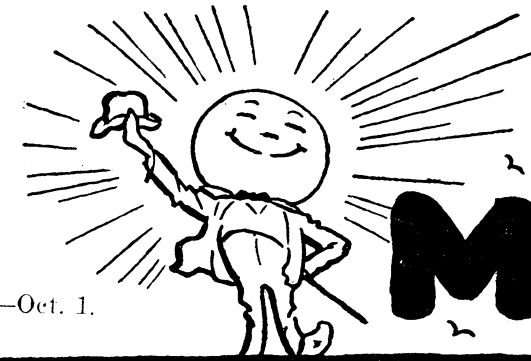


"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

15 Cents



GOOD MORNING

Sept. 15—Oct. 1.

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



Uncle Sam: "Say who is boss around here anyway?"

Chorus: "I am!"



IN NEW YORK

One room apartment, all improvements, light, bath, refined neighborhood, restful surroundings—\$40.00 a week.

NEVER MIND

Read GOOD MORNING.

It cheers in the darkest surroundings.

It's the paper of hope.

It is a necessity, not a luxury.

And by the way see the announcement of GOOD MORNING'S HARVEST FESTIVAL, November 6th.

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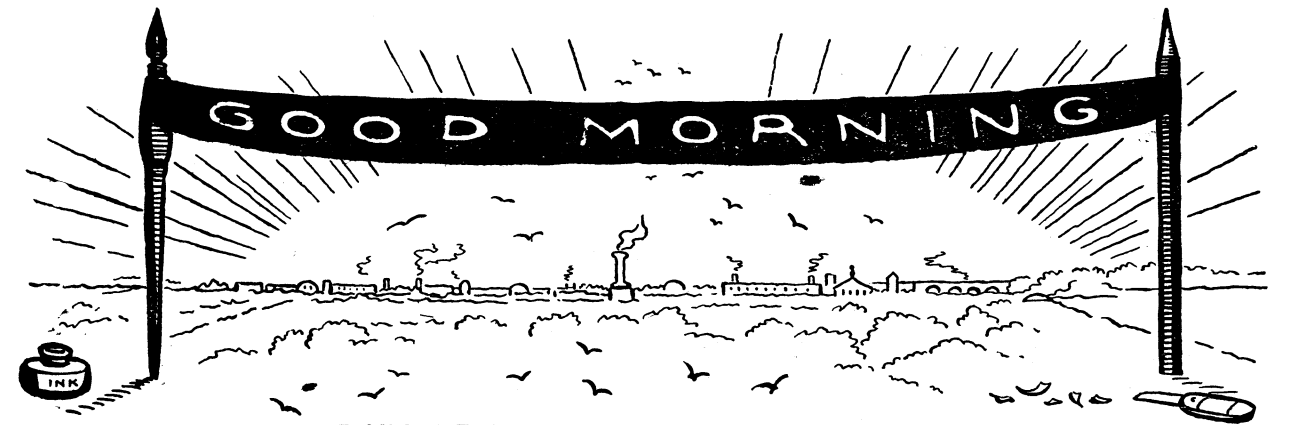
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Dear Reader: This newsprint paper is the best we could get.—ART YOUNG.



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

VOL. II. No. 9—10.

New York, Sept. 15—Oct. 1, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

THE POOR FISH IN PARIS

(Interviewed by Gideon Gay, Our European Correspondent).

Paris, Sept., 1920.

Imagine my surprise when I met the Poor Fish at the Cafe de la Paix the other day!

He said he had decided on a month in Europe for a complete change of air and environment.



If every workingman in America would do the same thing now and then, he was sure there would not be so much unrest. Foreign travel broadens the mind and keeps you from fretting about petty matters.

The great evil of the day, he says, is Agitation, which is nothing but Organized Kicking. Life may not be perfect, but a Kicker only

makes things more unpleasant for himself and for others.

We need people who will Take Their Medicine with a Smile.

Just that very morning a Committee had asked him, as a representative of the Great American Masses, to make a speech at the Pre St. Gervais in favor of amnesty for political prisoners.

He declined to make a speech, because he is opposed to public demonstrations, but he told the Committee that they had his Moral Support.

He is in favor of amnesty, but he does not approve of making a Fuss about it.

The Poor Fish has discovered that Human Nature is much the same the world over. He finds the same Big Problems here as in America.

And these Big World Problems are far too complicated for the Masses to understand. He says he sometimes doubts if even the statesmen understand them, they are so tremendous.

And if the statesmen don't understand them, what right has a mere workman got to presume to impose his opinions?

Not that every man hasn't a right to his own views, but he should keep them to himself.

Take the high cost of living for example. The best brains of the world, from Attorney General Palmer up (or perhaps he said

"down," he has a habit of sucking his gums when he talks and it is hard to understand him) all these best brains have been trying to reduce it for years and it has kept right on climbing.

And what has the workman been doing? Kicking.

He ought to Co-operate. That is the great need of the times—co-operation. Hand and brains working together.

I told him that as special correspondent for GOOD MORNING I was anxious to have a statement from him to the American people.

He coughed slightly and then began to dictate slowly:

"You may tell the American people that we are living in an age of transition.

"The great danger is that we shall make progress too fast.

"Rome was not built in a day, and it would be a very bad thing for the working classes if they get too much money before they learn the value of it.

"I am for Progress, but it must be Sane, Orderly progress.

"Evolution, not Revolution, is my motto. Respect for law is the great need of the times.

"Let the workingman resolve to Build Up, not to Tear Down.

"Do not decry Wealth. If a man has saved up a billion dollars he is entitled to enjoy it. Instead of trying to take his billion away from him, every man should resolve to save up a billion of his own.

"Work hard and Play hard. That should be the rule of life of every honest man.

"The eight-hour day may be a good thing in some industries, but it is not necessarily good in all industries.

"Work twelve hours, if necessary. Go to bed early, and get up refreshed for the next day's toil.

"Go to church on Sunday.

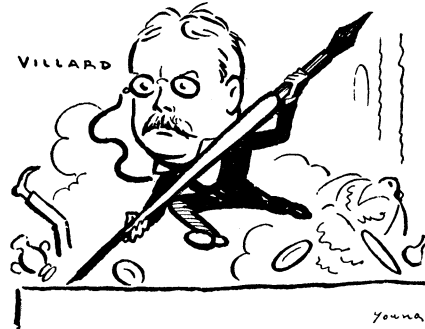
"And outside of working hours get your mind off your work. Take a spin in the country. Go to the seashore or the mountains or to Europe in the summer.

"And above all, save, save, save."

