Bonus or no bonus -- Private McGinnis is going to have a wooden-leg, if he has to grow one.
GOOD MORNING

! Help Wanted -- Male-Female!

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What are YOU doing to turn the eyes of Men and
Women toward the DAWN?

The Morning is breaking—but the Morning waits on our Understanding and our Courage.
You can hasten the Sunrise.
Art Young's genius puts him on a mountain-peak, where he stands, comprehending the
weird, swift movements of the World's Masses, seeing the DAWN and pointing out
the meaning of the rapid acts in the Drama.
He is above the battle, but he gets down into it when occasion requires. Thrice has he been
dragged into court, facing a prison sentence for his fearless portrayal and inter-
pretation of world events.
Art Young's name stands for Youth, Courage, Truth, Humor. Because he still can laugh,
he understands, and because he can make others laugh, he makes them, too, under-
stand, and find their own place in the Drama.
His drawings, editorials and jests are known and copied all over the world. Britain, the
Continent, Australia, South Africa, wherever there is an intelligent Awakening to
the New Day.
He is a trained newspaper man. He knows the press, and the truths they do not tell. For
a half dozen years he worked as Cartoonist and Commentator at Washington, the
corrupt heart of America's corrupt political life.
He knows People—diplomats, office holders and office seekers, capitalists, Bolsheviki,
Wobblies, rebels, outcasts. He puts these classes where they belong in the scheme
of History. His Pen is a Sword, stinging the System under which we still strive to
live, and stimulating those who seek to supplant it with a Better Way.
Readers of Goon Munson get the habit of looking at the world through the eyes and
with the soul of Art Young.
Other brilliant rebel artists and writers cooperate in filling the pages of Good Morning
with drawings and paragraphs that flash the Truth.

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ART YOUNG'S MAGAZINE

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JACK MUNSON, HERO, DEAD IN THE
MORGUE—DIES POOR AND ALONE

So ran the newspaper headlines of July 12. Munson was one of four American dough-
boys to receive the Medaille Militaire. He also received the Croix de Guerre with palms—
and the Distinguished Service Cross from Gen. Pershing.
No one claimed his body and his medals, were sent to Mrs. Peter Peterson at whose
house he once had a lodging.
On to Mexico, boys, and get some medals.

If you're in luck you may also get a military funeral and a picture of it in the Sunday sup-
pliments.

BOB'S IDEA

The reason I opposed conscription in Eng-
land was that a nation which had not con-
scripted property had no right to conscript
human life. By the same reason I hold that
Russia, where property has been conscripted
for the common good, has the best right to
conscription; it also is necessary to maintain its
revolution."—Robert Smilie, English Labor
Leader.

THE BRITISH LION IS GETTING TAME
The Unemployed--The Pride of the Capitalist System

By Art Young

When a wage earner complains that he isn't getting enough money to support his family, Mr. Capitalist points out of the window and says: "If you don't want your job, there are thousands of people waiting out there to take it." And then Mr. Wage Earner closes his face and stays humble or walks out to join the unemployed.

In the meantime how do these thousands on the outside live? Some don't. But those who hang on—how do they do it? Read this:

Dear Ed: I am sending $5. That's all I can do for you. I'm sorry, but we are living on the ragged edge ourselves.

That's a sample letter to a man out of a job from a brother or a father or a friend who is trying to hold on to his own job. And this is just the situation the capitalist system wants: the fear of losing jobs and the struggle to get them, and there is not much choice, for the fear of falling is almost as bad as to fall. And don't you see, the more people out of work, the lower the wages? Some employers dismiss the whole question of unemployment by saying that out of 100 workers who want jobs, three-fourths of them are not efficient. The wonder is that anybody is competent or efficient under a system that thrives on the fear of those it exploits. But for the hope of mitigating this fear and insecurity through the advance of labor organizations there would result such a cataclysm as would make the French Revolution look like a game of shinny.
They will Hop into the Laugh-Light, says Art Young

Commander Stearns of the Massachusetts allowed the sailors of his ship to have a council. They debated the subject of naval discipline with a view to developing more democracy on board ship.

Mr. Denby, the Secretary of the Navy, heard of it, sniffed hard, and forthwith relieved Mr. Stearns of his command—putting an end to the sailors council.

