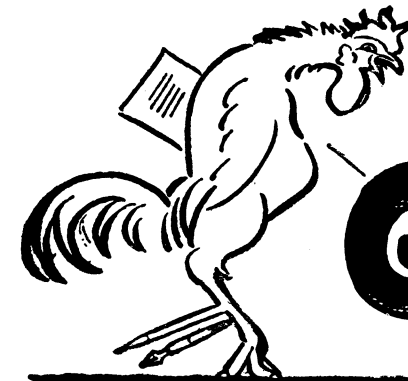


*Have a laugh with Art Young*

AUGUST, 1921.

15 Cents



# GOOD MORNING

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



Bonus or no bonus -- Private McGinnis is going to have a wooden-leg, if he has to grow one.

# ! Help Wanted -- Male-Female !

BECOME A CIRCULATION-GETTER FOR GOOD MORNING — OR  
GIVE US THE NAME OF SOME ONE WHO WILL. LEARN HOW  
YOU MAY HELP GOOD MORNING DO ITS WORK.

## What are YOU doing to turn the eyes of Men and Women toward the DAWN?

The Morning is breaking—but the Morning waits on our Understanding and our Courage. You can hasten the Sunrise.

Art Young's genius puts him on a mountain-peak, where he stands, comprehending the weird, swift movements of the World's Masses, seeing the DAWN and pointing out the meaning of the rapid acts in the Drama.

He is above the battle, but he gets down into it when occasion requires. Thrice has he been dragged into court, facing a prison sentence for his fearless portrayal and interpretation of world events.

Art Young's name stands for Youth, Courage, Truth, Humor. Because he still can laugh, he understands, and because he can make others laugh, he makes them, too, understand, and find their own place in the Drama.

His drawings, editorials and jests are known and copied all over the world. Britain, the Continent, Australia, South Africa, wherever there is an intelligent Awakening to the New Day.

He is a trained newspaper man. He knows the press, and the truths they do not tell. For a half dozen years he worked as Cartoonist and Commentator at Washington, the corrupt heart of America's corrupt political life.

He knows People—diplomats, office holders and office seekers, capitalists, Bolsheviki, wobblers, rebels, outcasts. He puts these classes where they belong in the scheme of History. His Pen is a Sword, stinging the System under which we still strive to live, and stimulating those who seek to supplant it with a Better Way.

Readers of GOOD MORNING get the habit of looking at the world through the eyes and with the soul of Art Young.

Other brilliant rebel artists and writers cooperate in filling the pages of GOOD MORNING with drawings and paragraphs that flash the Truth.

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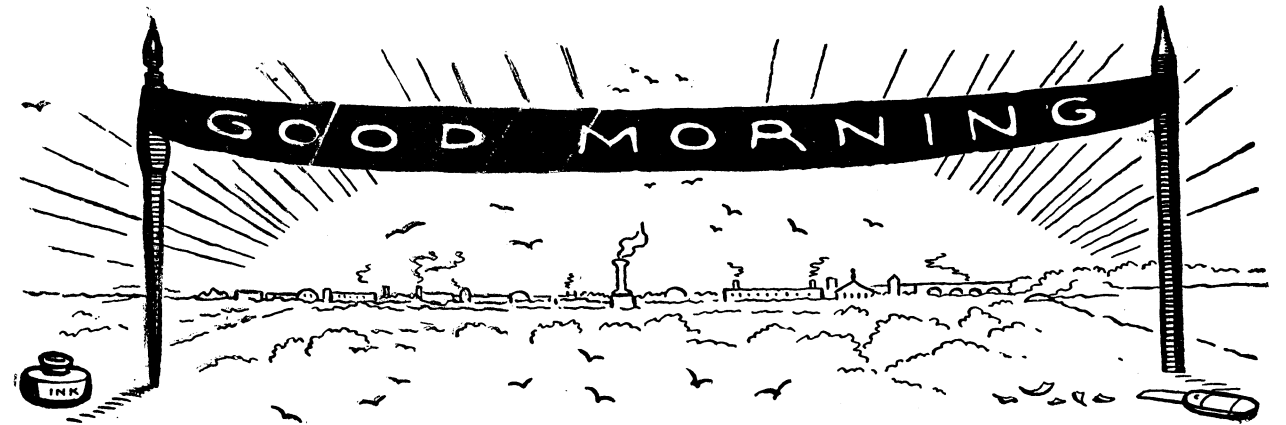
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Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,  
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol III. No. 10.

August, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

### JACK MUNSON, HERO, DEAD IN THE MORGUE—DIES POOR AND ALONE

So run the newspaper headlines of July 12. Munson was one of four American dough-boys to receive the Medaille Militaire. He also received the Croix de Guerre with palms—and the Distinguished Service Cross from Gen. Pershing.

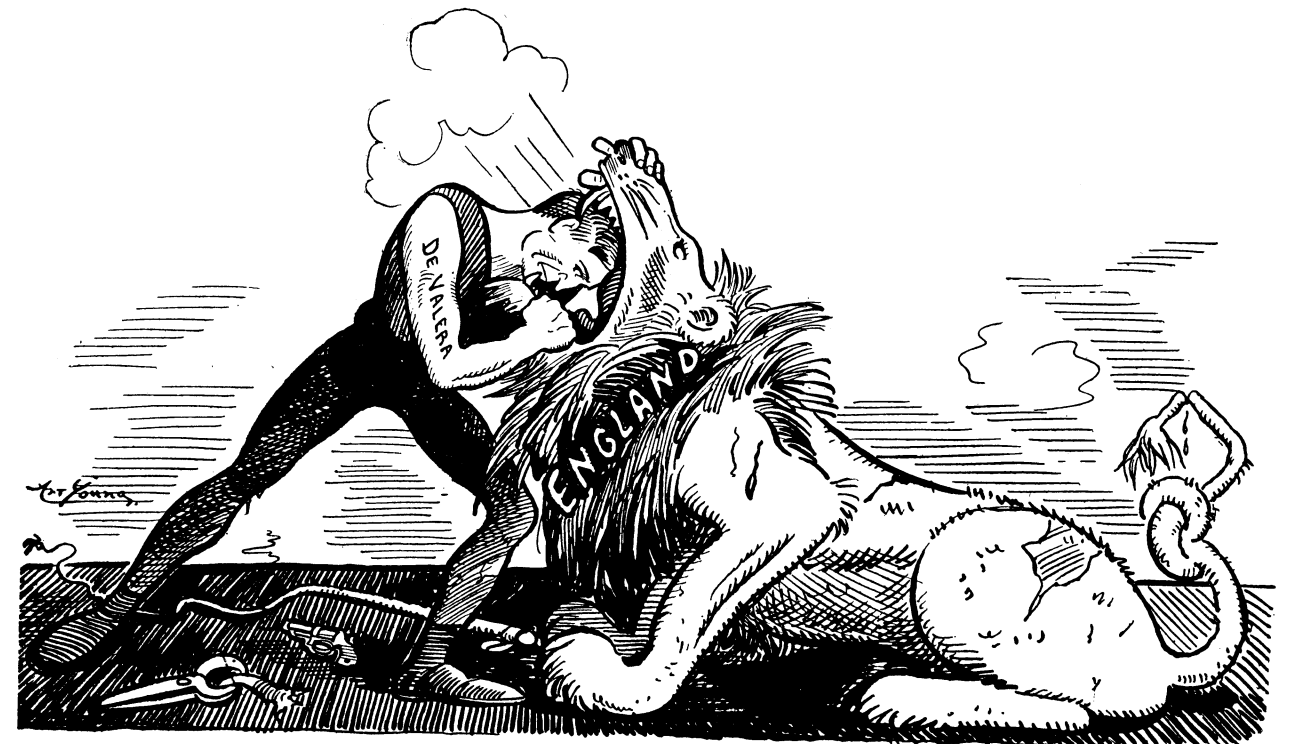
No one claimed his body and his medals. were sent to Mrs. Peter Peterson at whose house he once had a lodging.