He poured himself out another drink of brandy, and it occurred to me to ask him what he thought of Prohibition.

"Liquor is not injurious if taken in Moderation," he replied. "Unfortunately, however,

the working man never knows when he has had enough. Many things are good in themselves, but dangerous in the hands of ignorant people. I would be in favor of repealing Prohibition if drinking could be limited to those who can indulge in it wisely."



When Oswald Garrison Villard can't stand it any longer he leaps right over the table and some of the respectable liberals who read The Nation can be heard to say "now that's going too far!" Mr. Villard's latest impulse was to call for the Government's confiscation of unoccupied city dwellings for the benefit of those who need homes. Oswald, pass that bottle of Bolsheviki!

We agree with The Evening Sun that "natural law" will naturally solve the housing problem. If half the people have to live outdoors this winter, they'll just naturally freeze to death. With a population of three million instead of six, New York would have houses enough to go round.

The above bouquet wasn't so much intended for The Evening Sun as for the redoubtable Frank Munsey himself. Mr. Munsey is our nomination to the Hall of Fame as America's greatest educator. Other reformers have tried from time to time to improve our daily papers. Mr. Munsey buys up the big ones, one or two at a time, and shuts them down entirely. Give him twenty more years, and he ought to have them all out of commission. Can't anybody see how easy it will be in those days for the American public to use its brains?

We meant it when we said the Hall of Fame. As an educator, Mr. Munsey has surely been dead long enough to qualify.



ALLIED IMPERIALISM

The idiot on the white horse.

How the "United States" Thinks

*Nations move in a mysterious way
Their positions to make clear*

A tall, gracefully-poised man is sitting in a room in the State, War and Navy Building in Washington. He is writing. Or maybe he is dictating. But whether he is writing or dictating, he is doing a wondrous and stupendous thing. He is stating the position of the United States on the great Russo-Polish situation. There are 110,000,000 people in the United States. There are 435 Congressmen and 96 Senators who roughly (very roughly, indeed,) represent the people of the United States. The man who is writing (or dictating) has consulted none of these. But he is sure, none the less, by a mental chemistry, the processes of which are hidden from us, what the great United States thinks about thus and so.

But let us not be unjust. Maybe he doesn't know what the United States thinks about the Russo-Polish situation. Maybe he knows he doesn't know. Maybe he knows only what his superior thinks and so, faithful Democratic

amanuensis that he is, he is stating the position of the United States on the Russo-Polish situation.

He says to Russia, says he: the United States doesn't think you should do thus and so. And some part of the United States shakes its head vertically, signifying approval; and another part shakes its head horizontally, signifying disapproval; and another part doesn't know what it thinks about the Russo-Polish crisis and the fourth part doesn't know that it thinks.

But the papers of the United States, their Washington correspondents having had handed to them pieces of paper containing some typewritten matter at the bottom of which was affixed the name of a person called Bainbridge Colby, had already glibly assured the world that

U. S. Defines Attitude
On Russo-Polish Crisis
Harry Salpeter.



Grandma Gompers:—"Go to the gentleman, dear, he is perfectly respectable."



"It is hard to rise if your poverty is greater than your talent."—Junius.

GOOD MORNING'S HARVEST FESTIVAL

Read Bulletin
on Page 19

YEARNING

A poem by Amy Oh Well

I want to be a cook,
To see the rows of glistening pans
To live with bowls—
Bowls of gamboge and pea green and moon
gray,
To spank dough into pleasing forms
To feel the thick goo between my fingers,
And to cook yellow ochre cookies with em-
broidered edges.





"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.
 Edited by Art Young. T. F. Hastings, Bus. Mgr.

September 15.—October 1, 1920.

Brains

We have before us a photograph of that Commission that met at The Hague, July last to form a Supreme Court of International Justice. We made a drawing of the photograph and reproduce it here to show principally that Elihu Root is right there—a Supreme Court in himself. Besides Root there are about thirteen others. Lord Phillimore, British Representative, member of the Privy Council of H. M. the King of England sits well in the centre. Then there is Rafael Altamire, A Senator-Professor of the Faculty of Law-Madrid University.

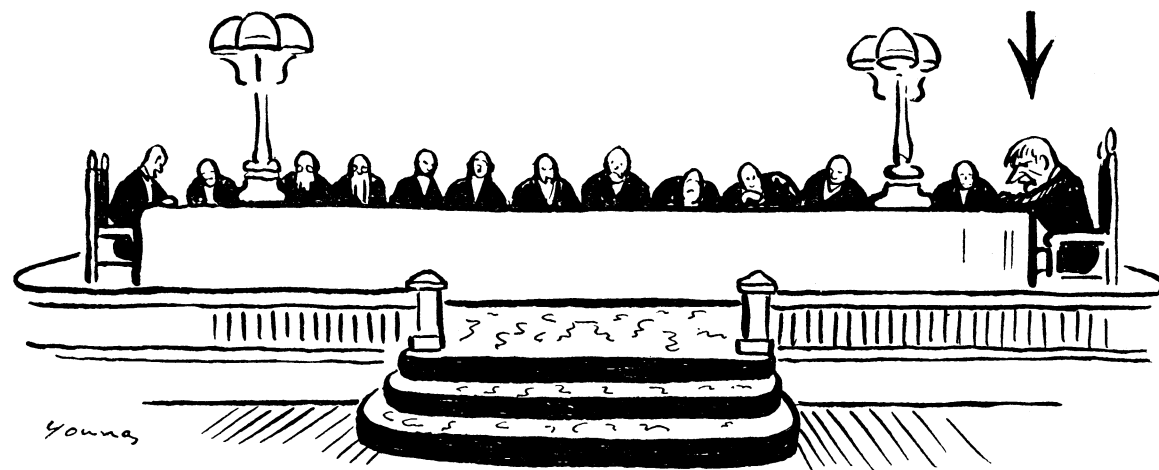
We think it safe to say that every member of this commission like Root has the view point of the devout Tory and these men are given permission to organize a "Court of International Justice." Let us hope they will

appoint themselves "permanently"—which by the way doesn't mean as long as it used to.

