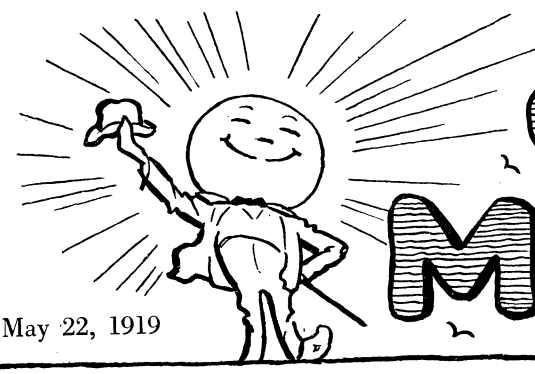
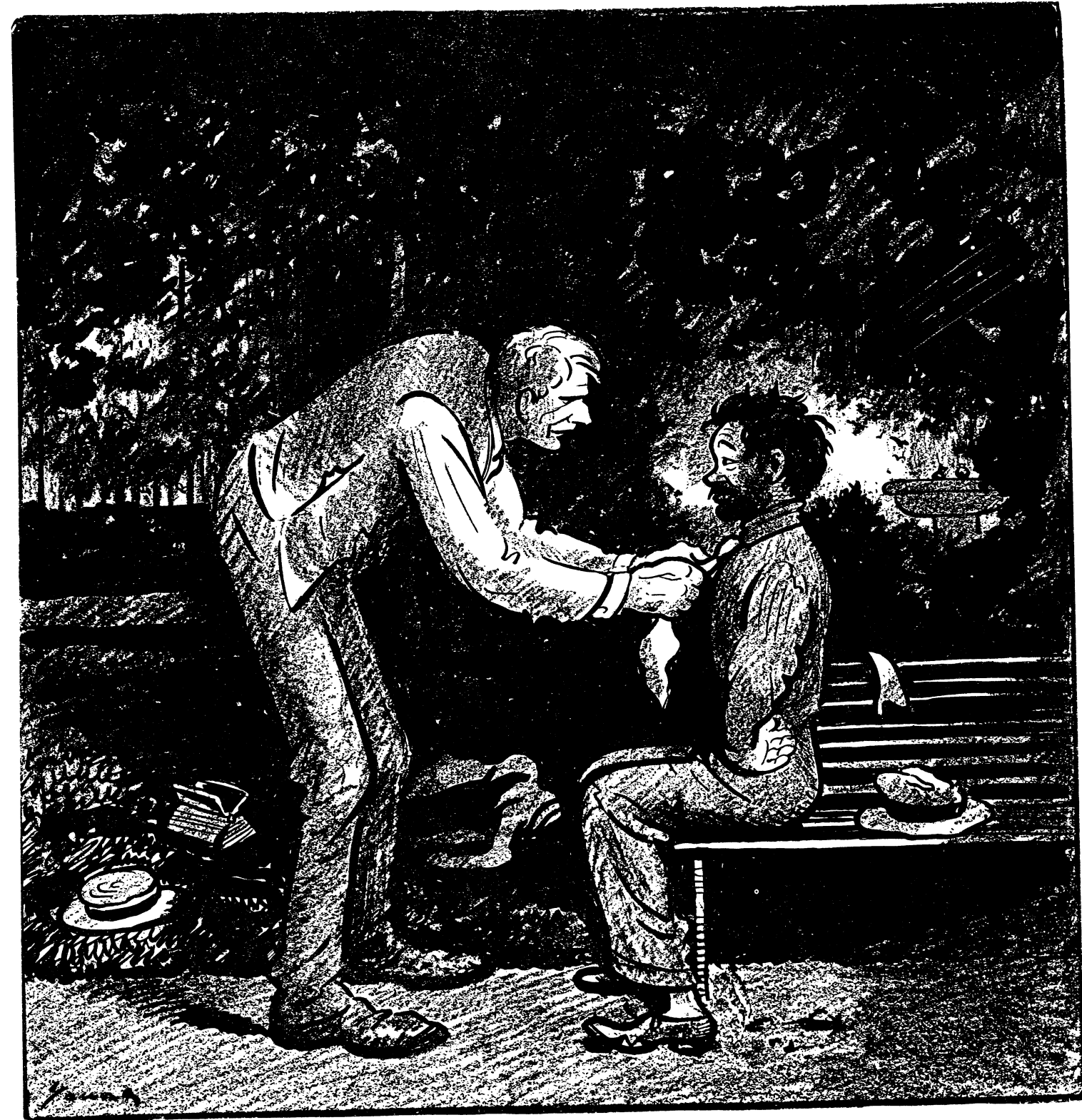


TEN CENTS



GOOD MORNING

May 22, 1919



"Gee Bill, you look like Hell"



Try This Over
on your
NEWSDEALER

SAY

"GOOD MORNING"

Statistics prove that nobody yields to politeness so readily as a newsdealer.

The coupons are for regular subscribers.

This for Yearly

This for Three Months

Enclosed find Three Dollars (Canadian \$3.52, Foreign \$6.04).
Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26).
Send GOOD MORNING for three months to

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Address.....

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GOOD MORNING . . . 7 East 15th Street, New York

GOOD MORNING . . . 7 East 15th Street, New York



VOLUME 1

\$3.00 A YEAR : 10 CENTS A COPY

NUMBER 3

Application for Entry as Second-Class
Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1919

Published Weekly By Good Morning Company
7 East 15th Street, New York, N.Y.

