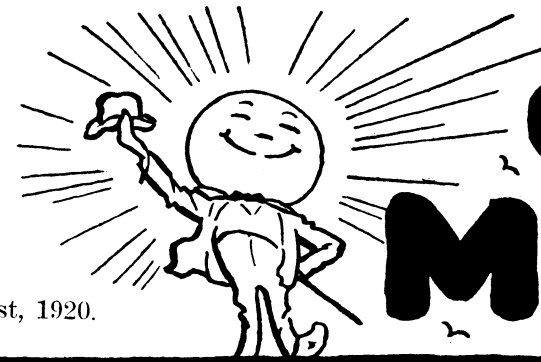


"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

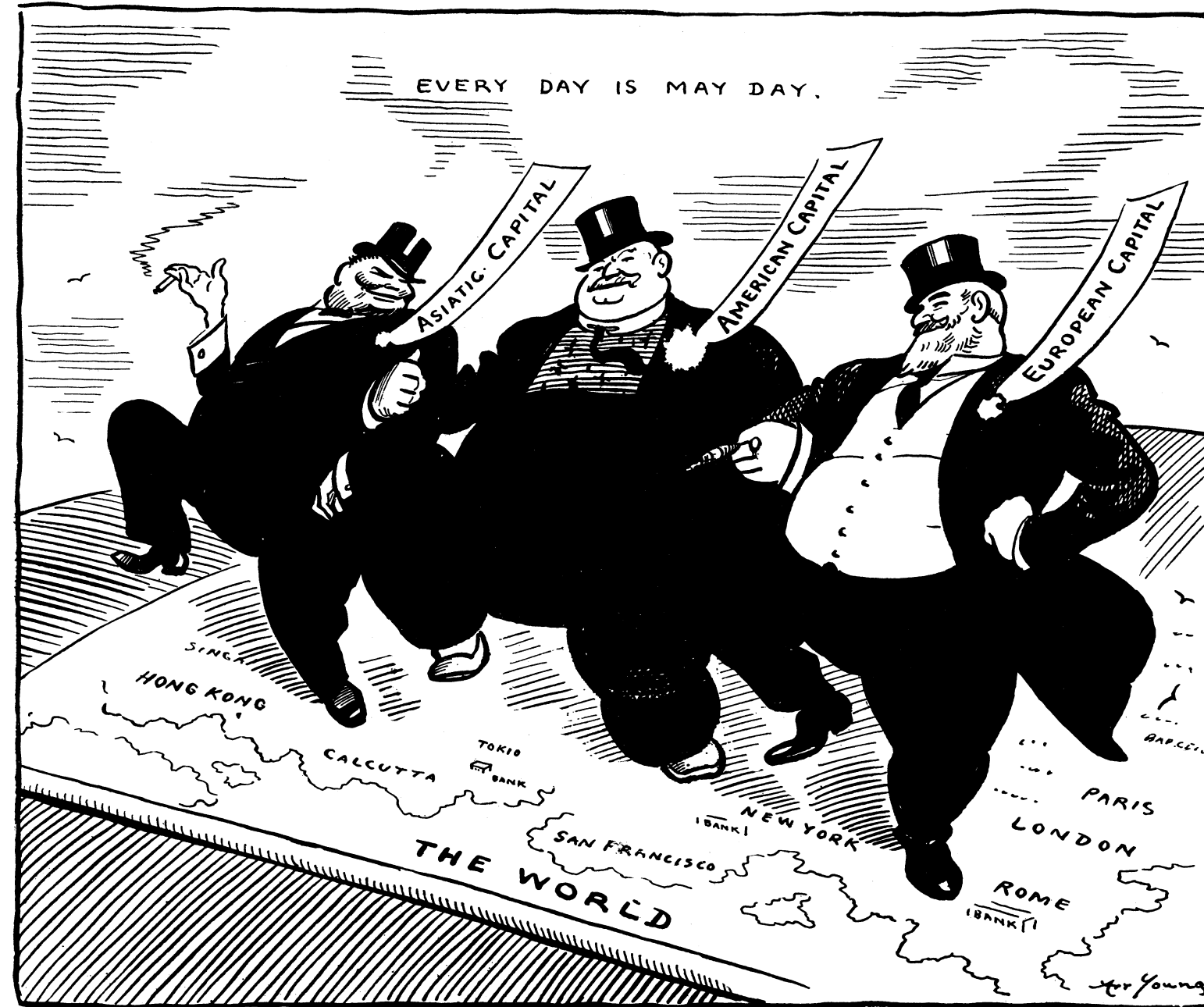
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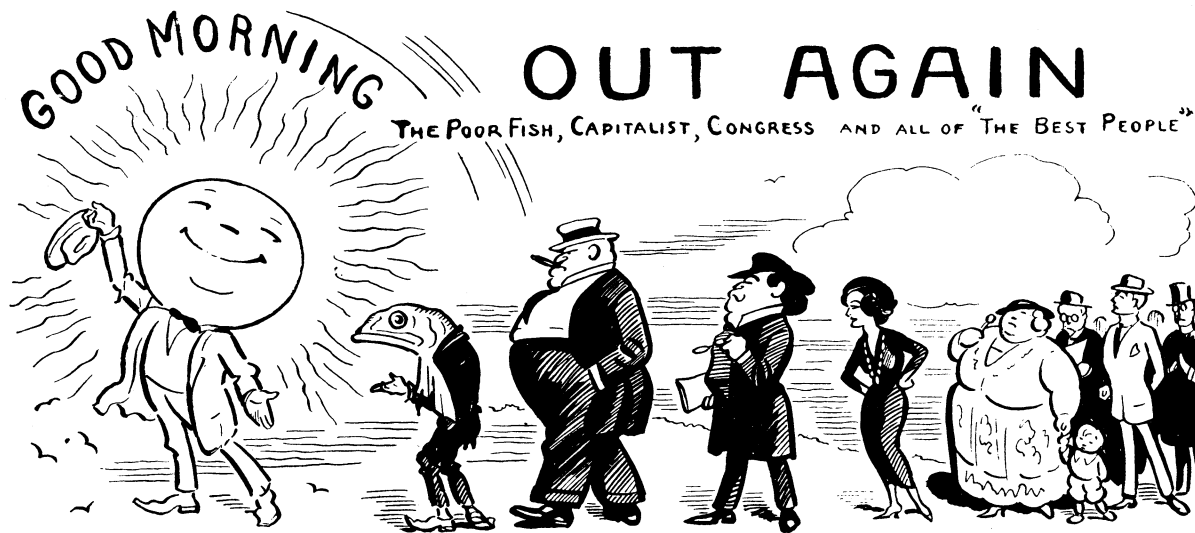
May 1st, 1920.