Have you a little liberty in your home? Put it out.

"OLD THEORIES" STILL PHILANDER'S FAVORITE

Senator Philander Knox rails against "novel theories of government."

"Had these new theories been tried and been effectively used," said the Senator, "then we might tolerate them."

The Senator was making a Fourth of July speech—mind you. Celebrating the birth of our own experiment with a Republican form of government, an untried venture in political economics so novel and so fraught with discredited foreign ideas that for fifty years monarchial Europe insisted it was a gigantic failure.

Not that we think its a howling success, but we are glad our forefathers had the courage to start something that hadn't been tried.

BURLESON AGAIN

Burleson is coming back. Not back to office. But back from Germany. Yes, it's the same Albert Sydney Burleson who was once Postmaster General of the U. S.

Burleson owns large cotton plantations in Texas, and has been transacting business with "the Hun." Check by jowl! this beautiful One Hundred Per-center has been hobnobbing with the men whose principles and conduct he pretended to loathe only a few years ago.

And the sad commentary on this spectacle is that the German Capitalists receive him as if nothing had happened.

We call attention to this merely as another proof of the way the game is played. Commercial tyrants are not of one country, but of all countries. And they understand each other, though they slaughter millions of people when they quarrel.

GOVERNMENT—OF, FOR AND BY THE INSIDERS

Secretary of War, John Weeks, says that those on the inside of the Government know a lot about international affairs that the people do not know.

Exactly, and we, the people, won't know what a mess they are cooking up—till we have to eat it.

WHO IS THE WORSE MENACE?

Did you ever listen to conversation in a restaurant, where the "men of affairs" congregate? One man says, with blustering anger, the prohibitionists ought to be shot. Another says the prohibitionists don't worry him, but if he were President he would deport all Jews, except the leaders—and these he would hang—and so it goes. Put these violent statements alongside the remarks of a soap-boxer, and the latter are mild indeed. Besides, he has the courage to say what he thinks out in the open. If the utterances of street speakers were as crazy and violent as private conversation often is, no one would listen to them.

STRENGTH OR GRACE—WHICH?

Now that everybody is becoming almost as familiar with the human figure as an art student, we wish to raise the question once more—Is woman more beautiful than man.

RESPECT THE LAW

Mr. Two-Face

Do you know him? Mr. Two-Face—who talks so much about "respect for the law?"
DOWN TO BUSINESS—IN WATER

The water business is dull in New York. In spite of Prohibition, which was well calculated to increase the demand for drinking water, the sales reported are almost negligible. One company which offered a high grade water, almost as good as that in the City water supply, was unable to dispose of its product at actual cost. The situation is altogether discouraging to business; and unless the city regimen, private initiative in New York will die.

The city’s duty is plain. In the sensible old days of Peter Stuyvesant, no one would ever have suggested piping water wholesale from the up-state mountains and distributing it practically free to all residents of the city regardless of whether they deserve good water or not. In those days, all the best people owned wells. They had earned the right to these wells; and had the city been decently respectful toward the sacred rights of property, those wells would now be in great demand. There would be no cry of dullness in the water market if the business had been left in the hands of its rightful proprietors.

Back to normalcy should be our cry. Away with those infamous socialist schemes which have made well owning scarcely worth while. It doesn’t pay to dig wells in New York today. But if New York City has the courage to destroy its water system, the water business will enjoy such a boom as it has never known.

As a Nation we faced a similar crisis in the fall of 1918; and to the glory of America be it said that we did not flinch. At that time we had a War Industries Board and an indus-
The "Best People" leave town for the summer—and others stay where they belong.
Eleventh Avenue

In the window of Dr. Frank Campbell's Funeral Parlors sits an associate undertaker, rocking.

As he rocks, he softly chants: "Neither time nor trade nor sea shall keep my own away from me."

In the moving picture show sits the hardware dealer's wife, dreaming.

Dreaming that she is the curly-haired heroine being made mad love to by the hero with hair perfectly parted.

Against his corner chair leans the Italian boot-black. He came from the Sabine hills, hung with grapes, under which Horace once sat, sipping Falernian and looking far off across the plains to the walls and towers of Imperial Rome.

