Feeding the Faithful

After eight long, lean years, the Republicans have their chance to make a mess of it.
Old Stupidity Wakes Up!

The picture above has nothing to do with the few words we want to say. That's why we put it there. But anyway, this number of the only humorous magazine this side of heaven will be known to posterity as the March 1-15th number.

Our doubling-up in this issue is due to a variety of things, unimportant among which are the following:

The cactus-crop conditions in Texas, the expected late-spring blizzard, Harding's inauguration, the Einstein theory of relativity, single-tax, the freedom of the seas and the indisposition of Fanny, Good Morning's female contingent.

Beyond the quality of the contents in this issue, subscribers to this organ of the Interworld Mirth Movement will not suffer by the occurrence, as their expiration dates will hereby be advanced.

Our Washington correspondent reports on good authority that the lavish Inaugural Parade arranged by us for Harding in the last issue has found favor with the chief incumbents of the new administration. The rumor (as is usual in such cases) has spread like wildfire to the ranks of job-hunting Republicans and Communists. With the result that we have been urged to reprint the cartoons in a form suitable for use in the old family album.

Acceding therefore, to the popular clamor, we beg to announce that a copy of "The Passing Show," printed on one large sheet, will be sent to eager subscribers on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

Fourteenth Street

Old Footeenth Street,
Old Avenue du Proletaire:
Boulevard of bow-legged,
fat-ankled gals and young male
squirts, all trying to look
like Fifth Avenue
and succeeding pretty well
at that:
Street of sad-eyed
Old World Jews and weasel-eyed
New World ones that keep shops
and trim the goyim with gusto:
You're like a movie film
tinted by an artist
with a bum eye for color,
patched with scenes
from the streets of Warsaw,
Constantinople, Prague,
Barcelona, Hong Kong, Cork,
Ekaterinoslav, Singapore,
Rome and Bingley, Ill.
It's easy to condemn you,
but what's the use?
With your pretense,
fruity, dreams,
gaudiness, hope,
and bombast,
You're so much like a human being.
Old Footeenth Street,
Old Avenue du Proletaire.

What Do You Think?

Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?
asks a reader. Don't know, but we know who does it now:
The capitalist who adulterates food for profit.
The journalist who expresses views that he does not believe.
The lawyer who bleeds his client.
The man who takes an invention of a poor man and makes a fortune out of it.
The statesman who lures boys to war under the pretense of high ideals.

Maybe these people will be made to do honest dirty work under Socialism.
But we leave these technical questions to those who know more about the socialist philosophy than we do.

Phillips Russell.
A Captain of Industry

A captain of industry is a man who kills champagne in the capacious cabin of cocksureness while the ponderous frigate of Capital is being worked over the howling sea of despotism by a crew always on the point of mutiny.

He is often noted for his infamous craft, but his friends know that his head is logged with boozes and bilge water.

A man never acquires this specious appellation until he has ceased to work himself and begun to work others. This is truly marvelous, but no more so than the fact that the moon is really blue.

A Captain of Industry is a figurehead on the modern statecraft, and as such arrives everywhere first and is helpless when he gets there.

He is the man who mans the men and works the workers who work the works that allow him to refrain from so doing.

A Captain of Industry is the merry skipper of as black a slave ship as ever sailed the Arctic main and brought profitable war against the sons of men.

Ivan T. Dowell.

The Perfect Femi-nine Form

A heavy-set man of between forty-five and fifty, awkwardly dressed, with clumsy feet and thick dirty hands pauses outside a photographer's window at sight of a nude. He looks at it closely for some time and then enters the store. He glances about somewhat defiantly; and then, seeing the saleswoman friendly ventures a "Good morning."

He—I'd like to see that nood you have in the window. (He takes it, backing her uncomfortably into a corner while he studies it and glancing at her with a disrobing eye.) Now that's what I call a tasty nood. She has a perfect femi-nine form.

She—(At a loss to place him, but suspecting an undefined worst) Good, isn't it?

