

Good Morning

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



Time to Stop Trying

(Free advice to John Bull)

Put Your Friends to Work

"There is no humor in an empty stomach," says an old saw.

And when your stomach feels as though your throat were cut you can't treat it as a joke.

You must give it Food.

And the same holds good about your friend's stomach—Ask him!

One or more of your friends are out of a job—

Perhaps they are hungry.

You can put them to Work

This is the way—but do it NOW.

When you need merchandise of any kind ask the salesman for an American-made article. And don't fail to say *American-made throughout*.

YOU CAN INCREASE EMPLOYMENT FOR AMERICAN WORKERS BY ALWAYS BUYING AMERICAN GOODS

**STIMULATE MANUFACTURING IN AMERICA.
—BOYCOTT FOREIGN-MADE MECHANDISE.**

The SINN FEINER'S boycott policy has cost England's financial empire in America over 200 million dollars, according to London papers.

The SINN FEINER is the only magazine in the United States which has given impetus to American industry through its exposure of England's throttling grasp on the jugular vein of industry in America.

Read The SINN FEINER for details of the British conspiracy to commercially invade America.

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Inquiring Progressive Citizen

ASKS FIVE QUESTIONS DAILY

WHERE ASKED — ALL OVER TOWN

OF WHOM—EVERY GOOD MORNING SALESMAN.

Gee, this is the funniest I've seen yet

1—What magazine is this?
Answer—Good Morning, edited by Art Young.

2—You mean young art?
Answer—Yes, Art Young.

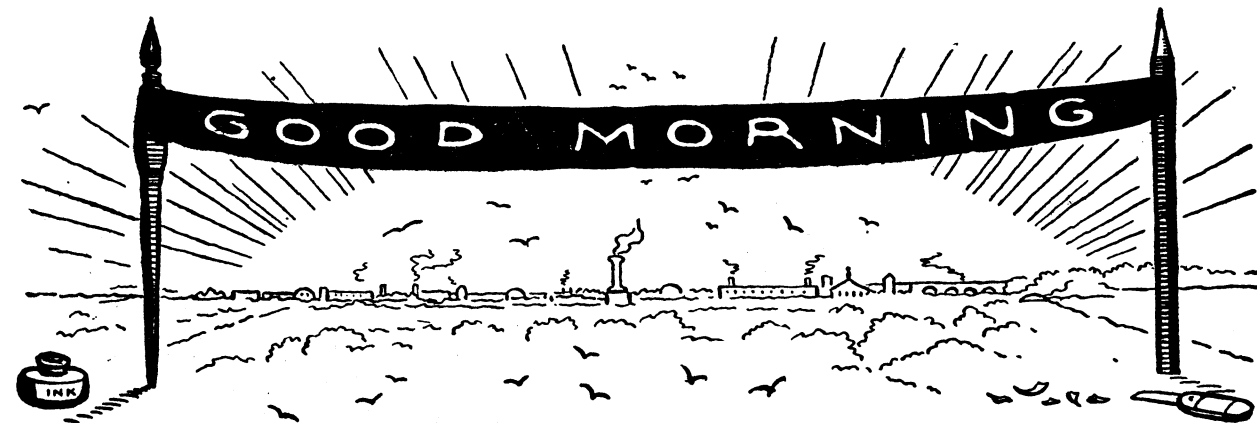
3—You don't say so! Why is Good Good Morning issued?
Answer—It is the only humorous magazine that aims to point out the maladjustments of society with the universally effective weapon—satire. It brings real, hearty, spontaneous laughs.

4—What are your rates?
Answer — 15c on the newsstands; \$3.50 per year; \$1.75 for six months; \$1.00 for three months.

5—Have you a subscription blank? Come over here, Mary. Gee, this is the funniest I've seen yet.

Good Morning 

That's us.

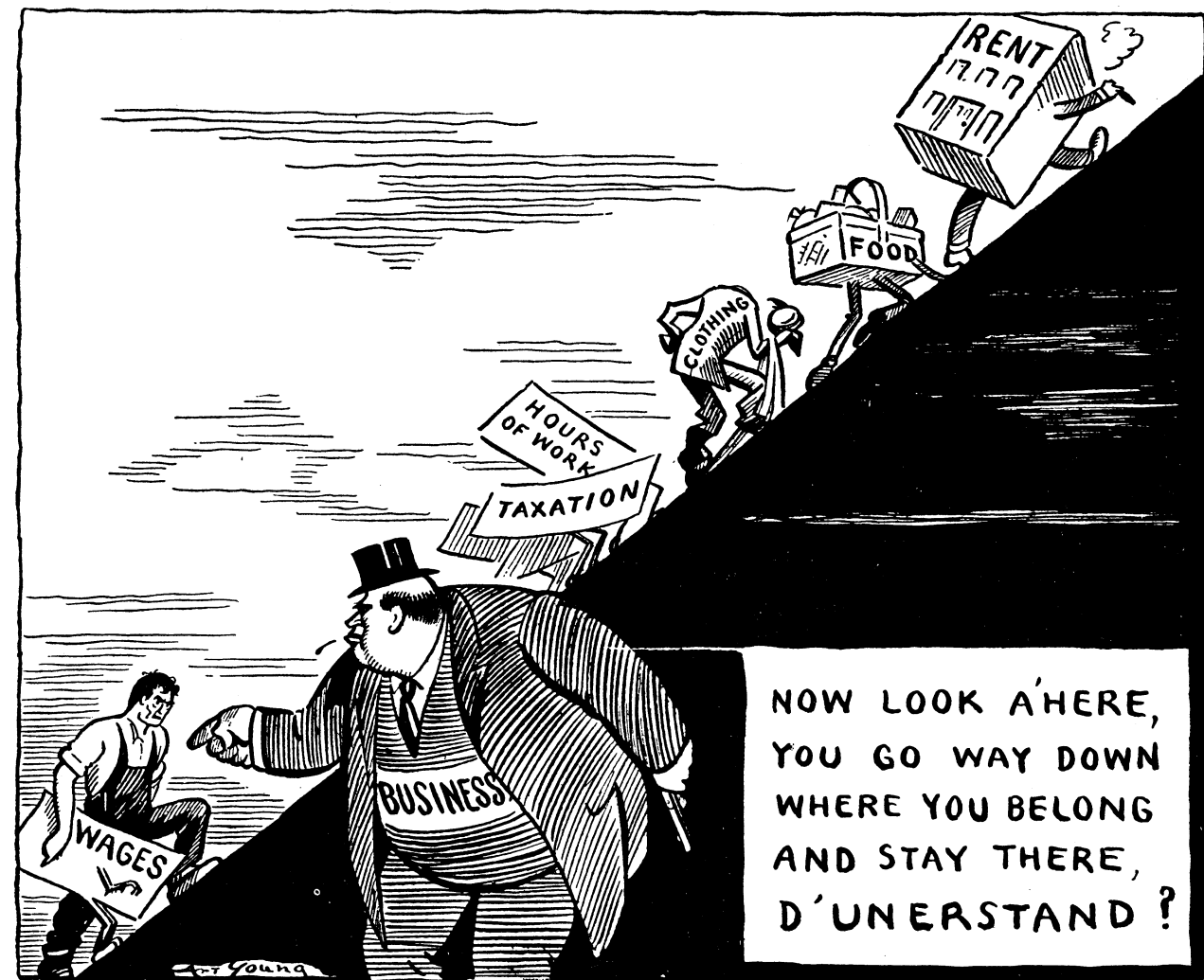


Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 12.

October, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.



No Right of Way for Him



Humanity: "What's your solution to this problem?"
 Business Man: "A lot of bums. Beat 'em up, I say—beat 'em up."

ASK US

When ex-President Taft was asked what was going to be done with the unemployed, he replied: "God knows."

When Mr. Asquith was asked the same question, he replied: "So long as the economic conditions remain thus that you have in all trades at a particular time and in particular trades at all times on the one hand the intermittent demand for labor and on the other hand, the casual supply of it, I say so long as these conditions remain, fellow countrymen, we cannot wholly get rid of unemployment."

We like Taft's answer the better because of its ultra-spiritual quality.



THE POOR FISH says:
he doesn't believe in war — but wars are necessary because there are too many people in the world.

ALSO STYLES IN CURES

"Hurry up and give this remedy while it still cures," said a prominent physician to his young associate, "it's going out of style fast."

UEBER ALLES

Toast for the American imperialist: "Here's to the United States—bounded on the North by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising sun and on the west by the setting sun."—Cheers!



MR. WORLD FINANCE ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON

Moscow had a Labor International. Now Finance is about to hold its International in Washington, D. C., November 11th. Harding calls it a conference for limiting armaments. Mr. World Finance is not as healthy as he used to be. He has shown a marked improvement during the last year, but he is still in a bad way.

Trotsky says European Capital is suffering from Anemia and American Capital from Plethora. The Old Man bulges and sags in different parts of his anatomy and he comes to Washington for a necessary consultation. The cure may not be discovered.

CHRISTIANITY UP-TO-DATE

Mr. Ledoux asks the Right Reverend Bishop Manning for the use of an old church for the homeless and unemployed to sleep in. The Right Reverend tells him to come to see him and discuss the proposition.

When Ledoux arrives at the Bishop's gate with a group of his homeless hungry followers the Right Reverend keeps them waiting for over a half hour. He's busy. Ledoux departs.

Note: The Bishop's sermon next Sunday will be, "How to Follow in the Footsteps of Christ."

ANOTHER AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

The well-known Dr. J. M. Lindsley of Tennessee sends us the following suggestions for a 20th amendment to the Constitution. It sounds pretty good to us and we present it to the American Congress to act on when they get around to it:

Whereas, political democracy is a failure and the means of life, liberty and happiness have fallen into the hands of the few and whereas there is no hope for the masses except by a fundamental, radical change:

Therefore, be it resolved that we the people of these United States favor a Co-operative Industrial Commonwealth which will return to the workers the full social value that they create.



Whatever is done about the Ku Klux by the Government, we do hope they will be allowed to wear the top of the Klan's head piece. It will make a very appropriate cap.

BETTER FALL DOWN THAN BE KNOCKED DOWN

What is a Mandate? In a summary of the treaty of peace between the Allied Governments and Germany, the following definition occurs:

"The tutelage of nations not yet able to stand by themselves will be intrusted to advanced nations who are best fitted to undertake it." If you ask us, no nation is able to stand by itself. But it would be better to try to go all alone than to be knocked in the head by so-called "Advanced Nations."

CHICAGO PAGEANT OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION

A great Pageant of Progress, advertised by business men as showing the progress of civilization, was held recently in Chicago. A huge success financially, it did much to show the progress of prices of shoes, pants, furniture, and other commodities. The following exhibits were not shown and remain as suggestions for a future Pageant of Hindrances of Progress:

Exhibit 1: Five men scantily dressed, sitting on park bench in different attitudes of dejection. Sign above: "Do not beg; do not steal; thou shalt not work." This represents six million unemployed.

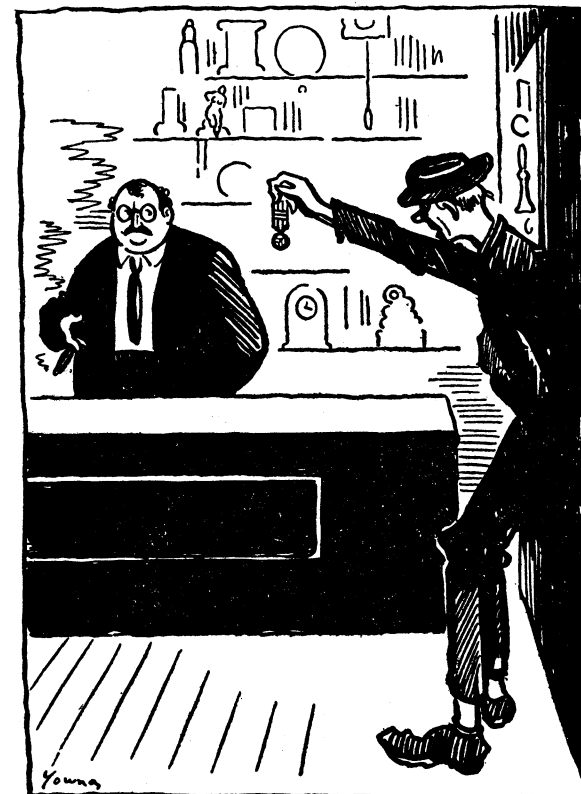
Exhibit 2: Scene of woman and child starving on street while in the background is a man pouring milk into a river while fruits of nearby orchard rot on ground to keep up "prices". This represents the millions who are starving while Big Business maintains prices.

Exhibit 3: Patron entering restaurant is waylaid by proprietor in his proper role as hold-up man—representing the high cost of living.

Exhibit 4: Ex-soldier selling pencils and war medals for meals. This represents ingratitude of 30,000 war millionaires for whose wealth the soldiers helped fight—sometimes called Democracy.

But enough—the suggestions come fast and will make our procession too long.

Rostan Quillan.



Starving Ex-Service Man: "Ten cents on the medal? They told me it was priceless."

A Mirthless Story

It's going to be hard to make this story humorous.

Do you remember, before America went into the war, the reports that used to drift across the border from Canada about the blind and wounded soldiers who were being declared a nuisance by the merchants of Toronto? They cluttered up the sidewalk and interfered with business.

