AVOID THE BOLSHEVIKI

NEVER walk on the other side of the street. It is stated on good authority by a Cossack who used to shine the shoes of the third assistant secretary of Kerenski that those terrible Bolsheviki, perfect personifications of perversity, have an ungovernable, not to say dangerous, habit of infesting, not to say lurking in and about, the other side of the street.

Never go out aviating without first supplying yourself plentifully with sky hooks. The Bolshevik hates to see people flying about with an air of superiority and therefore nothing so agitates his well-known whiskers as to observe the festive aviator enjoying his afternoon tail-spin. So, on sunny days, he lurks in the offing ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting ace and raise the deuce with him. Then it is necessary to select hastily from one's kit the particular sky hook that happens to be best suited to your lie and with it take a firm hold of any crag, promontory or other protuberance that might be beetling about in the vicinity.

Never fall out of an open window. It is surprising how a Bolshevik does love to be on hand when anyone falls out of an open window. It is stated on good authority by a minister who spent several days in Petrograd and who was never known to tell a lie except about the next world, that a well-developed Bolshevik thinks nothing of standing for hours and weeks and years be-



"Is there a good restaurant around here?"
"Right across de street, Boss."
"You sure it's a good one?"
"It sure is, boss. Ah eats dere myself."

A TIMID SUGGESTION

Official directions, week by week,
How to think and speak
Is what I seek
"On this you may parley, on that not a squeak.

"From Monday at nine till half past two
Remember do,
That strikes are few,
Or else you'll be snatched by the Bugaboo.

"From Tuesday at four till eight fifteen,
'Tis true, I ween,
Perspicaciously seen,
That England most piously cares for the green.

"We poked into Russia our guns and our men,
On Wednesday then,
At half past ten,
Call up the lugubrious horrors again.

"By Thursday we're wriggling out of a fix
So the Bolshevik tricks
Were a mendacious mix"
(I don't say, myself, that a big, bay steer kicks.)

"Friday, at nine, Rome warred for ideals,
By twelve we hear squeals,
She likes food with her meals!!
At three it is time she was hung by the heels."

By Saturday night, somersaults in your brain
Don't give you a pain,
They seem right as rain.
You think with your betters-in-law without strain.

"Officially sterilized sentiments" stamped
Although a bit cramped
And often revamped
Are safe. From all plain, home-made thought
I've decamped.
—Gertrude Nafe.

BANKERS

BANKERS are financial middle men. They seem, up to this time, to have been necessary evils in the distribution of that root of all evil, which we call money and for which we give all our time and all our commodities.

Middle men grow into disrepute when they have outlived their usefulness. They have outlived their usefulness when they become too greedy, when they appear to be more interested in hindering distribution than in furthering it.

When bankers feel they have reached that point they will of course be good enough to let us know.



"Doctor, I'm suffering terribly from insomnia, I wake up every morning at 8 o'clock."

neath some open window out of which he thinks somebody is likely to fall. Therefore, all suicides and others who contemplate falling out of windows should be sure to see that the windows in question are closed, securely locked and, if possible, barred.

If, while automobiling, accident should befall, never use a right-hand monkey wrench with a left-hand drive. Nothing makes a Bolshevik madder than this. It simply makes his blood boil no matter what kind of radiator he uses, whether, air-cooled or water-cooled. In that case, nothing will put his mechanism in shape again except great quantities of fresh blood from innocent victims. This he gulps down in long ferocious draughts leering horribly at each gulp after which he drapes himself upon the nearest rail fence and gleams upon the surrounding country with a grin of grim satisfaction.

Do not wear spats with overalls. Such an incompatibility is absolutely and unmitigatedly excruciating to the sensitive and unregenerate soul of the average Bolshevik who hasn't had a shave for ten days or a haircut for ten years. He would be sure that nobody would wear overalls and spats unless he was trying to put something over on somebody else. Hence his antipathy.

Other approved and practical methods of escaping the Bolshevik will be presented from time to time as they are discovered and perfected by our large corps of experts.
N. A. G.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION— MODERNIZED

WE have done those things that we ought to have done and we have left undone those things that we couldn't get done and there are no flies on us.
— B. H.

Still They Come

AN APPETIZER

May 10, 1919.

Dear Art Young:—Having met you from time to time at the Waldorf, Hotel Astor and other plutocratic resorts, I know that your appetite at least is in the right place. "Good Morning" for three months to

Yours,
New York. George Grantham Bain.