On to Mexico, boys, and get some medals.

If you're in luck you may also get a military funeral and a picture of it in the Sunday supplements.

### BOB'S IDEA

The reason I opposed conscription in England was that a nation which had not conscripted property had no right to conscript human life. By the same reason I hold that Russia, where property has been conscripted for the common good, has the best right to conscript life also if necessary to maintain its revolution."—Robert Smilie, English Labor Leader.



THE BRITISH LION IS GETTING TAMER



## The Unemployed--The Pride of the Capitalist System

By ART YOUNG

When a wage earner complains that he isn't getting enough money to support his family, Mr. Capitalist points out of the window and says: "If you don't want your job, there are thousands of people waiting out there to take it." And then Mr. Wage Earner closes his face and stays humble or walks out to join the unemployed.

In the meantime how do these thousands on the outside live? Some don't. But those who hang on—how do they do it? Read this:

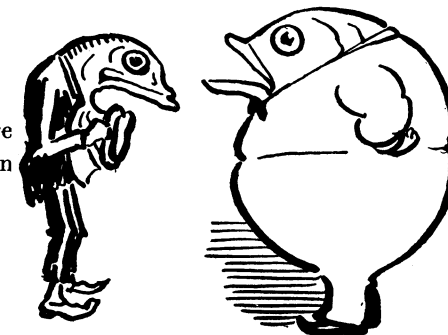
Dear Ed: I am sending \$5. That's all I can do for you. I'm sorry, but we are living on the ragged edge ourselves.

That's a sample letter to a man out of a job from a brother or a father or a friend who is

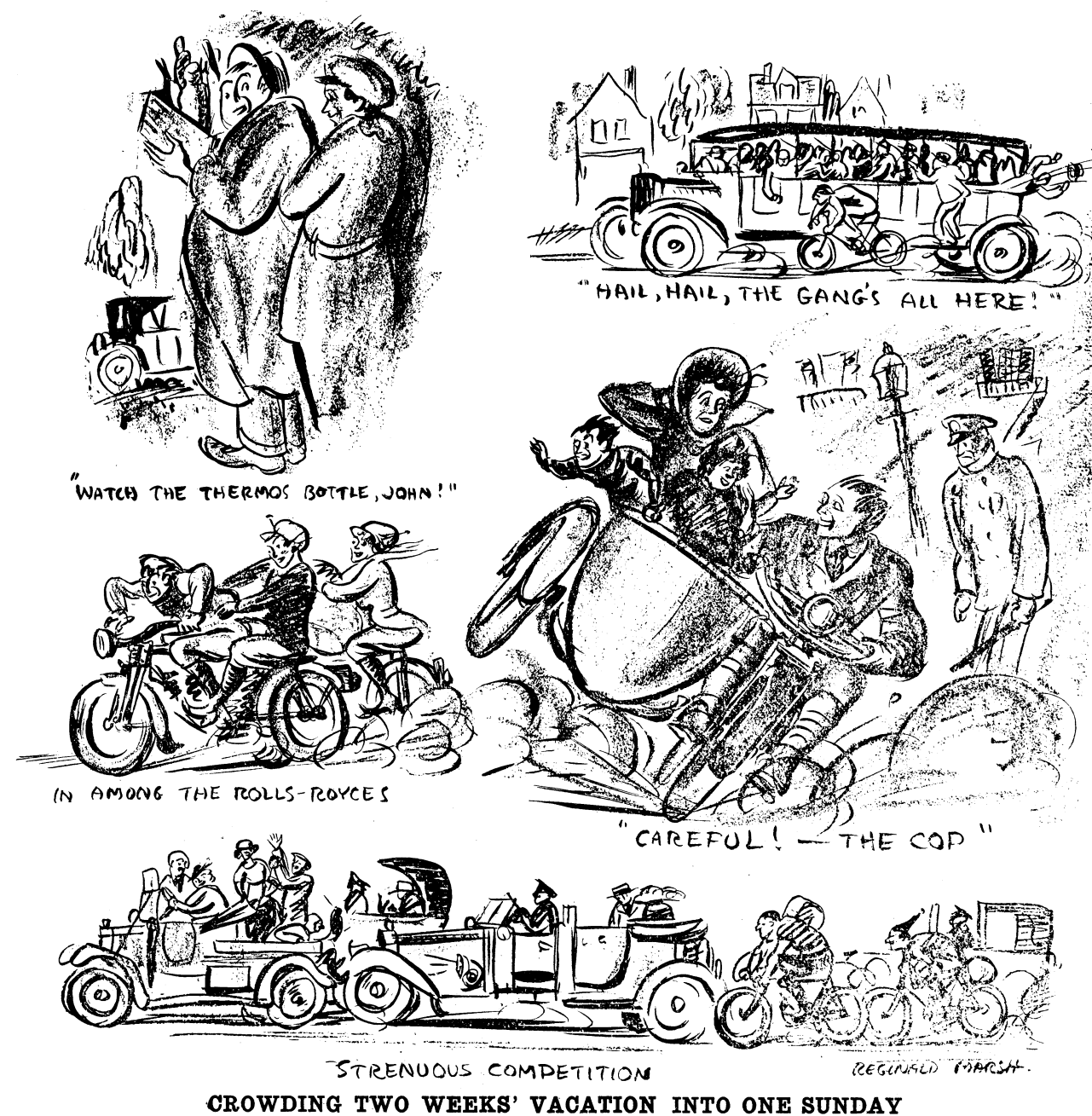
trying to hold on to his own job. And this is just the situation the capitalist system wants: the fear of losing jobs and the struggle to get them, and there is not much choice, for the fear of falling is almost as bad as to fall. And don't you see, the more people out of work, the lower the wages? Some employers dismiss the whole question of unemployment by saying that out of 100 workers who want jobs, three-fourths of them are not efficient. The wonder is that anybody is competent or efficient under a system that thrives on the fear of those it exploits. But for the hope of mitigating this fear and insecurity through the advance of labor organizations there would result such a cataclysm as would make the French Revolution look like a game of shinny.

### FIRED FOR INSUBORDINATION

*Humble Clerk* — "I think there ought to be a ten cent eraser in the shipping department."



*The Boss* — "Say, do you think you can tell me how to run my business? There are thousands of smelts just as good as you looking for jobs."



"HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!"

"WATCH THE THERMOS BOTTLE, JOHN!"

