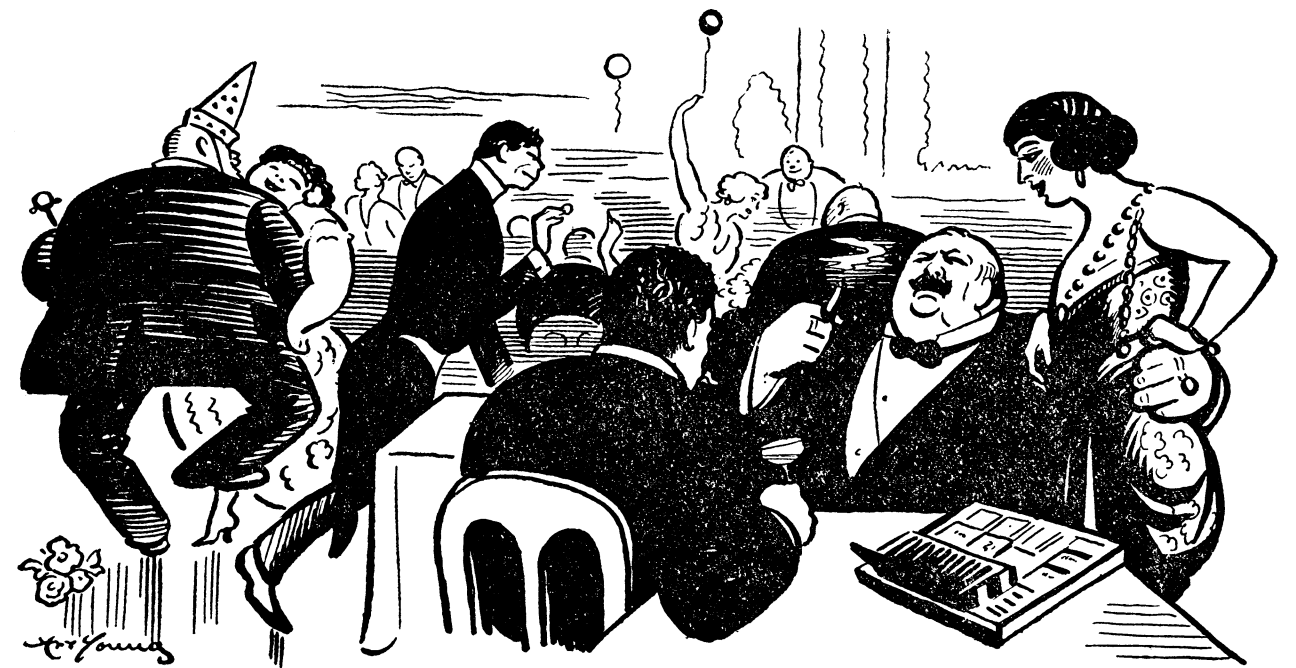


JANUARY 1, 1921

15 Cents

GOOD MORNING

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



The Profiteer: "I'm as good a friend of labor as the next man—but there is no denying the fact that workingmen do spend their money foolishly."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

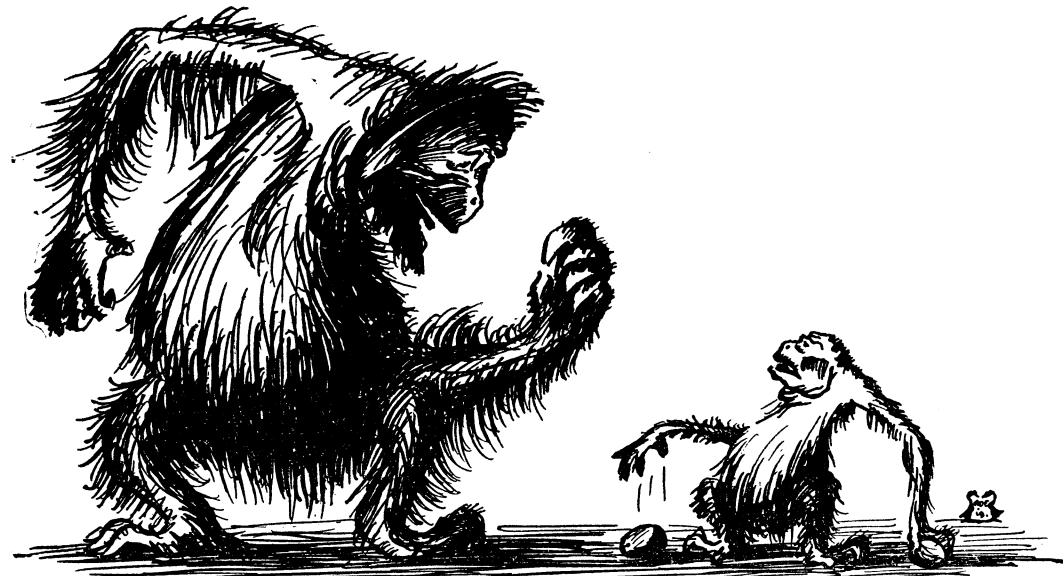
Howard Brubaker
Edmund Duffy
Adolph Dehn
A. F.
Wm. Gropper

F. Hanley
Charles Kemper
R. Marsh
Boardman Robinson
George Thomson

Clara Tice
Hendrik Van Loon
C. W. W.
Anna Strunsky Walling
Clement Wood

F. Jerger

Art Young



"SORRY, IF YOU DONT QUIT THROWING COCONUTS ON SUNDAY I'LL THRASH YOU."

When the Blue Law started after us a while ago, we done went and "got religion."

Oh, no, we're not going to quit throwing mirthful mudpies around. Not that, Augustus! It's our manner of living we're going to change.

Firstly, GOOD MORNING will be "regular as clockwork" hereafter. A semi-monthly it is, and a semi-monthly it will be, unless Fate hands us a Jack Dempsey knockout.

GOOD MORNING'S good friends have selected a capable committee to keep us toeing the mark. They are actively carrying out plans at the present time to establish us on a sound business basis. Here's a message from them to you:

Dear friends: Is, after all, the boasted flower of our civilization but a rank weed? Some say it is. These people need something to save them from dyspepsia, denseness and despair.

GOOD MORNING is the thing they need. Therefore let them have it—let 'em have it hard. For \$1.10 each week we will send you ten copies

to distribute to them. Try a little medicine on such of your friends as need it. Or place them with your newdealer—see how quickly we will sell them out. Get him to order them regularly.

The committee of which we are members is spreading the work around so it will be more evenly distributed. We can get willing workers but they must have the sinews of war with which to pay expenses. So we are putting it up to each subscriber and stockholder to give GOOD MORNING a boost. Will you buy one share of stock at \$10?

We can turn out good stuff here, but to spread it around we need the help of the laborers in the vineyard. Are you going to be one?

Yours for little old G. M.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL,
BERKELEY G. TOBEY,
WILLIAM I. IRVINE,

Committee.

There are two damn blunt books you have not read, made for real men to read. Real life portrayed. Unconventional.