Came from the Sabine hills, with olive trees planted, to black the shoes of the Bavarian butcher on Saturday nights. Saturday is a hard day and the butcher has bunions. When he gets home, he sinks into a chair and removes his shoes, wiggling his toes around in the white socks.

Up and down the long avenue all day long clangs the street car motorman. His heart is twice its natural size. It is enlarged because of years of leaping when children, sent out for ten cents' rolls, cross directly in front of the wheels.

In a doorway sits an old woman. The holes in her stockings reveal skin like bookbinders' leather. She was a girl once in Tralee, where the green of the sea creeps up to meet the green of the grass. Her companions now are the cats that nightly try to beat her to the garbage cans.

Phillips Russell.

MILK OR CHEESE

The political orator was getting along well with his audience—when a man asked permission to put a question to him.

"What is your question?" said the orator.

The man stated it, while the orator listened attentively, and then said:

"Before I answer your question, will you please tell me what is your profession?"

"I have a milk-route," said the man.

"I knew from your question," said the orator, "that you are still in the milk-stage of development."

The audience laughed—and the man shot back, "All right! I may be in the milk-stage but (pointing to the orator he shouted) "that's better than going sour like you and becoming a big piece of cheese."


Good Morning

Explained
by John Nicholas Beffel

Bridgeport, Conn.—The traveler from Boston alighted from a train here at 1 A.M. Cold rain was drizzling down. He telephoned for a taxi, and then waited on the platform. Wind from the sea was like a whip.

Presently he was conscious of another person on the platform, an unshaven hollow-cheeked man whose clothes were threadbare and who marched back and forth along a space of 50 feet, silently, methodically, wearily. In the unshaven one’s right hand was a Winchester rifle. Now and then he coughed. His movements were galvanic, spiritless.

Finally the traveler went over to him. “What are you doing?” the traveler inquired.

“Who? Me?” responded the man with the gun. There was a bit of fear in his voice. He caught his breath. “I’m—I’m guardin’ the United States mails.”

“Any mail robbers in Bridgeport lately?”

“Nope, but there’s 20,000 men out of work here, and thre’s danger of some o’ them pullin’ some rough stuff.”

“Have you been on guard here long?”

“Five days, Mister. This is the first regular job I’ve had in nine months.”

Out of the rain a mail truck approached. The guard tightened his grip on his rifle, and indicated that he was about to resume his march lest some of his kind come in the night with uncompromising hunger and ideas of rough stuff.

But the man from Boston persisted with one more question.

“How do 20,000 men happen to be out of work here—do you know?”

“Yes,” said the unshaven man. “Yes,” he repeated, with an air of finality. “There’s been a depression.”

Harry Engels, High-hat Rebel

“Mr. Speaker, I challenge that statement,” says a respectable looking young man in a high hat at a New York street meeting. The young man is seated in an automobile. Sometimes he approaches a meeting on foot. But his work is to challenge the statement of the soap boxer who has been denouncing capitalism, war, profiteering, landlords, and exploitation generally. The soap boxer stops when he sees the determined look of the young man in the high hat and asks him to come up on the platform if he has anything to say.

Harry Engels then mounts the platform. He takes his opera hat off gracefully and rests it with dignity on his left arm. Standing there in his white vest and black cutaway he looks as benevolent as John D. Jr. surveying his Sunday school class.

“Fellow citizens,” he says sadly. Then he tells the street crowd how grieved he feels when coarse radicals malign the best people, the Bosses of Big Business. Then he relates stories of numerous sacrifices the capitalists have made in behalf of the proletariat.

“Who but the business men make it possible for you to have beautiful parks? Then you working people, with a foolish desire for liberty before you are fit for it, go and lie on the park grass and wear it out.

“If it right, I ask you? They had a strike on the B. R. T. and all the Jewish tailors decided to walk over the great Jewish Passover, the Williamsburg Bridge, until such time as the strike could be settled.

“We capitalists saw that here was a beautiful example of thrift. Here were the people saving ten cents a day by walking—five cents each way. If we raised their fare to eight cents—sixteen cents two ways—they would save sixteen cents instead of ten. And our sincere efforts to raise the fare are known to all.”