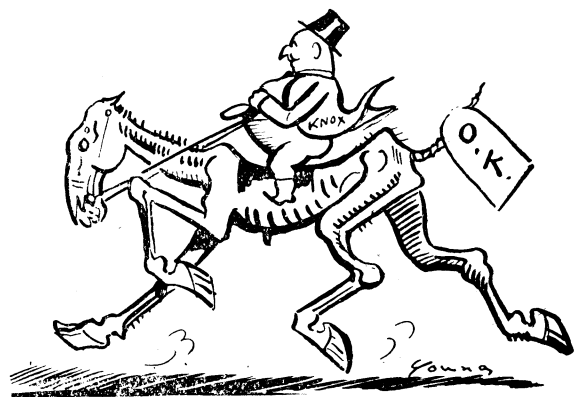
IN AMONG THE ROLLS-ROYCES

"CAREFUL! — THE COP"

STRENUOUS COMPETITION  
CROWDING TWO WEEKS' VACATION INTO ONE SUNDAY

REGINALD MARSH

# They will Hop into the Laugh-Light, says Art Young



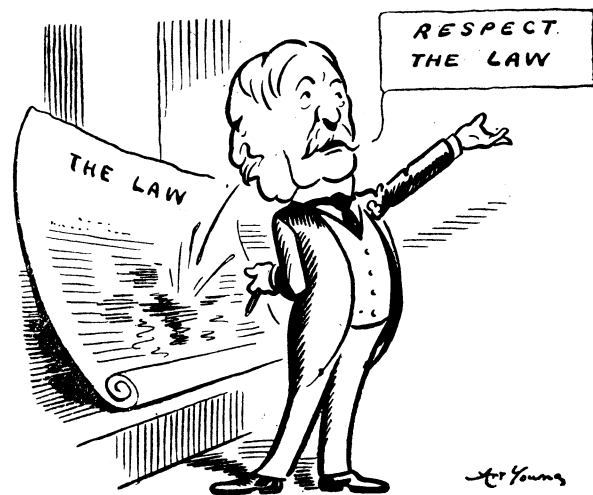
**"OLD THEORIES" STILL PHILANDER'S FAVORITE**

Senator Philander Knox rails against "novel theories of government."

"Had these new theories been tried and been effectively used," said the Senator, "then we might tolerate them."

The Senator was making a Fourth of July speech—mind you. Celebrating the birth of our own experiment with a Republican form of government, an untried venture in political economics so novel and so fraught with discredited foreign ideas that for fifty years monarchical Europe insisted it was a gigantic failure.

Not that we think its a howling success, but we are glad our forefathers had the courage to start something that hadn't been tried.



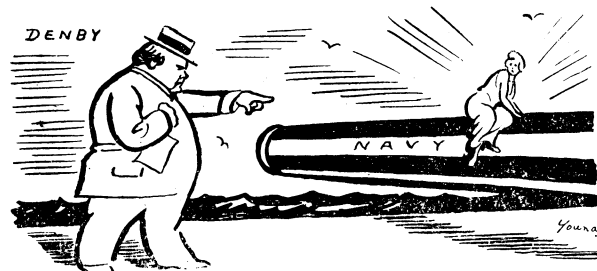
**MR. TWO-FACE**

Do you know him? Mr. Twoface—who talks so loudly about "respect for the law?"



Commander Stearns of the Massachusetts allowed the sailors of his ship to have a council. They debated the subject of naval discipline with a view to developing more democracy on board ship.

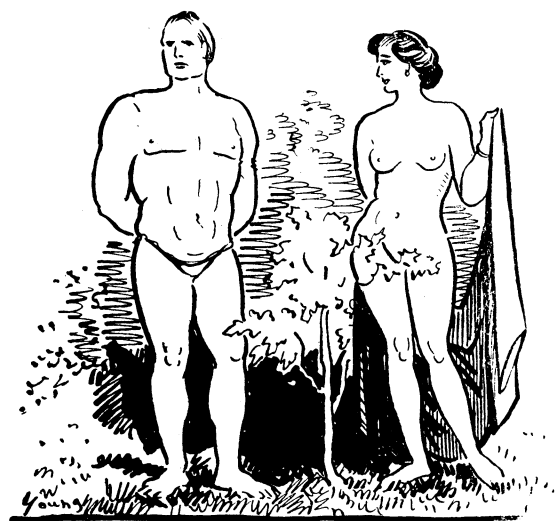
Mr. Denby, the Secretary of the Navy, heard of it, sniffed hard, and forthwith relieved Mr. Stearns of his command—putting an end to the sailors council. Have you a little liberty in your home? Put it out.



**LIBERTY NOT WELCOME**

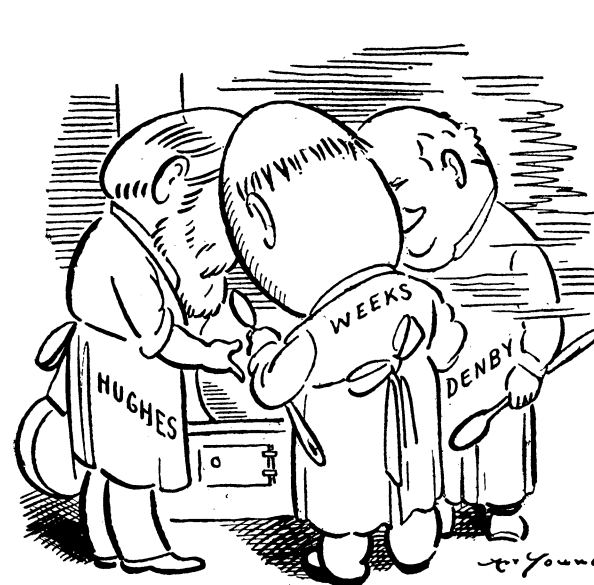
"Will I marry?" muses Tracy Gillis, of Nebraska. "I never knew before that there was such a thing."

Tracy had just come out of a 33-year retirement in the virgin wilds of western Nebraska, and had never seen a woman in his life. Father didn't like the ladies and kept 'em off the ranch—and kept Tracy inside the fence. Now father is dead, and Tracy has been on a trip to Omaha to give the town and the girls the once over. He sure chose a good year for his observations. This year's styles make some of the rest of us think we never really saw a woman before.



**STRENGTH OR GRACE—WHICH?**

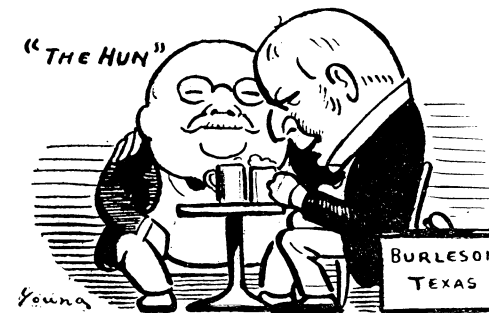
Now that everybody is becoming almost as familiar with the human figure as an art student, we wish to raise the question once more—Is woman more beautiful than man.



**GOVERNMENT—OF, FOR AND BY THE INSIDERS**

Secretary of War, John Weeks, says that those on the inside of the Government know a lot about international affairs that the people do not know.

