

"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

15 Cents



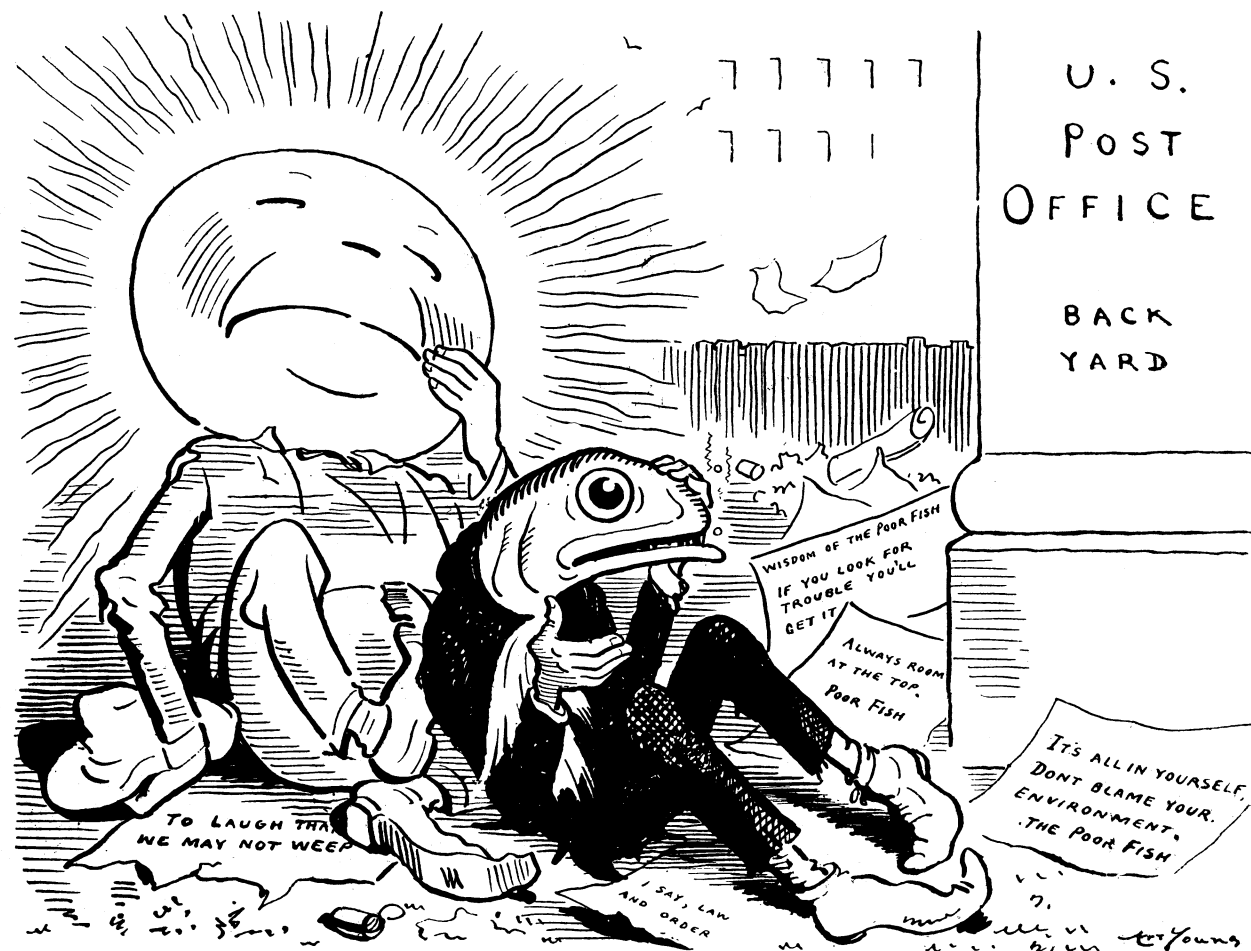
May 15th, 1920

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



THEIR SECOND CHILDHOOD

Boo Hoo! We want to play war again but we haven't enough soldiers left



WHEN WE WOKE UP

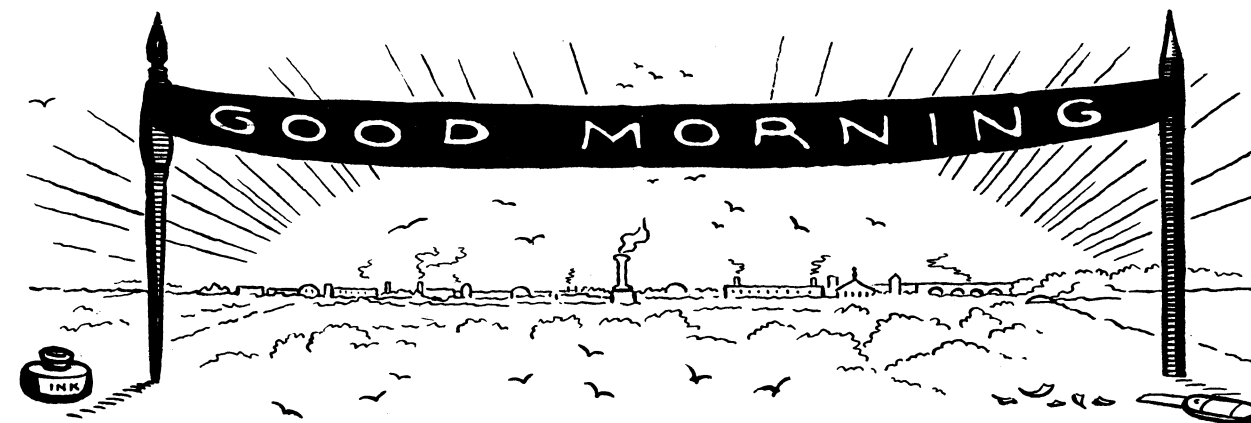
After GOOD MORNING tried so hard not to violate the Prohibition Law by intoxicating our readers with too much mirth, what do you think? We were thrown out of the U. S. Mail for violating the Anti-Lottery Law. Our offense was that we used the word "must" instead of "may" and that is why page 7 of the last issue was stamped cancelled. You will find the corrected statement of the contest on page 13.

