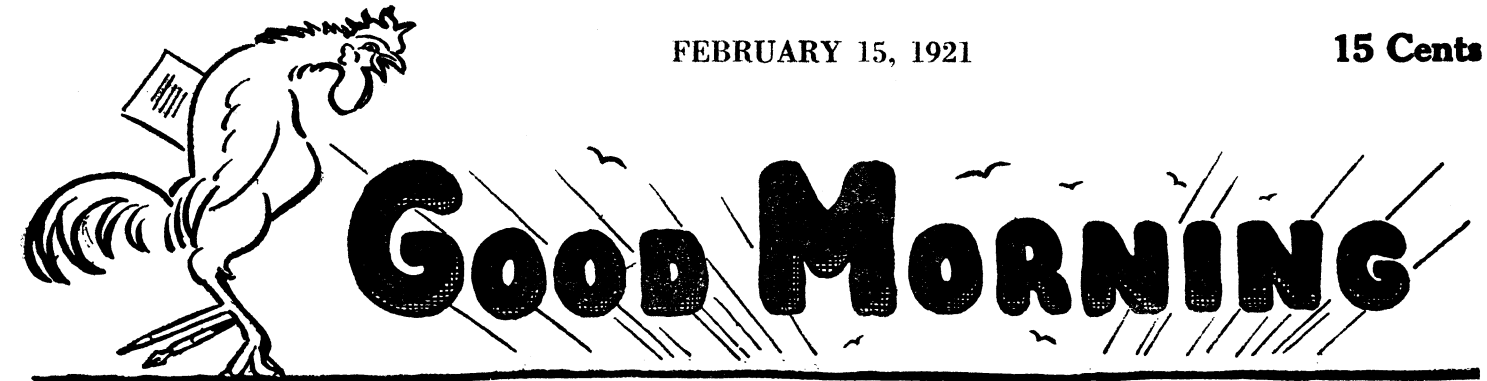


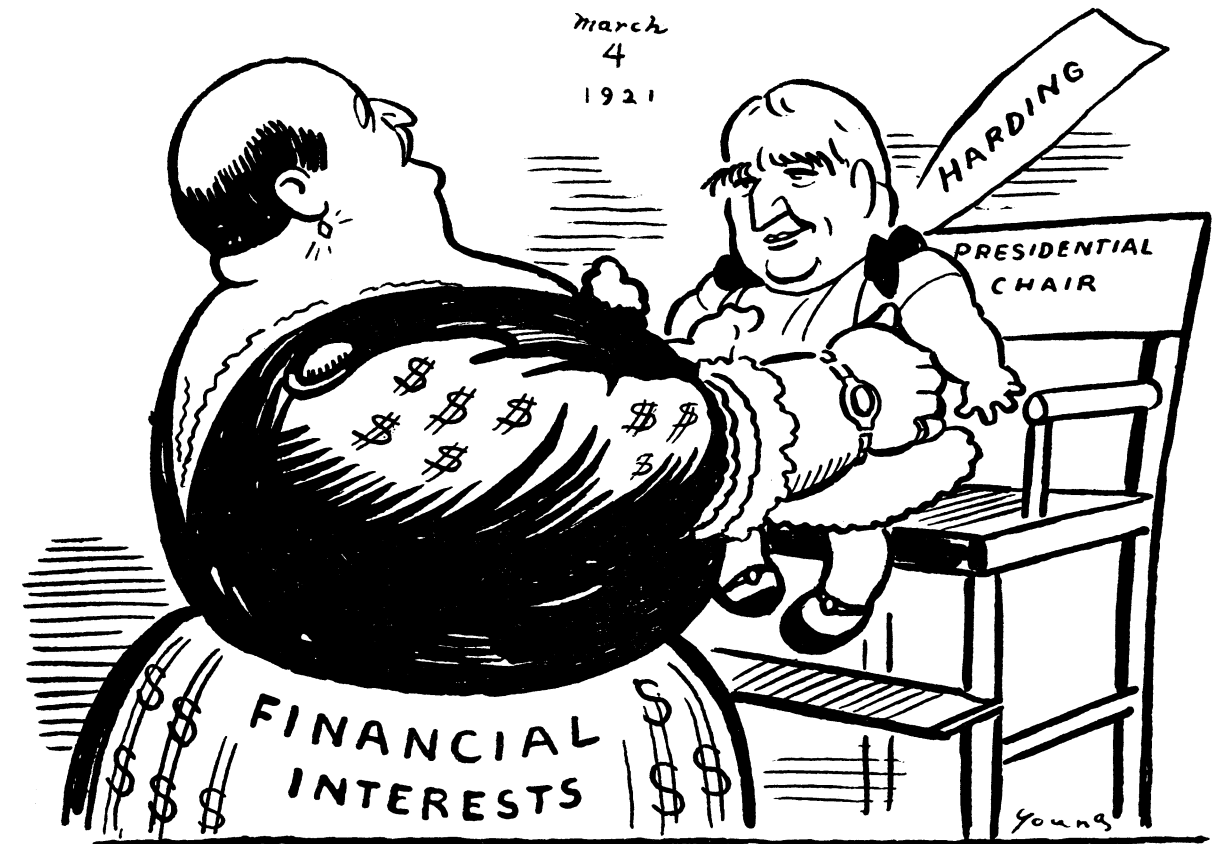
INAUGURAL NUMBER

FEBRUARY 15, 1921

15 Cents

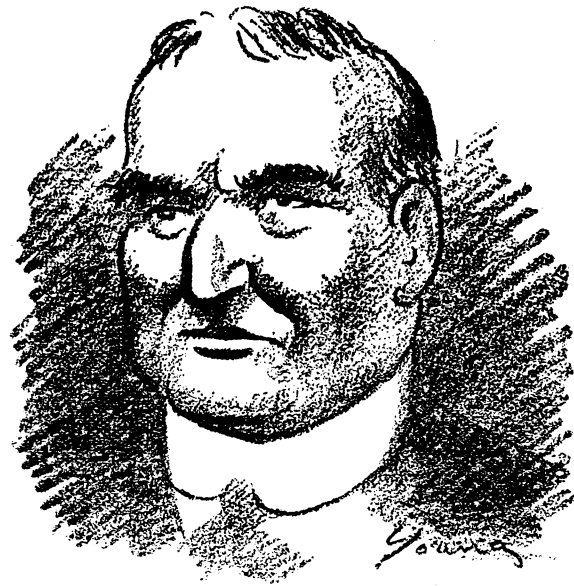


Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



“Up-a-daisie!”

This Issue: Good Morning's Own Inaugural Parade; Why Go To Washington?



THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

(*Mr. Harding will probably say in part:*)

Americans All:—

We are met to-day under the most inaugural circumstances to initiate a new era and get back to normalcy.

