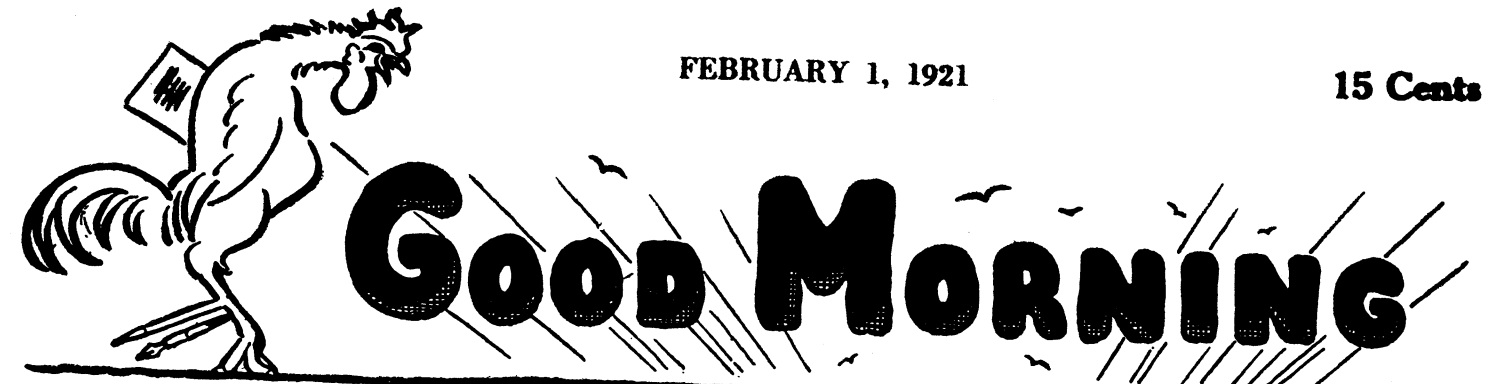
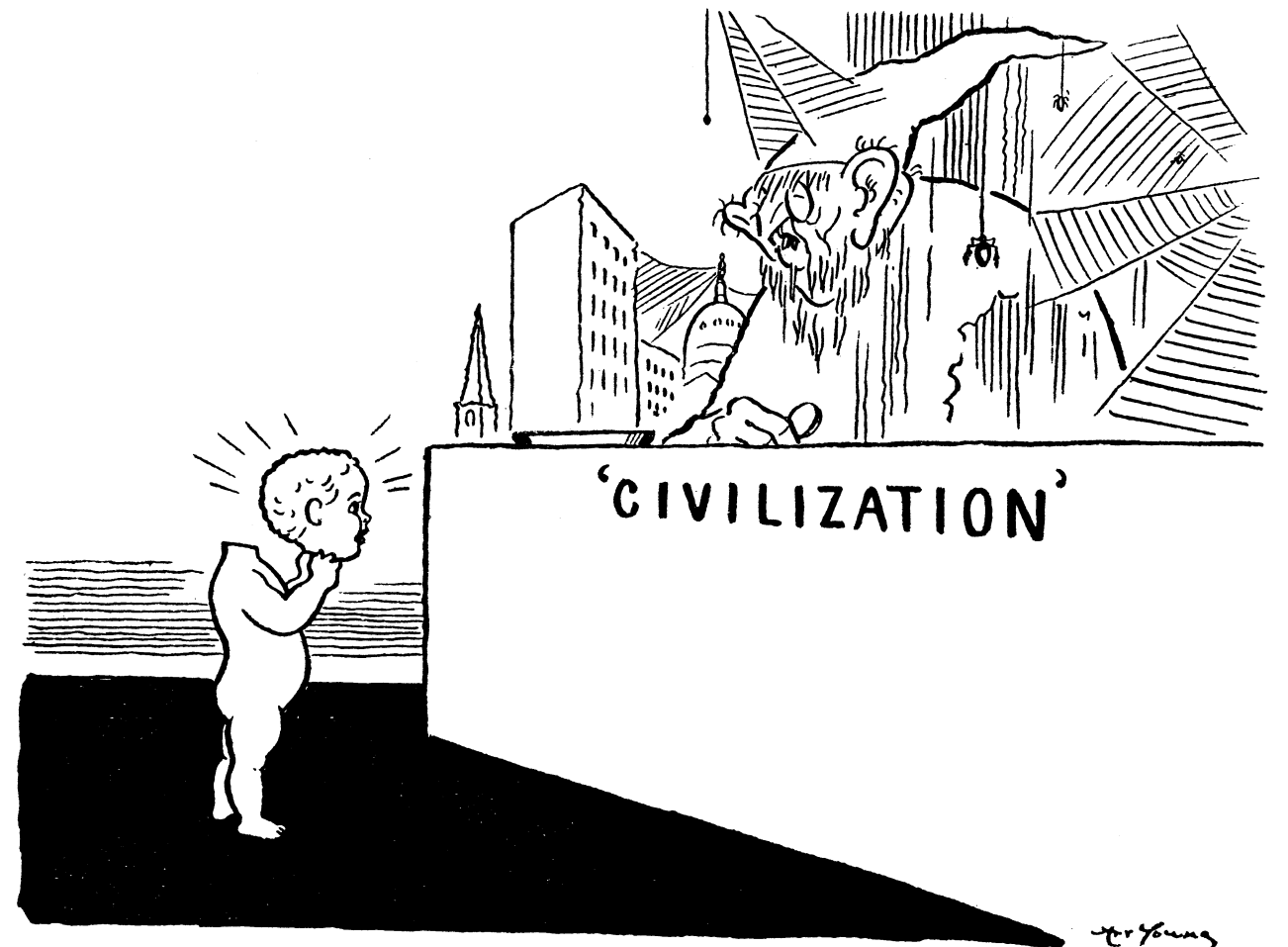


FEBRUARY 1, 1921

15 Cents



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



IT IS
Infant: "Is this where I check my brains?"

In this Number: Pathetic News; Make Beer for Man;
The Big Weep; Hungarian Horse Sense; Harding's Cabinet.

The Business Manager Makes His Bow

Gentle Reader:

Won't you lend Good Morning your much-borrowed ear for ONE LITTLE YELP? It's little, but oh, the difference to us!

For almost two years now, Art Young has paddled Good Morning through rough waters infested by man-eating printers, engravers and indignant subscribers. Once in a while he has had to pull to shore for a breathing spell, but the magazine has always shoved out again with a faceful of grins.

There's no stopping us. Good Morning marches on, leading an army of 5,000 copies strong. While the world continues to have a funny-bone, Good Morning will continue to prod it. We believe it has earned its right to continue. Its lances of satire, its shafts of wit and its barbed cartoons are ever hurled at the world's injustice and stupidity and indifference.

One fact and one figure will explain Good Morning's situation. Give us the chance to add 5,000 circulation to the 5,000 we already have and the magazine will be placed on a self-sustaining basis, able to continue fearlessly on its way. *By means of sound circulation-building methods, we can accomplish this in six months.*

"Giving us the chance" means helping us raise a war-fund of \$8,000 with which to work. This amount laid out over a period of six months will provide the elbow-room for a successful campaign among newsdealers and other sources of distribution, besides taking care of the deficit regularly incurred.

Self-sustaining! Six months! Eight thousand dollars! Good Morning's story in a nut-shell.

