

"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

15 Cents



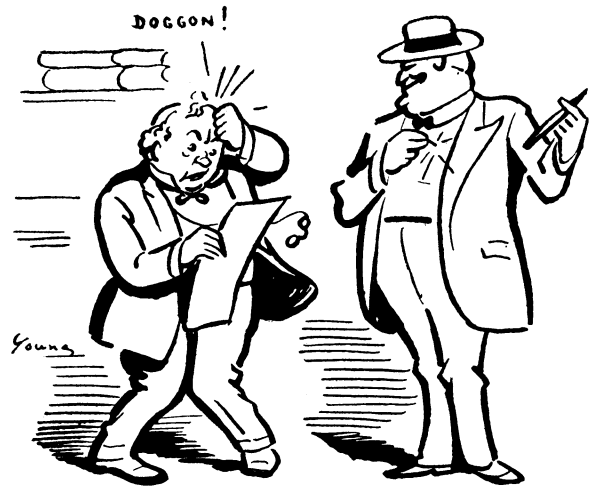
July 15—Aug. 1

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



"Any Dead Fish Can Float Down A Stream
But It Takes A Live One To Swim Up."

GET IN THE SWIM WITH GOOD MORNING



On a damp day recently at two o'clock P. M. an important looking gentleman with a poker face entered the GOOD MORNING office.

The so-called editor brushed the remnants of a cracker lunch from his shirt front, tried to look dignified and with stately approach met the man half-way between the wastebasket and a large can of mildewed paste.

We had a feeling that we were going to be nominated for President. We were in good form and ready to make an eloquent reply when we noticed that the neatly folded paper that the gentleman had handed us was a summons — for non-payment of an alleged debt. Just another trouble we didn't know about.

We started GOOD MORNING over a year ago. We knew then that one trouble would follow another; that we might land in the penitentiary, the U. S. Congress or a home for old and indigent fanatics. We were thrown out of the mails once, we suspended publication twice because of lack of funds but like a tired cat we managed to crawl back. What saved us was the way subscriptions poured in and the way sales increased. GOOD MORNING will be self-sustaining yet.

And remember this! We are not going to keep up a perennial yell for help. But we must find a way to meet the cost of paper, printing, engraving, distribution and office help in this, the formative year of our success. You can assist by subscribing for yourself or others or by purchasing stock in the only humorous magazine fired with the spirit of the new day.

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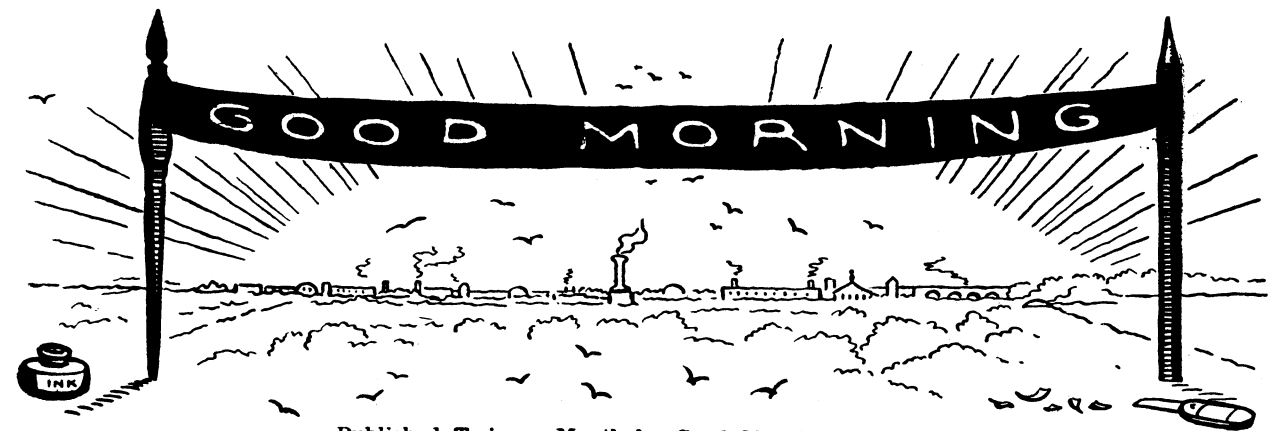
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Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. II. No. 6-7.

New York, July 15—August 1, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

AMERICAN SANITY

Governor Cox's former editor writes, "Gov. Cox was not in the city much of the time and paid no attention to the editorials, having confidence in my sanity, I suppose, and in my Americanism. I was always opposed to war and violence. I hate it. I would be willing to kill any man who wants to fight. . . ." To which we can only add, "How perfectly killing!"

The milkman says: "Isn't it funny how the fellow who gets nervous over a man drawing eight dollars a day for eight hours work doesn't fret at all about the other guy who draws a couple of thousand in dividends for no hours' work?"

Joint the Navy and see the world.
Joint the Irish constabulary and see the next world.

The path of progress is lined with the bleaching bones of stewbums.



"How is my darling to-day, Senator Hitchcock?"

Hitchcock: "He's a little better since the convention Mr. President, but I'm just tired out sitting up nights with it."

