Love One Another
To You: Merry Christmas and Happy Days.

GOOD MORNING gets lots of spiritual comfort from far and near, but what we most need, with printing, paper and engraving bills staring at us, weekly, is cash.

Good Morning has arrived at the threshold of 1920 and at this season of giving, doesn't mind telling its readers of its material needs. Of course we want more subscriptions, but we will be glad to receive slippers, neckties, a tub of drawing ink, hose (size 11), nuts, raisins and other things we usually present to ourselves. But we would carol one of those sweet peans of joy if someone would gladden this New Year with a large-sized check for

GOOD MORNING.

This for Yearly
Inclined find Three Dollars (Canadian $3.90, Foreign $3.04).
Send GOOD MORNING for one year to
Name ........................................
Address ......................................

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

This for Three Months
Inclined find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.25).
Send GOOD MORNING for 3 months to
Name ........................................
Address ......................................

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

The Capitalist Credo
I believe in the eternal law of supply and demand,
And that competition is the life of trade.
In the sanctity of the Chamber of Commerce
And the divine power of the Stock Exchange;
May their patron saints, Morgan, Rockefeller
And Nicholas Murray Butler have life everlasting.
For they are the anointed and their word is inviolate.
In the game of trade, get thy brother before
he gets thee;
To the end that our doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest"
Be maintained down to eternity.

Let not thy conscience trouble thee and have compassion
On none, for all mankind must inevitably be saved thru the
Y. M. C. A., the philosophy of pep and the
gospel of Advertising.
A. S.

Two New York radicals were elected to the
Italian Chamber of Deputies.—Get deported.

If Lincoln Should Come Back
"Who is that talking?"
"They call him Abe."
"Oh, one of those East Side Bolsheviks,
I suppose."

Dr. Struggle for Industrial Liberty
Investigating The Volcano
Mr. Bourgeois' Favorite Pastime
Mr. Rabbit: I understand that some of you ladies have very few children. There's Mrs. Cow, for instance, who I am told only has one a year. Now that is all wrong. Last year at our home, Mrs. Rabbit and I had sixty-three children and we are proud of them.
"Some way must be found besides strikes to settle differences between capital and labor," wails the Muezzin.

After the High Priests have made money-worship a religion and an ideal, it is really too bad that those who do most of the world's work should get it into their heads that money is what they want, just money,—more money.

A. Y.

Condemned
When history, now making,
By men, is written down,
Who figure facts and measure acts
Unmoved by threat or frown,
With Truth the only yardstick
By which to judge the tale
I wouldn't like to be the man
Who keeps 'Gene Debs in jail.

"When those who do the work own the machines, when those who toll control the inventions, then and not till then can the world be civilized or free."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

One of the homeliest men that ever was sent to Congress, was Wm. Burke, from a Wisconsin lumber district. Addressing an audience in the heat of a rough campaign, he said: "My opponent says I am two-faced. If I had two faces, fellow citizens, I certainly wouldn't bring this one with me."

This issue of GOOD MORNING is dated January 1, 1920 to catch up with our beloved publishing. GOOD MORNING is intended to be a weekly, but the struggle, due to the high cost of production, makes it difficult to run on schedule time.

The Religion of the Press
(See Editorial)
The Death of Caesar, As It Might Have Been Pictured by a Modern Newspaper
Young's Night Thoughts

ONE night recently I stood for a moment outside the iron fence looking in at the White House. The huge lamp above the portal was swinging slightly with the wind like a pendulum, and I wondered if the President would leave this house as happily as when he went in over four years ago. On the day of his first election, you may remember, Mr. Wilson walked to the polls in Princeton, N. J., whistling. It is one of those obvious truths that happiness depends on one's ability to remain faithful with one's self. How to do it in a world of conflicting interests that press for human being in some degree. How to keep the inviolability of your own soul, so that you will feel like whistling when you go into a serious situation, and again when you come out; that requires strength of character and a peculiar genius. If a man of affairs can whistle after he has passed his sixtieth year, he's doing pretty well.

Note: The above is reprinted from Art Young's Washington correspondence to the Metropolitan Magazine. It was published in May, 1917, after Mr. Wilson's second election to the presidency.

Well?