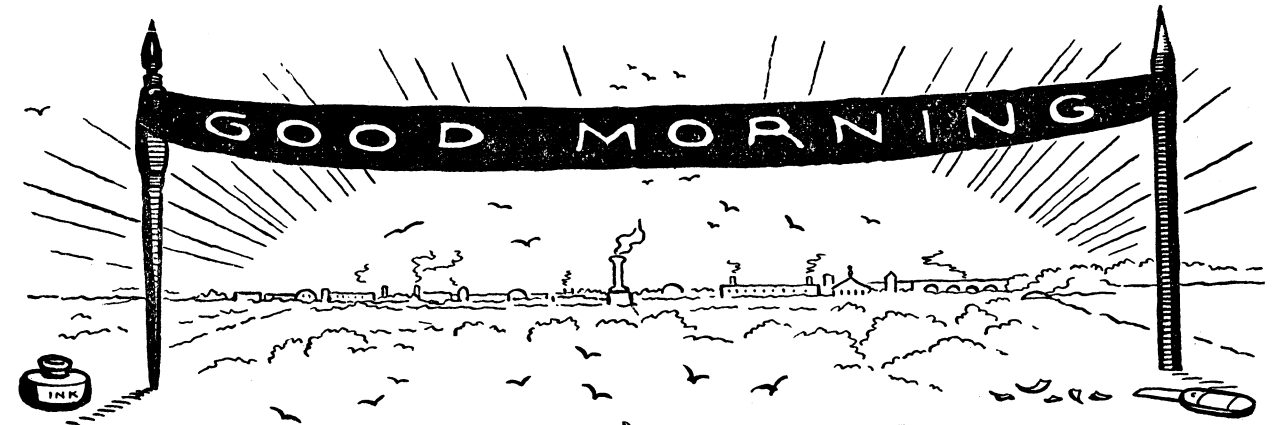
All Europe to-day lies prostrate. Its industries are paralysed and its institutions in a state of disorganization and decay. Helpless, hopeless and despairing, its people, call to us. We must not fail them in this dark hour if the good name of our fair country is not to be besmirched.

Where, I ask you, shall we get the money?

There is only one answer—from a protective tariff.

By means of a protective tariff, we shall be able to compete successfully with all those industries of Europe which, as I said, are unable to turn a wheel. By means of a protective tariff, we shall be able to keep out their foreign goods. By means of a protective tariff we shall become so rich that we may extend the bounteous hand of succor to the distressed peoples across the sea.

And coincident with this problem of world reconstruction, let us turn our attention to the necessity of a courageous press. I have been informed by the editor of Good Morning that he was the first to advocate my nomination at a time when no other American had the courage to take the step. Three months' subscription to this magazine can now be secured for \$1 by addressing Good Morning Co., 7 East 15th Street, New York.



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

Vol. III. No. 4.

February 15, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

Inaugural Simplicity

When we learned that the inaugural ceremonies of the new President were to be simple, we dissented.

No, said GOOD MORNING, it isn't right.

The richest nation, with the highest buildings, a whale of a navy, a gun that can shoot further than the furthest, thousands of war-made millionaires, a passion for parades, for palaces and splendor; everything to show the world how to do a big thing in a big way.

No, we said, it isn't right to be simple, that is, too simple on an occasion like the inauguration of a new President.

If Andrew Jackson rode up to the White House on a mule and Abe Lincoln came in on the night-freight carrying a mal-treated valise, and smiling a sad smile at himself for being "in for it"—remember those were the days before we had developed to our present greatness.

To be simple now, is like being crude when you can be refined.

When we advocated Mr. Harding's principle, "Back to Normalcy," we didn't mean a slump to the raw simplicity of our forefathers. What we meant was a compromise, a sane statesmanlike normalcy. War boosted our profits up to a thousand per cent in some industries. War boosted our ideals up to a point where they busted right in the world's face. We ought to get our ideals within reason and our profits not too large, but reasonable, and everything

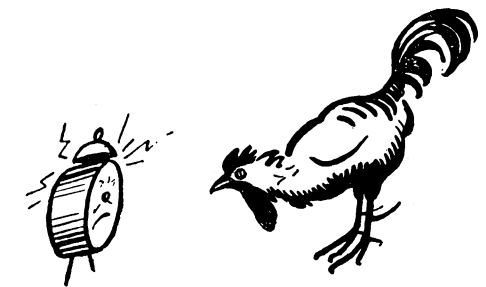
else within reason. The way to get "reason" is to get millionaires in the cabinet and the three or four remaining seats in Congress not occupied by corporation attorneys filled at once by a special act of Congress with the right men. Added to that, Labor Boards everywhere ought to be composed of industrial captains, who know just where labor should get on and off. Labor should confine itself to work.

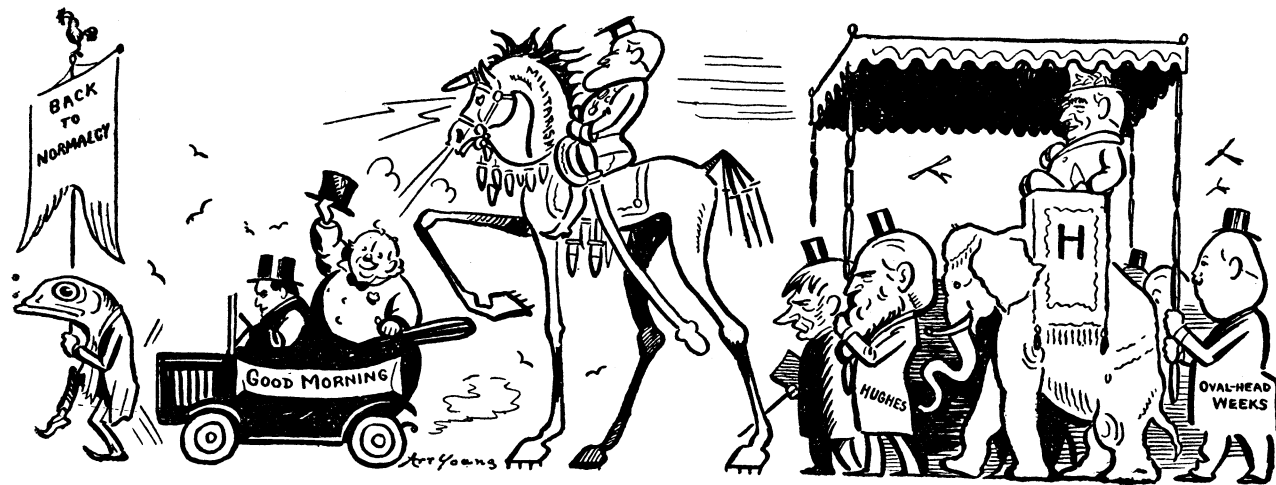
Normalcy and reason go hand in hand.

Parades representing the best in our commercial aristocracy should not be blatant or foolish, just a rhythmic tread of undulating normalcy.

Since there is to be no adequate, refined, simple and truly representative American parade at the inauguration of Mr. Harding, GOOD MORNING has arranged one, at its own expense.

For the benefit of all who like to see a historic event go down in history with some dramatic zip and regardless of expense, our inaugural parade starts on the next page and goes right on through to page twelve.