Who said blockade against Soviet Russia? The Bear captures the supplies furnished Poland by the Allies. Also 52 out of 76 tanks presented by England.

Moral: If you want a blockade lifted do your own lifting.

Most people would vote for John Brown, Bunyan, Garibaldi, Socrates, Thoreau and Columbus if they were not dead. Yet they were convicts.



JOHN FITZPATRICK, EDWARD KNOCKELS, ROBERT BUCK

The Left Wing of the American Federation of Labor that flew away with the Committee of 48.

Political Action Versus Industrial Action

A Sane Analysis of Radical Tactics

By Art Young



The controversy in *The Freeman* between the editor and Mr. Amos Pinchot as to the relative merits of Political and Industrial Action has come to a close. Now we feel that the sober, well-filtered judgment of one who has listened attentively to both sides and has swept the vast horizon of thought with the eye of experience should decide the debate.

As the self-appointed judge of the controversy we would say that Mr. Pinchot was best when he used the term "Special Privilege" instead of "the Capitalist System." "Special Privilege" is convincing—it makes you think it isn't the capitalist system that is the enemy, but something else ails us that may be much worse. We are glad also that he used the term "to wit." "To wit" is legal phraseology and gives a debate weight and dignity.

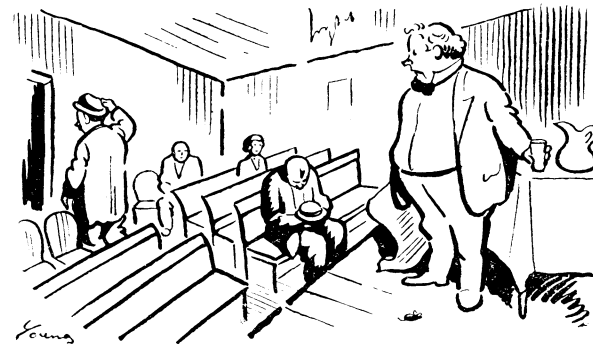
Mr. Pinchot points out that the cure for industrial ills is in electing people to office who don't want special privilege. To wit: Pinchot, Henry Ford, J. A. H. Hopkins and others

The *Freeman* editor on the other hand makes plain the impotence of political action even to budge an entrenched plutocracy in a century of time. The editor of "the most radical paper" (quoted) says that organized labor, strong and sassy, can just walk up to a judge or a president, or a parliament, and say "come across" and the thing's done. The writer has run for some of the highest offices "within the gift of the American people" and feels that the editor of the *Freeman* is right. Political action is too cumbersome, doubtful, slippery, purple, extravagant, and above all too slow.

Some time ago the writer announced that he would never try political action again. He couldn't get anywhere. He will not undertake to amplify the *Freeman's* arguments except to say that politics is discouraging even

if one is elected to office. Should one happen to make a speech that will reverberate adown the corridors of time—that's about all it will do. And should he live to a ripe old age he can have the pleasure of hearing it reverberate which we willingly admit helps some. But our main objection to political action is derived from bitter dark-brown experience.

You see yourself advertised as the principal speaker in the Daily Shout. Big Mass Meeting. Hippodrome Hall. 20 Loom Ave. You break an engagement for dinner because you've got to think of a speech that will cause the immediate surrender of the capitalist class. On the way to the hall you stop to get a drink



The Uprising of the Proletariat.

of sarsaparilla to tone up your system for the attack. As you get near Loom avenue you look for the crowd. You think you must be on the wrong side of the town for the only signs of life are two cats staring at each other and a few people going in and out of shops. You ask a newsman where Hippodrome Hall is—he never heard of it. But you finally discover it over a closed saloon and are greeted by the uprising of the proletariat, to wit: Comrades Halloran, Spinsky, Domovitch, Mussleman, Jones, Smith, Lena Fritz, and old Fred Blutwurtz, who knew Bebel in Germany. You like them all, they're the real thing but, somehow, you feel that you will have to postpone the speech demanding the surrender of the capitalist class and you end with a plea for funds to aid a sick comrade and for carfare to get home.

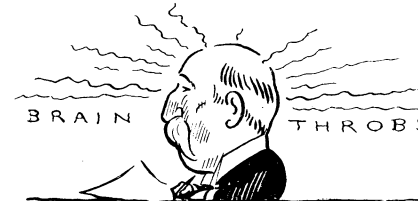
Political action is too slow—we gave it a thorough trial. The *Freeman* wins.

With Our Contemporaries

NOT BY FRANK HARRIS
(But almost as good)

One afternoon the following June, I was walking with Wilde on Fleet Street, when we met Shakespeare. I felt that he was in a dejected mood. His eyes were sad and hollow from loss of sleep. I asked about Mary. I had met Mary Fitten on two occasions and of course knew of Shakespeare's infatuation for the Queen's lady-in-waiting.

He casually remarked that he had not seen her for a week. We had been discussing his verse when Bernard Shaw joined us. I perfunctorily introduced Shaw to Shakespeare, although I knew they had met before. I told them that I would like to have them meet Jesus, who had wired me that he would be in London to write for my new magazine. A month later I had introduced Jesus to the reading public.



After reading the editorials of the N. Y. Sun and other Munsey newspapers our opinion is confirmed that intelligence always rises to the top. Brains wins.

