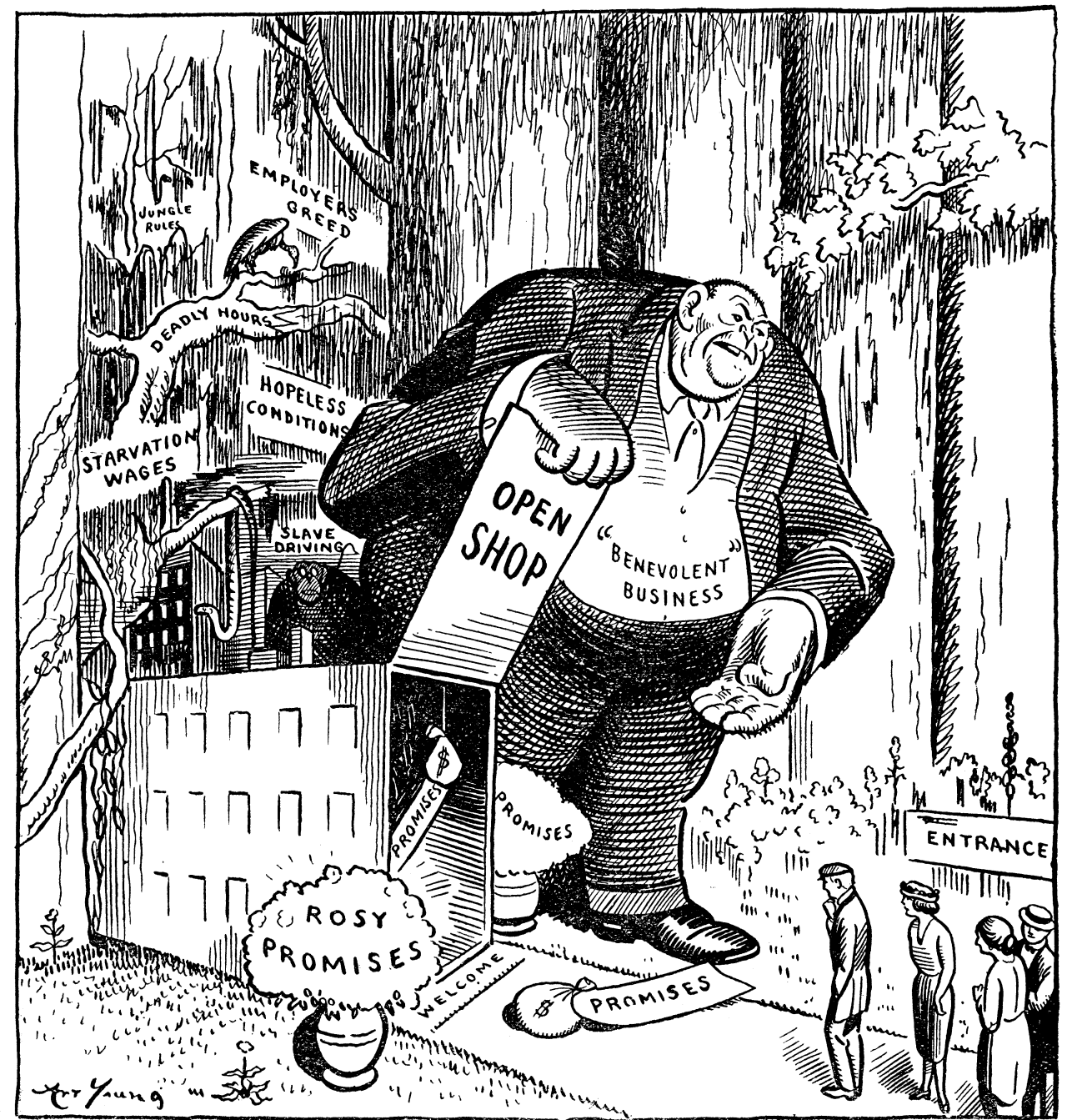


MAY 1-15, 1921

15 Cents

# Good Morning

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



THE TRAP



Old Chantecler crows and the sun comes up a-smiling. GOOD MORNING laughs and the world keeps going round.

Cheerio! Two years ago this bonny May, we perched atop this terrestrial ball and started kicking it around. Fat Capital, the Poor Fish, the Man Who Broke the Heart of the World, the Luskish Order of Palmers, Simperialists and the twelve men who understand the Einstein theory have all felt the thrust of our barbed cartoons—all these and more. Frequently too, we've patted folks on the back and chuckled at ourselves.

Two years old this May, and we are beginning to know a hawk from a handsaw. Long may we wave!

This old world will yet be all right if we keep it going round.

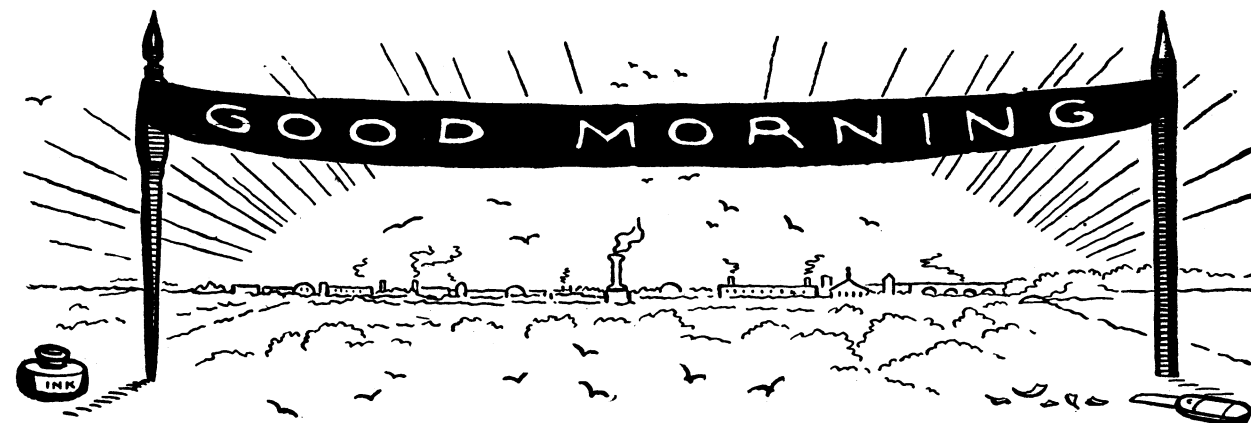
### THAT SPRING CAPER

We came out with another social success to our credit. Almost a thousand of the "best people" — and you know whom we mean — had a happy time at our costume ball. Ask any of those who were there if it's wise to miss a GOOD MORNING show of any kind.