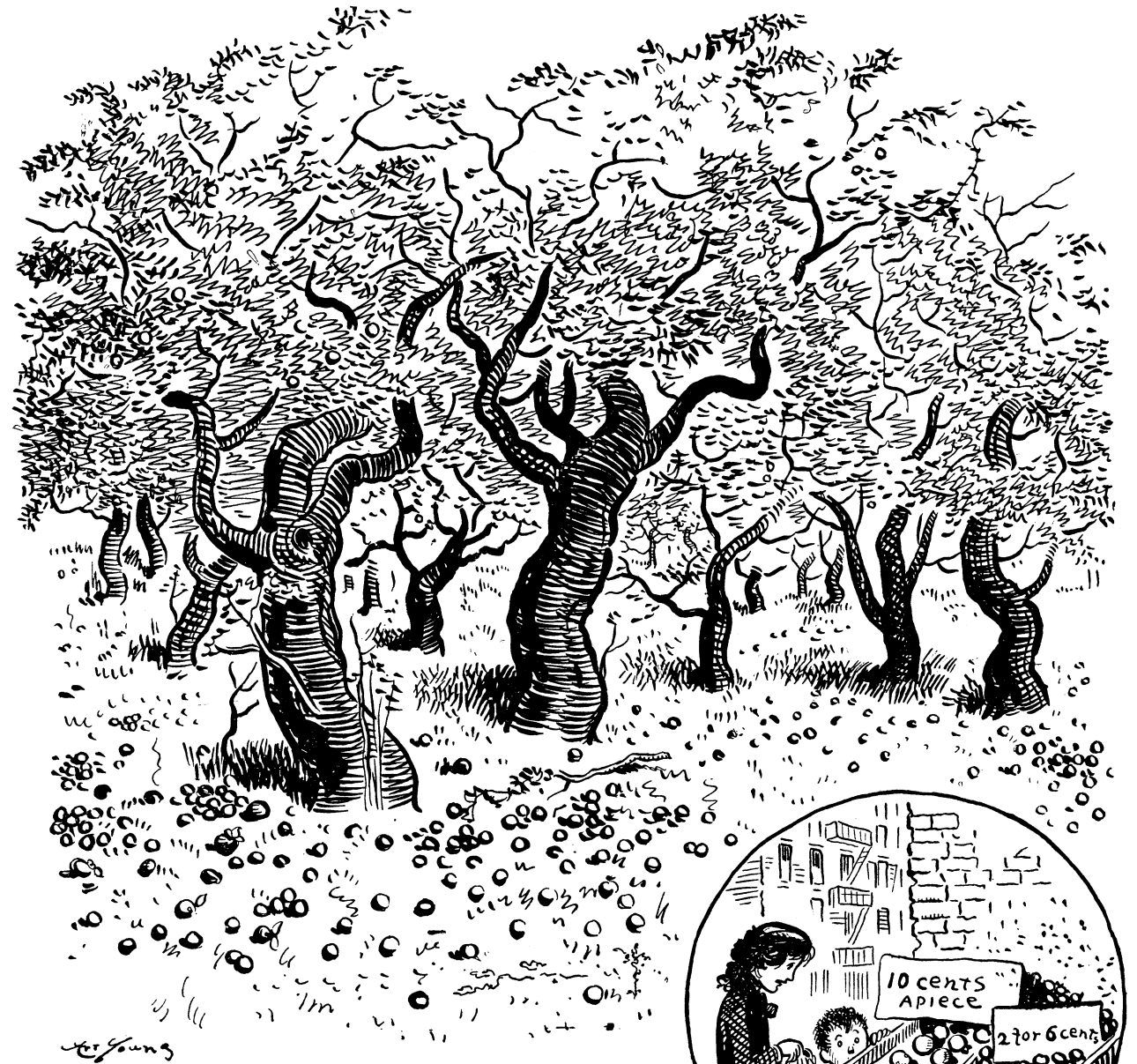
Harding is a strong advocate of this world court. Taft says its just the thing. Cox is for it. GOOD MORNING has been trying to get at the facts about it. What is this world court to be—and why? Well, its to be a glorified three-ringed U. S. Supreme Court, composed of lawyers who have faithfully served the interests. Anything human for people may get one or two votes in this new supreme court, but Toryism and Big Business will see to it that its a court to decide in their interests. Just as this country cannot get laws in the interest of labor—even child labor—past the U. S. Supreme Court, so, small nations, the masses of workers everywhere, can expect no favors from the court of International Justice. If you love the Supreme Court of the U. S., you will love this world court.

Its the last attempt to save Bourgeois Governments by capitalist laws.

The allied premiers, having botched the job—give way to the world court, with Elihu Root (brainy man) right in front. The time has just about arrived when "brains" that are devoid of humanism will not be tolerated in the seats of the mighty. Indeed the future will not call such men as Root and his kind "brainy." The scientists of the new day will class them as mentally deficient.

