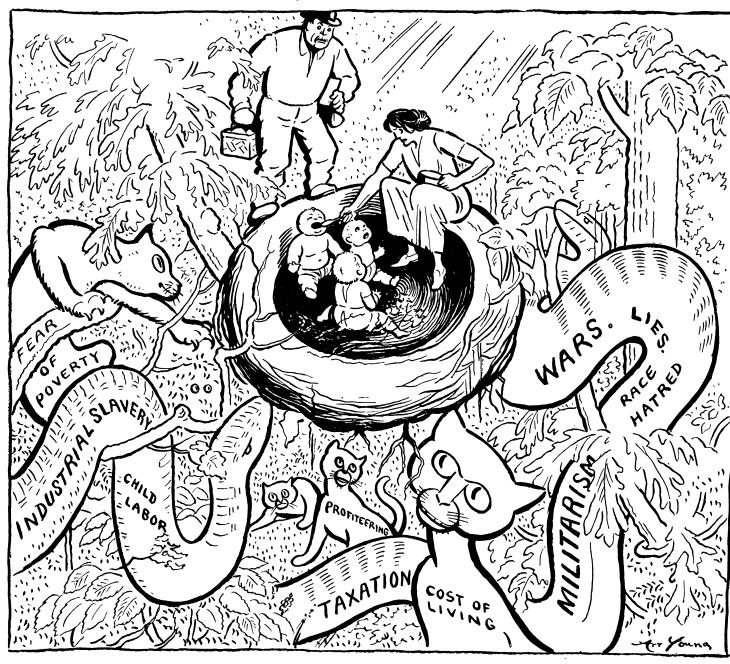
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Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, New York City.

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If we get into another war it will become a crime to sell WILL IRWIN'S book

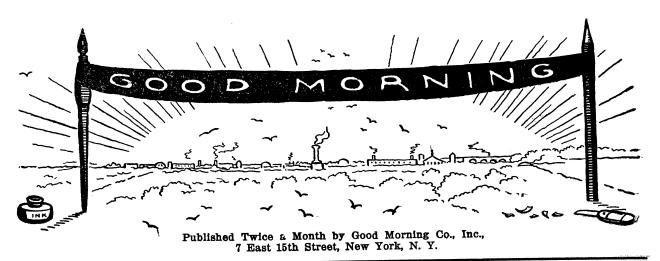
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- It tells, without mercy, the truth about
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Vol. III. No. 11.

September, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.



Plenty of Demand --- But No Market

SEE THE FOLKS STRUGGLING IN THE WATER. DO THEY NEED ANYTHING?

YES, THEY ARE GREATLY IN NEED OF LIFE-PRESERVERS.

WHY DOESN'T THE BIG GUY THROW THEM Some Life-Preservers?

WHAT-HIM? MAYBE YOU THINK HE IS A

LIFE-GUARD—AND MAYBE HE THINKS SO, TOO. -BUT THE CHARM HANGING AROUND HIS NECK KEEPS HIM FROM THINKING TOO MUCH. CAN HE TALK?

Oh, yes, he can Talk. He was Just Heard To SAY: "THERE ISN'T ANY MARKET FOR Life-Preservers."



A down-and-out listening to a speech in Congress.

Peeks at the Passing Show

By ART Young

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

We read on the editorial page of The Minnesota Ranker:

"The open shop argument must be addressed, therefore, to the better sense and judgment of the conservative in organized labor. . This is the ideal thing to do and it can be done in many parts of the country. In others, where the radical element is too strongly entrenched, there is, of course, but one final thing to do and that is to beat them by force."

You see? An influential journal of bankers can advocate force and nothing is done about it, but a workingman reaching in his hip pocket for a plug of tobacco runs a chance of being hauled in for "criminal anarchy."



"GAILY THE TROUBADOUR"

After the war-songs of hate, France, like other 'Allied Nations, began strumming the songs of hope. Hope that most of the German indemnity would go where it "belonged." Gayly the troubadour has been singing under the window of the Inter-Allied Finance Conference and suddenly the Conference tosses out a bucket of cold water.