An interesting feature was the work of Maurice Becker, Ivan Opfer, William Gropper and Reginald Marsh, who did some rapid crayon drawings on a big easel in full view of the audience.

Centers of attraction were as many as the people at the ball — every woman gay, every man gallant.

"A good time," said the reporter of the Secaucus (N. J.) Argus, "was held by all!"

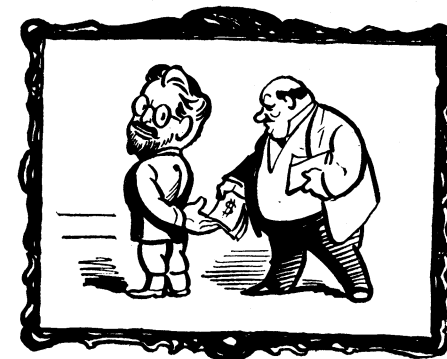


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7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 8.

May 1—15, 1921

15 Cents a Copy.



### A "Beautiful" Picture

Now we have it. Captain Hugh S. Martin, formerly a military attache of the American Embassy in Petrograd, knows how to bring about the downfall of Soviet Russia.

Captain Martin in a speech to the Allied Patriotic Societies in N. Y. May 4th, told the patriots that the Russian Government was ruled by four men, foremost among whom is Trotsky. Lenin is merely a "figurehead". The Captain (as reported in the N. Y. Times) said that the Government could be overthrown by an appropriation of ten million dollars. With this money "placed in the hands of patriotic Russians, it would do the business. With the government practically in the hands of four men, there would be those who would sell out for a price." Isn't that a beautiful picture? Just the kind capitalists like to see: slipping a few million to Trotsky and Trotsky says, "I thought you'd come across."

### The D. A. R. at Mount Vernon

*The Guide*—"Ladies, Washington wore this clothing. The coat and breeches here—"  
*One Lady*—"Oo—ee! Washington's pants! O, bless him! The precious dear old Dear"  
V. S.

### Unskilled Killing

"Trains have to run off the track 118 times to kill one man," I read the other day. It hardly seems worth doing at all.

Crossing accidents are much more efficient. It took only 887 of them in three months to kill 275 people in the open season. A grade crossing properly placed by a curve with the track sunk in a cut or cunningly banked with trees is sure to get effective results. A skillful engine driver can often bag a motor car containing five people or, on a lucky day, seven.

We have in all 200 accidents per day but many of them never reach the consumer. Forty-five per cent of all fatalities come from "service accidents." The simplest way to get killed is to work for the railroad.

Twenty service accidents will kill a healthy man but it takes 32.5 collisions to do this work, and the overhead cost of collisions cuts into the profits.

I know these figures are valuable because I stole them from the Literary Digest which stole them from the Scientific American which stole them from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Anything that is stolen as much as that must be valuable.

But I am discouraged about the low batting average of derailments. 118 of them to kill one man! You would think that after an engine had made about one hundred attempts at a party he would get suspicious and go home.

Engines show diligence and perseverance like the heroes in the American Magazine, but no imagination. Now if they would follow a man down the street they could get him every time. And if they would hang around the movies at night they could pot whole families.

Howard Brubaker.



Percy Persian: "Thank my lucky stars I'm not a human!"

### Good Stuff, Steffens!

Linn E. A. Gale, editor of Gale's Monthly," has been expelled from Mexico. Some of us tried hard to get the order rescinded. It fell to Lincoln Steffens to interview Senor Alberto Pani, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Mr. Pani, are you acquainted with the United States Constitution?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Pani, are you acquainted with the article of the Constitution which states that cruel and unusual punishment shall not be inflicted on any person?"

"Yes, ! ? . . ."

"It strikes me that in these days of strained and delicate relations between Mexico and the United States it behooves Mexico to respect, if not obey, the Constitution of the United States."

"!!!, ???, !!! . . ."

"Well, to deport Gale to the United States would be cruel and unusual punishment."

Linn E. A. Gale was sent to Guatemala.

Roberto Haberman.

Mexico City, April 10, 1921.

### AIN'T IT MEAN!

The trouble with Soviet Russia is that there are not enough brass bands to meet the comrades who arrive to look it over.

### "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

America is the Ever-Ever Land, inhabited by the goosome Pollyanna Bird, perched on the Quibble-Quabble Tree. From the native heights it gazes out upon the Sea of Satisfaction, warbling softly the aria from the Eighteenth Amendment. Below, the patient Dream-Cattle chew the News-Print Cud, and smile sweetly at the noonday sun. Over all broods the artless peace of Innocuous Dessuetude. "Woof! Woof!" sniff the trusty Wolves, as they gnaw the legs of the smiling Dream-Cattle. "Dry! Dry!" pipes the happy Pollyanna Bird. "Shush! Shush!" whisper the leaves of the Quibble-Quabble Tree. "Gurgle! Gurgle!" gargle the waves of the Sea of Satisfaction. America is the Ever-Ever Land.

M. A. deFord.



ANDREW FURUSETH

Andrew Furuseth, president of the International Seaman's Union has repressed more indignation and has more patience than most labor leaders. His patience is almost a pathetic virtue.

He spent twenty years in Washington, D. C., watching, working and waiting to get a seaman's law passed. When, with the untiring aid of La Follette, it was finally passed, Furuseth had to stay in Washington seven more years to see that Congress didn't snatch the law away from him. And it looks now as if the Harding administration would snatch it bodily and throw it into the discard. The law does help to do away with some of the slavery conditions of sailors. Now Mr. Furuseth finds that a strike is necessary to help seamen. You can wager that it's high time for a strike, or patient Andrew would never consent to it.

### Table d'Hote

"Hey Jack! Where you been, what have you seen and done? Sailing under a southern sky must be a lot of fun; to a place where you can have your sprees and flirt with native girls under the trees. I wish I could swap my desk for a ship! You sea-going sun-of-a-gun, did you have a rollicking trip?"

"Well hardly such, though we did run South where they say them things go on; I signed a freighter that stunk with pitch and I didn't see much of the sun-down with an engine that had the gripe and had to be coaxed to port. I turned her inside out, an' patched her here and there, while the donkey men above emptied and filled our hold. So after I'd scrubbed the grease from out of my dungarees, and scraped a seven day growth from my map, I just turned in for a little nap, and never went ashore. So I'm afraid I missed the sights you mentioned just before."

Frank Hanley.

### To a Pillar of Finance

"Work and Shut Up," Is Banker's Advice.—News Headline.

