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GOOD MORNING

Volume I $3.00 a Year : 10 Cents a Copy Number 1

New York, May 8, 1919

BEAM NUMBER ONE

GOOD MORNING, having been born on American soil, is manifestly not a foreigner. This is a statement of cold, statistical fact. GOOD MORNING has a strong suspicion that American soil is all right, although professing to be in no wise expert on agricultural or geographical matters. There is a general tradition, however, that soil is good in proportion to the amount of decayed matter which is mixed with it. Goodness knows there has been plenty of rotteness discovered in our politics, our finance, our business, our educational institutions and so on. Therefore, American soil ought to be rated from good to prime at the very least.

But that is not the point. The point is that nobody can help where he is born. Therefore no pride or shame whatsoever should attach to the place of birth. It is no different whether one is born north or south, say, of the Bronx River or any other river. The other day we heard a man actually boasting that he was born in Alabama, the state that treats its little children worse than any other state in the union. Others again, are proud of having been born in Hoboken or Canarsie or in the north side, the east side or south side of Manhattan Island or elsewhere. Of course, there is no accounting for tastes.

In so far as possible under the present exasperating fenced-off, customs-housed, private-keep-out condition of affairs, GOOD MORNING aspires to be a citizen of the world, but that is not possible quite yet. Under existing conditions, if GOOD MORNING wanted to take a little trip to other parts of the world, he would have to go to Washington and tell a lot of lies to Secretary Lansing, his heirs and assigns, showing indisputable proof that he was born, that he was not a Socialist, an Anarchist, an I. W. W., an idealist or that he stood for any kind of better order of society, in short, that he had no idea that Secretary Lansing was not entirely in sympathy with. He would have to prove that he was going abroad for no honorable purpose whatsoever, but merely on some errand of brigandage, by which he hoped to separate some unsuspecting foreigner or foreigners from their hard-earned product.

As GOOD MORNING is not skilled in that particular kind of lying, he will be compelled to

HUNGARIAN SOCIETY NOTE

The Baronesse Aristocraft is playing a piccolo in a Buda Pesth Restaurant for her board.
PRAYER

OUR Father
Who art in Washington (sometimes)
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come
In Petrograd and Berlin,
Even as in Washington and Paris.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive our laughing in our sleeves
As we forgive those who laugh in their sleeves
against us.
And deliver us from the boll weevil
For thine is the kingdom
And the power (somewhat reduced)
And the glory (slightly tarnished)
Forever and ever (if not sooner terminated)
Amen.

CENSORED

An ostrich buried his head in the sand. “What’s the big idea?” asked a bystander, in no small perplexity.
“It’s the only way,” the fowl affably explained, “I can keep information of military importance from leaking out.”

Wisdom of the Poor Fish

The Poor Fish says progress is all right but it ought to stop sometime.

THAT ELUSIVE LEAGUE

A number of prominent Republicans seem to think they have found a suitable issue for next year’s campaign. It is the League of Nations.

In truth the League of Nations possesses many of the attributes of a perfect campaign issue. An issue should be something that is capable of infinite variations that no two people can agree and therefore the whole thing has to be left to the judgement and integrity of that particular politician who, in his speeches, can talk the most and say the least.

The tariff is the classical example par excellence of a perfect issue. Everybody (except a few rational, and therefore not to be considered people) was in favor of a tariff, but nobody was in favor of anybody else’s idea of a tariff. This enabled the silver-and-golden-tongued orators to favor the same thing for different reasons or different things for the same reasons. One could be for “high tariff for revenue only” or “high tariff for protection only” or “free trade so long as it does not interfere with protected industries” or “protection so long as it doesn’t interfere with the freedom of trade,” etc., until the poor voter was so confused that he was glad to stick his little paper into a box and have it over with.

The “League of Nations” is almost as good. Everybody knows that we must have some kind of a League of Nations or Peoples or Tribes or Dubbs or something.

Some want a League without “entangling alliances”; another wants a League that will not interfere with the Monroe Doctrine; another wants one that will not be a League of Nations at all, but a League of Peoples; another wants a League that will make the Bourgeoisie and the Bolsheviks live happily together ever afterward. And so on.