In other words, France, according to the Conference ruling, gets nothing of the first billion dollars that Germany is to pay for starting that world war before any other nation got around to it.

Hain't there no such thing as justice?

оню

Ohio is doing pretty well these days. Harding, President. Ex-Governor Willis watching out for Mr. Harding's administration in the Senate. Myron Herrick another Ex-Governor is doing the social as ambassador to France. Taft of Cincinnati is the Supreme "it" of the country. Daugherty is in the Department of Justice—and there are a host of other Ohioans dancing the fox-trot of success to the tune of "Ohio."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR A SENATOR

Presents for Senator Lusk who so valiantly fought to eradicate radical thought from New York State and the nation at large will be received at Good Morning office and will be forwarded immediately to Mr. Lusk at Cortlandt, N. Y. We have it on reliable authority that Mr. Lusk needs no more silverware but that he likes doughnuts, neckties (any color but red) dillpickles, underwear, gum shoes and kick-nacks of all kinds.

Prove that you appreciate the services of this valiant knight of 100 per cent Americanism and that you believe in an adequate reward for one who kept the government from being overthrown when it was swaying back and forth in a high wind.





WATCH MR. HOOVER

Whatever a man does that is charitable and honest is commendable. We are hoping that Hoover and the American Relief expedition in Russia will be non-political,—just charitable and honest. Hoover has stock in Russian mines and he is notoriously antagonistic to the Russian Government. Still we hope in this instance he will rise above personal bias and that he will not try to repeat the kind of "relief" he sent against Communist Hungary.

The following from The New York Call gives a little insight into his record:

"Any one who believes that the Hoover organization is a relief organization not interested in political intrigue should read the article by one of Mr. Hoover's chief lieutenants in the World's Work for June. This gentleman relates gloatingly how the full power of his organization was enlisted to overthrow the Communist government in Hungary. With careless effrontery he tells how he used his control of food supplies, coupled with promises of power, to make some weak-willed men who had been elevated to power by Bela Kun betray their own government. He even tells with relish how he buncoed the food minister of the Communist government out of a million dollars, promising to sell him that amount of foodstuffs which he had no intention of delivering. He gives a vivid picture of how the Hungarian people were deliberately starved until the suborned traitors had carried out their coup. The very next morning, he points out, 'supply trains loaded to the guards and coming from every direction, began to roll into Hungary."

Most people seem to be indifferent to war until they get killed in one and then it's a little too late.

When we get the interest on foreign loans, then the soldiers may get a bonus. All rise and sing—"In the sweet bye and bye, we shall meet on that beautiful shore."



"Naughty! Naughty! You Mustn't Come Out Again"

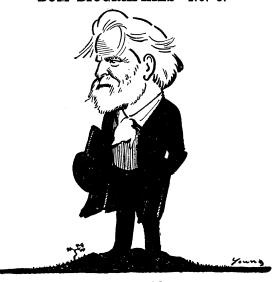
HEROES AND HOBOES

With the passage of a few short months, the word "hero" has begun to wane and the word "hobo" is coming to the front. Why? Because the stiff who wore the uniform a few short months ago is now on the bum and the girl he promenaded with down the avenue while in uniform would call a cop if he should speak to her to-day. This leads us to suspect that the words "hero" and "hobo" may be synonomous.

G. H. S.

GOOD MORNING





Edwin Markham

An absent-minded man with gray hair and a face that looks just as good in a frame as Bryant's or Longfellow's, if not better, is Edwin Markham.

You sometimes see him on the streets of New York wondering which car or taxi to take or whether to take any, and if so, why.

Markham is so absent-minded they do say he is the original of that story of the man who came home one rainy night set himself up in a corner of the hallway and then put his umbrella to bed.

Markham is a humanist. Even before his "Man with the Hoe," humanism was the breath and life of most of his verse. He was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852. As a boy he migrated to California where he had one wild adventure after another. He worked at farming, horse-shoeing, herding cattle and teaching school.