"RADICAL VIEWS"

and

"AN ICONOCLAST"

by RALPH BRANDT

28 Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

\$1.25 each

Read the

Birth Control Review

for the

Elimination of Waste and
the Betterment of the Race

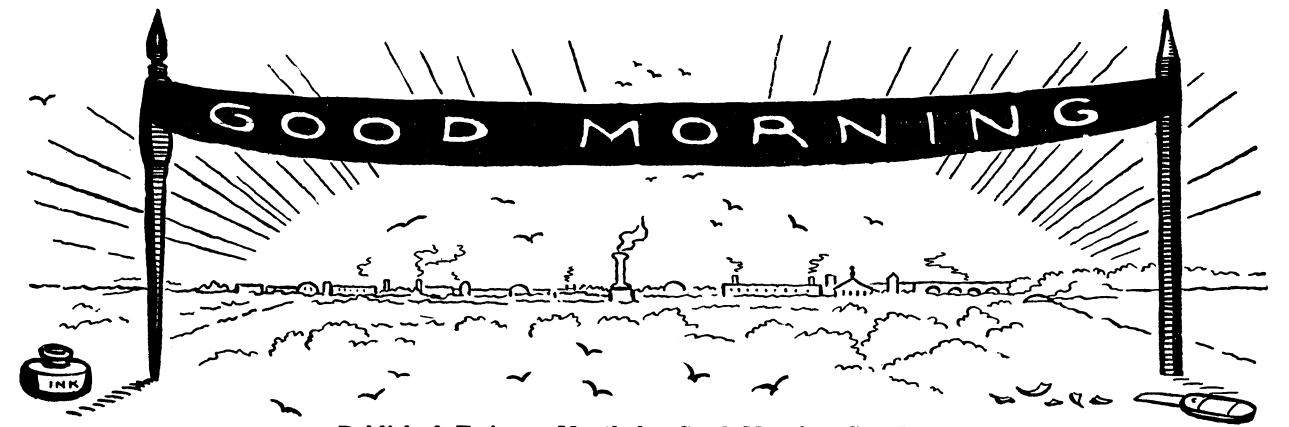
25 cents single copy—\$2.00 a year.

Also Books and Pamphlets may be had on this subject at

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

104 Fifth Ave.,

New York City.



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

Vol. III. No. 1.

January 1, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

LAUGHTER—by Helen Keller

Impromptu remarks at Good Morning's Harvest Festival.

Dear Friends and Comrades:

I have come here to laugh with you, not to make speeches. When I received the announcement of the Good Morning dinner, and read the names of those who would grace the occasion with their wit and brave presence, I said to myself, "I will go. There will be no 'blue devils' at that banquet, there will be laughter and good fellowship and Art Young. If there is sweetness and light to be found anywhere in this grim, sorrow-shaken old world, I shall find it where Art Young is."

I am not disappointed. My "hunch" was a good one. You are all jolly good fellows. You have kept alive, through the bitter winter of the world's discontent, the spirit of spring and youth. You can still meet the day's challenge "with morning faces and with morning hearts." Your gayety has blown my own heart into a glow. Lives there a man or maid who could be sour in the bright aura of Art Young?

What laughs he has given us tonight—laughs of pure joy, laughs of defiance, laughs of hope—and laughs at the other fellow! Such laughs brace us and make us feel better, stronger than we thought. The world needs more of this dauntless spirit of laughter. Laughter is more disconcerting than a whole dictionary of abuse. Sometimes laughter is a sword buried in flowers. With Russia's star growing brighter and clearer every hour, we have cause for deep, joyous, thankful laughter. While we can meet together and laugh, there is hope for the world. With laughter and hope and the Revolution in our hearts, all the powers of earth shall not prevail against us.



"Oh girls, don't you just love Douglas Fairbanks?"

SNOOPING

Of course, it's none of his business, but the editor of GOOD MORNING has fun looking at the morning subscription mail as it lies on the office clerk's desk.

Gen. Salvador Alvarado of Mexico City subscribes for a year. From an Australian city comes an order for fifty copies semi-monthly. It is these far corners of the world that interest us. A fellow out in the land of the long nights Poorman, Alaska (ever hear of such a place?) thinks he needs GOOD MORNING for three months. All right, Mr. Pahlke, it's on the way.

P. S. GOOD MORNING can be used for an alarm clock!



The Cripple: Poor devil! His feet will get cold

Erueh.

WORDS

The two words that statesmen like best are "adequate" and "reasonable." All through the law books these words are seen on every page—"reasonable" profits, "adequate" road-bed, "reasonable" length of time, "adequate" safeguard, etc., etc. Statesmen like the words because they are non-committal.

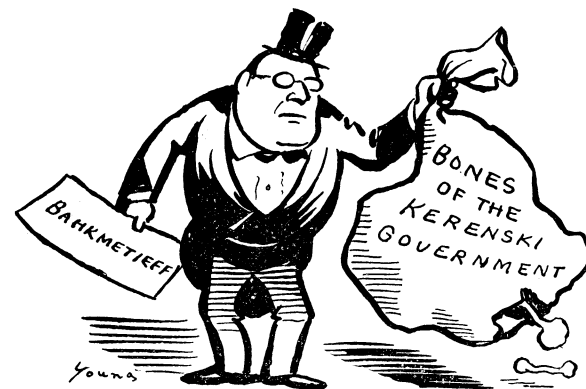
A thing can be reasonable to one party to a controversy and "plumb crazy" to the other. Harding says—"We believe in an adequate navy and an army of reasonable proportions." If elected Mr. Harding at the behest of Big Business can call for a hell-roaring army or a bigger than the biggest navy—and he will say its the adequate and reasonable thing to do.

And this army and this navy is to shoot the working masses who are not reasonable about wages or the boundary lines of their country—in short who don't understand the meaning of adequate and reasonable as interpreted by Big Business.

Even the dictionary cannot define these words. They can be defined only by power. When the working class realize their power, they can tell Big Business that their definition of adequate and "reasonable" is all wrong; that reasonable means "the whole word of industry for the workers"—and "adequate" means a certain length of time for the capitalists to get jobs under the new regime.



Farmer (seeing red flag over an open manhole): "By crackie! They can't stop them anarchists from holdin' underground meetin's."



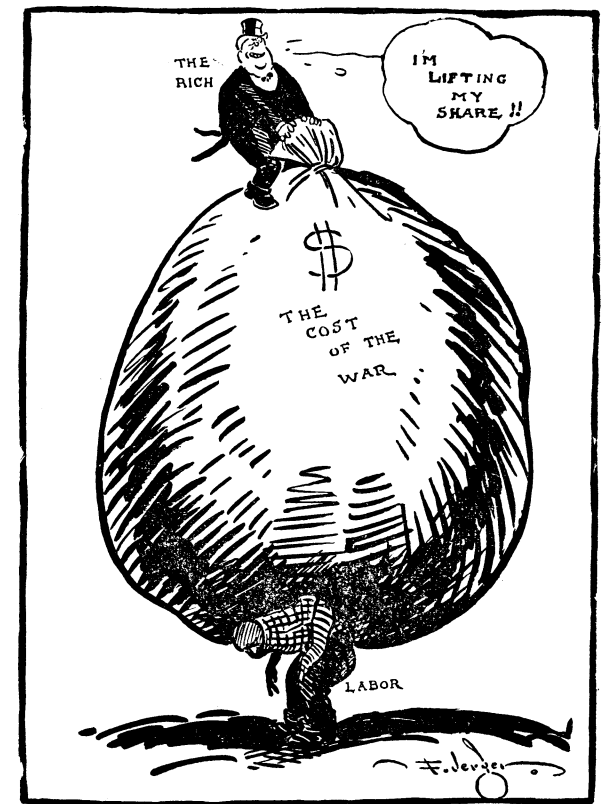
BORIS THE BONE-RATTLER

Boris Bahkmetieff, Ambassador from Nothing-at-all, declared upon his arrival in Washington three years ago that the Soviet Government was tottering. Since then said government has tottered all over Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, Wrangel and the rest; but it's all in the day's work to Boris who still insists that the sacred bones can be restored and the Kerenski Government be made as good as new.