THAT INVESTMENT

SOME enterprising and patient comptometer has figured the cost of the late (or shall we say current?) war to be \$260,000,000,000.

Or, expressed in words of one and two syllables, two hundred and sixty billions of dollars.

If you are not in a hurry, stop and think of that for a few minutes.

Wrap your mind around it in an intelligent and comprehensive manner.

We ought to have a good deal to show for an outlay of that size.

And what we have to show ought to be worth showing.

WHILE THE GOING IS GOOD

IT IS rumored that Secretary of Agriculture Houston sails next week on the "George Washington," to investigate the new species of 'Welsh Rabbit,' recently discovered by the British Premier. The Marine Band will attend the party, also a chosen band of ladies, experts, to taste and pass upon the new dainty. It is believed that a new and valuable source of food-supply may be in sight. The office-boy will run things in Washington during their absence.

We hear that Postmaster General Burleson has requisitioned the Battleship "Texas," and will sail in a few days for Brest. The Jazz Band, of the famous colored regiment, will provide the necessary music, and several charming kinfolk will complete the party. The main object seems to be to look into the methods used in France to hold up the Doughboy's mail, with a view to introducing some of the adaptable features into our system here, to slow up deliveries in the homeland wherever possible.

The report comes that Secretary of the Interior Lane starts the first of the month for France, to find the basis of the report, widely circulated, that one of his Indian Braves was refused permission to scalp the Kaiser. His sisters, cousins, and a few aunts, will make up the party. The Tammany Hall Band will discourse encouraging music, and one of New York's famous chefs will provide the needful "hot-dogs" for the party.

They say that Attorney General Palmer has selected the Battleship "Pennsylvania" for a short trip to Liverpool, accompanied by a select party of choice friends and advisers. It seems a bit startling for a new official to start off to foreign parts so soon, but a report that a piece of the old English Common Law has been dug up at Oxford makes it obligatory that the trip be under-



IN THESE BOLSHEVIST DAYS

MISTRESS: (to new maid) "—and Mary we breakfast at nine."

MAID:—"That's all right, Mum—if I aint down, don't wait for me."

BRANT
FRYER
1919



taken at once, and at any cost of men or money. The Great Lakes Band will endeavor to cheer up the daring adventurers.

It is stated that Secretary of Labor Wilson is awaiting, with some impatience, a chance to secure his favorite Battleship and Band for a flying trip abroad to look into the servant-girl question. There are rumors that a cook and two chambermaids have been seen at large quite recently somewhere in the British Isles. Several of his feminine relatives, experts in social problems, have volunteered to serve in the emergency, and at any cost to themselves.

Some of the members of the Cabinet are likely to remain at their posts for a week or two longer, in Washington, but the thrilling calls of the hour come most unexpectedly, and they are understood, to a man, to be waiting, with trunks packed, ready to risk everything for Uncle Sam!



THE REASON
HEARD IN ANY OF TWO MILLION HOMES:—Yes, my dear and the funny thing about it is, that you can never make him tell you his recollections.

HALF A LEAGUE DOWNWARD

HISTORY tells us that there was a certain more or less democratic individual, member of the firm of Wilson, McAdoo & Co., proprietors and lessees of a certain more or less independent nation.

And history further states that the said party had certain more or less definite ideas about forming a certain more or less comprehensive League of Nations.

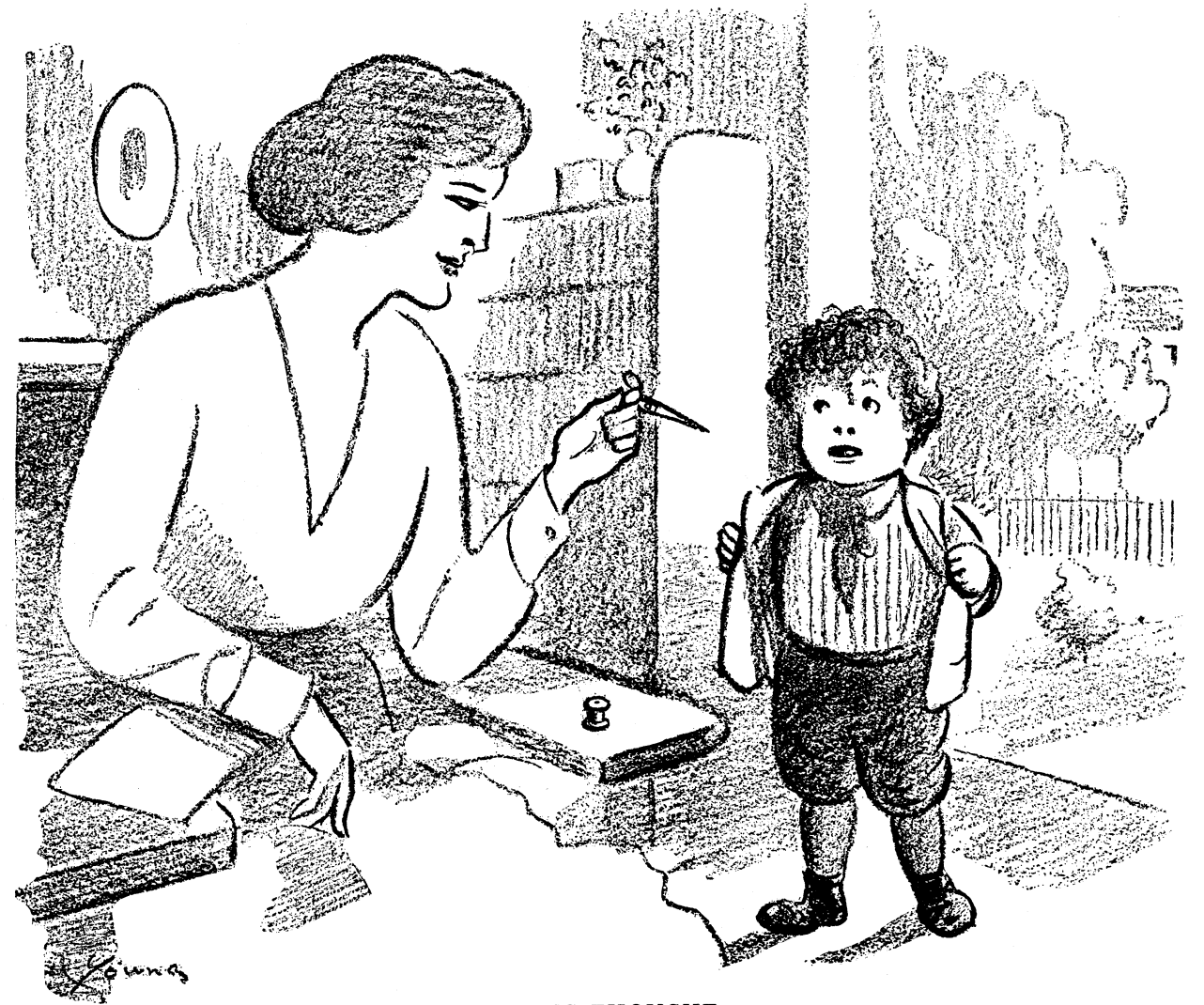
But history regrets to add that every time the said more or less democratic individual undertook to make the said League definite and certain, he found that somebody had been monkeying with it so that he had to stop and fix it again.