If you are looking for a poet who writes the songs of the swashbuckling profiteers and busts his typewriter in praise of blood and bluster, don't look where stands this prophet of a healthier, stronger and happier world of labor.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF SENATORS

"At the beginning of the war and in this our twentieth century, 90 per cent of the people under the Russian czar could not read or write; they were reared in ignorance, driven as beasts; lashed like cattle, destroyed without mercy, ridden down by the iron-shod hoofs of the aristocrats and brought to that condition of intellectual servitude and ignorance and bestiality by their oppressors.

"Although this story was known to all the world and to our government, we not only traded with Russia, but we made treaties of amity with her, and we sent congratulatory telegrams on the birthdays of her czars, and we treated Russia as a brother in the family of nations. What mattered it to us if children were born to creep and crawl in the lowest stratum of existence! We traded with Russia, made treaties with Russia. Now, because 180,000,000 people have set up a government in Russia of the kind we would not set up, our Secretary of State tells us we must not trade with them."-Senator Reed of Missouri.

Chairman Fordney wants a tariff on lumber and none on gasoline. Wherefore there are those who charge the gentleman with inconsistency.

Not at all. Fordney sells lumber and buys gasoline and his attitude is entirely rational and consistent.—C. M. K., in Labor.

JUSTICE!

Kneeling in Prayer She Dies by Gas

This story as reported in The New York Times briefly is that of a woman formerly employed in the New York Post Office. Tired of the struggle, in dire poverty, with children, stricken with paralysis and starving - she ends it all, while she prays to be forgiven.

Chinchilla Wrap Full Length \$7000

Directly opposite in the next column is the advertisement printed above, one of the many bargains offered by a Fifth Avenue store.



Fancies

By S. A. DE WITT

DEATH

So many ears for pleasant song; For trills and babbling things; For murmurs, gossip, purring sound, The minstrelsies of wandering winds And wandering wings. . . So many ears for little bits Of life, pulse, fever, breath; No ears for threnody; No ears for death. . .

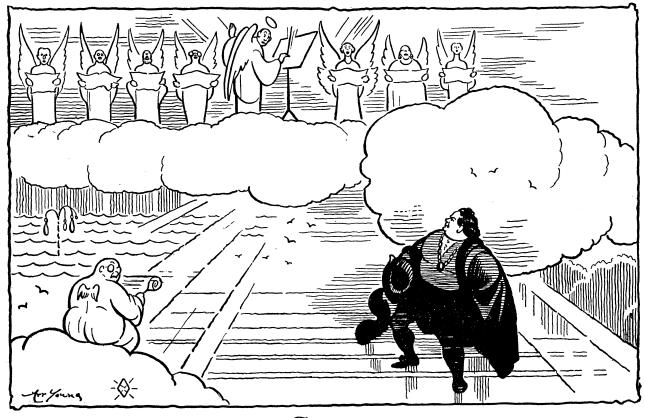
They are afraid of death: They are enamoured of the bars, The ball and chain of streets and walls; They fear the freedom of the stars That only dead men know. . .

We think deathheads only grin And gloat, When they are really smiling with the glow Of peace and sweet; While to us The sound of glad feet Clattering down the vale Are ghastly rattles in the throat. . .

A DOT

You led me who was seeking to be led Out of the self and all the rutty ways; And though we now forget the things we said This thought stays—

You were a brook, an over-bubbling thing-And you and I are still meandering. . .



Caruso

Leader of Celestial Choir: "S-h-h—Stop! Now we'll have some real music!"



"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.

September, 1921.

WHY BE FOOLISH?

About all that "disarmament" means is that the leaders of Government in the capitalist countries are beginning to think of scrapping battleships because battleships and most of the guns that served their purpose in the last war are obsolete. They will have to go to the junk heap. So why be foolish? Let's spend our money for aeroplanes, poison gas and other more efficient methods of killing.

Furthermore the bankers are tired of giving credit to foreign countries for building "junk". How beautiful the word sounds: "Disarmament". See: "We sheath the sword." Watch these crooks of business and politics. They will scrap nothing that is useful to their future plans of imperialism. When they told you they wanted to do away with Prussian Militarism, they meant to do away with it in Germany, but to substitute in their own countries a militarism that was more efficient even than the high Prussian standard. They desire to abolish "armaments" not because they don't want armaments but because they are learning new tricks of warfare.