Section One

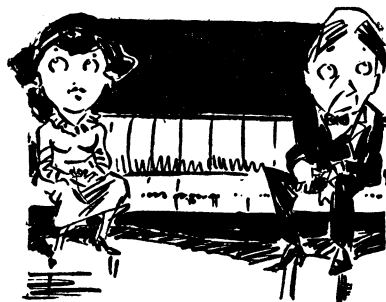
Here it comes—The Poor Fish leads.—Business Manager and Editor of GOOD MORNING, ardent supporter of the "Back to Normalcy" movement.—Pershing perched on the highest horse in the world.—WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING (cheers) our newest President, entirely surrounded by the best minds—Root, Hughes, Weeks et al. (Continued on next page)

WANTED: A HOME FOR A NEW IDEA

I am a new idea in quest of a home. Alien born but freshly arrived upon these American shores. I am restive and chafing in restraint. I want to multiply and create. The alternate throes of decadent and burgeoning life are the raw material of my making. In turn I must beget or die. I must give birth to my kind or be stifled in neurotic spleen, or hatred of my fellow creatures. Given reign I can assuage the spiritual wounds of mankind and supply them with material comforts. Alas! I promise so much, the smug look askance at me. But perhaps I should not expect hospitality from the smug and prosperous. People with full larders and bank balances are not inclined to new ideas when the old ones have served them so well. But even the oppressed, their victims, look upon me with suspicion. Dupes of superstition and headlines they quail from a new idea as if it were Damocles' sword. They thrust back their heads in fear as a turtle pulls its head into its shell. But my worst encounter so far has been with the business men of this enlightened or benighted land (it may be a complex of both) I pursue these captains of coal and Cocacola in vain. The moment one sees me he scurries to the storm cellar of public opinion and cries—Red! Perhaps he sees the crimson horizon in his night visions first. The cry may be the pale reflection of his morning

paper. Would any one ever imagine that a new idea would have such a hard time of it? The business men are bad enough, but their enmity is quite mild compared to my reception at the hands of the public officials. A new idea in the mind of an American statesman stands about as much chance of survival as a rat in a pit of terriers. Oh, I simply can't understand why the politicians hate me. With such good success too. It's still more difficult to understand the common dislike of these people when from every public rostrum they cry for panaceas for ills of their own making. If you were a new idea like me, what would you do? I am sad, depressed, and heartsick. Forsooth in a strange country. I cry and beg to be heard. You will have none of me.—(Voice in response to his wailing from 10,000,000 enfranchised citizens) "Beat it!!"

A. D. S.



(Voice of H. C. L.): Now, young man, go slow. You know you can't afford to marry.



Section Two

The best people of Marion, O., including Henry Deuteronomy Harding, the banker, Doctor Balaam Harding of Blooming Grove, Cousin Em, Old Josh Harding and others.—Band wagon of job-hunters playing, "What a friend we have in Gamaliel." (Continued on next page)



ONE RAY IN A VAIN WORLD
Babies are still indifferent to having their pictures preserved for posterity.

TO A SOLICITOUS OLD REACTIONARY

Your zeal for me is misdirected;
Our ways are not so far apart at all;
Nor should the path that I've selected
Disturb your kindly heart at all.

Our taste in scenery is one,
Romantic leanings exercising;
But—you are pleased with the setting sun,
While I admire the rising,

Astrophel.

What has become of the old fashioned family where parents and children used to gather about the open fire-place each evening after the work was done? asks a sentimental editor. That's easy.

The old man is down at McSnivens' rinsing his thoolsilum pipe with corrugated varnish.

Elder brother Pete has clutched with a cerise lipped chicken and is down in B center watching a bow-legged chorus girl chortle "Love Me As You Would Your Mother" in pink tights.

Young brother Bill is with the Sand-Paper Collar Gang that meets at Sweeney's learning to gargle shellac and shoot Kelly pool.

Big Sister Bess is out with a board-front lizard inhaling sex-stuff at a \$2 movie called "Virtue's Reward" in 10 parts.

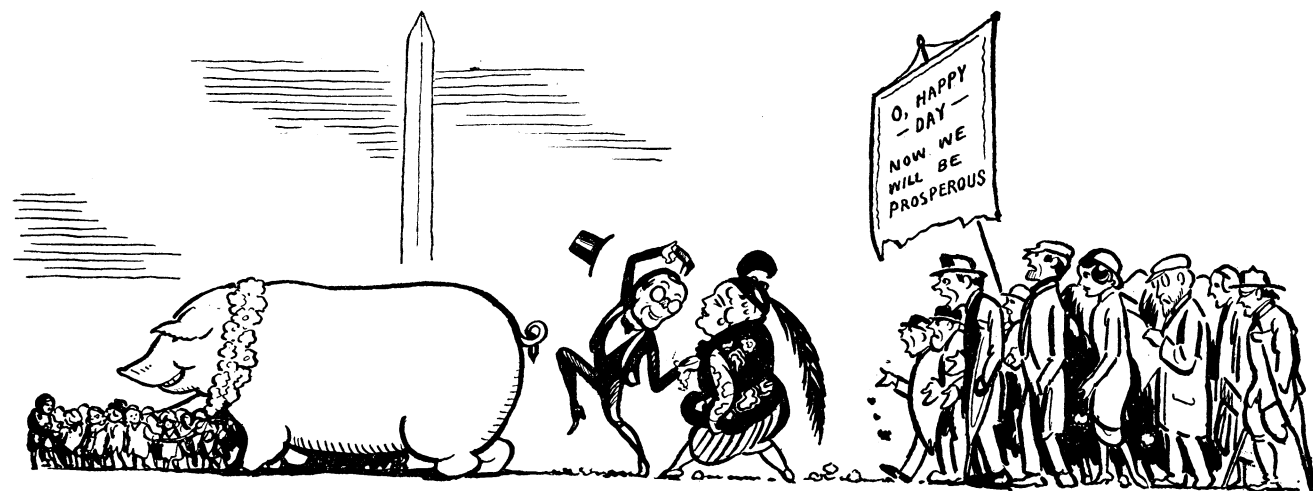
Little Sister Sue has on a seemore dress with leg-i-see hose and is sliding over a waxed floor with a fur-lipped boob who dyes his eye-brows and dances divinely.

Grandma is smoking stogies at Cafe de Lobsters accompanied by two orchestras and a cabaret.

And Ma—well Ma is addressing the Woman's Rights Club on "The Ethical Introspection Metamorphosis of the Alligator Pear" while using pink mouthwash out of a tall glass at intermissions.

