

"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

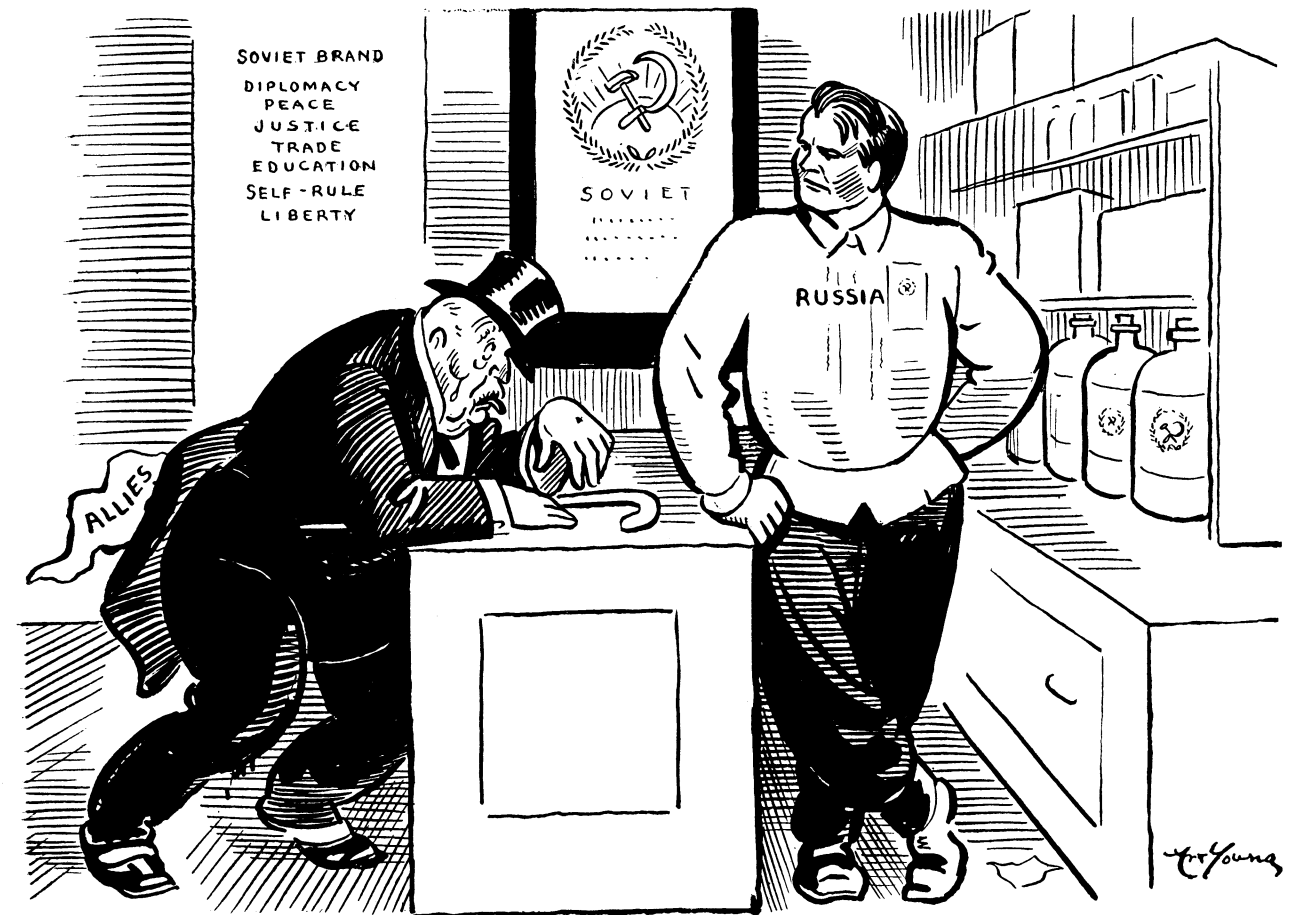
15 Cents



GOOD MORNING

Aug. 15—Sept. 1

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



Time To Sober Up

Allied Governments (gasping): "Guess, I'll take a small dose of that peace you have recommended so many times."



Like the fabled Phoenix rising from its ashes, GOOD MORNING rises from its temporary prostration. We couldn't come out on the 15th of August.

But; for the last three weeks every wind that blows has brought us a lot of subscriptions, a lot of bundle orders, many bouquets and a few neat packages of mud, thrown anonymously.

GOOD MORNING is on the map. It's going—from occident to orient.

The editor begins to feel as important as a three year old colt behind a band of music, and despite the hot weather the whole staff is buoyant and snappy. We publish here what readers are writing about GOOD MORNING.

If you do not happen to be a subscriber, we want you to get in the swim. Take the only humorous paper bounded on the north, south, east and west by the laughing rebels of the world.

From Duluth, Minn.

In the midst of a busy and trying time, I still have the time to congratulate you upon the remarkably fine paper that you are getting out.

There is nothing like a Young cartoon to inspire or humor one, especially when the clouds hang heavy overhead.

From Napoleon, Ohio.

More power to thee, is the sincere wish of a born and bred Buckeye comrade.

From Washington, D. C.

Our co-operative rooming-house here in Washington has a periodic riot whenever Good Morning appears in our midst. It is immense.

From Oakland, Calif.

A bright and sunny June morning without the sparkle and life of a cheery "Good Morning" is like a moulting hen in the dead of winter. In other words it is plain hell! Before we get a chronic grouch send us a week-

ly bundle of ten copies of "Good Morning." Like a cup of good coffee it gives spice to an early breakfast. Inclosed find a check for one dollar to cover deposit on same.