When the fox feigns sleeping, the hens had better stay awake.

POLITICS AND STARVATION

In Switzerland there is much unemployment, but the government gives the unemployed about \$2.00 a day for six weeks, while they are looking for work. After that they are helped to the extent of two meals a day.

Switzerland with its government-owned rail roads, keeps up its reputation for being a liberal bourgeois government. Advocate a sustaining fund for the unemployed in America and you are a Bolshevenomous, red-eyed, fomenter of class hatred and are fit for treason and cell 13.

It would seem that the politicians in Switzerland who of course oppose Bolshevism have brains enough to know that it doesn't do much good to let the workers starve.

BACK TO ENGLAND MOVEMENT

Good Morning is glad that there is a general tendency on the part of the best people to return to England. It is not, of course, to inhabit the Island, but a return of respect and allegiance to the mother country, "Great" Britain.

Since there are so many pro-English papers in the U. S. (thanks to Harmsworth) the best people now realize that George the Third who was kicked out of the country over a hundred years ago was a German. Had he been a thoroughbred Englishman he would have been kind to the colonists. They realize now that the Declaration of Independence was a mistake—that "to abolish" a government just because it happens to be a little bossy is not the best way to go about it.

So the back to England movement is on. The Irish will please stop crowding to the front.



LESSON IN AMERICANISM



If Humans Were Fish —and Fish Humans

Mrs. Fish: "Henry, I call that indecent exposure."

WHEN IS A FAMINE?

One hundred thousand cases of pellagra in the south. A definite increase over former years in Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and other states.

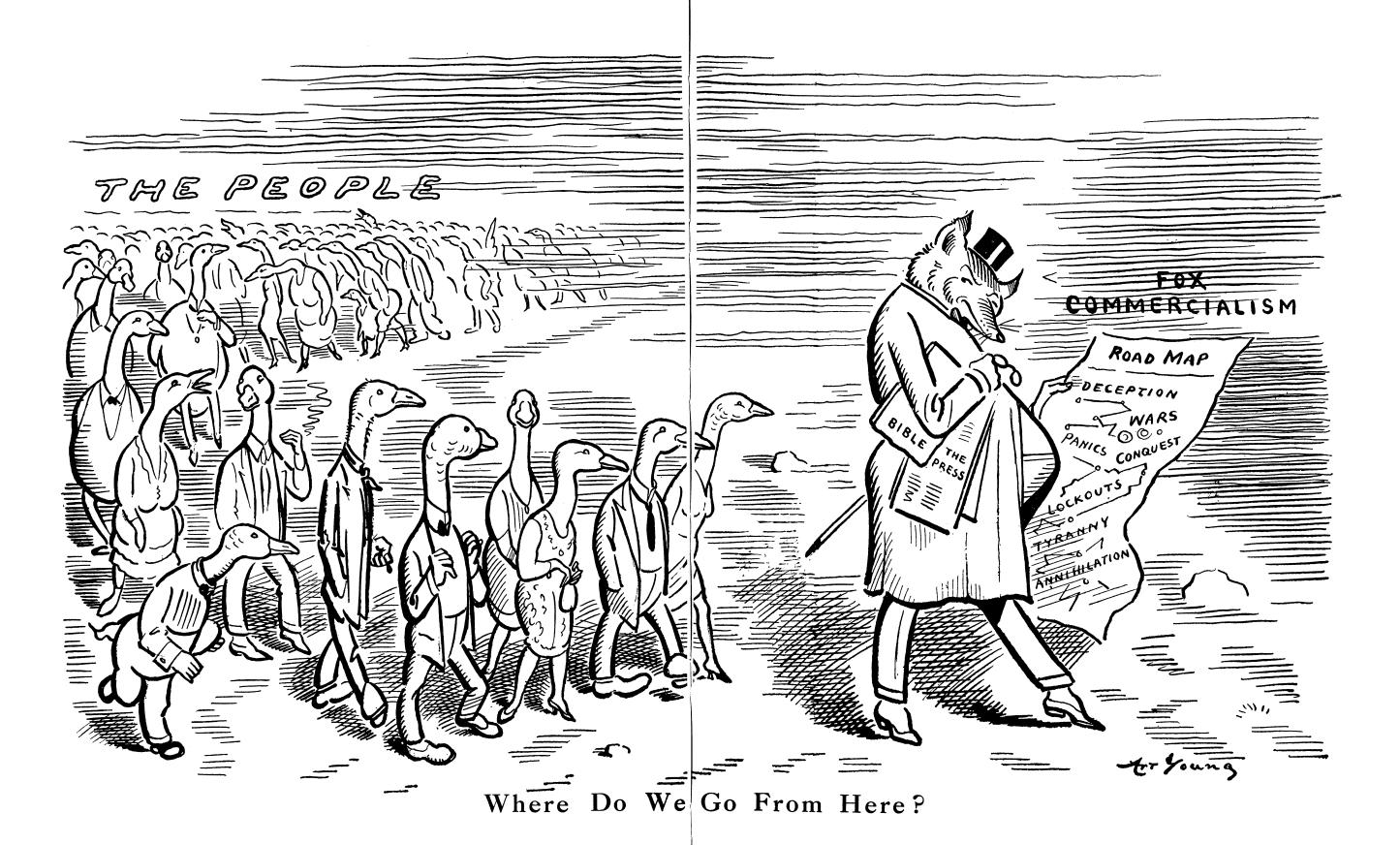
Five thousand deaths from pellagra have occurred so far this year. Pellagra is due to malnutrition. A poor farmer's family can not afford a cow so they eat spoiled corn and cheap bacon. Pellagra is under-nourishment. And under-nourishment of 100,000 people and thousands of deaths is a famine. Now we ask Mr. Hoover, who says the Russian Government is responsible for the results of the drought in that country, if the United States Government, of which he is one of the responsible heads, isn't a thousand times more responsible for the pellagra scourge that has nothing to do with the weather.