Dear Reader, don't be surprised if the next issue of GOOD MORNING is also delayed. There are only eighty thousand laws to obey and we may get held up for violating the smoke ordinance, trespass, blocking traffic, sneezing in public or wearing a straw hat before the official date.

The Poor Fish says we got just what we deserved.

U. S.
POST
OFFICE

BACK
YARD



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

VOL. II. No. 2.

New York, May 15, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

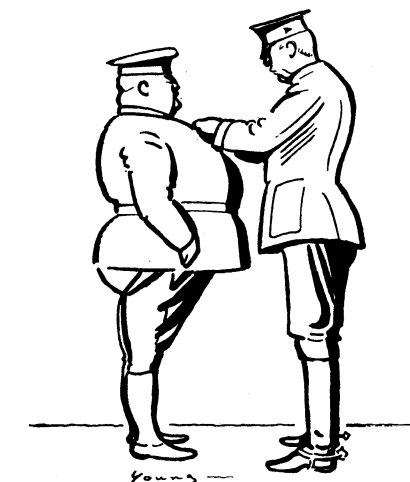
AMERICANA

BUSINESS:—A cult of which every other middle and upper class American is a devotee. As religions go it has the peculiar distinction of being practical. It delivers the goods in abundance to those who believe most passionately in it. They of little faith cannot get admittance to high places. They cannot become advertising men and sales managers. Heretics in power demoralize the herd. The eleventh commandment of faith is "Sell em." A good American is always a good business man. He who cannot sell must work. The eternal verity of this ethical transcendentalism is "Supply and demand rule the universe." Its legend: from office boy to chief bouncer, or counter jumper to buyer. Its temples of worship: Gothic skyscrapers and ionic pillastered banks. Places of noon service: the chamber of commerce and the Rotary Club. Rituals: eight course luncheon and efficiency sermon. Its symbols: cash registers, typewriters, adding machines, production charts, bank balance ledgers and check books. Its ideal: the golden rule; for the other fellow. Sacred maxim; "blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." Examples; J. D. R. junior and the post war salvation movement. Immediate program; "religion for the mob." The prophets and high priests of this cult have put the Carpenter of Gallilee on the road. Jesus shaved and manicured has been provided with samples, time table and Gideon's consolation book (travelingman's bible), unlimited expense budget to "cover" America and put the "line" over. At the A. F. O. L. jubilees he is instructed to discard his business Kuppenheimer for overalls.

"All hail to him who can get way with it."
Skepticuss.

When Wilson waved his hand at the circus clown in Washington the other day it was simply recognition of an equal in turning somersaults.