Socialists and certain others down here said:

"Things like that will be happening in America if our boys go."

Came the response:

"No. Never. Not in America. America could not be cruel, indifferent, forgetful of her boys who had gone to war."

We said:

"Wait and see."

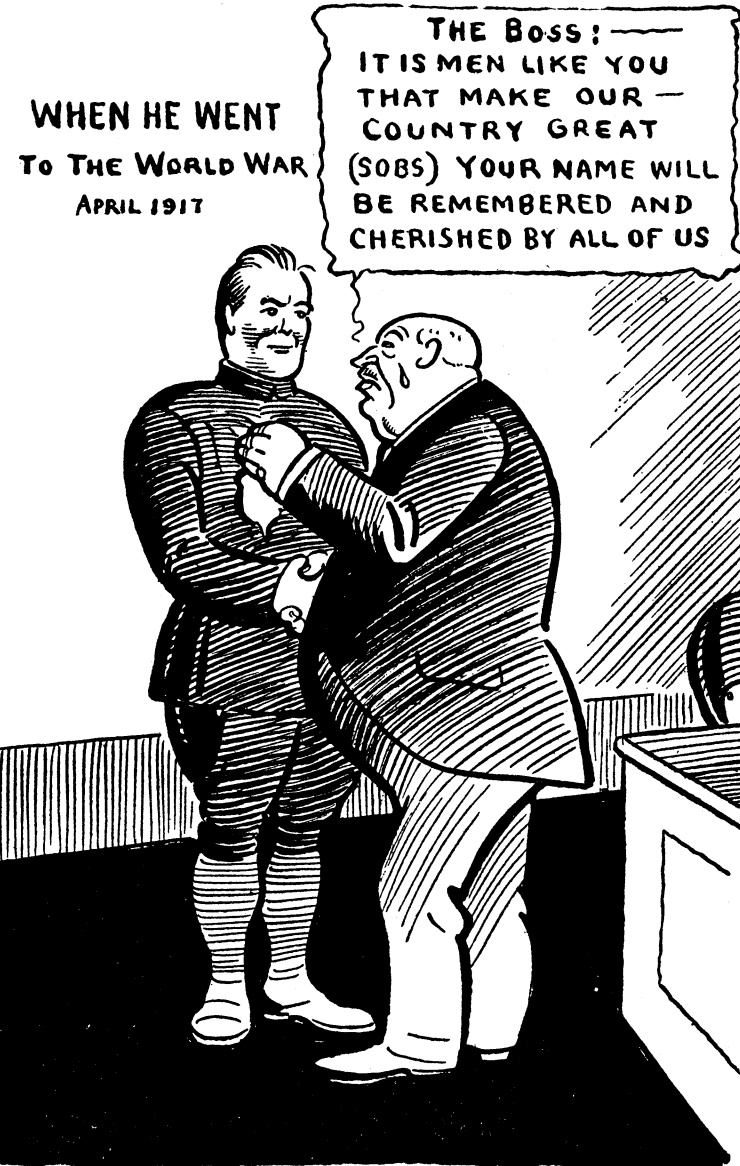
Now we are seeing.

We see them sleeping in the parks, hunting jobs, pawning their war medals, now and then one of them turning on the gas, or jumping off the dock, or using the old war gun to end the torture of his own awakened, despairing brain.

Business has no soul. It cannot have a soul. Feelings interfere with profits. And business means profits.

The business order went out from New York City's executives that Mr. Zero must not be allowed to feed hungry men or talk to them, or carry out his plan of giving his object lesson of their bondage to economic conditions by offering them for sale.

So the city's police officials, plain-clothesmen, and patrolment, followed him, harrassed him, drove their horses through his crowds, slunk after him when he went into a church to rest, watching him as he prayed, clubbed the hungry men away who tried to get near him.

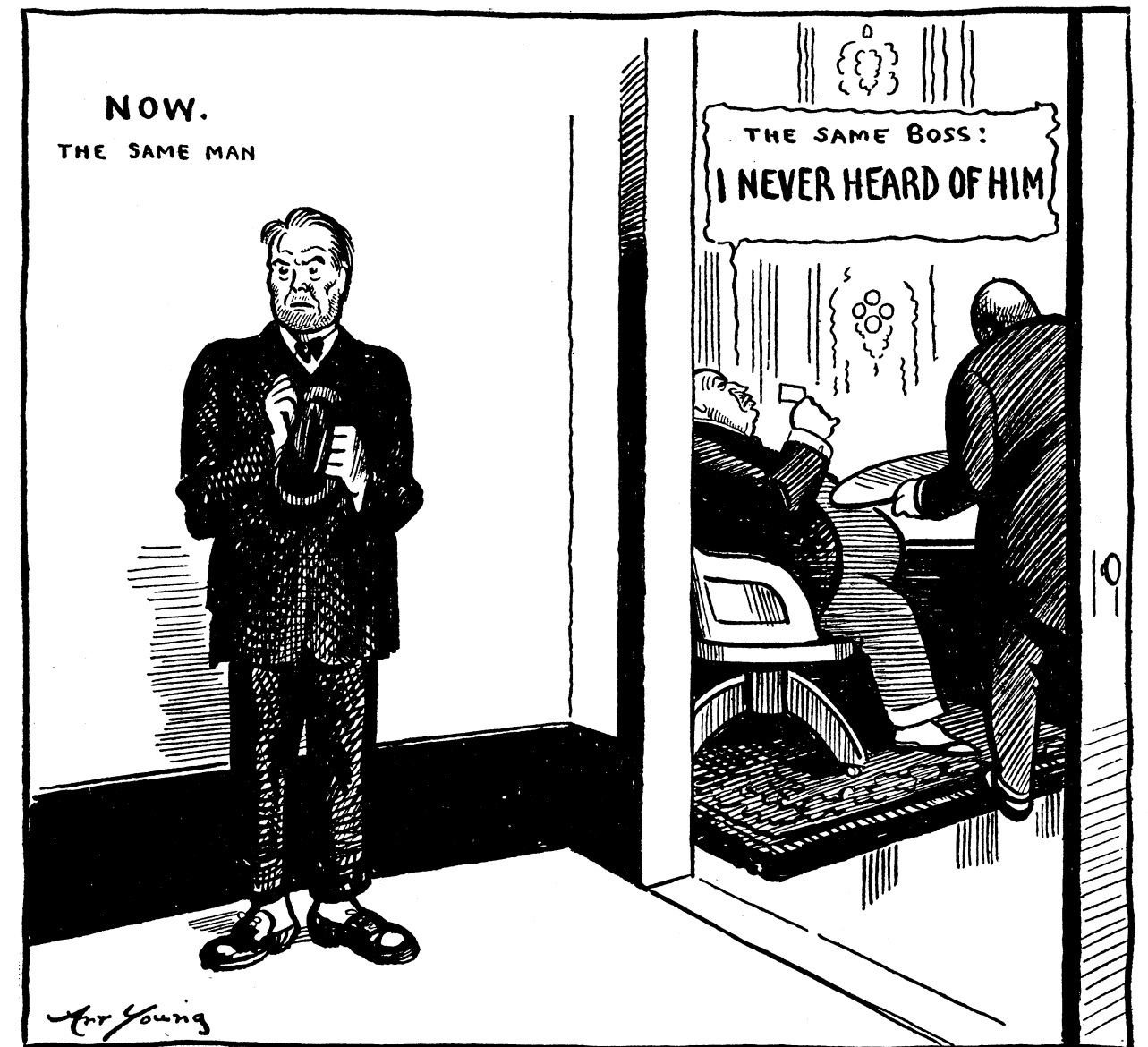


They All Said:—

True they tried later to make amends. It was too near election time, and they discovered too late that their methods had been "too raw".

