

JUNE 15—JULY 1, 1921

15 Cents



# GOOD MORNING

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



The Call from the Heights

HELEN KELLER says:

"If there is sweetness and light to be found anywhere in this grim, sorrow-shaken old world, I shall find it where Art Young is."

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Title	Kind	Size
Call from the Heights.....	Pen and Ink	14 in. by 16 in.
The Crumbling Walls .....	Pen and Ink	11½ in. by 16½ in.
When I Go Out		
With Ashleigh's Poem, lettered by Young).....	Crayon	13¼ in. by 16¼ in.
British Samson Shorn of His Strength.....	Pen and Ink	9¾ in. by 16¼ in.
France Has A Sinking Sell .....	Pen and Ink	10¼ in. by 14¾ in.
Borah Resolution .....	Pen and Ink	6 in. by 10 in.
The American Farmer Protected.....	Pen and Ink	7¼ in. by 10½ in.
A Fortune in a Single Fight.....	Pen and Ink	10 in. by 18¾ in.
Sketch of Charles Ashleigh.....	Pen and Ink	7 in. by 9 in.
The Building .....	Pen and Ink	13¼ in. by 16¼ in.
Weeks Reads the Slacker List.....	Pen and Ink	7 in. by 9 in.
Bryan and the Investor.....	Pen and Ink	6 in. by 8 in.
Giolitti Kees 'Em Apart.....	Pen and Ink	7¾ in. by 10¼ in.
A White House Dinner.....	Pen and Ink	6½ in. by 9¼ in.

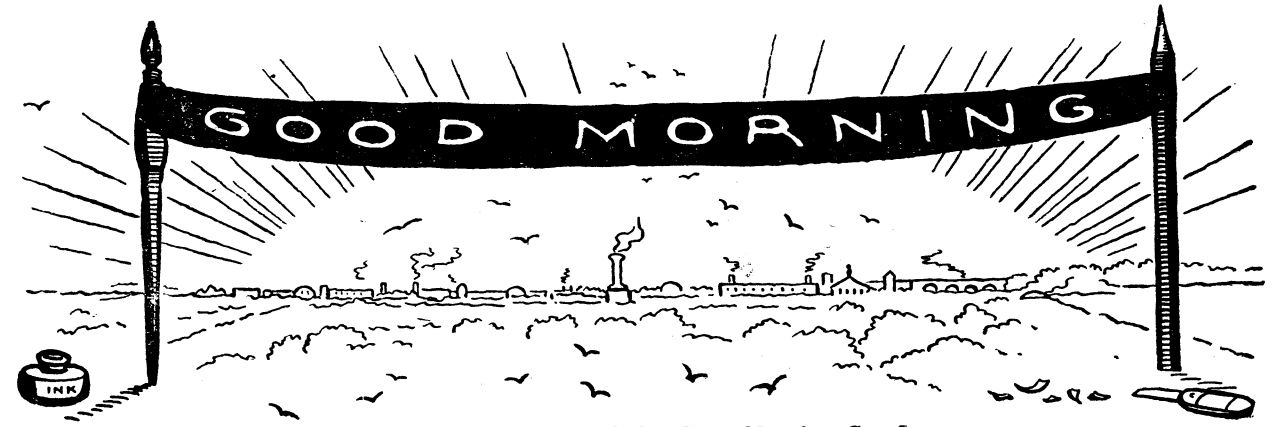
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7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 9.

June 15—July 1, 1921

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## The Crumbling Walls

Said the Fort to the Sea:

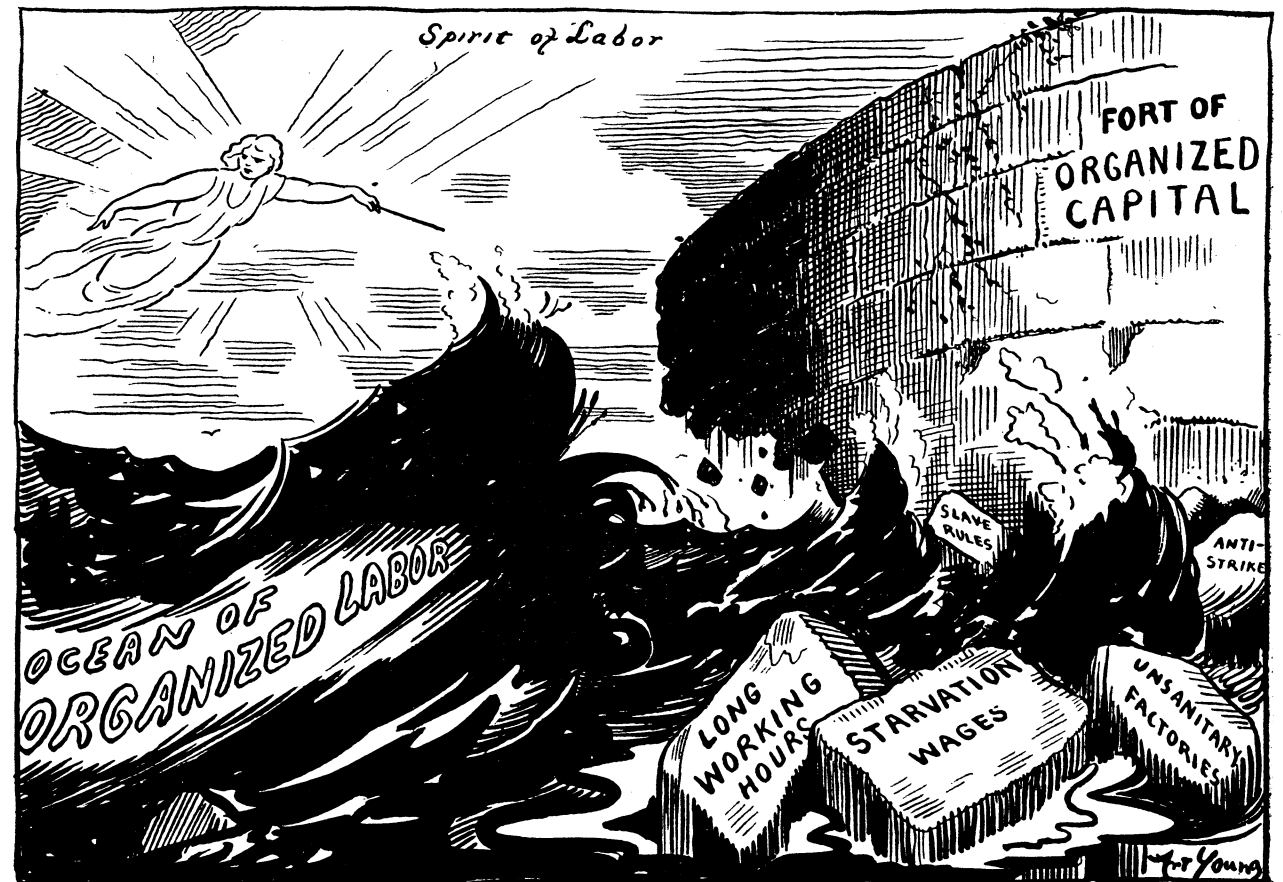
"I shall stand forever.