Had our old friend, Al Tennyson, been at Versailles, he might have been led to exclaim:

“Half a League,
“Quarter of a League,
“Eighth of a League,
“Onward.
“Into the Valley of Debt.”

A DIFFERENT QUESTION

EACH generation must fight its own battles. Just because the fathers of the rich have succeeded in getting all the wealth away from the fathers of the poor, we can not feel safe in concluding that the sons of the rich will be able to keep the sons of the poor from taking it back.



SPRING THOUGHT
“Mother, do you need this coat on me?”

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE FUTURE

IN order to get a good idea of the future as it now looms up before us in these strenuous times, one must first open one's eyes as wide as possible. Then one must open one's mind as wide as possible. After that it would not do a bit of harm to open one's heart as wide as possible.

As soon as all these are wide open, one must allow all of one's prejudices to escape as fast as possible. There is something about the general atmosphere of the immediate future which is going to make it very hard for all prejudices to survive.

Relieved of prejudices, one naturally undergoes almost a complete metamorphosis. One naturally

ceases to have a regard for all those preachers and soothsayers and lawyers and professors and editors and philosophers who have made it their assiduous business to keep our prejudices alive. This then forces us to dig beneath the surface of things and turn up new germinations which are more intimately related to the future than to the past.

This is the first lesson. Already the most backward of pupils can begin to see that the future is not what it used to be by any means.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

THE college president makes a show
Of shrewd and erudite avowments,
But yet he's careful not to know
Too much to scare off fat endowments.



A Weekly Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom.

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
ART YOUNG and ELLIS O. JONES

MAY 22nd, 1919

THERE is a great deal of hope on the horizon as GOOD MORNING goes to press. First is the most cheering announcement that Congress is to meet once more. Then will be resumed the patient and earnest compilation of important and pregnant truth covering our beloved planet and the dwellers therein, truth which will be placed tenderly in the archives, but upon which no action will be taken because of the great amount of truth which is still uncollected and which must be found out without undue postponement.

But it is not for that reason alone that the meeting of Congress gladdens our hearts. The meeting of Congress carries the strong implication that our beloved president will soon be here, for in this latter end of the second decade of the twentieth century, it is almost unthinkable that a Congress of so progressive a nation as this should try to do anything on its own initiative. Congressmen are like other people and, when you have once accustomed yourself to calling up a certain establishment on the phone before making a move, no matter whether it is a white house, a greenhouse or even a little red schoolhouse, it is very difficult to break yourself of the habit.