Looking across the aisle of the car we see a man with McClures magazine opened at "A Story of Bold Men in Raw Places." This bold stuff—how they do eat it up and then crawl like whipped hounds when the boss says "What!"

THE DIAL IS PERMITTED TO COPY THIS
Am I crazy? Vita Nuova? What?

Before me stands an earthen vase. Mr. Duggan the potter gave it to me. A Greek figure lacing his sandals and in the black background, around the figure, inscriptions—Kavos—Mennon. I read Remy De Gourmont. To-night the same kind of fog. But there are no glowing church windows. From my window I see a soft, glowing, green spot in the trees illuminated by a quiet electric light. It hums like huge spinning looms in my head.

Queer ideas—Woman is the gate to heaven on—this side of hell—only the universal mocking spirit saves me from insanity. Oh you eternal Double-face who can master you? I am sick and tired of you—I am going to bed. Why do I write with capital letters? Ask me—ask Nietzsche—ask Jesus—ask Julius Caesar—who knows—to-morrow I may be dead—Omar Khayyam—do you know? For tomorrow never comes. Do not heed the rumble of the Distant Drum—Epicurus? Well?? I am forced!!!—*Arthur Rimrose.*

Condensed Articles from *The Liberator's* correspondents in Roumania, South Africa, Bagdad, the Lettish Front, the Polish Backyard, Jugo-Slavia and Heligoland.

"Entranced I stood in the bullet-riddled doorway while the revolution swept unabashed before me."

HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM—No. 6.



Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. Price Bulge, a wealthy society woman of this city, has announced that she intends to devote much of her time and money to further the movement against the teachings of Bolshevism.

To a reporter she said: "Bolshevism will destroy the family."

Mrs. Bulge has been divorced four times.



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 Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885.
 Edited by Art Young. T. F. Hastings, Bus. Mgr.

July 15—August 1, 1920.

The League of Nations

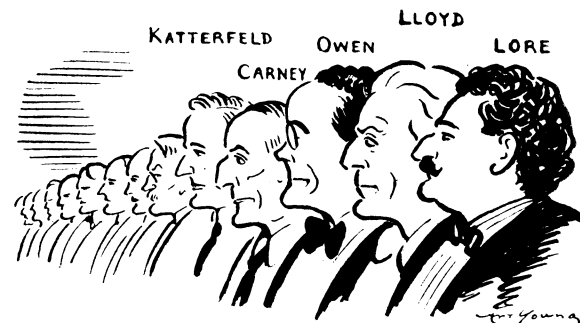
The League of Nations is to be the issue. And it is the oest issue the two old parties could get. Big Business Government does just what it pleases, whether it makes a formal pact with another government or not. Every clause in the League of Nations is festooned with jokers and double-meanings such as shrewd lawyers can invent. That means any clause can be interpreted to apply to their advantage at the time. And that's why it is a good issue.

Brilliant oratory will be spilled all over the continent. You will be told by the Democrats that the Wilson League will save the world from chaos. And the Republicans will tell you that the world will be saved only by voting for the League as corrected by Senator Lodge.

Good Morning doesn't give two whoops whether this government decides to sign partnership papers with other governments or not. The words can be Princetonian or Bostonese. We know that governments as they exist to-day are one thing and the people another. **Good Morning's** platform is not a League of Masters but a League of Peoples.

COUNT THEM!

Twenty members of the Communist Labor Party are on trial in Chicago for being Communists. You can be a Republican or a Democrat, a Single Taxer, Prohibitionist or any blooming thing you please, but don't call yourself a Communist.