Your waters are weak,  
and my walls stand fast."

Said the Sea to the fort:

"I surrender never,

And, stone by stone,  
you shall fall at last."



The Crumbling Walls



## Big Business -- Cutting the Overhead

A FIVE ACT DRAMA IN ONE ACT

by T. Swann Harding

*Scene*—The Director's Room. Furniture, solid mahogany. The customary table with the customary litter of papers which nobody understands; the customary five chairs with the customary twenty dollar gold piece at each place and the inevitable box of cigars at \$1 per each. Tasteful economy therefore evident.

*The Gang*—*The President*: familiar type of business acumen who has a friend on the board of directors and was pushed up to where he is now and is held there regardless of how big an ass he is. Is said to know the difference between a sinking fund and a surplus but is a better judge of profanity and fast women.

*Vice-President, General Manager*: Arose from a kettle in the factory. Mostly vapor.

*Secretary-Treasurer*: A university man; got in by mistake; has lots of good ideas and intentions but they are in cold storage.

*Directors Gob and Goof*—Examples of the American financier par excellence; the kind of men we all look up to; the men who do big things in a superior way. Gob married eighty million dollars. Goof had fifty shares of Ford stock shoved on him at a time it wasn't worth a second mortgage on a marshmallow and he fought like a goat to get rid of it.

(The meeting is called to order; the ceremonies open with the reading of the annual report and Gob and Goof cat-napping till it is over.)

*Pres.*—Gentlemen, you have heard the report.

*Gob*—Well, what's it mean?

*Sec.*—The report means that while the surplus is intact, and must remain intact against extra dividends, the sinking fund is not rising. This makes the dividend producing tangible assets slightly inferior in liability and tends toward liquidation; hence by deducting the funded indebtedness and adding this to the call money rate we get.

*Gob*—That only makes it worse.

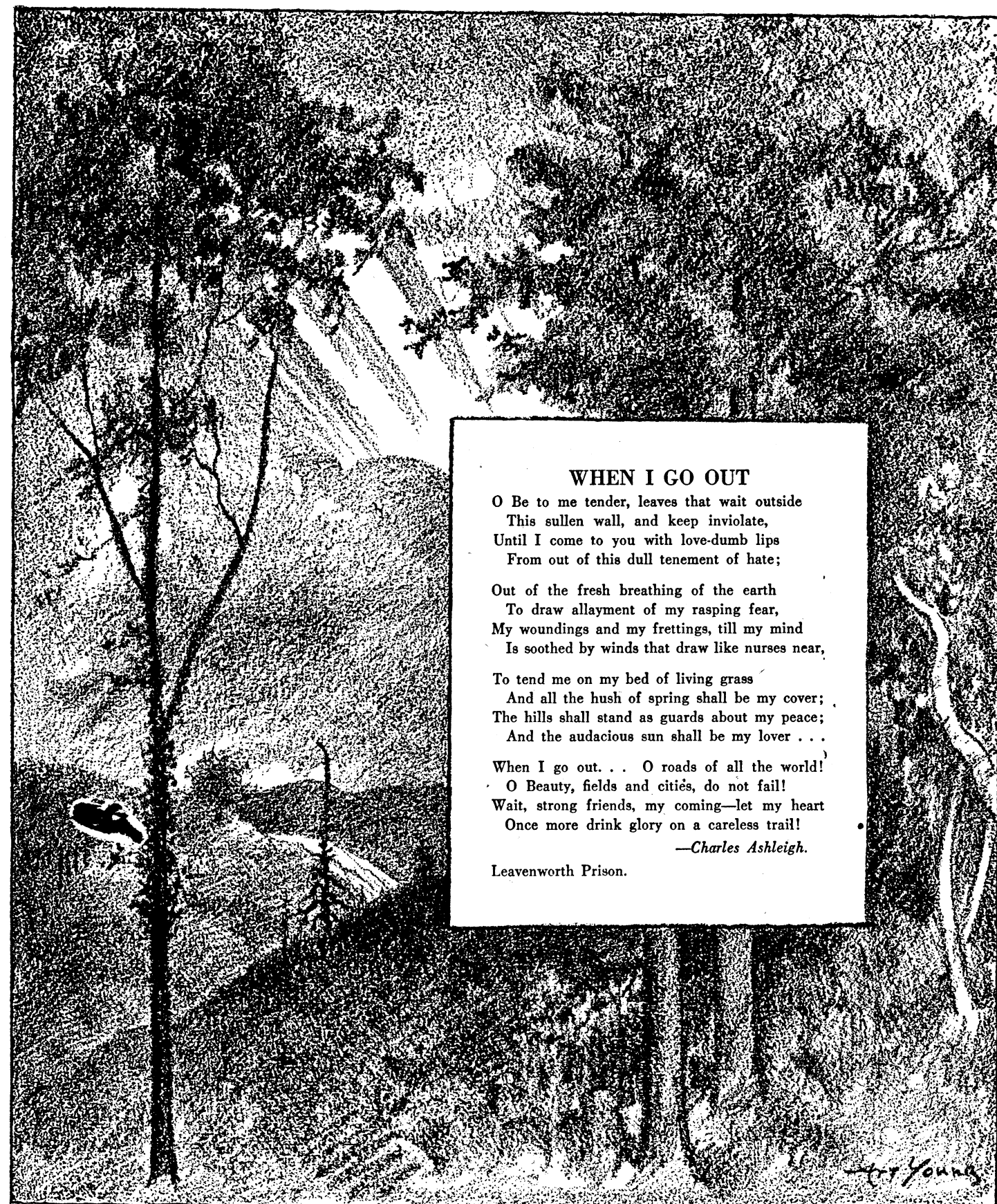
*Goof*—Were you going anywhere that you expect to reach eventually?

*Sec.*—Well, in words that a child can understand, the earning capacity per outstanding share after deducting the customary annual stock dividends paid monthly and offset by the bonded long term.

*Pres.*—The idea is, gentlemen, that we don't get but 80 per cent this year instead of 85 per cent.

*Goof*—(Who has just heard something he understands) Hell and damnation!! Something's gotta be done, I tell you that.