We are out to win. To what extent will you help?

One of our well-wishers wrote us the other day.

"A dirth of mirth was on the earth till Art jumped in the ring. The mad to glad he changed. The sad now laugh at everything.

"Here's ten; and when each cent has been blown in for sake of justice, we'll bet we get another ten yet—and so on till you bust us.

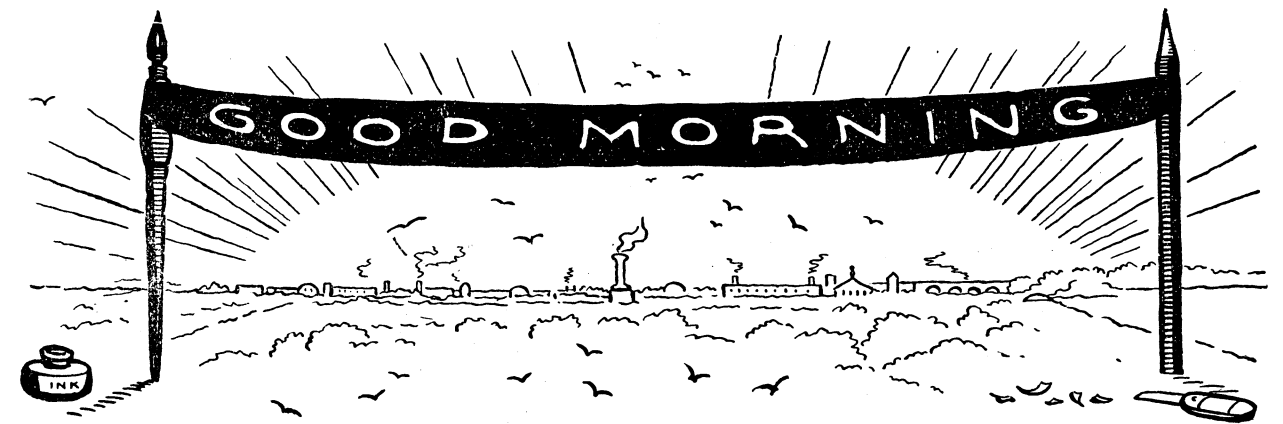
"A share of stock in Good Morning is too funny; the human constitution has limitations in its capacity to withstand humor. I prize life too highly to be willing to take a chance with such a piece of bursting waggery. Do not send me the stock certificate, but send me instead the less funny document—Good Morning.

"P. S. In confidence, if Mr. Harding gives me the Post Office portfolio I shall permit Good Morning to circulate freely; but your stock certificates I shall have to exclude from the mails."

How funny are you? Have you fun enough in your system to see the serious side of our stock certificates? Can you laugh long enough to mail back the enclosed stock subscription slip?

Honest, folks, we want to make a joke of our necessity, and you can help us do it by buying our "funny" stock certificates. And if you'll joke with us to the extent of becoming a stockholder, we'll joke back with you by extending your G. M. subscription another year, beyond its expiration date.

All together now, grin—and buy!



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

Vol. III. No. 3.

February 1, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy



Cornelia Barns

"Don't you adore painting, Mr. Wack?"
"Well, if it's not carried too far."

THE DEVIL'S DUE

*The devil gets blamed
For many things;
Sad things and horrible;
But there are three at least
He did not care to do—
So give the Imp
His due—
He did not crucify Jesus Christ;
He did not start a war for democracy;
He did not put Gene Debs in jail.*

S. A. deWitt.

CRIME IS WAVING—ANNIE DEAR

You will recall that one of the reasons for the world war was "to make the world a fit place to live in." A summary of the headlines in the daily press is proof of the beautiful decency and moral calm that has settled down in our part of the world.

"Wine-merchant sells 'whiskey' made of wood alcohol and poison gas — 300 dead in New Haven."

"Soldier kills sweetheart with wooden leg — elopes on the other."

"Wife lost her shape through starvation. Minister annuls marriage. Congregation shocked."

"Statesman says small nations ought to be exterminated."

"Auto kills child. Owner throws mother ten dollars and drives on."

"Shipping board can't account for five hundred million dollars. Forgot to keep books."

"A fortune in shoes. Profiteer makes three million — Sorry he didn't make twice that much."

"Ten-year old boys steal two million in securities."

"Deacon elopes with an adventuress and writes to his wife to 'go to Hell'."

"Ex-soldier sells Liberty Bonds to keep from starving."

These daily incidents are but samples that help us to point with pride to all that was sacrificed "to make the world a fit place to live in." Ain't it the truth?

Come to
Good Morning's
Theatre Party

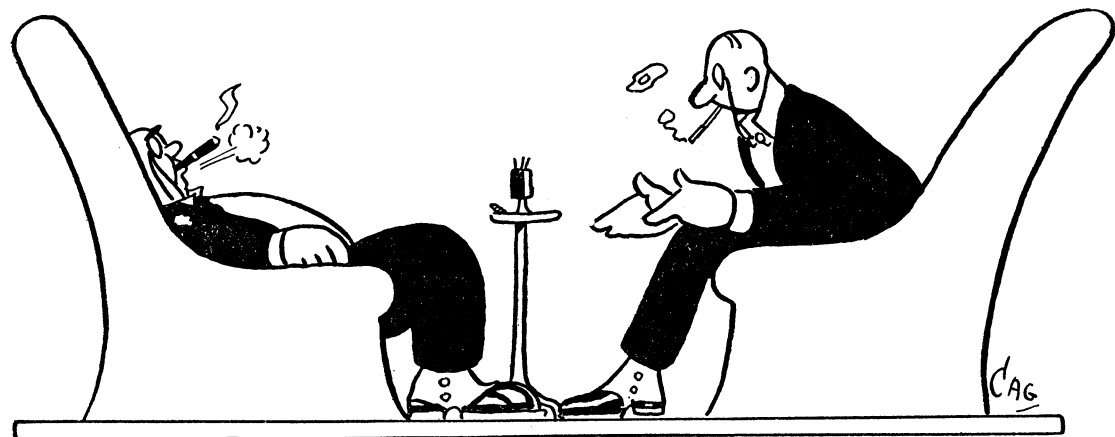
SCHILDKRAUT
in the **MERCHANT OF VENICE**

The World's Greatest Shylock. In Jewish.

See his absolutely different interpretation.

Thursday, Feb. 3 **JEWISH ART THEATRE**
28th St. and Madison Ave.

Tickets on sale at box office. From 75c. to \$2.50



FOR CAUSE

"It is very disagreeable to dismiss a servant one has had for a long time, but nevertheless I am going to part with my valet."

"Why?"

"Well, for over a year I have been asking him for a foot-bath, and really, I can't continue to do without it."

HORSE SENSE

*Translated from the Hungarian of Isidor Kalnoki
by Laszlo Schwartz*

An elegant equipage is standing in front of a mansion.

The horses are chatting:

—I wonder who is going to town today, the old lady or the young one?

—Your soft spot will never grow hard. How can you ask such nonsense? Of course the old one.

—How do you know?

—Because it is ten in the morning. At this hour of the day the young one is still asleep. Even if she were up, she wouldn't be through with her bath, friseur and her dressing. The young ones rise late and dress slowly; the old ones are up with the hens and gather their rags quickly.