BOURGEOIS FAME

If you favor a man who has the endorsement of "the best people", we present Judge Bartow S. Weeks. (portrait above). His record is glorious. To date he has sentenced to imprisonment the following radical thinkers—Harry Winitsky, Secretary of the Communist Party; Ben Gitlow, once member of N. Y. State Legislature and editor of The Voice of Labor; Jim Larkin, Irish Internationalist and labor leader; Isaac Ferguson, lawyer and radical writer; Charles E. Ruthenberg, Ohio left-wing Socialist, twice the Socialist candidate for Mayor of Cleveland. It will be seen that Judge Weeks is doing pretty well. We suggest that he could work faster however, if he didn't have to waste time listening to both sides of a question.





Modern Caesar: "I don't mind those fat, sleek men—it's the pale and hungry ones that worry me."

A Country Club Tapestry

The picture is of a group of women on a club terrace discussing the social unrest. "If they would keep in their places," sighed a nervous young matron, partly draped (and more revealed) by a Chantilly lace creation—"If they would keep in their places and not imitate our clothes."

"My gardener has a boy who took a prize in Latin," laughed another. "He told me of it and seemed to expect congratulations. I told him brick-laying would be more to the point," she said, with just a hint of bitterness in her laugh. "The vanity of these people is without limit."

"Our laws are so inadequate," murmured another. She was only half listening and her eyes were on the door through which the men would soon rejoin them.

"Let them have their Latin. We can find something else to teach our children," cooed the gentle-voiced daughter of a steel Magnate.

"But they are their own worst enemies," exclaimed another. "If they go on making

demands and obtaining them, there will be no chance for us to give to charity. I wonder they don't think of this. Already I don't subscribe half the sums I did," she said impressively.

"It ought to be explained to them. Our minister could do it so well, but of course, there are no working people in our congregation," said another thoughtfully inhaling the smoke from a cigarette.

"You can't appeal to them on any ground," said another sternly. The tiara in her hair flamed no less brightly than the scorn in her eyes.

"They are merciless. This is a sad day for Christianity," she ended.

There was a moment's silence, then a fat dowager spoke on whose towering bosom rested a priceless pearl suspended from a chain of yellow diamonds. The voice was soft and conciliatory. "I have always liked the working people," she said, "they are so useful."

Anna Strunsky Walling.

Annual Report of the Status of Good Morning

Delivered at the Harvest Festival, Yorkville Casino, N. Y., November 6.

By ART YOUNG

As President, editor and goat of GOOD MORNING Co. it devolves upon me to make a report to the stockholders, readers and contributors of GOOD MORNING.

Since our last meeting a year ago, we have gained several subscribers. One day last week two subscriptions were received in the same mail—one from a woman in Oskaloosa, Iowa, who said she was disgusted and one from a man in Milepost, Missouri, who said he was temporarily in an insane asylum, but that he was with us heart and soul. Our circulation is still behind the Saturday Evening Post, The Cosmopolitan Magazine, Bessie Beatty's Delineator and Women's Wear. But we have a plan to combine with Women's Wear. Those who have followed Women's Wear may have heard of this combination.

Cash on hand—\$2.33, also twenty (20) cents worth of slightly damaged postage stamps; assets about \$49.00. As for liabilities we are liable to do most anything. If you read in the papers that your editor has killed his favorite Grandmother to get her insurance, kindly remember the tension under which he has been living.

We are thinking of issuing collateral bonds as soon as the editor finds out what a collateral bond is. Investment of surplus so far has been confined to cheap cigars for the editor and the purchase of one bottle of "Green River" that turned out to be a mixture of tea and benzine. This investment in Green River was proposed and carried at a meeting of the stockholders and was not as would appear—wholly disastrous. The benzine was better than any we had ever tasted before.

Disbursements have been considerable. Exact figures are hard to get at. Any money that we would receive was so quickly snatched from us by printers and lynx-eyed paper dealers that we couldn't get time to record the transaction.

GOOD MORNING was partisan in the late campaign. It opposed Wilson and bunk and advocated Harding and Hell. Some of our stock-

holders think we should have stayed out of politics, but our leading contributor, the Poor Fish said he would resign if we didn't advocate a change.

We are hoping to add several new contributors to our staff. We have been negotiating with Dr. Crane for some articles on "How to be born again," dealing with the general topic of poverty as an incentive to morality, art and literature, with plenty of quotations from Elijah and other Bible Heroes.

During the fiscal year we received one severe blow. It was a letter from a subscriber in Columbus, Ohio. Here follows the letter:

"You can stop my magazine for this reason: You make grand good hits and then knock all kinds of standard government. We do not want Bolshevism in this country of ours, not by a damn sight. The Republicans have always saved America in every test we had and she will have to do it now or we are all going to hell in a hanging basket under Democratic rotten, crazy misrule. Your paper wears earmarks of inviting Bolshevickary that calls for a man's property and autos, so, to hell with it!"

The office staff and editor were dazed by this letter. We were sailing along beautifully when the bolt struck. A valued subscriber who wouldn't take our support of Harding seriously was lost. He might have been a life-long friend of the paper. We regret the loss of a part of our yearly income and will be more careful in the future not to alienate a single subscriber.

In the conclusion we have been annoyed by strikes among our contributors. The President, editor and goat advises a policy of firmness in dealing with discontent. "Produce" is our slogan. Produce and the future is ours.

After the reading of the report Mr. Young pinned a large asbestos medal on himself. The medal was purchased in the kitchen utensil department of a ten cent store and was beautifully inscribed by hand with the words "Gloria Mundi" broadly translated: "I don't want to hog the glory—there's enough for all."



"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.

January 1, 1921.

JUST WHY WE MADE HARDING PRESIDENT

When GOOD MORNING first nominated Warren G. Harding for President, there was an immediate response from the fraternized conscience of mankind. By the middle of October, it was evident that Mr. Christiansen didn't have a chance; and when the solemn plebiscite took place on November 3, the sinister forces of necromancy and despair were fairly overwhelmed by the divine avalanche of normalcy and the lustrous tide of pre-historic patriotism.

That is why we nominated Mr. Harding in the first place. These are mere words to some people but not to those who are acquainted with this Senatorial Seer. We knew that he would make good. We knew that the eternal flux of contradiction would not involve him in its desultory wake. And when the smoke of battle had cleared away, there stood Warren G. Harding, a veritable monument to fidelity and casualty, undaunted and undismayed.