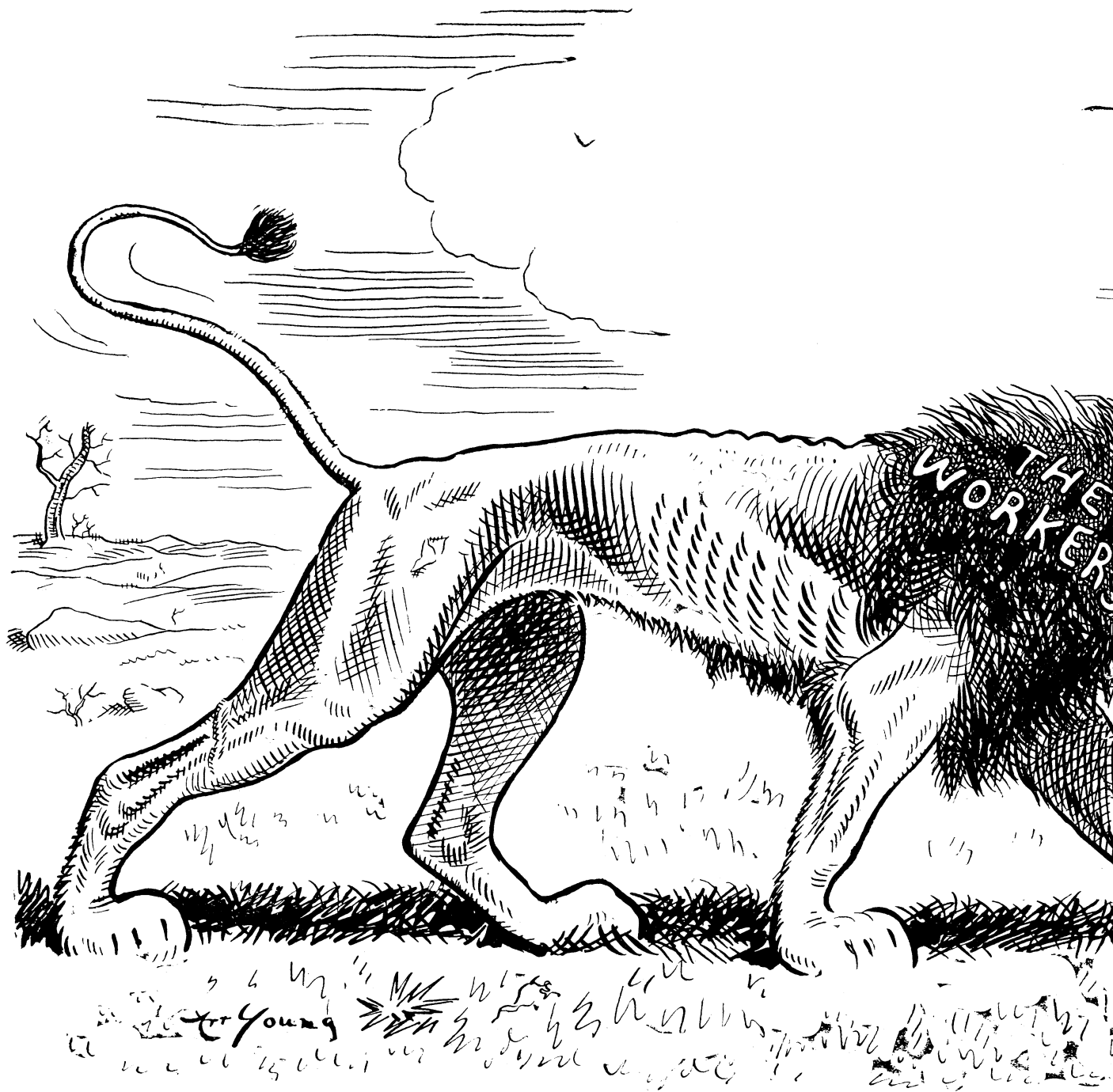


AN INTERNATIONAL COURT IN THE MAKING.
 (Reading from left to right—Elihu Root).

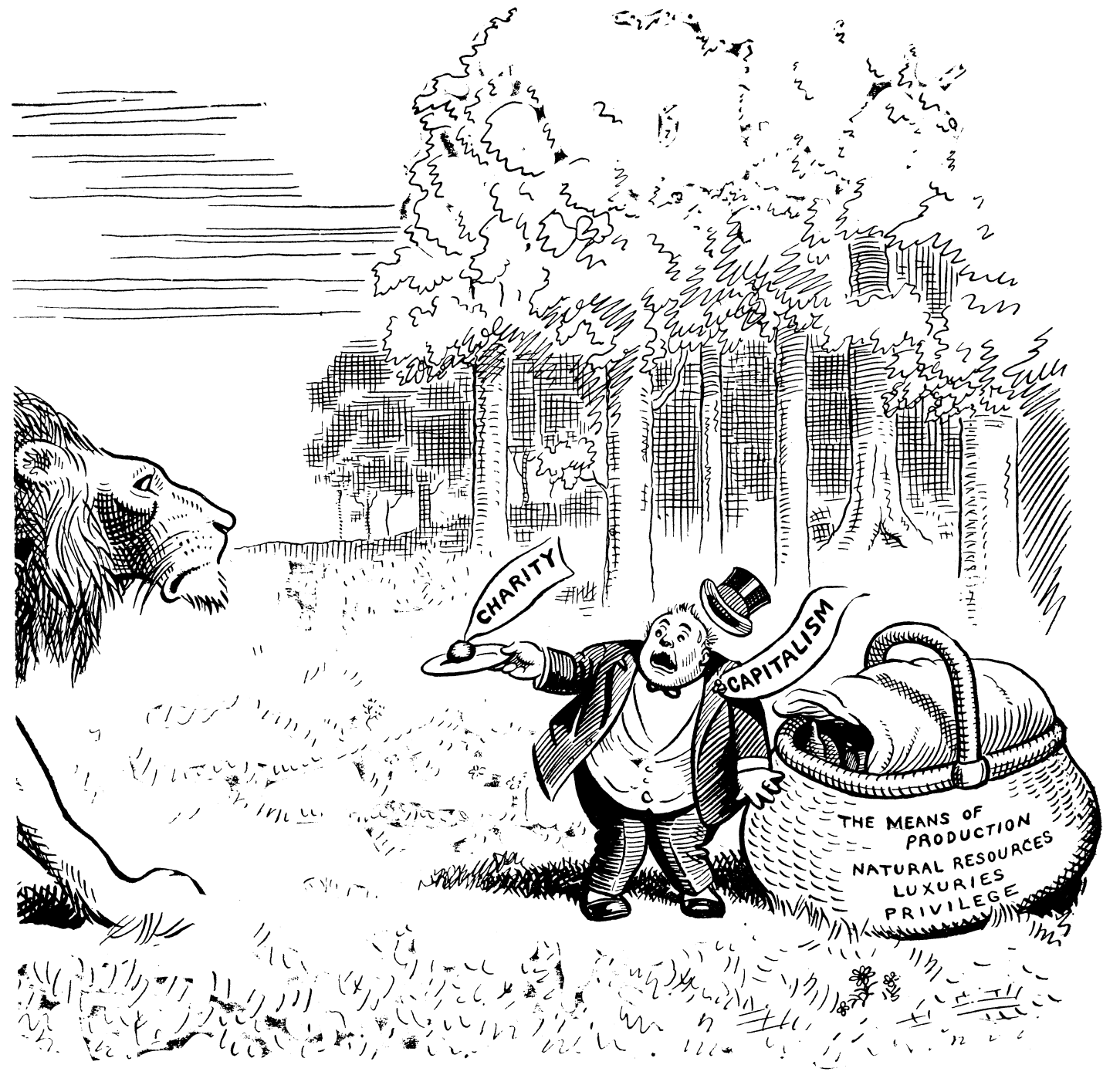


THIS ROTTING CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

High freight rates, speculating price control, middlemens' profits—result: In the country an abundant crop rots on the ground while in the city scarcity and high prices prevail.



