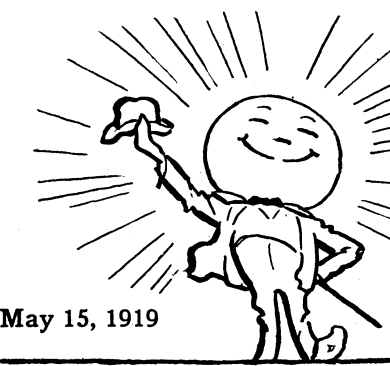


TEN CENTS



# GOOD MORNING

May 15, 1919



*"Any Bombs for me—this morning?"*

IT'S THE EARLY SUBSCRIBER  
 THAT HAS THE  
**COMPLETE FILE**



When your grandchildren grow up, it will be fine if you can point with pride to a complete file of

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In spite of the immense demand a few copies of the first issue still remain. Send one of these coupons today.

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VOLUME 1

\$3.00 A YEAR : 10 CENTS A COPY

NUMBER 2

Application for Entry as Second-Class  
 Mailing Matter is Pending

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1919

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



The pulsing knoll,  
 The ecstasy of life,  
 Free to do, free to be—  
 And answering back  
 With zephyred feet  
 The free soul of my love.  
 Wine of daring winds  
 Arouse my soul  
 Stuck to the asphalt!

**A GREAT RELIEF**

IT is a relief to know that the departure of Dr. Da Costa on the George Washington does not mean that the President is in need of a specialist on digestive troubles, for we had feared that an acute attack of indigestion might result from swallowing the Fourteen Points.

While a statesman, with practice, may swallow election pledges without ill effects, and Lloyd George presented a robust appearance after swallowing the Budget of 1919, we felt that it would take a world champion word swallower to assimilate the Fourteen Points even if seasoned with all the art of the French cuisine.

Frank W. Garrison.

**BACK TO THE HILLS**

THE following verse proves the author, Levi B. Snitzhofer, one of the foremost writers of that essential product, the poetry of abandonment. No magazine is alert to the tendency in art that does not print a back-to-the-hills poem in every issue. Our writer is peculiarly fitted for the task. He saw the hills once—when he went to camp. He is now back at his job collecting the wash for a small laundry.

**The Uplifting Lute**

Stuck to the asphalt,  
 I writhe in dreams.  
 I see the lillied field,

**THE DEPORTATION CASES SUMMED UP**

A SECRETARY OF LABOR born in Ballantyre, Scotland, and a Commissioner General of Immigration bearing the fine old early colonial name of Caminetti, trying to stuff the steerage of an outgoing ship full of Britons, Scandinavians, Catcho-come-backs, Jugo-Slavs and Staten Islanders, on the ground that they are not 100 per cent Amurrikins.

THREE'S a crowd but a conscript army's Crowder.

## To The Doughboy

Oh you Doughboy!  
Not so long ago, boy,  
You were a high boy.  
Oh me, oh my, boy,  
They were very sly, boy.  
When you were to fight, boy,  
You were just the right boy.

Clapping hands,  
Blaring bands.

"We're for you, my hearty."  
"You're the noble party."  
"Give a rousing cheer—o."  
"You will be a hero."  
"Oh, you dandy doughboy."

Not so long ago, boy,  
Were not you the high boy?  
But now the war is over, boy,  
You are just a rover boy.

**T**AKE no heed for the morrow" means, don't spend your life preparing for a comfortable funeral.



You can be a tramp, boy,  
Or perhaps a scamp, boy.  
"We'd like to help you, but—"  
"We're sorry for you, but—"  
"We're thankful to you, but—"  
"We've nothing just now, but—"