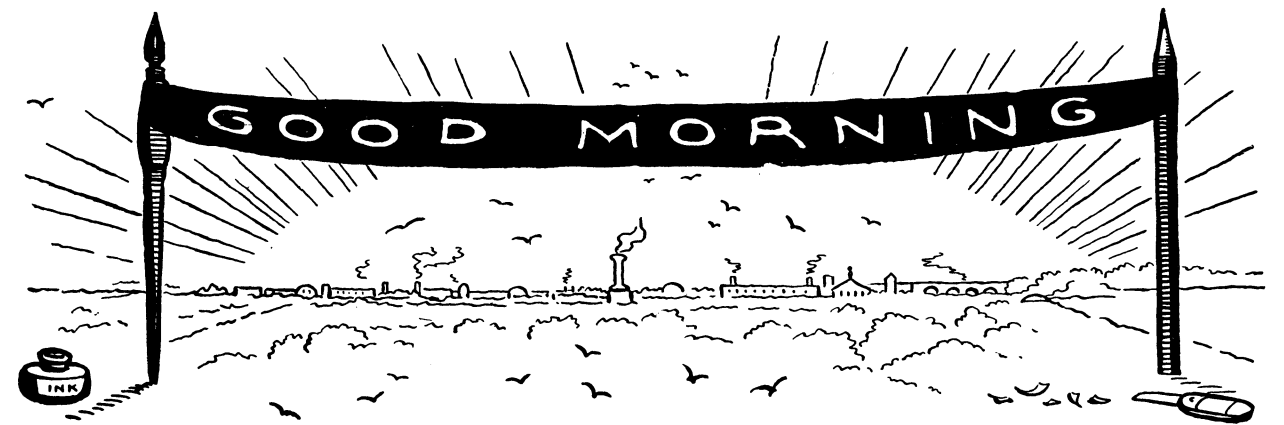
From Columbus, Ohio.

You can stop my magazine for this reason: You make grand good hits and then knock all kinds of standard government. We do not want *Bolshevism in this country of ours, not by a damn sight.* The Republicans have always saved America in every test we had and she will have to do it now or we are *all going to hell in a hanging basket* under Democratic rotten, crazy misrule.

Your paper wears earmarks of inviting Bohlshveckary that calls for a man's property and autos, so to hell with it!

From Brooklyn, N. Y.

So you are at it again in spite of the latest Russian debacle, Polish advance on Warsaw and the Lusk investigation of the sugar famine? Well, if so be, herewith my misanthropic mite to the Interworld Mirth Movement.



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

VOL. II. No. 7-8.

New York, August 15-September 1, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

UNANIMOUS

VOTER



Democratic Party: "He's deceiving you!"
Republican Party: "He's deceiving you!"

There is a society in Boston to prove that the world is flat, another to make suicide legal, one in Michigan that promulgates the theory that blood is not red but milk-white and there is one in Florida organized to demonstrate that we live on the inside instead of the outside of the world. The funny part of it is that people get all worked up over these ideas. Any one of them could be made more popular in this campaign than the League of Nations.

Now that, according to the income tax reports, there are twenty thousand millionaires, the workers have another reason to be proud of this country.

Prominent editors of English newspapers suggest changing editors with American newspapers. Anything you say—and you can swap King George for Wilson for all we care.

Another reason why we are glad we are not a king — the papers inform us that King George has to wear a metal undershirt.

A writer in the July 31st issue of Collier's Magazine has discovered the way to end strikes. He says that since the way strikes are finally settled is by arbitration, why not have the arbitration at the beginning instead of the end? Ah yes! and why didn't we have the Peace Conference at the beginning of the war?

170,000 American boys died to make this country a safe place to live in and now in New York city alone 160,000 families are to be dispossessed from their homes on October 1st.

THE EVIDENCE ACCUMULATES



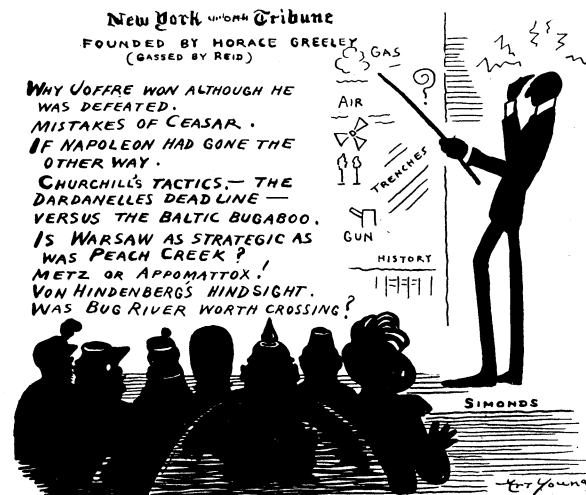
Lawyer: "Did you ever notice anything strange in my client's conduct?"

Witness: "I certainly did—he wore black shirt-studs with a full dress suit."

A New Record On The Phonograph

By Art Young

On reading the articles of Frank H. Simonds in the New York Tribune during the late war, you felt that he was a sort of literary commander-in-chief of the armies of the world.



It seemed as if the Governments of Europe would have to wait to see what Simonds had to say before they took a decisive step. He was one of the best in the business. He would quote history — tell you why Charlemagne should have crossed the Rubicon instead of Caesar. He would draw a line (he was hell on drawing lines) from the Black Sea to Ypres, and tell you what Foch ought to do if he would be as tactful as Napoleon. He would explain why Carthage fell, how the Moors won by a fluke, why the Battle of the Marne might have been lost if it had been the Wabash. Simonds was the arch type of war journalist for putting the cyclopedic zip into a subject that delighted him as a boy delights in a fire.