A REAL RELIEF

May 11, 1919.

"GOOD MORNING!":—Art is long and life is fleeting, yet I expended a few of the remaining moments of my life to read your first issue from cover to cover, without missing a line, and I felt good. In these days of humbug "idealists" and calisthenic "revolutionists" your paper is a real relief. Please send me \$1.50's worth of it.

Sincerely,
Brooklyn. Isaac A. Hourwich.

SOUNDS MIGHTY GOOD

Dear Art Young:

GOOD MORNING sounds mighty good to me. Success to you. Put me down for a copy.

Faithfully,
New York. Paul Kennaday.

IN THE WRONG CENTURY

April 14, 1919.

DEAR ELLIS O. JONES: I hear so much about "Good Morning" and I know it will be worthy of you and of Art Young. I can not help thinking of the combination of Praxiteles and Minerva, of Pericles and Aspasia, or to suggest something less Greek and more Gallic, of d'Artagnan and Athos. It is a pity, perhaps, that I can not help revering the men who wrote thousands of years ago. If a statement was made four hundred years before Christ it exercises a spell over my intellect. As to the truths enunciated by those who secreted them in papyrus form among the galleries of the pyramids, I decline even to consider their super-session by the trivialities of yesterday. I am afraid, from what I know of you, that Good Morning will be something altogether new.

Yours faithfully,
New York. Alexander Harvey.

GOD AND ONE DOLLAR

April 11, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: Please let God run the universe and acknowledge one dollar.

I believe in you. Always,
Riverton, N. J. George Henry Smith.

IT IS EASY TO STAMMER

If you will only observe a few simple scientific rules.

Thousands of our pupils all over the world have become successful stammerers by our method.

No matter how fluent you may be, we can fill your speech with impediments until it is almost impossible for you to express yourself.

No trouble. No inconvenience. Just a few quiet evenings at home. Here are excerpts from a few of our millions of

TESTIMONIALS

P. D. Q., Alabama, writes: "Since taking your complete course in stammering, I now find steady work amusing children for tired mothers."

S. O. S., New York, writes: "I have just closed a forty-week engagement with the leading vaudeville circuit. I owe it all to you."

A. E. F., Paris, writes "I used to be one of the kind of people who blurted everything I knew right out. You know what I mean. Well, I haven't blurted since taking your course."

Charges moderate, satisfaction guaranteed or fluency refunded.

NEWLIGHT CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

NEW YORK CITY



THOSE CRUMBLING THRONES

ANOTHER throne has gone down and I swim in oceans of satisfaction. I wish I might live fifty years longer; I believe I should see the end of what is surely the grotesqueness of all swindles ever invented by man—monarchy. It is enough to make a graven image laugh, to see apparently rational people, away down here in this wholesome and merciless slaughter-day of shams, still mouthing empty reverence for those moss-backed frauds and scoundrelisms, hereditary kingship and so-called nobility. It is enough to make the monarchs and nobles themselves laugh—and in private they do; there can be no question about that. I think there is only one funnier thing, and that is the spectacle of these bastard Americans—these Hamersleys and Huntingtons and such—offering cash, encumbered by themselves, for rotten carcasses and stolen titles.

When our great brethren, the disenslaved Brazilians, frame their Declaration of Independence, I hope they will insert this missing link: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all monarchs are usurpers, and descendants of usurpers; for the reason that no throne was ever set up in this world by the will, freely exercised, of the only body possessing the legitimate right to set it up—the numerical mass of the nation." Things are working.

Bye and bye there is going to be an emigration, maybe. In a few years from now we shall have nothing but played-out kings and dukes on the police, and in fact overcrowding all the avenues of unskilled labor. I want to say a Yankee mechanic's say about monarchy and its several natural props. I am glad you approve of what I say about the French Revolution. Few people will. It is odd that even to this day Americans still observe that immortal benefaction through English and other monarchial eyes, and have no shred of an opinion about it that they didn't get at second hand. Next to the Fourth of July and its results, it was the noblest and the holiest thing and the most precious that ever happened on this earth. And its gracious work is not done yet—not anywhere in the remote neighborhood of it. Mark Twain in 1889.

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

SCOTT NEARING

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

"Violence or Solidarity?"

Professor Nearing attacks the question of violence from all its possible angles, and with no mincing of words in matter.

Will Guns Settle It?

That's the question. Read what Nearing says.