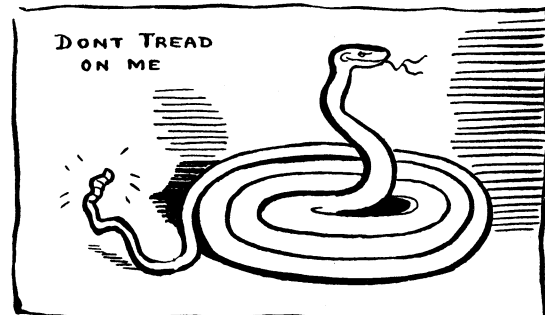
GOOD MORNING has been celebrating ever since. We have been celebrating as most of the leading institutions of the country have been celebrating. We shut down. We discharged most of our employes. We stemmed the tide of over-production, cancelled our most pressing obligations and contributed as best we could to the symphony of sabbatical calm. Not until Mr. Harding returned to the Senate, unflinchingly faced his supporters and moved to make his election unanimous, did GOOD MORNING inject itself once more into the tranquil current of events.

We advertised that we would tell this story in our coming issue; but few people realized how coming that issue would be. This is the comingest issue that GOOD MORNING has ever

had. It has been coming since October 1. It has been still more coming since our Harvest Festival. Everything about it has been coming except the money to pay the printer; and that, we have reason to believe, is coming now. Democracy has spoken. It wants Harding and Hell. We gave them Harding. Now we are going to give them a surprise.

We already have a business manager. To be sure, we haven't any business yet; but when we do get some business, Mr. Gollomb has promised to manage it. Some day, if we keep on, we are going to get an editor. When that happens, a host of friends who have been sending us literary contributions may get replies to the urgent letters of inquiry which they have been sending since. Anyone knowing of a good editor with a small appetite, whose doctors have advised him to sleep outdoors will confer a favor on this office by sending him around. Thrift, y'understand, is the keynote of normalcy; and GOOD MORNING has decided that its editor must practice thrift. To that end, we promise to co-operate in every way.

But, editor or no, GOOD MORNING has reorganized. Re-organizing Art Young was a considerable task, but we could do no other. Now we are getting ourselves published and we faithfully promise our readers that we shall be published regularly every time we are re-organized again. Now is the time for all good men and true to send in their subscriptions, that these hallowed dead ones shall not have been elected in vain and that government of the people, above the people and behind the people shall not perish from the earth.



If the capitalists don't like the red flag—perhaps they would not object to the flag that our revolutionary forefathers carried in the battle of Bunker Hill!—representing a rattle snake with the inscription "don't tread on me."

UNNATURAL HISTORY STUDIES

The Emar



This bird makes his home in holes in large brick cliffs; in rural districts he lives in wooden structures which, for sanitary reasons, are condemned as residences for cows. He lines his nest with materials purchased on the installment plan and he always hopes that the furniture will last until paid for. The Emar is an optimistic bird.

While the Emar is raising his family the landlord is raising his rent. In some places the owner of the cliff is not permitted to raise the rent very fast and then the Emar is pathetically grateful because he can continue to live in a hole which he does not like.

In winter the Emar keeps warm by the use of high priced coal. Sometimes he cannot get any coal so he saves his money and freezes to death quite happily.

The Emar spends most of his time producing things for more worthy birds to sell back to him. On Saturday night he flies homeward with a pay envelope but on the way he is beset by blood-thirsty butchers and infuriated bakers and he reaches home with nothing for his family but a deficit in red ink. If his children cry he calms them by allowing them to go out and be producers too.

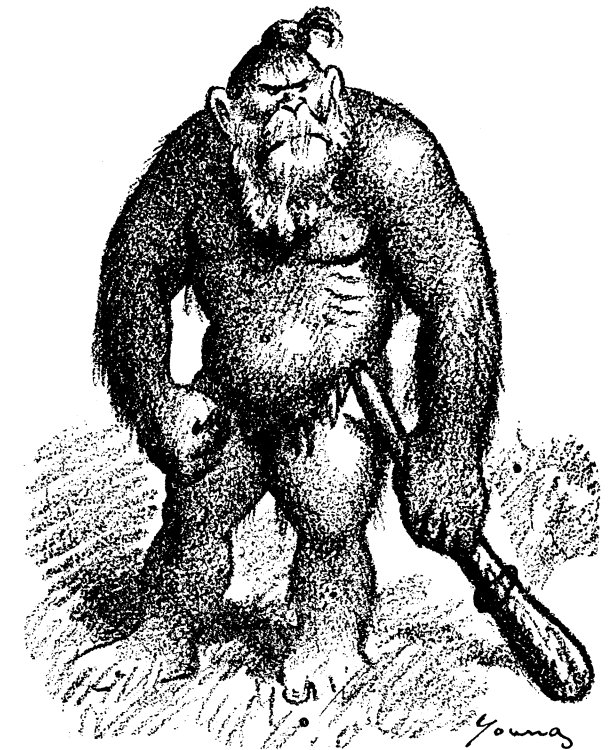
Just when this bird is about to die because he cannot afford to buy the things he makes, he gets a small raise in wages. He is now told that the high prices are due to the raise in wages. Being an Emar, he believes this and votes accordingly.

Philologists tell us that from the Emar's name is derived the vulgar slang phrase, "easy mark".

—Howard Brubaker.

Henry Ward Beecher, when asked what he did when people in the audience went to sleep, replied: "My sexton has standing orders that when anybody goes to sleep in Plymouth pews he must at once come to the pulpit and wake up the preacher."

—Ex.



INHERITED

*My father many times removed
 And many times removed from that,
 Went wandering through the verdant wood.
 He wore no shoes nor any hat.*