In the midst of his enthusiastic survey, however, he never lost sight of the fact that we were fighting for high ideals against a "horrible, degenerate, unspeakable, butcher nation" Germany. And Simonds was as near right as Tom Lawson writing on the stock market. That is he sounded right. And that's what the middle class readers of newspapers want. Sound.

What is this militant-journalist doing now?

Mr. Simonds is up on the Tribune look-out again and suggesting kind of cautiously

that "the Western nations may have to make an alliance with Junker Germany."

In other words, Mr. Simonds wants the Allied Junkers to prepare to go to bed with the "Butcher Hun." Says Simonds: "What can the Western nations do but turn to Germany?"

You'd think if the Western nations had any respect for themselves—but why be too hard on people with such beautiful ideals?

Mr. Simonds may say in explanation that Germany has been "redeemed," that the capitalist class of that country has had its thirst for power, profit and imperialism destroyed. We admit German Junkerism may be a little humble—but that's all. It's the same capitalist class kin to that of other nations.

Does anybody today need any more proof that Junkerism is about the same in all countries? Imperialistic, Labor-Hating, Profit-Grabbing and Hypocritical—all of them. Junker governments may quarrel again, of course, and try again to drag the people into a settlement of their quarrels, but the game is about up and Mr. Simonds sees that it's almost time for them to kiss and forget.

There is something more than "sound" however to Mr. Simonds' words when he says the enemy is Bolshevism.

"Bolshevism is war against that form of social and economic organization, which is ours, which is the Western System," says Simonds. Just change that word Bolshevism to Junkerism and you have it just as Simonds was writing only two years ago.

You are correct, Mr. Simonds, Bolshevism, Communism or whatever you choose to call it: That's the enemy. The people against Capitalism. Proletariat against Parasite. Simple wisdom against educated stupidity. How are the Junkers of the Allied governments going to stop this movement, that started away back in Plato's time, and has gained such momentum in this the 20th century? They don't know exactly, but Mr. Simonds says: "Now it's a question as to whether Bolshevism is to be checked at the Oder, the Elbe or the Rhine."

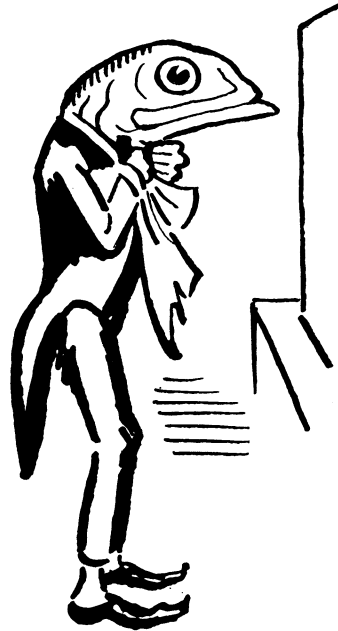
O that's it! When this idea gets to one of these nice-sounding rivers, maybe it will be so tired it will just shrivel up and die.



"They are going to extend the boardwalk here in Atlantic City."
"Great idea—with one end in Canada and the finish in Cuba."

The Poor Fish Speaks at the Annual Banquet of the Poor Fish Association

Attended by many self-made Fish, including bankers, army officers, school-teachers, leading lawyers and manufacturers



Fellow Fish:

I'm not a public speaker, but it is a pleasure to address the association of the thinking Fish of the city. (A voice: "good boy!") I came late tonight but better late than never. I heard some of the speeches which I consider O. K.—all wool and a yard wide (Applause). I agree with the Hon. Tuna Fish of Seattle whose success in the world of finance is a bright example for our children. Mr. Tuna Fish hit the nail on the head when he said, "Look out for your own rights, but don't interfere with the rights of others." (Prolonged applause from all the Fish). I know most of us live up to this maxim. (Applause). It is the true Christian spirit of a loyal American.

I met a rough workingman the other day who said he tries to avoid paying his car fare every time he gets a chance. I pointed out to him that he was interfering with the rights of the Directors and Stockholders of the R. R. Co.

And when I look around me I see Ireland and India interfering with the time honored right of England to rule them; Haiti and Domingo protesting against the right of the American Business interests to develop them.

Reformers brazenly proposing to interfere with the rights of landlords by advocating city homes for ridiculously low rents; soap box orators making contented people unhappy; women leaving their husbands, as if their husbands had no claim on their affection and people deliberately getting injured by automobiles because they won't run fast enough across a public highway; I feel that the best people are too tolerant. I have been asked to join a union many times, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, and thereby interfere with the rights of my boss to hire whomever he pleases and pay the wages he pleases without dictation from any group however worthy their demands. (J. Bloat Shad, the banker applauds until his gills turn purple). I feel that we need a new birth of respect for the rights of others. If we have confidence in our leading capitalists, aided by their courts and legislatures the American Fish will be given his rights in due time. We must not be hoodlums, we must be gentlemen. (The band plays the Star Spangled Banner and the fish give three cheers for the rights of others).