—It's too bad. . . I would much rather have the young one today. After all, it's a different proposition to have her sitting in the carriage. I pick my hoofs so proudly and daintily when I know that this beautiful young woman is back, and when I see every one looking after us.

—Yes, yes—but everything has its good and bad features. The young one is prettier, but she is also stouter—therefore heavier. And if you recollect, we have to dash along with the young one, for she is always late and always

in a hurry. On the other hand, the old lady is satisfied if we just hobble along. She would be scared out of her wits if we ever let loose.

—Then you'd rather pull the old one?

—Well, I wouldn't say that, for she only goes to church, and people don't stay there very long. She no sooner alights than she is back again. I admit, that the young one is always in a hurry, but at least she tarries in a place for quite some time. Meanwhile we can rest. She stays long with her dressmaker, still longer with her friends and longest with her sweetheart.

—For heaven's sake, give me a direct answer! Which do you prefer to pull, the old lady or the young one?

—I did tell you. These lady folk are a queer lot. While they're young they visit their sweethearts, and when they're old they go to church. When people sneak away to their sweethearts they're in a hurry, but stay longer; when they go to church they take their time but come home sooner. It's all the same as far as we horses are concerned. . .

There are boats destitute of ambition. They know that it is impossible to go against the wind, and they are resigned without impatience and without a struggle. Difficulties discourage them. They are inferior temperaments which the ideal does not tempt.

—Henry Bonnet.

A LA MODE

"More die by food than by famine."—Anon.

Bard of old who wrote that saying
You should live on earth right now,
You should see what folks are paying
For each little bit of chow.

Go out some day to the market,
Finding food to feed the folk,
All your dough goes to some shark, it
Isn't long before you're broke.

To a restaurant you wander
For a cheap and tasty bite;
A week's wages you will squander
'Ere you please your appetite.

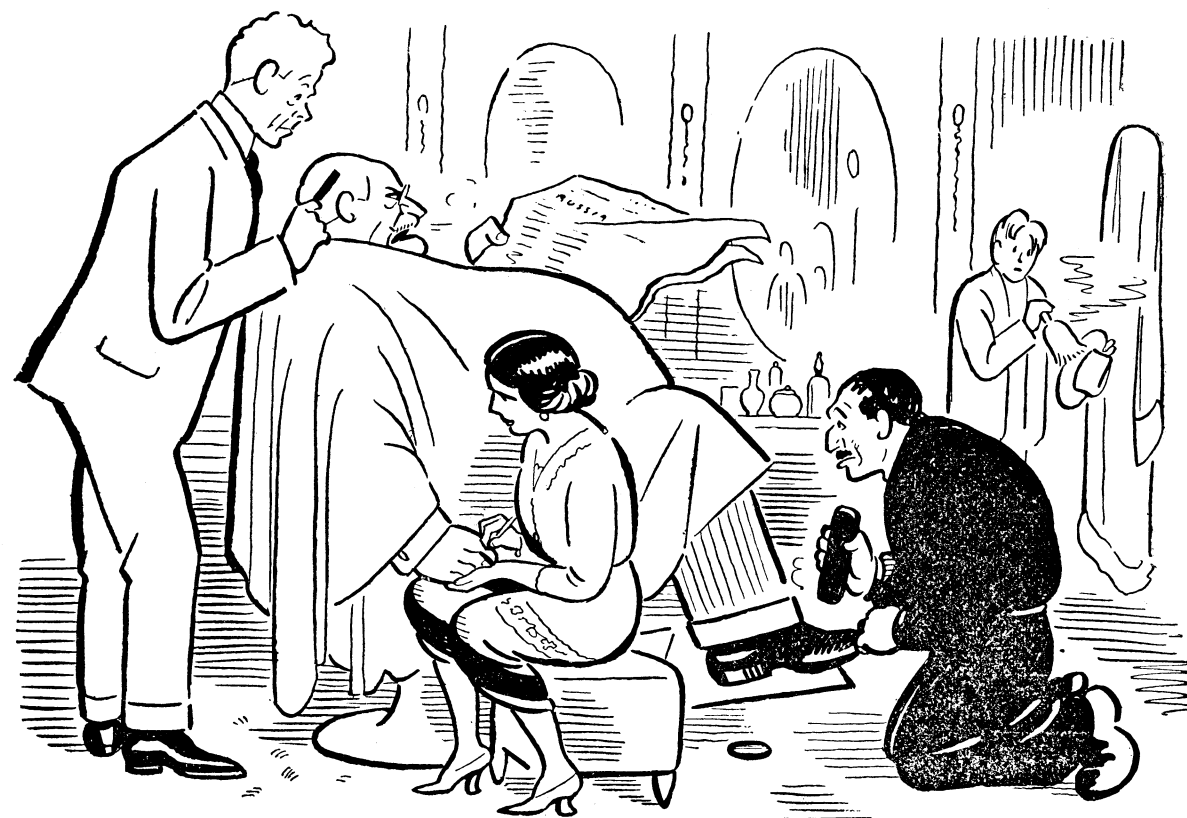
First they charge for "convert" service—
Form of graft hard to beat,
Menu prices make you nervous
When you're sitting down to eat.

Many people die. I am in-
clined to think, of those who croak
More are shuffled off by famine
Than by food—and that's no joke!

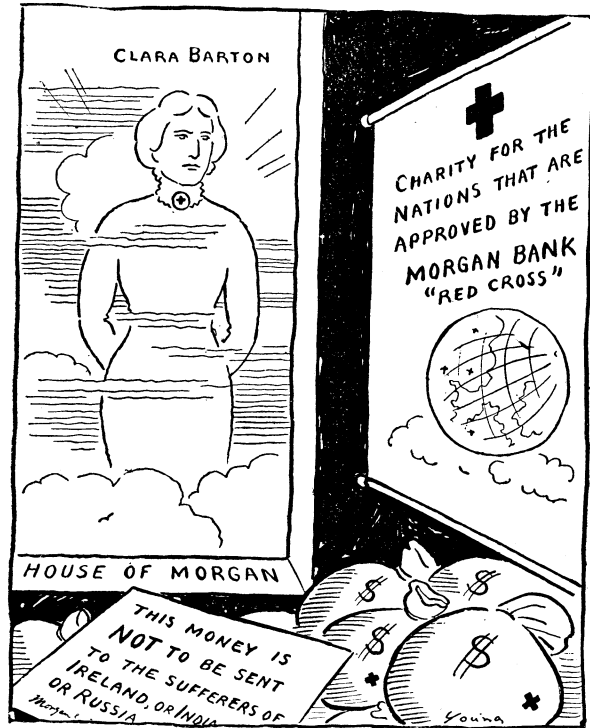
J. L. Simmons.

"I've been washed, I've been washed," mer-
rily sang the salvation lassie.

"S-s-so've I," sputtered Bimpkins the worse
for wear, "B-but I (hic) ain't got (hic) no
brass band out t'celebrate!"



"We'll never stand for it in this country—not by a damn sight! Why, this man Lenin wants to make slaves of the Russian people."



The Founder of the Red Cross: "Has it come to this?"

The Red Cross is appealing for more money. But the American Red Cross is no longer the generous open-hearted organization of pre-war days which asked only where help was most needed, and gave in proportion to the need. If it be "the greatest mother of them all" in size, it is a queer kind of mother: a cold, calculating mother, who inquires, not whether her children be hungry and ragged, but what are their politics. * * *

—The Nation.