(Continued on Page 18)



### WHEN I GO OUT

O Be to me tender, leaves that wait outside  
This sullen wall, and keep inviolate,  
Until I come to you with love-dumb lips  
From out of this dull tenement of hate;

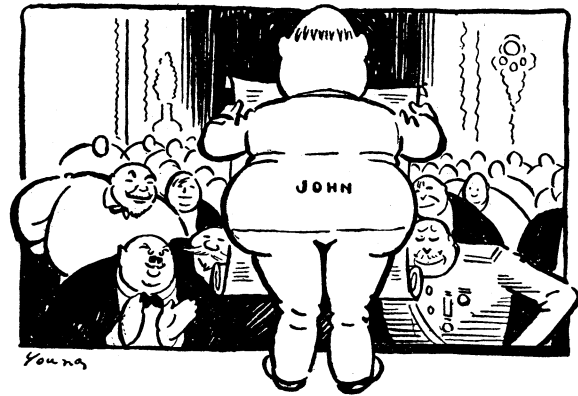
Out of the fresh breathing of the earth  
To draw allayment of my rasping fear,  
My woundings and my frettings, till my mind  
Is soothed by winds that draw like nurses near,

To tend me on my bed of living grass  
And all the hush of spring shall be my cover;  
The hills shall stand as guards about my peace;  
And the audacious sun shall be my lover . . .

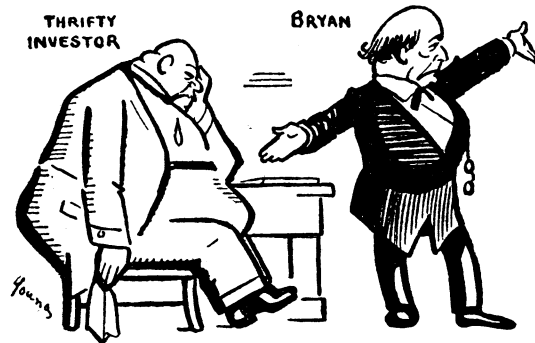
When I go out . . . O roads of all the world!  
O Beauty, fields and cities, do not fail!  
Wait, strong friends, my coming—let my heart  
Once more drink glory on a careless trail!

—Charles Ashleigh.

Leavenworth Prison.



A rear view of Secretary of War John Weeks reading the slacker list, to the delight of the war profiteers and the professional militarists. The fact that this list is so inaccurate as to include men who fought and bled for "their country" doesn't worry Mr. Weeks.



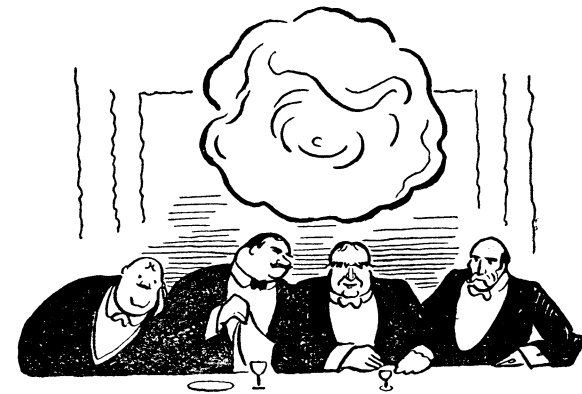
William Jennings Bryan, three times sprinter for the White House stakes, is to become a lawyer in Washington. He is reported to be interested in the claims of American investors in South America. Stepping forth with the traditional air of the special pleader, he says, says Bill: "If your Honor please! in the triumphant march of progress, we must not put the dollar above the man. But at the same time we must safeguard investments. It is to individual enterprise that we are indebted for our civilization with its busy marts of trade and its daring vision to encounter the problems of indolent nations. It is righteous endeavor that makes the wilderness blossom as the rose and turns the countless wheels of toil. The dollar is but a symbol of human worth. We are not asking for anything that Christ would not have asked for. You must not press down upon the brow of honest investment a crown of sorrow. (Client weeps). You must not crucify the thrifty on a cross of hate."



Giolitti, Premier of Italy, the last hope of the Italian Bourgeoisie, is doing pretty well for an old man. In fact to a distant onlooker he looks like the most astute Premier of Europe.

When he confiscates the profits of the sharks, (the name for war profiteers in Italy) of course he does it for their own good and no doubt he can save them from themselves for a time, but can he save them from the workers?

The rumor is that the job is getting too big for Giolitti and that he wants to resign.



The Times says that the recent dinner at the White House, given to prominent bankers was "in a sense, secret"; in other words, kind of Sub Rosa, like the Romans who would suspend a huge rose over a table, meaning that what was said under the rose was not to be blabbed around. But there is no need of secrecy. Anybody can guess what American Capitalists want. But the game of acquiring "the earth and the fullness thereof" is complicated in foreign countries and is all balled up at home, hence White House dinners.

On the European Stage



THE  
BRITISH  
SAMSON  
SHORN  
OF  
HIS  
STRENGTH

The tragedy of labor has always been its apathy. When, however, it feels a common impulse that it has nothing to lose, and patient submission to wrongs finally gives way to that spirit so well set forth in the American Declaration of Independence, the spirit to abolish that which stands in the way of justice, then look out.

That was English Labor on April 12th, 1921. It may be unfair to say that the labor leaders betrayed the English working man, but it looks like betrayal when the tolerant George Lansbury of the London Daily Herald is compelled to make such a charge. But Samson's hair will grow again, and it is believed he will be more careful of Delilahs in the future.

France wanted the Ruhr Valley and was going to take it; unless Germany agreed to the terms of the indemnity. At the eleventh-hour Germany agreed to pay. Being all ready for her dramatic excursion, the German message came as a blow that almost killed LaBelle.

What insane adventure is next on the program, no one can tell. At this writing the theatre of action is Upper Silesia, where they had a self-determining election. But to the Allied powers, what is a little thing like an election, if it doesn't please them. How they love democracy.

FRANCE  
HAS  
A  
SINKING  
SPELL







"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.  
 Single Copies 15c.; One Year \$3.50; Three Months \$1.00  
 Edited by ART YOUNG A. H. HOWLAND, Bus. Mgr.

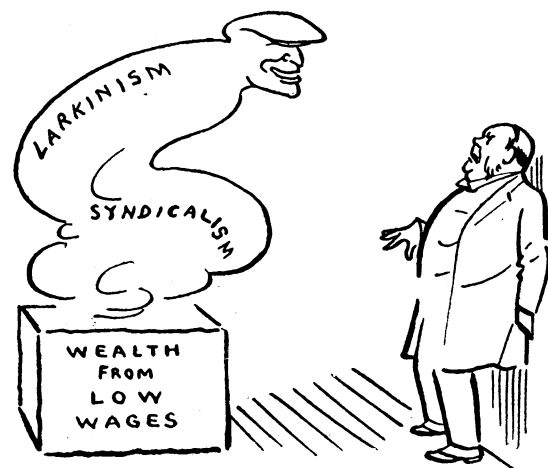
June 15—July 1, 1921

### JIM—THE JINX

The English Government is pleased when a man of Jim Larkin's courage is kept behind the bars of an American prison. Larkin's release is still one of those probabilities hopeful to his numerous friends at times, and at others discouraging.

The capitalists of England have not forgotten how Larkin carried the fiery torch in 1912. The transport workers' strike of Dublin developed such momentum at that time that the English profiteers began crawling under their beds.

A cartoon published at the time in the Westminster Gazette, is here reprinted, as a reminder of ominous days in England, which seem about to be succeeded by much bigger upheavals. In the meantime Larkin's address is Sing Sing Prison, N. Y. and the English government is glad it isn't London, or Dublin.