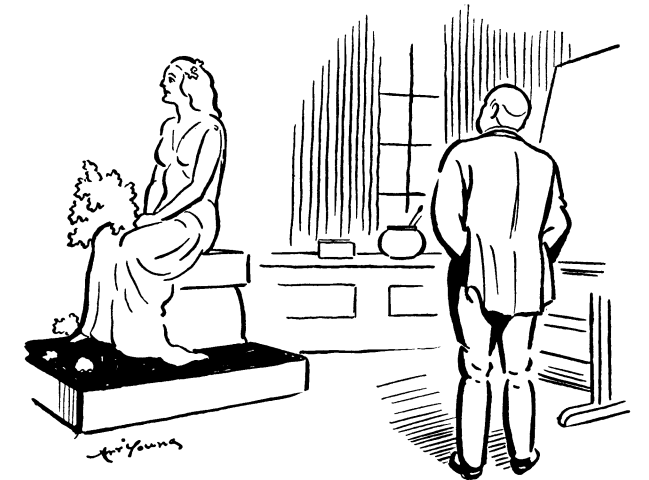


"We must some day, at last and forever, cross the line between Nonsense and Commonsense. On that day we shall pass from Class Paternalism, originally derived from fetish fiction in times of universal ignorance, to Human Brotherhood, in accordance with the nature of things and our growing knowledge of it; from Political Government to Industrial Administration; from Competition in Individualism to Individuality in Co-operation; from War and Despotism, in any form, to Peace and Liberty."—Thomas Carlyle.

SCISSORBILL DEFINITIONS

That all Bolsheviks have beards.
That the letters I. W. W. means I Won't Work.
That anarchists believe in throwing bombs.
That Communists are foreigners.
That the red flag means bloodshed.
That free love is free lust.
That pacifists are cowards.
That Karl Marx was a friend of the Kaiser.
That Sam Gompers is a radical.
That Theodore Roosevelt is our greatest American.
That Birth Control is immoral.
That high wages cause high prices.
That office workers are more respectable than factory workers.
That newspapers tell the truth.
That woman's place is in the home.
That this is the greatest and freest country the world has ever known.

M. H. F.



Artist: "You look very spiritual."
The Spiritual One: "Where do you get that stuff?"

If it comes to wearing paper clothes Good Morning costs only 15 cents a copy. Write to our Pattern Department for designs for suits, pajamas, evening gowns, etc.



An Expensive Funeral



"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.

August 15—September 1, 1920.

Lenin

A man of no experience as a professional humorist, comes to the front and in the guise of a premier proves himself the greatest of all humorists. Professional fun-makers should now hide their heads in shame.

While the little man in the Kremlin chuckles, Lloyd George is turning somersaults, Millerand running around in circles, Colby stubbing his fingers on a typewriter and the whole world of Big Business gnashing its teeth and tearing its hair. The audience that appreciates Lenin's little joke is growing larger and larger. It already embraces nearly all the workers of Europe and the Orient and soon will include the working class of the world.

The best jest is that which has the most truth in it. All the things which Soviet Russia has said about capitalism have come true. That is why Lenin is the greatest humorist.

"Mounting wages and decreased production only lead to industrial ruin."—Harding in acceptance speech.

Alright, reincarnation of Jefferson and Lincoln, how about the mounting profits? What do they lead to?

MORNING EXERCISES FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Rise 7 A. M.

Stand in the middle of the room, raise arms slowly overhead, take deep breath and say "Damn the Bolsheviki," lowering arms in despair. Ten times.

Extend body flat downward on floor, cover eyes with hands, kick heels, think of the strikes, and weep, till dry.

Kneel, wring hands, meditate upon the labor unions and groan 150 times. Assume sitting position, hands on hips, sway gently to and fro and concentrate on the decline of patriotic profits until a generous frothing at the mouth sets in. Till exhausted.

Collapse on floor. Grovel vigorously, think of the income tax and gnash your teeth as in anger. Ad lib.

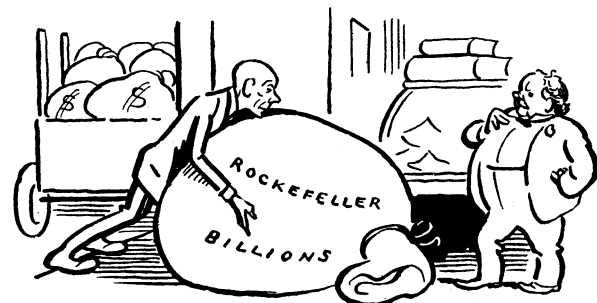
While cooling off try to find some good news in the morning newspaper.

Note—Observe this simple regimen every morning before breakfast and you will reach the office with most of the cares and troubles of the day already out of your system.

INDICTMENT

Gray street,
 Gray shadows,
 A sun flaunting its flaming torch
 Among a thousand shattered rubies,
 A pale moon,
 And men watching a sewer dredged.

Martha H. Foley.



NOTE: The surrender of the capitalist system was unavoidably postponed last week. But we decided to let the picture run just as it was made.



MAKING-UP ALREADY

He: "Ach! I can't forget those names you called me only yesterday and spread all over the world. Hun, butcher, degenerate, missing link, fiend of hell—ach! I can't forget!"

She: All that, dearest, was just for the people, you know."



Everything was all right until that "Creature" got into the kitchen

There is only one issue in this campaign. It is not the League of Nations or a question of one man being better than another. GOOD MORNING looks from the hill-top and thinks it sees the issue which is the same in all countries. Without arrogance of judgment, sensitive to truth, this publication has taken its place in the world movement for Industrial Liberty.

The best way to get GOOD MORNING is to subscribe every three months or by the year.



The International Opium Den

HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM—No. 7



Giovanni Pileuppi

San Francisco. — In a public statement Giovanni Pileuppi, billionaire broker of this city, says he favors absolute restriction of immigration from Europe. Mr. Pileuppi came to this country thirty years ago and claims that we have been getting nothing but the scum of Europe since his arrival.