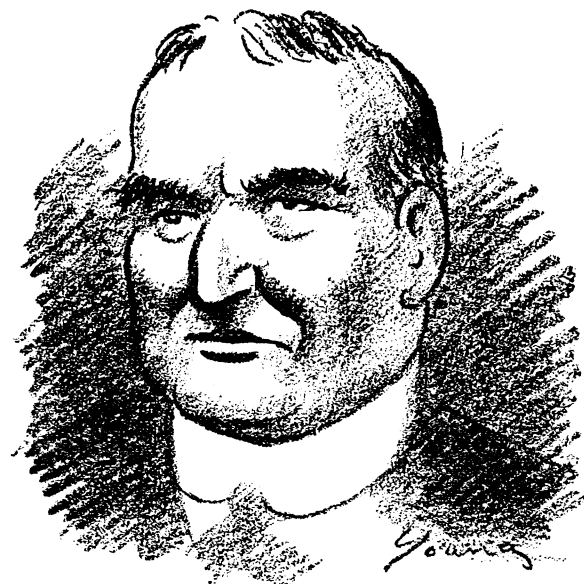
See the Man and the Li
 Is the Lion Hungry? He
 Is the Man offering som
 Yes, he is handing him a
 Will that satisfy the Lion
 No, he is sick of cream pu



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THIS MAN HARDING

If the American people want one of the two old party candidates for president, will they please elect Harding? GOOD MORNING is the original Harding fan, but we have never fully explained our reasons. As far back as October, 1919, we published the accompanying portrait of Harding with the title "Our Choice for President."



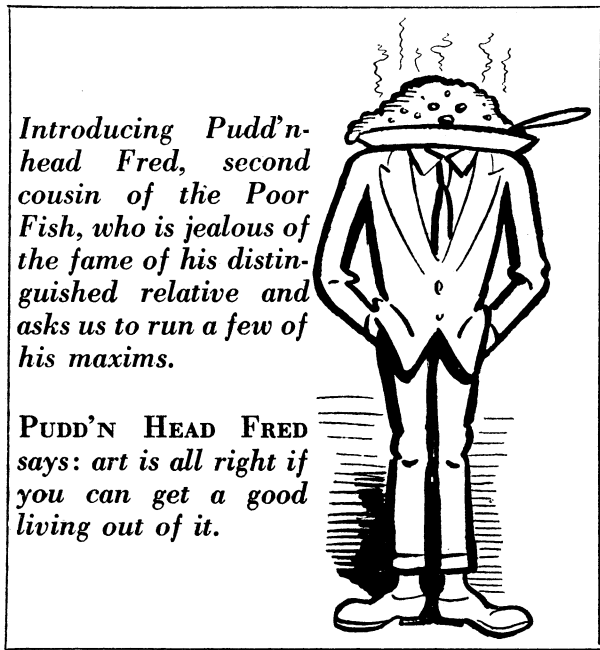
Now we are more than pleased with our choice, principally because Mr. Harding's nearest rival, this man Cox, shows signs of being a wee bit liberal. He seems to be human and willing to open his mind and to venture a peek at a new idea.

And here's more danger. He might even develop a flow of airy-fairy talk that would outclass Dr. Wilson's.

The rights of labor and other issues might appeal to him as a President and he might become a crusader of beautiful bunk. Under Cox the 14 points limit might be raised to fifteen or twenty. But Harding is hard-boiled. He is a self-made respectable, bone-headed bourgeois.

There he stands. No light can penetrate.

No more liberalism! GOOD MORNING wants Harding and Hell. So we can have it over with.



Introducing Pudd'n-head Fred, second cousin of the Poor Fish, who is jealous of the fame of his distinguished relative and asks us to run a few of his maxims.

PUDD'N HEAD FRED says: art is all right if you can get a good living out of it.

The revolutionists that we have met seem to want to turn the world right side up rather than upside down.

Love is stronger than death but it doesn't last as long.

Our country has at last attained 100 per cent Americanism. First there was business, then politics, then the church—and now our National Sport has been thoroughly Americanized.



IN THE DINING-CAR.

Waiter: "Look out foh yoh face boss—we're goin roun a curve."

Good Morning's Absurdity Contest

The absurdity contest of GOOD MORNING is over. We didn't realize how many things in this present system were absurd until we read what came to us from near and far. And it was therefore no easy task to decide which was the most absurd. For a while it seemed as though the Post-office by barring the contest from the mails had qualified for the first prize.

But it is the opinion of the judges that the best idea out of the many submitted is that of Master Macdougall of New York City, a boy thirteen years of age, who thinks that "the economical woman who saves the wear on her fan by holding it still, while she rapidly moves her head from side to side, absurd enough for anybody." And we agree. It is typical, too, of the crazy economic system that rules the world today. Master Macdougall gets the ten dollar prize.

All the other contestants will receive the Young allegorical cartoon as announced. Many of the suggestions sent in are worth reading. Here are a few of them:



Drawing that illustrates the prize absurdity.

Early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise—to be illustrated by a factory worker who must rise early to get to his work on time and must retire early because he is dead tired—the health, wealth and wisdom naturally result—in the proverb.—T. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A see-saw — a fat man capitalism in overalls, seated on end near ground, howling with laughter. His wife, skinny lady, H. C. of L. hoisted high in air, howling with fright. Under her and hooked on to see-saw, a ladder (higher wages) up which a workman is climbing-on left, a capitalist in door of factory applauding attempted rescue.—M. B., Havana, Cuba.

"With huge mountains of food, clothing, Fords, and other necessities and luxuries of life on all sides, millions of workers break their backs in answer to the shrill scream of the prostitute press for 'more production,' while swarms of capitalists stand approvingly by discussing the possibility of an early panic."—E. G. R., Leetonia, Ohio.

The greatest absurdity known is that of the Socialists who blame capital, the tools of men, for the ills we suffer from private property in land

and private appropriation of ground rent. The second absurdity is establishing comic papers to teach the first absurdity.—H. W. N., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE MYTH OF THE EDITORIAL DESKS known as "The Public." It is always represented as a third party, the other two being Labor and Capital. The idea evolved in the brain of some one who never worked, was always broke and supposed that the population of the earth was in a similar fix. None of the editors have yet explained what this "Public" would do if Labor and Capital should move out and let it settle matters in its own way.—Suggestion of B. W., Watertown, Mass.

Here is a contribution to your absurdity contest. Is not this the height of absurdity? To refuse a Delegation of Labor to visit other countries, which is today of utmost importance to all humanity, but allow a delegation of football players to travel around half of the world simply for the purpose of kicking a ball around. An American football team has been here for three weeks now, hence the reflection.—C. G. A., Stockholm, Sweden.

Feeding a cow with straw and putting green goggles on her to make her believe its new mown hay.—J. M., Passaic, N. J.

The Bolsheviki Marathon, I think it would be appropriate now if you can use it, regardless of contest, I think you could put Polski and Runski running about even, then you might put in Paddy-Wiski, with hand organ on his back, then Pilsudski, then a bear close up, with a piece of Pils' pants in his mouth. Name of bear, Russian War Minister. In the Grand stand Lloyd George, our all-highest, and the rest of the backers, with queer look on faces, then Grabski kneeling in front of stand shouting stopski and pointing at runners.

