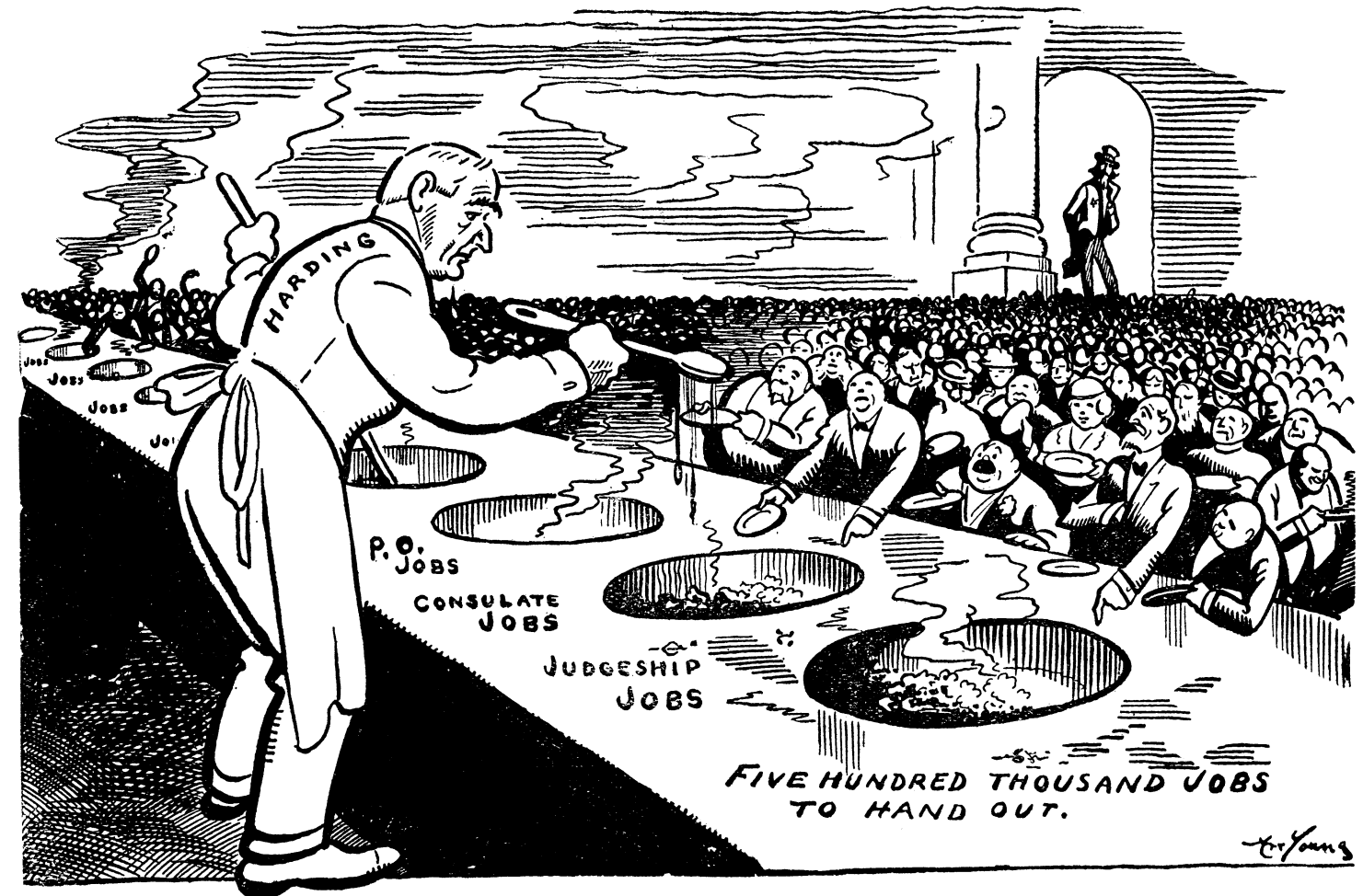


MARCH 1-15, 1921.