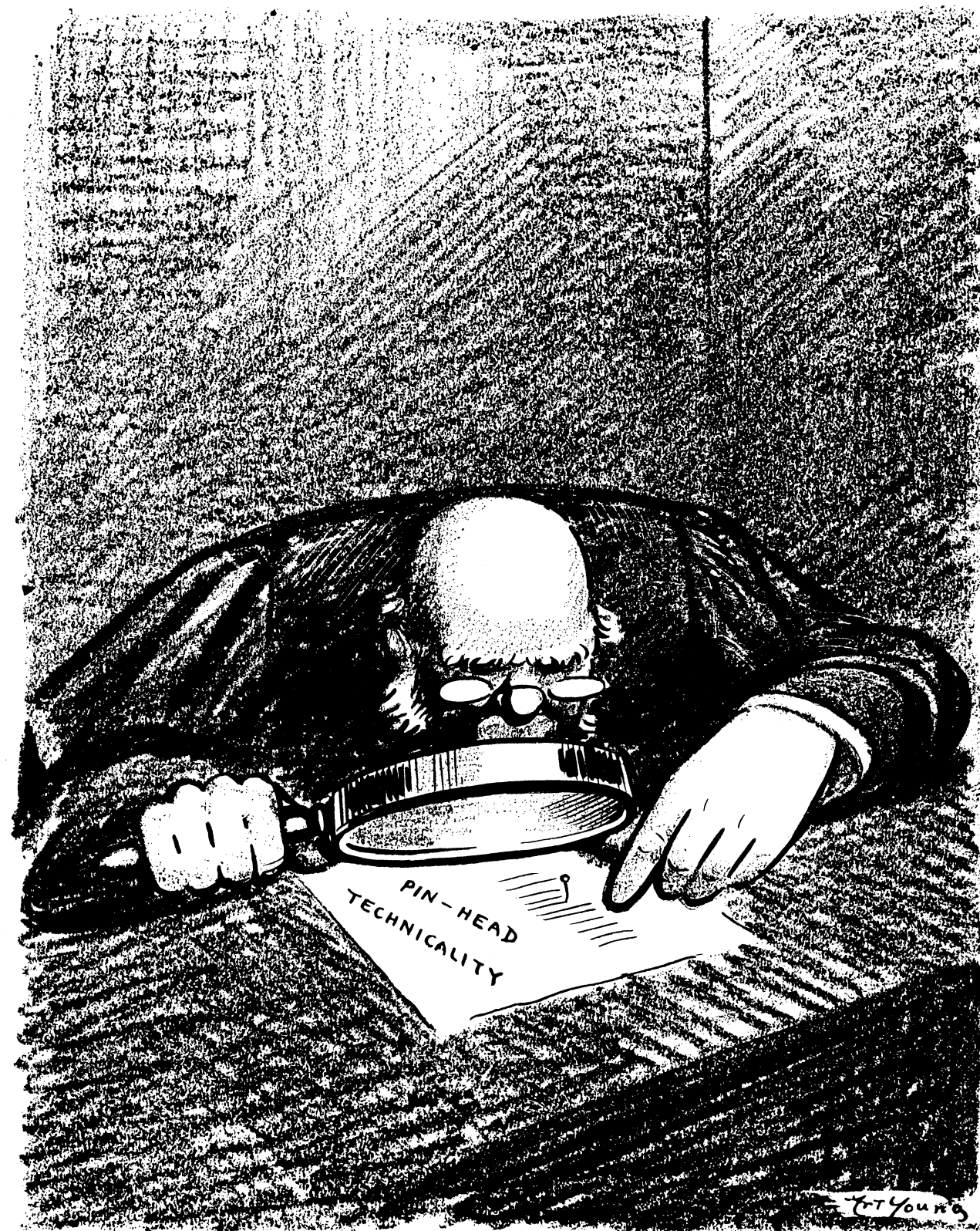


Among the twenty are: Ludwig Lore, editor of the N. Y. Daily Volkzeitung; Wm. Bross Lloyd, business man, son of Demarest Lloyd, writer on economics. Lloyd owns blocks of real estate in Chicago, which he wants to blow up. Albert Owens of Moline, Ill., organizer of workingmen, lame in one leg but strong in the head. Jack Carney, editor of Truth (Duluth), Irish Internationalist. L. E. Katterfeld (of Kansas), rough-hewn, once a woodsman in the Northwest. But why go on? They are foreign born and American born like all of us—twenty of them.

We do not know whether any of these Communists have advocated force as a means of accomplishing their ideals—but we do know that every prominent Republican or Democrat, every prominent minister and every prominent editor (with one or two exceptions) and every Big Capitalist advocatd force without stint for the four years when they wanted to get rid of an international rival—and any one who didn't advocate force was called mentally defective and was pictured in the papers as a chinless sissy.

Listen Folks: A few weeks ago, (July 14) there was a procession in Paris. It took four hours to pass. It would have taken four more hours if more young men had come back from the war. Against the very stone wall where the leaders of the Commune of 1872 were shot, stood the leaders of to-day, of the radical thought of Paris, reviewing the procession.

What the Communists wanted in 1872, they want now—the abolition of private ownership of human necessities that those who produce these necessities may control them.