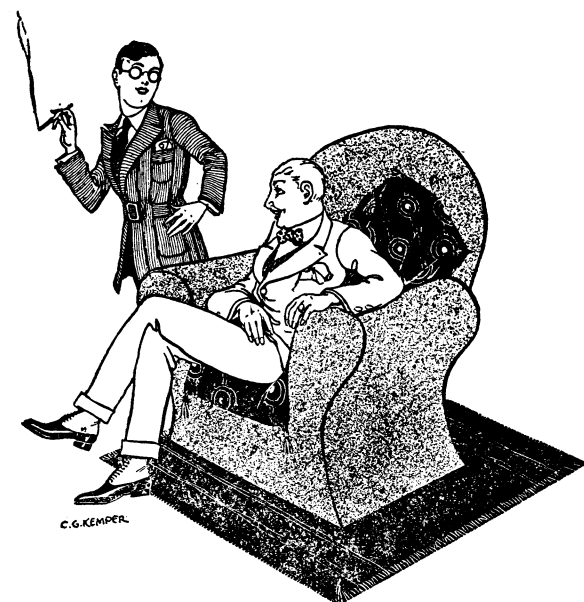
And besides, the open fire-place is full of imitation gas logs and the cook is spooning the chauffeur.

T. S. H.



Section Three

Group of underfed school children and the Packing Trust.—Col. George Harvey and Lillian Russell doing their recent campaign dance, the "Harding Hula-Hula"—Representatives of the unemployed strewing roses and chanting the same old hymns of hope. (Continued on next page)



CHRISTIANS AND BISHOPS

Bishop Rhineland is disappointed with the results of the war. For some strange reason the promised spiritual awakening has failed to materialize. The evil tree has not yielded good fruit. The ideal purpose with which we set about the business of tearing men to pieces with shrapnel, disemboweling them with bayonets, burning and choking them with poison gas, and undermining their morale by starving their wives and children—our good intentions have been in vain! They have not "drawn us all together for the support of the common good and, indeed, for the unselfish service of the world." Quite the contrary.

What, ejaculates the steward of the Prince of Peace, is the use of our glorious victory "if the country which we saved is now to fall to pieces before our eyes?"

GOOD MORNING heartily assents to the conclusion that "Christians are in the minority in America." The laws demanded by an ideal war are not calculated to make Christianity into a majority party. Christians are not only in a minority—they are in prison. The world is still safer for Bishops than it is for Christians.

F. W. Garrison.

Percival: "Oh Stacia! Isn't it just too lovely? I'm to get a degree for my work during the strike last summer."

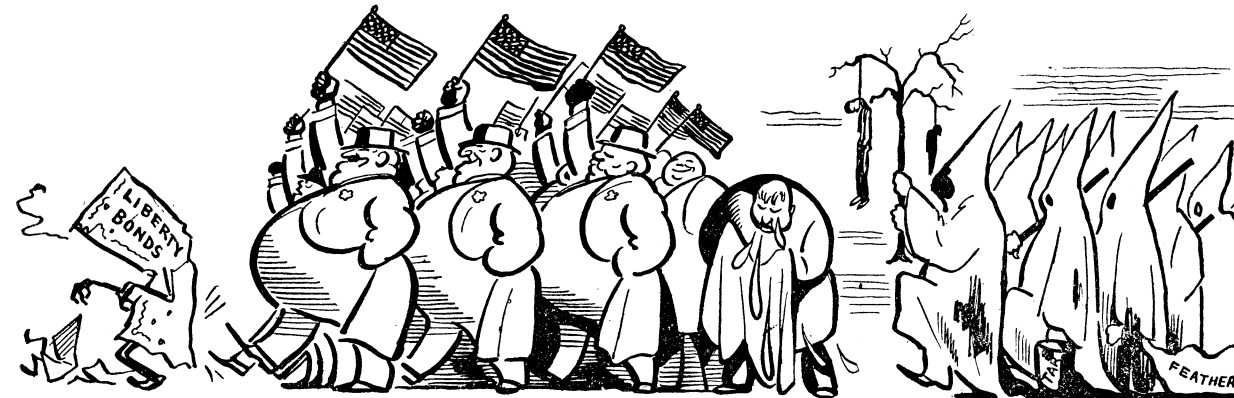
Eustace: "Percy deah! I do hope you weren't one of those awful policemen."

Percival: "Jove, nevah! But you should have seen me looking daggers at the horrid strikers."

"Henry Ford made 1,250,000 cars last year," says news headline.

Labors of Hercules! Ye Gods! And he made them all without turning a lathe or lifting an oil can.

ARE WE READY FOR THE NEXT WAR? NEVER FEAR,
WE'LL BE WITH YOU BOYS FOR ONE BUCK A YEAR.



Section Four

Liberty Bonds getting kicked around and howling "I wanta go back to par."—The dollar-a-year patriotic profiteers, including the fifty seven varieties of Trust presidents, with Charlie Schwab sprinkling the street.—Ku Klux Klan, bodyguard for the profiteers and standard bearers of race hatred, reaction and private vengeance. (Continued on next page)

PAWNS

Feel the lure behind a pawn shop glass
Snatching at your coat tails as you pass.

Gain, jane, shame, slain,
Catch the romance, winking through the pane.

A bald-bellied Buddha stolen from a chink,
Checked by a gink to buy a fatal drink.

A solitaire ring and a pearl necklace,
Traded by a dame who couldn't stand the pace.

Alabama Joe, with a wanderin toe,
Cashed a li'l dough on his ol banjo.

A medal of valor swapped for a buck
When glory passed and hard luck struck.

A coral-handled knife as saved a sailor's life
When salty was nabbed with the brown man's wife.

There's treasure trove from wherever men rove
An' curious tales with the junk is wove.

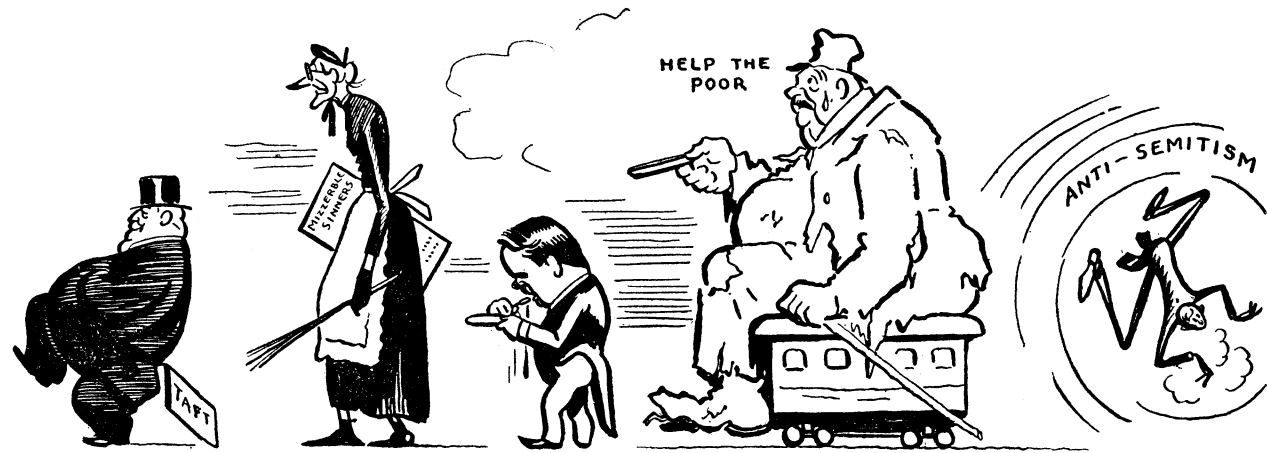
Frank Hanley.