Exactly, and we, the people, won't know what a mess they are cooking up—till we have to eat it.



**BURLESON AGAIN**

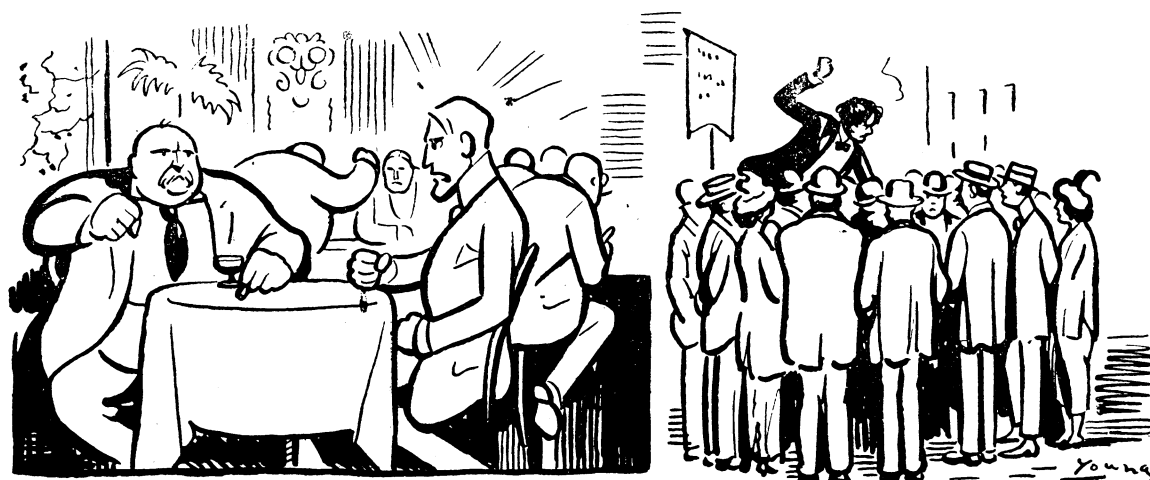
Burleson is coming back. Not back to office. But back from Germany. Yes, it's the same Albert Sydney Burleson who was once Postmaster General of the U. S.

Burleson owns large cotton plantations in Texas, and has been transacting business with "the Huns."

Cheek by jowl this beautiful One Hundred Percenter has been hobnobbing with the men whose principles and conduct he pretended to loathe only a few years ago.

And the sad commentary on this spectacle is that the German Capitalists receive him as if nothing had happened.

We call attention to this merely as another proof of the way the game is played. Commercial tyrants are not of one country, but of all countries. And they understand each other, though they slaughter millions of people when they quarrel.



**WHO IS THE WORSE MENACE?**

Did you ever listen to conversation in a restaurant, where the "men of affairs" congregate? One man says, with blustering anger, the prohibitionists ought to be shot. Another says the prohibitionists don't worry him, but if he were President he would deport all Jews, except the leaders—and these he would hang,—and so it goes. Put these violent statements alongside the remarks of a soap-boxer, and the latter are mild indeed. Besides, he has the courage to say what he thinks out in the open. If the utterances of street speakers were as crazy and violent as private conversation often is, no one would listen to them.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

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Edited by ART YOUNG A. H. HOWLAND, Bus. Mgr.

August, 1921.

### DOWN TO BUSINESS—IN WATER

The water business is dull in New York. In spite of Prohibition, which was well calculated to increase the demand for drinking water, the sales reported are almost negligible. One company which offered a high grade water, almost as good as that in the City water supply, was unable to dispose of its product at actual cost. The situation is altogether dissonant and soon abandons its infamous socialistic discouraging to business; and unless the city riment, private initiative in New York will soon be dead.

The city's duty is plain. In the sensible old days of Peter Stuyvesant, no one would ever have suggested piping water wholesale from the up-State mountains and distributing it practically free to all residents of the city regardless of whether they deserve good water or not. In those days, all the best people owned wells. They had earned the right to these wells; and had the city been decently respectful toward the sacred rights of property, those wells would now be in great demand. There would be no cry of dullness in the water market if the business had been left in the hands of its rightful proprietors.

Back to normalcy should be our cry. Away with these infamous socialistic schemes which have made well owning scarcely worth while. It doesn't pay to dig wells in New York today. But if New York City has the courage to destroy its water system, the water business will enjoy such a boom as it has never known.

As a Nation we faced a similar crisis in the fall of 1918; and to the glory of America be it said that we did not flinch. At that time we had a War Industries Board and an indus-

trial administration throughout the country which had practically abolished competition from the land. But at the call of business, we courageously scrapped the whole machine; and only for the fact that so many millions of us are out work and starving, the wisdom of this act would be instantly apparent.

Restore competition, say we, in water and everything. Competition, to be sure, is rather tough on consumers, since it can't seem to produce a tenth as much as these damnable collective enterprises always succeed in doing. But it develops business character in the successful competitors, and what else are we living for?

SAW DUST

### WHO IS WHAT?

The Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, Pastor of an Episcopal Church in New York, called the prohibition parade up Fifth Avenue "a seditious and treasonable demonstration more diabolical than avowed anarchism and more dangerous than militarism."

Somebody is always muddying the waters. We will never get it clear in our own minds who is "the most diabolical." On Monday, some one breaks out with the statement that it's the Bolsheviki. On Tuesday, it's the Irish. On Wednesday, it's the Parlor Anarchists. and so on through the week. Now we hear that it's the anti-prohibitionists. Has anybody ever thought that maybe it's the psychoanalysts or the Episcopalians?



"Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire."

THACKERY, "Vanity Fair," Chap. xvii.

## REWARD

FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION OF —



## JESUS CHRIST

WANTED - FOR SEDITION, CRIMINAL ANARCHY - VAGRANCY, AND CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT

DRESSES POORLY. SAID TO BE A CARPENTER BY TRADE, ILL-NOURISHED, HAS VISIONARY IDEAS, ASSOCIATES WITH COMMON WORKING PEOPLE THE UNEMPLOYED AND BUMS. ALIEN - BELIEVED TO BE A JEW ALIAS: 'PRINCE OF PEACE, SON OF MAN' - 'LIGHT OF THE WORLD' &c &c PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR RED BEARD, MARKS ON HANDS AND FEET THE RESULT OF INJURIES INFLICTED BY AN ANGRY MOB LED BY RESPECTABLE CITIZENS AND LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

Art Young

## Arrest This Man





The "Best People" leave town for the su



mmer---and others stay where they belong



The author of the poem printed below asks us to illustrate it, and suggests "a picture of a woman descending a flight of stairs with a kitchen range and a set of china. In her left hand are three small kittens. The lady has a mole on her hip, and is a Mason.—A touch of subconscious regret is to be conveyed by the interrogative posture of the right elbow—also below her knee, and to the northeast of the range."

The illustration above presents the facts—but the transcendental quality of the poem is impossible to portray.

In this poem the liason between the fretful facts of modern life, and the lyrical mysticism of the past is beautifully revealed. The editor does not hesitate to say that a great new poet has shot athwart the sky of song.