15 Cents

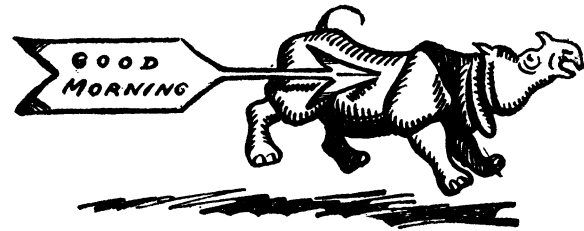
# Good Morning

Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



## 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.

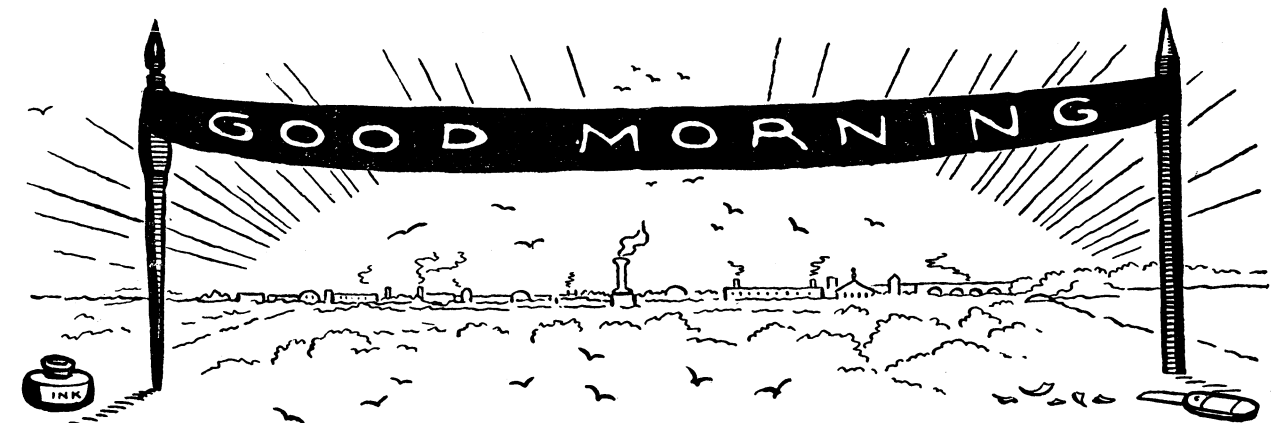
Our doubling-up in this issue is due to a variety of things, unimportant among which are the following:

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 Inter-world 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.

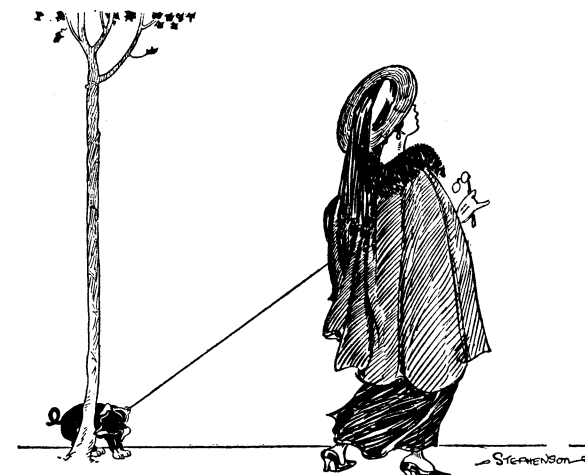


Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,  
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 5.

March 1-15, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.



*Self-Determination*

## 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.

Statesman who lure boys to war under the pretence 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.

## Fourteenth Street

Old Fo'teenth 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 Bingville, Ill.

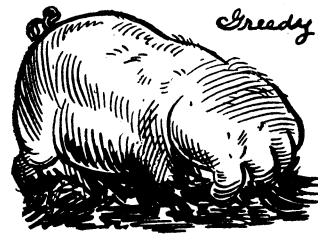
It's easy to condemn you,  
but what's  
the use?  
With your pretense,  
fraud, finery, dreams,  
gaudiness, hope,  
and bombast,  
You're so much like a human being.

Old Fo'teenth Street,  
Old Avenue du Proletaire.