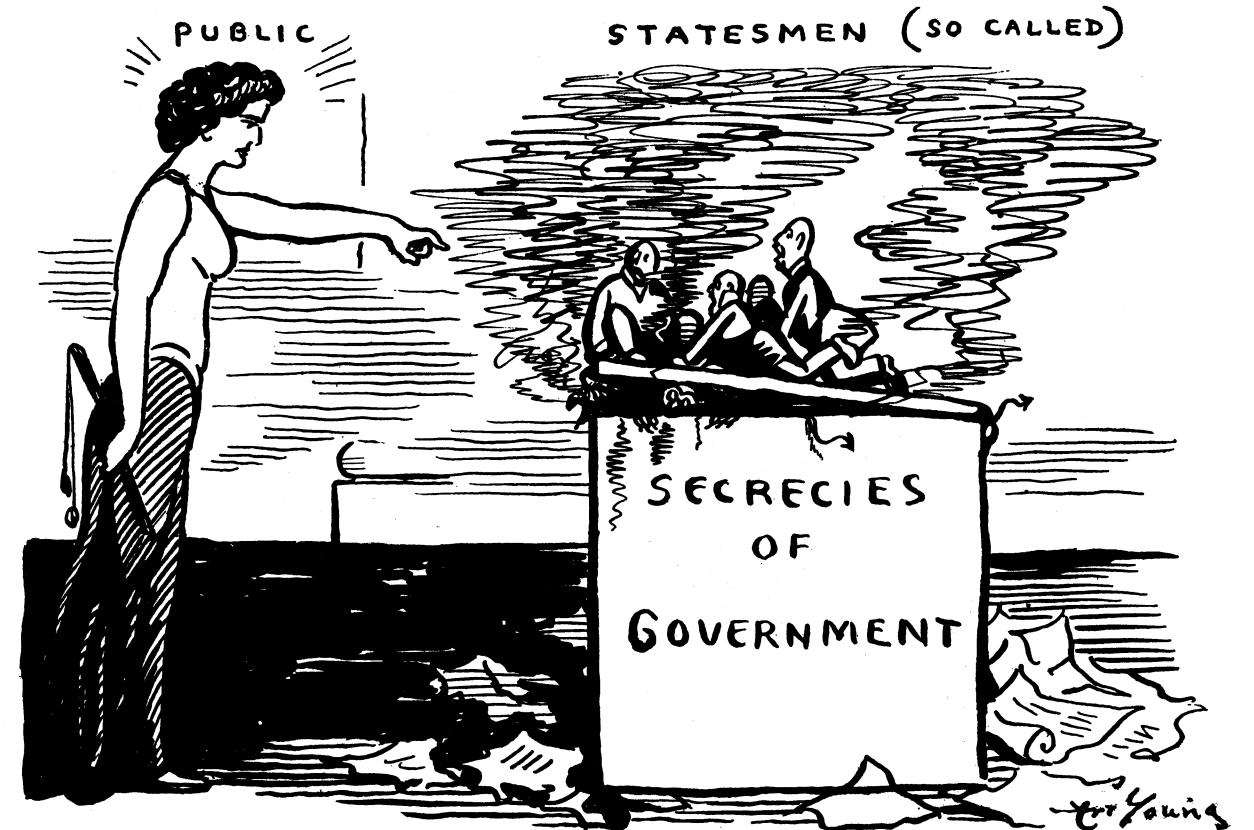
MUCH of the joy comes in anticipating the many happy little methods which Congress, by and with the consent of the President, will undoubtedly find to raise more taxes in order that our government may spend more money in order that the ease and comfort of our officials may not be curtailed and in order that funds shall not be wanting to allow them to roam the world in search of those experiences so necessary to a well-rounded life.

Although Congress has already done a splendid job in levying taxes upon luxuries, there are still many that are exempt. Not so long ago in the

old country, windows were taxed. Why not revert to that practice? To look out of a window is nothing more nor less than luxury. Then it would certainly be proper to tax the buttons on one's coat. It is hard to think of anything more luxurious than coat buttons. Other things that come to mind are handkerchiefs, lawn-mowers, dumb-waiters, knives, forks, self-starters and traffic police.

Then again, when our president returns (if we may still call him our president) he will undoubtedly take us, his children, into his confidence on such intimate matters as what really became of the fourteen points, whether they were buried, cremated, or lie in state somewhere. He will tell us no doubt just what to do to get the democracy that we fought for so valiantly. These and other little things he will reveal when he gets us alone once more. Manifestly he can not be too communicative now upon such sacred topics. It might offend the dignity of some of the high plenipotentiaries in extraordinary who compose the peace council. Orlando might lose his temper and demand Monte Carlo. Clemenceau might take a sudden notion to annex Greenwich Village whereas Lloyd George would think it only right and proper that he should have everything that was left. This would cause Japan to cast wistful eyes toward China, which might make Kolchak do something desperate.

OTHER news of a hopeful nature tells that the people of Italy are showing signs of losing reverence for the acts of their monarch; that Carranza does not believe in the Monroe Doctrine and probably never did; that MacAdoo is becoming very well-acquainted with Douglas Fairbanks; that the more the railroads charge for passengers and freight the less money they make; that our army will be withdrawn from Europe by December first if not later; that the Victory Loan was oversubscribed in spite of the fact that the common people paid no attention to it; that the Senate Committee still hasn't got quite all of the truth about Russia, but is doing pretty well without it; that President Wilson has made the people of France understand that the people of America give very little thought to money, but are thinking of democracy all the time; and that practically all of the really interesting people are safely reposing in various jails.



"Now then, all off, if you don't mind."

AN ANNOYING PREDICAMENT

IT is easy to understand the predicament of the Great Father in Washington (sometimes) in the matter of general amnesty of political prisoners.

Having used up a large and well selected vocabulary in establishing a reputation for something that made a noise like democracy and justice and human brotherhood, the natural thing, now that the war is over, would be to throw wide open the doors of all those military and political prisons without stopping to ask each particular

inmate whether he is a socialist, an anarchist, an I. W. W., a Christian, a psychoanalyst, an astrologer, a Cubist, an intellectual, a conscientious objector, an unconscientious ammunition manufacturer or whatever.