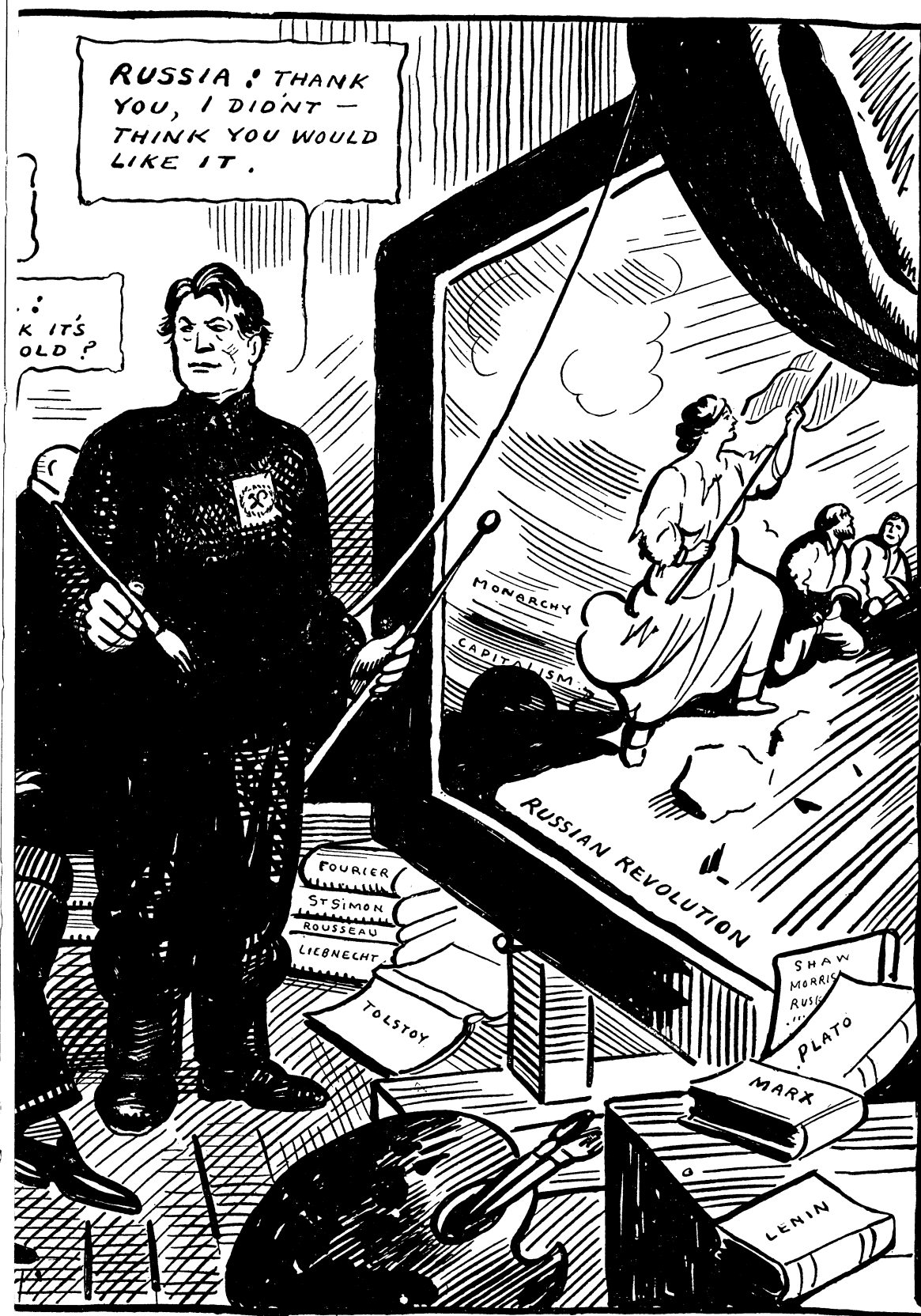
*Across his hairy chest was hung
 A leopard-skin—or maybe not—
 And weather made no never mind
 Whether cold or whether hot.*

*He wandered round in ev'ry clime,
 His bed was in a walnut tree,
 His feed was raw, red lion steak,
 The blood he drank instead of tea.*

*His wife, an equal suffragette,
 He wooed and won right daintily.
 He cracked her skull with his war club
 And dragged her off to slavery.*

*So when I'm told that I am bad
 And ornery and awful tough
 I always think of my old dad
 And say "I'm not half rough enough."*

—George Thomson.



A Private View for the "Best People"

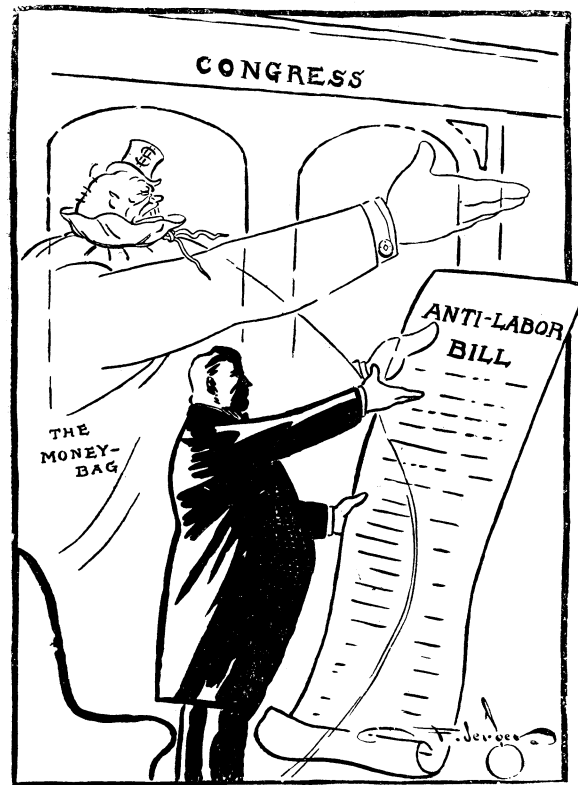


THE THINKER

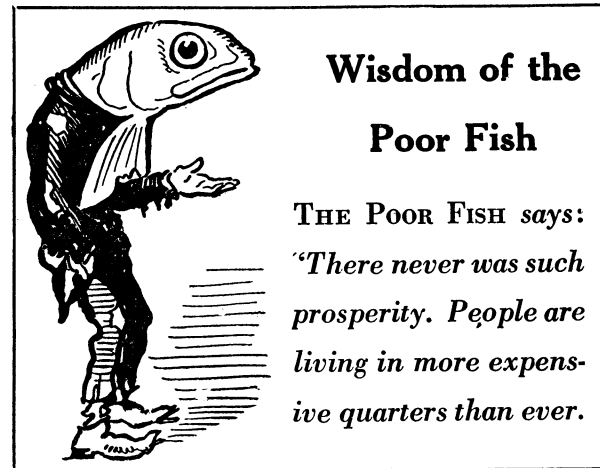
Would I have been worse off if Germany had won?

FROM SEATTLE

"I like Good Morning; it fills a long-felt want, and ought to have a wide circulation. That Young is a man with a fine sense of wit from an art as well as a literary point of view. I recollect a drawing he made for Puck years ago; the Galley Slave. It was the big center piece with the slave driver Capital keeping the poor kids (child labor) to the oar. I often wonder how in the devil he got it across in Puck."



His guardian spirit.



Wisdom of the Poor Fish

THE POOR FISH says:
"There never was such prosperity. People are living in more expensive quarters than ever."

A BALLAD OF PROFIT-TEARS

President of Milk Trust, Witness at Milk Hearing, Weeps Denying He's a Milk Profiteer. Critics Unjustly Accuse Him of Taking Lives of Children, He Testifies.—Daily Headlines.

A doleful beast, the crocodile—

*Some sorrow gnaws beneath his vest,
And turns to salt the flooded Nile.*

*Egyptians brought him once their best
Plump children; sobs would rack his chest,
Rebuking all our cynic sneers,*

*As he gulped down the juiciest,
And then, there are the Milkman's tears.*

*The Walrus had a kindred style,
When oyster meals he would digest.
His sobs and tears would blind him, while
He picked the largest out with zest.*

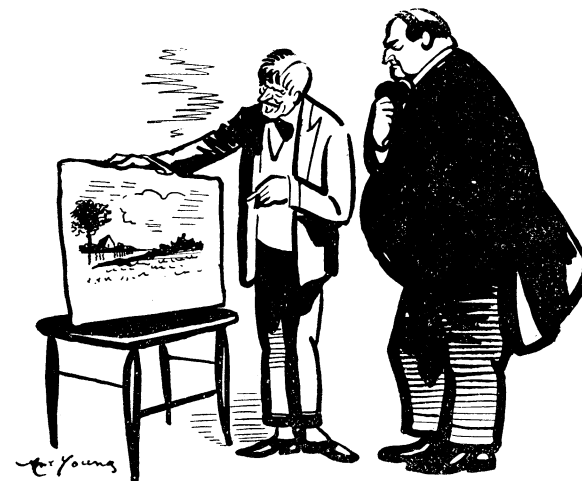
*He sympathized; but ate them, lest
Some other maws might be their biers.
A kindly heart, we all attest.
And then, there are the Milkman's tears.*

*The hawk is never known to smile
While cleaning out a chirping nest;
The shark would deem his manners vile
If he should grin at prey distressed;
To others whom renown has blessed,
Pharaoh and Herod, wept for years
At children murdered east and west.*

L'Envoi

*Mother, your dead child at your breast,
Give to his grief pitying ears.
There was the kiss that Judas pressed.
And then, there are the Milkman's tears.*

—Clement Wood.