A cartoon of Jim Larkin published in the Westminster Gazette, London 1912: The genie that can't be put back. Note that syndicalism springs from low-wages. A strange confession for a conservative newspaper.

### STRAIN AT A GNAT AND SWALLOW A CAMEL

Some citizens are leaving the U. S. because they will not tolerate prohibition. Others are now getting excited because of the proposed anti-tobacco crusade. The humorous publication Life, gets serious and warns its readers that the anti-tobacco fanatics are in earnest, and adds: "You will wish you had done something about it before it is too late."

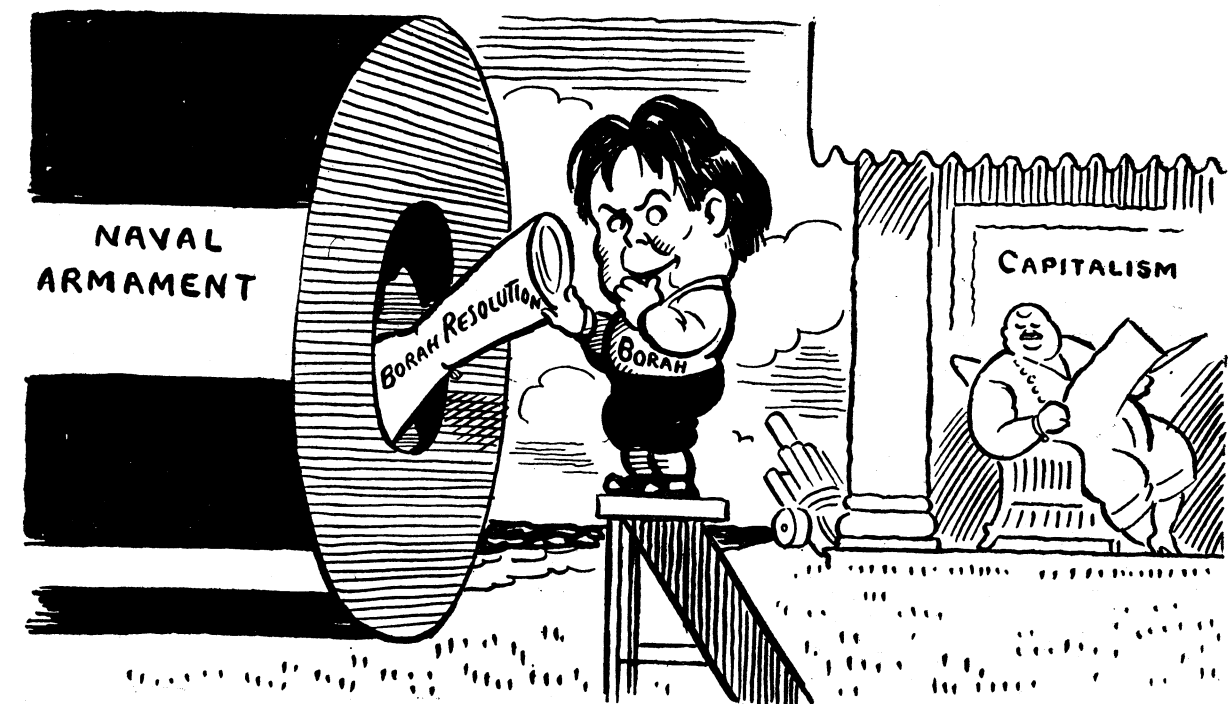
The writer likes a gin-fiz now and then, and smokes like a bonfire, but he thinks he knows what real tyranny is when he sees it. A government can burden you with taxation; rob your schools of free education; prepare for a poison-gas war; insult your moral sense and your intelligence on matters of vital importance, in short, it can conscript your body and your soul and it's all taken as a matter of course. But when it takes your cocktail or threatens to take your pipe away from you, you swear by all that's holy, you won't stand for it, and the so-called intelligent people are the ones who get most indignant.

### THE UNITED STATES OF MORGAN

On May 23 an official announcement was given to the press that the House of Morgan was heading a syndicate to loan France \$100,000,000. Premier Briand hears the good news and two days later the fire-Briand is as gentle as a sucking dove. He will stand by the Allies. And for the first time he is a little bit mushy toward the German government. As for America: "The United States has come back to us again," says the Premier.

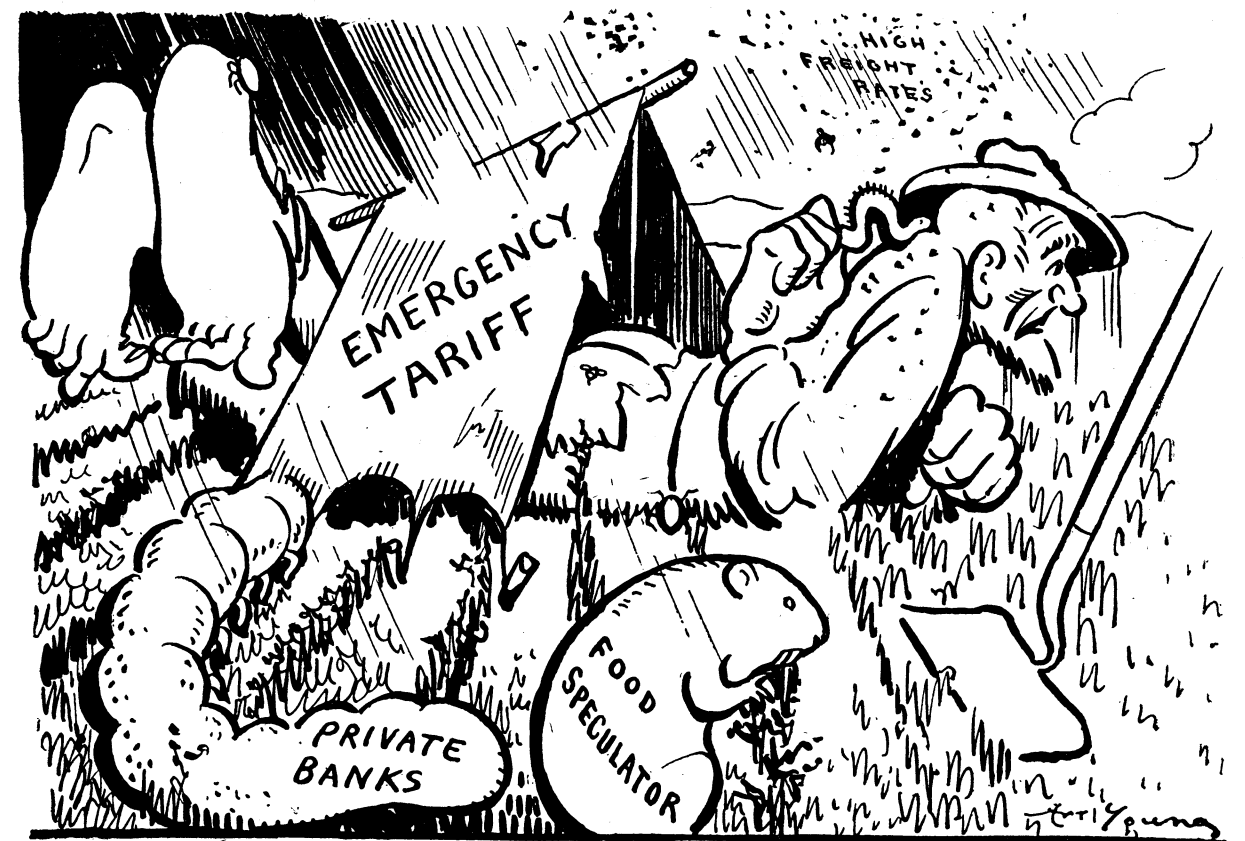
For quieting the nerves there is nothing like a loan!