Now some men are finding jobs, some are being fed and lodged.

But the parks and wharves and streets of the cities are still alive with homeless, jobless men, and through the fields and roads of the country they wander, while those who are not homeless but still are jobless are in even greater misery, for they must watch the thin-



Their Jobs Would Be Waiting for Them When They Came Back

EXCUSE OUR SUSPICION

Should the financiers standing behind the thrones of governments decide to slacken the pace of armament building, they will do it because they fear the taxation that will become heavier as the building goes on.

They begin to feel that they will have to pay the cost in the end if it is paid at all—even if their wealth is confiscated. We don't like to be critical of anyone who utters an honest prayer for peace. But we are suspicious every time these financiers and their states-

ning faces and anxious eyes of babies and wives.

America does not forget?

Perhaps it would not, if America were not still another name for BUSINESS.

men roll their eyes and tremolo a beautiful hope "To benefit mankind."

The last ten years of history ought to prove that their prayer book and pocket-book are bound in the same cover.

QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED AT THE ARMAMENTS CONFERENCE

Shall we have an Open Door in China or a side entrance?

How can the nations protect the interests of their investors throughout the world together—while competing separately?

Can the Gold Standard stand, or must it stay in bed?

Shall we flip a penny to decide whether tariffs should be high, low, or not at all?

How can we do things in the open if we have to keep things dark?



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Twice a Month by
GOOD MORNING Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.
Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885.
Single Copies 15c.; One Year \$3.50; Three Months \$1.00.
Edited by ART YOUNG A. H. HOWLAND, Bus. Mgr.

October, 1921.

IF THEY HAVE TO GO CRAZY—

I have met some people who were "a little queer" over some dream of an ideal brotherhood. But I found them interesting.

I have met crazy artists and musicians—crazy because they live in a subconscious world of emotion and dreams. But I like them.

But there is one form of dementia that has no charm for me. Of course it springs from natural economic causes, inevitable in a materialistic world. But it is such a low-down, common form of insanity that I don't like to associate with it. I mean the insanity for wealth.

I was down in the Wall Street section of New York the other day and saw two of the most crowded insane asylums in the world. The stock exchange and the Bucket Shop building where the curb-traders congregate.

The first duty of the new labor government that will some day ascend to power in America as in Europe should be to clean out these nests of howling, chattering, white-lipped, wiggling neurotic people who are inmates of these asylums of finance—and then—(if they still have to go crazy)—give them something new and noble to get insane about.

THE KLAN BITES OFF TOO MUCH

Out in the towns during the late war, the banker's son, the merchants, the young man who makes a good living out of an ice cream parlor, the clerks, the real estate men, in fact, most of the best people formed themselves into Vigilance Committees. Their holy job was to go out into the highways and byways

and hold up the farmers or anybody else who hadn't bought Liberty Bonds, and who hadn't cursed Germans with sufficient violence to be above suspicion.

The Klu Klux Klan is a direct result of these gangs of our "best people". We suspect that these respectables rather liked the idea of chasing poor farmers behind haystacks, painting homes yellow, painting human beings with tar and putting people in jail where many of them still languish.

And this intolerant spirit, fomented by the press, has now developed a mania of intolerance that is going to be difficult to deal with and the press now realizes it—hence the exposure of the Ku Klux Klan.

The World, the Hearst papers, and others are doing a great service in trying to halt some of the intolerance that they encouraged during the war. Thanks, even if it comes late.

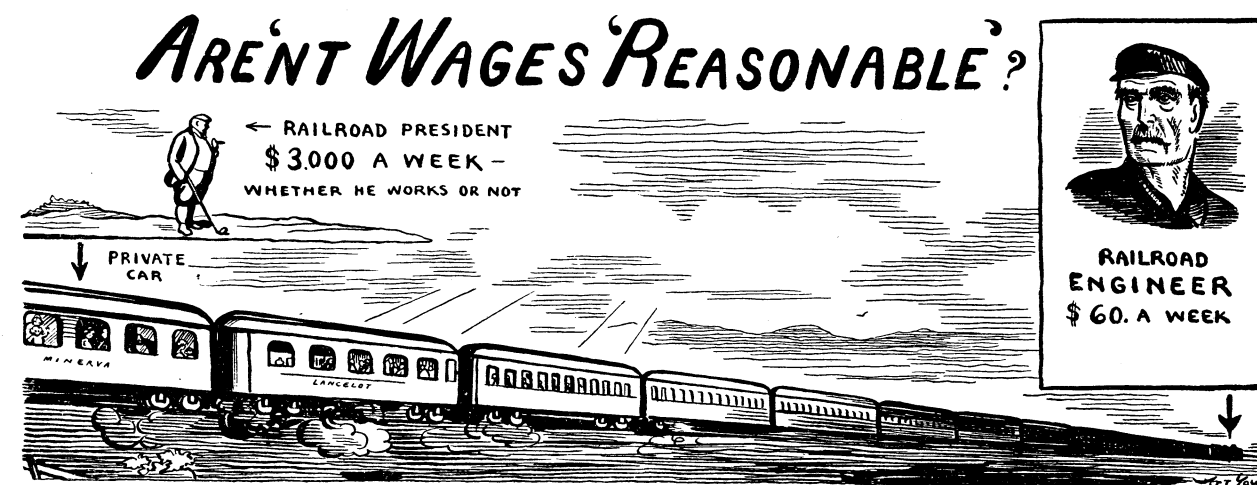
The Ku Klux Klan made one big mistake. They were too ambitious. Their program to kill or drive out of our country all Catholics, Jews, radicals, Negroes and foreign-born is a big undertaking. In this category are thousands of editors, and thousands of rich and influential people—with power in the Government.

If they had only started modestly and could have mobilized the Capitalist Press to attack one kind of hyphenated American at a time, or had stated in their Kloran that their righteous duty was to do away with only such undesirables as were poor and unimportant, they might have been a success.