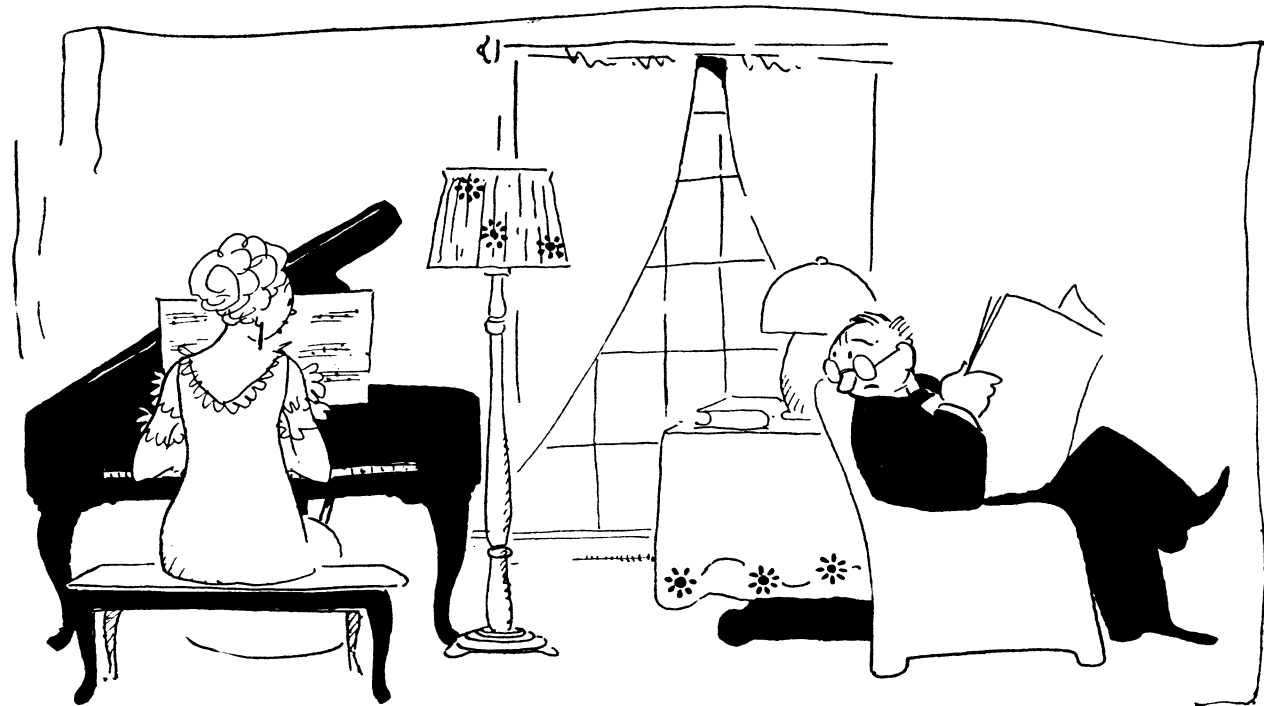
SOMEBODY PINS A MEDAL ON SOMEBODY



And this is America! Mind you, we went to war to rid the world of Prussian militarism, we had to do it else Prussian militarism might spread over the world. Our newspapers publish photographs daily of medal pinning. Where is that American sense of humor? Certainly not among the best people, for most of them are wearing medals. You decorate me and I'll decorate you.

Eugene V. Deb's father was born in Colmar, Alsace. If he had stayed where he came from that boy 'Gene might now be free from Prussian militarism.

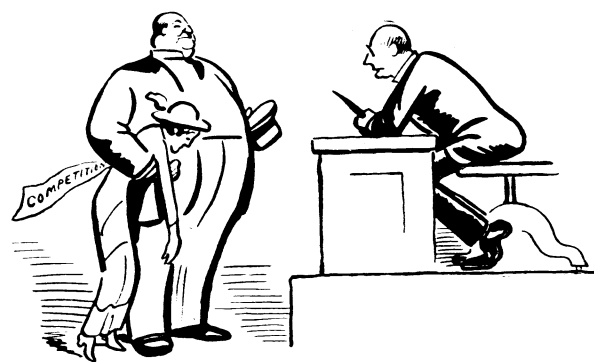
Fifteen hundred yardmen at McKees Rocks have just gone out to join the "recent railroad strike."



She—I just love to sing. I should have been a bird.

He—And I a gun.

The British Labor Party is going to have a bloody peaceful revolution.



BUSINESS TO THE BAR

“You are charged with treating competition unfairly. Guilty or not guilty?”


“I admit squeezing the lady pretty hard, your honor, but it was because I love her so.”

The American of to-day, in fact, probably enjoys less personal liberty than any other man in Christendom, and even his political liberty is fast succumbing to the new dogma that certain theories of government are virtuous and lawful and others abhorrent and felonious. Laws limiting the radius of his free activity multiply year by year: it is now practically impossible for him to exhibit anything describable as genuine individuality, either in action or in thought without running afoul of some harsh and unintelligible penalty. It would surprise no impartial observer if the motto, “In God we trust,” were one day expunged from the coins of the republic by the Junkers at Washington, and the far more appropriate word “Verboten,” substituted. Nor would it astound any, save the most romantic, if at the same time, the goddess of liberty were taken off the silver dollars to make room for a bas relief of a policeman in a spiked helmet.

From “The American Credo”

by G. J. NATHAN and H. L. MENCKEN.