It is rumored that Mr. Thomas, who is said to have put the cripple in the once Triple Alliance, is somewhere in America for his own good. Anyone who sees a man dodging himself and panting soupily through his front teeth will kindly report to Sam Gompers, Sympathy Dept., American Federation of Labor.

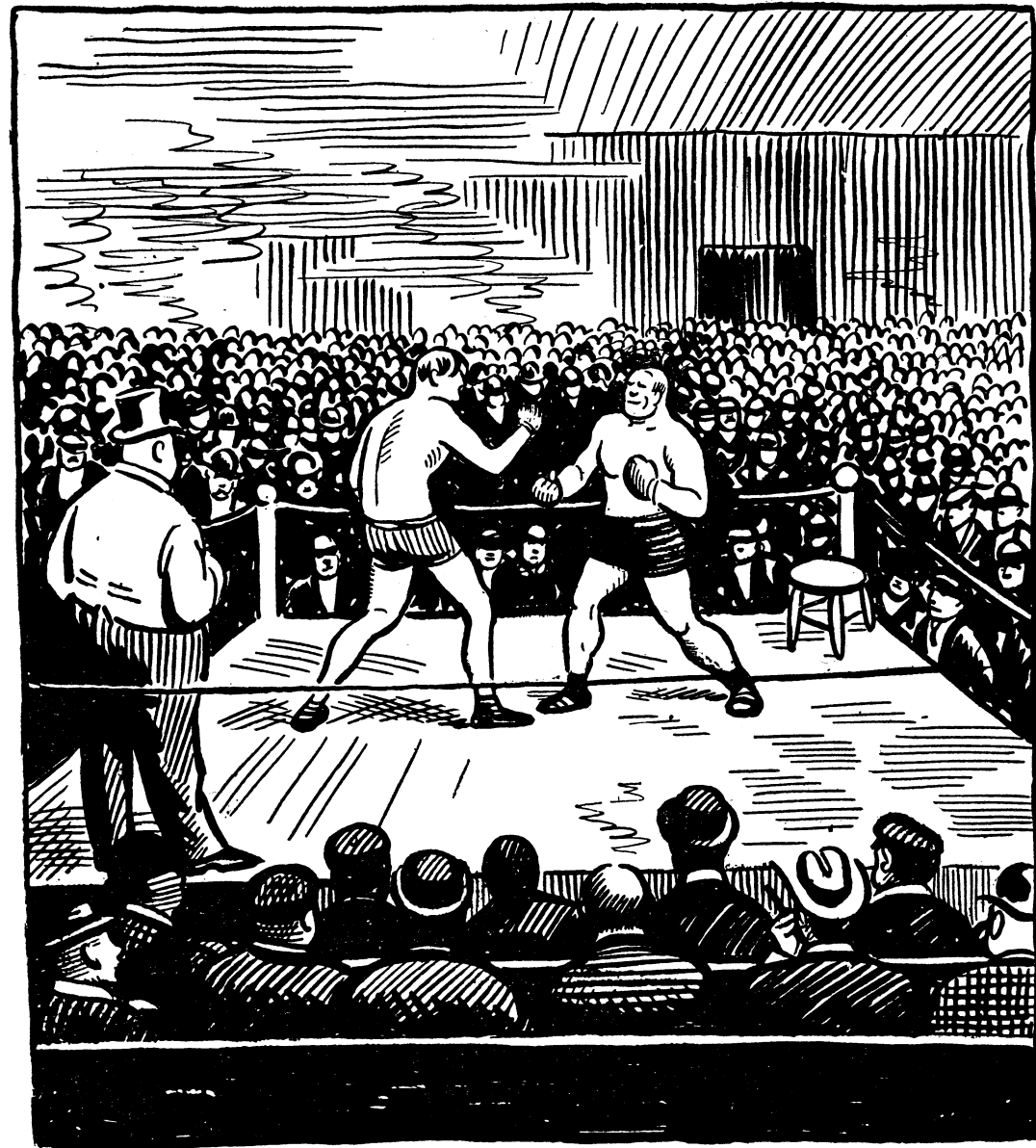


O lookit! Senator Borah has introduced a bill in the U. S. Senate for a naval disarmament conference. The President is requested to call for a talk-fest of representatives of England and Japan to discuss the reduction in the expense of naval preparedness.

Whether the conference occurs or not, Mother Capitalism looks on and is apparently not displeased. Of course, if Willy had thought that he would get a whipping for his act, he would never have done it. It may be that Capitalism has concluded that the staggering cost of naval warfare is a losing game; and that poison gas affords a cheaper protection and is just as good for carrying ideals to foreign countries.



Glory Be! Now the American Farmer Is Protected.



A Fortune in a Single Fight



A Fight, the Whole Year Round for a Bare Living



Crawford

Charley walked up to Ed in the University Club and said: "Ed, could you loan me a hundred until about the second coming of Christ?"

"My God, Charley, is that fellow coming back again after the way they treated him the last time?" said Ed.  
*Much Ado.*

Did you say: "Liberty is a joke in America"? You can get a permit to sleep on the ground on the wrong side of the Hudson River three nights for a dollar.

ISAIAH 3-14

"The spoil of the poor is in your houses."

Benny Leonard is another proof that the Jew is too aggressive.

Next thing you know some one will get arrested for speeding in the Rand School Elevator.

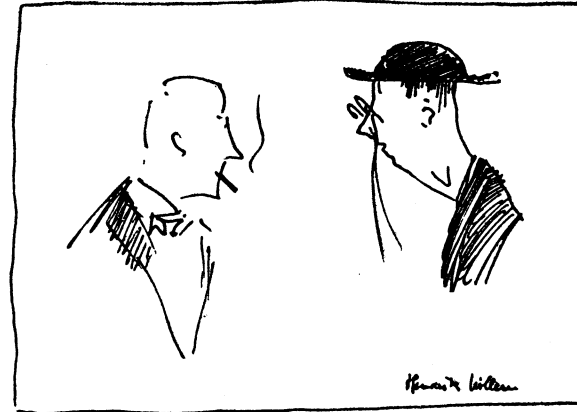
Rear Admiral Sims says: "I do not want to touch on the Irish question for I know nothing about it." Then he warms up to his subject and says: "The Sinn Feiners are jackasses."