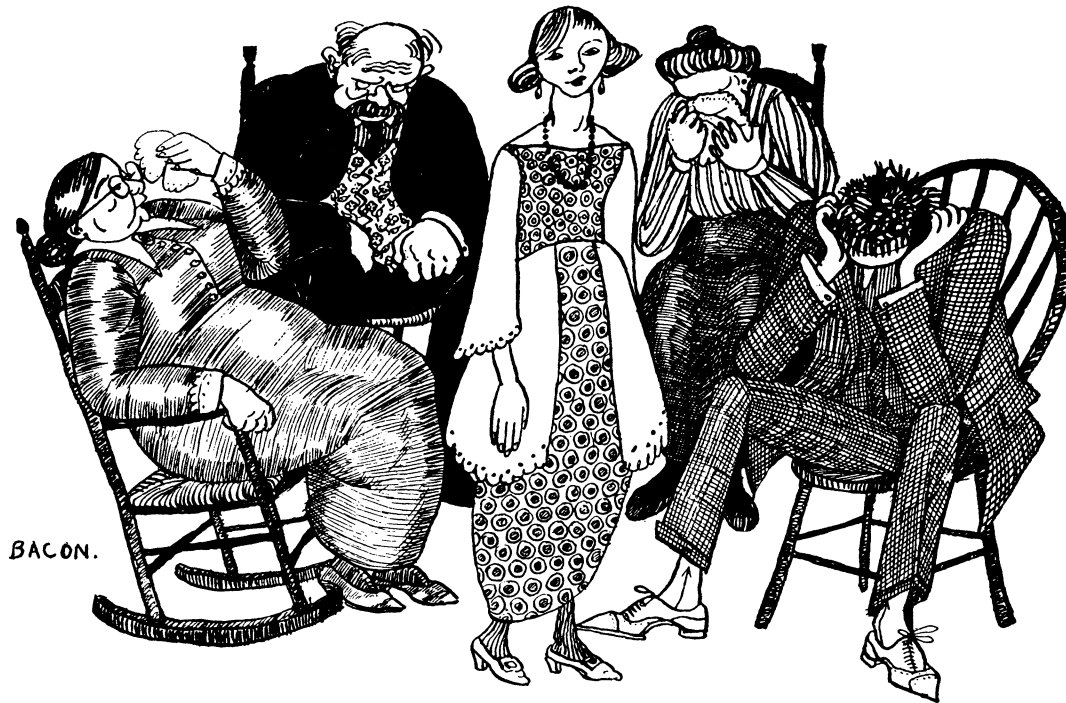


The Majesty of the Law



Open Dopelomacy

Look out—The next number of Good MORNING may be the Hell number.



PEGGY BACON.

Millicent Asserts Her Emancipation

ON THE HORIZON

Press reports some time ago said that the Bolsheviki were shooting wooden bullets at the Poles.

Now we read something about a 720 mile retreat by the warriors of Pilsudski. Wonder how much faster they'd run if the Bolsheviki had used honest-to-God steel bullets?

Three thousand innocent men, women and children have been tortured and murdered in San Domingo by American troops. Belgium had its Congo, England had its India and Ireland, now we have our Haiti.

The Association of Railway Executives resolved at its conference in this city that freight cars must be moved at least thirty miles away. The Executives can resolve but it's up to the workers to make the wheels revolve.

San Salvador has granted general amnesty to all political prisoners. San Salvador is one of those "backward countries" that statesmen refer to with that well-known air of superiority.

Englishman: "Why is it that you have so many divorces in this country?"

American: "Well you see, in your country Mr. Britling sees it through, while in our country we see through it."

If we get Judge Kennedy right, he believes in free speech except in matters that might lead to controversy. His opinion, we confess, seemed a little vague at first but the Poor Fish explained it to us.

It seems that they hang men in Georgia for trying to vote the Republican ticket. It may seem like a violation of personal liberty at first, but the federal Courts can no doubt prove the contrary. The Constitution, to be sure, guarantees a free ballot, but the authorities can not be expected to permit public voting of a nature that might inflame a section of the community.

At that, we don't believe that anybody should be hanged for voting either the Republican or Democratic tickets. What are psychopathic wards for?

But we'll be hanged if we vote either ticket!

ANOTHER PALMERCLES RAID

From the Athens Gazette of the year 49 A. D.

Yesterday afternoon Palmercles pulled another spectacular raid on Christian Headquarters at 123 Main Street, and carted away at least ten chariot loads of literature among which was Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians as well as several more tons of sacreligious and seditious literature.

When the agents arrived they found a meeting in progress, and quickly surrounding the speaker, they dragged him from the stand while other agents rounded up, in none too gentle a manner, the audience which might have filed out into the street in a disgustingly peaceful way had not J. Patrioticus, the indefatigable exponent of law and order, had the presence of mind to kick a woman in the face.

This, strange to relate, was resented by several men who, endeavoring to assist the lady to her feet, were promptly and efficiently black jacked and thrown down three flights of stairs.

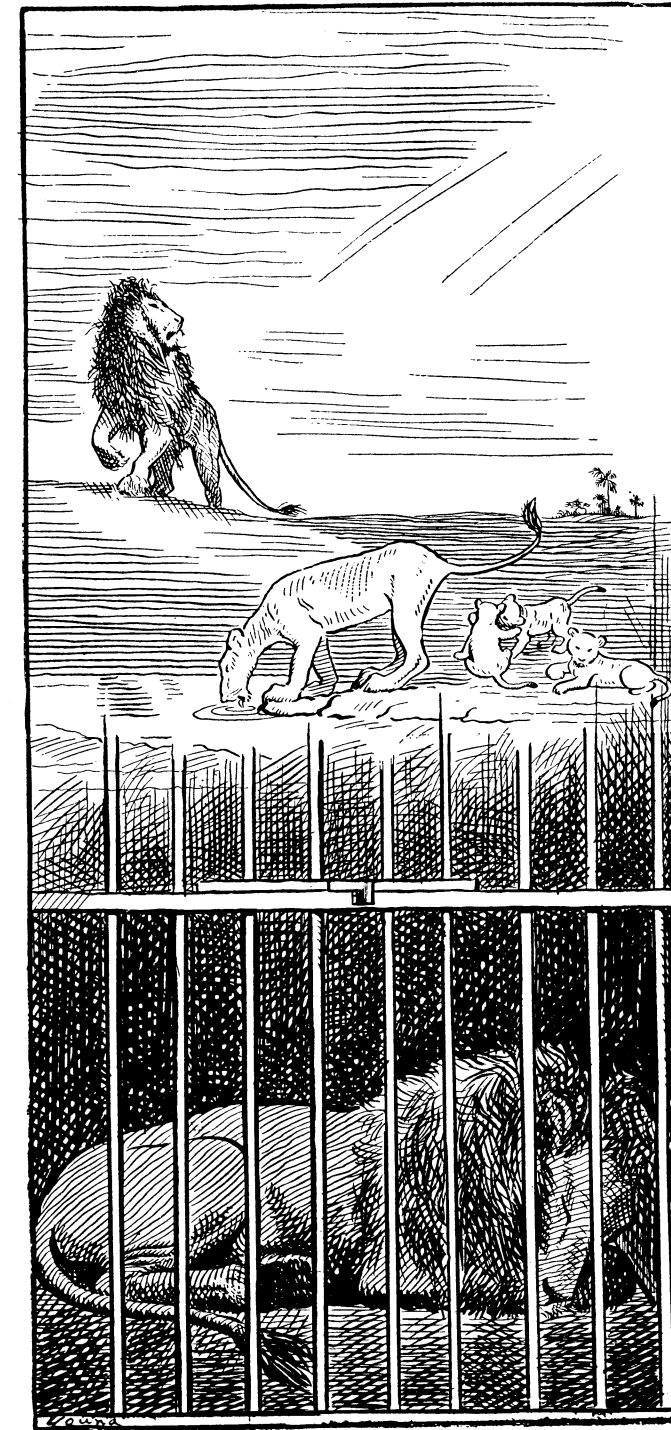
In the melee that ensued, the ferocity of these Christians was amply demonstrated by the fact that nine of them were taken to the hospital with fractured skulls, six had their limbs broken and twelve sustained minor injuries.