Wisdom of the Poor Fish

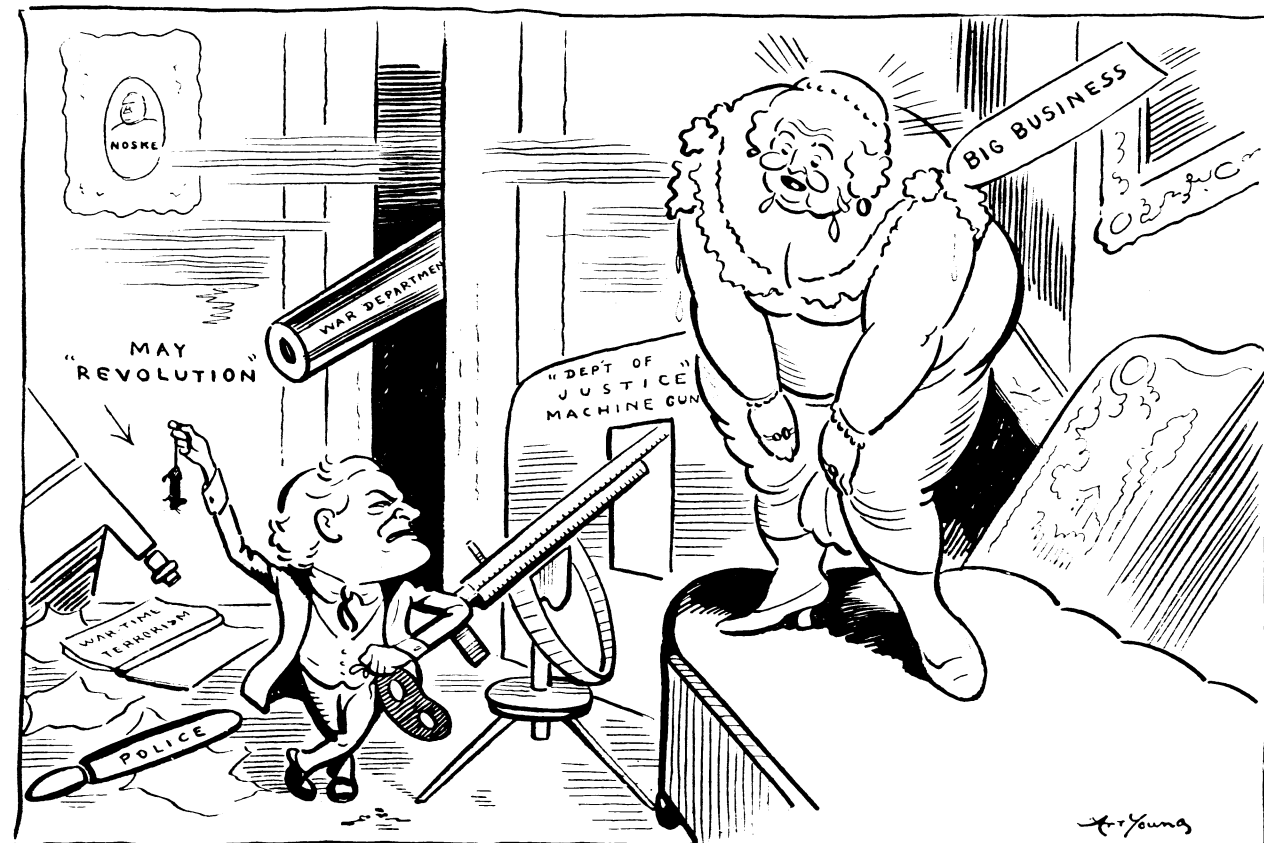


The POOR FISH says:
I believe in the free distribution of milk to school children but the people are not ready for such a radical measure.

THE MIRACLE



“A guy comes in here and he says as how the waiters in Russia are treated like human beings.”



Reprinted from “The Big Stick.”

N E X T !

Palmer: Come down, Mamma, I've killed it.



"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, Business Manager.

MAY 15th, 1920.

DUMPED

FRUIT, HELD FOR RAISE, ROTS

Tons of Cuban Vegetables Are Dumped into the Sea

Several hundred tons of fruit and vegetables that a few weeks ago would have helped make life easier for thousands of poor families were carried out into the Atlantic yesterday and dumped some fifty miles off the coast. This cargo of decayed pineapples, grapefruits and peppers, which was taken out on the deck of the steamship Lake Ormoc, had been brought here from Cuba and held on various piers in Brooklyn awaiting a higher market.

—N. Y. Tribune, May 1, 1920.

When the Poor Fish reads the above he is indignant. "It aint right," he exclaims. "It aint fair to poor people to hold fruit so long for a higher profit that it rots and has to be dumped into the sea."

When the capitalist system finds that a man whose life has been spent working for it is old and useless, he "is dumped."

Children's souls are killed in factories and at middle age their exhausted bodies are "dumped" into the human drift.

Laws are "dumped" when they stand in the way of profits.

Religion, ideals, justice, liberty, everything is "dumped" by the capitalists if it doesn't pay. So why get

excited over a few tons of peppers, pineapples and grapefruit, you Poor Fish?

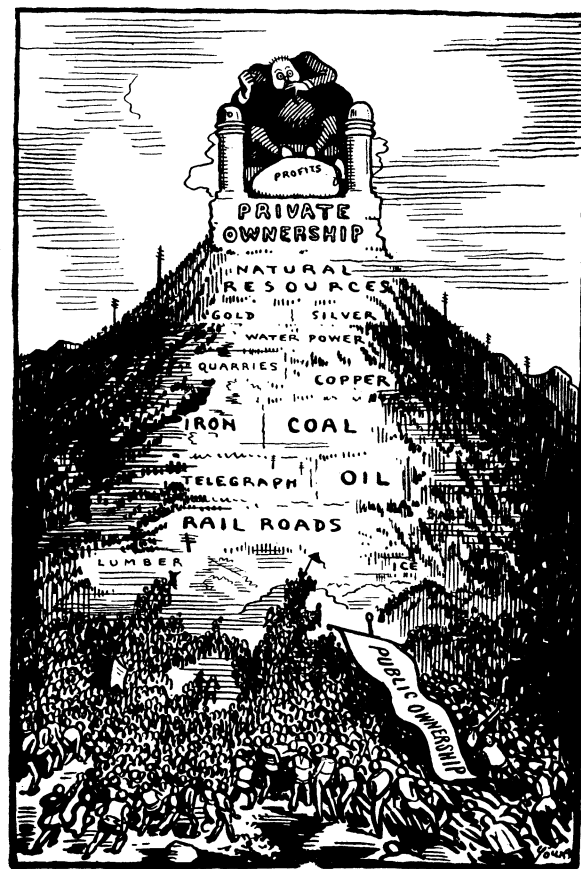
Remember, ignorance of the law does not absolve you, there are only 80,000 Federal laws to learn by heart.

Johnson is running, Hoover is running, Lowden is running, but the man who is sick of the whole world-mess looks up from his paper and hopes they'll all run out of breath.