—A. D., Tacoma, Wash.



HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM.—No. 8

Philadelphia, Pa.—Clarence Lily Pinkputty dilettante perfume expert, and social light son of George Pinkputty, the millionaire chewing-gum manufacturer, writes a comprehensive and learned essay on "The Fal-lacy of Communism" for this month's Vanity Bag Magazine."

He says that "it would be unspeakable cruelty to deprive the better class of people of the leisure to indulge that discriminating taste and subtle perceptibility that is the exclusive birthright of those who are born in the soul-zone of refinement."

He defies the leading Communists of the world and especially Mr. Nicolai Lenine, to answer his argument.

Now fellow-producer, artist, farmer or craftsman, you have just got over hating the "German horror." Now, its written in the program "Hate Russia and hate as you never hated before." Big Business insists on it.

On the opposite page we publish some serious facts about Russia. If they look out of place in a humorous magazine, just pass them by. But, we are tempted to make this plain statement in regard to Russia. After reading the following from that war-mad magazine that published pictures of New York being blown to bits by the German armies-while in the midst of the havoc and ruin Emperor William rides up Broadway at the head of his legions. They frightened you then, did McClures magazine, and now you must get frightened all over again. Here follows that McClure article in part:

"We counted no cost in opposing the mega-

lomania of Germany. The prospect of defeat by Prussia lightened every tax, dulled the anguish of every sacrifice necessary to thwart her purpose.

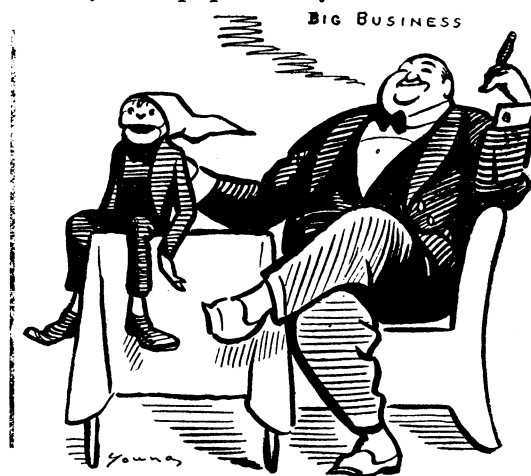
"In the picture of a triumphant Bolshevist Russia, its insane appetites and mob lusts let loose upon the decent God-fearing families and rich works of prosperous and progressive commonwealths, there is a sharper challenge to self-respect and self-defense than in the wildest extreme of Pan-Germanism.

"The Rhine dragon is slain, but Russian anarchy mangles Europe and spreads its hydrophobic venom east and west.

"We shall not have done with war while this horror lives."

The Loyal order of the Golden Heart of the World, represented by forty members from Columbus, Ohio went to Marion to hear Harding. This association sounds too big—too international—and vague. We advise the Harding press-agents to encourage such visitors as The City Boost Club of Canal Dover or the Ladies Currant Jelly League of Blooming Grove.

Dead cats, sputum and vile names for them only yesterday, now the picture changes and we see Tom Watson, Hardwick, Henry Cooper and other politicians who had the courage to oppose the world war, riding back into power carrying bouquets from their former defamers. It is a temperamental world, son, but the moral is "Be yourself", try to see through "Causes" and try harder not to get that terrible disease spread by newspapers: Hysteric hate.

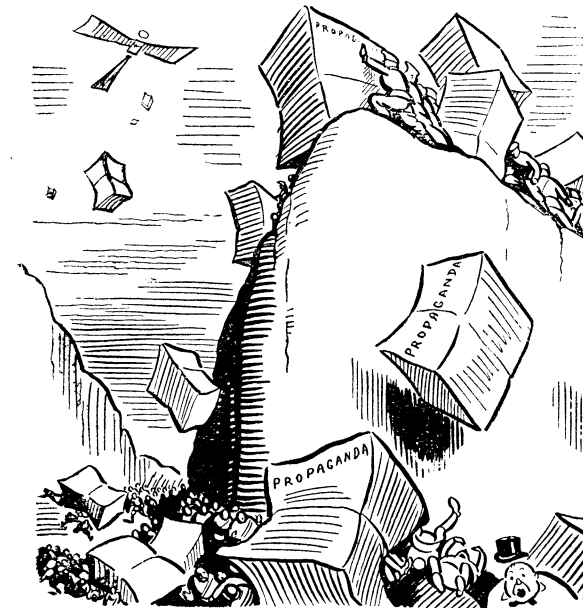


LISTEN TO THE CANDIDATES

Facts That Have Run the Blockade

Russia has demonstrated in irrefutable fashion what a republic of workers, workers of the hand and brain, can accomplish in spite of the most appalling obstacles. Russia has given us more than words. It has given us deeds. In destroying the old order it has constructed a new built upon solid foundations.

It was Russia that ended the war. Like the Moors who rolled down huge stones upon their enemies so Russia rolled down great bundles of propaganda upon the German people until



the Kaiser's government collapsed under its weight. Propaganda rather than bullets weakened the resistance of the Polish offensive. When they had humbled the Polish imperialists the Soviets did what no conqueror had ever done before—displayed generosity to the conquered. They offered Poland more territory than her allies were willing to grant her.

It remained too for Russia to accomplish those beautiful words that Thomas Woodrow Wilson used to delight to roll his tongue around—open diplomacy. The unadorned simplicity of Russia's diplomatic methods is a clean, sweet wind sweeping away all the litter and refuse that have cluttered up diplomatic negotiations. Like moles in their holes the

Big Business governments held conferences at Versailles and the Spa behind bolted doors. They dared not do otherwise. The Italian people must not know upon what terms Italy made an alliance or two, the Hungarians have to be kept in ignorance of certain stipulations France made, the British workers would not be tickled at some of the agreements Great Britain had engaged in, and so it goes. Russia need not fear who has to hear what it has to say.

Just what have the Soviets accomplished for the Russian people? They have nationalized all natural resources, the forests, mines, water ways, etc. All the land has been given to the peasants, to each family as much as it can cultivate. The factories, shops and mines have been turned over to the control of the workers. Thousands of schools, museums, libraries and theatres have been established—all for the workers. Welfare of children has been undertaken, not in the name of charity, but out of justice, commissions for



SECRET DIPLOMACY

good housing conditions have been put to work.