Published Semi-Monthly by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



One Big Union For Capitalism

But Labor Must Stay in Its Own Back-Yard.



DEVOTION to principle is the most important thing a human being or an institution can accomplish. But to be in financial health while "devoting" is almost a necessity. No one can do his best work under the stress of economic insecurity.

Good Morning expected to have struggles and triumphs but to make the struggles less stormy and the triumphs more radiant we went and got incorporated. You can now join the many public-spirited people who have taken shares in this magazine for \$10.00 a share and thus help to keep the Paper Trust and other Joshuas from holding up the sunlight.

The next best thing is to subscribe—and the next best, to buy it at the news-stand.

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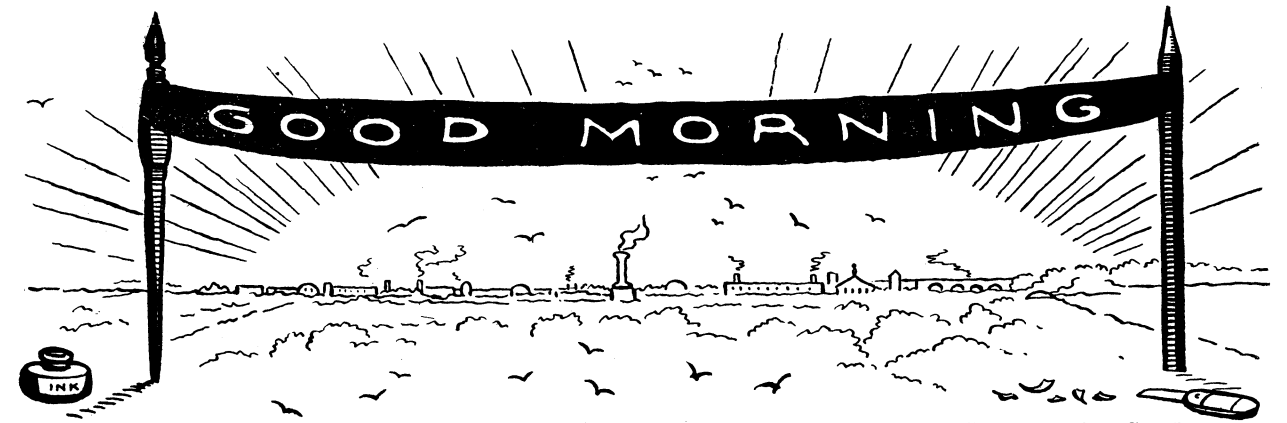
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Published Semi-Monthly by Good Morning Co., Inc.,
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. II. No. 1.