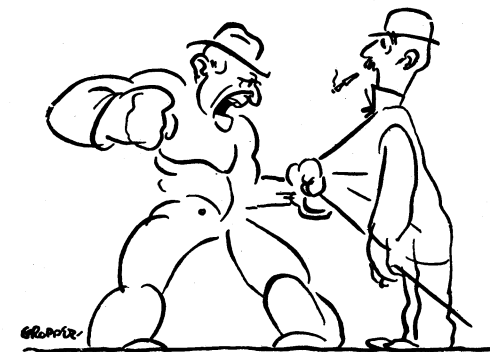
On the other hand, we must realize that among this number of select jailbirds are some of the bravest and keenest men and women that the country possesses and that, if they were released, they might make some very unwelcome comments about things in general and certain people in particular.

A good rule for statesmen is: When in doubt, keep your critics locked up.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG

"DEMOCRACY follows the flag, you know."
"Yes, I know. That's what worries me. I don't mind the flag wandering all over the seven seas, but I wish Democracy would stay at home. We need it here."

"DO you believe in a large standing army?"
"No. I think they ought to go away back and sit down."



If you say another word against the government I'll knock your block off.



THE PRO
 SPEAKER:—Whazza use of tryin' to do anything—for the (hic) working-man?
 hesitation in saying that liquor

HIBITION QUESTION
 When the working-man gets a little money—he spends it for liquor. I have no (hic)
 is the curse of the working-man. (Applause)

WELFARE INVESTIGATION

ALL morning Sindbad carried the Old Man of the Sea without saying a word, whereas usually he was more or less talkative. The more prolonged this silence became the more ominous it seemed to the Old Man of the Sea. He began to fear that Sindbad might throw him off without warning.

It was the Old Man of the Sea who finally broke the silence.

"I trust you are well, Sindbad," he observed.

"No worse than usual," grunted Sindbad.

"You will find that politeness always pays," continued the Old Man of the Sea.

"It never paid me anything," retorted Sindbad.

Neither spoke for a mile or two. It was evident to the Old Man of the Sea that Sindbad was in an ugly mood and he was racking his brain as to the best method of dealing with the situation.

"Oh by the way," began the Old Man of the Sea at last, "you know you were telling me the other day about your family and the great difficulty you had in getting along."

"Yes, and unless something is done, I'll tell you about it again and again and again," replied Sindbad.

"It won't be necessary," said the Old Man of the Sea reassuringly. "I've arranged to look into the matter."

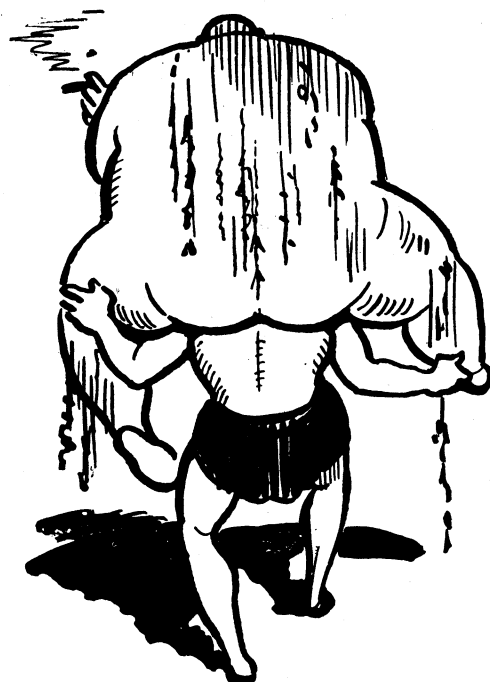
Sindbad knew the Old Man of the Sea well enough to know that "looking into the matter" was not at all the same as finding a remedy, nevertheless he took a little hope at this reassurance. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Well, I think it quite likely that you don't make the best use of your money. There is a great art in buying, in knowing how to arrange the diet and in using the right kind of methods."

"My wife can make money go farther than anybody you ever met," said Sindbad. "She has to, what with all those children in the house and the cost of living going up every day. What we need is more money."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the Old Man of the Sea, "but we can tell better after an investigation. I am sending a trained social investigator. He is going to examine what your family eats, what they all wear, how much they spend on amusements—"

"Amusements," exclaimed Sindbad bitterly.



"Don't make me laugh. What we spend on amusements would not pay your toothpick bill."

"Wait and see," said the other. "I am sure my man will make some interesting discoveries. For instance, it is likely you spend too much on meat. Do you know that it has been proved scientifically that there is more nourishment in a bean than there is in an egg, that one reason for the high mortality of the poor is that they wear too many clothes and burn too much fuel, that—"

"Are you kidding me," queried Sindbad.

"Not at all. You just wait. I'll bet I can show you where you can save a tidy little sum each week."