ILLUMINATION FROM THE GREAT AND BENEVOLENT

Bolshevism is the revolutionary policy of the terrorists who gained ascendancy in Russia during the revolution of 1917. It means taking away the property rights of thrifty home-owners and depriving them of representation in the government. It means the banishment of the family and the profaning of womanhood. It means, for the workman, slavery enforced by the firing squad.—From the Bank Almanac, issued by People's State Bank, Hanover, Kansas.

CRIME WAVELET

Jimmie's looking for a job.
 Jimmie's the bloke who was
 The champ riveter
 In our gang during the war
 For dem—oh hell!
 Jimmie drove in
 Don't know how many rivets
 In a day.
 Got a medal
 And lost an eye.

Jimmie's looking for a job.
 Told me last week
 If he didn't get one—
 He'd get his pay somewhere.

I'm wondering what he meant.

Jimmie's looking for a job.
 Hell knows where. . .

S. A. deWitt.

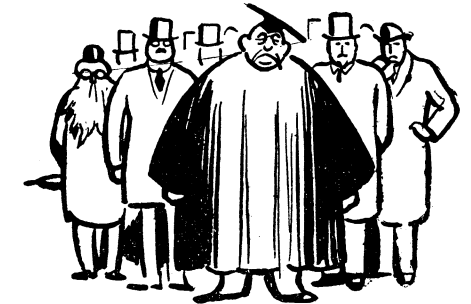


THE PIPER

Our Pathetic News-Film Service



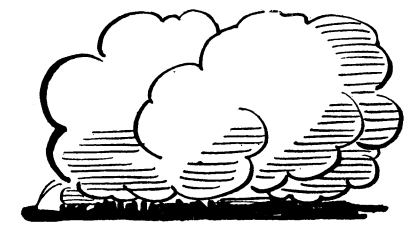
Wreck off Great Neck, Long Island. One of the crew posing for three dollars.



J. P. Hasdough, the eminent financier, receives the degree of T. H. A. N. K. S. from Inright University.



Beautiful society women of Chicago take up outdoor dancing for exercise.



A million dollars worth of oil burning in Bayonne, N. J. (Because no news-film looks right without a picture of burning oil.)



Governor What's-his-name laying the corner stone of a new Prohibition Saloon in Yakima, Washington. (Not that we care)



A committee of indignant Congressmen start for Russia to investigate the nationalization of women.

TAKING A CHANCE

"They say Walker Hill started banking down in Virginia. They say (we do not know who "they" are) that he took down his grocery sign and put up a big sign, reading "BANK". A Virginian on horseback saw it and put in a hundred dollars. The next day another horseman rode by, and seeing the sign, reigned in his steed, and deposited two hundred he had on his person. This so encouraged Mr. Hill, that he arose from his chair on the front porch and went in and put some of his own money in the bank." —Harry Turner in Much Ado.

Similarly, if we get a few more subscribers for stock in Good Morning the editor may buy a share himself.

Why is it, when you meet a fellow going to a burlesque show, it's always the first one he has seen this season?

Don't miss the Inauguration Number of Good Morning out February 15th.



"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.

February 1, 1921.

Only yesterday all of the newspapers were shouting their heads off for "preparedness."

Now some of them (notably the *N. Y. World*) are shouting for disarmament.

The old story again—of the farmer's hired man who yoked himself to a bull-calf to train it. Running wildly to keep up and being dragged when he couldn't run, he would shout to the winds: "Head us off somebody, gol darn our foolish souls!"

"What lures master minds into Big Business," is the headline of an article in the *N. Y. Times*. O, we know—the Christian spirit, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" and all those nice maxims of the Bible. Of course, we have met a few master minds who want shacks to live in, a little jam on their bread and maybe just a little teeny, weeny profit. But on the whole the lure is the Christian spirit. Ask Dad Rockefeller—he knows.

Arnot Dosch-Fleurot, investigating American industrial conditions for the *World*, makes the point that unemployment isn't causing much trouble in this country because the unemployed are all so rich. There are 10,000 idle men in Detroit alone, he says, and still he could not find a single bread line. We don't wish to seem pessimistic, but we know of several unemployed who have drawn almost nothing in dividends during the past month; and in some cases they have been compelled to draw upon their personal savings. It would seem the part of wisdom then, to start some of the mills going between now and Spring, or the internal revenue men may have difficulty in collecting all the income taxes.

THE BIG WEEP

Schwab denies that he is a petty grafter. No one ever accused Charlie of trying to beat the penny slot machine or giving wrong change to the blind man selling pencils in the subway entrance, but still there has been some unfair suspicion.

The American public can't seem to understand our big men's bigness. They think the big men are like the elephant, always wanting to sneak peanuts out of your pockets. It isn't fair. Take our biggest for instance, John D. himself. Some silly good folks feel uneasy, seeing him with the Sunday School coppers. Its awfully unjust. John D. never stole a penny. Or Guggenheim. He never made his copper pile stealing coppers. He's been too busy developing Alaska.

Big men do big things in big ways. These petty accusations make us sad. They make Charlie sad too. He actually wept before the Congressional Committee on Shipping Board Operations, and even the eyes of Chairman Walsh grew moist. Folks say it was the weepiest day the Hotel Pennsylvania ever saw. They all had a good cry and then felt better. And we hope that they'll do better now that they have had their lesson. Big men must avoid appearance of pettiness. Charlie knows now that he did wrong in working for a dollar a year at the expense of his business. But he should have known before. Cheap labor has always been misunderstood. Look at the awful names they called those \$4.64 a day steel workers who went on strike last year. But they don't matter so much. What really matters is that one of our financial pillars should look cheap, when he really is so very expensive.

A. S.



A Dry Doc (k)

A Few Further Suggestions for Mr. Harding's Cabinet—Anyway; An Improvement on Mr. Wilson's



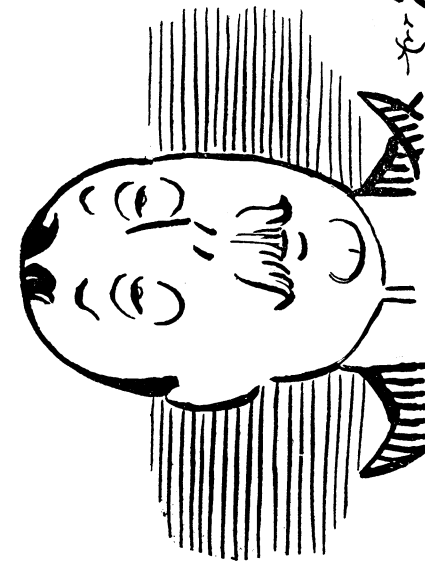
FOR SECRETARY OF LABOR
 Any capitalist who hates labor.



FOR DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
 A man who spends most of his life in the violent ward of an insane asylum.



FOR SECRETARY OF TREASURY
 A poet who never saw more than fifty dollars in his life and that in a dream.