THE raid on the I. W. W. at ten o'clock on the night of Nov. 15th at their headquarters, 115 East 10th Street, New York City, resulted in the wounding of twelve members seriously and of the fifty who were reading, playing checkers and conversing at the time, all were badly beaten.

Revellers were held against Editor L. S. Chumley's breast and Mayor Hylan's brave bomb squad, armed with black-jacks and clubs, beat up the defenseless members ranging from sixteen to sixty years of age.

They huddled together for mass protection, but finally wedged out singly or in groups to the street, bleeding and wounded.

On the following night, all except those in the hospital and those who could not walk, were back in their devastated headquarters battered and bandaged to resume their reading, checkers, and conversation where they left off.

If a nation sows dragon's teeth it naturally expects to reap posies.

Election News

ACCORDING to the final count, just completed, of the official returns in the recent New York City election, Arthur Young, candidate for Alderman in the fifth district, was defeated.

Mr. Young was seen by reporters representing the Associated, The United, The National, and International Press in his luxurious apartment overlooking the Plaza, Central Park and the Zoo. Asked if he wished to make a statement on the result, Mr. Young lit a well-known 82 cent cigar and said: "I have just begun to fight." I have been a candidate successively for the New York State Senate, for the Assembly and the City Aldermanic Chamber. Next election time I hope to be nominated for Deputy Sheriff or some other office that is consistent with this sliding scale of dignified and progressive statesmanship.

"I was defeated in this election, my friends assure me, not because of any lack of ability, but merely to a lack of votes, attributed in part to the weather and to my reluctance to making a whirlwind campaign. Next time I am nominated I intend to whirl every day from Bowling Green to the Bronx.

"I am convinced that many people forgot to vote for me and others didn't know I was running."

Close political friends of Mr. Young said that he received the news of his defeat with a stoical calm, and that he did not lose a moment's sleep during this critical test of his public career.

There is no concealment, however, of disappointment by Mr. Young's close political advisers, who expected Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue to roll up a big majority for the well-known statesman.

Mr. Young spent the day wiring friends, who had watched his campaign with keen interest from afar. To all he sent the following telegram (collect): "The heart of the world is broken but I'm still running."

The Great Change

When they shipped me home from Brest
With some shrapnel in my chest
And a bayonet wound a-biting at my leg
I was feted, I was dieted,
I was motor-card and winesed
And they said, "Here's looking at you,
good old egg."

But it ain't the same to-day,
As I pass I hear them say,
"There goes that dirty traitor, damn his soul!"
You see I'm striking now
And they're kicking up a row
'Cause I'm holding up their profits on their coal.

It sure is very strange
When you figure out the change
Since the time when I came back from over sea.
I'd a feeling all along
There was something mighty wrong
But, by God I never dreamt that it was me.

EX-SERGEANT, M. C., U. S. A.
That Point of View

Mr. Giraffe: When I look around me and see the misery there is in the world, I am appalled!
Mr. Turtle: Say, when you see anything disagreeable, pull your head in!

"I Gorry, I'm tired!"
"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're wurkin' in a nice cool sewer!"

Our Primer
This is the poppy garden of politics where men forget their ideals. Are they to blame? Yes, but not so much to blame as the system that keeps the garden flourishing.
While God Wasn't Looking

LAID UP FOR A RAINY DAY

BOOZE AND SMOKE

FRIENDLY REMINISCENCES

Generals

Painter: All that I have accomplished in my art has been due to the struggle for the necessities of life.

Cartoonist: That's the way to talk. If the cost of living goes high enough you'll be a great painter some day.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

The Poor Fish says:

You have to pay for brains—and if he were a millionaire he would buy all he could get.

Ain't It Hell?

With Permission

Other cartoonists and writers with individual style and original point of view, will in time add unique variety to the pages of GOOD MORNING.

Until a working staff can be mobilized, we are fortunate in having cartoons by Art Young, that he managed to rescue from the second-hand market. They were published at a time when a little radicalism was tolerated by our commercial aristocracy. Some of these are reprinted by the kind permission of the publishers of magazines in which they first appeared, and for which our thanks have been given.
Good Morning!
What other magazines do you read besides
GOOD MORNING?

You can save money—and help us spread broadcast
some beams of wisdom—by sending us your subscriptions
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with THE NATION—weekly—(one year) both for $6.
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