### WHENCE

(A brief poem in the newer form entitled,  
*Out of Nothing into Nothingness or  
Before the Beyond Behind*)

They went,  
Both of them—  
Except him.

He did not go because he could not.  
His shoes were not pressed  
And his pants needed half soling.

Some weapon—*not in my garden ! ! ! !*  
Some flowers—*not by your hand ! ! ! ! ! !*

Rushing snowflakes pelting merrily the esot-  
eric molecule of mercury bichloride.

The luminescence of samarium!  
Allymethylcycloheanone!!  
The Velocity of the diaotized reaction in the  
benzene nucleus!!!

Tetrachlorophenolphthalein!!!!  
The stereochemical configuration of trinitroto-  
luol

And the polariscopic specific rotation of the  
overhead,

Multiplied by . . . . x . . . . !!  
Ye gods, the night is dark for August.

We have encountered the intangible.  
It felt just like  
Nothing.  
You would have expected it would have felt  
more velveter  
Or have laid an egg  
And have sat upon it like a doorknob—  
But would it then hatch a bungalow?

O great warm large big intumescence.  
O neurosis and Freudian Psychiatry.  
O scrambled eggs on the half shell.  
O hard boiled poached eggs; Ben Lindsey;  
Bert Williams and Al Reeves.  
O hell.  
O damnation.  
Also fiddlesticks.

Where went they  
All two of them.  
Or Whither?  
Ah—they never came back to tell whither  
they had went!  
And even how did we know they had gone  
when we did not know for sure  
They had been here?  
I shall read the *Dial* and get learned and cul-  
tured and know all about Bojer  
And the rest of the American writers.

Great peace had came into his life with  
A club;  
The ace of clubs.  
That made it a straight flush and he died of  
happiness.

T. SWANN HARDING.



## Eighth Avenue

In the window of Dr. Frank Campbell's Fu-  
neral Parlors sits an associate undertaker,  
rocking.

As he rocks, he softly chants: "Neither time  
nor trade nor sea shall keep my own away  
from me."

In the moving picture show sits the hardwear  
dealer's wife, dreaming.

Dreaming that she is the curly-haired heroine  
being made mad love to by the hero with  
hair perfectly parted.

Against his corner chair leans the Italian boot-  
black. He came from the Sabine hills, hung  
with grapes, under which Horace once sat,  
sipping Falerian and looking far off across  
the plains to the walls and towers of Im-  
perial Rome;

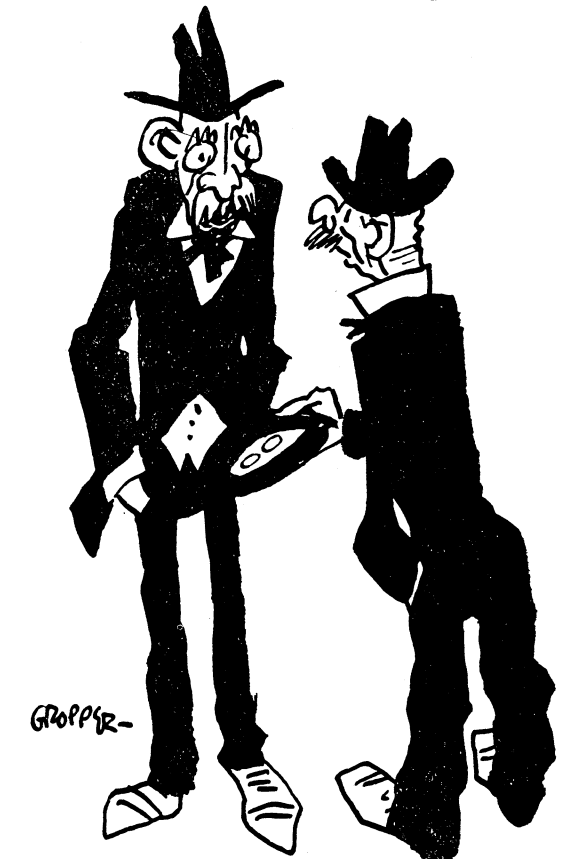
Came from the Sabine hills, with olive trees  
planted, to black the shoes of the Bavarian  
butcher on Saturday nights. Saturday is a  
hard day and the butcher has bunions.  
When he gets home, he sinks into a chair  
and removes his shoes, wiggling his toes  
around in the white socks.

Up and down the long avenue all day long  
clangs the street car motorman. His heart  
is twice its natural size. It is enlarged be-  
cause of years of leaping when children,  
sent out for ten cents' rolls, cross directly  
in front of the wheels.

In a doorway sits an old woman. The holes  
in her stockings reveal skin like bookbind-  
ers' leather. She was a girl once in Tralee,

where the green of the sea creeps up to  
meet the green of the grass. Her companions  
now are the cats that nightly try to beat  
her to the garbage cans.

Phillips Russell.



"Won't you help poor Mr. Smith, he's got eighteen  
kids—he's blind and didn't know what he was doing?"

### MILK OR CHEESE

The political orator was getting along well  
with his audience—when a man asked permis-  
sion to put a question to him.

"What is your question?" said the orator.  
The man stated it, while the orator listened  
attentively, and then said:

"Before I answer your question, will you  
please tell me what is your profession?"

"I have a milk-route," said the man.  
"I knew from your question," said the ora-  
tor, "that you are still in the milk-stage of  
development."

The audience laughed—and the man shot  
back, "All right! I may be in the milk-stage  
but" (and pointing to the orator he shouted)  
"that's better than going sour like you and be-  
coming a big piece of cheese."



Mike—"Don't shoot, Pat, the gun ain't loaded."  
Pat—"I have to, the bird won't wait."

# Explained

by John Nicholas Bffel

Bridgeport, Conn.—The traveler from Boston alighted from a train here at 1 A. M. Cold rain was drizzling down. He telephoned for a taxi, and then waited on the platform. Wind from the sea was like a whip.

Presently he was conscious of another person on the platform, an unshaven hollow-cheeked man whose clothes were threadbare and who marched back and forth along a space of 50 feet, silently, methodically, wearily. In the unshaven one's right hand was a Winchester rifle. Now and then he coughed. His movements were galvanic, spiritless.

Finally the traveler went over to him. "What are you doing?" the traveler inquired.

"Who? Me?" responded the man with the gun. There was a bit of fear in his voice. He caught his breath. "I'm—I'm guardin' the

United States mails."

"Any mail robbers in Bridgeport lately?"  
 "Nope, but there's 20,000 men out of work here, and there's danger of some o' them pullin' some rough stuff."