New York, May 1, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR DEPORTATION

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES.

How would it do to call the German Junker coup a mad-Kapp revolt?

"Miss High-Brow is horribly distant to a chap, don't you find?"

"Lives in solitary refinement, so to speak."

"The Review" prints a list of publicists, corporation lawyers and capitalists who approve of their magazine. Then is added "for additional information see Who's Who in America."

Dear Editor: The sample satisfies us.

Yours truly,

Good Morning.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

With twenty drinks aboard, McCall

Safely reached the landing,

Then braced himself against the wall

But fell notwithstanding.

—Culpeper Chunn.

When the rank and file of the labor unions decide to act independently of their regular old-time officers they are called "outlaws." When they strike under the leadership of their officers they are called "dupes." Is Labor ever right?

Just picked up a sheet and see that Japan has declared war on Russia. And we never knew that they had stopped!

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE



Sir Oliver Hodgepodge; "An atom is ethereal cohesion. Spirit is atomized matter propelled by thought—waves through the astral extravagance of pulsing ether."

Fred Plump (not yet convinced of spiritualism but willing): "He's right about that, Hattie."

PORTRAIT OF A UNION LEAGUER.

What time an auto tire bursts without,
He leaps up from his chair with horrid shout,
And does a door slam to with sudden squeak,
He throws the Tribune from him with a shriek.
At lunch his food is poisoned, that he'll swear,
How sinister the lurking waiter's air!
All afternoon, pop-eyed, he reads the Sun,
Applauds with vigor all that Lusk has done,
And when at last night finds him in his bed,
His very dreams are sicklied o'er with Red.

M. C.

THE CRIMSON BLOTTER

By Thomas Lickson.

(Author of "Trotzky, The Terrible," "Lenin, The Loafer," etc., etc., World Authority on the Russian situation.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Lickson is an impartial observer of the Russian Revolution, having recently returned from a week-end visit to the Cosmos Club in Washington where he discussed affairs with Ambassador Backmeoff and other Slavic authorities. In this amazing masterpiece he paints a picture of Soviet Russia as it actually is today. It will convince the most casual observer of his deep sincerity of purpose.

We feel that the anti-Russian propaganda should not lag for a moment. Since our contemporary, The Saturday Evening Post, seems to have stopped publishing stories of the Bolshevik horrors, we are glad to present this virile portrayal of the uncouth irreverence of the peasant contrasted with the nice cultured life of the Best People of Russia. (All motion-picture, Sunday School Lecture, Y. M. C. A. and American Legion rights reserved.)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters—Donia Doit, the fair daughter of the Prince Bluesky Serge, better known among his comrades by his nickname, Alexandrovich Petrowsky Ulionitch Vzzk, loves every moujik on her estate. Just to show you how much she loves them, they were having the annual winter moujik hunt once when Donia was a young flaxen-haired teeny-weeny Russian Princess, and she got right out of her droshky and said to the Grand Duke Peter:

"You've shot enough moujiks today, uncle. Wipe the blood from your hands and come along home."

That's the kind of a big-hearted Princess Donia was. And what reward did she get? Well may you ask. Why when the naughty Bolsheviki got into power they came around and told dear old Uncle Peter and Donia's papa that there would be no eats for them unless they did a little work every day. Wasn't that atrocious?

As this chapter opens we find the beautiful Princess Donia fleeing like anything up and down the Steppes before the Red Terror. Now go on with the story.