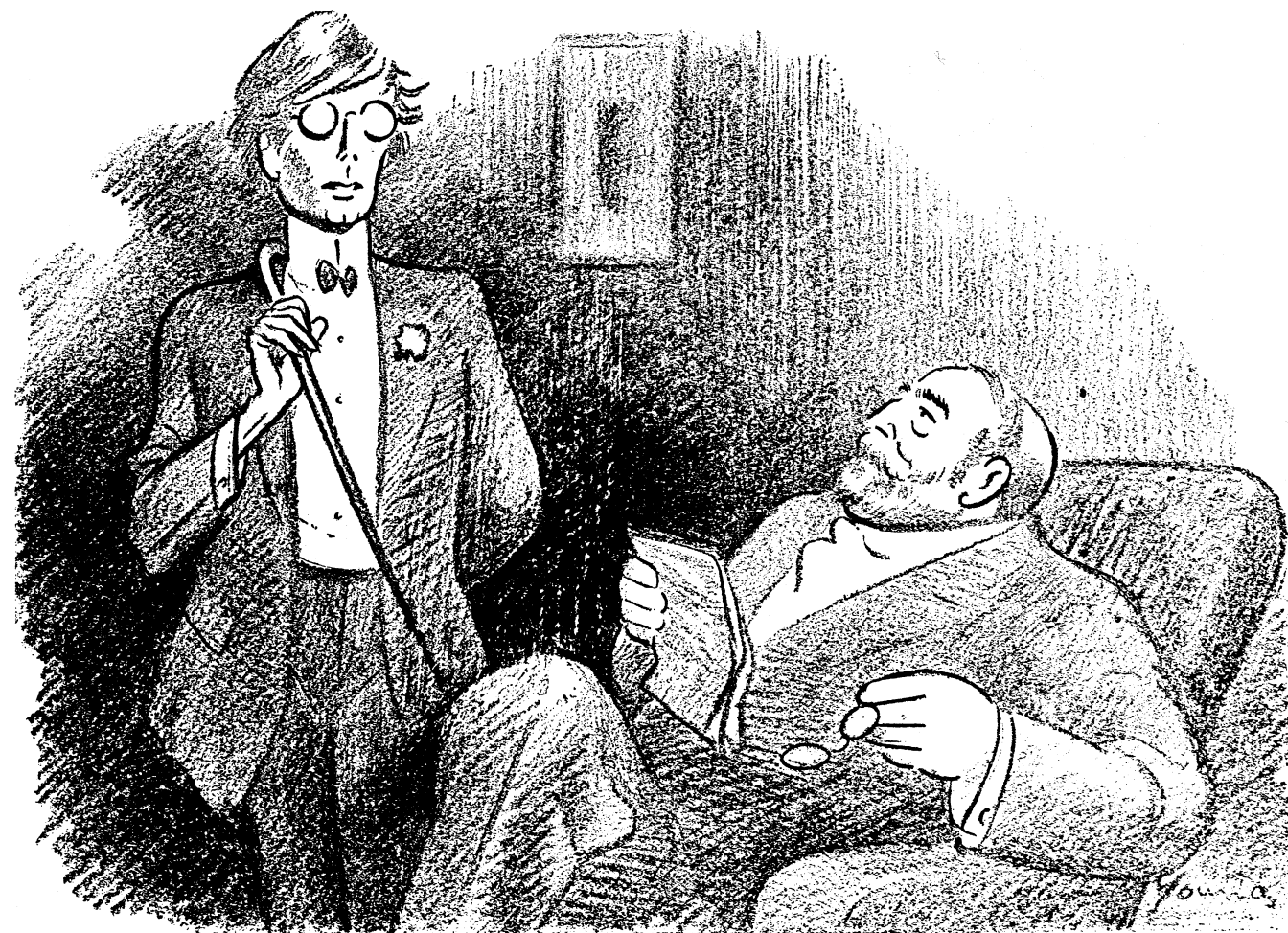
Oh you Doughboy!  
Is it not just so, boy?  
You were a regular guy, boy,  
The highest of the high, boy.

But now, little Doughboy,  
You are just a low boy.  
Don't make a fuss, boy,  
Or you will hear from us, boy.  
It's a bitter cup, boy,  
But what goes up and up, boy,  
Must afterward come down, boy.  
And now you're on the town, boy.  
Oh you Doughboy,  
Poor mistreated low boy.

**T**RY not to find an absolute code of ethics. If you fit into your environment, you are moral; if not, you are immoral.



"The six-hour day will put many thousands of people to work."  
"Well, who said it wouldn't?"



POET: Don't you think I improve from year to year?  
EDITOR: Yes. Come back in about ten years.

## MUCH TO BE DONE

**A**FTER all it takes a long time for delegates of governments that fought "To make the world safe for democracy" to agree on what they fought for. They must first find out what democracy is, and second how to make it safe. Both are brand new subjects for some of the "representatives." And having found out they are not so sure that that was what they fought for.

The Italian representative does not know that the Jugo Slavs should decide for themselves what government they want to join. And the reason he does not know it is because Lloyd George is equally ignorant concerning the rights of Ireland, India and Egypt. Moreover, if any representative has heard the suggestion that there should be no declaration of war hereafter without a

referendum the fact has not been reported.