Critic: "I don't think your water looks very wet."
Artist: "Very probable. You see, we had a long dry spell when I was painting that picture."



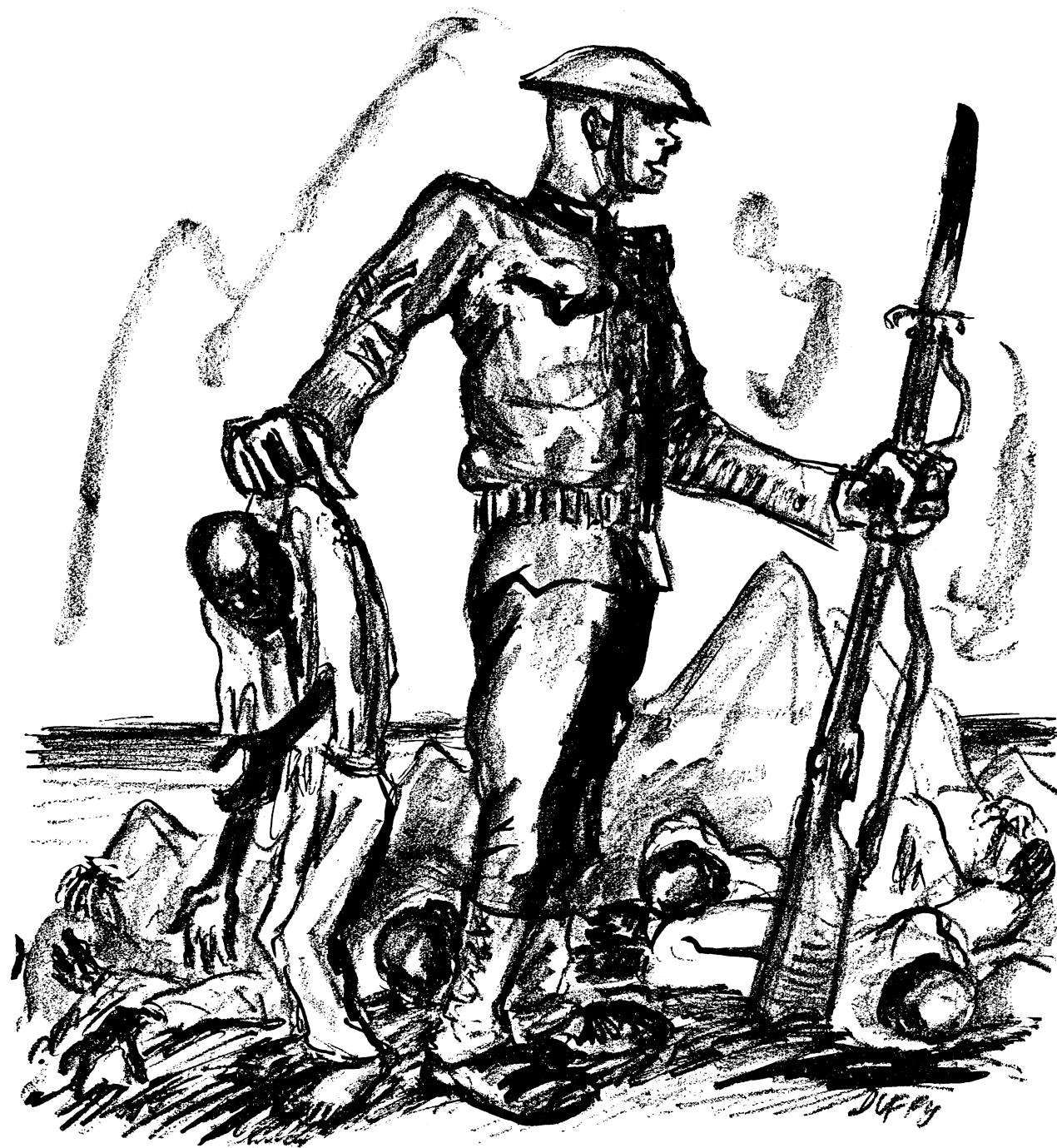
THE EINSTEIN THEORISTS

"And does that mean, Professor, that the principle of relativity would apply to the measurement of human emotions."

There is a Divine Wisdom in everything—it protects even us. If God created bed-bugs that could bark none of us would be able to sleep.



Pischa Schnoofitz, the new Russian violinist—on his way to his recital at Carnegie Hall.



Haiti

"The Rights of Small Nations"

VERY CROSS QUESTIONS

Not satisfied with our grist of red laws we must now have blue laws. When will the patriotic trinity be complete?

Our Mr. Colby has gone to drum up trade in South America. Has the Mendacity Department been left in able hands or will some truth be permitted to leak through from Europe?

They have made Governor Cox a member for life of the National Democratic Club. Does that mean for *his* life or only the life of the party?

All dictators when they die go to Paris. Will the hired girl please sweep out a palace for Venivelos?

Charles Garland of Boston has declined a million dollar legacy on the ground that he has no right to take what others produce. Is that any way to treat all those clergymen and philanthropists who were willing to help him dispose of the loot?

Are we going back to trench warfare? The British government has erected barricades around Downing Street and is digging in.

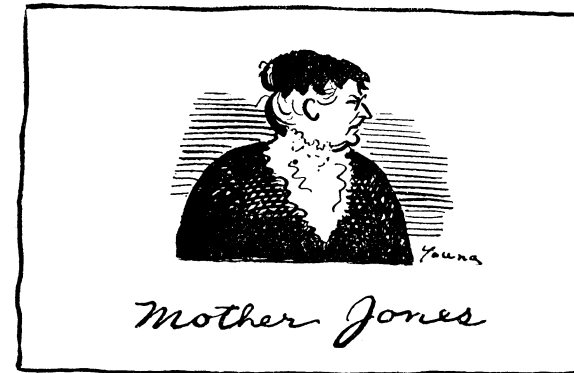
"There is a trend toward unemployment," says the *New York Times*, "the result of a determined effort to get industry back to normal." Just how dead must industry be before it is normal.

How can a mere workingman be expected to understand this high class performance? A few months ago he was being scolded because he did not produce and now he is being laid off for "over-production."

An American couple went to starving Vienna and gave a million kronen dinner. Were they philanthropic enough to raise the blinds and let the people see some good solid food?

Howard Brubaker.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgian negro said to the judge: "It's only cost me a string of fish to git married, Jedge, but I'd give a whale to git rid of her." — *Philadelphia Record*.