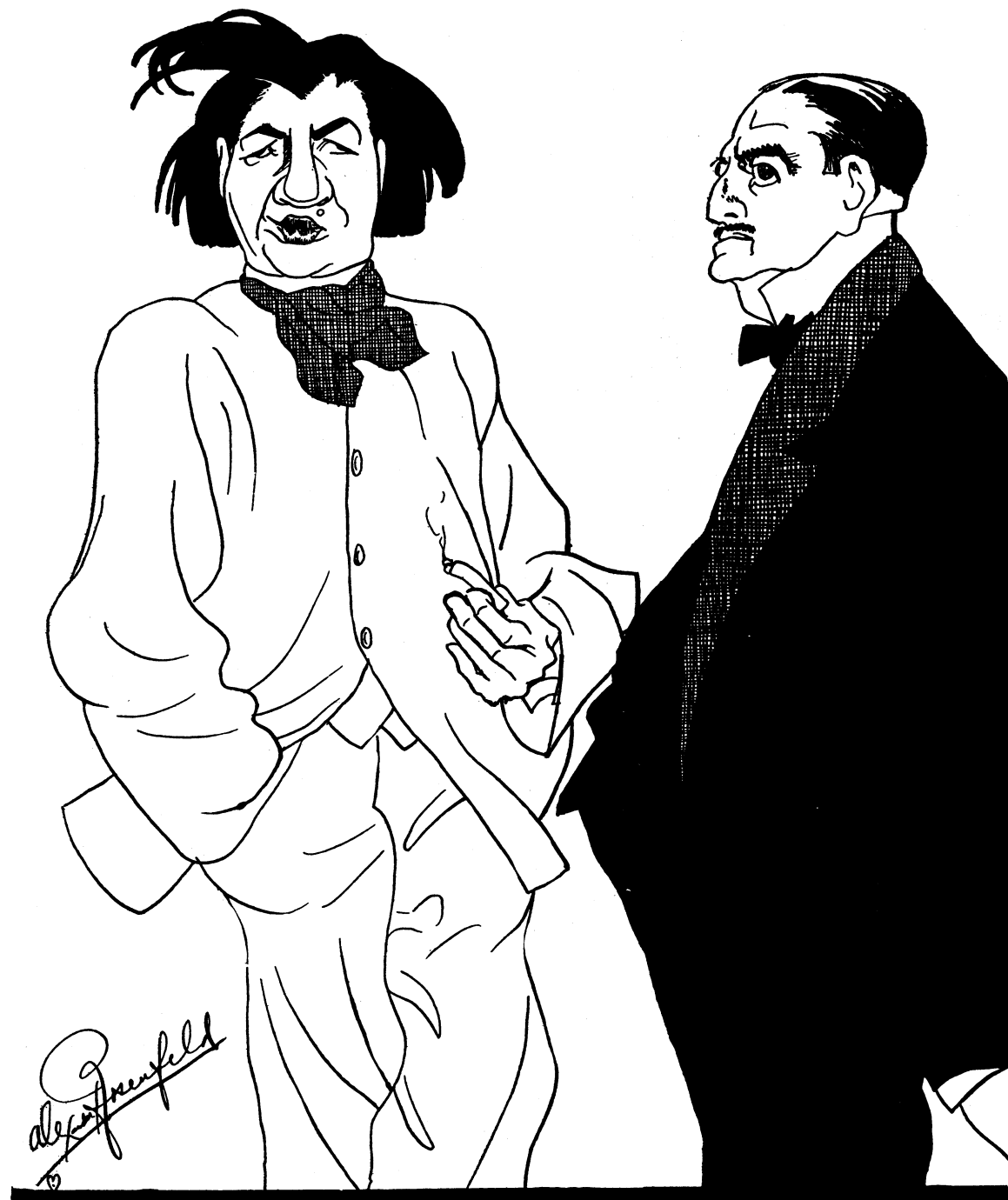
"And what will I do with the money," asked Sindbad by no means convinced.

"Why I could take care of it for you in my bank. You could save and save and then, when you die, you could be buried in a style befitting a man who has learned how to be thrifty."

CONTRAST

IT is easy enough to be unpleasant when the umpire makes a decision against the home team.

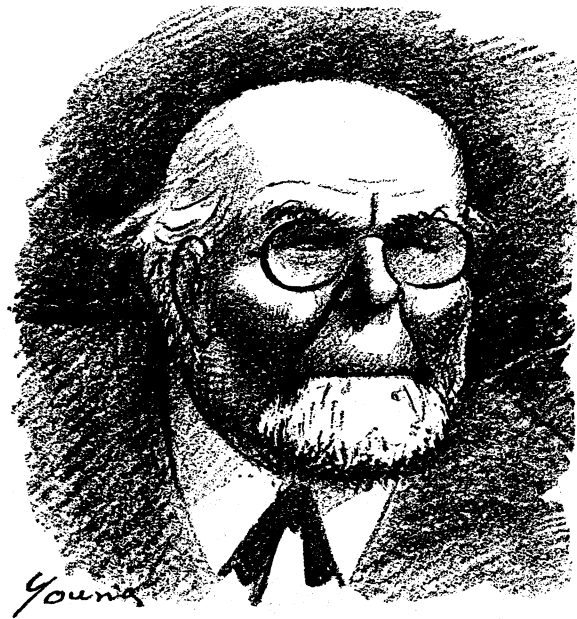
But the man worth while is the man who can fly into a rage when the politicians are looting the public treasury.



I'm going to immortalize Wilson by collecting all his speeches and using them in the libretto of my new musical comedy.

OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

We nominate a staunch Republican. A man who follows progress. Though progress stands still or goes backward, there he is devoted and untiring. A man whose broad tolerance of the



HON. KNUTE NELSON

new spirit of social justice shines like a star at high noon. We nominate the Hon. Knute Nelson of Minnesota. (Applause.)

(Next week we may nominate somebody else just as good.)

AND ESPECIALLY LAWYERS

IT behooves all lawyers, perhaps more than any other single professional class in the community, to oppose the present extreme revolutionary tendency.

This noble body of men have gone to school and high school and college and law school and have practiced in the courts in the effort to perfect their familiarity with and understanding of the established order of society.

But now the horrid unsympathetic, ruthless revolutionists propose to change the established order of things. If they succeed, then manifestly all or nearly all of the earnest efforts of this band of legal lights will have been in vain. With one fell swoop of the revolutionary wand, all that the said lawyers, as aforesaid, know becomes non-existent, leaving them as useless as a swimming master in the Desert of Sahara. D. O. G.