Marsh

ART NOTE FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB NEWS:

Miss Adelaide Munny, daughter of Mutch Munny of Lucre Heights has retired from society affairs for the present and has taken up art. She reports being pleased with the simple life in Greenwich Village.



Section Five

The only happy ex-president, dancing the toddle.—Old Aunty Blue Law.—Herbert Hoover eating a forty-one cent lunch of mush-and-milk to relieve the children of Messarabia.—The Railroads, pauper (on paper), privately owned and privately looted.—Henry Ford throwing a fit. (Continued on next page)



"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** L. C. GOLLOMB, Bus. Mgr.

February 15, 1921.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

The door of GOOD MORNING office opened. Looking around for a moment with a cross visage, she came in saying: "I subscribed but I haven't received it. I don't want it anyway, there's nothing to it."

"What's your name please?" said the Business Manager, turning pale and fingering the subscription file.

"I forgot what name I used when I subscribed," she said tartly.

"Do you want your money back, lady?" said the editor coming out of his editorial sleeping apartment, while choking back a feeling of resentment.

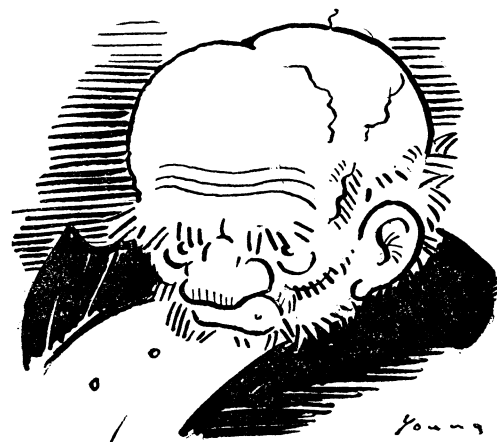
"O, I don't know," she said, slapping a copy of our precious magazine on the face.

The editor was about to admit that there was something in her opinion — when she breezed out.

Another blow between the eyes, said the business manager. As for the editor, he had to read a letter received the same day over four times before he got back to normalcy. This letter affirmed that we were publishing "the greatest humorous paper on two continents, bar none."

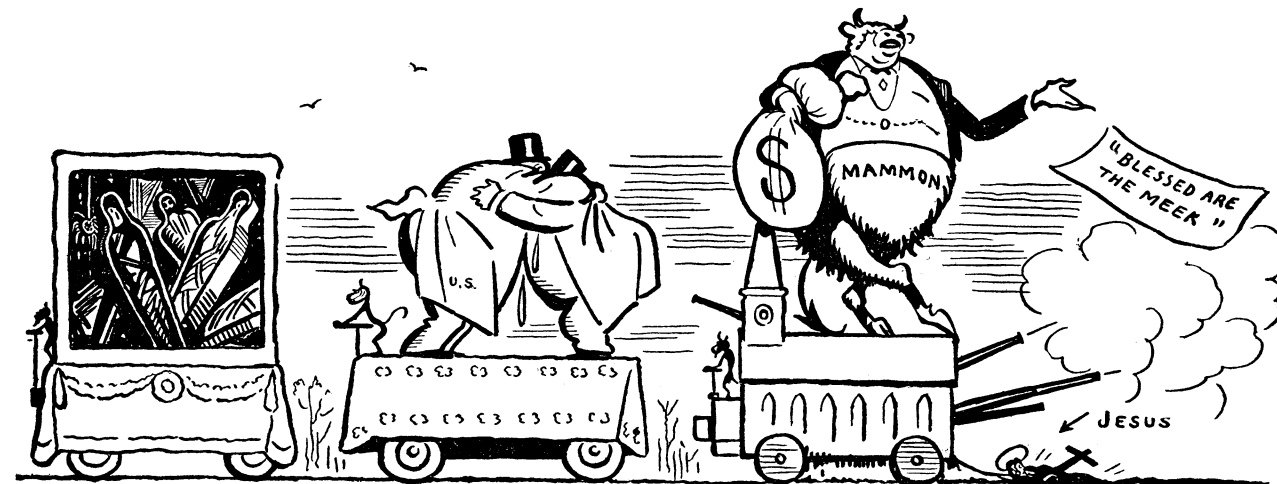
HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM,

No. 12



PROFESSOR MUSHA SAGBRAIN

Chicago. — Professor Musha Sagbrain, head of the scientific laboratories of the Wiggle-Gum factory, says Communism is not a fundamental science and its cure is in itself. Prof. Sagbrain had the Marx Communist Manifesto printed on litmus paper and after a chemical test it dissolved.



Section Six

Float section—Assortment of Grand Old Mummies of the U. S. Senate taking the air.—Touching scene of American and German capital trying to get together after the recent misunderstanding. — Magnificent float representing the progress of the church. (Continued on next page)

COUNSEL TO THE ASPIRING YOUNG POLITICIAN

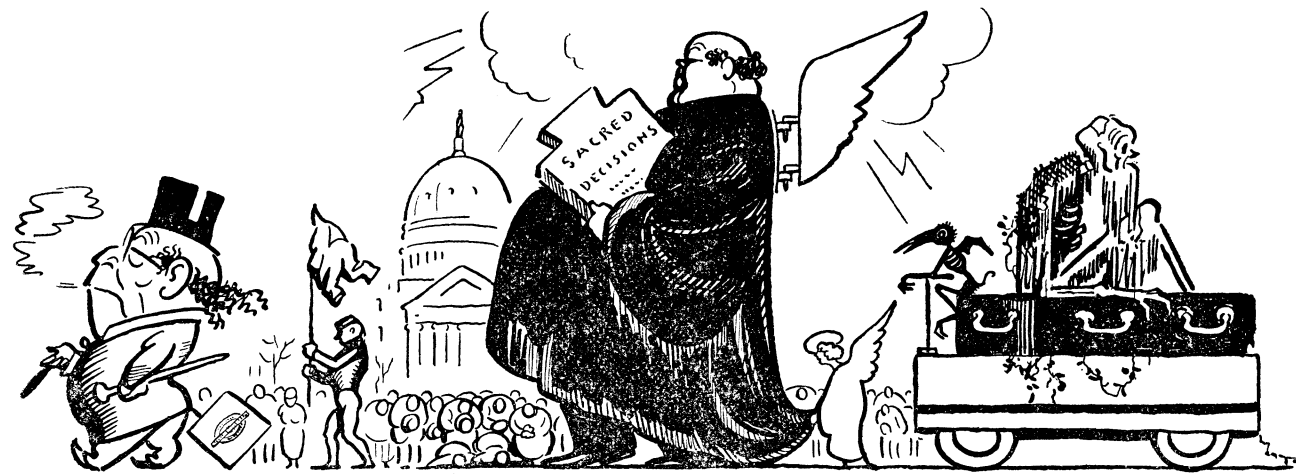
1. Excessive thinking should be scrupulously avoided. This is not because of the harmfulness of thinking in itself, but because of the dangerous conclusions one might reach as a result of it—even one so immune as a politician.
2. The Majority is always right. If it were not right, it would not be a majority.
3. The truth should be used with discretion.
4. Promises should be kept whenever convenient.
5. Minorities should be feared in proportion to their size. They seem to be unavoidable in even the best regulated politics.
6. Rid your mind of consistency. Politics has no room for it.
7. Newspaper editors are one of the features in Politics. It is never improper to have one or two under control.
8. It is not only the counted votes that count. To get the most of these is the one object of Politics, an object which should have nothing to do with squeamishness.
9. The American Flag is after all the greatest asset to the Politician. God comes second. One cannot use too much of either.
10. Have these words completely in your power: Progress, Humanity, American Ideals, Washington and Lincoln, Radicalism, Utopia, Public. They are indispensable.