*Phillips Russell.*



Oratorical



Greedy



Literary



Anxious

HANDS WE MEET

## 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 booze and bilge water.

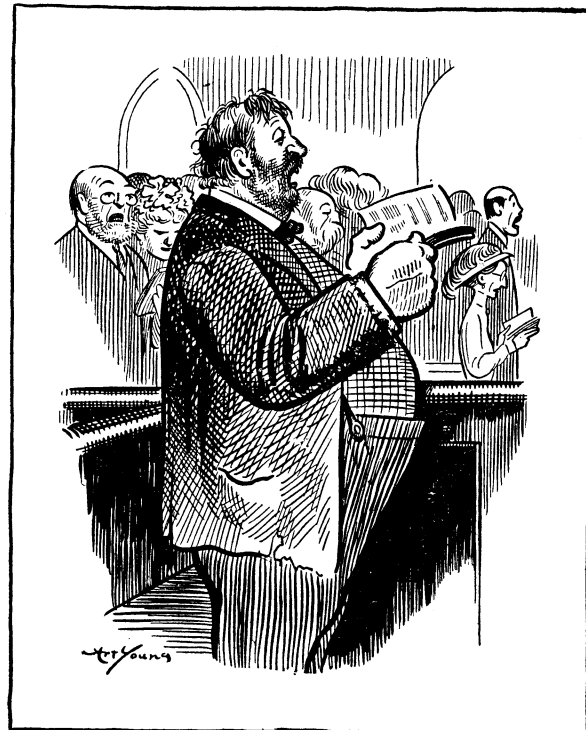
A man never acquires this specious appellation until he has ceased to work himself and begun to work others. This is truly marvelous, but no more so than the fact that the moon is really blue.

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

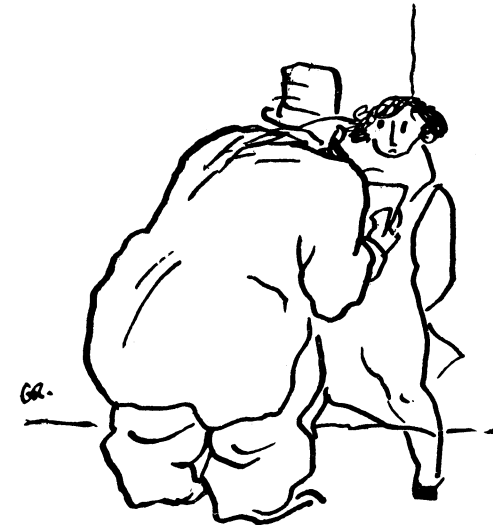
He is the man who mans the men and works the workers who work the works that allow him to refrain from so doing.

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 village loafer sings, "Work, for the night is coming."



"Now that's what I call a tasty nood."

## 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 use't 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't tu think them Greeks wuz 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 clumped 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 unkindly. 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?"

"Not yet," Shadrach admitted, "but there's a first time to everything. It would be far from a joke to be tossed into the fiery furnace and then discover, too late, that Daniel had the dope 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 Tuesday afternoon. 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—er—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 whichever way it turns out."

"I'm not upholding Shadrach by any means," said Abednego, choosing his words carefully, "but it seems to me that Shad 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 Nebuchadnezzar's dream wasn't a marker to it, and see

what he got. Why, Neb wouldn't sit in a poker game now unless Daniel were at his elbow. Daniel is the highest stepper, the snappiest 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 tommyrot. 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.



Drawn by R. Marsh

Chorus of parsons: "Hey, take your arm down don't you know this is Sunday?"



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Twice a Month by GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C. Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885. Edited by ART YOUNG L. C. GOLLOMB, Bus. Mgr.

March 1-15, 1921.

GOOD MORNING heartily seconds the motion of the National Civic Federation to drive Jesus out of the Church.

The Civic Federation doesn't state it just that way. The Civic Federation says it wants to drive out "radicalism" but the camouflage is transparent and is meant to fool nobody.

Jesus is still the supreme radical. Karl Marx was content to appeal to reason; and even Lenine never insisted upon our loving our enemies. But Jesus went the whole distance, beyond which no left wing can fly. He appealed to the passions, the deepest passions of the human soul, in his attempts to overthrow the whole system of private possessions and establish the commune of the redeemed—the Dictatorship of God on earth.

GOOD MORNING once accepted Jesus with an open heart. But that was several months ago. We are now prepared to tell the world that it doesn't pay. Why go on experimenting with it?

The Church can't afford to continue fooling with Jesus and his impassioned appeals to quit laying up treasures on earth. Just as long as he is allowed to remain in the Church, such men as Percy Stickney Grant, John Haynes Holmes and Harry F. Ward will go on taking him seriously.

Throw him out, say we. Throw Jesus out of the Church and substitute Elihu Root.

"Under the new administration, the country is looking forward to a new era of prosperity." Like the ass that kept going as long as the bundle of hay was suspended in front of its nose.