Anticipating the newspapers when the Bolsheviki occupy Warsaw—

“Women Nationalized,” “Babies Put To Work in a Pop Factory,” “Old Men Shot in Back While Saying Their Prayers.” Isn’t it funny that in spite of these newspaper atrocities the oppressed peoples of so many nations are calling the Bolsheviki to come to their aid?

There are a lot of things that British labor leaves undone. But when they tell Lloyd George to cut out that war stuff and leave the Russians alone—hats off!

HE DODGES THE LANDLORD

We all have read, how wise men said,
Go to the bee to learn—
But now amazed when rents are raised
It’s to the snail we turn.

He never hears, with deepening fears
His landlord raise at whim,
We pass him by and heave a sigh—
His house goes round with him.
E. B. Hanzsche.

With Our Contemporaries

Not An Editorial by Martin from That Well-Known Humorous Weekly, DEATH, But—

At this writing it has not transpired that either of the presidential candidates is opposed to measures that are in accord with the best material and cultural growth of the country. But neither is sufficiently definite on this point. We are likely to find ourselves in the company of a pretty rough class of people, unless we know what protection Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox intend to give us. The idea that labor has dominant rights is gaining ground in some quarters—Russia particularly. DEATH is willing to concede a fair share of profit to those who work with their hands or their brains but we face perplexing problems when a sense of proportion is lacking in the councils of workingmen. That capital is often arbitrary in its relation to the public is somewhat beside the point. We have laws that rather effectually cover all the ground where abuse of power if proven (Prattle similar to this continued for about six columns).

Reviewing the Little Review

Gently swaying in the cool blue night spake the Japanese red glowing lantern to the American punching bag: My soul light shudders, shimmering shedding shadows on your shiny pigskin. Oh, if only I could penetrate with my light into your dark air-bubble so gently resting in the firm softness of your inner rubber soul! Oh, let me unlace your leather rims. Let me open your rubber pipe, dream of the sighs of leaving air-streamlets! Oh, terrible fate to feel hung alive!
Sznkalsky.

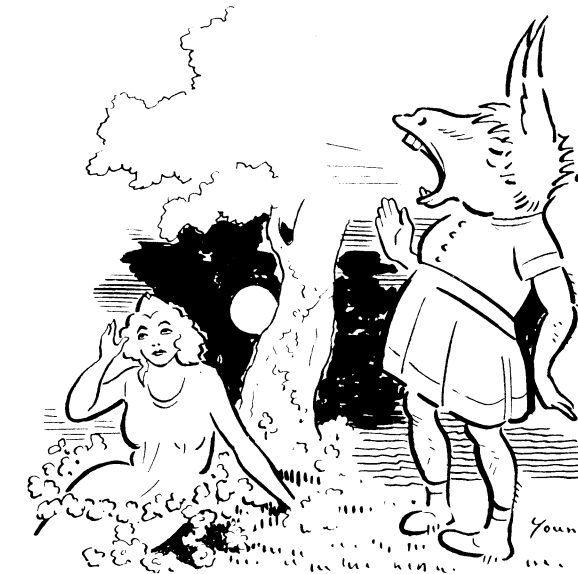
OUR IDEA OF LLOYD GEORGE



Busy as a hen on a hot stove.

Midsummer Brays

“What beautiful sound wakes me from my flowery bed?”



“America needs a baptism in righteousness and a new consecration in morality.” —Candidate Harding the Baptist.

“I do not need to tell the workers what have been the relative records of the Republican and Democratic Parties with respect to friendship for the workingman during the past ten or fifteen years. —Franklin D. Roosevelt.

“Do you know why the office worker is as well satisfied as anybody with his lot? It’s because he sees and understands the problems of his boss, and he’s satisfied to see the President paid \$50,000 because he is close enough to know that he earns the money.” —Thomas A. Edison.

“I am satisfied that the voters of this country, regardless of party are going to vindicate the work of our great War President, Woodrow Wilson.” —Gov. Cox.

H. G. Wells has written a history of the world from the Creation to the Peace Conference. Why wasn’t it called “From Chaos to Chaos.”?

If Wrangel collects that debt owed to the French bankers by the late Czar — maybe France wouldn’t need 147 million dollars that she hopes to borrow from the capitalists of the United States. But the betting isn’t very heavy on Wrangel.

WELSH LEVITIES

By Lloyd George

THE WILDER BOLSHEVIKS

"These men . . . only dance to the music of smashing furniture."

DEFENDING THE LEAGUE

"A trade union of Nations."

OF POLAND

"Of course she blundered."

A DOUBLE BARRELLED DEVIL

Lenin, I believe, is an aristocrat and Trotsky is a journalist. In fact my right honorable friend, the Secretary of War (Winston Churchill) is the embodiment of both."

FAITH TO THE BONDS

"We gave it (Kerensky's) government) support in munitions as long as they were faithful to Russia's bond."

Audience cries "Bonds."

From the August 10th
House of Commons Speech.

Mr. Bursleson's mails delivered a wedding invitation to us the other day. We were awfully glad to get it as now we can speak again to the parties involved who have been brazenly going around with three children.



He—"You see, they had nothing in common, so they decided to separate."

She—"But they had furniture, hasn't they?"

THE POOR FISH LOOKS 'EM OVER



The Poor Fish has been reviewing the Presidential candidates. To vote for Debs says the Poor Fish is throwing away your vote, besides he just can't bring himself to vote for a convict. Christiansen, says the Poor Fish, he never heard of before and anyway he can't win. Harding, he believes, is supported by the best people, dresses better than the others and looks to him like a winner. Cox is alright, but on the whole he thinks he'll bet on Harding. He read one of his speeches and he agrees with him—absolutely.