11. The stability of politics depends on the Democrats and Republicans. Shun any talk about a Third Party. The Purity of Politics must be preserved.

12. Remember always the nobility of the Art of Politics. Remember how it holds itself aloof proudly from the ordinary man's interests, how it carefully watches him from afar, and how venerated it is by him. Dedicate your hours to its maintenance. Read and meditate on the lives of Clodius, Bubb Dodington, Metternich, Mark Hanna, and Woodrow Wilson and do not be misled by the slanders of the disgruntled. Thus will your aspirations bear fruit and who knows? Perhaps you will be as worthy an exemplar of the art as these.

COLUMNS OF FIGURES

Earthworms
 Wrigling in the shadows
 Between the Woolworth
 And the Singer.
 So many ashen faces,
 So many Truly Warners
 So many Arrow Collars
 Disciplined tailor mades.
 No one to fleck a spit ball
 Don't dare play hookey
 Don't even shout
 When grab-a-lunch hour comes.
 Nice children
 You have learned to behave
 And die gracefully. *Frank Hanley.*



Section Seven

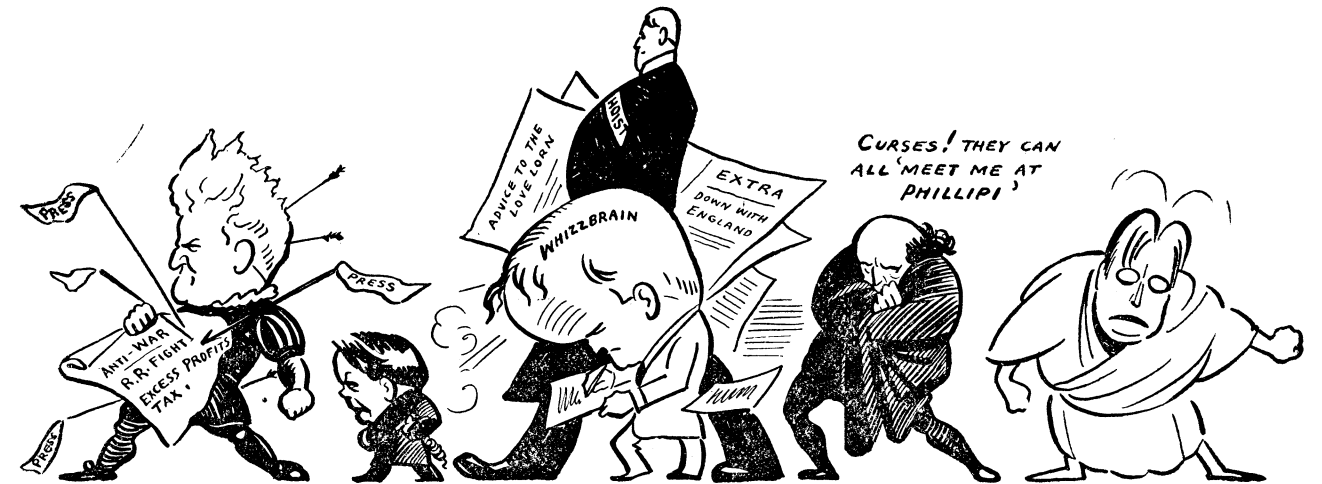
Samuel Gompers, accompanied by his valet flying S m's overalls.—Hats off! The Supreme Court, (Thunders of applause from Sinai). Laws interpreted with dignity and respect for the best people.—The tariff issue coming back to normalcy. (Continued on next page)

The Cult of Optimism

Yea Sayer for his publishers, Spearmint and Cococola, baptises his latest book in the name of "New Thought and Prosperity" with the label "This is a good old world." It's a fine book for salesmen, particularly the poor dub who is trying to sell oil stocks and life insurance to people who don't need them. Or pessimists and others who are disinclined to speculation and are not at all enthusiastic about leaving a legacy to perpetuate the present joyful order. In this great land of canned opinions and joy philosophers of course, a good able pessimist hasn't much of a chance. For example, Bernard Shaw, the great Irish pessimist, has said that he wouldn't dare to come to America for fear of getting lynched if he attempted to tell right out on Main Street what he thinks about us. Imagine the reflected glory and sadistic pleasure Papa Burleson and "Friend" Palmer might get out of a bout with this playwright-philosopher. Of course they could not even read his speeches, much less understand them—but right there's the rub. Anything outside the comprehension of these Washington nabobs is either seditious or obscene. (These gentlemen being clean shaven, they might suspect that Shaw's whiskers harbored the Bacillus-Bolsheviki.) It is the custom of tribal chiefs to sniff with suspicion at any stranger who in appearance or ideas is different from themselves. Strange ideas are at present more disconcerting to the joy riders of State than strange habiliments. A fresh idea

—in the language of Doc. Freud—upsets their primitive psyche. What's the use of ideas when you have at your beck such nice handy things as jails and clubs; or perhaps better still, headlines and the mob. Why bother with the art of statesmanship when you can stampede your enemy with empty phrases and moral shiboleths. The romantic cave man of the movies has indeed his incarnations in the modern optimist of business politics. He stalks about in places of power wearing titles and glad raiment. His squaw can be seen any day on Main Street in furs and limousine parading the spoils of her chief. The supermen of the woods are indeed with us and they are optimists, every manjack of them.