"Lecture Notices"

(As advertised in the Feb. 25th N. Y. Call)

"Mystic Numbers, Their Relations to Literature, Religion and Folk-lore," by Prof. Emory B. Lease of the College of the City of N. Y. Something ought to be done about these professors that stir the world up with revolutionary ideas.

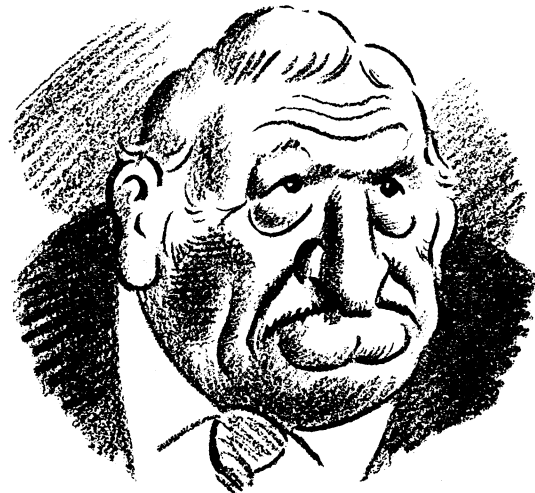
"Mandolin practice to-night at the Waist Makers' Unity Centre." Pickin' on the bosses all day and on mandolins at night.

"The Passing Show"

(Art Young's Inaugural Parade)

Yes, our Inaugural Number was a success. Many new readers saw our parade of 100% Americanism. The whole procession, the "Passing Show," with the Poor Fish leading—through nine pages—floats, distinguished citizens, extinguished citizens and Durbar magnificence is now 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 reluctant feet Where myth and mathematics meet.

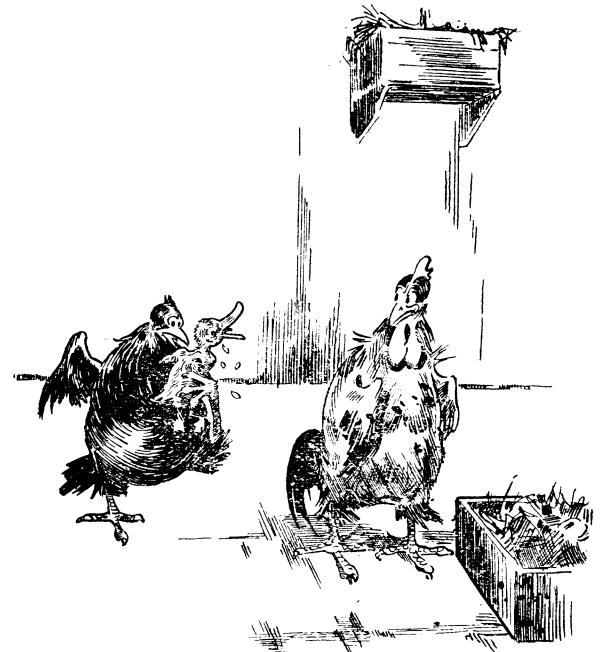
Come with me, Dear, to the end of the sphere Just over the border of dreams: To a wonderful place lying outside of space Where lines that are parallel meet and embrace And Life is the thing that it seems.

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.



British Labor: "Begging your pardon, Mr. George, my pal here says you better not chuck this one in the waste-basket!"





## 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



The brass Buddha on the shelf sat curled up on its lotus, a serene and knowing smile on its face. The artists were at war beneath it, in the room. Volley after volley of words were discharged and the smoke of countless cigarettes, arising like the smoke of battle, performed mystic gyrations around the god, who smiled and smiled and smiled.

"I tell you it's rotten—no guts in his work!" Bang! heavy cannonading of words — much smoke.

"But there's a lot of poetry in it."

"Poetry! a lot of washed-out hocus-pocus you mean!"

"Oh, you fellows can't see anything in anything since you've fallen for this new rot."

"I am alive now—I live!— I live!" cried little Sam Winsky, the cubist baby. "When I looked at my work in Paris, it was dead—no life! — no life! — I was dying, dying!" He clutched the lapel of his coat and ran his hand through his hair. "Now I'm alive—I'm a child again—I live!"

"Maybe if you'd been doing better work over there you wouldn't have felt so punk about it," roared out Stanton, a hopeless old hat.