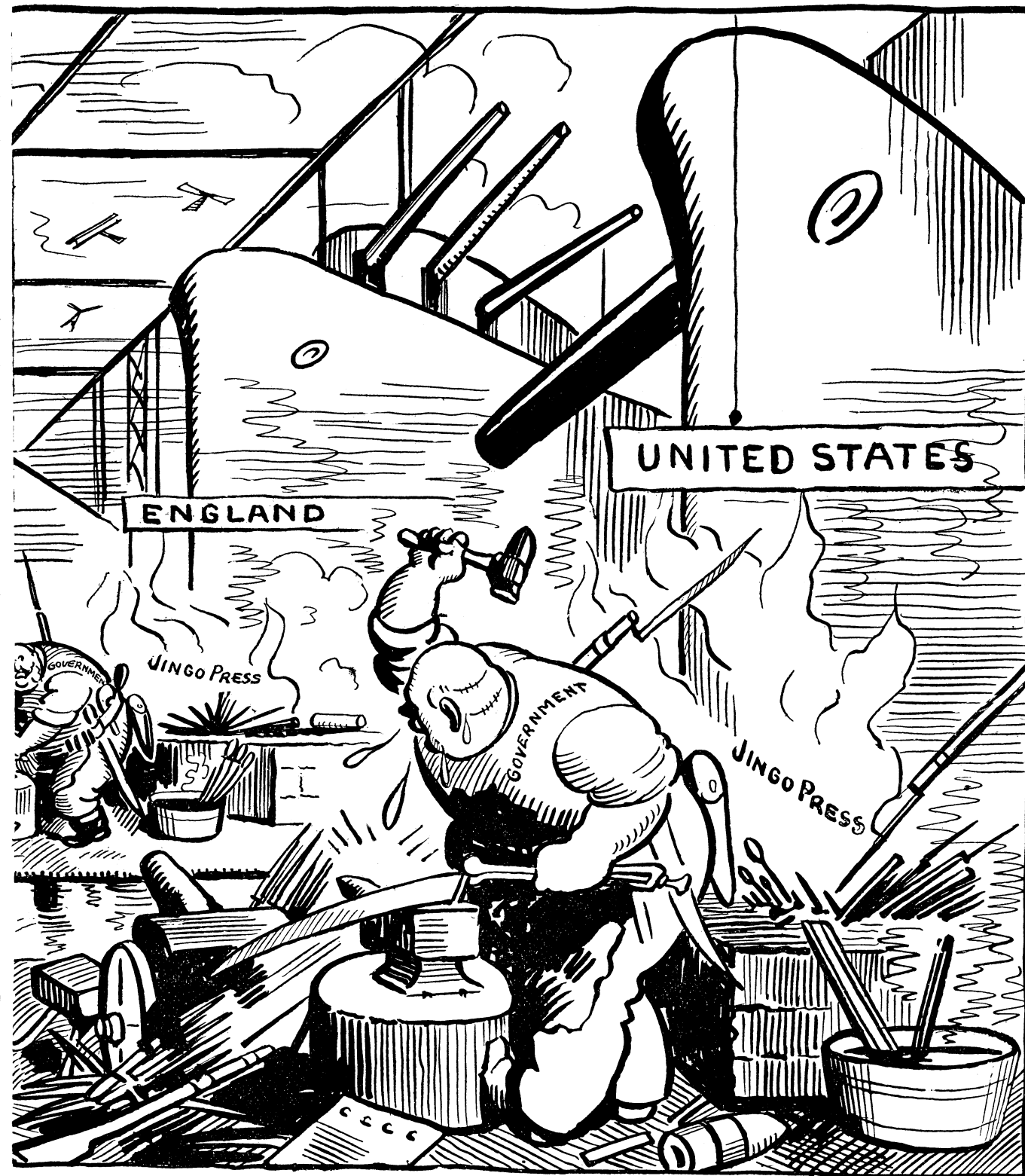
FOR SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE
 A speculator in farm products who thinks speculation more important than the products.



FOR SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
 A farmer who never saw the ocean and doesn't believe in trading with foreign countries.



FOR POSTMASTER GENERAL
 Any twelve-year old boy who can read and write and who will do what he is told.



Who Said "Disarmament"?

The Importance of Being Important

The financier carefully scrutinized his new secretary and said, "I have never known anything but work; I know nothing but work; work, all the time." The implication was that this intense application spelled success. And it did.

Seven years ago he had been a stenographer. Today he was a millionaire. Seven years hence he would doubtless add multi- to the millionaire. And twice seven years hence he will, with good luck, be a rotting corpse and Judy O'Grady will again have come into her own.

Seven years ago he had a small apartment. Today he has a pretentious home. Seven years hence he will have a palace with the inevitable fleet of servants and automobiles to replace the few now required. And twice seven years hence he will repose in an expensive box and offer a banquet to certain worms. It is all very, very important. It is difficult to realize how intensely important it all is.

In the morning the financier arises very

HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM, No. 11



MARCUS COHNGILT

Marcus Cohngilt, motion picture magnate in an interview with Good Morning's representative, says the cure for Bolshevism is in the presentation of wholesome movies. Mr. Cohngilt considers his masterpiece thus far to be Veda the Vamp,—in five parts—colossal million dollar revel with a thrill in every twelve inches of film.

early, hastens to breakfast and scans the financial columns of the newspaper and *The Wall Street Journal*. He is at his office by eight. From then until six he ceaselessly dictates letters, gives imperative instructions to buy and to sell, is interviewed, attends directors' meetings, makes appointments and puzzles his brain about the very difficult and important problem of how to double his income. At six he returns home, dines, spends the evening outlining further plans and at length retires confident that he is accomplishing a very great deal.

Should he be late in the morning, should someone fail him at an appointment, should his stenographer make an error, should a traffic tie-up block his way or a strike interfere with his manipulations—these are intolerable things; he is ready to curse them off the earth. For they fail to realize his intense and overwhelming importance. **MUST** is the most conspicuous and the most loved word in his vocabulary; **OBSTACLE** the most intolerable. It is impossible for any man to be so important as the financier thinks himself; it is difficult to believe that a man thinks himself so important.

Not that he should not feel that way about it if he wishes to. But it is very unnecessary for other people to permit themselves to be duped by him. His activities are of precisely the same importance as those of a plumber's helper to support his wife and nine children; as those of the research scientist to discover the unsuspected and the useless; as those of the street car conductor to pay himself an excess dividend out of the incoming flow of small change; as those of the gentle creature who chases butterflies and imagines that he is the King of Siam in the harmless ward of the home for the feeble minded. He may not believe this because he is tremendously obsessed with the significance of the word "work"—a word cosmically no more important than play, or read, or loaf. But the worms are more intelligent than the financier. They will bide their time; yet, in the end, they will inevitably and conclusively demonstrate that he is dangerously over-capitalized in his own estimation.

—T. Swann Harding.

THE EDUCATED SHIPPING CLERK

What can a young man do to get on?
Though educated I hold a menial position,
At the back door of an imposing business establishment.

To be sure it's reflected glory I share
As marker up of goods to foreign ports.
But this does not compensate me
For the snubs of rude teamsters
And passing shop girls out for their noon-time walk.