It seems to be a close race between the Wood-be's and the be-Hoover's.

NOTICE

GOOD MORNING is thinking of issuing a Political Prisoners' number soon. We shall welcome contributions from the countless men and women who smile in spite of persecution.



Getting Nearer



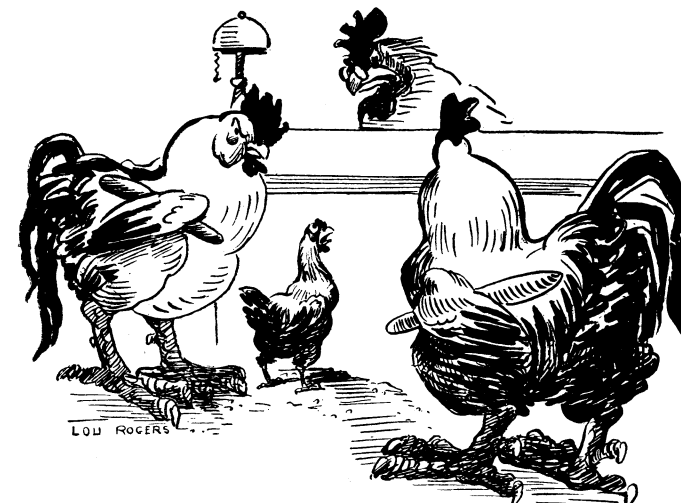
"IT'S ALL IN YOURSELF"

It's all in yourself. Environment has nothing to do with it. Press on! The drop of water in the ocean can be independent of the tide—if it will only try hard enough. Blame yourself.

Don't you want to be a favorite of the best people? Then let nothing stand in your way. If you can't pay the rent just say the rent doesn't exist. If it doesn't work with the landlord the first time, say it over three or four times. Somebody will give you the money. Don't worry, if you see a stone wall in your path run right through it.

The race starts even. It's all in yourself.—

For more of this kind of literature read any edition of the leading magazines and newspapers.



Judge: Madam why do you refuse to lay eggs for this incubator?

Hen: Because, your honor, it raises chickens for profit only.

Judge: Sedition. Three days under a dark barrel.

BRAINS WINS

When a workingman was searched at an I. W. W. meeting, a piece of paper with writing on it was discovered in his possession.

The secret service man asked, "Who wrote this?"

"I did," the suspect answered.

"You can get twenty years for this."

"But I copied it from a book in the library."

"Who wrote the book?"

"Thomas Jefferson."

"Well, we'll pinch him too."

It is quite evident, considering the fact that Congress has just granted immense amounts of supplies to the Polish army, that the Congressmen are willing to give any supplies to wage war against Russia except the supplies in their cellars.

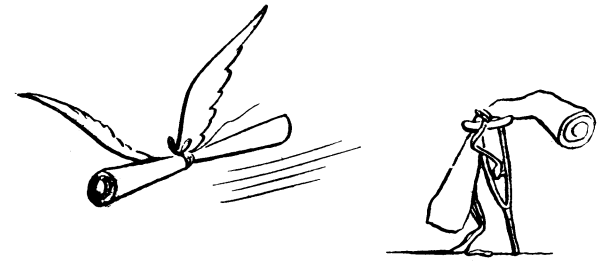


GOOD MORNING is now in direct communication with Heaven, Hell, and all points beyond the dead-line. This Post Card (No. 4 of the series) has been transmitted through our high salaried medium Miss Ouija Astral Plane who is now a member of GOOD MORNING staff and to whom all communications from dead-ones here and beyond may be addressed.



*Dear George
Had a picnic today.
Must say I like it better here
than on earth - Fred*

POST CARDS FROM HELL—No. 4.



Have you ever noticed how laws for capital go through on wings—while labor-laws hobble on crutches?

JIM LARKIN DEFENDING HIMSELF

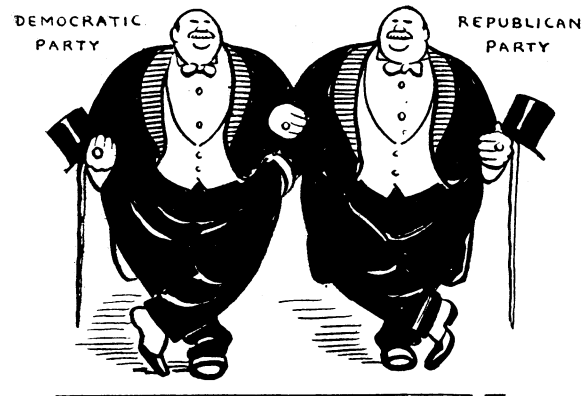
LARKIN: "What are your political affiliations?"

PROSPECTIVE JUROR: "I am a Democrat."

LARKIN: "Member of Tammany Hall?"

P. J.: "No, I am a Democrat, pure and simple."

LARKIN: "More simple than pure, eh?"



© GOODY! SEE THE TWINS. IS THERE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM? NOT A BIT. WHAT'S THEIR MOTHER'S NAME? MRS. BIG BUSINESS — THEIR FATHER'S NAME — MR. BIG BUSINESS — WHAT DO THEY STAND FOR:— PROFITS FOR BIG BUSINESS. — DO THEY EVER SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE? — O YES, THEY SPEAK VERY POLITELY EVERY ELECTION DAY.