"I! I was an academician among academicians," returned Winsky, haughtily. "You—you know my work," turning to Stiggins for support. "Wasn't it correct? Wasn't it careful?" . . . Silence—smoke.

"But say, Sam, what's it all about, this stuff you're trying to put over now?"

Sam clutched his brow with both hands, glared about the room, his body heaving convulsively as though surcharged with some kind of unutterable utterance. Before any words got to the surface however, Salinsky, the vortexist, burst forth with the question:

"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—pale faces—laughing faces—demonic faces—sad faces. They hang like pale lumps 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 your pictures look like a lot of toy balloons out in the rain," sneered Stiggins.

"All is vibration!" burst forth Peppo, 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."

"But say, what is art nowadays, a scientific crazy-quilt?" demanded Stanton.

"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 antdiluvian deliriums you people perpetrate."

The "cult" smiled with unutterable superiority.

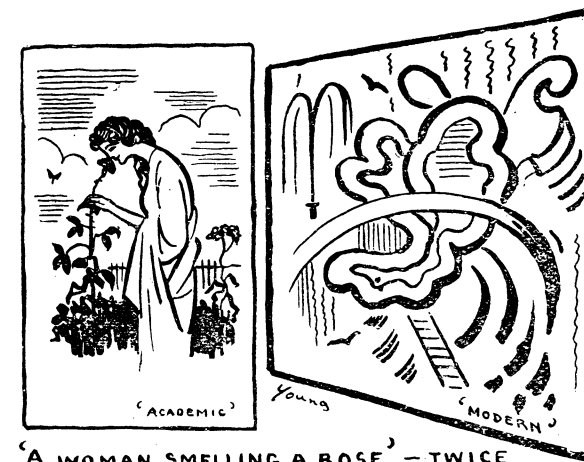
"If I wish to paint a woman smelling a rose," said Salinsky, "why should I paint a female body holding a rose to its nose? I am concerned only with the emotions of the woman who smells the rose. The woman does not smell one rose only; she feels lines, curves, swirls of color—color— all colors— trees—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

"But I do not get your point," said Henderson, a lawyer who consorted 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. *But* 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 these swirls of color and line,—this coagulated mass of roses, gardens, lovers and lights, may not be a physiological chart? — the cross-section of a drunkard's stomach, for instance?"

Little Winsky clutched his hair frantically. "Oh! oh! oh!" he moaned.

"Again may I ask," continued Henderson, "if your lady of the rose is mentally incapable of a more trenchant visualization of the idea of roses, gardens, lovers and lights, than that represented by swishes and swirls of color on canvas? — but perchance the artist maligns the dear lady; the nebulousness of vision may be entirely his. . . Or, is it true that women *and* artists are incapable of thoughts; they have only henids, as Weininger says? It seems to me that you chaps are trying to separate cause and effect; or at any rate, to put the cart before the horse—effect before cause."

"Well, why not?" snapped Salinsky, "why



'A WOMAN SMELLING A ROSE' — TWICE

must I always begin with cause and evolve towards effect? Why may I not begin with effect and involve back to cause?"

"Why have any cause and effect at all—Why not just *feel* beauty?" said Peppo.

Little Sam Winsky was squirming in his chair and rolling his eyes. "It is the child we want—the child in art! I want to see with the eyes of a child—I must recover my lost innocence of vision!"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Wakosky, "the naivete of the child is the true wisdom; everything that happens to a child is a new wonderful adventure: his vision is unspoiled. We must throw off all the crushing weight of rules we have learned—we must—"

"Well, it strikes me that you fellows have swallowed such an overdose of your home made elixir of youth, that you've become puling infants again," cried Stanton. "You have only plunged art back into chaos! You are confusionists, abortionists, contortionists, that is what you are! The object of a sane mind is to disentangle truth and beauty from the chaos of ignorance and attain clarity—always more clarity—of vision and expression. You have monstrously exaggerated the eccentricities only of really great men and called your stuff a new art; you've swiped a little from the Chinese, from the Aztecs, from the South Sea Islanders and the Lord knows whom, and set yourself up as a new breed of baby geniuses, hatched full grown from the shell! The only thing really big about you is your conceit!"

"Why shouldn't we be conceited?" shouted Salinsky. "Conceit is energy! You fellows can't understand the new spirit in art because

you are slaves to tradition; your bump of reverence on top of your head is so heavy that it weighs down your spirit!—We are emancipated from reverence!”