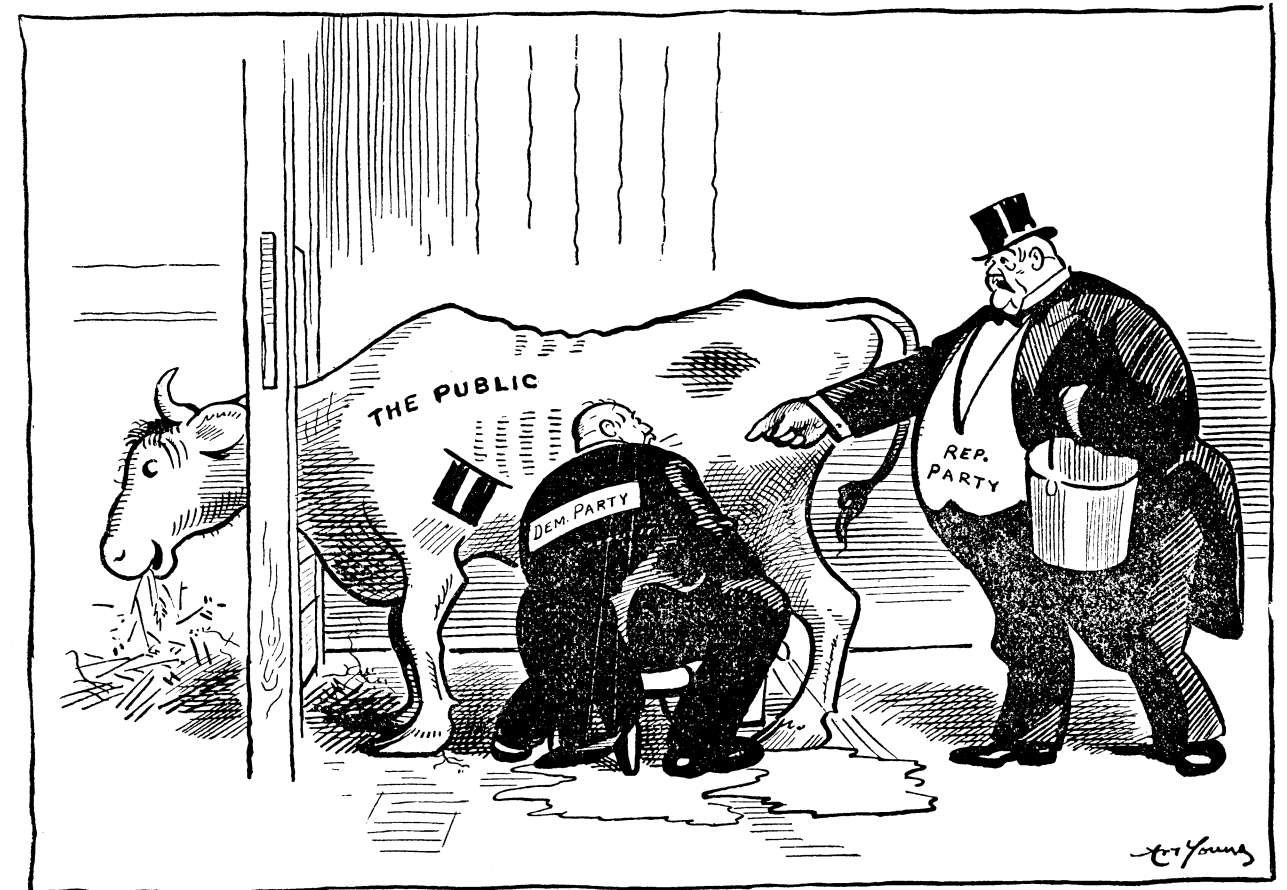
Of what avail is my education anyhow?
Moreover, I have taken three correspondence
Courses in salesmanship and advertising.
Oh the weary nights I have put in on these short cuts

To success! (Marking cases is my destiny I guess.)

The stuff was alright in the books, but somehow it didn't
Fit into me.

Fifteen a week I get
And my laundry bill is now \$1.35.
I know if some were in my plight they'd join
the Bolsheviks
And strike for higher pay
A large uncouth person acosted me with this proposal
The other day.
But I gave him to understand that if I *were*
only a shipping clerk
I had my dignity as a citizen and descendant of
a Mayflower family to maintain.
Oh I just cut him cold with disdain.
If he shows up again I shall report him to the boss
And have him removed from the building.
It's astonishing the indignities that one is subjected to
When one holds a position as shipping clerk
For the largest banana house in the country.

A. D. S.



THE TWINS

Republican Party:— "Now, Demmy, get out of here."



Make Beer For Man

▲ *lecture delivered by Professor Huxley Hops. It is rumored that Mr. Hops is in the pay of the Brewery interests. But Good Morning is only interested in Mr. Hops' coldly scientific and statistical analysis of beer and its effect on the human race.*

Make beer for man. All human endeavor so far has been engaged in making beer. Why stop now? To achieve that prodigious task all else must be set aside. Many drinks have been concocted but few have come to stay. Man's promise has not been fulfilled until he gets beer. Beer is the substance of the bond between man and God. Beer is a vista—a mirage. Beer is that effect we reach for but miss. All men can drink beer—dukes and lords and Russian czars, millionaires with big cigars; maniacs and acrobats, fancy boys with red cravats; priests, lawyers and physicians, even men of high positions. Pickle-merchants, ridge-runners, apple-knockers, sod-busters, coney-catchers, whiffle-snappers, waffle-pooferers, snicker-snackers—all of them drink beer. (*Cheers*)

Man alone can clear the way for beer. Boys go to college to learn how to drink beer. All gray-beard professors drink beer. All rabbis drink beer. Every time a child is born we rush for a bucket of beer. Every wake must have its beer. In the midst of the present political upheaval this issue is obscured. But man wants beer. For a glass of beer the greatest poems have gone unwritten. A glass of beer determines the humors of fate. It seems such innocent fun to deprive humanity of a glass of beer. But that glass of beer may nullify the dreams of a life. This little glass of beer cries

to you in all the voices of dismay. Just a glass of beer. Just a few damned souls for it. Just a few fortunes swept away for it. A glass of beer. A glass of beer and Macbeth had not murdered sleep. A glass of beer and Bryan would still be running for president. A glass of beer and Billy Sunday would still be playing ball. Just a glass of beer and idiots are transfigured into Caesars. A glass of beer and our list might be extended. (*"Hear! Hear!"*)

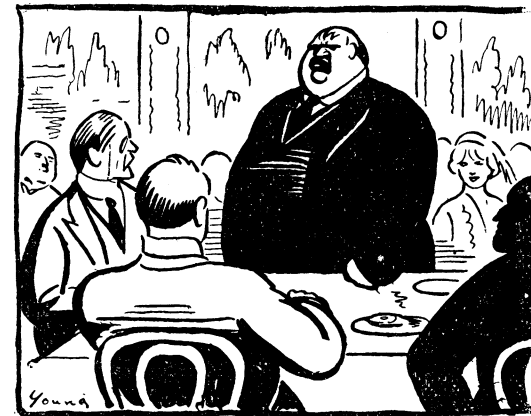
Beer for me when I walk erect. Beer for me when I crawl. Beer for me when I argue the Fourteen Points. Beer for me when I read Freud. Beer for me when I read The Call. Beer for me when I read the Birth Control Review. Beer for me when I hit the sawdust trail. Beer for me when Wilson keeps us out of war. Beer for me when Robert Mantell plays Othello. Beer for me when George M. Cohan waves the flag. Beer for me when Victor Berger takes his seat in Congress. Beer for me when La Follette expounds Americanism. Beer for me when Debs gets out of jail. Beer for me when Jesus Christ is risen. Beer for spacious dreams. Beer in time and distance for the full orbit of my desire. Keep all your other favors. Give me beer. (*Applause*)

Think of the rubbish you have substituted for it. Think of the ignorance. Think of the thirst. Think of the distillery. Think of what is called temperance. Think of your Prohibitionists. Think of Pussyfoot Johnson, Billy Sunday, Josephus Daniels, John D., Jr., Ole Hanson, Carrie Nation. Think of your innuendoes. Think of the common litter of misconceptions. What has crowded men out of their religion? Lack of beer. What has spoiled their dream of Paradise? Lack of beer. Why is the High Cost of Living? Lack of beer. Why is Bolshevism? Lack of beer. Why are Yonkers? Lack of Beer. You know that no tree will thrive except in so much earth. But you expect men to thrive in Prohibition. You expect the social body to accommodate itself to a condition which provides none of the concomitants of concord. You expect the something of human beauty to emerge from the nothing of a human Sahara.