LET'S GET TOGETHER ON THESE THINGS!

There are too many people complaining about the law and too many others breaking it.

We would like to remind these people of the difficulties Sir Isaac Newton had in getting his law of gravitation passed through the British House of Parliament and what an enormous benefit that law has been to humanity. Before that law was passed and put into force, many of our readers may not know that things had the awkward habit of falling up. Apples fell up and were lost; potatoes srang up from the ground and rotted; people found it easy to go upstairs to bed and difficult to come downstairs for breakfast; horses ran up-hill and walked down. In short, everything was falling the wrong way until Sir Isaac Newton, amidst great opposition pushed the law of gravitation through and made it illegal to fall up.

10



CLOUD-RIFTS

Pregnant clouds!
Leaning heavily against the sky
Images!
Where do you go from here?
Cottage-cheese images.
Gargoylian profiles,
Fierce dissolving masks!
Performing elephants!
How do you do it and why?
Is it my yearning that
Draws me to your
Corroguated
Caravan
Couch?

Note:—It took two men and a woman to do that!

MEMBER OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

I know a clever bard who walks in old Grub Street And weaves betimes some pretty little spells Of well-picked words and phrases and symbols subtly neat,

Who sings eternally of Love—because Love sells.
—James Waldo Fawcett.

If a man tapped his wife on the nose as vigorously as she slaps it with her powder puff, it would be grounds for divorce—extreme cruelty.



Homeless Henry:— "I could buy them bed-room slippers over there, but where would I use them?"



Young Lady (reading by candle-light): "I don't see why they suppressed this book. It's all told here just as it really happens."

BALADE OF A WOULD-BE-VICTIM

by Clement Wood

Some men there are, who'd like to be
Some lordly ruler's pampered heir,
A tar, who sails the tumbling sea,
A wrestler, posed in underwear;
A stranger sort would make his prayer
To be a vegetarian,
A poet, or a millionaire,—
I want to be a ruined man!

I realize the irony;
I do not gamble, drink, or swear;
My life has been exemplary,—
I even shrink from solitaire.
And yet, I'm anxious for a share
Of revelries the goldly ban—
Is there a vampire anywhere?
I want to be a ruined man!

Perhaps she'd try her tricks on me,
Grasping me firmly by the hair,
Using the usual recipe
Of Cleopate or Theda Bare;
Scorching my lips—I wouldn't care—
Until I was an also-ran,
A shrivelled shaving of despair—
I want to be a ruined man!