Then fearfully he tells them that the capitalists at great expense erect poor houses for the needy and “make it possible for the average workman who lives to be ninety-five years of age to save enough money to live at ease the rest of his life.”

At the end of his speech, Mr. Engels holds up a copy of Good Morning and says, “Here’s another evidence of ingratitude—a magazine which pictures the respectable members of society as fat, avaricious and devoid of ideals.”

Then large numbers of Good Morning are sold to the assembled multitude.

Other stories of the Good Morning scouts who have helped to put this publication on the map not only in New York but in other cities will be told in future numbers.
Affairs of State

In these Days of Photogravure

Consider the case of Warren Gamaliel, President of the United States and Lord-in-Chief of Haiti, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica, Philippine Islands, Guam, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and potential monarch of Yap—universally conceded to be the most powerful ruler in this and thousands of other years.

Note his daily activities as recorded in the press:

- Confers a scholarship degree for a tire factory university.
- Participates in a school children's public sing.
- Reviews a troop of Girl Scouts.
- Gives away $100,000 worth of radium.
- Shows old Marion friends the new home he has picked out in Washington.
- Has his photograph taken with the White House Dog.
- Is a spectator of a tennis match played by the Davis uppers.
- Journeys to see Babe Ruth send a message of hope to the record breakers.
- Unveils a statue and makes a speech which pleases both sides.
- Has his photograph taken with the scribes.
- Greets the Italian lady who sang so well in Chicago that New York hired her.
- Congratulates the founders of the forty-third Americanization organization.
- Expresses his joy that a king has lived another year.
- Makes a long distance call to Cuba.
- Godspeeds and "bon voyage" a shipload of departing Rotarians.

GREETs a delegation of hop growers who still have hopes.

Sends a message of felicitation to a 100-year-old Republican who never scratched his ticket.

Has his photograph taken with the Boy Scouts.

Makes a decision that he will not play golf on Sunday.

Reviews the fleet and hopes the guns won't go off.

Tells the banqueters that we will only fight on just occasions.

Is examined by his physician.

Gets tired.

Sleeps comfortably.

I. V. Vine.

B U M  B I O G R A P H I E S  N o. 4

FRANK P. WALSH
(Labor Lawyer)

Frank P. Walsh, lawyer, publicist, Irishman, about 50 years old, likes to go after big game. He toured the country in 1913 with the then liberal Wilson's approval, accompanied by a corps of investigators, for the purpose of reporting on the industrial situation. The report was too loud—business men didn't like it.

Walsh is at his best when he gets a pop-eyed proponent in a witness chair. He likes to shove a piece of paper in front of him and ask him if it's his handwriting (or some such incriminating question).

He appeared at the Versailles Peace Conference for the cause of Ireland. He can be found in Kansas City, Chicago, Washington, New York, Dublin or wherever Liberty needs a lawyer.

THE MADHOUSE BARGE

Somewhere a white-domed water-gate stands, above a lane of the tide. And to this bourn came those who cannot sleep, and those grown old prematurely... even those who are for no reason deported from the city. The Wharfinger and the Keyman, and One Other, here recluse them from themselves.
Wisdom of the Poor Fish

The Poor Fish says he doesn't like to pay more than five cents for carfare but he realizes that the stockholders have got to get something for their money.

FRANK HARRIS PROMOTED

Frank Harris runs a poem in his magazine in which the author salutes him as "the Knight of the Holy Ghost." He has linked his name up with all of the lives and events of history, including Jesus, and in his inclusion of the old original Holy-Holy-the chain is complete.

By Our Post Laureate

Congratulations, Wondrous Child, Pal of Isen, Shaw and Wilde, Councillor to men of note—Whatever Statesman, S ear or Pote—Associate in all they did Since Jehovah was a kid, And now elected to the post Formerly filled by the Holy Ghost—We'll tell the world you've got some rank, Father, Son and Holy Frank! But, come to think of it, that'll never do Why not kick out the other two? Impress 'em, Frank, in this vicinity That you have at last become the Trinity.

HE REMEMBERS

All kinds of people look in at Good Morning office. Their affairs are various.

"What was the date of your last Good Morning Ball," said a young man recently with a look of one who has something on his mind that won't come off.