"Better to break your heart, and die,
Than, like your jailer, to forget your sky."

"The Skylark Caged" by Alfred Noyes.

Book Reviews

Fiction: "SUBWAY SUN"*

Realism is on the wane in the world of letters, and untrammelled romanticism is once again in the saddle—and in the subway.

With a nickel-plated fearlessness that compels attention, the traction kings and their jesters have burst the chains of things-as-they-are. With a boldness that betokens genius, they have launched a trenchantly romantic work of fiction, the "Subway Sun," a weekly served in tabloid form.

There is something epic in the "Sun's" abandon to the dictates of unadulterated fiction. It sets out to create an impression upon the readers, as all true artists do, and who are we to question the road it travels?

Although forced by the conspiracy of circumstances to circulate their product underground, the authors have a strategic hold upon the reading public. So much so that they have succeeded in making compulsory education a flat-footed fact in the subway. The story is being published by installments with a sufficient lapse of time between publications for the dullest straphanger in the travelling library to memorize the contents.

As to style: Scorning the old literary method, figures of speech, the "Subway Sun" depends for its effects upon the speech of figures. Thus we meet in every chapter some such magniloquent period as the following, quoted:

"\$5,000,000.00."

"\$5,000,000,000.00."

"\$5,000,000,000,000.00."

Where in contemporary letters can we find the peer of these rolling quotations, in point of effectiveness? The heave of the oceans and the roll of cataracts are in them. They awake a response in the most prosaic soul, for there is a basso sonorousness in the sound of them that is like unto the metallic rushing of all the nickels in New York.

Those who have pointed out a certain lack of episodic continuity, or plot, to use a vulgar term, have failed to recognize the essential trend of the incomplete masterpiece, what we venture to call a unity of motive.

Eugene Lyons.

* The "Subway Sun" advocates eight cents fare. Published by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. Circulated in New York City.



Rich Suitor: "If you marry me I would die of happiness!"

She: "Well then, that alters the situation. I think I'll accept you."

NOTICE

For lack of space the pictures of the Absurdity Contest are omitted from this issue.

Send in your suggestion as to the most absurd thing of these times from which Mr. Young can make a cartoon.

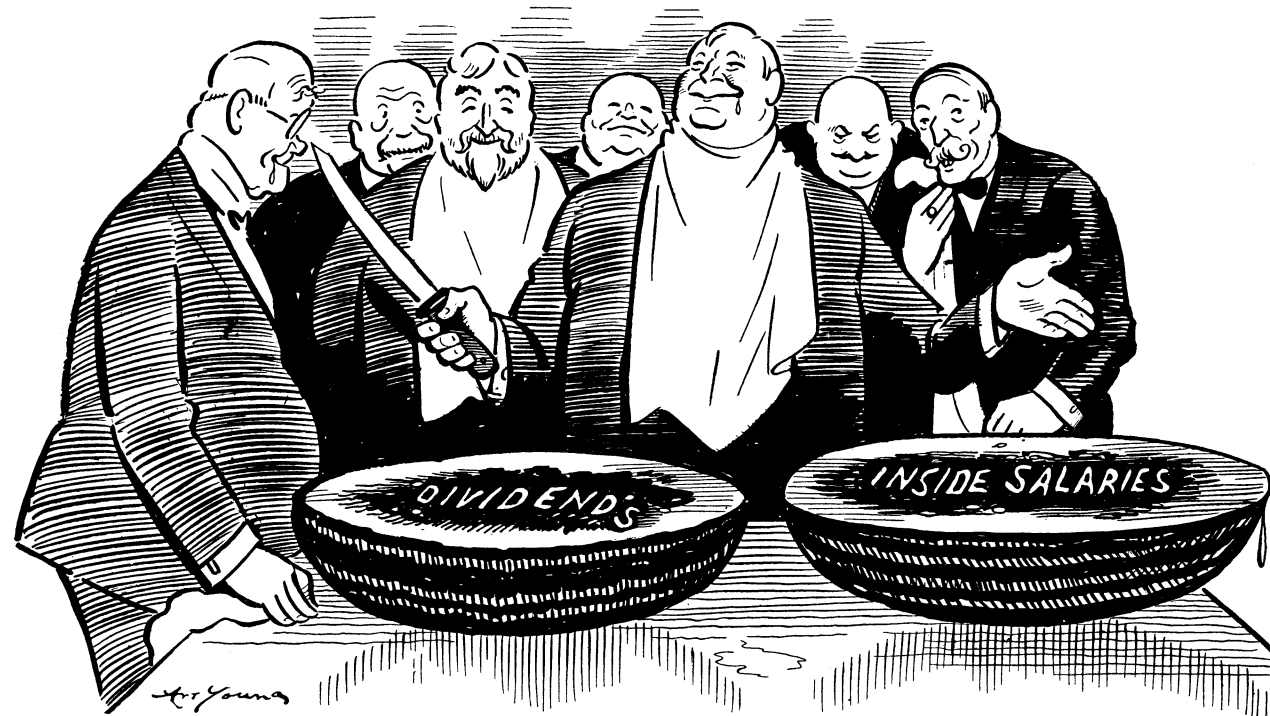
GOOD MORNING wants to know and will give a prize of \$10 at conclusion of contest for the best brief description of an absurdity—not more than fifty words. If you can draw, send drawing.

This is the LAST announcement of GOOD MORNING'S PRIZE CONTEST. All absurdities must be in 20 days after August 15th when contest closes.

The best suggestions will be illustrated by Art Young and published in GOOD MORNING.

The original cartoon illustrating the idea will also be presented to the winner.