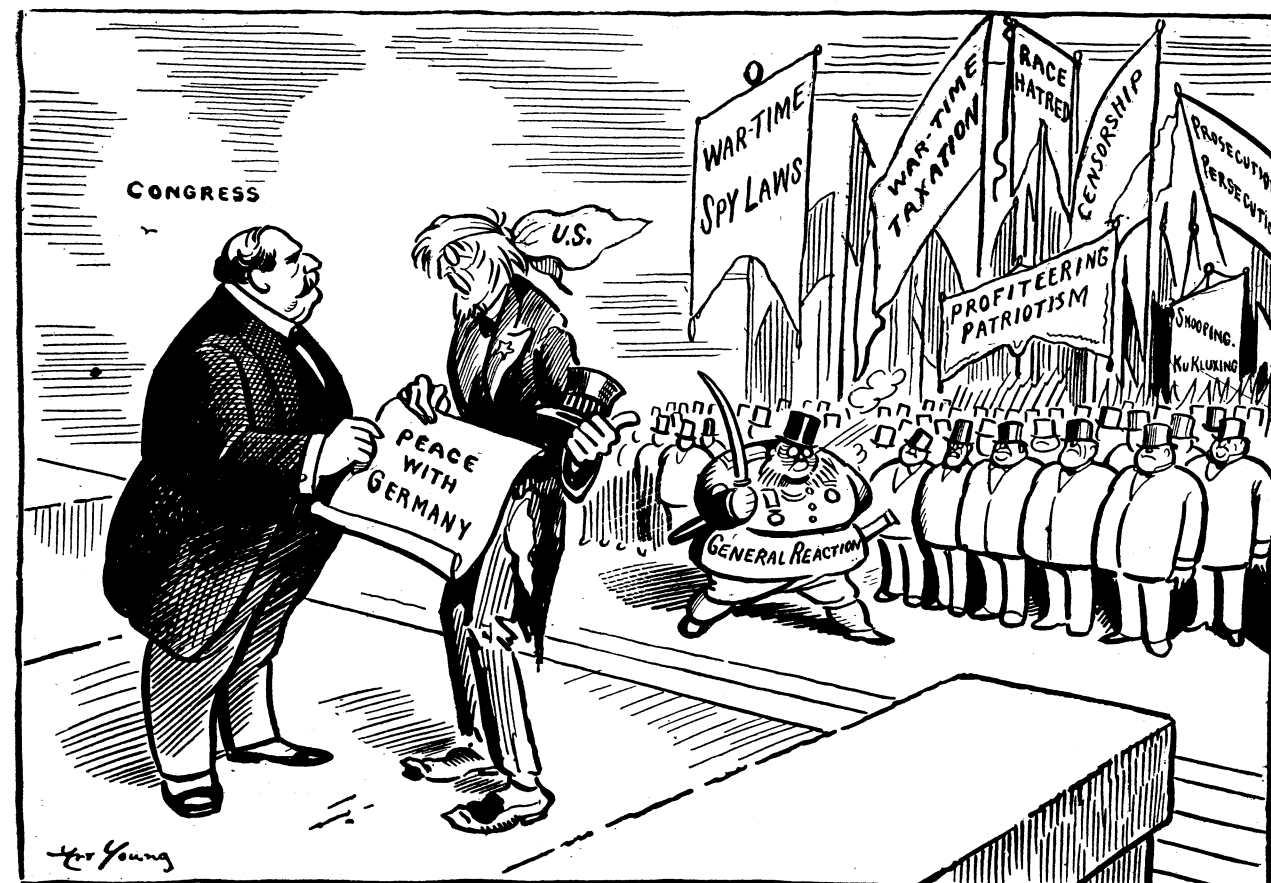
Friend, I admire your bland address;  
I sit with proper reverence, Neighbor,  
What time you sing the sacredness  
Of useful Labor.

A clarion call to serve you sound;  
"Work and shut up!" you've learned to be a  
Doctrine divine; in toil you've found  
The panacea.

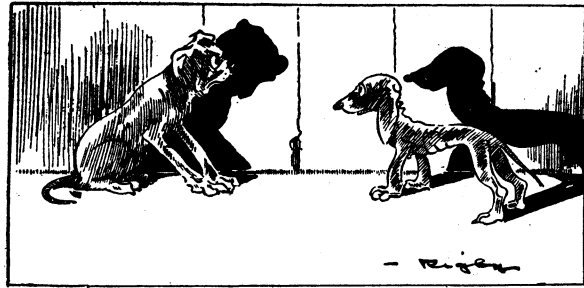
With zeal you urge on us your code,—  
Righteous your mood, though crude your  
diction—  
And plead with us to shun the road  
Of dereliction.

"Work and shut up!"—such is the task  
You set us. Well, we'll not deny it  
Is good advice. . . . We only ask—  
Why don't YOU try it?

Astrophel.



U. S.: "Thanks! Now will you please demobilize this army?"



Duke—"Hello stranger, why so thin?"  
Stranger—"Well, if you belonged to a vegetarian you'd be thin too."

## Peace

By T. Swann Harding

They had all tried to make peace—and all they had made was pieces. Wilson and Bryan and Lloyd George and Henry Ford had tried and even I had tried and now the other dub of the same name in the White House is going to try. But they had all failed and the other dub will fail too.

They must fail because they do not know Dmitri Nymyhzysynski whom I shall call Sweeney for short. Sweeney knows how to make peace. Of course he won't tell anybody else how to do it; they might infringe his patented process before he got the patent; but he knows how.

When Sweeney first called on me I mistook him for somebody. He had a very business-like air but he would not state his business. However he told me that he would make me both rich and famous, so of course I consented to let him come and elaborate further.

He came and he had documents, pearl-gray gloves, a jardiniere (or whatever it is) in his buttonhole, a tiny gold-headed cane and some hair tastefully arranged according to a plan which is still in deepest mystery. He perched his small body mincingly on the edge of a chair, folded his hands together in an old-maidish attitude and presented his documents.

He was truly remarkable—for his faith in himself, if for nothing else. He had in mind a plan which would inevitably result in immediate and perpetual peace, but he could tell no one about it—that is he could not explain it until he had a committee of properly important personages. On this committee he desires Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, Harding, Ford, Rockefeller, Cardinal Gibbons and, I think if I am not mistaken, the apostle Paul

—you know the fellow I mean—the man who, *The Freeman* says, "put Christianity over." Just how these gentlemen are to be gathered together about a single table I do not know. Perhaps a ouija board is to be drafted into service. He also wanted Senator Lodge but he still had common sense enough left to realize, however adumbrantly, that there was something just the very slightest bit incompatible about Lodge and Wilson at the same table.

Now the idea was very simple. He already had written to Ford and had a letter from Ford's secretary acknowledging his communication. He had written Wilson and had a polite acknowledgement from Mr. Tumulty, He had written Harding and had a still more cordial acknowledgement from Mr. Christian. He had, in fact, one of the finest extant collections of acknowledgements. Now I was merely to see Mr. Ford and get him to give "us" a trifle of \$100,000. With this small change we could at once see our way clear to better clothes, more food and an apartment with more windows in it. We might also be famous. If not we soon would be famous if we got together the committee. After that the rest would be easy. Sweeney would unfold his plan; the assembled statesmen would be thunderstruck at its practicability; Sweeney and I would be famous and the world would be at peace.