ENVOY

Princess, I verily declare
I can be ruined—I know I can!
Please lead me to your wicked lair—
I want to be a ruined man!

Mr. Quick Has Gas on the Brain

By ART YOUNG

In a pamphlet widely distributed, presumably by the Chemical Foundation, Herbert Quick asks: "What should America do about poison gas warfare?" Mr. Quick himself has no doubts. "We should choose it from the single selfish standpoint of power," he says, and for the same reason that "the swordsman uses a sword and the pugilist his fists." Why he left out that example of defensive warfare, the skunk, we do not know.

The says, says this man Quick, "Our warfare against insects, pests, rats, mice, and other vermin is mostly chemical. To expect it to be abandoned in human warfare is to trust blindly and be betrayed." This analogy of the helpless men, women and children of the world with rats, insects, etc. is a common point of view that men take who have had a little



Cover Him Over with Charity's Mantle.

experience and power in Government. Herbert Quick was with the Wilson administration—a member of the Federal Reserve Board.

In spite of this book, we know that Mr. Quick is not an inhuman monster. As men go, he is what you would call a good fellow. But what nationalism and war hysteria have done to him they have done to many another home-spun liberal.

Dip a liberal in the die-industry of Government and he becomes de-natured—if not dead from the neck up. Anyway, the human, the constructive has taken a subordinate place in his mind. But he has to get excited over something and has got to make a living, so he writes or talks about the technique of destruction or anything else that is topical but will not get him in Dutch with the progressive commercialized government.

Quick's book is a call for "preparedness." Where did we hear that word before? Gas preparedness this time. They're thinking of scrapping most of the preparedness of the last few years—because, as Quick tells us, "chemical warfare preparation is the most economical preparation for national defence — a dollar invested in chemical warfare preparation is worth from three to five hundred for the army."

Right here we want to say that the writer will invest in stock of Chemical Foundation if Quick and his kind will smell a little of that new gas every morning and become comatose for the rest of their lives. Poor sick brains—what more humane treatment could we suggest?

After telling us that "Germany could have had the world under her feet if she had had confidence in gas," and that it is the most humane way of killing human beings, he says: "To the unprepared army attacked by poison gas it is the most horrible and inhumane form of warfare. But when an army is prepared for it—it is far less inhumane and horrible than war with bullets and explosives."

So you see it's all a question of preparation. If you happen to live in a nation too poor or too "backward" to secure phosgene, Lewisite, chlorine, or any other kind of "humane" preparedness including the masks and other things gas-proof, you can begin now to say your prayers unless, as Mr. Quick says, your country "will come in under the leadership of a nation that has mastered this complex science of the new warfare."

"Chemical warfare takes away the last hope of the inferior races to overspread the world," says Quick. In other words, the superior races are those with governments that know how to get the gas. And listen to this righteous threat that Mr. Quick squirts from his think-tank:

(Continued on Page 18)

15

Uncle Sam: "I Know, I Told You to Do It



Away back in 1853, Uncle Sam called on Japan and advised him to imitate the advanced nations, to develop his resources, compete for world trade and become civilized.

But Why Did You Go and Do It?"



GOOD MORNING

Japan took the advice and now your Uncle, according to some newspapers, seriously thinks of fighting him for doing what he advised him to do.

The Ducks of Drabmor-al

By J. Clarkson Miller

In the old days, in the far province of Drabmor-al, there was hatched a duck who, unfortunately, was deformed; unlike other ducks, he had no webs to his feet.

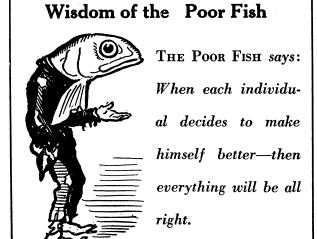
Now in the time of his infancy, this lack irked him little, and even when he had grown to lusty drakehood, it is likely that his deformity would have given him no worry at all, had it not been for the taunting comments of his fellows.