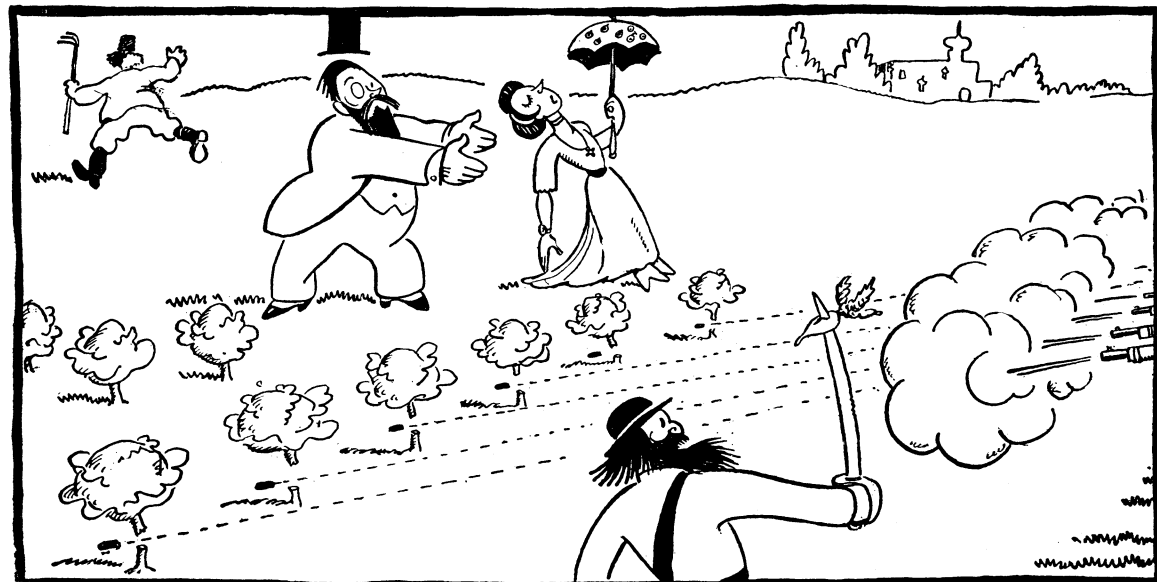
CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO

"Off with their heads," hollered the ignorant, brutal and unshaved captain of the oncoming Bolsheviks and without another word up stepped his cruel firing squad and pop went the heads of six of the finest cabbages on all the Princess Donia's estate.

"Now," screamed the captain in a horrid frenzy, "just to show the world how hard-boiled we Bolsheviks are we are going to capture another Y. M. C. A. secretary and fill him up with the latest propoganda—and let him loose right in the middle of the White Army."

Brave little Donia could face no more of these unspeakable horrors that surrounded her on every side so she did the proper thing and sank back swooning in the arms of ex-Prince Ruffleupsky, who in the next chapter would be her lover.

(To be continued by special request of the Department of Justice)



She did the proper thing and sank back swooning.



CHARTER MEMBERS

"Say Bill—did you see where the Boss has joined an Overall Club?"
"Why not? Sometime he'll have to."

LA FOLLETTE COMES BACK



Money Power to the Press—"Now that's what I call a mean trick, after we had sent for the undertaker."

TRY as they will all the newspapers can find out is that an Englishman by the name of Simpkin, insane over religion and many times incarcerated in asylums, shot a doctor in a church. If they could only get

proof that he once read a copy of the New Republic, that whirlwind of justice, Mr. Palmer could start another coast-to-coast raid.

Wisdom of the Poor Fish



THE POOR FISH says that a good many people have urged him to be a candidate for President but Hoover stole his platform.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Semi-Monthly by
GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885.

Edited by Art Young

T. F. Hastings, Business Manager.

MAY 1st, 1920.

Mr. Wilson and Good Morning

THE betrayal and repudiation of a popular hero by "the rabble" has been the theme of many stories.

But the betrayal and repudiation of a hero by "the best people" is seldom a subject for the author.

It is the common people who are usually guilty of this particular crime.

While their hero is acting in their interest, "the best people," the big men of commerce, newspapers and other influential institutions delight in praising and promoting him to the heights of power, but they take more delight in bringing him down, once he has out-lived his usefulness.