Yet he could not see exactly why I suggested that he drop this more elaborate procedure and merely go and fish in the White House fountain. He would then get an interview and go to press or to St. Elizabeth's. But I cannot forget the dear little chap. The world was not at peace and it worried him. It did not worry Lloyd-George or Millerand or Foch or Harding—men paid to worry about it. But poor Sweeney let it worry *him!*

## Her Idea

One day little June, having been very naughty, her mother said: "June, you must go up stairs and pray to be forgiven."

After some time she came down and her mother asked: "Did you tell God about it?"

"No," replied the child, "but I told Mrs. God, and I guess it's all over heaven by this time."

J. M. R.

*The female  
Lays eggs in water secluded,  
Along comes the male  
And the sperm are extruded,  
The fishes then die,  
Their labors concluded.  
Poor Fish.*

L. G. L.,

From Jour. Am. Med. Assn.

## Wisdom of the Poor Fish

THE POOR FISH says  
he does not believe  
wages should be  
high or low, but  
they ought to be  
"reasonable".



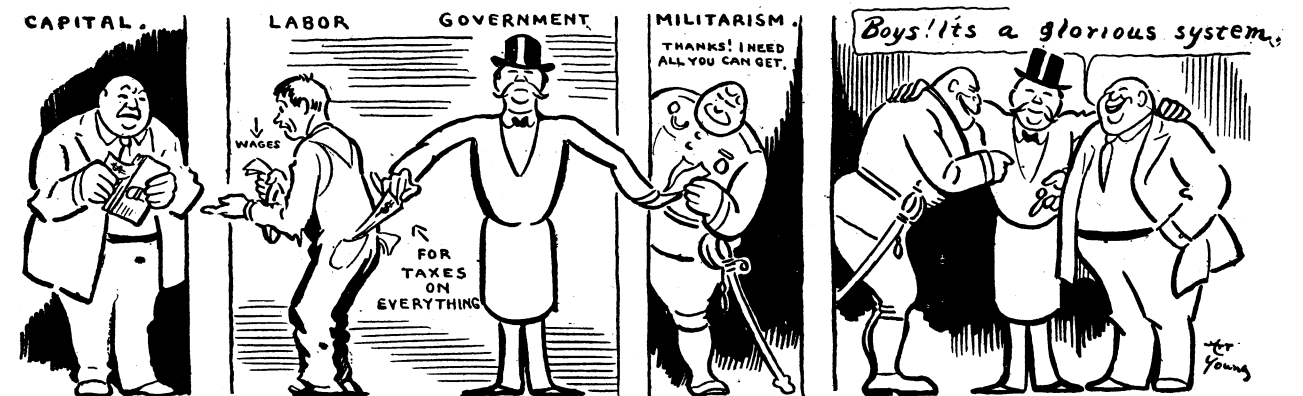
Baron Wrangel still has his uniform on but doesn't know where to go. With him are about 25,000 dissatisfied soldiers hanging around Constantinople. Late reports state that the French Government is tired of paying for their grub and suggests that they be sent to Brazil. The Baron on the other hand would like to take them to Serbia. The Wrangel Counter-Revolution Co. seems to be about ready to go into the hands of a receiver, but who will receive it?



## Vivacious Viviani

M. Viviani, representing the French Government as emergency envoy to the United States, worked hard. The results of his labors no one can fortell. Now that he is again in Paris, we can only hope that he will be able to show something worth while for his exertions to his superiors, Briand, Millerand and the rest of the snarling pack at the head of the government.

Viviani gave a bust of Mirabeau to the N. Y. Bar Association, a vase to Governor Miller, threw a lot of Legion of Honor medals around in Washington and N. Y., where one was caught by George Wickersham and another hit Rodman Wanamaker on his brave bosom. Besides all this Viviani kissed several great men's cheeks and great men's wives' hands and, counting in his grandiloquent speeches, we feel warranted in saying that he done noble. If the U. S. doesn't join the League of Nations now, we will be guilty of lowdown ingratitude.



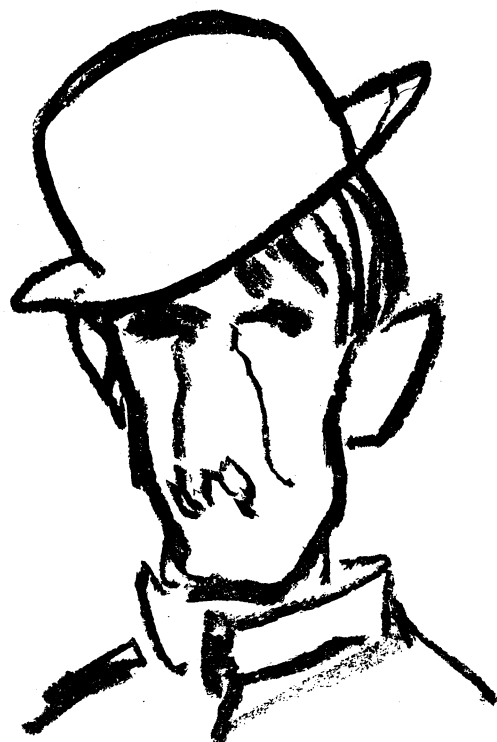
KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

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GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
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May 1-15, 1921



HENRY B. GOODE
Drawn by Wm. Auerbach Levy

Our Portrait Gallery

OF LONG-SERVICE EMPLOYEES

Henry B. Goode, for thirty years a trusted adding-machine expert with the Guarantee Trust Company, says he owes a deep debt of gratitude to the twenty-seven Vice-Presidents who have let him work steadily through good times and bad. Next year he says he is going to ask for his first vacation, to take a sight-seeing trip to the Statue of Liberty.

The great teachers ignore the personal identity and speak to the eternal pilgrim.

A. E.

Truth Draws the Curtain

Between eighteen and twenty thousand American soldiers were made insane by the world war.

Everybody knows now that it was the Capitalists, (in other words the Chambers of Commerce, Business Men's Clubs, Manufacturers' Association and Bankers) backed by their Press, who were responsible for the war, and would have brushed aside any President or any political power that refused to see it through as they dictated.

These thousands of ex-soldiers are gibbering in mental darkness to-day because of Capitalism, whose leaders are getting ready to fling the masses into another war and are again sniveling about "high ideals" and "our righteous duty toward mankind." And yet they dare to talk about "criminal anarchists"! If they would only be honest about it and admit frankly that their purpose is to play the game of profits and conquest to the limit, we could have some respect for their bold deviltry.