As to establishing economic justice, thus eliminating the interests that profit from war, that is apparently beyond the conception of all. All we hear about is a squabble over matters that fundamental democrats would never look upon as points at issue.

Samuel Danziger.

## GOOD MORNING!

**W**HAT though I broke my upper plate;  
And in the gutter my best hat did roll;  
Then missed the car — got fired for being late;  
But "I am the Captain of my soul!"

— Hattie Mattie Teether.



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 15th, 1919

**R**UMOR announces that President Wilson, if and when he returns to his native land, will pardon Eugene Debs of the criminal offense of dissenting from the warlike spirit that possessed this nation awhile back. Rumor, in this instance however, is even less dependable than usual. This is because President Wilson has such a delightful way of springing surprises upon us, of bringing things about in such a different way from what his words would make you believe he has in mind. On the one hand, long experience as a school master has made him a disciplinarian who recognizes the necessity of meting out adequate punishment to those over whom divine providence and the votes of his people have called him to rule. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he knows how to pardon, for his last act before sailing abroad last December was to pardon two profiteers who had been found guilty of cheating the government.

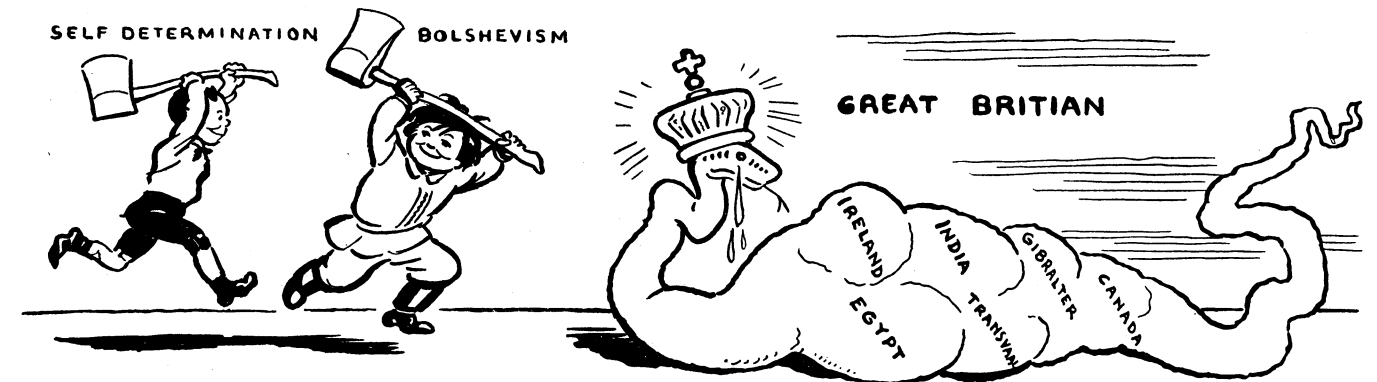
**W**HAT is much more certain is that Eugene V. Debs will undoubtedly pardon President Wilson for anything he has done or failed to do. Debs probably understands life much better than Wilson. He has experienced it in more different phases; he has studied it from more different angles; he has been accessible to more different kinds of people. Such training tends to make one more tolerant toward the weaknesses of mankind. Debs will never pardon a system that puts the little criminal in prison and the big criminal in the Senate, but he is always ready to pardon the victims of the system. If, as some predict, the march of revolution should carry Debs from Moundville to Washington, it would never occur to him to do anything to Woodrow Wilson, except to allow him to go his way and do his work. In the meantime, Debs is nurse in the prison

hospital, while Wilson is nursing a very sick peace council.

**T**HOSE pessimistic Americans who thought our soldier and sailor boys might lose their thirst for gore after their experiences abroad should feel greatly encouraged over the rioting on May Day. In New York and elsewhere they showed that they were not going to be so ungrateful as to live upon the taxes of their fellowmen and then allow those fellowmen to do as they pleased and to have their own opinions. Therefore they ventured courageously forth attacking here and there, not neglecting in many cases the good old rule of "women and children first."

One sailor lad, who was detailed at the Liberty Loan office and who sunned himself and nursed a sore head in Union Square next day, was roundly cursing the police for interfering with his sacred right of breaking up meetings where the sentiments did not agree with his own. He declared that the whole city should be put under martial law and announced that if he were not afraid of being hung or electrocuted, there were three men in New York he would like to "get." When asked to specify, he said that the men who were more responsible for Bolshevism than any others were Hylan, Hearst and Cohalan. When asked what he thought of the Socialists, he said that the Socialists "were alright if they weren't too radical." Of course this does not explain why these soldiers and sailors attacked the New York Call instead of the New York Journal, but it is interesting.