It is a fact recorded in the science of biology that all the primitive peoples and savages are optimists. If they are not good "forward-looking" business men or moral demagogues they at least have their happy hunting grounds and hullah-bullah ecstasies. The ceremonials of the primitive barbecue would not differ very much in practice from its modern derivative, the Chamber of Commerce banquet. If our primitive brethren were to look on at the initiation of a new Rotarian into the sanctity of trade he might be tempted to interfere in behalf of law and order. Certainly the tribal cries of the uplifting Rotarians "Sell 'em! Sell 'em! Rah rah rah!" are as predacious as any primitive savage. They spring from the same barbaric emotions. If you want to get the other



Section Eight

A dramatic troupe of near-thinkers. They know something is wrong but are not certain what.—Fighting Bob La Follette smiting his breast.—Senator Borah, who tries a little to bore from within.—The power of the Press, ably performed by Wm. R. Hearst and A. Brisbane.—Wm. Jennings Bryan playing the heavy in the new drama "Resurrection, or Democracy Triumphant."—The fountain of wrath, Hiram Johnson, rehearsing for his next appearance. (Continued on next page)

fellow's scalp or his money you must not stop to reflect about his welfare. The moment you give yourself up to this kind of ethical thinking you are on the side of the pessimists. You cannot be a good advertising writer or even a good janitor in a stock exchange if you are a pessimist. In either capacity you would contaminate the environment. Imagine assigning a good pessimist like Bernard Shaw to write ads for Nujol or Spearmint gum. Could he get away with the job? Fool-like he would begin at once to analyze the products. He would have to work himself up to a pretty good pitch of frenzy to write copy acceptable to Col. Wrigley. Take the Austrian psychologist and pessimist, Sigmund Freud. Assign him the kindred task of putting over a good Standard Oil by-product like Nujol on the American market. He is a pretty good writer and can sling the language. But could he qualify with the necessary amount of optimism?

Freud, being a sound pessimist, to diagnose the case believes in going to the sources of disease. He says that we live in an abnormally over-developed acquisitive society. The acquisitive instinct being rapacious wishes to gather to itself all the material things that feed its maw. It begins with the craving for the other fellow's marbles and attains its maximum of development when it has sucked to itself all that one can get in the way of goods and money, also has the effect of tightening the physical organs. Thus contraction of the bowels is a very common disease with bankers.

Well, Freud goes on and on diagnosing like this. Is it any wonder that a nation of good optimists and business men such as ours is addicted to the fad of Cascarets, or its substitute Nujol? One might suggest to Doc Freud that many a good physician has written eulogistic testimonials for pills that he didn't believe in, for a considerable fee. No, Freud wouldn't get down to the ethics of the good business doctor. In short, he would probably fall down on the promotion of Nujol. You would have to have a good optimist doctor for the job.

One hesitates to pit the business man against the pessimist. It might not be even fair to place the quack against the honest fool. The Poes and Shakespears were not good business men. All the great philosophers have been pessimists. There is no gainsaying the fact that there may be an unconscious conspiracy on the part of contemporary philosophers to put the cant mongers and pill peddlers out of business. Of course from the point of view of this kind of people they are destructive "not constructive." Why won't the critics of their ideals—these pessimists—let them alone? They won't take their pills or believe their stuff. It's perfectly true; most of the philosophers we know would make rotten salesmen and bum press agents for Father John and the major political parties.

As national censors they might even forcibly feed John D., Jr., on Rabelais.

Skepticus.



Section Nine

The fag end.—A private citizen moving his household effects, accompanied by secretaries, waste paper, points, presents, and principles.

BANKS

By Ivan T. Dowell

A bank is an institution owned by one man for the purpose of clearing up on another man's money. They are sometimes clearing houses. This is surely clear.

However, this is only one kind of bank. There are many kinds. There are sand banks, trust banks and faro banks; also there are banks of the Wabash.

The most affecting characteristic of a bank is its propensity to cave in. When a bank collapses it usually buries someone; often hundreds. Strange enough, these people are called depositors. Upon rare occasions the president remains to be buried after the single-loop ceremony.

Of all the banks in this land the trust bank is the ding bustedest. Trust banks are called such because they are owned by the trusts, and can be trusted by the trusts.

When the word goes abroad that a bank has suspended, you may take it that a rope has been suspended from the back window for the use of the cashier. The president usually goes abroad with the word.

It is not very easy to start a bank, being lots easier to finish one. When an industrious banker by dint of unremitting toil — nearly all bankers toil unremittingly—has succeeded

in finishing several banks he is dubbed a bank wrecker—because of his bank record.

When you are told that there is a run on such-and-such a bank you may take it to mean that the officials of that bank have run, not on but off; but that it is their intention to run on and on.

If you are bound to bank, do your banking *in* and not *on* a bank.

It was down in New Hampshire where they economize on talk. Two farmers met and this conversation occurred:

"Mornin' Si."
 "Mornin' Josh."
 "What'd you give your horse fer bots?"
 "Turpentine."

"Mornin' "
 "Mornin' ".

They met a few days later and this conversation occurred.

"Mornin', Si."
 "Mornin', Josh."
 "What'd you say you gave your horse fer bots?"

"Turpentine."
 "Killed mine."
 "Mine too."
 "Mornin' ".
 "Mornin' ".

There's many a nip twixt the hip and the lip.
Bus. Mgr.

DEFINITION

ARTIST: *One who likes to do what he likes but doesn't like it after he has done it.*

Mr. Joseph Turner, current husband of Mrs. Mary Phipps Potter Simpson Turner, is critically ill. As it has been Mrs. Turner's lot to lose or mislay three previous husbands we tremble as we fervently wish for Joe's speedy recovery. In this connection it may be just to add that this happened to be Joe's second venture and the pair have several parcels of intelligent and unrelated children scattered over four or five states, in addition to the small flock of seven residing with them here. Some day Joe says he is going to move the whole family here and make Pumpkinsville Center a city.

Tourists with money to waste getting there assure us that the River Mapocho which at times flows through the center of Santiago de Chile is absent-minded. In fact it frequently becomes quite oblivious of the fact that as a

self-respecting river it is expected to allow water to flow down its bed. When the bed gets too dusty the fire department turns the hose on it. Nevertheless the river necessitates an elaborate system of bridges at all times of the year. This anomaly caused an American to remark—

"Say, why don't you people sell your bridges and buy a river?"

T. S. H.

Editor of *Good Morning*,

Can't you draw a picture of Woodrow Wilson reading the Debs message from Atlanta? Exposed part of message should read: "Wilson is an exile from the hearts of his countrymen." Picture shows Woodrow turning frantically to Tumulty. Underneath put the caption:

"Tell me it ain't true, Joe, tell me it ain't true."

H. P. J.



"GOOD LAND WHAT'S HAPPENED MATTIE?"
 "GOAT GLANDS."



NOWHERE TO GO

Is there any part of the world that civilization has not cursed?

Allowing for some benefits that follow flags, what matters it if you give pants and collars to the heathen, if you curse him with disease and false ambition? If you arouse him from a lazy enjoyment of life and teach him to jump for money? Is it something to be proud of?

To get away from civilization now one must travel far far away, and after you get there, along comes an Investment Co. and shouts: Step lively! The enemy has arrived with profit rent, race hatred and syphilization.

ADDENDA TO H. L. MENCKEN'S "AMERICAN CREDO"

By Miriam Allen de Ford

I.

That all radicals are foreigners or the children of foreigners, or else Jews.

II.

That if all the money in the world were divided up on Saturday night, Rockefeller and Morgan would have it back by Monday morning.

III.

That Socialists believe in dividing up.

IV.

That you can't change human nature.

V.

That the Bolsheviki never take baths, and have nationalized their women.

VI.

That if the workers would produce more, the H. C. L. would go down.