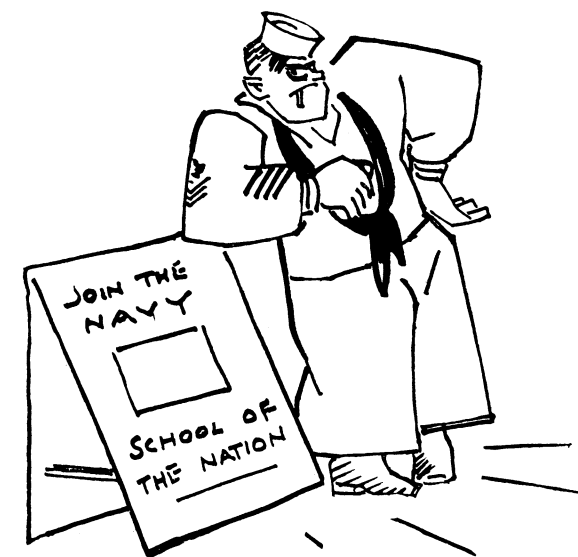


Down in the coal regions of West Virginia where hell is, there in the midst of it is the aged rebel Mother Jones.

Fiendish injunctions that deny the right of striking miners to talk to their own brothers, or to issue pamphlets to the public, Baldwin Felts detectives armed for war surrounding peaceful meetings, arrests, jailings and killings, — a good example of the hell of this industrial system.

This grand old woman, now eighty-seven years of age, raises her voice for the boys of the West Virginia mines, with the same courage and sympathy of fifty years ago.

There are rumors that this time the officers of 'the law' intend 'to get' Mother Jones. To this a host of her influential friends in Washington and elsewhere say: "You let Mother Jones alone."



This little boy has put twelve years in the school.

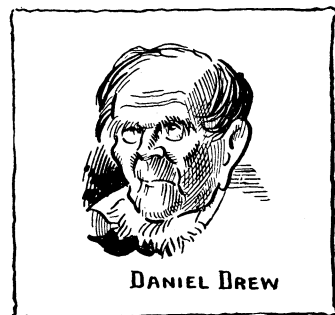
Looks at Books



A SHOWER OF BOOKS

They say H. G. Wells is writing another. Those who have only partly read the last two books will have to learn to read faster—or to read by intuition—sensing the contents of the chapters by psychic guesswork.

Mr. Wells' next will be "From Protoplasm to Skyscraper, Thence to Heaven and Back". By special arrangement with Mr. Wells, we hope to offer this new product of his brain with a year's subscription to GOOD MORNING. Do you want to go to Heaven with Wells?



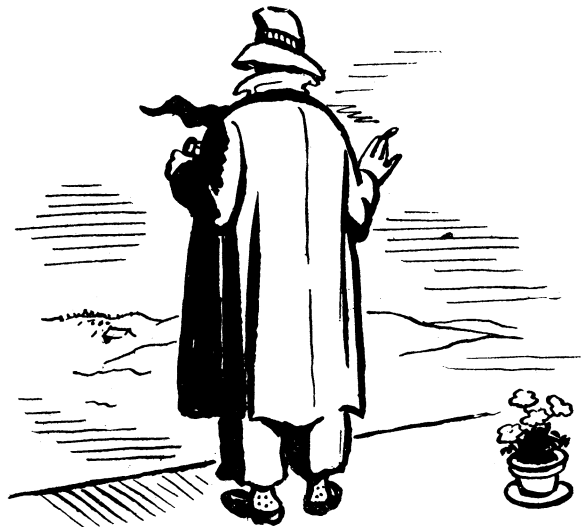
THE CAPITALIST

Before and After the Efficiency Era.

The Daniel Drew of Bouck White's biography worked the game in Wall Street. He was religious, the old type of commercial pirate, who would pray on Sunday and on Monday-prey. He founded Drew Theological Seminary. Drew's prototype could be seen in almost every small city of the United States fifty years



ago. Today the type is almost extinct. Now we have the new capitalist, a composite photograph of Gary, Schwab or any fifty members of the manufacturers association, would look, may we say as you see him pictured in the pages of GOOD MORNING. He is not as a rule religious—yet he still thinks it is the duty of his wife and children to go to church.



FLOYD DELL LOOKING WEST

Nine hundred and ninety out of a thousand book reviews attempt to tell what the book says or what the author attempted and failed to say, whereas one thousand out of most every thousand readers scratch their heads wondering how the volume came to be written.

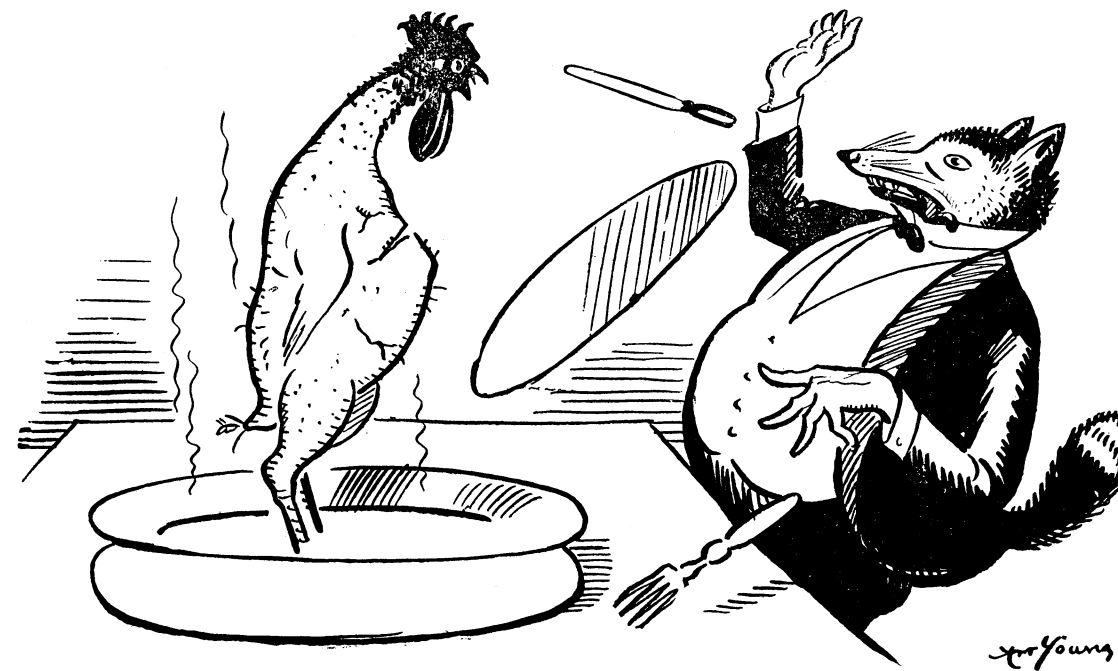
Ask the readers of "Moon-Calf" why Floyd Dell wrote a novel and you will find as many conflicting views as statements in a month's speeches of the president-elect.

To put it bluntly "Moon-Calf" is a suppressed desire, dug from its subterranean lair by the psychic spade of a Freudian.

For a long time Floyd Dell had been troubled.