**W**HILE it is natural for all of the soldier and sailor boys to feel aggrieved, it can't be expected that they are all equally clever at penetrating the camouflage of censors, editorial writers and patriotic orators. Those who have been over on the other side know that the Kaiser is not responsible for all the misery they have suffered, but still they have not sufficient data to decide who the culprit or culprits really are. Until it is possible for them to make up their minds, there should be established a reliable bureau where citizens could go and secure the consent of all military persons before trying to indulge in that luxury sometimes referred to as the sacred constitutional right of free speech and free assemblage.



"This is terrible. As if my digestion were not bad enough already."

### REVERENCE AND BLASPHEMY

**C**AN anyone tell us when reverence becomes blasphemy? And, likewise, when blasphemy becomes reverence? There is blasphemy. And there is reverence. But where? when? whose? A man may say, God damn it! in such a way as to disgust us. Another man may say it in such a way that it sounds to us like an act of worship. An oath may be a curse or a prayer. The sunshine in mid-summer may be too hot for a temperature of comfort but not hot enough for other things. Moreover, too hot for one is just hot right for others and not hot enough for somebody. You can save oysters with the same cake of ice that'll kill the stew. That stop, that everybody, that sometime, that somewhere, has phal-anxed itself across every way of advance. The

man who chooses to set such limits to himself may do so. But when he undertakes to set limits to others he is a public menace.

Horace Traubel.

**O**NLY the very young may be excused for being philosophers. Growing older, we should become scientific. Philosophy is the groping; science the finding. Philosophy moves out when science moves in.

**B**EHOLD, we have toiled and worried and wrought, and now we have a rich country full of poor people.

**A**CORPORATION lawyer is one who pants to give vested interests a coat of whitewash.

### THAT ALIEN QUESTION

**"P**APA, what is an alien?" asked Patrick Henry Lee.  
His papa frowned: "An alien you mustn't ever be,  
For aliens are wicked and the foes of libertee;  
They're rude and 'red' and never save and love the weekly spree—  
Deport or kill or jail them all's the proper policee."