This has been accomplished in spite of tremendous difficulties. Seven million Russians have been killed in the wars, more than Belgium, France, Italy and America combined lost, the railroads were broken down, food and fuel supplies exhausted. If Russia blockaded and starving can do this, what can not Russia free and unimpeded do?



"A penny for your thoughts, dear."

"I was thinking I'd like to get hold of the man who said two people could live as cheap as one."

If the B. R. T. strikers had only had sense enough to read the papers, what a wonderful strike they might have had.

The papers all told them that they shouldn't inconvenience the public, whatever grievance they might have with their employers.

They didn't exactly tell how to carry on a rapid transit strike without inconveniencing the public, but the inference is plain. They must keep on running the cars; that is obvious. They must run them on regular schedule and give 100 per cent service. They must not neglect a single duty, unless there happens to be some detail in their schedule which the dear public would just as soon have them neglect as not.

We can think of only one such duty. The public, if we know anything about it, would just as soon have the street-car conductors neglect to collect fares.

And if the workers on the B. R. T. were to organize such a strike—a strike in which all the strikers would give 100 per cent service and collect no per cent of the tariff—doesn't it follow that the Sun and the Tribune and the other champions of the public welfare would cheer loud and long for the strikers?

No, we can hardly say that it does.

The League prevents two wars, says the New York World editorially. Is this a boast or a regret?

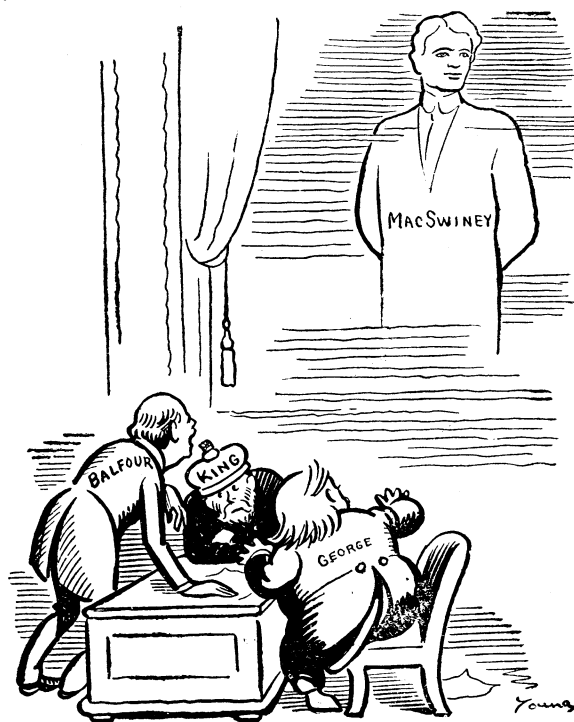
Having been reelected by a majority of the people the N. Y. Socialists have again been kicked out of the State Legislature. It is political action all right, but is it worth while? When the hypocrites tell you everything can be changed, corrected, and ideals attained through the orderly process of the ballot, they never tell you how long it will take. If like Methuselah, the Pyramids and the Ramesis Mummy, you don't give a hang for time—political action is fast enough.

"Much as I should like to put British interests above American, I shall never, never do it."—HARDING.

Flynn evidently believes if it wasn't a bomb it ought to have been.

"I am devoted to truth and courtesy." — HARDING.

"I am accepting it (The League of Nations) realizing that time will probably have to refine it."—COX.



"Avaunt! and quit my sight."

Who Blew Up Wall Street?

Unless the whole thing was an accident, somebody exploded a bomb in Wall Street, killing 37 persons and injuring 200 others. There were no capitalists among the killed, and the perpetrator of the deed could hardly have hoped that there would be. But the crime, for some reason or other, is discussed in all the papers in connection with vague or definite allusions to "radical propaganda."

We just can't get the connection. We know ever so many radicals, and only a very small percentage of them have ever been known to explode bombs like this; while that small percentage did it reluctantly under orders from their various military commanders.

Most of the radicals we know incurred public displeasure in America during the last few years, not because of any tendency to bombing but because of a very decided stand against it.

Why anybody with intelligence above that of an Evening Telegram editor should suspect "radicals" of a crime like this is beyond our comprehension. It is evident that somebody is selling booze in New York, but there is no reason to assume that it is William H. Anderson. Somebody is drawing obscene pictures on the walls of the subway, but we don't think for a minute that it is Mr. Sumner. Why then, when somebody indulges in wholesale murder, do we think of rounding up those who have been most uncompromisingly opposed to everything of the sort?

Suspicious are bad enough at best; but suspicion devoid of all intelligence is sheer insanity.

The Tribune, now, is not devoid of all intelligence. The Tribune reasons, after a fashion, although we consider its reasoning somewhat inadequate. While we don't agree with The Tribune's conclusions, we can at least follow its mental processes. With some of the papers, this is altogether impossible.

"We hate radicals", The Tribune seems to postulate as the first leg of its syllogism. Then it follows with the other leg: "We hate the men who exploded this bomb." Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, the editorial mind remembers, and—Q. E. D.—the men who exploded this bomb were radicals.

We are not much on logic, and we can't point out the exact flaw in this syllogism, but we don't feel compelled to accept the answer. Perhaps it is because of our own suspicions.

We suspect, in the first place, that the men who exploded this bomb were bomb-exploders. We suspect that they were men who had access to the places where bombs are made.