Good Morning has a reputation for being good-natured, but we can't see anything to be good-natured about in the case of these insane men who were lured to the oblivion of a living death, by the beautiful catch-words of the arch-criminals of the world to-day, the leaders of Capitalism.

Poverty is the whip which stings us to swallow our pride.

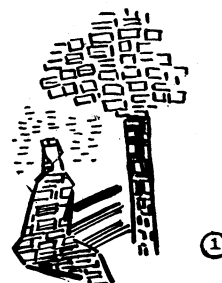
Charity should not begin at home or anywhere else.

Human brains will soon sell as low as calves' brains.

L. W.

Seven Arts

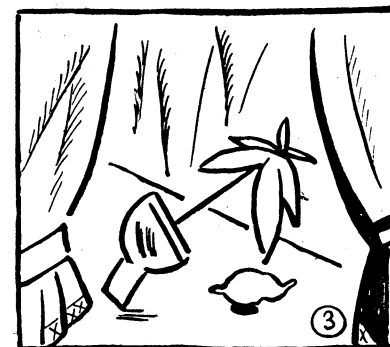
Revolutionary art can be divided into seven noisy spasms. It is high time that every young aspiring artist decided on which revolution he is going to follow—or whether he will start one of his own.



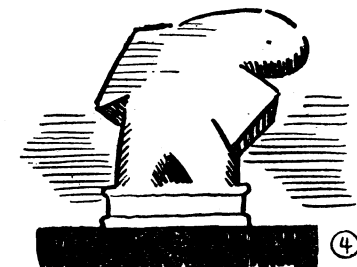
No. 1 of our illustrations is the Mosaic spasm. Some call it the Prismatic School. The woman and the tree are built up heavily brick on brick as it were, with gradations of color—and regardless of the high cost of paint.



No. 2. The Oyster Landscape Rash. Oyster-shaped streets, oyster-shaped clouds and oyster colors, unless the mood should seize the artist to make a red house or a gamboge rock.



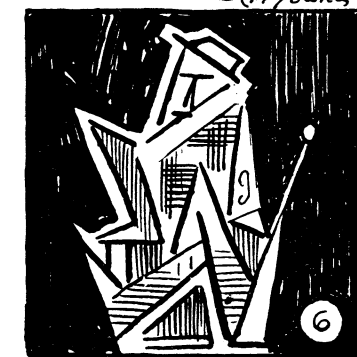
No. 3. The Still-There's-Life Movement. A rubber plant falling over and an absinthe-colored lemon yelling for help.



No. 4. The Cult of Plastic Poetry in modern sculpture. A plaster form that resembles nothing in particular. It is called the aviator, the thinker or anything that occurs to the sculptor after he gets tired of working on it.



No. 5. The Nude Posistic School. Its devotees are determined to discover some new position that the female figure can be twisted into, once they get her curled up or standing on one ear, they cover her with any color of paint to suit the taste.



No. 6. The Scientific School. A portrait painted with jigsaw forms in which an eye or an ear may be discovered or even the man's thoughts hidden where you would least expect to find them.



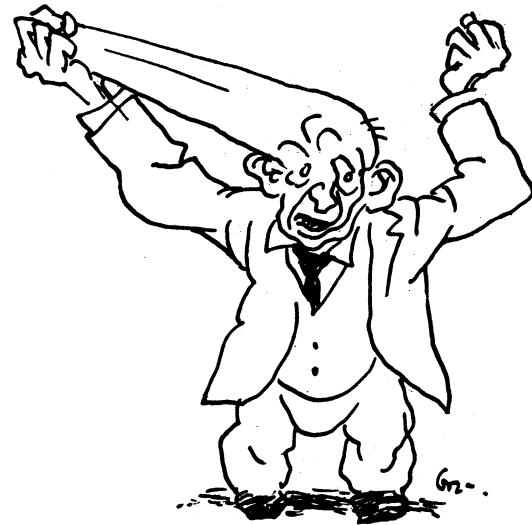
No. 7. Dadaism. Meaning back to childhood. The hectic Leftwingers. Its disciples pin buttons, safety pins, etcetera on canvass and paint around them.



**TRUTH DRAWS THE CURTAIN**

Between eighteen and twenty thousand American ex-soldiers are insane as a result of the war

*(See editorial comment)*



"I'll be damned if I can stretch my imagination any further."

## Pity the Poor World

R. R. Hornbeck

(Singapore, Straits Settlement)

Our ex-Bolshevik friend, Dr. Bertrand Russell, opines that the way to make people good is to love them to it, and says those who think the world is insane should love it into sanity. The state of the world's mentality not being in doubt except among the philosophers, who abhor arriving at any definite conclusion, we will pursue the interesting theme without further ado. The Doctor's elaborate opinion reminds me that:

Recently one of my Chinese clerks went insane, and shortly thereafter I visited him at the asylum, where we will let him speak for the World. He introduced me as his "boss" to his numerous companions, although far be it from me to covet such a title. I surveyed the crowd of inmates with great equanimity, if not a little pride, for "in a kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is king." However, in the conversation which ensued the first thing I noticed was that everybody there thought he was perfectly sane, but some of them seemed to think I was a little peculiar.

I said to the clerk: "That fellow over there seems to be all right—surely he is not insane."

"Oh, no, sir; he originally came here for his health, and now he likes the place so much, so he told me, he just naturally hates to leave."

"And that Jew who is walking about so sulkily. He seems to feel that an injustice is being

done him. And he is quiet and gentlemanly in appearance. Why do they keep him in the big cage?"

"He's all right, too, but sometimes he has spells. His folks thought he had better be kept here awhile."

"And how about yourself? How are you getting on?"

"I? Why, I never felt better in my life, and I'm getting fat. Look at my muscles." He bares his right arm, skinny as a mummy's, for he has refused food for several days.

"How do you like this place?"

"It's great—wouldn't leave it for the world. I have more friends here than I ever found outside. Fine fellows, too. We sing together and have a great time." He produces a song book. I wince, for he "two-talks" dreadfully—was never a successful salesman on that account.

"Dr. G. [the specialist in charge] says I have a beautiful voice. He comes down every morning to hear me sing. One morning I did not sing—I'll tell you why pretty soon—and the doctor thought I was sick. He came down and told me how much he missed my singing that morning." He sang.

Horrors! I thought at once of Bertrand Russell and his plan for making people and worlds sane, and was gratified at having learned that Dr. G. agreed with him. I honestly love the boy—I swear I do—he worked for me a long time, but—I begged him to desist. I had to leave shortly and had so much to say, etc., etc.