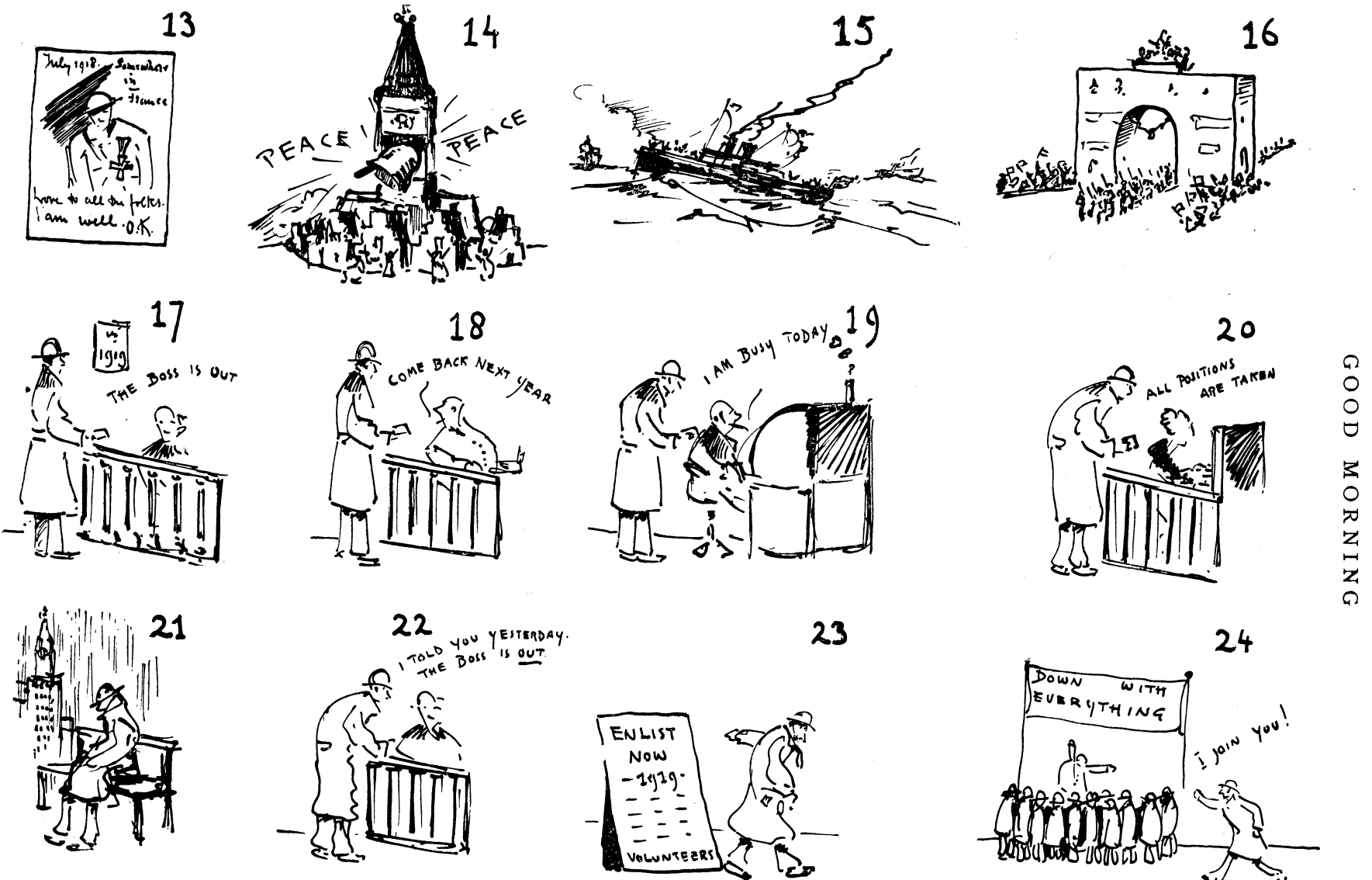
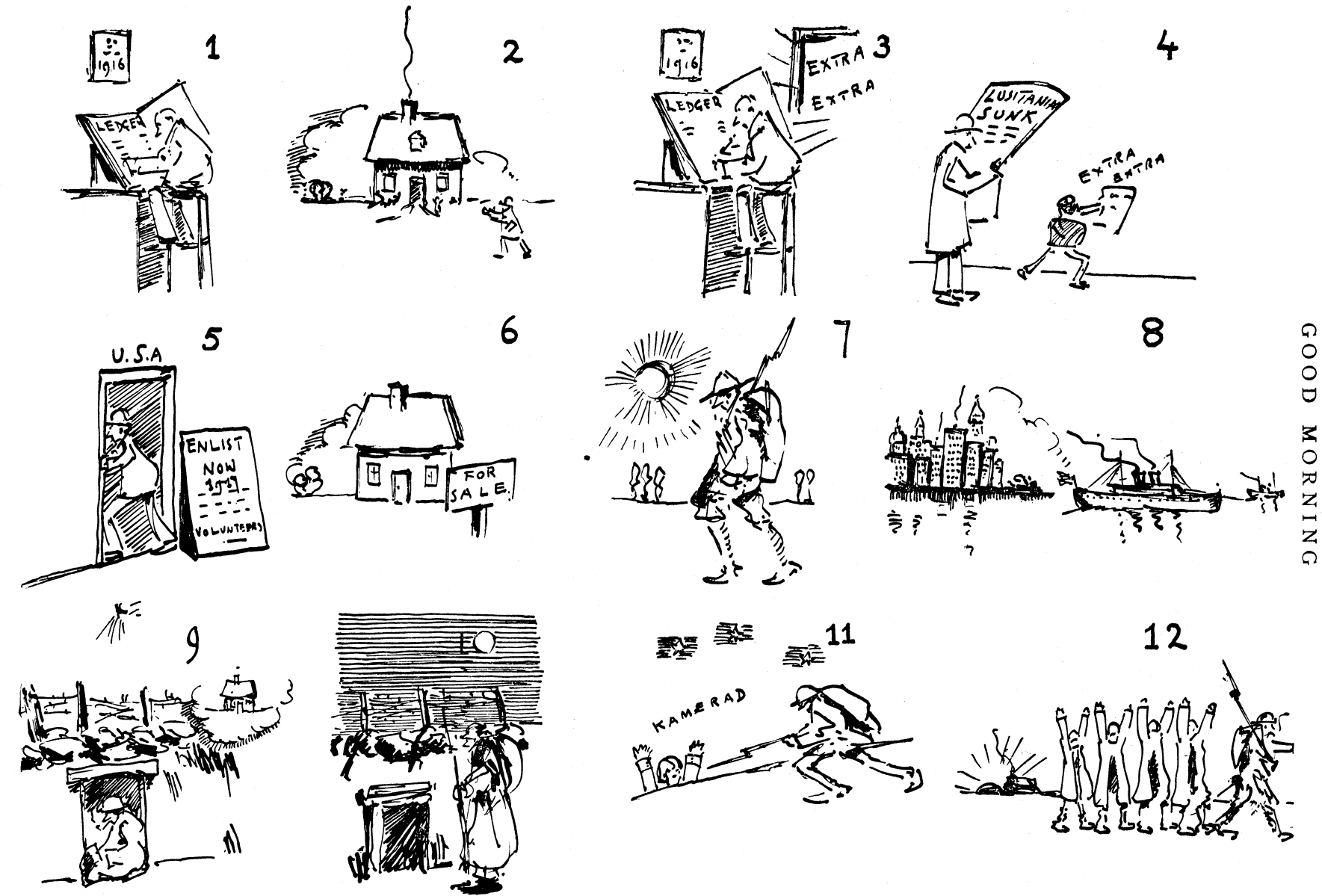
"The aliens are leaving now!" cried Patrick Henry Lee.  
"The Bolsheviks!" his papa shrieks; "Why this is treacheree!  
Their wages and their muscles they are taking oversea.  
'Tis Lenine's work that they should shirk this haven of the free, ....  
And leave the rough, unpleasant jobs to others—maybe me!"