As it is, "the Goblins that will get us if we don't watch out" must reform.



"Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends."



ANOTHER JOKE OF CIVILIZATION

A railroad president gets \$3,000 a week and an engineer \$60 a week.

One is responsible for the finances—the other is responsible for human life.

Aren't wages reasonable? Not only in railroad-work, but in all lines of activity, what we "earn" is one of the jokes of civilization. A chewing gum manufacturer gets a hundred thousand a year and a scientist is lucky if he doesn't starve.

The owner of a machine makes a fortune—the inventor of the machine lives on the charity of friends. School teachers have to scimp along on a pittance and the boss of a sausage factory is a millionaire. A comic artist gets \$2,000 a week and a minister

who is supposed to attend to our moral regeneration and get us into heaven is lucky if he can deposit 2 cents a month.

A young man gets a job that is easy money because he has a pull, and another young man who should have had the job by right of merit gets discouraged and stays a failure.

What we are trying to say here is that a "reasonable wage" is just what you are able to take.

When Mr. Pierpont Morgan was asked in 1914 if he thought \$10 a week was a high enough wage for a longshoreman, he said—that it was enough if he accepted it.

My Brother's Godfather

By R. H.

My brother's godfather came to visit us and we all sat in the parlor, and were nice, and listened to him, for he had become a great man. He was a doctor; he had studied a great deal; he knew more than anybody else about air pressure, and its effects on the human organism, Wherefore he was invaluable to subway construction corporations; he could tell precisely, to the fraction of a symptom, how much a man could be warped, bent, twisted by work, and still fail to get away with a suit against the company. His word was law on the subject of compensation, the adjustment and determination thereof, And great was his wrath when some fool legislators put across a measure establishing an absolute standard in connection therewith. He was conscientious and thorough; he went into the tunnels, worked beside the men, doing the same day's work that they did. Meanwhile he drew a salary of \$1183 a month, and he said, "I discovered that the workman did no more for six dollars a day than he used to for a dollar and a half."

He had never treated his discoveries as of interest to science; he had published no new truth which he knew,

And he was greatly distressed because he could never break in a satisfactory assistant to take over his work; he said they seemed to have none of his enthusiasm for it.

He did not at all approve of sabotage, crimes of violence, direct action;

In fact, he frankly stated, "If I had my way, I'd have every one of these damn Socialists hung."

He admitted he possesses executive ability.

And he revealed unto us the secret, saying "The only good workman is a hungry workman."

All in all, pretty much awed by his acknowledged significance we were,

And we fed him on chicken and ice cream, and carried his handbag to the station.

He would be very angry if he were to see this, and probably wouldn't leave my brother any money, But I doubt if he ever will, for I doubt if he reads GOOD MORNING.

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPERA

[Note: All of the star performers wear their plumes of conquest and carry squirt-guns, each containing enough poison gas to kill themselves and everybody else.]

In the first act, President Harding stands at a table trying to look like a combination of Uncle Sam, G. Washington and Old Man Normalcy. To the tune of Hail Columbia, he sings: "It Must Not Occur Again."

Secretary of State Hughes, Senator Lodge, and the White House Dog join him in the chorus: "It Must Not Occur Again."

A loud explosion is heard and La Belle France makes a crazy leap from a war-plane to the stage waving the tricolor and Napoleon's hat. She sings: "It Is Ze Limit, Oo La La."

Another explosion, a rattle of machine guns, the stage illuminated by a flare of gas. Enter Britannia and her Paramour, The Jap. They prance across the stage singing: "We're here because we're here."

Italy in the meantime has bolted to the front of the stage and sings a Fascisti song of warning—to the effect that no limit is to be put on his 'ambish'. While he sings France kicks Japan's hat off, punches Britannia in the stomach and tickles Harding's chin.

In the final scene of the opera each actor signs a document called "The Pledge of Limitation", prepared with great care by Elihu Root. It reads: "We solemnly swear to limit armaments as soon as possible."

GRAND CHORUS AND CURTAIN.



The International Grand Opera Co., [limited] Starts the Season in Washington

ALLAHABAD

by David P. Berenberg

News Item: The postal clerks in Alahabad, India, are on strike.

Aladdin had a lamp, and when he rubbed it,
Lo, came a djinn in fire and smoke;
In stern, majestic tones Aladdin spoke:
"Do thus and so,—by Allah do it right!"
The djinn bowed low and vanished from his sight.
And when the morning came in with the sun,
Aladdin chuckled at the job he'd done.

He swept the walks,—and kept the home-fires
burning,
He watched the spit and kept the turkey turning;
He minded baby,—read the sporting pages,—
And turned his cheeks to Mrs. A's wild rages;
He mended roads, and when the roof was busted
He built new palaces. He spun and wove and
dusted;
And for his work in keeping thing so sleek
He got the splendid pay of naught per week!

That was in olden days,—those times are over
Since lamps and djinns kept Aladdin in clover.

The other day the papers had a story
Of Allahabad—(may she live in glory!)
Now Allahabad has a sound to western ears
Like something whispered by old romancers;
Arabian nights, and djinns, and dark Damascus,
Haeroun—al-Raschid,—to a feast he'll ask us!
And there well find Fatima dressed in laces,
And Ali-Baba and the thievish faces.

In Allahabad,— Ah, but hold your fancy
The tale I tell you isn't so romancy!
Weep for Aladdin's lamp and for the djinn
Who labored mightily and asked no tin,—
The postal clerks in Allahabad went on strike
For better wages and a twenty hour day!
Gone is the glory! Allahabad's like
New York, and Nineveh,—and Iowa!

Weep for romance and for the vanished djinn,
Haroun-al-Raschid and for Aladdin.



BUM BIOGRAPHIES No. 6



JUDGE JACOB PANKEN

(Candidate for Mayor of New York)

Jacob Panken, candidate for mayor of New York on the Socialist ticket, grew up on a farm in Chesterfield, Conn. He came to New York when young and impetuous and developed into a leader of organized labor. He has piercing black eyes, disarrayed hair, carries a cane, and is as dramatic as Rienzi before the Roman tribune. As an orator—he can eat 'em alive. As a Judge, however, he is as sober as the time and place demand and is human first, technical after.

If you wanted to pigeon-hole Judge Panken, you would say he belongs to the right wing of the Socialist party, which, as near as we can make out, means the group that emphasizes the educational and political methods of giving the people their industrial liberty.

If Judge Panken is elected mayor of New York, his troubles will have just begun, but he says he's used to trouble.

ANTI-GRAMMARIANS, BEWARE!

The editor of the Liberator was wont to criticize the late President Wilson's English. The editor of the Freeman is worried because neither Harding nor Hughes can write sentences that will pass for good literature. When the editor of Pearsons wants to annihilate a public man, he quotes his bad grammar. The grammar situation is certainly rotten. The editor of Good Morning is getting all worked up about it and readers may expect an exposure that does the job right.