"Shall I tell you why I did not sing that morning?" he chuckled. "The day before that the doctor said I jabbered too much and asked if I could not control myself better. Of course I could, and I showed him. Didn't speak a word to anybody for more than a day—just talked sign language. The other fellows understood, fine." [How like the world!]

"What is the doctor doing for you?" I asked. "Does he say he can cure you?"

"Oh, yes, but he gives no medicines. He says time will effect a cure—no need to do anything special." I groaned as I thought of similar things people had said to me—about the world, I mean.

"Let me tell you about my future plans, Mr. Hornbeck. When I leave here I am going

## Bum Biographies--No. 2



Like the late Jack London, Robert Minor, cartoonist, writer and speaker, looks like a rough-neck. When he talks, however, it is as if he thought a reporter for posterity were listening in and his words and sentences are formed with precision, and are grammatical enough to suggest that a good college professor was lost to the world when Bob joined the proletarian movement.

Speaking of sentences, Minor was sentenced by an Allied military court in the occupational zone in Southern Germany, for alleged distribution of Russian propaganda. He writes well and can make cartoons that are masterpieces of technical simplicity and force. He is the son of a popular San Antonio, Texas, judge, is thirty-seven years old and has had a lot of experience for a young man.



Mrs. Dolittle who believes in reincarnation recognizes her deceased husband at the dog show.

to be a great orator. I shall join the Straits Literary Society and the Chinese Debating Club, and at every meeting I shall be on the program. They will see what a fine speaker I am. [His voice is pitched high, and cracks like musketry in the distance.] And I shall make money; I will show you. It's no good living on a small salary." Pulls one of Herbert Kaufmann's books from a dirty satchel. "Say, bring me more books like this—it is fine. I'm going to do all that—what you find in there."

I try mildly to keep him talking rationally, but with poor success.

"See my eyes," opening them wide. "When I came in here they were very weak—I had been studying too much at night. Now they are stronger than anybody's. Watch me." Before I could grab him he rushed down the steps and began gazing steadily at the sun—in the tropics, about noon.

It seemed best for me to go then, and he was all smiles to his "boss," inviting me to call often.

Then the fellow I had noticed when I first came—the one who looked quite rational—came up cheerfully, took my hand and placed a parcel in it. "Please deliver that," he said. "It's important."

I read the name written on the outside, but as there was no address I asked for this.

"Oh, never mind; just hand it to him." He grinned, and that gave him away.

As I left the impression grew on me that Dr. G. was using the right method, for my old clerk really loved and obeyed him, while with me he had seemed rather diffident, especially when I had tried to coerce him by sheer will power. So I called at the doctor's office.

"Dr. G.," I said, "what do you think of my clerk's condition?" I was thinking of what the clerk had said to him—about the singing and all that.

The doctor looked at me calmly over his spectacles. "He's a silly ass," he replied.

Outside the gates I looked at the parcel and decided to tear off the wrapper. Inside was an old wholesale jeweler's catalogue, and on every page, written in pencil horizontally and then vertically across the pictures and type, was the text of the covenant of the League of Nations. Nothing else.

Perhaps Bertrand Russell is right.

## SELECTING A JUROR



Attorney: "Then you don't know of any reason why you could not give my client a fair trial."

Citizen: Well, he'd stand a better chance with me if he'd get a shave."

## Bounding Through Life

Time is change and everything in the world is changing. In other words, everything is constantly gaining new qualities.

Socrates said that, in order to attain any quality, it was first necessary to have the opposite quality. To gain the quality of being tall, for instance, it is first absolutely necessary to have the quality of being short. Herein lies the great secret of life. Don't try to be anything; try to become something.

All you are is simply the opposite of what you were. All you can become, is but the opposite of what you are. To try to be, is to stand still—which is impossible. To try to become, is to grease the slide to somewhere.

Take yourself. The first thing you did, was to get born. You couldn't possibly have done it if you hadn't, first, been unborn.

Having attained your first opposite condition, your next act was to let out a yell! Here, again, you assumed an opposite quality; from silence you broke into noise. In no other way could you have done it.

Now there was a reason for the noise which all young mothers should know. The reason was due to a condition which you wished to reverse. You were hungry. The opposite of this annoying condition had to be attained. Consequently the noise was reversed to silence and the first bungling meal commenced. Any young father may know that no baby can

achieve this feat without silence. You could not have become silent if you had not, first, been full of noise. If your tummy had not, first, been empty, you could not have become full of dinner.

Casting your mind back to that first dinner of yours, you will remember that you were tired when it was finished. Of course there was no restaurant check to sign; but you were tired just the same. Here was another quality that you had to reverse.

The quality of being tired had to be changed to the opposite quality of being rested. To accomplish this, you resorted to the trick of reversing a couple of other qualities. You changed the quality of being awake to the opposite one of being asleep. You hadn't read Socrates but you discovered that you couldn't get to sleep without first being awake and that the only way to wake up was, first, to be asleep. When you awoke, you were rested—the opposite of being tired—but you were also hungry, which was the opposite of your condition upon falling asleep, just after your first dinner.

So man travels through life amid a complexity of opposites. After bounding, like a rubber ball from opposite to opposite, through three score years and ten, man dies. From possessing the quality of life, he attains the opposite quality of death; he takes the greatest bound since the nurse diagnosed him to be a boy.

Religions differ regarding all subsequent bounding. Unless it be in the happy hunting ground of the Indian, there would appear to be very poor bounding after death. In Nirvana it would seem impossible and bounding in heaven would be sort of disrespectful.