ON ITS WAY

Be superior to ambition. After an achievement be sure you look down at it, not admiringly up.—ART YOUNG.



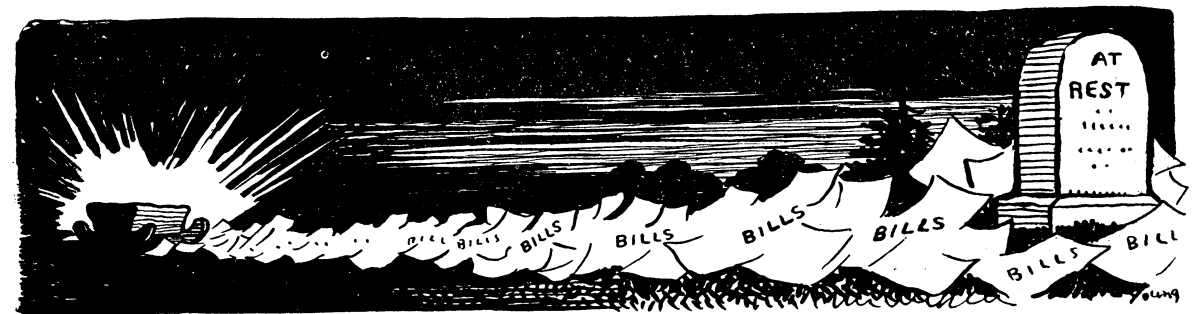
"NOT WORTH A DARN"



A being of the same genus as the dinosaur, the dipsohorrorosaurus and the fish-back lizard, was recently seen prowling in the Northwestern States. The strange animal was at first mistaken for human, but later identified as of the almost extinct species *traditionalus post-bellum militarus presidentus*. Ex-dough-boys working in the factories of Detroit got after the animal; they were later joined by

Illinois steel workers and inhabitants of Wisconsin and Nebraska; and now the *traditionalus post-bellum militarus presidentus* is believed to be almost extinct.

Persons who wished to save this strange creature for permanent abode in a Washington museum, report that its chief requisite is atmospheric patriotism and complain that the atmosphere of the Northwest contains only a two-percent solution.—ROBERT MINOR.



FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

WHAT IS MOST FOOLISH

An Editorial referring to the series of Pictures on the opposite page.

Reprinted from the N. Y. Evening Journal

Copyright, 1920, by Star Company

Young Mr. Arthur Young THINKS that everything in the world is wrong and KNOWS that he could fix it, if people would let him make the world over. He runs a bi-monthly called "Good Morning," a radical publication, to put it mildly.

Like other editors, Arthur Young must condescend to interest as well as teach his readers. He has one good idea, illustrated with pictures reproduced here, and even if he were as radical as King Canute, who thought he could hold back the ocean, or as radical as Karl Marx, who thought he could change over night a social system that is the growth of half a million years, he would be entitled to praise.

He calls his pictures "Absurdities of Other Days."

First you see King Canute telling the ocean it must not come any farther. It is a safe thing to say at high tide, in fair weather; a dangerous thing to say at low tide, or any tide, in rough weather. The Czar found out in the low tide and rough weather after the war.

Next is a picture illustrating lifting yourself by your bootstraps. It is remarkably like some of the efforts of our good friends, the radicals, to lift up the proletariat by some process other than education. Education is the lever, the earth is the fulcrum. The bootstrap gentleman is a subscriber to "Good Morning" who says, "I only weigh 190 pounds. I can lift that much, so why SHOULDN'T I lift myself by my bootstraps?"

Among "Absurdities of Other Days" the dog picture is one of the best. Little dogs try to run around fast enough to catch their tails and try to run fast enough to escape their shadows.

When they try to outrun their shadows they are like gentlemen that try to outrun their own deficiencies and that write letters to "GOOD MORNING" saying, "I should be all right if autoeracy would only get off my chest." That really isn't the trouble, but it wouldn't please them to know it. If the dog thinks he can run away from his shadow, let him run, it is good for him. It develops his lungs, just as complaining develops the thinking parts of the imperfect gentleman who blames every one but himself for his own deficiencies.

This gentleman with his head outside the window knows that something is wrong and can't quite think what it is. He put the window down

before taking in his head. The picture will appeal to the sympathies of some of Mr. Young's most radical friends, because, like them, this gentleman, with his head outside the window, is absolutely convinced that HE, at least, is not to blame for the predicament in which he finds himself.

This thoughtful old radical wants to do things thoroughly. His house is on fire; there is no water to put it out. However, leave it to him, and he will solve the situation. He is starting to dig a well, and when the water is reached he will put out the fire.

Gentlemen that find the high cost of living troubling them, or that other economic forces and fires disturb, make up their minds, if they are out-and-out radicals, that the thing to do is to dig a well and get plenty of water and put the fires out.

A few things happen to this old gentleman. In the first place, he will never finish the well. Too hard work for a man of his age. In the second place, the fire will be out and the house burned down before he gets down to gravel with his pick.

He would have been wiser if he had said to himself, "I should have dug this well and had the water ready ten years ago. But as I did not do that, I'll move out and save all the furniture I can."