The notable modern instance of this is President Wilson. Mr. Wilson did what these "best people" wanted him to do. They wanted war and they got it. They wanted conscription and they got it. They wanted suppression of speech and they got an Espionage Act. They wanted taxation, on everything of common use (but not on war profits) and they got taxation to their liking. At Versailles they wanted Mr. Wilson to ignore the cries of humanity and to take orders only from themselves

"the best people." And he did even that.

There was nothing that this minority power, "the best people," did not get that they wanted, if they wanted it bad enough, from President Wilson.

And now, these same "best people" are stoning the sick man of the White House.

Only yesterday these respectables would shed tears at the mention of Mr. Wilson's name, they would cheer themselves pop-eyed when his picture was put between those of Washington and Lincoln, and would mob anyone who criticized him. With the same vicious enthusiasm they now revile their former "hero". Whatever he may deserve of all this somehow Good Morning cannot applaud.

Good morning never stood behind the President and does not stand behind him now, but we want our readers to know that the cartoons concerning President Wilson that appear in this magazine are tempered with a feeling of pity, and sad regret, that a man so learned should not have seen the inevitable outcome of a career of submission to a class of people who shower you with praise today and tomorrow shower you with mud.

For ruthless discard of a "hero" we refer you to "the best people".

The rabble too have discarded their "heroes" but they are slower to act about it and more decent.

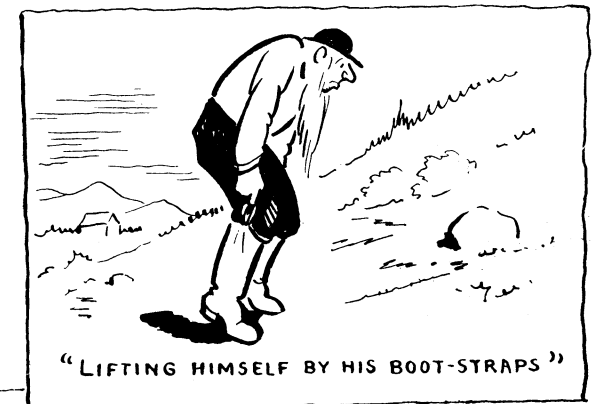
"NO one can convince me," concluded Vice-President Marshall, "that ours is not a divinely ordained government."

First the kings—now the capitalists.

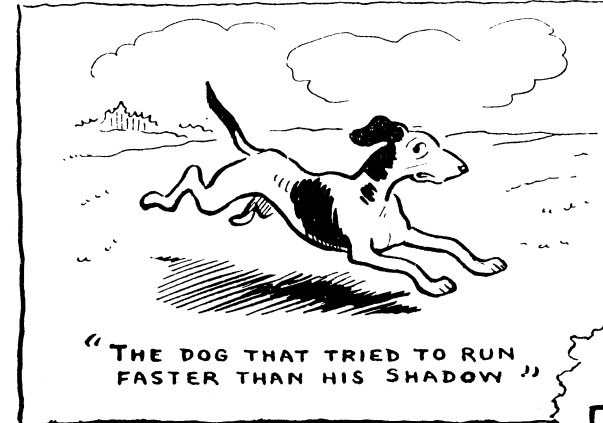
ABSURDITIES OF OTHER DAYS.



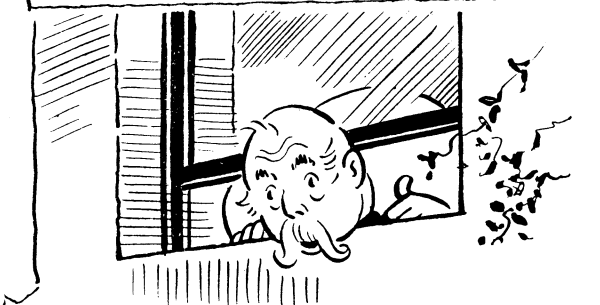
KING CANUTE COMMANDING THE SEA



"LIFTING HIMSELF BY HIS BOOT-STRAPS"



"THE DOG THAT TRIED TO RUN FASTER THAN HIS SHADOW"



"THE MAN WHO SHUT DOWN HIS WINDOW BUT FORGOT TO PULL HIS HEAD IN"



"STARTING TO DIG A WELL WHEN HE FINDS HIS HOUSE ON FIRE"

GOOD MORNING Co.
7 EAST 15 ST. N.Y.