"This is an outrage," said one of the Christians indignantly to a newspaper man after the raid. "The agents of Palmercles are going too far." He was overheard by one of the agents and immediately arrested.

"It is our intention," said J. Patrioticus, surveying the wreckage of the room, "to root these Christians out if we have to throw every suspect, guilty or not guilty, to the lions. This Christian religion has gone too far. It has no respect for our laws. It is breeding anarchy in its worst form. It is undermining the citizenship of America. No woman will be safe if it succeeds."

Thirty-one of the sect were arrested and if they are lucky will be placed on trial sometime within the next six months.—P. A.

The difference between the 49-ers and the 48-ers is that the 49-ers knew what they wanted and got it.



Dreaming

DEFINED

*Ambition leads me out to prey
On those more just than I,
And Honor rests upon me while
My victims fall and die!*

Charles B. Dean

How to Remove the Cause of Discontent

People are constantly asking us why we don't roast the Eighteenth Amendment. They say it isn't working. They say it's hell. And that's exactly why we don't join the clamor against it. Anything that can be hell when it isn't working has a certain fascination for us.

We've always liked hell, and we would have had one of our own long ago, if we could only have found one that was laying off. We never did like work; and we couldn't stand Billy Sunday's hell because it was always working overtime.

The best people don't work. The workers don't raise hell, that is, not enough to suit us. Give the workers plenty of work, say we, and give the best people hell.

And isn't that exactly what the Eighteenth Amendment is doing? Under Prohibition the worker cannot buy a drink. But under Prohibition the best people can get all they want.

It isn't perfectly satisfactory yet because in spite of the way that we have taken the joy out of their lives, the workers of America still show signs of discontent. The cure for democracy, however is more democracy, and the cure for prohibition is more prohibition.