Great men always rise to the top in the army and navy.

EDUCATION AS A BUSINESS

If there are no honorary degrees on hand that will fit a particular kind of college benefactor the president will see to it that one is made to order.

A rich butcher, for instance, who gives generously can be a "Doctor of Calories" or "Master of Demobilized Anatomy" or—anything that sounds like a run for his money.



Said the Reverend Silas McCotton,  
 "The dance from the devil's begotten."  
 Said young Mr. Sly, "Don't mind the old guy.  
 To the pure nearly all things are rotten."



Drawing by Jacobson

Every intelligent understanding of a work is, in a certain sense, a creation.—Paul Bourget.

UNFAIR

In the turmoil of lower Manhattan a stranger asked a man if he would tell him the way to Fulton Street.

The man happened to have that nervous impediment to speech called stammering, so he said: "S-s-s-say, there are s-s-s-six million p-p-p-people in New Y-y-y-york and y-y-y-you come and p-p-p-pick on me."  
 I. O.



Baby Wages: "Nobody cares about my Belly ache."

### Wisdom of the Poor Fish



THE POOR FISH says he doesn't know anything about politics, but sometimes he feels that the government isn't perfect.

### WHAT'S THE USE

The committee of engineers appointed by Mr. Hoover to investigate waste in American industry didn't seem to find "nothin' else but."

That our business geniuses don't understand how to run industry is not a new discovery. But this verdict that they don't even know their own business will come to many of them as a shock.

The committee didn't criticize our profit system; they simply showed that, within that system, the average business man is mentally defective. Not mentioning the losses that result from absurd, competitive methods, it is still found that the average American industry is only 60 or 65 per cent efficient.

And 50 per cent of this waste, it was found, is due to bad management, while only 25 per cent can be charged to labor.

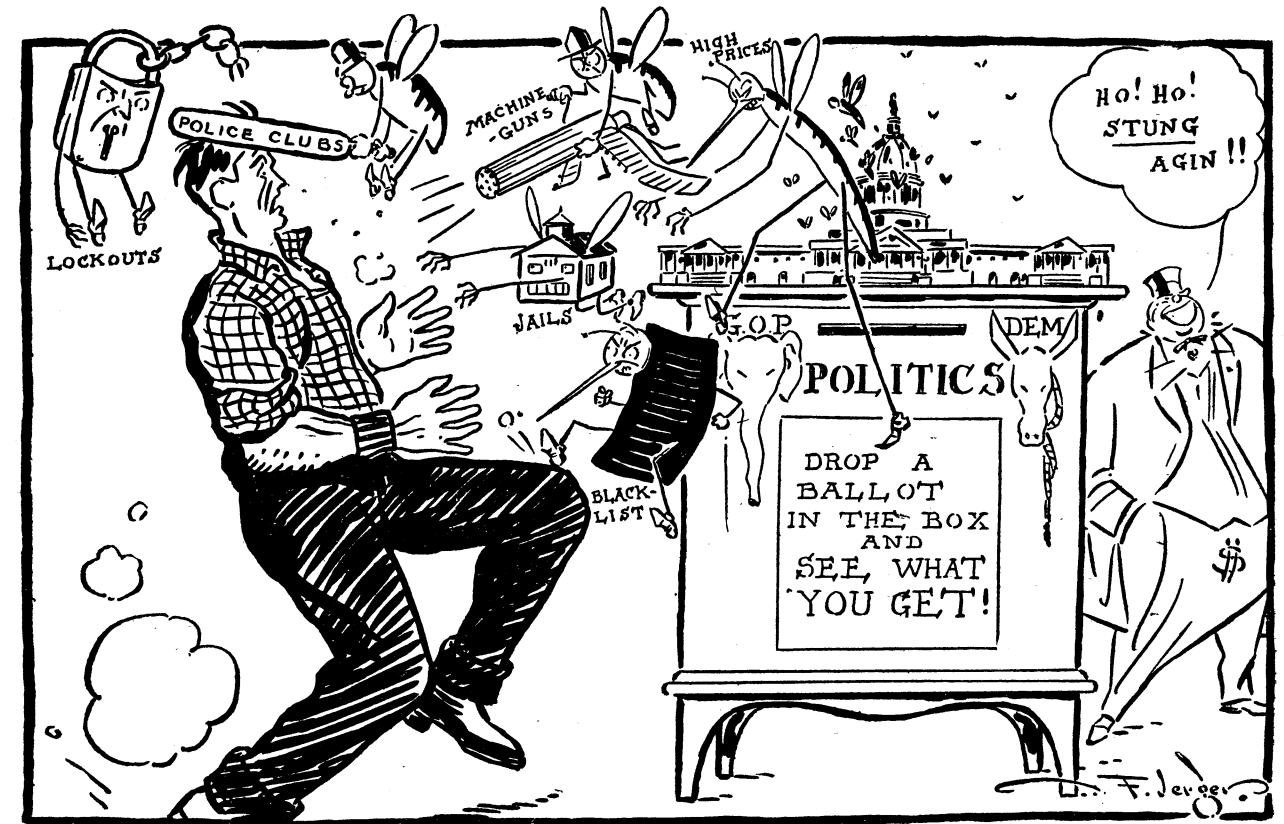
All of which should prove that we need a business administration and that the workers could never learn how to run our industries.

GOOD MORNING will appear once a month instead of twice during the summer.

Eve Adams takes subscriptions to GOOD MORNING. She is now enroute through the north-western states.

A post card has been received from Ellis O. Jones. At the time of writing Ellis was in Reval, Latvia, on his way to Russia. Rumor has it that he is trying to sell a slightly damaged revolution that he invented and tried out during the rainy season of 1918 in Central Park, New York.

Good luck Ellis.



AGAIN!

### More Treason

Philadelphia, Pa., May 28, 1921  
Editor of "Good Morning,"  
Dear Sir:

Recognizing in you a true patriot—were you not the first American to mention Mr. Harding as the choice for the presidency?—I appeal to you to use your great influence with the intelligent American public to correct a great wrong; to remove a great menace to our institutions. If you fail, I know not what harm may befall our beloved country.