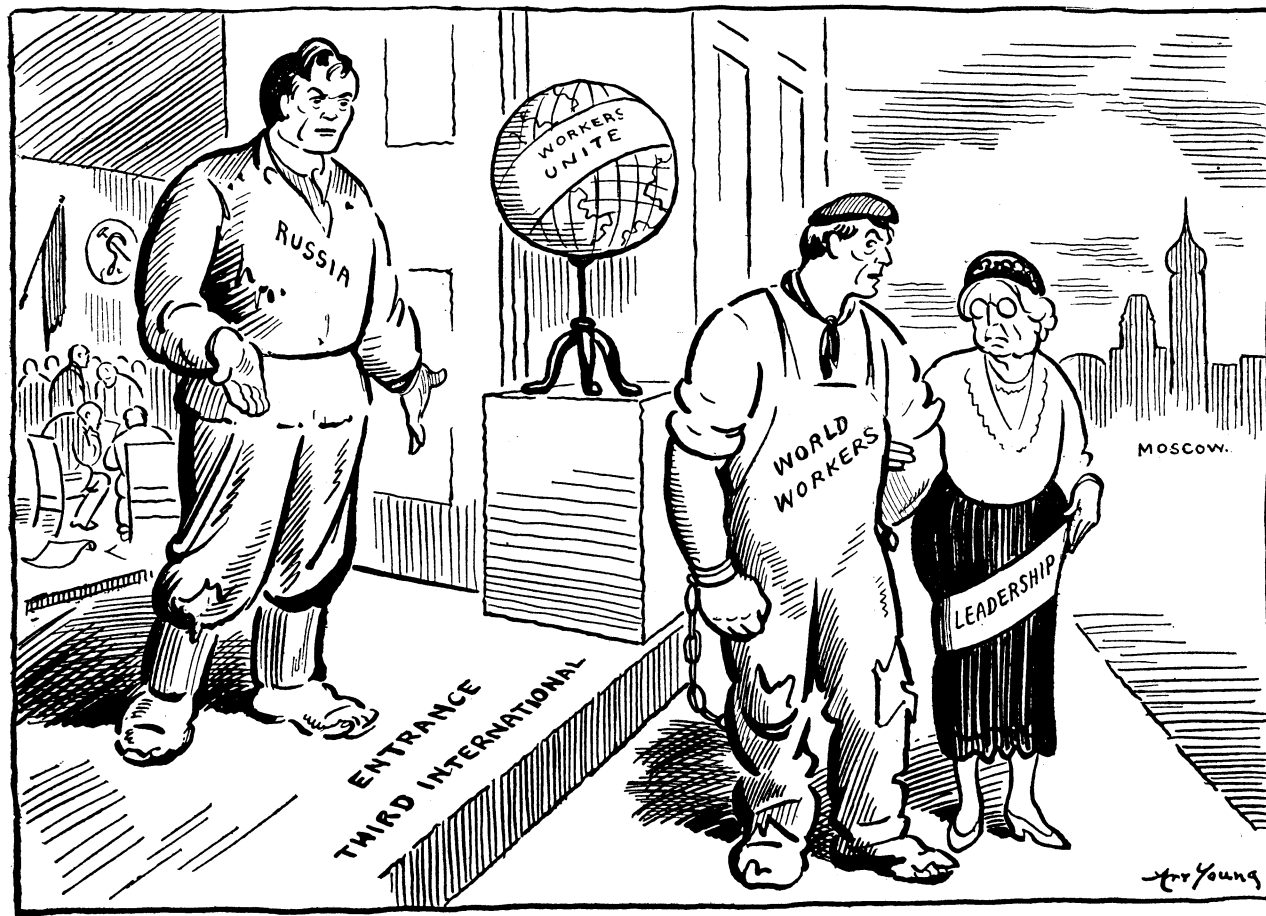
"Have you been on guard here long?"  
 "Five days, Mister. This is the first regular job I've had in nine months."

Out of the rain a mail truck approached. The guard tightened his grip on his rifle, and indicated that he was about to resume his march lest some of his kind come in the night with uncompromising hunger and ideas of rough stuff.

But the man from Boston persisted with one more question.

"How do 20,000 men happen to be out of work here—do you know?"

"Yes," said the unshaven man. "Yes," he repeated, with an air of finality. "There's been a depression."



Russia: "Welcome! But you hesitate!"

Mother Leadership: "O, dear, I'm so afraid you will do something rash."

World Workers: "Mother, you always told me I had nothing to lose but my chains."



## Harry Engels, High-hat Rebel

"Mr. Speaker, I challenge that statement," says a respectable looking young man in a high hat at a New York street meeting. The young man is seated in an automobile. Sometimes he approaches a meeting on foot. But his work is to challenge the statement of the soap boxer who has been denouncing capitalism, war, profiteering, landlords, and exploitation generally. The soap boxer stops when he sees the determined look of the young man in the high hat and asks him to come up on the platform if he has anything to say.



HARRY ENGELS

Harry Engels then mounts the platform. He takes his opera hat off gracefully and rests it with dignity on his left arm. Standing there in his white vest and black cutaway he looks as benevolent as John D. Jr. surveying his Sunday school class.

"Fellow citizens," he says sadly. Then he tells the street crowd how grieved he feels when coarse radicals malign the best people, the Bosses of Big Business. Then he relates

stories of numerous sacrifices the capitalists have made in behalf of the proletariat.

"Who but the business men make it possible for you to have beautiful parks? Then you working people, with a foolish desire for liberty before you are fit for it, go and lie on the park grass and wear it out.

"Is it right, I ask you? They had a strike on the B. R. T. and all the Jewish tailors decided to walk over the great Jewish Passover, the Williamsburg Bridge, until such time as the strike could be settled.

"We capitalists saw that here was a beautiful example of thrift. Here were the people saving ten cents a day by walking—five cents each way. If we raised their fare to eight cents—sixteen cents two ways—they would save sixteen cents instead of ten. And our sincere efforts to raise the fare are known to all."

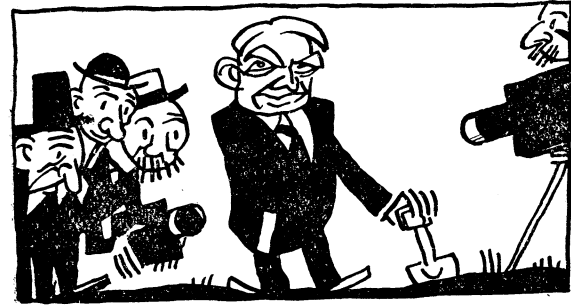
Then tearfully he tells them that the capitalists at great expense erect poor houses for the needy and "make it possible for the average workman who lives to be ninety-five years of age to save enough money to live at ease the rest of his life."

At the end of his speech, Mr. Engels holds up a copy of Good Morning and says, "Here's another evidence of ingratitude—a magazine which pictures the respectable members of society as fat, avaricious and devoid of ideals."

Then large numbers of Good Morning are sold to the assembled multitude.

Other stories of the Good Morning scouts who have helped to put this publication on the map not only in New York but in other cities will be told in future numbers.





Gropper

## Affairs of State

*In these Days of Photogravure*

Consider the case of Warren Gamaliel, President of the United States and Lord-in-Chief of Haiti, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica, Philippine Islands, Guam, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and potential monarch of Yap—universally conceded to be the most powerful ruler in this and thousands of other years.