Bevo and Grape-juice are make-readies, but beer is the fulfillment. Without beer nothing will avail. Poverty will not avail. Wealth will

not avail. Genius will not avail. The League of Nations will not avail. And beer for one belongs with beer for all. The soul must advance beyond possession and dispossession. Beer must come even before love. And only as man achieves beer does he achieve love. Love is synchronous with beer. Beer cannot be bartered or crowded. Its elastic continence yields to all the sweet equivalents of emancipation. Beer is no dalliance or dissipation. It is the calm conclusion, the logic of soil and seed, the equalizer of the guess and the miss, the dissolving chemistry of social trespass and spiritual hallucination. Make beer for man. (*Loud applause.*)

Joseph O'Regan.



Restaurant Proprietor (who has overheard diners criticising the food): "There's a lot of agitation against the government going on here and it's got to be stopped."

A READER'S SUGGESTION

While the working man is being asked to give money to keep alive enough of the starving people of Europe so that America's capitalists can collect from them their loans, why does not "Good Morning" take up a collection for poor Mrs. Vanderbilt who has had to relinquish her social position, sell her Long Island home and Fifth Avenue mansion on account of being reduced in circumstances to a meagre \$50,000,000.00.

The latter enterprise would be equally noble and so much more direct.

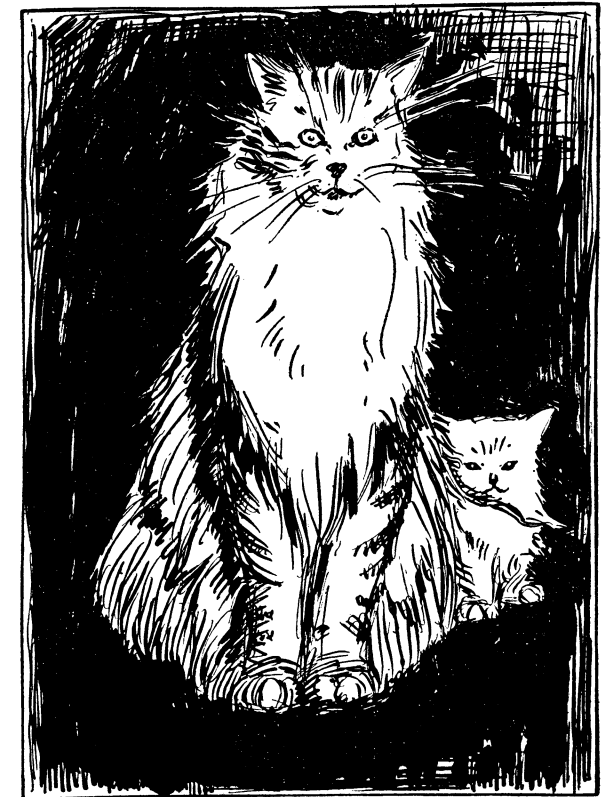
[Editor's Note: All right, Julia, s'pose you start it. We'll deliver your contribution if the printer doesn't get it first.]



Wisdom of the Poor Fish

THE POOR FISH says: *Personally he thinks it impossible for Bolshevism to continue longer than this winter.*

Ludendorff wants us to forget our recent disagreements and unite in a world war against the Reds. Sounds reasonable enough. But the trouble with all us nations, Ludey, is that just at the time when we've got all sorts of things to fight about, we haven't got a damn thing to fight with. Hence Lenin continues to laugh and the world's campaign for disarmament is actually making headway in America.



Jerger Mrs. Aristo-cat: "Those horrid alley-cats have no real cause for complaint. None of them are actually starving."

The News

Why, we ask, do newspapers have humorous sections and comic supplements? The daily reports of events ought to be funny enough for anybody.

Washington, Jan. 4. — The public morals board of the Methodist Episcopal Church announced today that it would open a campaign to "stop contemptuous treatment of the Protestant ministry by some cartoonists, writers and actors."

"On the stage and in motion pictures," the board's announcement said, "the Protestant minister is seldom represented except as an effeminate fool.—N. Y. Tribune.

Now that you call our attention to it—we agree, something ought to be done about it.

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 3. — After training for two years to learn the science of boxing, Samuel Berman, a New Yorker, weighing 180 pounds, evened up an old score with B. B. Fink, the captain who commanded Berman's company during the war. Fink is 6 feet tall and weighs 210 pounds.

When Berman, who is a travelling salesman, learned that Fink was in Norfolk he looked his old captain up, finding him in a store in the business district. He called Fink out of the store, and as the latter stepped into the street he sunk to the sidewalk from the heavy blow to the jaw.

"A souvenir for putting me on extra detail," muttered Berman. "And here's another for making me do your dirty work while I was in your company."

Berman was arraigned in court on a charge of fighting and willingly paid a \$10 fine, asserting he would have been glad to pay ten times that much for the pleasure of thrashing his former officer.—Evening Sun.

Just another aftermath of war.

London, Jan. 3. — News of the engagement of Miss Violette Selfridge, daughter of H. Gordon Selfridge, the great merchant, and Viscount di Sibour, reveals a story of more than ordinary romance.

The viscount went to Mr. Selfridge some months ago and asked whether there was an opening in the business he could fill. The business man was attracted by the manner of the nobleman and took him into his London store, where he is now connected with the merchandise end and is studying the science of business.

Selfridge has always insisted upon the dignity of labor and no suitor for his daughter's hand could come in better guise than that of a bread-winner.—N. Y. Journal.

Good Morning is sure that labor will be dignified enough to satisfy the "best people"—if we can encourage this kind of mating.

Albuquerque, N. M., Dec. 28. — Five hundred gallons of liquor seized in raids in New Mexico will be used to sprinkle streets in Albuquerque, if a celebration being planned by the state W. C. T. U. for January 16 is carried out.

A delegation of women today asked Capt. R. E. Perkins, prohibition enforcement officer, for permission to use the liquor in this manner. They plan to put the liquor in a sprinkling wagon and spread it over six blocks.

"To laugh that we may not weep."

According to Emil von Salzman, the military critic of the Berliner Vossische Zeitung, who arrived yesterday from Berlin on the Swedish-American liner Stockholm, the only salvation for Russia will be for German business men to rebuild her industries with the aid of American capital.

"When the peace treaty is signed in the Spring between the United States and Germany," he said, "we shall go ahead. The two nations of the future will be America and Germany. There is a great resemblance between them in their business ideas and views of life generally.—Interview in N. Y. Times.