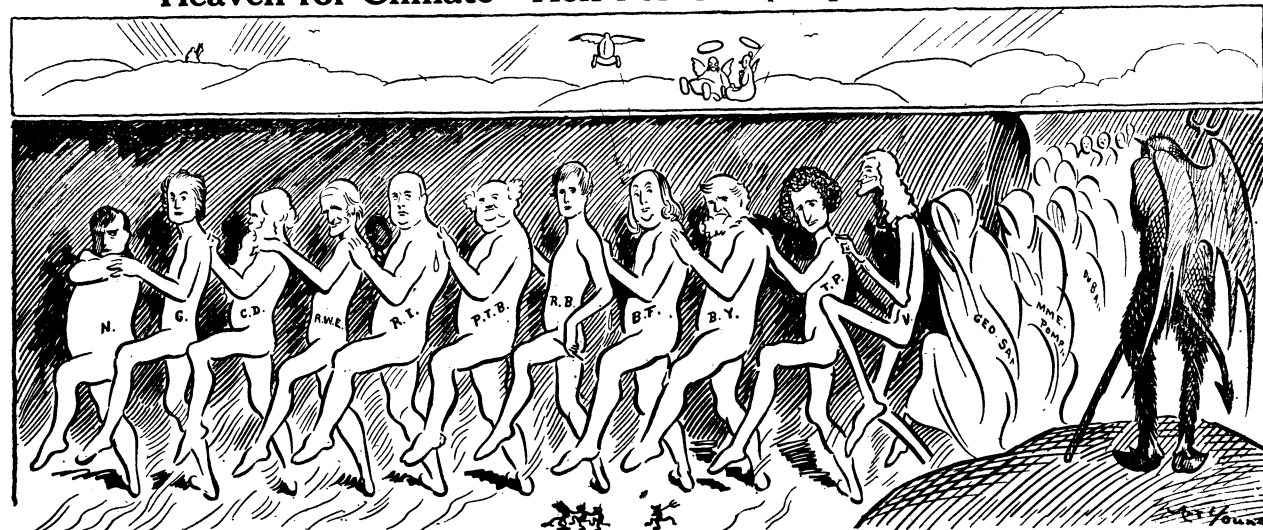
“You bet you are!” grunted Stiggins. “Conceit and reverence are never neighborly bumps on the same head. The trouble with you fellows is that you don’t know much; you have a little smattering of science and psychology and you are trying to pass your art off as scientific—both scientific and naive—a logical 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 you 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 f or Company”—Mark Twain.



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

“You can’t talk to Sam,” said Stanton disgustedly. “He always cries and runs home to his Aztec doll babies.”

The smoke hung about the room like the nebulae of unborn worlds; through an occasional rift the serene little god on the shelf still smiled and smiled.



INTELLECTUALS

Lady—“I hear there are some Whistlers in this art gallery.”

Attendant—“No, ma’am, not if we catch ’em at it!”

## Psycho - Analysis Department

Conducted by DR. COM. PLEX

(Psycho-analyzing done by day, job or piece-work. Also by mail. Why suffer? Tell us your dreams and learn the worst about yourself at once. Full course, \$10,000. Trial course, 15 cents. Address all inquiries to author.)

G. O. P.—Your past relations with Mr. Pluto Krat should not necessarily stand in the way of your feeling for Mr. Bour Gees. 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.

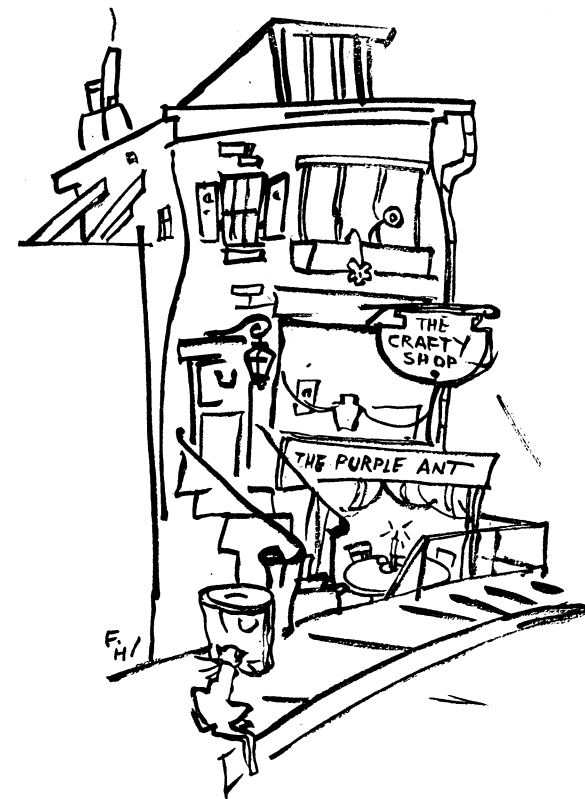
DIMMICRAT—Your craving for office is a very common one, but to be frank, it looks like a long, lonesome spell ahead of you. Try thinking of something else.