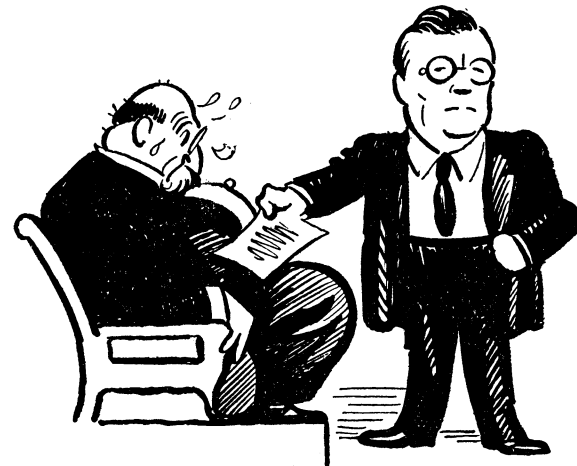
Note his daily activities as recorded in the press:

- Confers a scholarship degree for a tire factory university.
- Participates in a school children's public sing.
- Reviews a troop of Girl Scouts.
- Gives away \$100,000 worth of radium.
- Shows old Marion friends the new home he has picked out in Washington.
- Has his photograph taken with the White House Dog.
- Is a spectator of a tennis match played by the Davis uppers.
- Journeys to see Babe Ruth send a message of hope to the record keepers.
- Unveils a statue and makes a speech which pleases both sides.
- Has his photograph taken with the scribes.
- Greets the Italian lady who sang so well in Chicago that New York hired her.
- Congratulates the founder of the fortieth Americanization organization.
- Expresses his joy that a king has lived another year.
- Makes a long distance call to Cuba.
- God speeds and "bon voyages" a ship load of departing Rotarians.

- Greets a delegation of hop growers who still have hopes.
- Sends a message of felicitation to a 100-year old Republican who never scratched his ticket.
- Has his photograph taken with the Boy Scouts.
- Makes a decision that he will not play golf on Sunday.
- Reviews the fleet and hopes the guns won't go off.
- Tells the banqueters that we will only fight on just occasions.
- Is examined by his physician.
- Gets tired.
- Sleeps comfortably.

I. V. Vine.

### BUM BIOGRAPHIES No. 4



FRANK P. WALSH  
(Labor Lawyer)

Frank P. Walsh, lawyer, publicist, Irishman, about 50 years old, likes to go after big game. He toured the country in 1913 with the then liberal Wilson's approval, accompanied by a corps of investigators, for the purpose of reporting on the industrial situation. The report was too loud,—business men didn't like it.

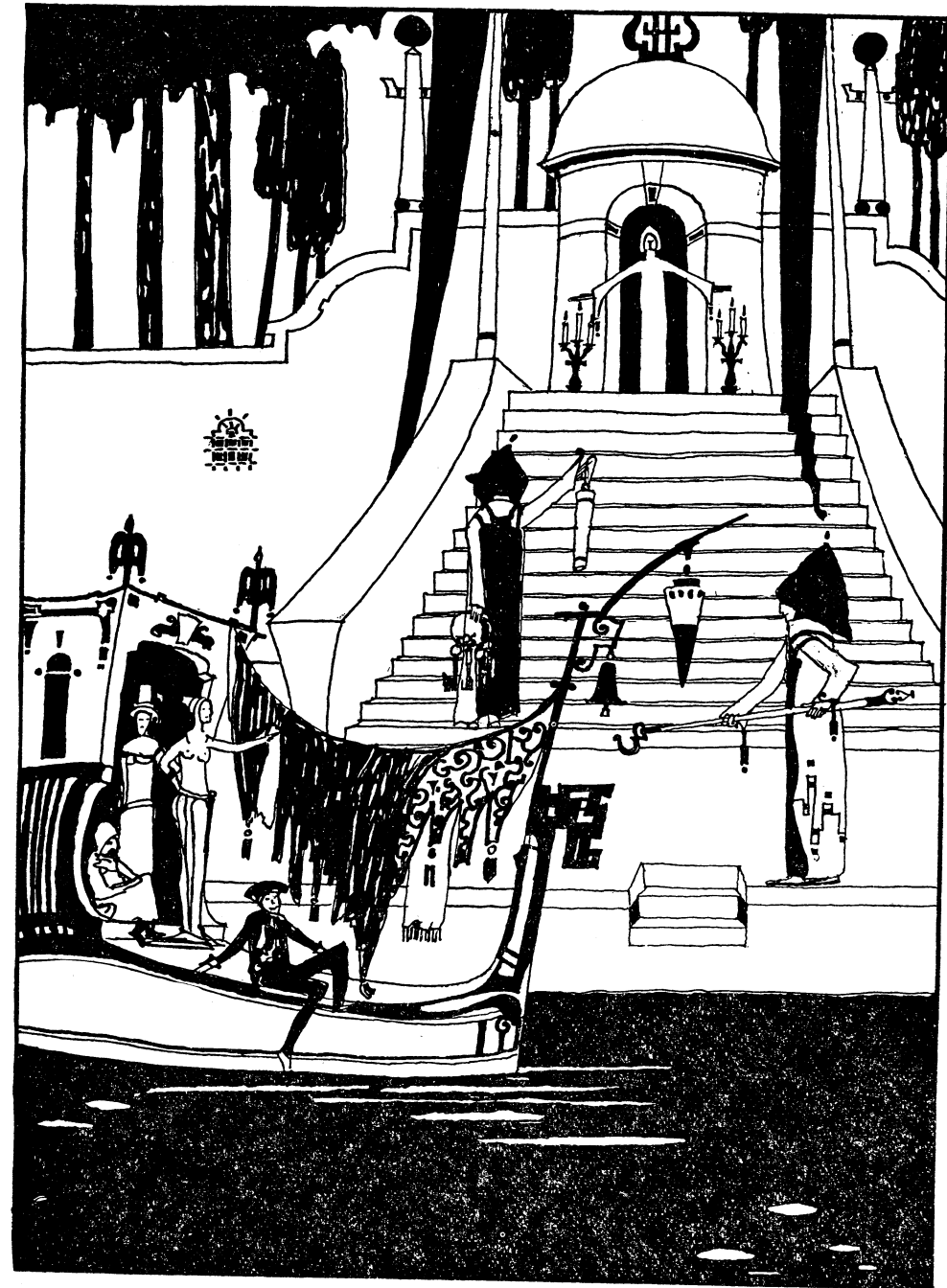
Walsh is at his best when he gets a pop-eyed profiteer in a witness chair. He likes to shove a piece of paper in front of him and ask him if its his handwriting (or some such incriminating question).

He appeared at the Versailles Peace Conference for the cause of Ireland. He can be found in Kansas City, Chicago, Washington, New York, Dublin or wherever Liberty needs a lawyer.

Donald Corley, whose drawing *The Mad Barge*, is printed below, is an architect.

The rigid formulas of modern architecture are not sacred to Mr. Corley. He moves architectural fact out into the realm of fancy, plays with it and has weird and ghostly dreams about it.

Other remarkable drawings from Mr. Corley's pen will appear in later issues of GOOD MORNING.



THE MADHOUSE BARGE

Somewhere a white-domed water-gate stands, above a lane of the tide. And to this bourne came those who cannot sleep, and those grown old prematurely . . . even those who are for no reason deported from the city. The Wharfinger and the Keyman, and One Other, here reclude them from themselves.

**Wisdom of the Poor Fish**



THE POOR FISH says he doesn't like to pay more than five cents for carfare but he realizes that the stockholders have got to get something for their money.