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND MY
SUGGESTION FOR AN ABSURD-
ITY OF TODAY.

NAME

ADDRESS

WHAT IS MORE ABSURD THAN ANY OF THESE TO-DAY?

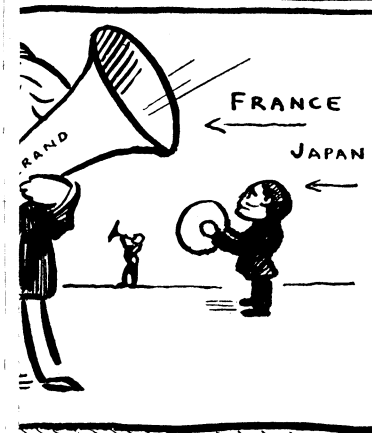
GOOD MORNING'S PRIZE CONTEST TO TEST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR.

THE above absurdities were familiar to our forefathers. Now what is the most absurd thing today? They are plentiful, are they not? Is it some serious statement of a great statesman? Is it something you know about among your acquaintances? Is it a Prohibitionist lecturing a barrel of cider on the sin of fermentation? Or what is it?

GOOD MORNING wants to know and will give a prize for the best brief description of an absurdity—not more than fifty words. If you can draw, send drawing with your suggestion. The best suggestions will be illustrated by Art Young and published in the forthcoming issues of GOOD MORNING.

In addition to the prize, the original cartoon illustrating the idea will be presented to the winner.

To compete you must send the above coupon on which you are to write your name and address. All competitors, win or lose, will receive Mr. Young's allegorical cartoon "Why?"



UNREST
GOING BACK WHERE
IT CAME FROM



THAT INSANITY

UNREST

AS VIEWED FROM ABOVE
THE HIGH COST OF SUCH
FOOLISH LUXURIES AS,
FOOD, CLOTHING, AND A
PLACE TO LIVE.

"Music is a great antidote for unrest, for the most primitive and ignorant are susceptible to music. It's a sedative and a stabilizer and promotes beautiful thoughts. No normal person could do wrong or think wrong with the sound of music in his ears. In all of my establishments I encourage music of every kind. Better business and better work is done by persons who have an appreciation of the finer things of life, and there is nothing finer than good music."

—Charles M. Schwab in the Daily Press.

MUSIC THE CURE FOR UNREST

Many solutions have been offered but it takes a Big Business brain to go to the root of the matter.



ADOLPH BEHN-20.

Umpire of the Spring Love Series.

LINES TO A BEDBUG IN DIVINITY HALL,
CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

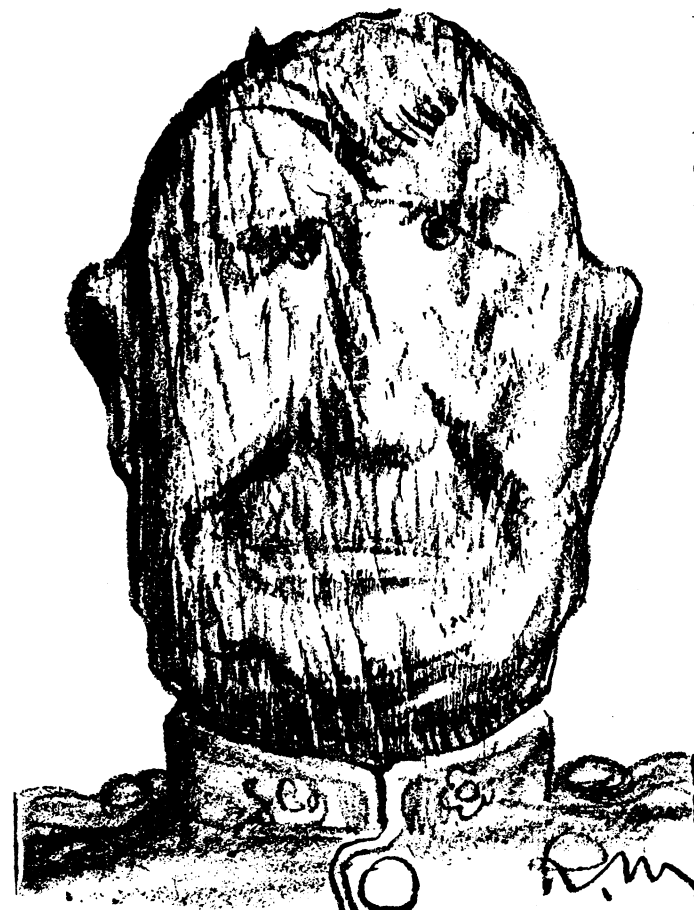
*Poor errant crawler! Thou alone sincere
Of all the rout that toil and struggle here.
Thine aim to live from the thin blood of men
Who, flattering thee, repeat thy ways again;
Like thee they crawl in Fortune's sinful bed
To suck her blood, or lose their lives instead,
Their lives too poor an equal stake to be
For Fortune's self despite her misery.*