IMPRESSIONISM

THE artist a long time had earnestly wrought;
For he was engaged in portraying
A subject quite fresh and unhackneyed, he thought:
A Symphony Orchestra playing!

He had the conductor convincing in pose;
The trombones were smartly extended;
The players sat in their conventional rows:
On the whole it was warmly commended!

The whole thing upon one was likely to grow,
So vividly all was depicted;
But as for the coloring, this was, you know,
Necessarily rather restricted.

On closer inspection this work most original, drastic revision demanded:
The 'cellists played on the wrong side of the bridge,
And the fiddlers all were left-handed!

— Wilson A. Burrows.

THE most hopeless thing about being a misfit is that you don't even fit in with the other misfits.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

The Poor Fish says he knows that many of our leading citizens got their wealth dishonestly, but we ought to let bygones be bygones.



More Break O'Day Greetings

JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT

April 29, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:—Though I know that you receive more letters than can be good for anybody, I must tell you how delightful I was with the first edition of Good Morning.

Indeed, I am full of hope for the future of this little baby paper. It was born just at the right moment; its ship will sail swiftly with the fresh breeze of the great new time! If it remains true to itself it cannot fail.

Most cordially yours,
New York. Billy Marvel.

TIME WILL TELL

May 2, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:—Here is my check for one year's subscription. If you persist in threatening to discontinue "Good Morning" when the last hypocrite has been redeemed, I hope that the rascal will remain unregenerate forever.

Fraternally,
New York. S. John Block.

DRAWING ON IMAGINATION

April 14, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: For the purpose of having Art Young say Good Morning to me each week, until we reach the impossible condition described in your circular, I enclose my check for \$3.00, which is good whether the magazine is or not.

As for Art Young, he told me himself he never could get up before eleven, so how the devil can he draw those pictures of the morning sun except from imagination?

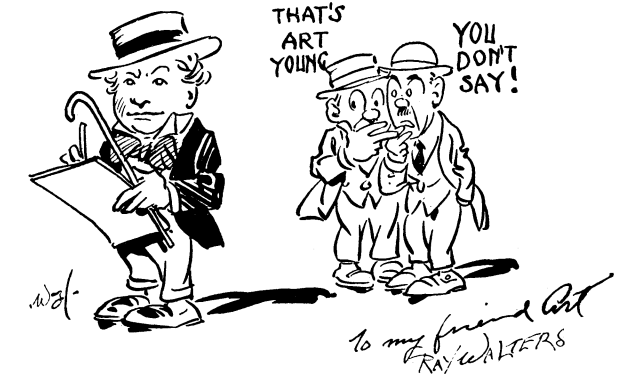
Very respectfully yours,
St. Louis, Mo. H. E. Read.

FROM ONE WHO SWEARS

April 15, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: So this is what you have been doing—starting a new periodical. Damned be the man who makes two periodicals grow where one grew before. However, a man may make one good new periodical that will drive out a lot of the poorer ones, according to the well-known and justly celebrated Gresham's Law.

Here's looking at you, and good morning to "Good Morning!" I expect it to be still running—about half a block ahead of the sheriff—by the time I get to New York next summer. I'll call



around and invite you out to a soda water fountain to refresh you for your continuous sprinting.

Very sincerely yours,
St. Louis. William Marion Reedy.

A HOPELESS APOSTATE

April 27, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:—I am a hopeless apostate ekeing out an existence on salt herring and New York Tribune editorials. From an over indulgence of the latter I am now being treated for hyperacidity of the brain. I am not doing very well so inclose herewith One Dollar for which kindly send me a sample of Good Morning. Like a lot of others, I believe in trying everything once. With a six cylinder hope that your medicine will be good for what ails me, I am with kindest wishes,

Sincerely yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. L. R. Reque.

FROM ONE WHO LAUGHS

April 20, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: I am very glad to learn of your proposed venture. God knows we need humor. Were it not that I could laugh as court fool I would go crazy.

Yours,
Milwaukee, Wis. Oscar Ameringer.

WE BLUSH

April 26, 1919.

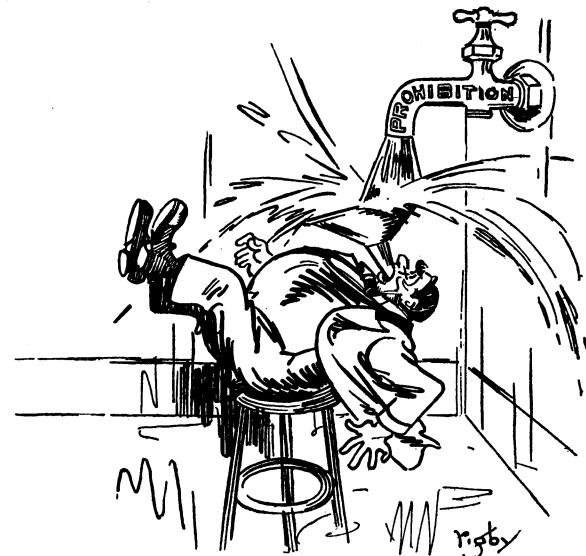
Dear Ellis O. Art Young-Jones:
Now we can all say "Good Morning," because "Good Morning" means something since you two good souls have made it worth while. The satirical stuff of Ellis O. Jones in "Life" was the most widely quoted of anything published in the paper. I would rather be able to draw like Art Young than be able to paint like Rembrandt. Here's my check.