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 yuh 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.



## Crutch

Hey house—what’s your name?  
Gee you’re an awful affair  
Your sky line bags, you’re nothin but jags—  
Why doncha come up for air.

Say house—what’s your game?  
Did some un hit ye a poke?  
You’re crooked an’ your spine is bent.  
You’re crum or I hopes to choke.


Aye house—you had your day?  
You once was the home of style,  
Well you just bet, you ain’t done yet.  
You still can make your pile.

Now house—kick a hole in your roof,  
And smear some paint on your phiz.  
And den tear up your cellar doors,  
Then we’ll get down to biz.

See house—you’re a studio joint,  
And the Village’ll think you a treat.  
An’ underneath dat where dem artists eat—  
Say Bo, ain’t dose guys de meat?

Frank Hanley.

**T**HE DEEPEST DEPTH OF VULGARISM IS THAT OF SETTING UP MONEY AS THE ARK OF — THE COVENANT.”



THOS. CARLYLE





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.

### "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.

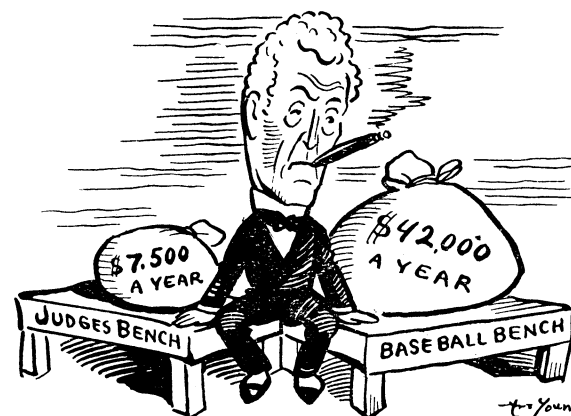
We part over two empty cups  
And some ashes.

S. A. de Witt.

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

"Don't worry" say our moralists. "It shortens life." "What are you people worrying about? What? On account of a mere job? Get thee gone, base materialist."