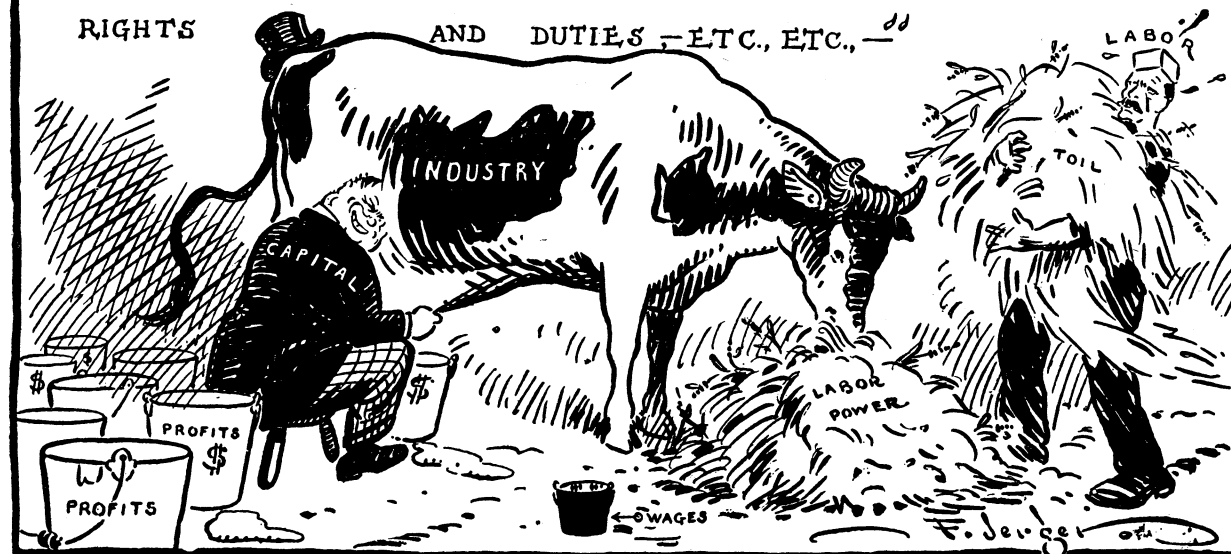
Recently I read the constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Note the wicked deception in the very name. Admitted to the Union as a State, the official title of this part of our country (can it really be a part?) is "commonwealth" and not "state". The name conjures up in my mind—and I assure you I am not easily scared—frightful pictures of collective ownership of wealth, of "common" wealth, of communism, as practiced in Russia, where the "best" people have been dispossessed of their lands and mines and factories so that all the people could own them.

This Constitution states that the people of Pennsylvania "have, at all times, an unalienable and inalienable right to alter, reform or abolish their government, in such manner as they may think proper." Now I appeal to you because your Americanism, your loyalty and devotion are above question, because I consider you wise beyond others (I judge by your naming of Mr. Harding) and I ask you to call upon the forces of public safety, such as the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, the State Police, and the press, to have this seditious, disloyal and un-American constitution altered or abolished, taken out of all the public schools and libraries, and those responsible for it punished.

Yours for 105 per cent undiluted Americanism.  
Pro Bono Vox.



"CAPITAL HAS LONG RECOGNIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF LABOR AND LABOR HAS RECOGNIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF CAPITAL-----EACH BEING INTERDEPENDENT. ONE CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT THE OTHER. AND BOTH HAVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES - ETC., ETC., -"





### An Incident in the Life of an Early Soap Boxer

As Luke told it:

"And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment.

"And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment."

As it was told by the Palestine "Times-Adder" on the morning after a certain event at a place which was called in the Hebrew, Golgotha:

In police court circles last night an incident in the life of the so-called "King of the Jews" was recalled which serves to throw an illuminating light upon the character of the victim of yesterday's crucifixion-bee.

It is said that at one time "Jesus Christ", who also was known by several other aliases, among them "Son of God", "Prince of Peace", etc., was invited to a pretentious dinner given by a local "parlor Red"—an invitation which the agitator was not slow to accept, for all his boasted preference for plain living.

While the feast was in progress and at about the time when the revelry reached its height, a woman of notorious character, managed to slip by the lookouts at the door and suddenly hurled herself at the agitator's feet. She begged him, it is said, not to cast her off, saying that if he deserted her there was nothing left for her to do save to sink further into a life of shame.

So far from being affected by this moving appeal, it is said that the man who yesterday fell as a victim to the wrath of an aroused people, denounced her in the most furious terms. And finally, it is said, in order to show his rich friends his power over female members of the proletariat, he ordered her to pick up a costly box of ointment belonging to the host and to anoint his feet with it. That done, he compelled the unfortunate woman to wipe his feet with her hair. In fact, a former centurion said last night that he had been told by a man who was present at the time, that Christ, who is said to have been the son of an East Jerusalem carpenter, even forced the woman to kiss his feet. This act is said to have

caused great applause among the majority of those present, though it revolted a few of the more decent-minded guests, and some of them declared the next day that the money thus wasted might better have been spent in relieving the miseries of the poor, of whom there are many in Palestine at the present moment, a temporary depression in business having caused considerable unemployment.

A member of Gracchi Post No. 13 of the Roman Legion said last night that though mob violence was always to be deplored, he could not help but realize that the leading source of the prevalent unrest had now been removed.

The Phagocyte.

### BUM BIOGRAPHIES No. 3



Charles Ashleigh, poet and radical. Born in England. Father a writer of popular music and a South African adventurer.

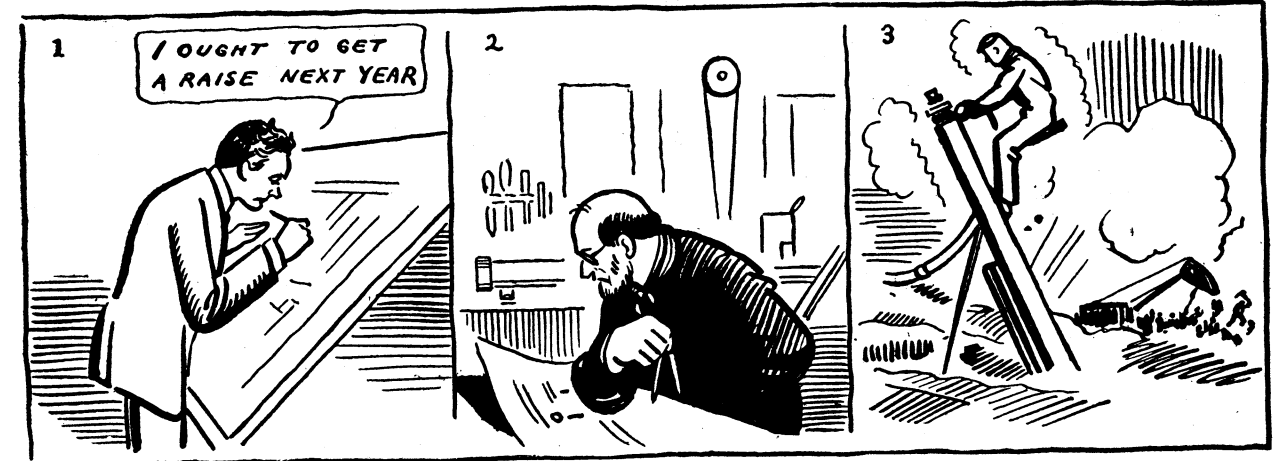
Physically Ashleigh looks a mere boy. He likes to put on good clothes and carry a cane. He has brown curly hair.