He—You know I lived with a woman once for fifteen years and she had a perfect femi-nine form, but she wouldn't take her clothes off. I used to say to her: "Now, my girl, you've got nothing to be ashamed of. Why a woman with a figure like yours should be proud of it." And do you know what the trouble with her was?

She—Why, what could it be?

He—(Confidentially) She was brought up on the Supernatural. I bought her an essay to read—what was it called? (scratches his head) Oh! yes, that was it, "A Natural Outlet to The Feelings." That was what she needed. (Despondently) But it didn't do no good.

She—(Sympathetically) That's too bad.

He—(More cheerfully) But she had a perfect femi-nine form. You see that line (indicating the photograph and transferring the illustration to his auditor) When that line's straight a woman has a perfect form and her's was. She had only one fault.

She—Why what ever was it?

He—Well, she was a bit puffy about the ankles.

She—Perhaps she had to stand on her feet too long.

He—(Resentfully) No, no, no such thing. I took good care of her. I took her to a doctor; I thought she had an inflammatory, but she didn't.

Pause while he looks critically at other nudes which she has produced.

He—(indicating one) That's a tasty nood. I like 'em sedate.

She—You must be a bit of an artist.

He—Me an artist. Why I couldn't draw a teaspoon. But I've got an awful taste for art. I use' to think them Greeks wus the best, but they ain't. I've studied the nood. A lot of people are vulgar about noods but I tell 'em they ought not to be on the earth. Well, I am what I am.

Saying which he clamped off.

Peggy Tucker.

Mrs. Jones—"I think that no man should be allowed to marry without a medical examination!"

Mr. Jones—"So do I— and if the examination shows he can't live long anyway, they ought to allow him to marry!"
Now It Can be Told

Conversation between Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego the Saturday before the Tuesday afternoon on which they were cast into the fiery furnace.

Shadrach took it most unhappily. Meshach and Abednego had all they could do to keep him on hand until the time came for them to be cast into the fiery furnace.

“But suppose,” Shadrach said for the hundred and tenth time, “that something should go wrong?”

“There you go again,” Meshach complained. “Daniel told us that everything was fixed, and Daniel is a sure-fire prophet. Has he missed anything yet?”

“No, he didn’t,” Shadrach admitted, “but there’s a first time for everything. It would be far from a joke to be tossed into the fiery furnace and then discover, too late, that Daniel had done wrong. After all Daniel is human.”

“Well,” retorted Meshach, “there is nothing in the world to prevent your going out to the fair grounds right now and prostrating yourself before the image of Baal. I’m sure it would please Nebuchadnezzar and it would certainly eliminate any risk of your being burned alive today. Why don’t you do it?”

“You boys know perfectly well that I would not leave you in the lurch. Don’t be silly. But after all, it’s natural to be just the least bit scared. If we three are chucked into that furnace and come out alive it will be the first time such a thing has ever happened, and I, for one, would have been much better pleased if some one else had been selected.”

“I consider it a distinction,” Meshach said complacently. “Even if we are—we—er burned to a crisp, think of the publicity we’ll get.”

“A jolly lot of good that will do us,” Shadrach returned bitterly. “It will be only a nine day wonder whenever it turns out.”

“I’m not upholding Shadrach by any means,” said Abednego, choosing his words carefully, “but it seems to me that Shadrach isn’t entirely wrong. There is a bare chance that we’ll be incinerated. I’ll admit that.”

“You fellows make me sick,” said Meshach. “Here we have a chance to pull the most picturesque stunt that has ever been seen in these parts. Daniel’s interpreting Nebuchadnezzer’s dream wasn’t a mark to it, and see what he got. Why, Neb wouldn’t sit in a poker game now unless Daniel was at his elbow. Daniel is the highest stepper, the quickest dresser and biggest frog in the puddle.”

“Of course, I’m going through with this,” Shadrach replied, “just as I said I would. But, personally, I think it’s a lot of tomorrort. If we get by with it, Neb will probably walk the straight and narrow for a couple of weeks, and then he’ll slide back and think of something new. If it isn’t a brass statue of Baal it will be something else.”