"Ah, weep no more, my father, dear," said little Paddy Lee.  
"We'll deport all the aliens and keep them here, you see;  
Then everything will be as right as right can ever be."

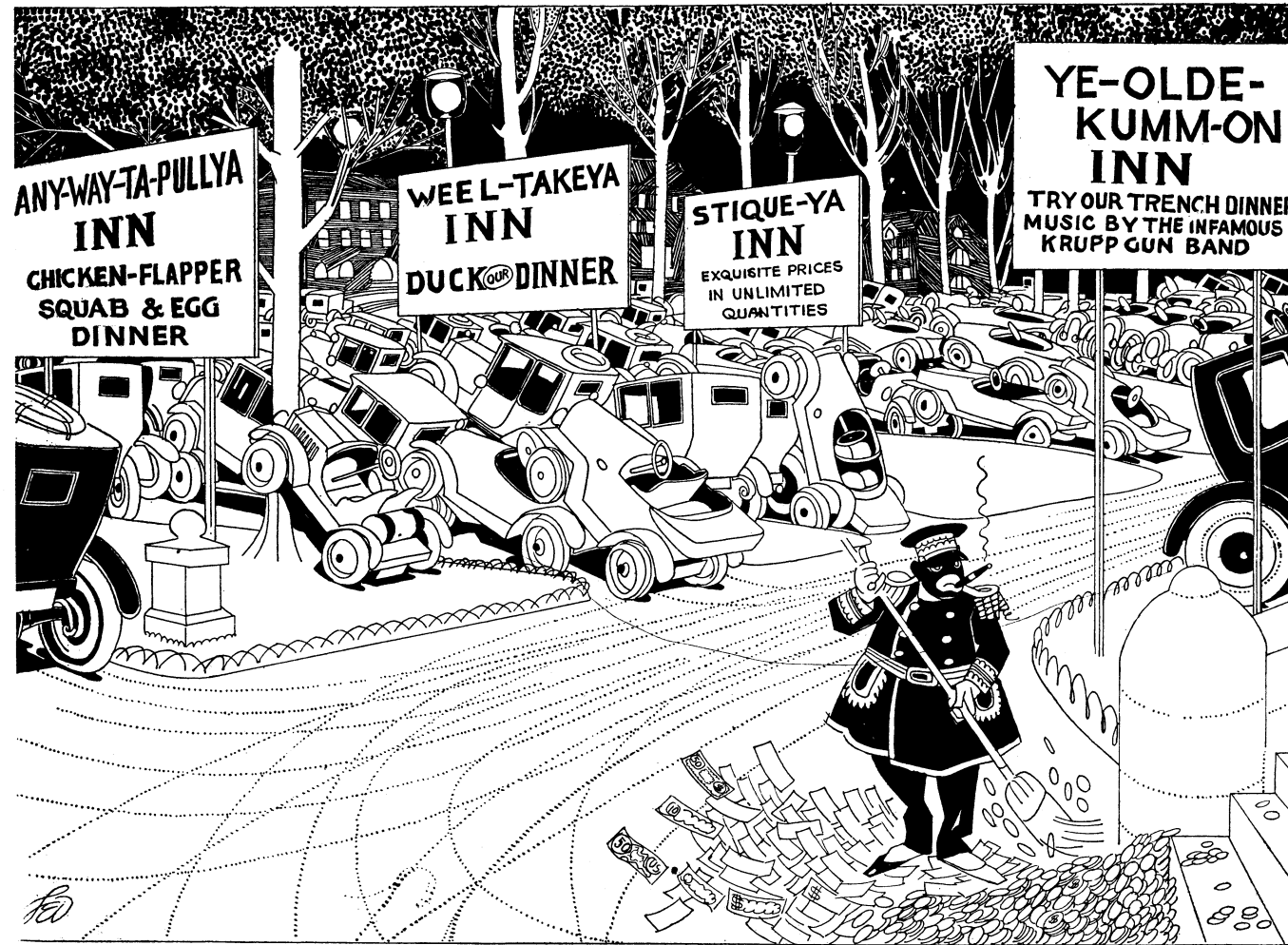
P. H.