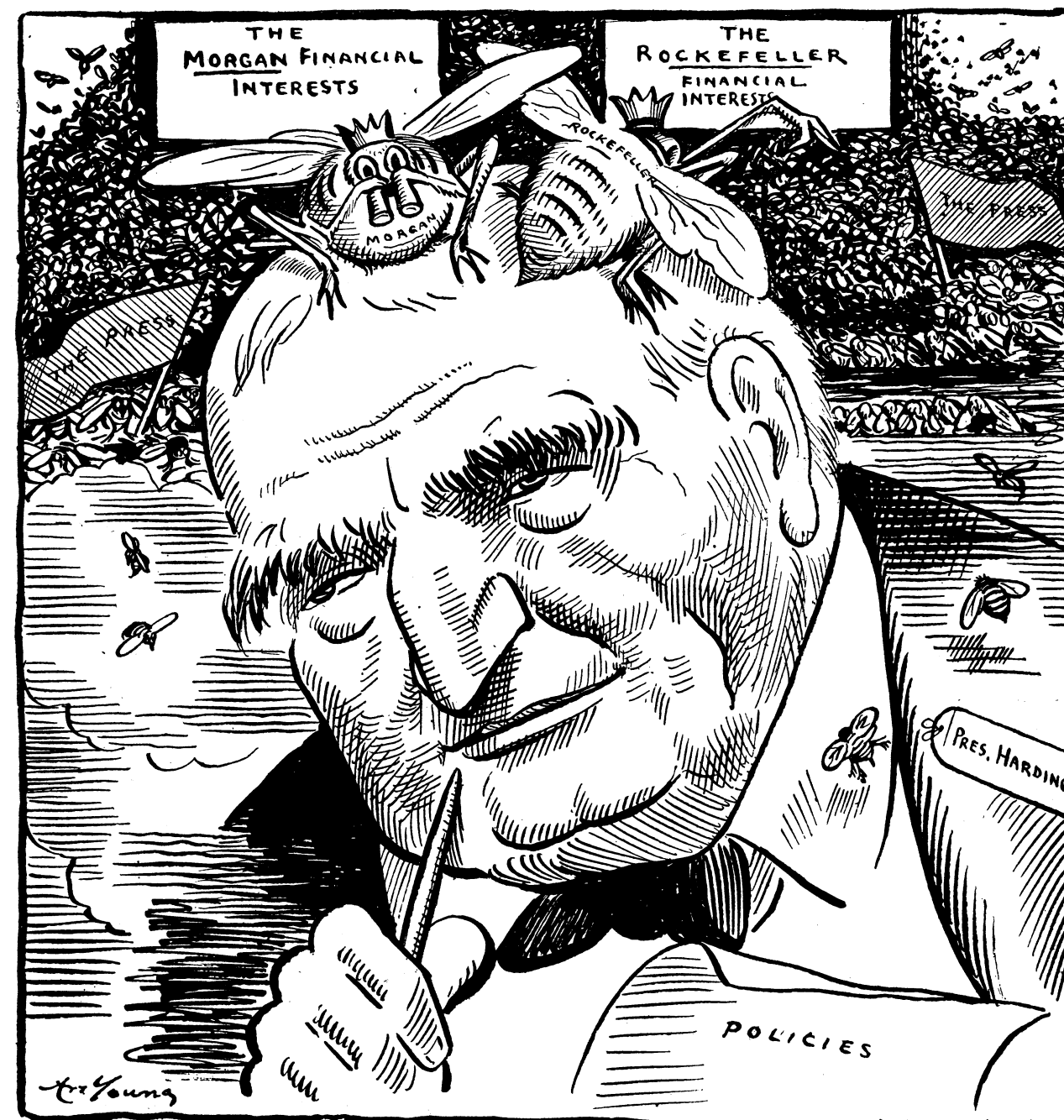
However, bounding may not really cease, since Socrates says that death comes from life and, consequently, life must come from death. If this be so, all good bounders may rest assured that death is but a jumping-off place for life. It may be that man simply reverses the quality of death and lets out another mighty yell for the menu.

R. T. M. Scott.

Advertisement for a Long Beach hotel:

"Reservations now being made for the summer season for one person at \$42 a week and up. Meals extra."

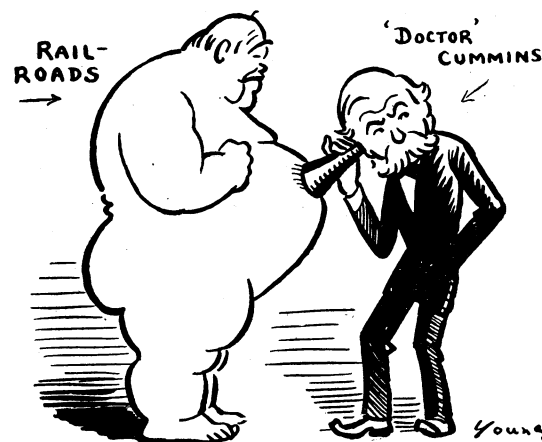
We recommend this summer hotel to clerks who earn \$25 a week. In spite of the fact that they will not organize for their own interests we want them to have an enjoyable vacation.



## The Big Bees and the Figurehead

They will not sting him as long as he doesn't do a thing to disturb them.





### Investigating the Railroads Again

Chairman Cummins of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Senator from Iowa has another chance to investigate the Railroads. Dr. Cummins has been investigating railroads for thirty years; in fact ever since railroads began to be investigated. According to reports he will again make an exhaustive examination of the maintenance costs, of the railroad stomach, its traffic blood-pressure, efficiency of service glands, reduction of freight-rate fat, etc. And after it is over, Mr. Railroads, who insists that he owns his own private system, will take Dr. Cummins' advice or leave it alone, just as he pleases. This in spite of the fact that the Doctor never was known to prescribe anything stronger than a political pill.

What the Railroads need today is a surgical operation by experts who don't care whether the present system of mismanagement, loot and decay survives or not. It is our belief that a plumber could do a better job than Old Doc Cummins assisted by his Docs of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

*Her eyes swam, her nostrils dilated.  
Her hot breath burned into my cheek.  
Her passionate loveliness gripped me.  
My thoughts were too torrid to speak.  
But now, as I think of that moment  
And revel again in those charms—  
I would that my love had consumed her  
And that I might have died in her arms.*

Frank Walklin.

All right Frank, we know how you feel; but you have to be careful in the Springtime.

Poetry Editor of GOOD MORNING.

### Sauce for the Goose, Sauce for the Gander, and Then Some

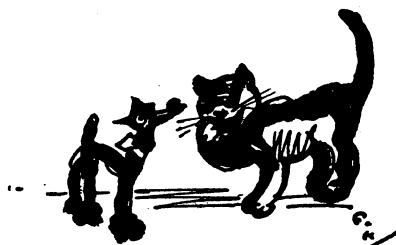
It seems that while Our Boys were dying in France and home-fire-burning patriots were selling Liberty Bonds to German farmers out in Iowa at the point of pistols and judges were sentencing men to penitentiary terms for reading Bernard Shaw's book "An Unsocial Socialist" on street cars and Copper Trust thugs were dragging Frank Little's body at the end of an automobile until his entrails ran out and people were being indicted for circulating copies of the Declaration of Independence and I. W. W. boys were being plastered with 20-year terms in Leavenworth and Archibal Stevenson was Luskung wildly around in search of people wearing red underwear and Atty. Gen. Palmer was discovering mares' nests in every tree top and Eugene Debs was being rushed behind the bars for advocating the Brotherhood of Man and John Spargo was being horrified by Bolshevickedness and Mr. Wilson was watching the heart of the world being broken because Sec. Lansing's mind wouldn't go along with his, that one of those Dollar-a-Year-and-Perquisites men watched for an opportunity to do his country good and bought a supply of Worcestershire sauce for the navy.

And after the bo'suns and midshipmites had been served and the armistice came along, there were still 10,240,000 ounces left over, valued at \$534,258.