This opens the door for a long parade of carefully-groomed non-committal rhetoricians, the substance of whose representations will be that they, on account of the vast differences of opinion, cannot afford, for political reasons, to be too specific before election. Therefore there will be a long string of “wait and see,” “wait till I am once sure of a regular salary and the emoluments thereof,” “leave it to me,” “I know more about this question than is proper for me to divulge at this time,” “depend upon it I will always strongly favor the right kind of League and bitterly oppose the wrong kind of League,” and much more of like tenor.
Well, it may all be true. We have had a hint before that Mr. Burleson was not quite all that could be desired by a Democracy that was worth fighting for and running into debt for; but on the other hand, we shall require considerably more evidence before conceding that he is the only fly in the ointment.

UNOFFICIAL advice from official Washington informs us that Kolchak is to be "recognized" in Russia and that everybody else over there is to be snubbed. As the Soviet Government can't prove that it represents more than 95 per cent. of the Russians, the officials in charge of such erudite questions have reached the conclusion that it is not worth considering. Many different decisions will probably be reached before the question is finally disposed of.

In order to "recognize" the Omsk government of Kolchak in proper fashion, men in large numbers and munitions in large quantities will be necessary. Both of these our officials are willing to supply.

Nor do ways and means offer any obstacle. So far as the men are concerned, there are some hints that conscription will not apply, but that volunteers will be called for. To conduct the "recognition" expedition. Not so regarding the large sums of money necessary for the munitions, provisions and other expenses. This of course, will be public money and it will be coming right out of the public treasury and the public storehouses without bothering about getting the public's consent. This will not worry the public at all. The public has got so used to knowing nothing whatsoever about its own business, that the expenditure of a billion or two to save Russia from the Russians will not matter in the least.

In the meantime, at Versailles where now resides the seat of our government, and also much of what passes as the brains of our government, things are dragging their weary length, starting from a certain nucleus of dignitaries known as the Big Four and radiating in all directions toward nowhere. No editor who could possibly qualify for a certificate of sanity in a well-regulated psychopathic ward, would try to make head or tale of it all.

Over the top of the morning. "The world safe for life and laughter." With such shibboleths the promoters of this magazine had several preparedness parades. The editor, accompanied by a cartoonist, whose commanding dignity cannot be disputed, walked around the literary and artistic sections of New York, incidentally making a few graceful detours around the offices of several liberal, farseeing men of means, in an appeal for volunteers. The result was most gratifying. Still we realize there is only one way to raise a large army of contributors when in a hurry, and that is by conscription. Knowing the conscription law to be constitutional because the supreme court has said so—we have invoked the law to mobilize an army of people who write, draw, or sing, an army large enough for the task of proclaiming the dictatorship of a sane sense of proportion and saving the world from chronic melancholia.

With this army composed of volunteers and selective draft contributors, we hope to make a humorous and satirical paper that responds to the spirit of the new and better day. It will not be as funny as the editorial page of the N. Y. Times, but it will be funny enough. The wheezy institutions of the abnormal night, which now give way to the rosy day will not appreciate our paper. We know that to start with. It is with enthusiasm that we review our army of artists and writers. In a few weeks we may publish the names of this role of honor. Give us time and we may enlist in the service such leading humorists as the members of the U. S. Supreme Court.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

DOCTOR (to sweatshop workman supporting a wife and five children on $16 a week)—"What you need is a long rest, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, three quarts of milk and a dozen eggs a day.

THE GERMAN QUESTION.—Whether to be a Spartan or a Spartancannet.
GOOD MORNING

THE MIGRA

Fat Party: This year Julia and I have decided to go to Maine—for fish Colorado, in time for melons, and the

ATER

both very fond of fish; then to Michigan for fresh peaches—to inia for that nice sweet ham.
Giving Employment

SINDBAD carried the Old Man of the Sea a few miles further on, but finally as the heat of the sun grew excessive, he halted under the shade of a fig tree and once again entered protest.

"Now say, you old duffer, this thing has gone just about far enough. You've got to get off."

The Old Man of the Sea was thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"Have you carefully considered the consequences of what you suggest?" he inquired finally.

"I am not interested in the consequences. All I know and all I care to know is that the present conditions are intolerable."

"But wait. You know that splendid adage: 'Look before you leap.' Now you want to remember that I am giving you employment. Don't forget that for a minute. If it were not for my initiative and my organizing ability, you might have nothing at all to do and, instead of being a respectable member of society, you might this very minute be starving to death."

Sindbad, having been reared as a laboring man, realized that, according to the way things were regulated, there was a good deal in what the other said, but he made no reply.