"Oh! God! If I only had a million dollars!"



Frederick Willen van Loon. March 1919.



"As de Profit Moses said: 'Whar duz all dese little Profiteers git all de money whut us big Profiteers takes away fum dem?'"

**"HOME JAMES!"**

WOODROW, Woodrow, I've been wonderin'  
 What a different world twould be,  
 If you'd stop your bally blunderin'  
 And come home from o'er the sea.  
 Woodrow, Woodrow, Europe's weary  
 Of those advertised ideals,—  
 Poor Orlando's gone quite "leery"  
 Listen how Makino squeals!  
 Woodrow, Woodrow, come on over  
 While the coming still is good,  
 Cease to be a rainbow rover,  
 Be a President as you should.  
 —Oliver Opdyke.

SOME are noble in spite of riches. Some are noble in spite of poverty. Noble people are noble in spite of something, always.

**THOSE AMENDMENTS**

A CONSTITUTIONAL Amendment has just been ratified which makes a provision concerning manufacture and sale of liquor similar to that made in the First Amendment concerning laws limiting freedom of expressing views and of the right of assemblage.  
 The same argument—whatever it may have been—that led the Supreme Court of the United States to hold that the First Amendment does not conflict with the espionage act will doubtlessly lead the members of that body, since they are all honorable men, to agree just as unanimously that there is nothing in the Eighteenth Amendment which prohibits legalization of the liquor traffic. To hold otherwise would be to question the sincerity of the Court.  
 Samuel Danziger.

**ANTICHRISTS**

When hate has left the loving Christian breast  
 That burns so well with thoughts of war and pillage,  
 Then all but those who need an endless rest  
 Will stumble gladly to their farm or village.

They will forget the hot and holy zeal  
 That drove them on to make a creed of slaying;  
 They will take up, with childlike faith, the real  
 Business of making things, and love, and playing.

They will come back to find a world grown dull  
 To angry prayers and vengeful invocations:  
 A world that laughs and fills its hours full  
 Of large adventures, peaceful revelations.

A world where men's concerns and days are free  
 From all the varied wrongs they talked of righting. . . .

What mild and hopeless heathen we will be  
 When all the Christian nations tire of fighting!

**WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH**



*The Poor Fish says a man ought to be entitled to what belongs to him.*

**THE OPTIMIST**

ROSALIE'S mother is a most interesting person. She loves trouble. For example: Rosalie came home the other evening in marvelous spirits,—probably the Handsome Gob had been entertaining her. She fairly beamed with happiness. Mother looked up quickly from her sewing. With a single glance she grasped the situation. "Poor child," she cried, "What is the matter? You look so happy, I just know something must be wrong!"  
 —James Waldo Fawcett.

**THE PRICE OF LIBERTY**

There is a CURZON England  
 By GEORGE, it bodeth ill;  
 But those who don the robes of war  
 Must pay the MILNER'S bill.

They boasted in the war's GREY dawn  
 That they would set men free;  
 But now they ASQUITH bitterness  
 Their own lost liberty.