Alfred McCann figures that if all this sauce were put into bottles and laid end to end they would circle the earth three times and sufficient contents would be left over to float the Zionist fleet.

Enough sauce is still on hand at the navy in Brooklyn to fill 1,780,860 bottles. This will console former soldiers and sailors who can't find work and who have to stick around and watch former Dolly Yearlies eating port-erhouse steak.

Russell.



(From our Amalfi Correspondents)

Amalfi, Italy, April 22.—GOOD MORNING'S Harding inaugural parade has just passed here amid the tumultuous applause of your correspondents. As we clambered up the hill from the so-called post-office, devouring a copy of GOOD MORNING, a Havana-maduro-complexioned goat casually dropped from an overhanging rock and looked hungrily at your journal. Tearing off the inaugural parade, we gave him the rest of the paper, which he, too, devoured.

The procession proper we donated to the local "Union of Combatants and Officers of Amalfi", on the walls of whose clubhouse, formerly a goat stable, it now forms the most artistic exhibit. In our best twenty-cents-a-lesson Italian we interpreted the procession as being that of "American fascisti". The local organization of the *fascisti*, the above-said "Union of Combatants, etc.", not understanding GOOD MORNING'S socialistic, we fear, point of view, we took some liberties with the explanation of the different parties to the parade. When we came to the Ku-Klux Klan bearing suspended negroes from tree-boughs we announced, "Wall Street *fascisti*'s methods with Socialist agitators." Mid thunderous applause this section was studied for local technique. —Joseph Gollomb and Zoe Beckley Gollomb.

### To James A. Stillman

*Jimmie, you made a rotten mess  
Of marriage; I'm not trying to con you;  
The old kings with their mistresses  
Had nothing on you.*

*You lied and lusted in your youth,  
And as you grew, your blood waxed hotter.  
In fact you were, to tell the truth,  
An awful rotter.*

*And were they wise down at the bank?  
I'll tell the world; but they should worry!  
They watched you strike your giddy pace  
Without a flurry.*

*Publicity! That made them dish you!  
They didn't mind your being a bum;  
They too had lived. But you, poor fish, you,  
Why didn't you keep it mum?*

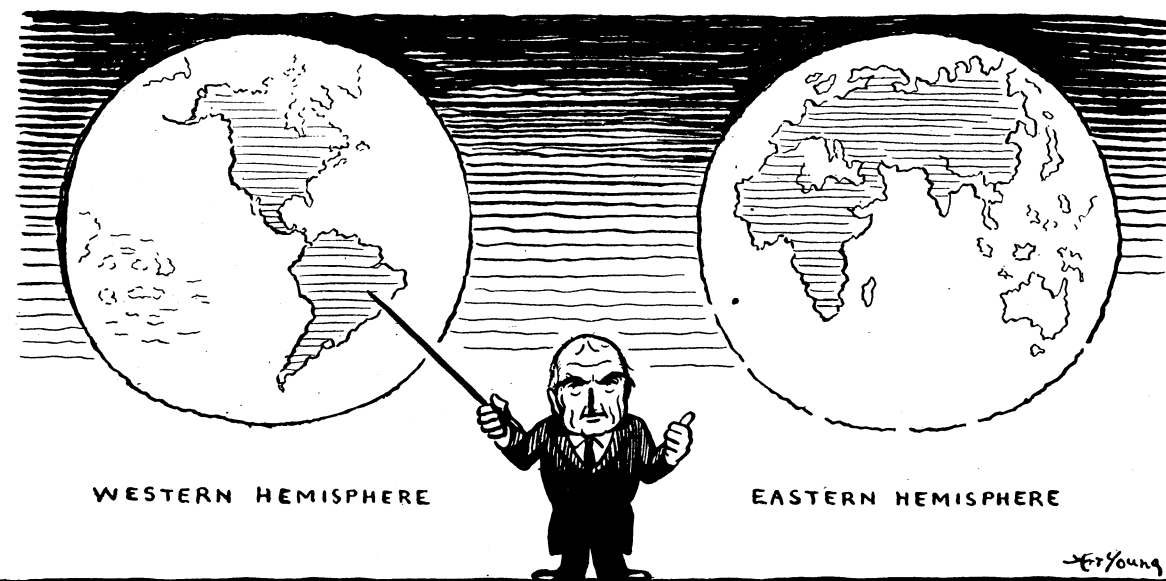
S. H. F.

An Englishman with a little talent for art took a long voyage through the South Seas and the Indian Ocean. He contracted Bombay fever, after which he developed a mania for painting ships.

Returning to London he became a roving artist vagabond rarely getting a job. Once he approached the keeper of a saloon and asked him if he could paint a ship on his window for a few shillings. The name of the saloon was the Blue Pig.

The keeper said he didn't want a ship on his window but he would let him paint a blue pig. "All right," said the artist, "I'll paint a blue pig, but I warn you, it will look more like a ship."

E. D.



### The Monroe Doctrine Explained

President Harding makes it quite clear that it is the duty of the U. S. Government to keep foreign powers from horning in on *our* hemisphere. But we reserve the right to horn in on any old hemisphere we choose.

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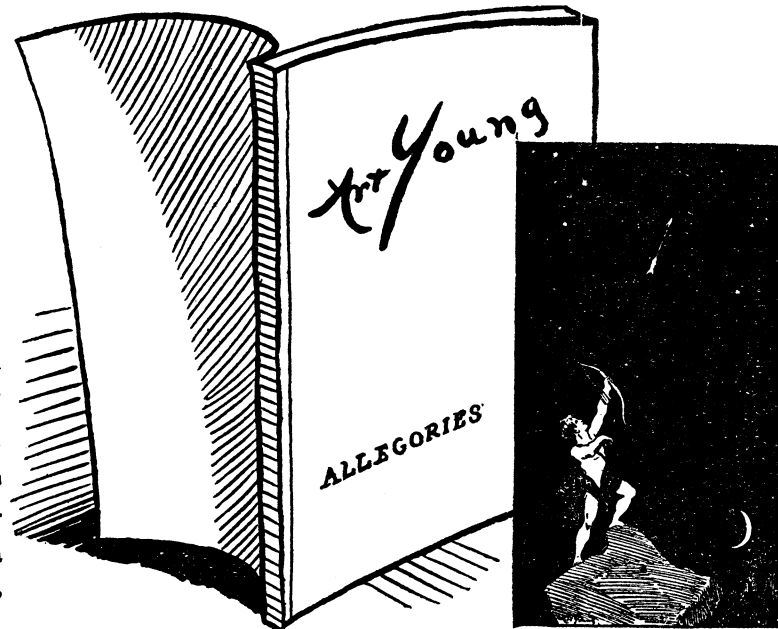
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