“It appears to me,” Abednego said, “that both you and Meshach have not considered Neb’s position in this matter. He is, by no means, a religious fanatic. He is essentially a showman. It simply happens that casting us into a fiery furnace appeals to his instinct for the spectacular. He doesn’t give a damn for Baal or any other God here or hereafter. But he does care a great deal for the pomp and ceremony of sticking up brass images, collecting crowds and creating comment. If our God gave him the same opportunity for extending himself, he would throw Baal over in a minute. And inasmuch as we have the personal assurance of Daniel that this fiery furnace business will be properly taken care of, I’m for taking a chance on it.”

The argument was unassailable. That settled the matter permanently. The subsequent event was a success from every point of view. Neb was satisfied—the audience was satisfied—Daniel was vindicated and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were local heroes.

“So you see,” said Meshach on Tuesday evening, “I was right. It all happened according to schedule. I have received six offers to go into vaudeville.”

“Daniel made a hundred thousand on the motion picture rights, if he made a cent,” Abednego said, “and I have a contract to take the lead in ‘Burned Alive,’ a new film to be produced by the Balaam Film Company.”

“And I,” said Shadrach modestly, “am requested by Neb to take the place of the Fuel Administrator who suddenly resigned this afternoon when we walked out of the furnace.”

All of which was as it should have been.

P. L. A.
“Lecture Notices”
(As advertised in the Feb. 25th N. Y. Call)

“Mandolin practice to-night at the Waist Makers' Unity Centre. Pickin' on the bosses all day and on mandolins at night.

“The Passing Show”
(Art Young's Inaugural Parade)

For our Inaugural Number was a success. Many new readers saw our parade of 100% Americans. The whole procession, the "Passing Show," with the Poor Fish leading —through nine pages—floats, distinguished citizens, distinguished citizens and Durbar magnificence—new ready on one large sheet. Mailed to any address for 10 cents in stamps.

How to Cure Bolshevism
No. 13.

Portland, Ore. — Henry Sniff Hound, a leading corporation lawyer of the northwest says he has read the policies of the Russian Communist Party and admits a few good features in the new government. But on the whole Mr. Hound says that the intellectual, moral and material force of the entire world should be exerted against the spreading of such doctrines as the abolition of the noble profession of law.

Invitation

Standing with relevant feet
Where youth and mathematics meet.
Come with me, Dear, to the end of the sphere
Just over the border of dreams;
To a wonderful place lying outside of space
Where lines that are parallel meet and embrace
And Life is the thing that it seems.

Come with me, Dear, to the Temple of Truth,
Over there at the end of the sky.
In its innermost shrine let us seek for the Sign
That Life has encountered its parallel line
And answered the infinite Why.

Come with me, Dear, to the Harbor of Love,
Just over the Infinite Sea.
Let us ride on the tide where the Lovers abide;
For Youth is the bridegroom and Joy is the bride
And they're calling to you and to me.

Come with me, Dear, in the Absolute Now,
Just over the border of dreams;
To a wonderful clime where they reckon no time,
Nor number, nor space, but the Infinite Rhyme
And Living is all that it seems.

Charles W. Wood.

Truth will out
Mrs. Scratch—Shut up your noise!—poor little dear—he's getting to look more like his papa every day.
A Losing Game All a Round

When the Russian people object to paying a debt to France that their present Government had nothing to do with, the howl of "repudiation" goes up from the Allies.

When the Allies want to repudiate a debt of 10 billion dollars owed the United States Government,—no particular "howling" is heard.

The financial interests see that it may be advisable not to press the matter as these nations may need help to get on their feet again. You see the difference, don't you? Anything to keep the experiment in Communism from being successful.
Above the Battle

By Mabel Dwight

"Is art subjective or objective?" . . . Silence . . . smoke.

"I go into the street at night," he continued . . . "people's faces swim in the air about me-faces, faces—paleness—laughing faces—demonic faces—sad faces. They hang like pale lamps in the heavy air—I see only these faces; they are bubbles of force; they will burst and disappear and other bubbles will form—life is an ocean of force. Why should I paint these bubbles with hair and toes and clothes? I paint only their thoughts. Art is subjective; I paint only the emotions of the human bubble!"