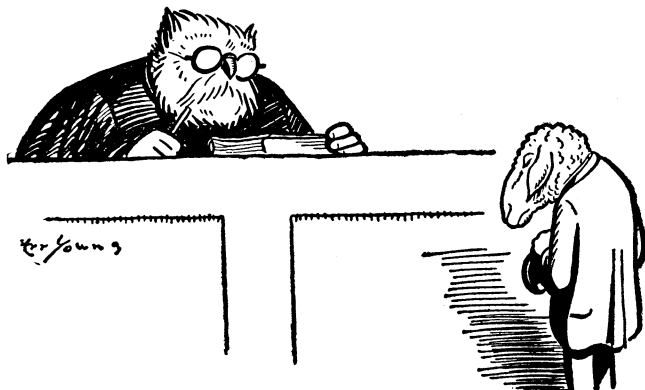
Mercy on us! Didn't we go to war because "our business ideas and views of life" were completely at variance with the Huns? And the N. Y. Times publishes this libel on Big Business and seditious statement while we are not yet officially at peace.

Hudson Maxim, expert on deadly weapons, urged Senators to assist world-wide disarmament.—The World.

What's the matter, Maxim? Can't you beat poison-gas?

Price of coal condemned by Representative Newton.—The Daily News.

Next thing you know some Congressman will denounce it.



Judge Owl: "I'm sure you're guilty, you look so sheepish."



LOOKS AT BOOKS

If Brook Farm, that early attempt to establish a communist colony in New England had spread over the United States, Horace Greeley might have been the American Lenin and Margaret Fuller a Commissar. This woman Margaret Fuller was one of the most interesting personalities of that period of American History 1830 to 1860 when a few great minds thought "the land of the free" could be saved from the evils of Capitalism.

And among this group of Humanists with Margaret Fuller were Emerson, Charles Dana, Horace Greeley, Wm. Channing and Albert Brisbane, writer, traveller and inventor, the father of Arthur of today. Brisbane knew, personally Marx, Lasalle, Fourier, Proudhon and other economists and wrote pamphlets. One of them in the N. Y. public library is "Association, or Fourier's Ideas Made Practical."

Margaret Fuller wrote regularly for the N.

Y. Tribune and might well be called the first American woman journalist. She wrote editorials, letters of travel and articles on economics. But aside from that, hers was the hectic life of a dreamer of better living for people and a willingness to suffer for its accomplishments. Her biography by Katherine Anthony, just published, is extremely interesting, presenting the salient facts of her life and one feels with an understanding of her motives and spirit.

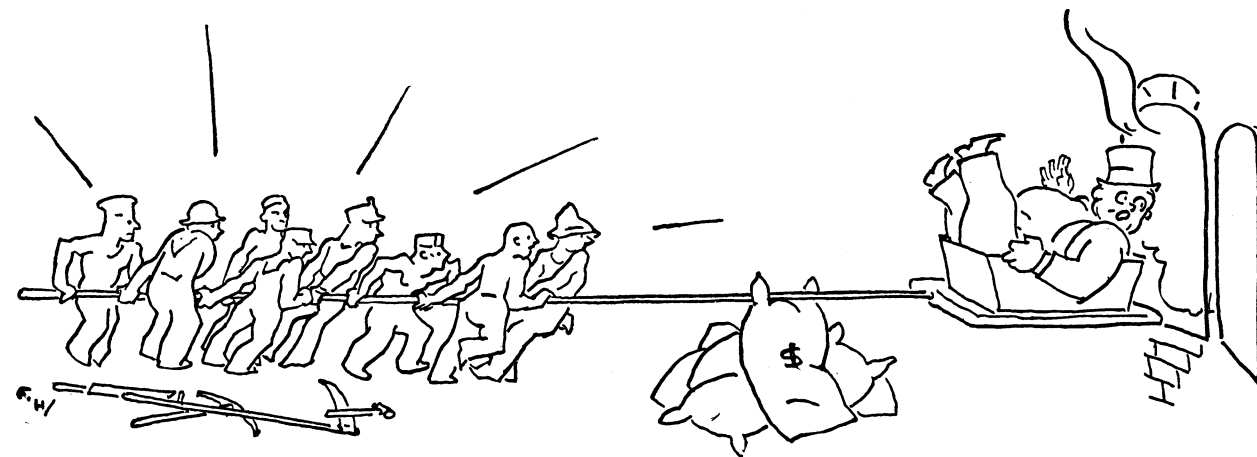
If you want to read a dramatic life follow Margaret Fuller from her school girl rebellions against New England custom, when she painted her cheeks and otherwise shocked the natives, through her early love affairs, to Europe, her love of Mazzini and her noble work in the Italian revolution, her late marriage to an Italian Count and the end—the ocean. She was shipwrecked on her voyage home with her two year old infant off Fire Island.

In a biography like this we learn the meaning of the social philosophies of that day and see pictures of their accompanying events.

It took some courage to defy conventions in 1848.

The Saturday Evening Post type of intellectual who thinks Communism or Socialism a philosophy of mediocrity will some day have to admit that most of the great thinkers of all lands have at least been interested in the making of a scientific social structure that will insure more of human happiness all round. And speaking of happiness, we suppose that is why we like to read about people who had a sad time trying to get happy themselves while pointing the way to others.

A. Y.



TO GOOD MORNING FANS

Scott Nearing lectured the other night on the subject of his latest book, "The American Empire" as an expression of his goodwill for Good Morning. Part of the proceeds went to the maintenance fund of the magazine. On Thursday evening, February 3, Schildkraut, the great European actor, is to act Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" in Jewish at the Jewish Art Theatre in New York. Proceeds to Good Morning.

Butler Davenport has offered his Bramhall Playhouse with Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest" for us on Wednesday, Feb. 16.

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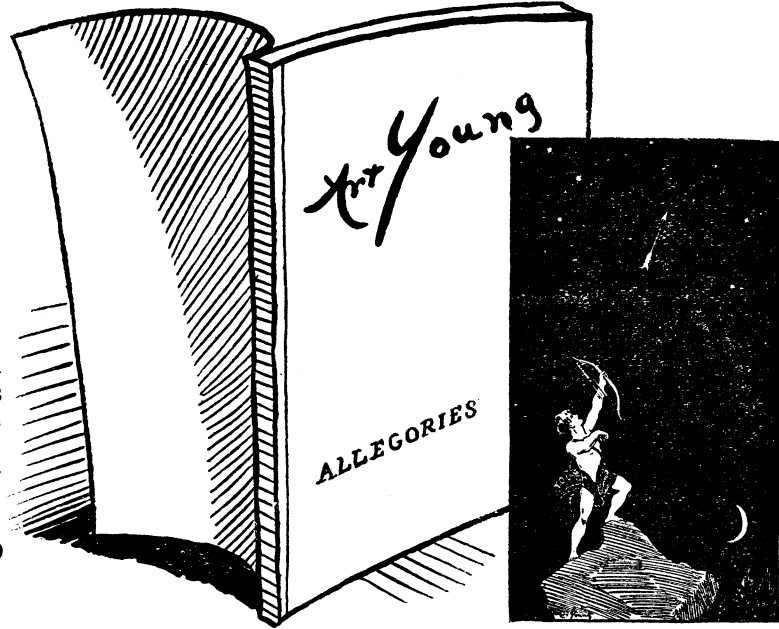
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