"Ho!" they would cry at him, "you are a fine duck to be spending your time constantly upon the dusty earth and not ever to plunge into the cool waters with the others of your kind!"

And "Observe his feet, his long-toed, yellow feet, which have no webs to them!" they would cry. "I misdoubt me that this fellow is a duck at all!"

Thereupon our duck would feel ashamed, and would even venture timidly into the shallow marges of gray ponds, and into dun puddles and into brown, rain-filled wheel-ruts. But, being not able to swim, he was ever fearful of the water, and uncomfortable therein; and so at the last he became a shunner of all damp places altogether. Thus inhibited and thus despised, he was so unhappy that there was in all of Drabmor-al no unhappier duck than he.

Upon a day, wherein he had been more cruelly set upon by scoffers than commonly, this poor duck perched himself upon the topmost rail of the barnyard fence, taking not any delight whatever in his ability thus to perch, though in the nine hundred generations of ducks hitherto hatched in Drabmor-al, none other ever had been able so to do. And as he perched disconsolately there, as brooding and as motionless as those grotesque birds of carven stone that ornament the Cathedral of Our Lady, there came to him suddenly an inspiration.



And so, after a while, hopping from his rail lightly into the yellow dust, he stalked gravely between the ponds and the puddles and the brown, rain-filled wheel-ruts, wherein the ducks of Drabmor-al disported themselves, paying to the taunts and the laughings of these latter not any attention whatever. And, continuing, he made his way into the Mountains of Komplecs; and there he remained for ten days and



"This is no Ordinary Duck."

one day. . . and upon the twelfth day he descended from the mountains.

Thereafter, returning to his native barnyard, he passed once more between the ponds and the puddles and brown, rain-filled wheel-ruts; but at that passing the ducks disporting themselves therein spoke not, nor taunted him, but regarded him with awe-filled eyes, for he had remained for ten days and for one day in the dark Mountains of Komplecs.

And our duck looked neither to the right of him nor to the left of him, but stalked straightway to the rail fence, at the foot of which he paused, resting motionless for a while, as if in meditation. And after this while had passed, he leapt and perched himself with dignity upon the topmost rail of the fence.

Whereas the other ducks, observing him from their places in the delightful ponds and puddles, and in the brown, rain-filled wheel-rūts, marvelled exceedingly, and spoke softly one to the other as they marvelled, not remembering that they had seen him thus perched one hundred and sixteen times previous to this time.

"This is no ordinary duck," said they among them, "who ascends into the Mountains of Komplecs, remaining there for ten days and for one day, and, descending, perches himself as not any duck ever has done hitherto, but even after the fashion of the bill-bird and the denkel-hawk!"

Whereupon the odd duck, having observed these whisperings, called aloud upon the floating fowls

(Continued on Page 18)



The old favorites

JOKES THAT ALWAYS COME BACK

Mr. Astley, the English showman started his career in a humble way—a few animals, a merry-go-round, and a steam organ. After a time he grew prosperous and employed a brass band. One day, he noticed the drummer was not playing. He explained to Mr. Astley that it was not his time to play, that he had thirty bars rest. Astley replied sharply: "I pay you for playin' the drum—not for restin'."

"What time do you have breakfast here," said a man in an Iceland Hotel.

The Clerk: "From half past May to half past February."

A man came home late in a state of bliss and was bumping around in the hallway—when his wife shouted down to him, "Is that you, George?"

"I-d-know, my dear," fumbling around in his vest pocket, "here'sh my card."

His text was "Heal the sick. Raise the dead. Cast out the devil." Being nervous and not over-confident of his pulpit ability, he said, "My text will be 'Heal the dead. Cast out the sick. Raise the devil.'"

Lawyer: "Now, Mr. Murphy, have you effected any improvement in this farm?"

"I have, yer Honor. Ever since I got it I've been improvin' it. But, be jabers, it's the sort o' land the more ye improve it the worse it gits."

During the course of a geography lesson recently the teacher asked the following question:

"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?"

"Sealing wax!" shouted a little girl.

A lady, summering in Maine, said to her milkman severely:

"Look here! This milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?"