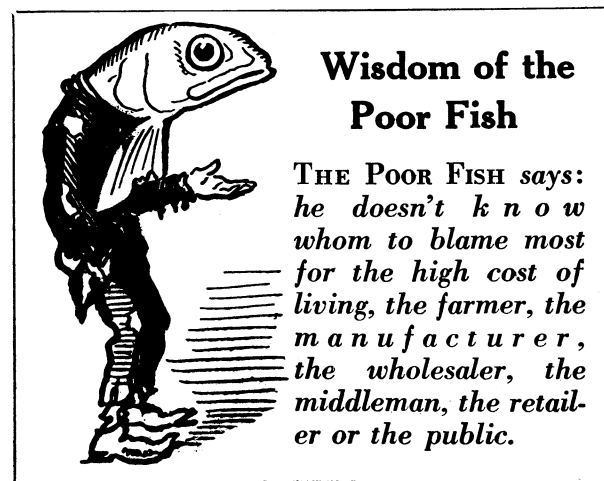
All competitors, win or lose, will receive Mr. Young's allegorical cartoon "Why?"



A PUBLIC UTILITIES CORPORATION
 "Gentlemen, let us raise the fares, but don't be seen smiling in public."

The press insists (this is 12.30 P. M., Aug. 20) that Poland is victorious. Is that so? You will notice, however, French francs drop to 7.05½ and English sterling to 3.57¾. And if you listen hard enough you can hear Secretary Colby's jaw drop.

Paddy Proletarian has pulled his feet out of the bogs and planted them in King George's trousers.



Wisdom of the Poor Fish

THE POOR FISH says: he doesn't know whom to blame most for the high cost of living, the farmer, the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the middleman, the retailer or the public.

D I E D

Inter-Church World Movement — on day of steel strike report, from capitalist indignation, the Interchurch World Movement, beloved project of Inter-Christian nationalists. Interment in Bankruptcy Court.

Liberty Bonds—in August, of emaciation, Liberty Bonds, saviors of democracy, mourned by small investors. Funeral to be held in Wall Street. Private. Please omit flowers.

Polish Imperialism—at Warsaw from Bolshevism. Polish Imperialism dearly beloved son of Allied Imperialism. Burial from late residence. Bourgeois relatives and friends respectfully invited.

Irish Dependence — in Ireland, Irish Dependence, greatly esteemed native of England. Burial beside gallows under auspices of Sinn Fein. India and Egypt papers please copy.

IN MEMORIAM

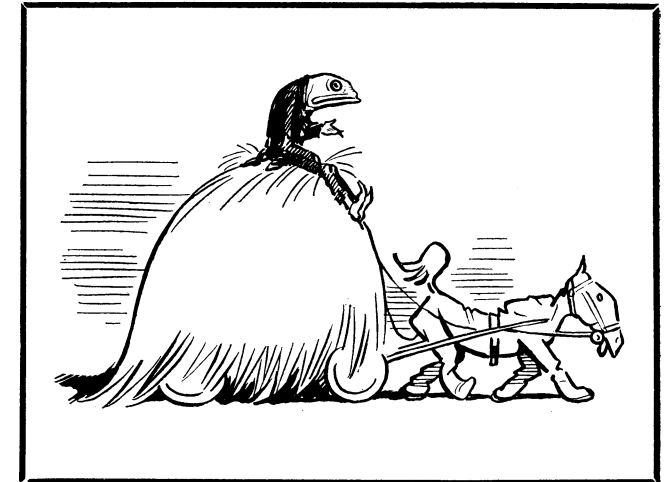
LOW PRICES
 Gone But Not Forgotten
 Lovingly,
 The Consumer.
 M. H. F.

GOOD MORNING has many projects to relieve the fevered strain of your tread-mill existence. In October Good Morning will have a Harvest Festival—the Poor Fish will lead the Grand March at 11:30 o'clock. Date and hall announced later.

If you missed the Good Morning dinner of last year—maybe you have heard what you missed.

Keep in mind **THE HARVEST FESTIVAL**.

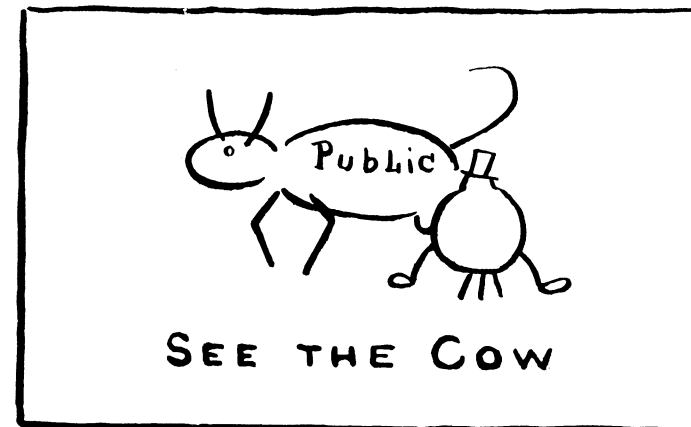
[Just to be sociable we shall try to send souvenirs of the festival to all out-of-town readers this side of Hong Kong.]



THE POOR FISH, HIS BOOK will be published soon.

It will contain many cartoons and jests, besides the opinion of the Poor Fish on everything from domestic problems to social science.

We know that Good Morning readers will want the Poor Fish in book form for their friends. How many do you want? Order now. 80 pages—Young's cartoons—50 cents.



The illustrated **CAMPAIGN PRIMER** by Art Young will be ready September 10th.

It's the funniest thing you ever saw and educational besides.