FIVE CENTS A COPY

Special rate to literature agents

THE PEOPLE'S PRINT ROOM
138 West 13th Street, New York City

Industrial Readjustment

A NEW series of articles by Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor, will begin in THE PUBLIC of May 24th.

- I. Labor, Business, and The Public.
- II. Parasitical Interests in Business Guise.
- III. Monopolies of Natural Resources.
- IV. Partnership in Production.

A day of industrial readjustment is at hand, and Mr. Post has written these articles for The Public to analyze the present situation, and to indicate how, instead of quarreling and making themselves miserable and the world sick, labor and business should set themselves to solving the problem of how to be partners in production and workers together in the scheme of social service.

The articles are brief. They are written with great clearness and should be of unusual value to business men and women just beginning to think in larger terms than ignorant and futile antagonism to labor. By the same token, this series will be helpful to those of the labor group who, for selfish or idealistic reasons, are seeking a remedy for present industrial injustices and unrest.

ALSO IN THE PUBLIC FOR MAY 24:

- "WHEN THE WAR BILLS ARE PAID,"
—By Prof. W. H. Carruth.
- "WOMEN AT THE CROSSROADS,"
—By Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
- "WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE,"
—By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

THE PUBLIC,
122 E. 37th St.,
New York, N. Y.

For the attached dollar bill please enter my name for eighteen trial issues of "The Public."

Name

Address

RAYMOND ROBINS'

Sensational Story of

BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

begins in the Metropolitan

"I shall adopt the spirit of what you say, in something I am writing as to the lesson of Russia for us. There isn't anybody in this country I am so anxious to see and to hear at length exactly along the lines you speak of as you."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

in a letter to Raymond Robins in September, 1918.

BOLSHEVISM is a fact. It has overspread Russia like a torrent and is sweeping Eastern Europe. The days of ignoring it, of just calling it hard names, are past. Now we must face it, recognize it, understand it.

The American who knows Bolshevism, who dealt with Bolshevists daily, who has rubbed shoulders with the thing that is sending the world into spasms of terror, has consented to tell the story of Bolshevist Russia to the American people through the pages of the Metropolitan Magazine.

Raymond Robins went to Russia for the Red Cross in the early days of Kerensky. His appointment was the result of Colonel Roosevelt's earnest plea. Roosevelt knew his man.

Robins' job was to feed starving women and children. When Kerensky fell and Lenin and Trotzky rode into power, it was still Robins' job to feed those who hungered. It was no time for quibbling or for politics. It was time for bread.

Robins went to Lenin and Trotzky. He demanded a free field and no interference. Would

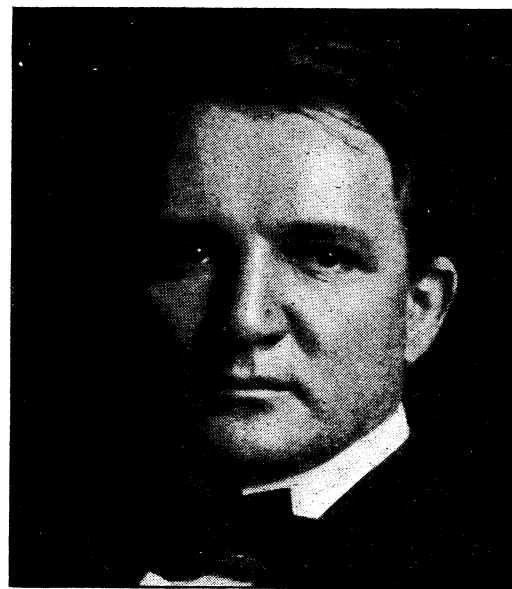
they trust him? They did and Robins became the unofficial American representative to the Bolshevist group.

Robins will tell the whole story—for the first time, the real facts. Grown-up America should not fear facts. It will be supplemented with reproductions of sensational documents, the existence of which has never been suspected and which light up every step of this remarkable story. It is a dramatic, thrilling narrative of adventure among the shifting and turbulent scenes of an uprising of one hundred and eighty millions of people.

Through the story stalks the voluble Trotzky and the shrewd, capable Lenin, planning behind his slits of eyes a world in revolt. These two men Robins saw on an average of three times a week for more than five months.

He learned their philosophy from their own lips.

Raymond Robins' story of Bolshevist Russia, as told to William Hard, begins in the June Metropolitan and will run for six issues.



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