VII.

That labor leaders are more radical than their followers, and that the former force the latter to strike.

VIII.

That the pacifists and conscientious objectors during the war were pro-Germans.

IX.

That the Bolsheviki are also pro-Germans, and financed by German money.

X.

That people are Socialists because they cannot make a success of business, and that if they became rich they would cease to be Socialists.

XI.

That capital and labor have interests in common and ought to be friends.

XII.

That if a Socialist is elected to office he acts just like a Republican or a Democrat who is elected to office.

XIII.

That Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Communism, Liberalism and the Single Tax are all the same thing under different names.

XIV.

That Socialism is too unpractical and idealistic.

XV.

That Socialism is too materialistic.

XVI.

That Socialism would break up the home, and is against religion.

XVII.

That Tom Mooney got a fair trial.

XVIII.

That labor leaders are all rich and live in beautiful homes on the money given them by their poor deluded dupes in the unions.

XIX.

That the conscientious objectors were afraid to fight.

XX.

That Eugene V. Debs keeps running for the same reason that William J. Bryan does—because he wants the office.

XXI.

That there are no political prisoners in America.

XXII.

That this is the land of the free and the home of the brave, and that the United States Government is still operating under the Constitutional guarantees.

XXIII.

That what we need in public office is more good men.

XXIV.

That the whole trouble is the trusts and Wall Street, and if they were abolished everything would be lovely.

Wisdom of the Poor Fish



THE POOR FISH says:

That human nature can't be changed and what we need is a great religious revival.

XXV.

That the American Legion does not take part in political or social controversies.

XXVI.

That if all radical aliens were deported there would be no more unrest.

(To be continued)



WILSON'S LAST AND BEST JOKE

"We must set an example of democracy for the world." (Excerpt from last message to Congress)



NEXT?

NUTS?

If a nut is a nut,
And a tree is a tree;
If a tree grows nuts,
And nuts grow trees—
And—

If our ancestors eat nuts
And climbed nut trees,
Then, pray ye, Nuts,
What are we, what are we?

Arthur T. Thatcher.

Where most men let the flower and charm
of sensation die with habit, the poet mind re-
mains invincibly capable of thrills.

—Paul Bourget.



AT THE EXHIBITION

The artist's children are expecting a square meal if the art dealer decides papa's picture is a good risk.

Minister Carbonari

John Nicholas Beffel

Stool-pigeoning is a fine art; it has a technique all its own, comparable to that of painting pictures; you have to be born with a potential love for it stored away somewhere in your consciousness. Some men might strive all their lives to be real stool-pigeons and never succeed. Many were put to the test during the war, and found that they lacked the temperament essential to this curious and impressive art.

The other day I stood on the spot where an aspiring stool-pigeon had been at work for a week, and contemplated some of that work; it was in a gray building in Massachusetts which looks a good deal like a library except that human beings instead of books are classified within. It is at Dedham, a sleepy court-town, and is celebrated as the county jail.

He was a dashing romancer, a lover of the music in words; a raconteur of high order; in conversation, he plied his colors lavishly. His name, by the bye, was Dominick Carbonari; and he did not believe in work. . . . For a week he was in Dedham jail, and his principal audience was my friend Nicola Sacco, workingman and philosopher, who was originally jailed because of his ideas, but who was presently labeled as a payroll robber and murderer because the police needed a dark-complected suspect to fit a vacant cell.

Dominick Carbonari was thoughtfully placed in the cage adjacent to that of my friend but he had the run of the corridor outside, while Sacco was kept locked up. He talked with Sacco through the bars for hours on end; was unsparing of confidences. It seemed that he had been the author of numerous memorable crimes; he had a pride in them, and generously shared details of his methods with his fellow-prisoner. His attitude toward the question of dividing the world's wealth was akin to that of Robin Hood, who used to rob rich churches and build poor ones with the loot.

"I did some good robbery jobs," he told Sacco jauntily. "But they won't get me for it.

I'm too smart for them. I don't leave no evidence behind me. Have you got some anarchist books in your cell? I would like to read. Do you know where I could get some dynamite? I want to blow up some people when I get out of this goddam jail. . . ."

He was keenly disappointed about the dynamite matter, for Sacco couldn't remember where any dynamite stores were; perhaps in a drug-store. . . . Mister Carbonari spoke feelingly against President Wilson and the Allies and God and the high cost of living and the terrible unemployment every place; he had a great many resentments, and was fond of fixing the blame for all the misfortunes of people in general. Dynamite, he said, was a great cure for social evils. He was saddened when he could not get my friend to agree.

All too soon this blithe adventurer was taken away from his audience; Sacco was beginning to find diversion in his fantasies; Mister Carbonari's sufferings were as poignant as those of Rivarez in "The Gadfly", which Sacco had read over and over. Where Mister Carbonari went no one seems to know. He was booked at the jail as having been committed there from Brookline police court for robbery; but at the Brookline court the amiable officials have no record of any Dominick Carbonari.

It may be that he fell down a coal-hole somewhere, or was run over by a baby carriage on his way to the nearest office of the Department of Justice, which happens to be in Boston; which would be too bad, for as I said, good stool-pigeons have to be born and cannot be manufactured; and there are not enough of them now to provide all the entertainment that the nation's prison population needs.

Bonaparte was right. For the hero, for the soldier, for the material man, all ends under six feet of earth. For the man of ideas, all begins there.

—Victor Hugo.

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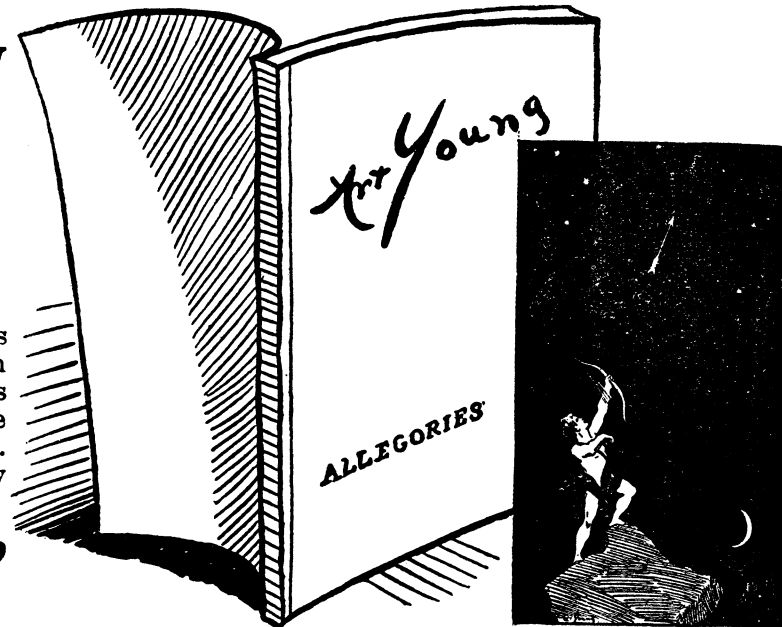
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