### Judge Landis

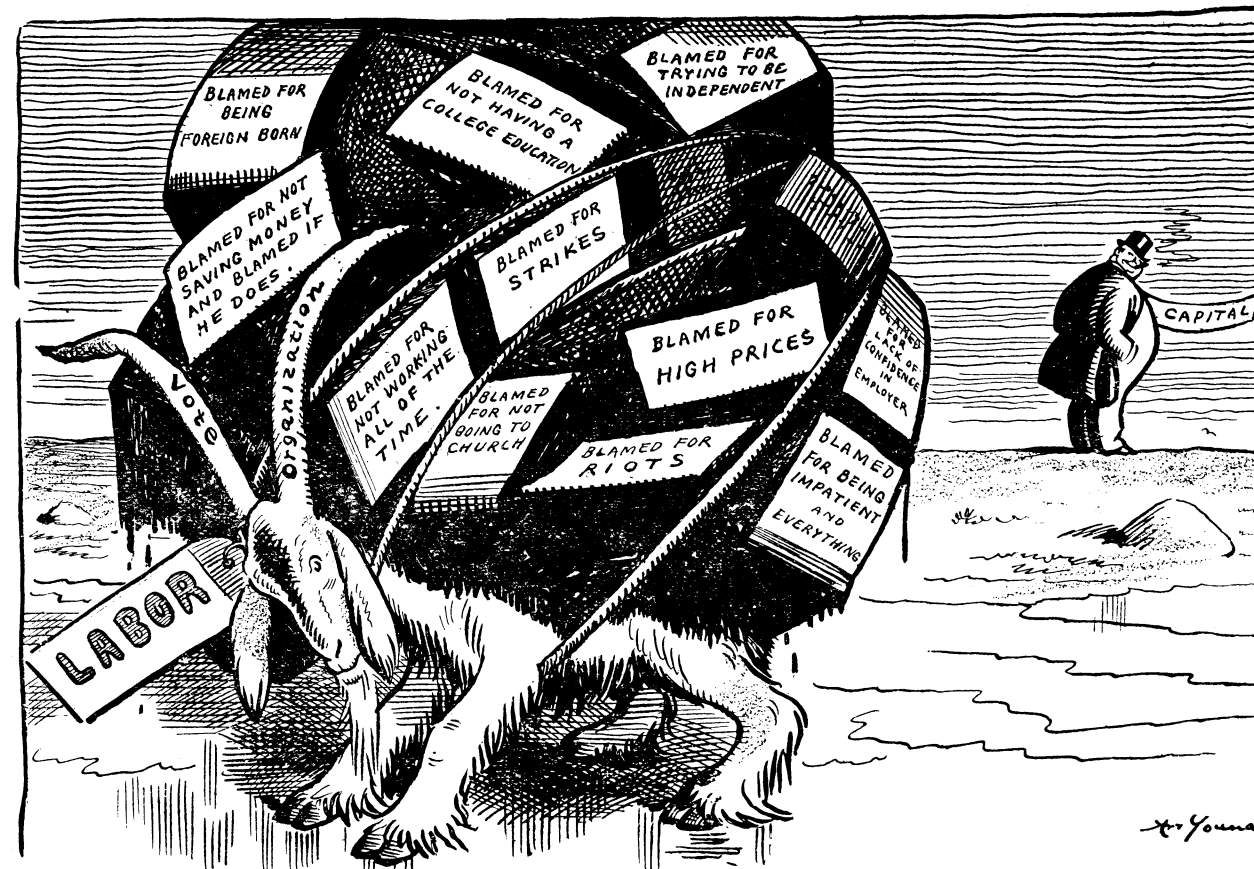


A late report states that Judge Landis is still maintaining his position on two benches. Whether Congress censures him or not, the judge is a good grandstand player. His "best performance" was the imprisonment of Haywood, Thompson, Ashleigh and ten or a dozen others who dared to say what they thought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

### Black Waters


Men  
Past despair,  
Faces like flounders,  
Chins in their chests,  
Arms pinching 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

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*President of the International Seamen's Union*  
 and  
**WALTER GORDON MERRITT**  
*Counsel of the League for Industrial Rights*  
**Sunday Afternoon, March 13th**  
 2:15 P. M.  
**at the Lexington Theatre**  
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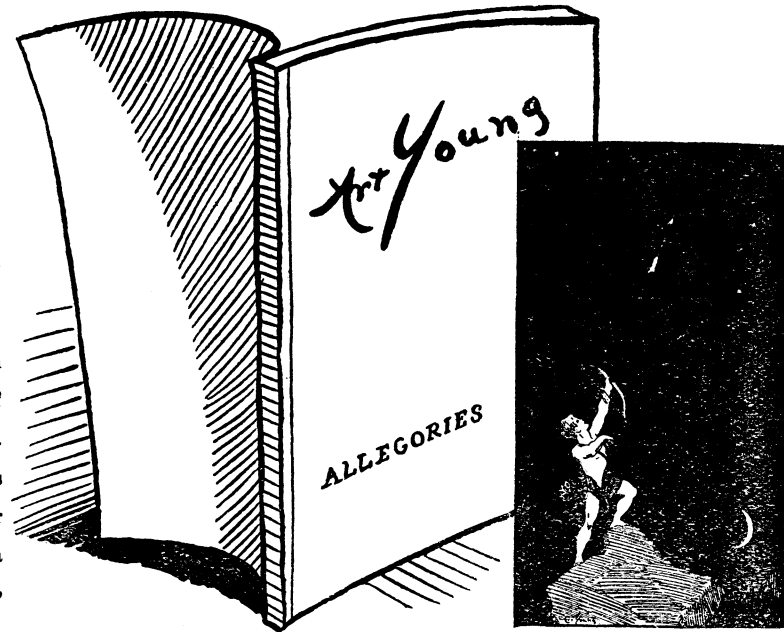
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