"I do not deny you the right to better your conditions young man. It is your duty to yourself and your family to better your conditions in every way possible, but before giving up one job, you must think about the next one. Now what would you do if I should get off your back and tell you that you are discharged?"

"Well, for a while I would be content to do nothing at all."

"But you could not keep that up long. You would be arrested for loitering or for having no visible means of support."

Sindbad shuddered, for he had been taught from childhood to fear the police.

"So you see," continued the Old Man of the Sea following up his advantage, "so you see that this is not a one-sided question after all."

"But I absolutely refuse to go on this way," insisted Sindbad. "My strength will not permit it."

"Well, now I tell you what I'll do. I'm working on a little profit sharing device. In a few days I am getting out some nice new stock certificates and I am going to give you the privilege of buying these at the market price and paying for them on the installment plan. I will make it very simple. You will be put to no trouble at all. I will simply deduct the proper amount from your pay envelope every Saturday night."

"But—" began Sindbad.

"You don't have to let me know now," said the Old Man of the Sea. "Think it over and we will discuss the matter more fully the first of next week. Now I think we better be pushing on, for we have many miles before us."

Judge: Miss Striker, this is the third time you've been arrested for picketing. Why, a girl of your fine appearance and brains ought to associate with the best people.

Miss Striker: I do.
IMPORTANT NEWS NOTE
Whippetree Corners, Ohio.—At an executive session of the village trustees Tuesday night it was decided that Italy ought to have Fiume if she wants it and that the United States ought to have Italy if this country wants it.

John Hayrick, a leading citizen, said that so far as he was personally concerned he didn't want either of them.

However, a vote of confidence in the League of Nations was overwhelmingly carried.

WAR DEBTS
W The best way to form an idea of the easy markability of any national group of people is to run the eye quickly over a list of its war debts.

Stated in plain words, a war debt is a statistical record of how a great lot of people agreed to allow their lives to be wasted and their property destroyed in order that at the end they will have nothing to show for it but—

War debts.

People who give to the poor never seem to see that their charity is just as humiliating to themselves as to the recipients of it.

SMALLS

THESE following burst of exuberance over the expedition of American soldier boys in Siberia, is reproduced from the Army paper printed by the Thirty-first Infantry, which is now sojourning in that far-off clime:

My mother says, she says to me,
Most patriotic you must be,
Stand ready, boy of mine, to be a hero;
Be ready with your gun in hand
To fight for this, your native land.
Although its provocation sink to zero,
I'll send you, ladde, night or day,
To die for the old U. S. A.
Against its foes from Britain, Spain or Prussia;
But what she never said to me
Is that she'd send me overseas.
To die for Russia.

The Russians may be good or not. (They seem a fairly decent lot.)
Although their arguments are thin and squeaky,
But maw, she never said: “My boy,
If you would fill my heart with joy,
Go save the Russians from the Bolsheviks.”
I'd like to ask maw if she knows
Why I should tramp through endless snows
Now that the stoofie's out of worthless Prussia.
To ask her if with joy she'd yell
Should I return all shot to 'em
Through saving Russia.

So when they put me in a crate
And ship me “Trans-Pacific freight,”
Down in the hold where it is dark (oh, very),
Then dump me on a lonely pier,
A pretty flag around my hier,
They'll cart me off with honors military.
Then home at last, upon the hill
I'll lie beside my Uncle Will.
And maw—how happy maw will be.
To mark the stone placed over me.
“Here lie for Russia!”

It isn't so much that we become less honest as
We grow older as that we have more terrible things to be honest about.

GOOD MORNING doesn't want to meddle in the serious affairs of investigating statesmen—but we do feel they ought to know that the red cross is red and stands for internationalism.

HELP WANTED
Here are a few of the difficulties that confront us in these terrible times: we have among us—

The Student Problem
The Sex Problem
The House Problem
The Child Problem
The Drink Question
The Divorce Question
The Negro Question
The Cost of Living Question
And over and above all these we are suffering from—

The Smoke Nuisance
The Noise Nuisance
The Dog Nuisance
The Mosquito Pest
And the Common House Fly

Even if we solve these, we are still confronted with—


And it is a well-known fact that we simply don't know what to do in regard to—

Our Children, Our Employees, Our Employers, Our Laborers, Our Capitalists, Our Allies, Our Enemies, Our Suffering Clergy, and Our Younger Bolsheviks.