"But I do not get your point," said Henderson, a lawyer who consortled with artists because he liked the studio life. "Suppose we start with a conscientiously painted picture of a beautiful woman smelling a rose. May I not, in contemplating this picture of exquisite womanhood, sympathetically smell the rose with her and behold the vision of gardens, fountains and lovers, supposedly occupying her fancy? The more faultless the artist's rendering of this lady with a rose, the more my imagination is aroused, the farther I wander with her in fancy's realm—become her lover. In fact. If I suddenly encounter the lady's rose-engendered fancies only, painted and framed, and quite dissociated from her body, how am I to recognize them? How am I to know that the lady of color and line—a coagulated mass of roses, gardens, lovers and lights, may not be a physiological chart?—the cross-section of a drunkard's stomach, for instance?"

"But your pictures look like a lot of toy balloons out in the rain," sneered Stiggins. "All is vibration!" burst forth Peppe, the futurist. "In the fourth dimension there is no difference between color and sound—at one point of the scale of vibration there is color, at another point of vibration the same thing becomes sound."

"Art is emotion, art is wonder—art is resurrected from the dead. But you can't paint abstract emotion or thought without a body," insisted Stanton.

"Yes, yes! Thought in art has escaped from the body!"

"Escaped hell!—perhaps you mean it's lost! I agree with you, for I can't see any thought in the antediluvian deliriums you people perpetrate."

"The cult" smiled with unutterable superiority.

"If I wish to paint a woman smelling a rose," said Salinsky, "why should I paint a female body holding a rose to its nose? I am concerned only with the emotions of the woman who smells the rose. The woman does not smell one rose only, she feels the lines, curves, swirls of color—all colors—trees—fountains—lovers—lights! Her fancy is a lewom weaving strange patterns, while she smells the rose. It is this strange pattern of imagination that I wish to paint."

"A woman smelling a rose" — twice
you are slaves to tradition; your bung of reverence on top of your head is so heavy that it weighs down your spirit! — We are emancipated from reverence!

"You bet you are!" grunted Stiggins. "Conceit and reverence are never neighborly bumps on the same head. The trouble with you fellows is that you don't know much; you have a little smattering of science and psychology and you are trying to pass your art off as scientific — both scientific and naive — a logical mess that makes! You were tired of always being simply "among those present" in the art game, so you tried to invent something brand new — always the way with a man who has nothing to say. Still, I'll admit," he added reflectively, "the art world was sick and it needed a good physic; perhaps that's what your fellows are — you may do some good, after all."

"Well they won't," roared Stanton. "This new stuff is a disease itself — a disease, I tell you! It's broken out all over the face of art!"

Here little Sam Winsky exploded. "Terrible! terrible! terrible! — my beautiful pictures are calling to me — my little blue tea pot knows more about art than you ignoramuses! — it's quiet — quiet — wise — in my little room — you know nothing of the spiritual innerness of art!" He started for the door.

"Never mind, Sam, don't take it so hard," called Stiggins. "We'll respect your innocence. " — But Sam ran out and slammed the door behind him.

"Heaven for Climate — Hell for Company" — Mark Twain.

Napoleon, Goethe, Darwin, Emerson, Igersoll, Barnum, Burns, Franklin, Brigham Young, Tom Paine, Voltaire, George Sand, Mme. Pompodour, Du Barry, and others ad infinitum.

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G. O. P. — Your past relations with Mr. Pluto Krait should not necessarily stand in the way of your feeling for Mr. Bour Grees. Love should be all inclusive. Your dreams are not fully described, but they are sufficient to indicate that you have a hidden desire to bust the labor unions.

DIMMICRAP — Your craving for office is a very common one, but to be frank, it looks like a long, lonesome spell ahead of you. Try thinking of something else.

MOTHER of 12 — Watch our advertising columns for next lecture by Margaret Sanger.