"Why—he's son," said the Secretary, "it was April 29—why?

"Oh, I just wanted to know. I made a damn fool of myself that night—good-bye." A WORKING CLASS DOG

Mrs. Fatpaw: "Mary, go and get that damned dog. I called him three times and he isn't answered.

Mary (her maid): "The dog's right here, Madam, under the table. I suppose he did not understand you. He's used to only the best English." J. W. F.

A LUSK VICTIM LIKES GOOD MORNING

Editor, Good Morning:

You wish to sell me a Ten Dollar Share of Stock in the Good Morning, Corp. And for five dollars? I do not want to refuse your offer, of if I was all of them which you said—Hobos, Unemployed, Wobblists and so on—which I can safely say I have been! But now I am within the gray prison wall. Of course, this is not my excuse, but I have better and more powerful one—which is my dear daily wage—one cent and one half! I am Lusk's first "steak" but, also a subscriber to Good Morning and I raise my prison cap—very timely is receive it—because it comes behind the iron bars, and brings to me renewed vigor and also the fallest extent of enjoyment.

Wishing you and your company success, I remain

Respectfully yours,

A. PRISONER.

EVE ADAMS PUTTING IT OVER

The Truth, of Duluth, welcomes Eve Adams, as follows:

Eve Adams, the celebrated hiker, who sets out for a seventy-five mile stroll in the morning and winds up with a swim across the English Channel in the evening, is on the trail of the artists and students and housewives and farmers and all other workers to give them the inspiration of a lifetime by putting The Liberator and Good Morning and Soviet Russia and Truth into their hands for a year or so. Miss Adams has the reputation of having gotten more subscriptions for these publications than any other living Bolshevik in captivity. When you see her you will be sure to subscribe. This rebel girl is successful for the one reason that she knows what to select that is worth reading. She is not in Duluth just now and while she is here you into the select reading circle of the most advanced intellectuals in this country.

HOORAY FOR THE RIOT GAS

Editor, Good Morning:

As a red-blooded American, I write to ask, since when have we become a nation of sniffring molly-coddles, using harmless tear bombs instead of machine guns to dispense with the wicked? It is possible that there will be riots a plenty this coming winter. There must needs be unemployment but woe unto the unemployed. If they refuse to starve to death lawfully, then, by God, let them be shot down like mad dogs in the street.

There are too damn many people anyway: there are more people than there are houses; more people than there are farms; more people than there are jobs; and since the unemployment is the damn of the land, God forbid that slobbery sentimentality should prevent us from improving the rate of pay of machine guns.

Yours truly,

O. H. Perentz.

FROM THE CLASSICS

"One hundred of money is stronger than two handfuls of truth."—Danish Proverb.

What is the Workmen's Educational Alliance?

The Workmen's Educational Alliance makes no profit on its literature and all money received from sale of literature is to print new pamphlets. If you are interested in education you can help spread the word at no cost to you. By doing this you help spread the idea and broaden the scope of the work, and new pamphlets can be issued more often.

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What's All the Shootin' About?

Infinitely invites William, a comic figure in a Broadway success of the past season, who always appears on the scene following a death. He has a ready wit and anxious eyes everyone with the above phase. His attitude is typical of that of many people to-day toward the new movements in art and literature. They live in Ignorance of the most standard and conventional. When these people see people of alert intelligence they suddenly turn.

"What in all about? What are the new men up to? There may be something in this new art, but we don't understand it! One modern thing looks as queer as the next to us.

Needless to say they have never read THE DIAL

The one American magazine to intelligently explain the meaning and interpret the trend of the new movements.

But the Williams usually do not care to know what it is all about. They take refuge in the belief that it is all a passing phase, a fad which will not last beyond the season. But you know that within a decade or two certain of our contemporaries will stand like giants. Why wait for the next generation to see them in perspective when you can enjoy their writings now in THE DIAL, and accord them in life the recognition that is their due. THE DIAL sells out of the gallery of contemporary art and literature the things that are going to live—poets, painters, and composers—and brings them to you side by side with the best work of writers of the old school like Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, and Henry James. The way to find out what is worth while in the new forms is to compare them with the old. THE DIAL is the only magazine which chooses the best of both and lets you judge for yourself.

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