*How oft in nights made wakeful by thy chase
Have I lain restless and compared my Race
With all its petty grasping clutch for pelf,
And voice tuned ever to the pitch Myself—
To thee who fiercely crawling o'er my limbs,
Sang, as I thought, the selfsame brand
of hymns*

*And worshipped thy four-legged God with
just*

The same devotion and misguided trust.

—J. Alden Brett.



WOOD



President Ebert—"It's all in a life-time, Comrade Wilson, first they kicked out the autocrats,
now they're getting rid of us democrats."



Man—Is Mr. Pinfield stopping here?
 Clerk—(Formerly employed in a drug store) I'm sorry, sir, we haven't got Mr. Pinfield, but we've somebody just as good.



Robt. M. ...

Great Britain and Ireland

Top 'o the Morning

By Harold Matson



PAPER manufacturers announce that experiments in Ohio prove that paper can be made of garbage. Thus is the wonderful congruity of Nature's plans expressed. Out of garbage, filled with garbage, back to garbage.

WHEN the New York drivers recently struck they were out but a few hours before they won their wage demands. In fact, they were out such a short time they got no further in drawing up their demands than this: You pay us and we'll deliver the goods.

WE wonder where the war-poster artist is when we read that "72,000 mentally deranged ex-soldiers are not having the care and consideration that they should receive from a grateful nation for which they fought."

We hasten to add that this charge is made by the American Legion Committee in Washington.

MR. A. PALMER, the well-known sleuth who can see Bolshevik tracks that are invisible to the ordinary eye, says the railroad strike was engineered by Bill Foster for the Communist Party, under the direction of Ludwig C. A. K. Martens. Mr. Palmer hasn't yet told us Lenin's connection with the strike of 4,000 elevator operators in New York. Well, give 'im time!

A tired and fat Negro gentleman timidly approached the information desk at the Grand Central Depot.

"Ah want a time table, sah," pleaded the Negro. He was compelled to repeat his request a bit boldly to get attention.

"Where 're yuh goin'," asked one of the clerks. The dismayed Negro hesitated a bit and then said half apologetically and half protestingly:

"Ah ain't gwine—ah—ah—jus' come."

"It's As Hard As Buying a Quart of Whiskey

to get a copy of the Liberator in our town," a friend from the West told us the other day. "You've got to know the proprietor by his first name, and then you have to sneak the magazine out under your coat and walk past the cop on the corner trying to look like a member of the American Legion. But it's worth the trouble when you get it." But you, dear reader of Good Morning, need not put yourself to all this trouble. Just mail this slip with a check or a bill and we will send the Liberator for twelve months and a copy of our booklet, "Russia," for luck.

THE LIBERATOR

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

Send me the Liberator for 12 months and a copy of the booklet Russia. I enclose \$2.50.

Name

Address

(Add 50c. for postage outside the U. S.)



PSYCHOLOGY

THE reason for the high retail prices is due largely to the "appalling psychology of the public to buy expensive things" according to a statement by Herbert Hoover to a House investigating committee, as quoted in the newspapers.

We do not care whether Mr. Hoover is a Republican or Democrat and we are even willing to overlook the bad grammar in his statement but his grasp of fundamental economics is remarkable. If Doctor Frank Crane is not a candidate we favor Hoover.

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Is it YOUR cause?

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The National Civil Liberties Bureau
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