24 pages—10 cents.

Good Morning Company, Inc.

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

"KISSED 300 TIMES A DAY, THINKS HUSBAND INSANE"



"Kisses Me With Love, Says Wife."

No, you were mistaken, this newspaper headline does not refer to Candidate Harding being kissed by Big Business.

The novelist Basil King has been receiving messages from spirit land. He reports that the spirits are turning red and have organized a "psychical soviet." Now the spirits will be getting pinched!

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE CAMPAIGNS FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP



Valet: "What suit today Mr. Malone?"

What is D'Annunzio doing now? It is too bad that he did not try to capture Fiume in the name of the workers — then he could keep it.

MARK TWAIN "PSYCHED"

When Mark Twain was young, he said: "I want a man to—I want you to—take me up a line of action and follow it out, in spite of the very devil."

When Mark Twain was old, he said: "Everyone who knows anything, knows that there was not a single life ever lived that was worth living. . . If I live another year, I will put an end to it all—I will kill myself."

What was the secret of Mark Twain's despair? Compromise, respectability, fame and fortune.

Over the counter "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" sells for \$3.00 (by mail \$3.10). By an unusual arrangement with the publisher we can let you have a copy of the book for \$1.00 if you will send us at the same time a new subscription to the Liberator. (\$2.50 a year.)

Start with the September Liberator and read "Nietzsche, Plato and Bertrand Russell" by Max Eastman.

"What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The whole heart-breaking story of the suppression of the artist in Mark Twain and the development of the popular American humorist is told in Van Wyck Brooks' remarkable biography "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

It is a book for those who are willing to look beneath the surface of things. It may set you pondering on that spark of the creative spirit (now, perhaps, grown a little feeble?) that used to burn so brightly in your own breast.

Please use this slip.

THE LIBERATOR,
138 West 13th Street, New York.

I enclose \$3.50. Send me the Liberator for a year and a copy of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" by Van Wyck Brooks.

NameAddress

Read THE IRISH PRESS

The fight which is being waged by the Irish people to maintain the Republic of Ireland in the face of British armies, tanks, bombing planes and gun boats, is the fight of peoples everywhere to be free.

THE IRISH PRESS is waging the fight in America to secure recognition for the Republic of Ireland.

For authentic news and reliable views on this great question read

THE IRISH PRESS

Edited by DR. PATRICK McCARTAN, T. D. E.
Ambassador of the Republic of Ireland
to the United States.

Subscription \$2.50 per Year

924 Filbert Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FELLOW WORKER

New York City is a strategic point in the war that Capital is waging upon Labor.

THE FELLOW WORKER

is the only paper that will give you the true story of the struggle and triumphs of the workers in the largest city in the country.

READ IT AND LEARN THE TRUTH.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

3 Months, 50 Cents; 6 Months, \$1.00; 1 Year \$2.00.

Box 79, Station D., New York City.

The Birth Control Review

Editor: MARGARET SANGER

A Monthly magazine dedicated to the interest of the New Generation.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year

Send for sample copy
25 cents

to

104 Fifth Avenue
New York City

The two most brilliant publications in the World are

"Good Morning"

AND

"Much Ado"

Much Ado is the best

\$2.00 FOR 1/2 YEAR

Just address

HARRY TURNER,
Much Ado, St. Louis.

YOU believe in laughter, don't you, for everybody, but especially for those who are suffering for the Workers' Cause?

By helping to give liberty to the

Class - War Prisoners

you can bring laughter into many hearts and homes.

Money for bail and defense is needed at once.

THE NEW YORK I. W. W. DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Box 123, Station D, New York City.

A GREAT struggle is taking place in the Northwest, a struggle between the forces of reaction and those representing progress. Labor is fighting for its life there and the story of its battles is told day by day in the

BUTTE DAILY BULLETIN

Official Organ of the

MONTANA STATE FEDERATION OF LABOR, METAL TRADES COUNCIL OF BUTTE, SILVER BOW TRADES AND LABOR ASSEMBLY, STATE METAL TRADE COUNCIL.

Subscription Rates:

One Month ..\$1.00 Six Months ..\$5.00
Three Months \$2.75 By the Year..\$9.50

Send all subscriptions to the

**BUTTE DAILY BULLETIN,
101 S. Idaho St., Butte, Mont.**

THE NONPARTISAN LEAGUE

The Great Organization of Western Farmers

Full information of its current activities and opinions can be obtained in the League's national magazine, the Nonpartisan Leader, published bi-weekly at Minneapolis. Original cartoons, illustrated articles. Per year, \$2.50. Half year, \$1.50. Trial four months' subscription, \$1

(The Leader has a PAID circulation of over 300,000)

Books on the League

"The Story of the Nonpartisan League"

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Published by Harper & Bros., cloth bound, illustrated.

"The Nonpartisan League"

By HERBERT E. GASTON

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe, cloth bound.

Either of these books for the cost price of \$1.25 Both of them \$2.50

The books cover DIFFERENT FIELDS. While our supply lasts these cost prices prevail.

The Nonpartisan Leader Box 2075 Minneapolis, Minn.

The Big Stick

The only Jewish Weekly in America of Humor and Satire, Illustrated.

An intellectual magazine for intellectual people dedicated to the interest and advancement of the Jewish Race in America and the promotion of Jewish Art, Literature and Industry.

JACOB MARINOFF
Editor and Publisher

OUT EVERY FRIDAY

10 Cents a Copy; \$4.00 a Year; Canada \$4.50

The Big Stick, 200 East Broadway, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$4.00 for one year's subscription for The Big Stick.

Name

Address

City State