**FRANK HARRIS PROMOTED**

Frank Harris runs a poem in his magazine in which the author salutes him as "the Knight of the Holy Ghost."

Frank has linked his name up with all of the live ones of history, including Jesus, and with this inclusion of the old original Holy-Holy the chain is complete.

*By Our Poet Laureate*

Congratulations, Wondrous Child,  
Pal of Ibsen, Shaw and Wilde,  
Councillor to men of note—  
Whether Statesman, Seer or Pote—  
Associate in all they did  
Since Jehovah was a kid,  
And now elected to the post  
Formerly filled by the Holy Ghost—  
We'll tell the world you've got some rank,  
Father, Son and Holy Frank!

But, come to think, that'll never do  
Why not kick out the other two?

Impress 'em, Frank, in this vicinity  
That you have at last become the Trinity.

**HE REMEMBERS**

All kinds of people look in at GOOD MORNING office. Their inquiries are varied.

"What was the date of your last Good Morning Ball," said a young man recently with a look of one who has something on his mind that won't come off.

"Why—let's see," said the Secretary, "it was April 29—why?"

"O, I just wanted to know. I made a damn fool of myself that night—good-bye."

**A WORKING CLASS DOG**

Mrs. Fatpurse: "Mary, go find that darned dog. I called him three times and he ain't answered."

Mary (her maid): "The dog's right here, Madam, under the table. I suppose he did not understand you. He's used to only the best English."

J. W. F.

**A LUSK VICTIM LIKES GOOD MORNING**

Editor, GOOD MORNING:

You wish to sell me a Ten Dollar Share of Stock in the Good Morning Corp. And for five dollars? I do not want to refuse your offer, even if I was all of them which you said — Hoboes, Unemployed, Wobblies and so on—which I can safely say I have been! But now I am within the gray prison walls. Of course, this is not my excuse, but I have better and more powerful one—which is my dear daily wages—one cent and one half!

I am Lusker's first "steak" but, also a subscriber to Good Morning and I raise my prison cap—every time I receive it—because it comes behind the iron bars, and brings to me renewed vigor and also the fullest extent of enjoyment.

Wishing you and your company success, I remain  
Respectfully yours,

A. PRISONER.

**EVE ADAMS PUTTING IT OVER**

The Truth, of Duluth, welcomes Eve Adams, as follows:

Eve Adams, the celebrated hiker, who sets out for a seventy-five mile stroll in the morning and winds up with a swim across the English Channel in the evening, is on the trail of the artists and students and housewives and farmers and all other workers to give them the inspiration of a lifetime by putting The Liberator and Good Morning and Soviet Russia and Truth into their hands for a year or so. Miss Adams has the reputation of having gotten more subscriptions for these publications than any other living Bolshevik in captivity. When you see her you will be sure to subscribe. This rebel girl is successful for the one reason that she knows what to select that is worth reading. She is in Duluth just now and while there she invites you into the select reading circle of the most advanced intellects in this country.

**HOORAY FOR THE RIOT GAS**

Editor, GOOD MORNING:

As a red-blooded American, I write to ask, since when have we become a nation of sissified mollycoddles, using harmless tear bombs instead of machine guns to disperse rioters?

There will be riots a plenty this coming winter. There must needs be unemployment but woe unto the unemployed. If they refuse to starve to death lawfully, then, by God, let them be shot down like mad dogs in the street.

There are too damn many people anyway: there are more people than there are houses; more people than there are farms; more people than there are jobs: and since the unemployed is the scum of the land, God forbid that slobbery sentimentalism should prevent our improving the race by machine guns.

Yours truly,  
O. H. Percent.

**FROM THE CLASSICS**

"One handful of money is stronger than two handfuls of truth."—Danish Proverb.

**What is the Modern Press Association ?**

It is a *Workers' Educational Alliance*, whose object is to spread educational literature concerning the class-struggle. The series of pamphlets which are to be issued by this body will give the workers a clearer understanding of the labor movement.

The *Workers' Educational Alliance* makes no profit on its literature and all money-received from sale of literature is used to print new pamphlets. If you are interested in education you can help spread the work at no cost to yourself by ordering ten or more pamphlets and selling them to your friends. By doing this you help spread the idea and broaden the scope of the work, and new pamphlets can be issued more often.

**Books and Pamphlets Already Obtainable**

COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANITY, by Bishop William M. Brown. Analyzed and contrasted from the viewpoint of Darwinism and scientific Socialism. Newly revised edition of 204 pages. Price 25 cents a copy; six for 1.00.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND REVOLUTION, by Philip Kurinsky. A splendid exposition of the meaning of true Revolutionary Industrial Unionism. Says the Glasgow 'Herald': "An interesting pamphlet indicating the role of trade unionism and the use and importance of the General Strike, which is no longer Sorel's 'myth' but the last and annihilating weapon of the workers." Price 10 cents a copy; bundle orders, 6 cents per copy.

BATS IN THE BELFRY, by Gropper. Adventures of an open-minded worker, illustrated by Gropper. A story of economics in cartoons. Just the thing to wake up your Scissor Bill friend. Price 10 cents a copy, bundle orders 6 cents per copy.

WHAT IS THIS SHOP-STEWARD MOVEMENT? by Tom Walsh. A clear, concise explanation of the shop-steward form of organization with diagram of same. Price 5 cents; bundle orders, 3 cents per copy.

THE INTELLECTUAL AND THE WORKER. This pamphlet is not yet ready, but it will positively be ready for sale before August 31st. "The Intellectual and the Worker," written by Philip Kurinsky, is a masterly essay on the place of the intellectual in the working class movement, pointing out the dangers arising from intellectuals and the meaning of true intellectualism in the labor movement. Price 10 cents a copy; bundle orders, 6 cents per copy.

For one dollar a year you can also become a subscriber. Each subscriber is entitled to all pamphlets that are to be issued from time to time, together with all those enumerated here. Cash should accompany all orders.

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**What's All the Shootin' About?**

belatedly inquires William, a comic figure in a Broadway success of the past season, who always appears on the scene following each denouement and anxiously plies everyone with the above query.

His attitude is typical of that of many people to-day toward the new movements in art and literature. They live in ignorance of every departure from the standard and conventional until these have become commonplaces to people of alert intelligence, then they suddenly wail,

"What's it all about? What are the new men up to? There may be something in this new art, but we don't understand it! One modern thing looks as queer as the next to us."

**Needless to say they have never read THE DIAL**

the one American magazine to intelligently explain the meaning and interpret the trend of the new movements.

But the Williams usually do not care to know what it is all about. They take refuge in the belief that it is all a passing phase, a fad which will not last beyond the season. But you know that within a decade or two certain of our contemporaries will stand out like giants. Why wait for the next generation to see them in perspective, when you can enjoy their writings now in THE DIAL, and accord them in life the recognition that is their due. THE DIAL sifts out of the welter of contemporary art and literature the things that are going to live—stories, poems, and canvasses—and brings them to you side by side with the best work of writers of the old school like Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, and Bertrand Russell. The way to find out what is worth while in the new forms is to compare them with the old. THE DIAL is the only magazine which chooses the best of both and lets you judge for yourself.

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