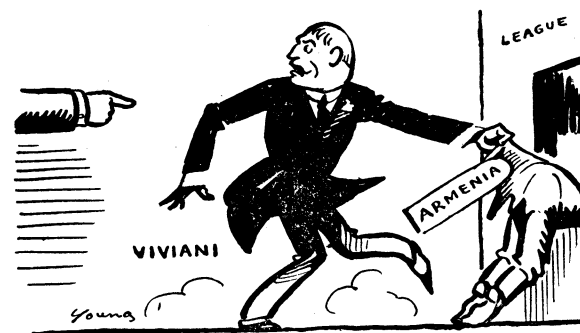
Felix Fay was drawn from the depths.

But few mortals saw Floyd climb to the roof of his Greenwich Village home, turn his face to the state of Iowa and give thanks to his little psychic censor that Felix Fay was permitted emergence from the obscure chambers of his unconscious soul.



FABLE OF CAPITALIST FOX AND LABOR-UNION ROOSTER

A fox once decided that it was time for him to eat a rooster. He picked him, he put him on the fire, and when thought he had him done to a turn he sat down to enjoy his meal. Just as he was about to carve him, the rooster rose up to his full height, and shaking the hot gravy from his red comb said, "Say, Fox, What's your hurry?"



TROUBLES OF A STATESMAN

Geneva, Dec. 6.—Premier Leygues sent M. Viviani to Geneva with instructions to get Armenia into the League. Viviani had all but succeeded by his eloquence and strong arguments when he received instructions from Leygues saying the Allied Council in London had decided not to admit Armenia and ordering Viviani to reverse himself. This Viviani did, but he seems to suspect a political game to discredit him as one of the possibilities for the next French Premiership. — New York Times.



Signs of Civilization!

HOW TO KILL BOLSHEVISM No. 9.



HENRY B. ALLMINE
(Special dispatch from St. Louis)

Henry B. Allmine, leading Capitalist of this city says, "The cure for Bolshevism is hunger." Mr. Allmine has closed down his extensive manufacturing plant, throwing out of employment two thousand men and women. He says that when his workers come whining for their old jobs at reduced wages, they will love their employer and will be completely cured of Bolshevism.

POLITENESS

A railroad president was sitting in his office one day, when a burly Irishman entered the office.

"Me name's Casey," said he. "Oi want a pass to St. Louis. Oi worruk in the' yar-r-ds."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said the official. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of an hour, back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired:

"Ar-re yez the president?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been worrkin' out in th' yar-r-ds."

"Glad to know you. Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

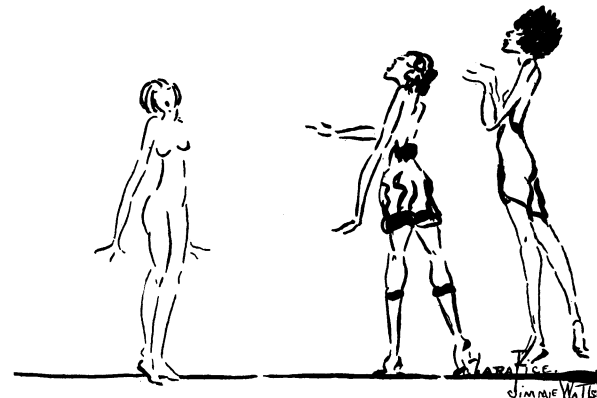
"Yez can all go to hell. Oi've got a job an' a pass on th' Wabash." *The Truth.*



First Agent Provocateur: These are sad days for us since the Czar died.

Second Ditto: Yes, if we could only get passports for America!

The lucrative possibilities of selling gold bricks and oil stocks to the White House journalists is being investigated by the Curb.



It's a rough road.
But the rougher the road
the more hopefully
we travel.

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by sending
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We will send you then
ART YOUNG'S
just published book of
ALLEGORIES.

for one new yearly subscriber to
GOOD MORNING.

COMING EVENTS

GOOD MORNING hopes to receive the active support of all its friends for the plans we have made in the interest of the magazine.

On Tuesday evening, January 18, there will be a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in Yiddish, with the great SCHILDKRAUT in the role of Shylock. Place: Jewish Art Theatre, 28th Street and Madison Avenue. Tickets from 75 cents to \$2.50.

A second event of great interest to take place toward the end of January will be a live-wire debate between Scott Nearing and an opponent who has achieved great national publicity for his suppression of radical activity. The subject will be one which permits of no compromise. Subject, opponent, date and place to be announced shortly.

About the end of February, GOOD MORNING will hold its first annual costume ball, at which the world, his wife, his sweetheart and his friends will dance and be merry the whole night through.

At business colleges, the first thing they tell novices to practice on their typewriters is this sentence: "Now is the time for all good men to

come to the aid of their party." Can we depend on you, loyal friends, to take up the cudgels for GOOD MORNING in its efforts to make these affairs a success? Seriously speaking, our present and future existence depends on whether we can put these plans over. We are fighting hard to continue fighting for the ideals you believe in. But we are only a few—and you, you are many; you are strong in the possession of friends whom you can influence. If you believe in GOOD MORNING, if you believe it should live, help, pitch in, buy tickets for yourself, get your friends to buy them—and come!

Concentrate first on the theatre party. Tell us how many tickets you want, how many you can dispose of. Give us the names of others who would sell for us if they knew us. You don't need to understand Jewish to appreciate SCHILDKRAUT's masterly performance of Shylock. English critics, as well as Jewish, call him a great actor whose power of expression surpasses the limitation of any language.

To-day, NOW, start doing your share to help us put it over.

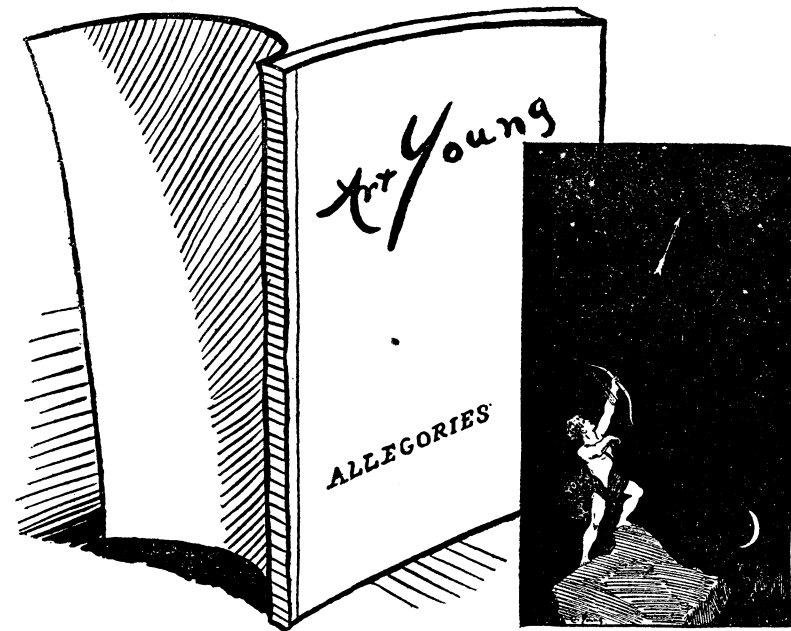
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