They won't even let the unemployed sell themselves. The easiest way after all is to curl up in a hallway and die, leaving a note: "Bury me at public expense."

Harding's peace prayer was very good. We think the Du Ponts could do no better.

A WOMAN'S WORLD

By AASHE KAPLAN

We're living in a woman's world.
Women at the head of schools and colleges,
Women in politics—in industry—at the bar;
A woman discovers radium and experiments
with it,
While men look on. . . .
A woman in Bryant Park sprawling on her
knees
Shining shoes—While men look on. . . .
Women, women everywhere,
We're living in a woman's world.
Next! ?

Editor's Note: Our contributor asks: "Next?" We wish to say that there is nothing after woman—she's the ultimate. If he means: what job will she take next? We think there is no limit.



"Dad, did you see this article that says nobody should be allowed to have more than a million dollars?"
Dad (a hack-journalist—\$7 a column): "Bosh! Limit me to a million dollars! I'd like to see them try it."

TOO PROUD TO KICK

It is our guess that at this time, most of the unemployed who are willing to make a demonstration and be fed are those who are way down in spirit, including also those who are just non-working individuals who can't see why they should labor to the end of their days for a pittance. The American clerks and the middle class professional men and women out of work are too proud to make a demonstration for themselves. They will enter into any kind of enthusiasm in the interests of their masters—but not for themselves.



Drawn by Van Loon

"What has become of Bill?"
"He has got a regular job at last."
"In a factory?"
"No. He is dead."

A FORECAST

The armaments Conference decided to-day to limit the use of the following weapons: the Blunderbus, hat-pins, and jack-knives if carried by workingmen.

In the state of New York, the people voted overwhelmingly for a bonus to soldiers. Then the Supreme Court (five men) declared the bonus unconstitutional. When the Doc Cranes and the other bunk writers tell you that you can change your government when you want to—just think it over.



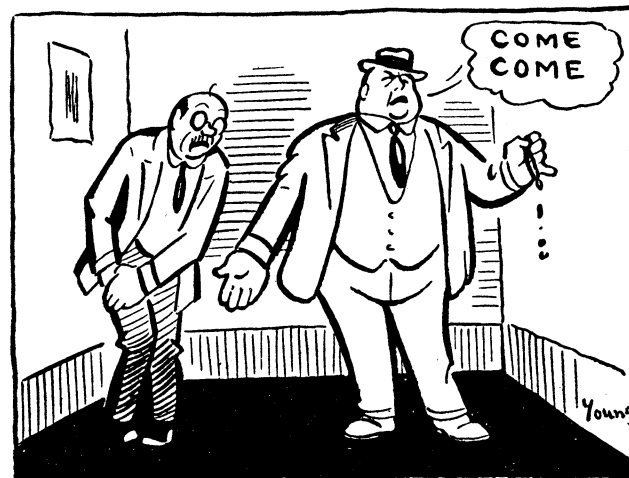
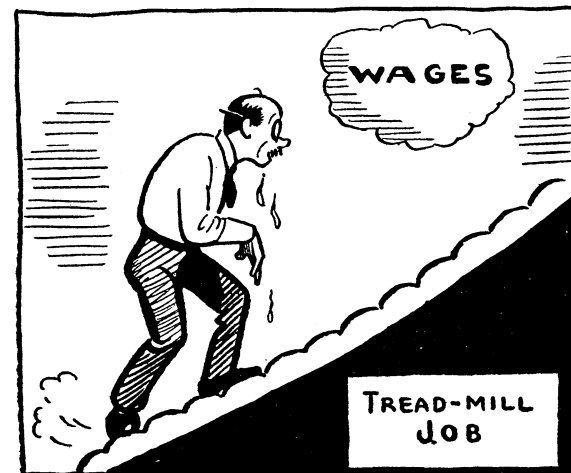
Drawn by Dehn

THE HARVEST

To a Friend in Jail---

*I used to think a prison was a fearful place
Where only knaves and fools were whipped
for sin;
But now it seems a shrine of goodliness and
grace,
Since you went in.*

*I used to think a prisoner, a leprous wretch of
taint,
The proper thing for righteousness to shun;
But now the meanest felon is as hallowed as a
saint—
Since you are one.* . . . S. A. de Witt.



Six days shalt thou labor—

and then give all that thou hast to the landlord.

HATES

A Clean Sweep

by Miriam Allen de Ford

I HATE:

Fond mothers; mothers who lie to their children; mothers who use baby-talk; mothers who think their offspring "cute" when they howl; mothers who strike their defenseless infants: most mothers.

Women who won't tell their ages; women who don't smoke; women who gush over babies; women who think marriage should end their careers; women who call you "dearie": most women.

Hairy men; men who patronize women; men who say, "I thought that, too, when I was your age"; men who talk about "the wife"; men who wear the gaudy insignia of fraternal organizations: most men.

People with loud voices; people who keep windows open on trains in cold weather; people who boast of being low-brows; people who read The Saturday Evening Post; people who talk about "God's Country": most people.

Parsnips; Iowans; blue serge; chewing-gum; tripe; silk gloves; policemen.

MYSELF.

MONOLOGUE ON A MONOTHEME

By MARC BLITZSTEIN

I wonder why I am so clever;
I can do almost anything along artistic pursuits;
I can dance, sing, play, recite, paint, and model.
With quite equal facility—and ability.
And funny,—I never seem to become mediocre;
I'm always just a little more than good.
There's a step, a tone, a touch, an inflection, or a dab, or
a mould,