We are falling victims to universal—

Strikes, Hikes, Movements, Agitations, Social Explosions, and Catastrophes.

Our Children are out of hand,

Our Criminals are out of jail,
Our Education is out of touch, and
Our Transportation is out of joint.

In Short, we are up against The Life Problem and The Death Question.

So that—

If we have any individuals among us still gay enough and glad enough to say “Good Morning” to a Stricken World—

Let us hear from them.

Stephen Leacock.

GOOD LUCK
When the morning rises red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy bed
Beasts arise betimes—but then
They are beasts, but we are men.

—Hendrik Van Loon.

29 March, XIX.

FROM A PESSIMIST
March 21, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:
Here is my check for $1 covering a subscription for three months. In order to maintain my reputation for pessimism I ask that you fill the unexpired subscription with the Brewer's Journal.

Good Morning!

B. W. Huebch.

New York.
A GREAT DISCOVERY

I SAY, ART YOUNG:

I USED to meet a man who was always full of Good-Mornings. No matter at what time of the day we met, his invariably salutation was:

"Good Morning! Good Morning!"

When I asked him why, he laughed. "You see," he said, "good morning is so much finer than good night or good god or good anything else. The morning's always the start of something, the finish of nothing. I like starts better than fin-

ishes."

Some men are invariable Good-Mornings. Others are invariable Good-nights. Some are Good-byes embodied. Others are How-do-you-do's embodied. I choose the How-do-you-do's against all per-

aventures. Art, you fellows surely have made a great dis-

covery. Keep your Good-morning. It's the sym-

boj of perennial youth. Love always.

- Horace Traubel.

IN SPITE OF US

April 2, 1919.

ELLIS O. JONES:

I SEND you $6 for a two years' subscription.

I don't share your views but I want to read your weekly and see Art Young's drawings. Those on the circular are immense—particularly the rising sun one!

New York.

C. DAY, JR.

WHY INDEED?

March 29, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:

I AM sure you will stand fearlessly for all that is free and wholesome and forward-looking and yet so handle your material that the reader's diaphragm will be exercised no less than his in-

tellect. There is a crying need in our country for a real humorous weekly; why shouldn't we taste some of the wit of "Punch," the satire of "Simplicissimus," the mirth of "Le Rire"?

Very sincerely yours,

Eddington, Pa.

ROBERT R. LOGAN.

BEYOND OUR POWER

April 9, 1919.

GOOD MORNING:

ENCLOSED is $1 for which please enter my name on your list for the coming year. May your humor warm all that is good and your withe all that is bad in our midst.

Very truly yours,

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

MRS. HENRY HULTS.
TEINLEN, THE ARTIST OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

WAR pictures can be done in two ways—one for the sake of dramatic effect, the other for the sake of humanity. The latter is Steinlen's way, a very simple way. He sees in war what every man sees. He knows it can be made a swashbuckling spectacle, that he could center his interest on horses and trappings, brilliant uniforms and great pageants. This is not Steinlen's way. All this is external. He reaches the world through his heart, his work expresses all humanity with a profound understanding and pity.

The fundamental basis of Steinlen's inspiration is pity, an infinite understanding, an infinite commiseration for the world, expressed with gravity and strength, absolutely without sentimentality, but with every shade of tenderness and delicacy. His is a pity for humanity that is almost naive. It encompassed his art in Paris before The War when he drew the women of the streets, drawing them never with cruelty or criticism or a sense of superiority, always with a love of humanity saturating his work, rendering it infinitely truthful, infinitely beautiful.

There may be other artists as great technicians as Steinlen. Is there another who encompasses the suffering world with his understanding, who has so completely opened his heart to the sorrows that have enveloped all humanity this last four years?

If it is possible to divide artists interested in war into military painters and war painters, Steinlen must be classed as a painter of war in the biggest sense, with all its heights and depths, its beauty and misery. In all his work the Man who inspires him is "The Man of Sorrows," the Man who symbolizes the great Peleartist. The suffering, the wretched, the resigned all figure in a compassion that seems boundless.

In a spirit like Steinlen, an intelligence directed by the heart, it is not necessary to pass in his work from the social life to the war life. To him there is no difference; the social attributes including love, sorrow, the death of mankind, the birth of children all figure in his art of the trenches, the purely military display has not interested him. What he knows, is the man leaving...