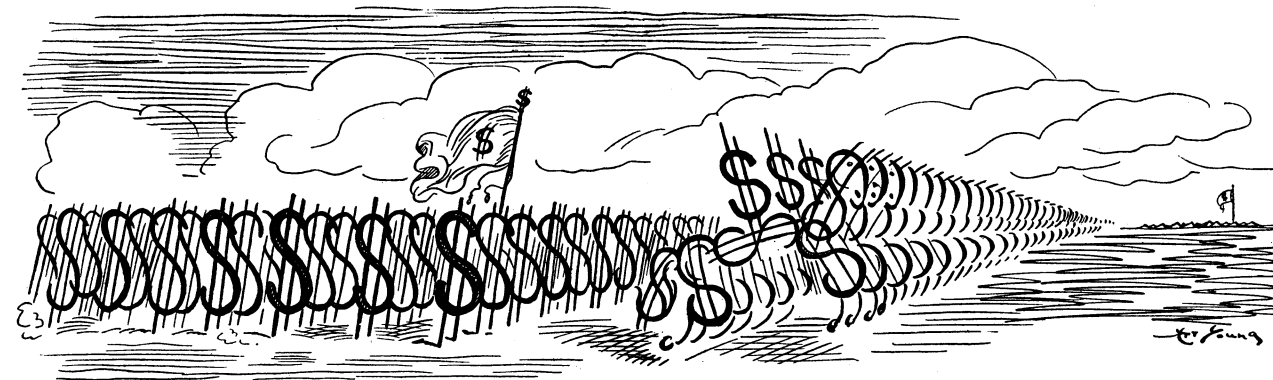
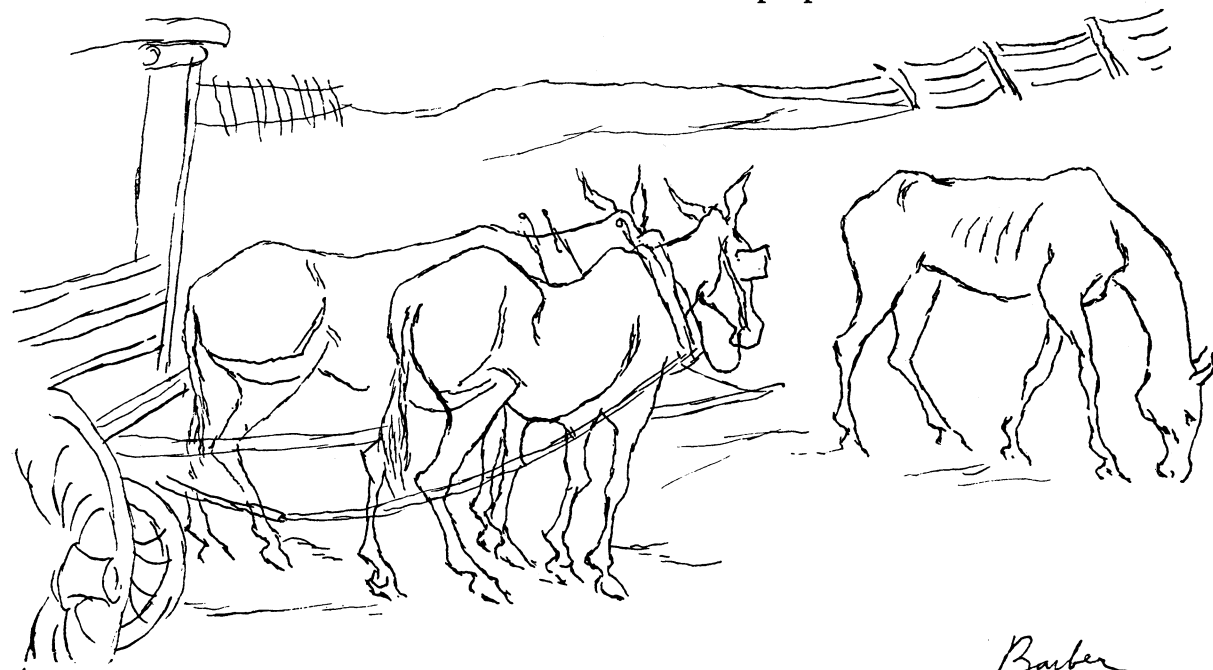
It isn't the lack of alcohol that is making the workers so discontented. Horses are not

discontented if they are brought up in the right way, and yet we have always kept alcohol from them. Stallions, on the other hand, show frequent signs of discontent. Let the stockholders in American industry take a tip from the stock-raisers on American farms and the way out of our present unrest is clear. These stock-holders do not meet the situation by letting their work horses get drunk; they arrange things instead so that no work-horse can become a stallion.

Stallions are the "best people" in the equine world. Without them the work-horse would soon cease to exist. It is co-operation of the nicest kind, one class working with their feet, the other class working with their brains.

The ignorant workingman in America today cannot be expected to know the cause of his discontent. But the psycho-analysts know. It is sex, nothing else. Take away sex from the workingman even to the degree that we take it away from the workinghorse and unrest would cease.

Good Morning is very serious about this and we have no doubt that the movement will be supported by both political parties. Production for the producers! Leave reproduction to the best people!



The Army That Wins The Campaign

REPARTEE

"You are the sweetest girl," he said,
"That I have ever seen."

She raised her hand up to her head,
Artificially to preen.

Accepting what he said as due,
She said with vanity:
"I'd like to say as much for you;
But I can not, you see."

And, being glib at repartee,
He made this curt reply:
"You could say quite as much for me,
If, like me, you could lie!"

Charles Horace Meiers.

NOTICE

For lack of space the pictures of the Absurdity Contest are omitted from this issue.

Send in your suggestion as to the most absurd thing of these times from which Mr. Young can make a cartoon.

GOOD MORNING wants to know and will give a prize of \$10 at conclusion of contest for the best brief description of an absurdity—not more than fifty words. If you can draw, send drawing.

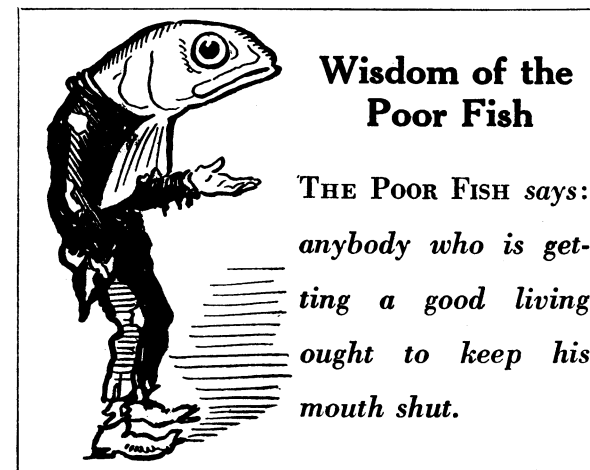
The last announcement of the GOOD MORNING PRIZE CONTEST will appear in the August 15th issue. All absurdities must be in 20 days after August 15th when contest closes.