Young Ashleigh was a clerk in the Fabian Society of London, where he got acquainted with Shaw, Wells and the other high lights of letters. In 1907 he was with the "Hunger Marchers" of the Welch miners.

He left England and bummed around South America. Eventually he landed in Portland, Oregon, joined the I. W. W. the day of his arrival and got into the big free speech fight (1913). He was tried and acquitted. Went to San Francisco and worked on a daily newspaper. Indicted in 1917 "for being a member of the I. W. W." with about 100 other members. He is now serving a sentence of ten years in Leavenworth Penitentiary.

His poems have not been published in book form, but have been blown by the winds of love and liberty everywhere. We republish in this issue of GOOD MORNING "When I Come Out".

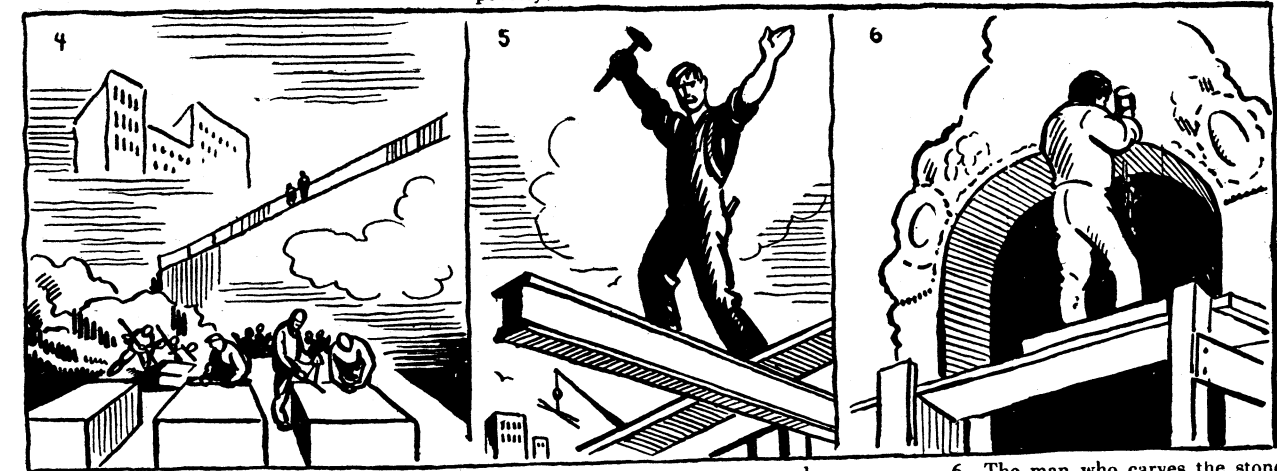
### The Building



1 — The unimportant assistant architect who designs the building.

2—The unimportant inventor who invents the machinery for drilling and excavating.—(Usually dies in poverty).

3—The unimportant men who do the excavating.



4—The unimportant men who lay the foundation after the stone has been quarried and transported by others just as unimportant and common.

5—The mere wage earner who risks his life in mid-air with the steel girders, made by unimportant steel workers.

6—The man who carves the stone that gives beauty to the structure—just a humble laborer.—But—



The Owner—the man who invested his capital—he's important—in fact he's the whole cheese.

## Big Business -- Cutting the Overhead

(Continued from Page 4)

**Gob**—I'll say something's gotta be done an' done quick. We can't stand for no such slicin' as that. An' me with alimony to two women and tryin' to support another one. Damn it to hell, something's gotta be done! Cantchu fire a janitor or cut \$5 offen the telephone girl's salary? (Gob breaks eight of the dollar cigars while expressing his profound ideas.)

**Pres.**—Something will be done, gentlemen; rest assured of that. We can cut the overhead. Well, Mr. Vice-President, suppose you explain what overhead is.

**Vice-Pres.**—O yes. . . (Consults a pile of papers. Consults other papers. Consults note book. Consults papers again.) Strange now, that has slipped me. Let's see—does any-one present know what overhead is?

Let's ring for the bookkeeper; he gets \$18 a week and he ought to know.

**Gob**—I'll say he had oughter, at that salary. (The bookkeeper is sent for. He appears and explains that overhead is not production whereupon he retires.)

**Gob**—Cantchu cut him to \$15?

**Pres.**—I shall do that gladly.

**Goof**—So overhead ain't production; — what's production?

**Vice-Pres.**—Ah, there isn't any. You see in order to increase dividends we have found it necessary to cut out production and now we'll cut down overhead since we've found out what it is.

**Pres.**—Yes; yes, we should certainly have cut it down long ago.

**Gob**—Go as far as you like; I'm with you. (Goes to sleep.)

**Pres.**—Now, there is no cause for alarm I assure you. My plan is very simple and it always works in financial depression. We always stop production and cut down overhead.

**Goof**—What's that gotta do with dividends?

**Pres.**—Just this. Production stops. That keeps us from selling anything. That permits us to fire the sales force. That reduces overhead. Then we cut salaries and that automatically reduces overhead still further because all the good men quit. By this time our efficient staff is shot to pieces. That is just what we want. Then we can hire a lot of green men and they will make a lot of costly

mistakes. Then we can put the price up and there you are! (By this time Goof is sleeping audibly.)

**Sec.**—But suppose that we had not invested so heavily in that nasal shampoo venture? That cost a great deal and netted us nothing; it was really an error in executive judgment in the first place.

**Pres.**—(Gesturing frantically) Sh-h-h-h-h! Don't bring that up at a director's meeting!

**Gob**—(Aroused by having swallowed half his cigar—coughs and sputters) What's that?

**Pres.**—I was merely explaining that losses invariably come from the overhead and the production employees. This is very plain. By reason of long experience my executive judgment is infallible. But, for instance the scientific staff is utterly incapable.

**Goof**—What's a scientific staff?

**Sec.**—Why chemists and physicians and engineers and bacteriologists.

**Gob and Goof**—What in hell do we want them for?

**Vice-Pres.**—That's me. So say I. Ornaments I reckon.

**Pres.**—No, gentlemen, they have been very useful. The scientific staff was enlarged to duck the excess profits tax. We thought we might as well have 'em; they give an air to a place. . .

**Sec.**—Yes, and they have brought a million dollars profits.

**Pres.**—Sure; sometimes one of them discovers something.

**Goof**—We got no money for ornaments. Cut 'em out.

**Pres.**—Rest assured they shall be cut. They are in the overhead you see. My method is infallible, gentlemen. First stop production; then cut salaries; then fire them that don't quit and close the factory. This plan always works. Now proceeding to the tangible assets—

**Gob and Goof**—Whatdye say we slice the melon and go have some real food? This here's hard work.

**Pres.**—(Passing out the checks) The meeting is adjourned and next year these checks'll show 90 per cent if I have to throw the overhead out in the street, stop production altogether and be the whole works myself.

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