"Madam," said the milk manufacturer, with reproachful dignity, "to the pure all things are pure." A colored woman was standing on Riverside Drive one evening with a colored gentleman who had his arm around her waist. Her steady suitor happening along, protested angrily:

"Take dat genilman's arm from round yoh waist," he demanded.

"Take it away yohself," replied his dusky fiance, "he's a perfec stranger to me."

"Our paper goes everywhere," said the editor. "You'd be surprised to know where our paper goes. In fact we have had a struggle to keep it from going to Hell."

This is told of an Englishman in a picture gallery of old masters at Rome. "Just think," said he, "all these pictures painted by men who couldn't speak a word of English."

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "did you give Billie Jones a piece of your cake as I told you to?" "Yes, I gave him a piece—but I punched his face first."

Judge—"Were you hit in the fracas, madam?"
Old Colored Lady—"No, yuh honor, it was just above the fracas."

A fellow went to a fortune teller. The teller told him that he would be a very poor man up to the age of 38. "After that," he added, "you'll get used to it."

Almost anything may be true about a boy. "I used to go to school," says W. B. F., "With a boy who would eat a fly for a cent. A nickel was his price for beetles.

A cat and dog were lying close together sound asleep in the sun. "That cat and dog don't quarrel," said the wife, "why do we?"

"Tie them together," replied the husband, "and see what will happen."

Mrs. Hawkins: "Yes, my 'usband is very 'andy. 'E mended the cuckoo clock the other day; but it ain't quite right yet. It oos before it cucks."

THE DUCKS OF DRABMOR-AL

(Continued from Page 16)

to leave the delightful ponds and the cool puddles and the sweet, brown, rain-filled wheel-ruts, and summoned them to gather near him, and commanded them to give ear to his pronouncements. And they obeyed him.

"Hear ye," cried the Super-duck, "and list ye to the words of one who has remained for ten days and for one day in the Mountains of Komplecs, and who speaks, therefore, the will of Jahveh.

"For generations the ducks of Drabmor-al have abominably sinned, following after the pleasures of the damp, wallowing carnally in the filth of ponds and puddles, and in the foulness of rain-filled wheel-

"These iniquities have become as a stench in the nostrils of Jahveh, and I say unto you that from this day forward any duck who shall so offend against his holiness shall surely be destroyed!"

Thereupon the ducks of Drabmor-al, staring one at the other, kept silence, being not able at first to speak; and while they thus silently stared, the prophet descended from the fence rail and stepped away, looking neither to the left of him nor to the right of him, and so vanished behind the dug-heap.

Then the ducks of Drabmor-al spoke among themselves, saying, "Surely, it is a prophet that has spoken to us, and a holy duck, for has he not remained for ten days and for one day in the Mountains of Komplecs, and has he not perched after the manner of the dill-bird and the denkel-hawk, and has he not vanished behind a dung-heap?"

And thus spoke the Chief Drake among them: "From this holy and unusual Duck we have heard the will of Jahveh, who is Jahveh and therefore must be obeyed. Hereafter let no duck approach the water; for if any duck shall so offend, he shall surely be destroyed."

Thus, for seven hundred generations, the ducks of Drabmor-al have openly shunned the water; even the mention of that element is taboo among them, and those of them that are not able successfully to resist their aquatic instinct, do their swimming in fear and in secret, under cover of the darkness.

And thus it is that the peasants of Drabmor-al, in speaking of a foolish fellow, are wont to say that "he has no more sense than a duck."



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Stork and Schorr together dug up a provision in the city charter which excepts venders of periodicals from the necessity of securing a license, so the judge had to release the prisoners at the bar, much to the district attorney's displeasure.

MR. QUICK HAS GAS ON THE BRAIN

'(Continued from Page 13)

"Woe to the army or the nation that does not keep up with the times. The Angel of Death will breathe into your faces."

Keep up to the times, ye Chinese. Get in style, all ve humble folk of backward countries. Yesterday it was battleships that would have made you superior. To-day it is gas. To-morrow, the Quicks may discover that the germs of typhus pellegra and sleeping sickness may be even cheaper, more effective and more humane than gas. And then they will write books to tell us that the logical preparation for our defence and the spread of civilization lies in the development of our germ-industries.

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