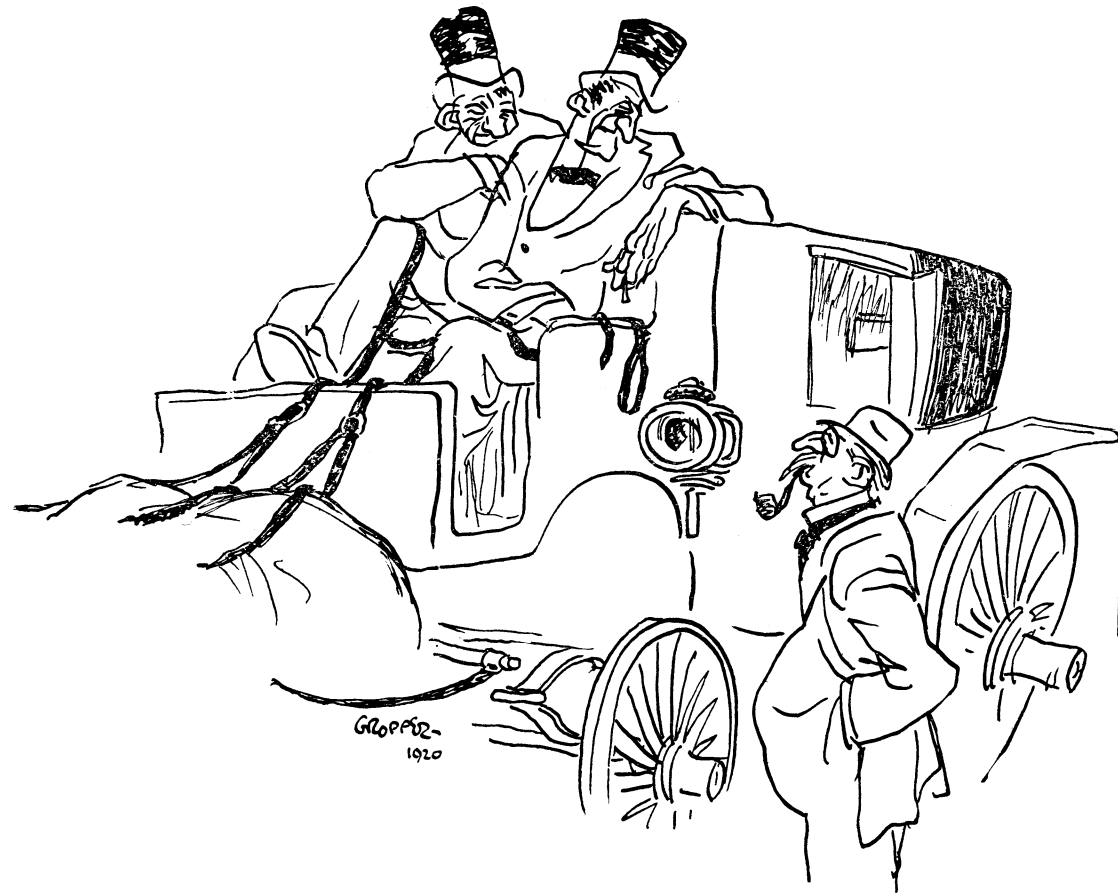
We suspect, moreover, that they were men who would not shrink from violent acts: perhaps men who were accustomed to perpetrating deeds of violence, like beating up helpless prisoners, shooting strikers, ransacking private homes and offices without warrant and destroying the private property of the occupants.

We suspect, furthermore, that they must have had a motive for this crime—some aim which the commission of the crime might conceivably accomplish. It is conceivable, for instance, that they may have had jobs which they were afraid of losing—some job which they would almost surely lose unless the public were kept in a state of terror.

It would seem to us that they were very selfish men—not men who were known to be giving their lives unselfishly to any particular cause: not Prohibitionists, not Salvationists, not Socialists or Anarchists or anti-vivisectionists, but just low-down, bad characters who thought they saw a way that some selfish aim might be attained.

Is there any group of people, we would like to know, who answer this description? If so, have they been known, during the past few years, to commit acts of violence, or have they been connected with raiding expeditions in which the ordinary, human rights of the raided have been ruthlessly ignored? And have they had access to the secret laboratories and the industrial plants where death-dealing mis-sives have been manufactured?

We admit that we do not know. We are not detectives. We thought, when we used to read Nick Carter, that we would be some day; but when we grew up, we took one look at the bunch that we'd have to associate with and changed our mind. But if anybody really wants to find out who blew up Wall Street, we throw out these hints for all that they are worth.



"Who's dead?"

"O, just a young man twenty-three years old."

GREETINGS FROM A NEW EDITOR

GOOD MORNING is now edited by Art Young and me.

People were panning Art pretty hard about his magazine, and Art took the panning all alone about as long as he could. Now he's got somebody to help him.

Why he picked on me is a mystery. I am not a humorist and I never edited a humorous magazine before. Fact is, I don't know how.

"He's a humorist", explained the business manager. (The business manager of a humorous magazine, I should perhaps explain, is the man who is hired to stall off the bill collectors) "Art is a humorist", says he, "and he is always doing funny things."

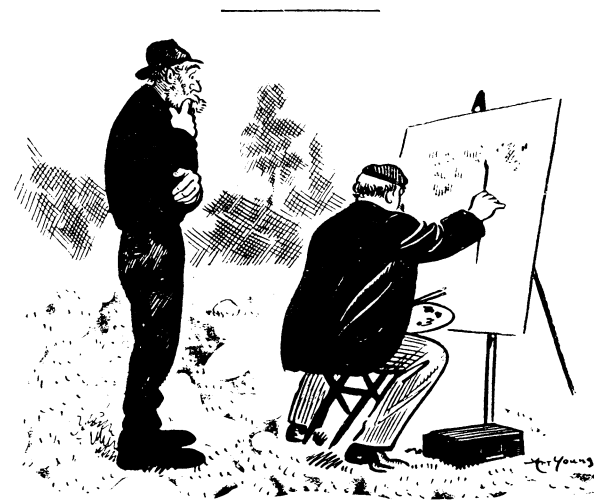
Somebody, it seems, told Art that his magazine was pretty bad.

"How bad?" says Art.

"About as bad as it can be", said his loving friend.

"Betcha it ain't", says Art. Then he hired me.

Art isn't the only editor of GOOD MORNING, however, who has something at stake. I've got a bet on too. I'll bet he fires me—when he sees this.



Farmer: Say, do you have to do that?"

GOOD MORNING'S HARVEST FESTIVAL

AT YORKVILLE CASINO
210 East 86th Street

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1920

DINNER-HOUR—7 o'clock

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Separate Dance ticket, \$1.50

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The Poor Fish will lead the Grand March at 9:30. Come in costume if you wish; but come. Not Bourgeois—Informal jovialty.

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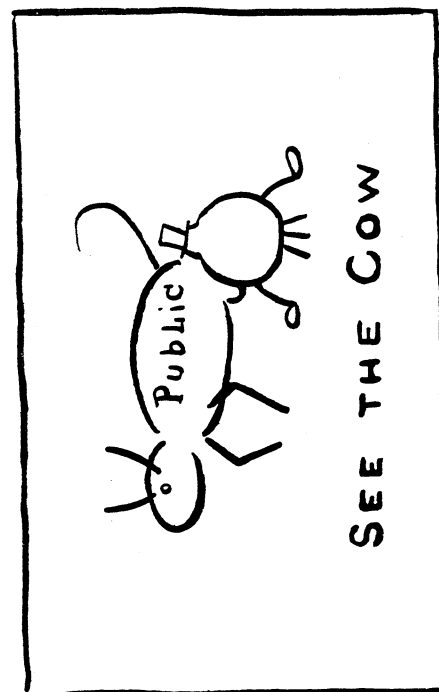
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