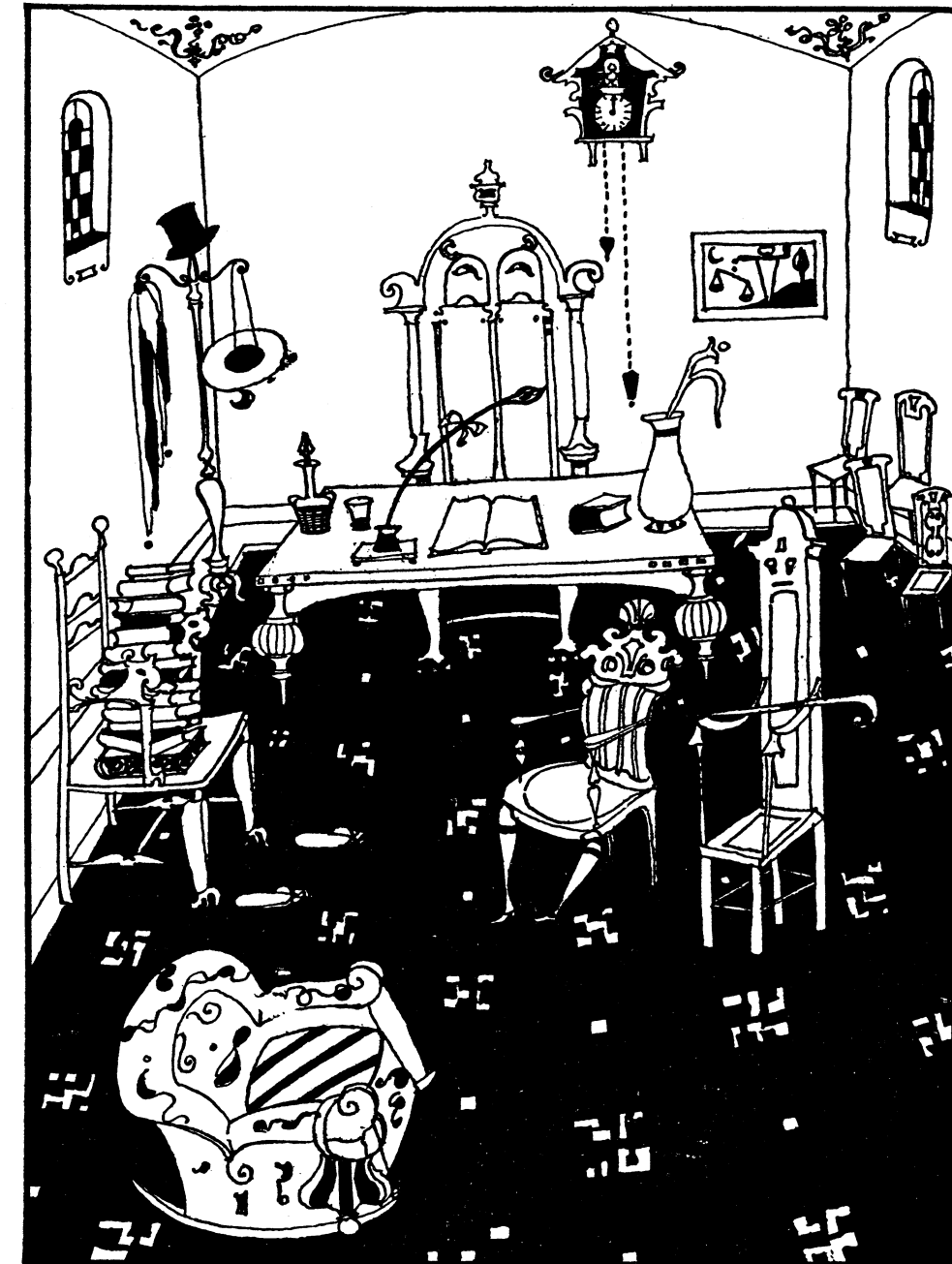
That's not dogmatic, or regulationistic,
But different, and startling, and new.

I wonder where I got it?
Not from Mama; she's pleasant, but dull.
Nor certainly from Papa—he's bald, and he loves catsup.
One day I hunted diligently through the lives of all my
ancestors.

Some were rich;
Some could sing, and some could paint,
And one danced. . . . ;
I guess I must be an esthetically conglomerate consequence of
them all .

Or perhaps—perhaps I'm starting a line of talented descend-
ants. . . .

Well,
As I said before,
I wonder why I am so clever—
I wonder why I am—
I wonder why—
I wonder—
!!!



Drawn by Donald Corley

THE TRIAL AT GRAND RAPIDS

She was an enigma to herself—the Boudoir Chair. She was one of those who have foibles. Wherefore, trials. Her less susceptible companions assumed an air of arrogance. For to hysterical elders is always given the enjoyment of outraged virtue.

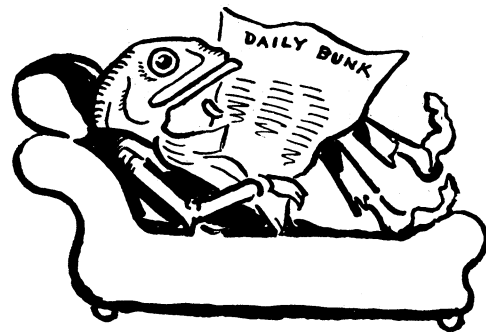
My Cell, St. Elizabeth's

By T. SWANN HARDING

My dear Ignoramus:

The street pavements have all the appearance of being wet; this I lay to the rain which drenched them so copiously last night. How strange Nature is! When it rains the streets get wet! I think indeed, my dear Ignoramus, we should take in the pavements at night and thus preserve them from this extraordinary inundation. Or else I shall break into whitewash and wash them. Yes, they are wet—quite wet—with a moist, damp kind of wetness.

Forty! This is entirely irrelevant but none the less, my dear Ignoramus, permit me to direct your attention to Forty! To-day I am calm, but I can remember as I sit here and tickle these keys my seven aged grandmothers whose blood I spilled so romantically while in torrents of rage. And if I can have ten good, productive years between forty and fifty what havoc I may make among certain of the attendants whose hair is not parted to suit me. I had my thumb in one fellow's eye only last night and bless me, dear Ignoramus, if it wasn't glass!



And then there are *dealers in judge*. Quite irrelevant too, I assure you, my dear Ignoramus, but yet why should I not be irrelevant—I and Gilbert Cannan? Did you ever read *The Release of the Soul*? O, my dear Ignoramus; O gracious and smoked herring. Didn't you ever read it? Why was that thing released? Trying to find the plot of that book put me here and now I have found out there was no plot after all. But yet how Gilbert does pull the wool over the eyes of the astute and tremendously intellectual radicals of 13th Street. That, my dear Ignoramus, that is enough to compensate for many more grandmothers than I have slain.

For after all the artist is but a man—or at least a woman. Unless he is one-legged he has two legs. Except in cases of celibacy he is almost invariably married, a widow or a widower.

I have just had a sense of not being anywhere or anybody in particular. I seem to be lazily loafing on some high-hung cloud suspended over East River. The sensation is one of strange, unearthly incompre-

hensibility; sometimes, my dear Ignoramus, I actually think I am going nuts, but it doesn't run in our family and anyway, why should I go when and where I already am! My wit is sharp at least!

If the horse is worth the money I should certainly purchase a Persian kitten. If the hydrogen ion concentration any where nearly approximates the cosine of γ raised to the n th power this will inevitably reduce the current density and precipitate mannoketoheptose in the form of wood alcohol. This, as you are doubtless aware, balances the equation and I remain in the asylum. Adieu, my dear Ignoramus.