ANGIE — Longings should never be suppressed but guided into another direction. Your dreams about pearl necklaces may lead you into jail. If you have to hook something, go to the 5-and-10 cent stores.

MINISTER — It's true, skirts are rather short but we suggest getting into print some other way.

"Wanta know how to get the unemployed together? I'll tell you how. I've often seen six-foot posters sayin' "Unemployed Mass-meeting," and when I arrived, there wasn't nobody there. Then I've seen little two-line notices in the smallest type sayin' "Dishwasher Wanted" — and I gets there and finds a mass-meetin'. I tell yuh, the unemployed don't want mass-meetin's. They want jobs." — C. W. W. in N. Y. World.
"Cafeteria"

It is midnight now—
There is a table between us,
Two empty cups
And some ashes.
Our discourse is over.

Since evening when we first met
We have been like two contending armies
You and I—
Manoeuvring over a tablecloth.

We have shattered Empires
With the shrapnel of a sentence;
Rebuilt them with a trowel and mortar
Of a paragraph.
Shattered again
Built up again.

We have cut unfriendly flesh
With a scalpel of an epigram
And weighed the souls of friends
On the scales of our own conceit.

We have toyed with women
And boasted of lusts
That have only happened
In the bawdy boudoir of the brain.

We have lied about our rapes
As we have lied about our benefactions.

We have tried so hard to be Gods.
We have succeeded
In secretly proving to each other
That we are both fools.

It is midnight—
The discourse is over.

We part over two empty cups
And some ashes.

S. A. de Witt.

To reform yourself, in the modern sense,
means to become like the rest.


As we understand it from the financial reviews, the situation as between the United States and Europe is this:

Europe owes us ten billion ducats and can pay us in only two ways. First, with gold. But she hasn't enough gold, and besides, if she sent us gold that would only add to the inflation we are trying to get rid of. Therefore she must pay us in goods. But if she pays us in goods, they will compete with our own manufactures, and therefore we must have a tariff to keep them out. The ten billion dollars, some experts say, "is indispensable to our business" and therefore Europe must pay us. But if she does pay us, it will ruin us. We see only one way out: that is for the U. S. and Europe to commit suicide. Bernard Shaw says this world is maintained by the other planets as a lunatic asylum. Bankers, therefore, must be the keepers.

The dealer in hooch says anybody can get on in this country if he only has initiative and enterprise.

Judge Landis

A late report states that Judge Landis is still maintaining his position on two benches. Whether Congress censures him or not, the judge is a good grandstand player. His "best performance" was the imprisonment of Haywood, Thompson, Ashleigh and ten or a dozen others who dared to say what they thought about war and our beautiful industrial system.

Black Waters

Men
Past despair,
Faces like flounders,
Chins in their chests,
Armspinning their sides,
Brushing through the channel,
Down the Bowery,
Past yellow lights,
To the Palace Hotel,
And the Mansion House,
Two bits a flop,
When morning hits
These stagnant,
Snoring pools.
What does the heavy hand
Of the bouncer
Shake to life.

Frank Hanley.

The Scape-Goat
You are invited to attend a debate on
"THE OPEN SHOP"
between
ANDREW FURSETH
President of the International Women's Union
and
WALTER GORDON MERRITT
Counsel of the League for Industrial Rights
Sunday Afternoon, March 13th
3:15 p.m.
at the Lexington Theatre
25th St. & Lexington Ave.

EVE ADAMS
You will know her by her hair. She is now in the East. When she turns up in your city subscribe to GOOD MORNING. She'll tell you how. Absolutely painless.

How Did You Like Young's Inaugural Parade?
So many requests have been made for copies of Good Morning of February 15, containing the Inaugural Parade cartoons, that we have printed all the pictures on a single sheet for distribution and are calling it

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says the introduction to his "Allegories," "While the cartoonist is restricted to particularizing the follies of the passing show, perhaps it is only through the symbol that one can approach poetic generalities. Yet Young has carried over into this work, which he describes with poetical discrimination as "sacred symbolism," the same explicitness of handling that gives force to his humorous drawings."

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