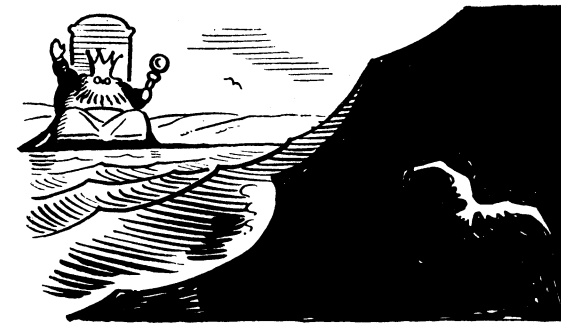
Radical gentlemen that find things are wrong, and that the fire is starting, should join others in helping, moving out the furniture, and then organize a water system and a fire department, with competent engineers, and in a sane, legal way to combat with future fires.

For the sixth picture Mr. Young leaves an empty space, in which you are supposed to write "My suggestion for an absurdity of to-day."

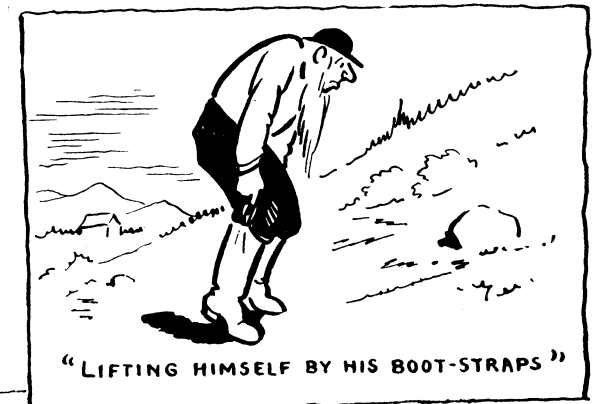
Many suggestions will be thought of. One that Mr. Young might make is the picture of a workman who thinks that workmen can solve their problems by doing a HALF day's work instead of a WHOLE day's work, not realizing that a workman gets what some other workman produces in a day—minus the legitimate overhead cost and the share taken by the management.

The gentleman who cuts HIS day's work in two cuts what he is going to GET in two. First, get your fair share of what you produce, after that cut down the amount of work you are doing, if you are really, doing too much.

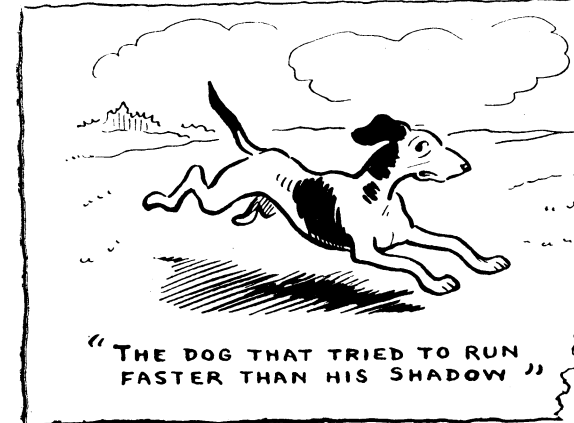
ABSURDITIES OF OTHER DAYS.



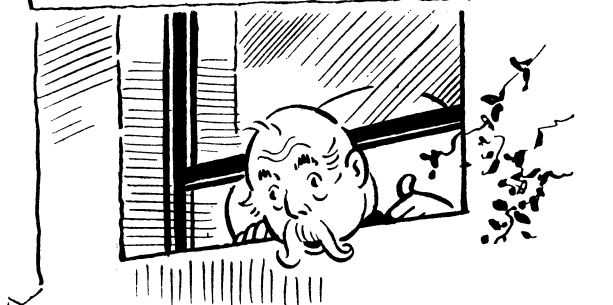
KING CANUTE COMMANDING THE SEA.



"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 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.

The last announcement of the GOOD MORNING PRIZE CONTEST will appear in the August 15th issue. All Absurdities must be in 20 days after August 15 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.

Accompanying is a coupon, the use of which will help the judges in handling the suggested "Absurdities" but you are not compelled to use it.

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

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N. Y. City

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Please find enclosed my ^{check} _{money order}
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Name

Address

The dawn came up like thunder and the Joshuas did their best to hold back the sunlight! But we are up and at it again. Yours for Life, Laughter, Liberty and Subscriptions.—GOOD MORNING.

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Name

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Special Notice

When I began the publication of my "Littlebooks Library" I planned to have the little volumes, as they were issued, sold on newsstands and in bookstores, but the same sinister interests which exploit you folks, and would make us all their slaves, have been able to influence the few big companies, which control the supply of the retail news-dealers, to keep my little volumes off the stands. But I do not fear The Plunderbund, nor do I intend that they shall keep me from writing and publishing and selling these Littlebooks.

I will give any honest man or woman a chance to do very well indeed working odd hours or all the time at selling my publications. They won't make a lot of money at first, but their business will grow if they look after it and be a real good thing in time.