Ever yours,
Little Falls, N. J. Ryan Walker.

ANY SOLDIER TO HIS SON

What did you do, Daddy, in the great world war?
Well, I learned to peel potatoes and to scrub the
barrack floor,
I learned to use a shovel, and a barrow, and a
pick,
I learned "to get a jerk on," and I learned "to
make 'em click."
I learned to wash in shell-holes, and to shave
myself in tea,
While the fragments of a mirror did a balance
on my knee.
I learned to dodge the whizzbangs, and the flying
lumps of lead,
And to keep a foot of earth between the sniper
and my head. . . .
I learned to hunt for vermin in the lining of my
shirt,
To crack them with my finger nail and feel the
beggars spurt.
So much for what I did do; now for what I have
not done.
Well, I never kissed a French girl, and I never
killed a Hun. . . .
I never played the hero or walked about on top
I kept inside my funkhole when the shells began
to drop. . . .
So I learned to live and lump it in the lovely land
of war,
Where all the face of nature seems a monstrous
septic sore;
Where the bowels of earth hang open, like the
guts of something slain,
And the rot and wreck of everything are churned
and churned again;
Where all is done in darkness and where all is
still in day;
Where living men are buried and the dead un-
buried lay;
Where endless files of soldiers thread the ever-
lasting way.
By endless miles of duckboards, through endless
walls of clay.
Where life is one hard labor, and a soldier gets
his rest
When they leave him in the daisies with a punc-
ture in his chest.
And I read the Blighty papers, where the warri-
ors of the pen
Tell of "Christmas in the trenches," and "the
Spirit of our Men."
And I saved the choicest morsels, and I read
them to my chum,
And he muttered, as he cracked a louse and wiped
it off his thumb:
"May a thousand chats from Belgium crawl their
fingers as they write;
May they dream they're not exempted till they
faint with mortal fright;
May the fattest rats in Dickebuasch race over
them in bed;
May the lies they've written choke them like a
gas-cloud till they're dead;
May the horror and the torture and the things
they never tell
(For they only write to order) be reserved for
them in Hell!"

The London Nation



The Water Cure

**ARE YOU INEFFICIENT?
DO YOU KNOW
THAT 95% OF OUR MOST
SUCCESSFUL MEN ATTAINED
HIGH POSITION THROUGH
SHEER
INEFFICIENCY?**

If You are too efficient, you will never get ahead. EFFICIENCY chains you to the grindstone, harnesses you in the treadmill, schedules you in a one-track groove.

Inefficiency, on the other hand, will constantly cause you to lose jobs. This will enable you to rove around looking for opportunities until you finally strike it rich.

If you are efficient, you get a regular job at a regular salary and that's the end of it.

If you are inefficient, you never know what you're going to get and that's the beginning of it.

Write to us for full particulars. In-
close One hundred and fifty dollars
to pay cost of postage, office rent,
stationery, advertising, salaries and
incidentals.

**NEWLIGHT CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOLS**

NEW YORK CITY

THE WAR MILLIONAIRE

Well, what are we going to do with the War
Millionaire? _____

And what is he going to do with himself? _____

There are about thirty thousand of him, we
are told. _____

What excuse can he give for his existence? _____

How does he feel when he reads the casualty
list? _____

How does he feel when he sees a maimed sol-
dier on the street? _____

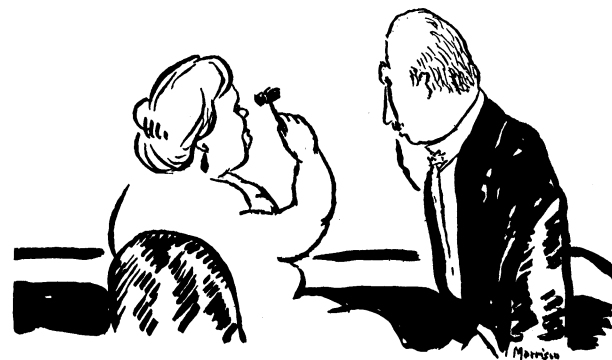
What will happen when the people see clearly
that a great many dollar-a-year men were really
dollar-a-minute men? _____

Do these eminently practical men think that
the mills of the gods are going to grind up every-
thing but them? _____

What are we going to do with the War
Millionaire? _____

THE COMMON HERD

NO less an authority than the United States
census assures us that we have a large com-
mon herd in this country, running up into the
many millions. As common herds go, it is a very
nice common herd. We are wont to think, in our
patriotic moments that it is the best common herd
on the face of the globe, that foreign admixtures
cannot fail to reduce its quality. But it is not
such an excellent common herd that those who
are in it are willing to admit their membership
or those who are out of it are making any great
struggle to get in.



HE:—I'm disturbed about these I. W. W. people—
they're a menace to society.
SHE:—Nonsense! What do they know about soci-
ety?

Today, with the entire labor movement astir over
the question of violence and its hearing upon the
solution of its immediate problems,

SCOTT NEARING

fearlessly and boldly sets forth his views in his new
pamphlet,

“Violence or Solidarity?”

Professor Nearing attacks the question of violence
from all its possible angles, and with no mincing of
words in matter.

Will Guns Settle It?

That's the question. Read what Nearing says.

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Commissions are liberal.

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and

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WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

*The Poor Fish
says there ain't
no use taking a
good paper at all
unless you take it
reg'lar.*



**DON'T PUT IT OFF ANY LONGER. SEND
IN ONE OF THE COUPONS TODAY.**

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This for Three Months

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