LEAVES FROM WHO'S WHO

Edited by Geller

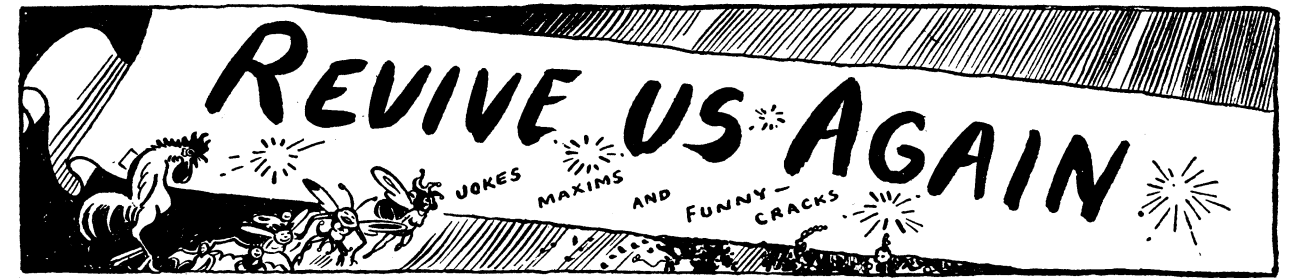
ROCKEWELT, JOHN X., Humanitarian, b. Giraffe, Ill., son of Felix and Elmira R. Married Arabella Hazelwood. Self-educated. Was clerk in bake-shop at 19. At 20 became owner. By sheer efficiency and honest character became president of largest chain of bake-shops in America. Saw future in saw-dust, 1868. Built saw-dust works in 1870. Through his popularity business expanded rapidly. Incidentally dir. S. P. R. R., International Bake-shops of America, National Fertilizer Corp., Northeast & Southwest Pickle Works; Remington Arms & Munitions; Guiana Broom & Toothpick Co., Inc.; Mars Steamship, Ltd. Has donated \$43,000,000.08 for investigating the shortage of emperors; \$32,000,000.68 for the study of the epiglottis contained in beetles hibernating in the New Hebrides; \$223,000,001.28 for the purchase of a refuge for armadillos and tarantulas; \$425,000,002.79 for the conversion of heathens in China and Borneo. Religion, Christian. Clubs, Men and Religion; National Nutmeg; Pepper & Salt Riding; Alpha Delta Pie. Recreation, Numismatics and Manual Labor. Homes, N. Y. C. and Balm Beach, Calif.



FREE MEALS FOR THE KLAN

The insane asylums are overcrowded, but the question of what to do with the Ku Klux Klan is imperative.

We suggest an annex to every state insane asylum in the Union—where the Gizzards and Wizards and the Kooks and Koko Kolas can be taken care of at public expense. It will be cheaper in the long run than allowing them to run at large.



"Take not a musket to kill a fly."

* * *

"To talk without thinking is to shoot without aiming."

* * *

"To argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to a dead man."—Tom Paine.

* * *

"Every one tries to cross the fence where it is lowest."

* * *

Barnum was wrong—they were triplets.

* * *

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," said the would-be Christian.

"Yes, but I hate myself," said the sceptic.

* * *

A Negro in for life imprisonment asks the time of a colored guard.

"What yuh want to know the time for Jim you ain't goin' nowhere."

A little girl was crying loudly when she was interrupted by a woman neighbor who called on her mother. When the neighbor had gone she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about when Mrs. Jones called?"

"In the mud and scum of things
There's always, always something sings."

Emerson.



"A fool can always find a greater fool to admire him."

A young woman was asked to defend her sex against the charge that a woman can never keep a secret.

"We can, too," she exclaimed. "It isn't the woman that gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to that let it out."

Bill Nye said: "The trouble with allowing an amateur to carve a turkey is that the gravy seldom matches the wall paper."

When Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was asked by the Parliamentary Committee what would happen if a cow got on the railroad track, he answered: "It wud be verra bad for the coo."

Visitor, being shown through an asylum: "Are you not afraid of lunatics?"

Warden: "No."

Visitor: "But there are so many and suppose they organize?"

Warden, laughing: "Oh, never fear! Lunatics never organize."



At a public meeting in the down-town section the speaker was pointing out that on one hand a certain condition existed, while on the other hand something else. While again on the other hand, etc. An onlooker scratched his head and said: "How many hands has that guy got?"

"O WISE JUDGE, O LEARNED JUDGE!"

According to a decision rendered by Supreme Court Justice A. J. Rodenbeck, sitting in Rochester, a man who bought a lot adjoining that on which his dwelling is located, as a playground for his children, is enjoined from the following things:

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"They will not be permitted to play on the lot if their games are considered a nuisance by any of the neighbors.

"Their playmates, under the court ban, will not be permitted to play on the lot at all.

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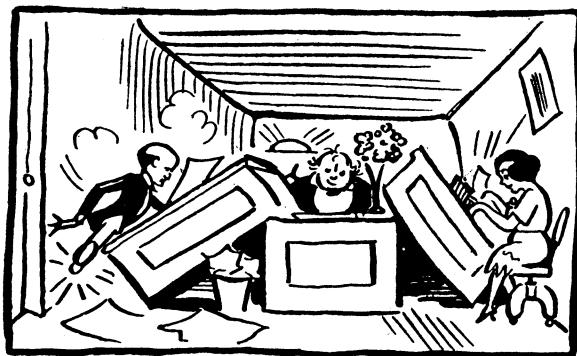
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GOOD MORNING OFFICE

One of the sights of New York is Good Morning office, 7 East 15th Street, where are daily received creditors, artists, writers, nuts, statesmen, ex-soldiers, and outcasts. Also the ladies of the radical movement—God bless them.

We work with three desks, though business expands each day. It may look to a casual observer that it ought not to be much of a job to get out this magazine of mirth every two weeks, since we sometimes take the liberty not to run on schedule time.

But remember the difficulties. We have no rich liberal friends to pour thousands a month into the treasury. So we have to do a lot of quick turning

around corners. We have to make neat detours around deficits.

We are thrown sometimes all in a heap—but we get up and go at it. That's why we laugh at ourselves here at the three desks in the office of Good Morning, the leading serious magazine of the world. Subscribe now.

To the Editor:

I congratulate you on calling for contributions to Senator Lusk, in view of his distinguished service to humanity. I am enclosing the hole of a doughnut for him. Things equal to the same thing being equal to each other, Senator Lusk's self-esteem will make him regard it as the most magnificent present he has ever received.

WM. BROSS LLOYD.

They voted for Wilson because he kept us out of war.
They voted for Harding and prosperity.
The best way not to get what you want is to vote for the candidates of the two old parties.

"Say," said a man to Jim Johnson, the hard working colored man, "are you a Democrat or a Republican."
"Say, mister, did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone," said Johnson, "do you spose dat bone cares which dog gets 'im."

The Du Ponts issue a statement to the effect that they haven't made any money out of manufacturing war materials. Will somebody please take up a collection for the poor Du' Ponts?

Brain unemployment is after all the most serious menace.

Government—busy senility.

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