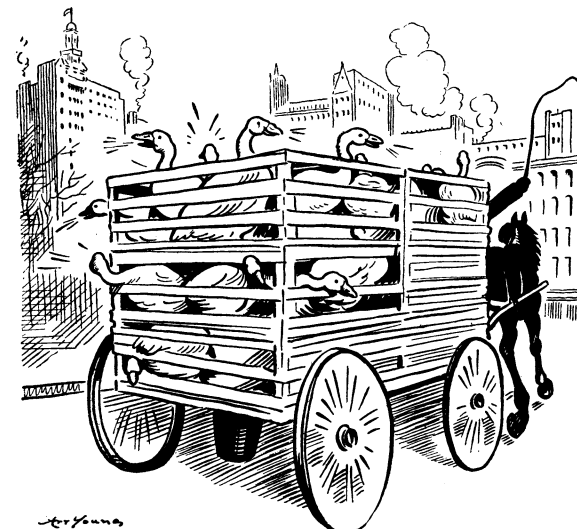
Please see what you can do for me and help me beat this gang of foreign propogandists and Downing street and Wall street hirelings who don't want us Americans to have even the privilege of buying and reading books that tell the truth.

The two Littlebooks now on sale at 25 cents each are "The Poison in America's Cup," and "What's the Matter With Our America?"

Address all orders and communications to

Philip Francis, Publisher,

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2590 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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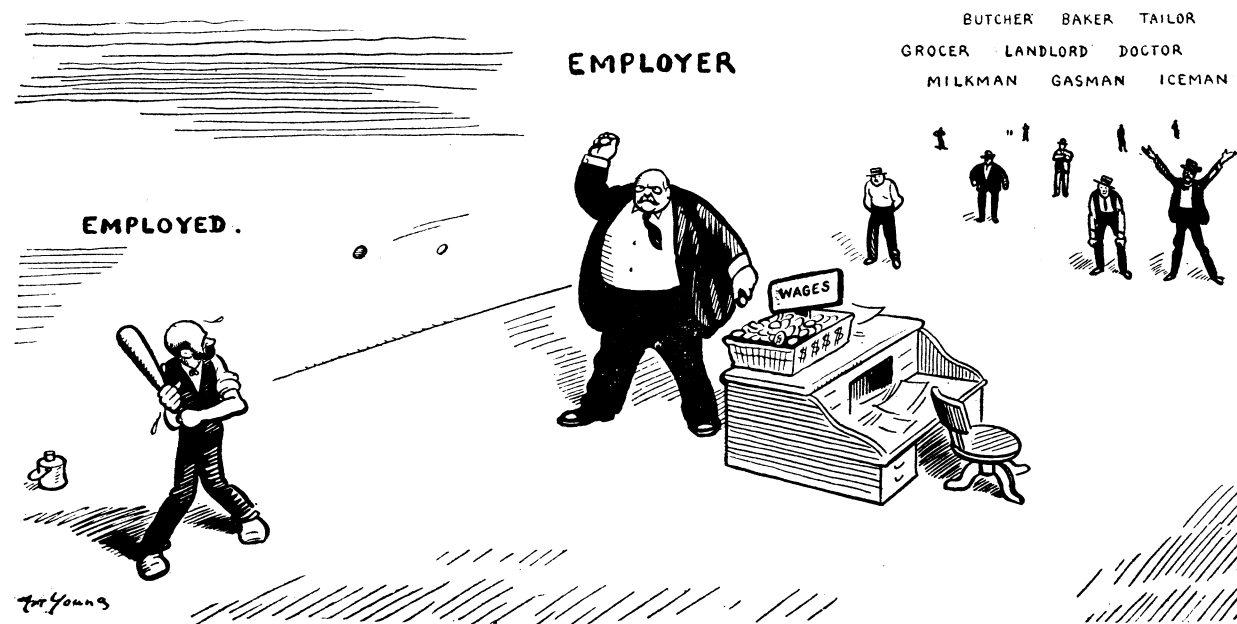
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GOOD MORNING

7 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The Frank Harris Fellowship

At 57 Fifth Avenue

THERE is no shop or public place in New York, so far as we know, where art and literature are at home, and lovers of either or both are made welcome.

FRANK HARRIS, the well-known writer and Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, proposes to supply this want at 57 Fifth Avenue, which he has rented for the next three years. The place is not ambitious; it is a mere shop, but it is easily reached and near the centre, and in this shop you will see from time to time interesting specimens of modern art and caricature; strange books, too, and fine bindings.

Encouraged by the success of talks he has given in Chicago, Harris intends to speak here every Sunday afternoon and evening on literary subjects and especially on the men he has known who are famous in literature or art.

Those who know anything about Harris know that he has met and known, fairly intimately, nearly all the famous writers, artists and politicians and most of the masters of science, too, in Europe in the last thirty years. When he talks of Wilde or Anatole France or Whistler or Haeckel or Deschanel, he talks with first-hand knowledge and not as the scribes. Everyone should certainly hear him once and most of those who have heard him once, want to hear him again and again.

Harris will give talks Wednesday and Sunday evenings at 8.30.

Here is the schedule of talks:

Sunday, May 16—*Shaw and Galsworthy.* Sunday, May 23—*H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton and Barbusse-Le Feu.*

Wednesday, May 19—*Caricatures, Aubrey Beardsley and Forain.* Wednesday, May 26—*Caricatures, Max Beerbohm and Charles Huard*

Sunday, May 30—*Lord Dunsany, Sidney Sime and Arthur Symons.*

If you care to know about these lectures you should subscribe one dollar a year and become a member of the Frank Harris Fellowship.

As a member you will receive some of his stories in booklets; and notice of all the lectures on art and literature.

Here is an opportunity unique in this country, of acquainting yourself with the best that is known and thought in the world.

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The Bomb
Great Days
Love in Youth

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Unpath'd Waters
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