The best suggestions will be illustrated by Art Young and published in GOOD MORNING. The original cartoon illustrating the idea will also be presented to the winner.

All competitors, win or lose, will receive Mr. Young's allegorical cartoon "Why?"

AMERICANA

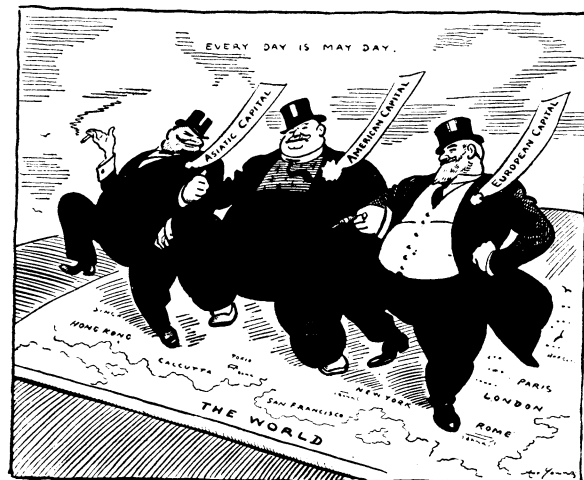
RESPECTABILITY.—A vague but all powerful human label which awes the many and castigates the heretic. Its principle tenet is that if one keeps one's shoes properly shined and one is sufficiently watchful of the neighbors "everything somehow or other will come out all right." Its moral censor "What will the Jones say?" Every American community has its clearly defined deadlines of respectable and non-respectable sectors. To live on the fringe of either is conducive to the climbers' social complex. The millions of adherents who make up the membership of this all dominating doctrine of American social life are composed of three classes, the middle, upper and coerced. Its chief doctrinaires, newspaper sermonette writers, movie scenario authors, business parsons and efficiency demagogues. Like all doctrines, the doctrine of respectability has its protective taboos. These change with the times. At present to have red friends, read red papers or to be even suspected of having red ideas is to be read out of the herd. If one were to psychoanalyse the red mind for reasons which incite it to mental hysteria at the sight of a gate tender's red flag one would probably discover that to this type of mind the color red is the symbol of an idea. SKEPTICUSS.



TOO MUCH ENTHUSIASM O'ERLEAPS ITSELF AND FALLS ON THE RIDICULOUS SIDE

This Applies Even to Our Great and Good Young Friend, Arthur Young, Surnamed "The Terror of Plutocracy."

(From the New York Journal, July 16)



The picture that we especially refer to, made by Arthur Young, is labelled by him, "One Big Union for Capitalism, but Labor Must Stay in Its Own Back Yard."

You can kill a good idea with exaggerated presentation. One of the strongest cartoonists, as regards forceful drawing, in this or any other country, is Arthur Young.

It is ridiculous for capital to get excited when workmen talk about "one big union." Capital, as everybody knows, is One Big Union. Intelligent men in the United States, with honorable exceptions, are largely the servants of capitalists. Capital has its own able brains to begin with, it can hire the best lawyers, can endow able minds in universities, and finance the brains in many newspapers. Capital is abler than labor, it knows more. Capitalists do not *fight* each other, they *help* each other.

This writer has seen a street car conductor push an unfortunate Jewish sweatshop worker, carrying a big bundle, off the rear platform, saying angrily, "Get off here, kike." That they were both workmen made no difference.

If one capitalist saw another capitalist with a big bundle, he would say, "Let me help you, we capitalists must stick together."

There is one great union in the world of

capital because capital has brains enough to know that you help *yourselves* when you help another in your line of business.

Observe that Mr. Young, who sincerely believes that he hates capital with all his might and main, overreaches himself in this picture.

He shows you three very fat men dancing most lightly.

In the first place, fat men do not dance, at least not as lightly as this.

In the second place, modern plutocrats of to-day are many things, but they are *not* fat. They leave fatness to their pocketbooks. If you pressed your fist against the stomach of the richest of them, you could feel his backbone on the other side almost.

If Mr. Young had made three separate pictures of three thin, earnest, worried, dyspeptic men, sitting at their desks, hastily swallowing a sandwich and dictating to secretaries at the same time, he would have had a more convincing picture of "capitalism."

Mr. Young, however, is a crusader, and like the crusaders of old, he wants to go dashing off to a fantastic Jerusalem.

Ancient crusaders would have done more if they had stayed at home and cleaned up the dungheaps in front of their doors. There was a pile of filth before every door in crusading days.

Mr. Young would crusade if he crusaded more gently, stayed "at home," near the facts, presented reasonable arguments in reasonable forms to many instead of pouring out his struggling sizzling soul in an unreasonable form to a few.

A small boy was found by his father in the woodshed with lath sword slashing an empty peach basket. "I am killing tigers," said the earnest boy.

Mr. Young is the editor of *Good Morning*. You probably never heard of it. If you ask him what he is doing, Mr. Young will tell you, "I am killing tigers."

He *might* be doing that, but he is in the wrong woodshed.

EVE ADAMS is travelling in the West securing subscriptions for **GOOD MORNING**. Please give her yours when she calls upon you.

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