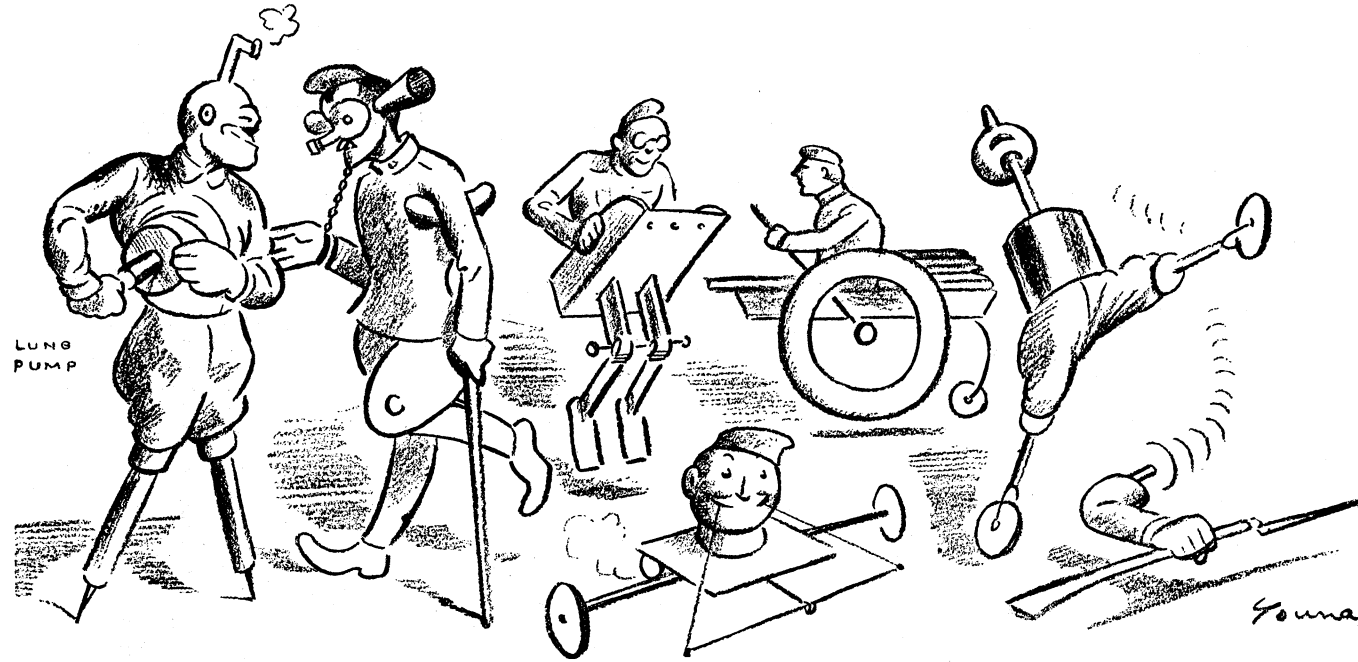
—Frank W. Garrison.



**SOCIETY NOTE FROM MOSCOW**

Count Parasitsky will not occupy his palatial residence in the mountains this summer. He expects to remain in the city and do uplift work.

LET there be humor and let there be seriousness, but let the great Doctor of Moods mix them in exactly the proper proportions.



Make 'em over as good as new  
With wood and rivet, bolt and screw.

Sodder them, tire them, ready to go  
To another victory—say Mexico.

**THERE, LITTLE PREACHER!**

**D**ON'T get off the track, nor think. If you do you will become like Alice in Blunderland, who tried to say Riley's verse:

"There, little girl, don't cry  
They have broken your heart I know;  
And the rainbow beams  
Of your girlhood's dreams  
Are things of the long ago,  
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh."  
"But the one that is here is I." (she added)

"There, little man, don't preach  
You must do your poor job I know  
But the wait-a-bit guff  
And the other-world stuff  
Are things of the long ago  
And the churches are killed by what you teach  
There, little man, don't preach.

— Bolton Hall.

**THE AGITATOR**

**S**AMUEL owned a volcano; he had a deed in fee simple to the land where it had to stay; the

only trouble was that the volcano would not keep quiet, so he could mine brimstone out of it. He was the Lord of the land.

So he made laws against its explosion—then he roofed it over with paper. Next he organized a police force to repress it. He argued with the volcano and did everything else that his foremen, Stupidity and Monopoly, could suggest. He even called it Bolshevist Hill and wrote in his papers about blood that it was responsible for.

At last he organized it into a company and pumped water into it.

—"Please omit flowers."

**RIGHT, LEFT OR CENTER**

**GOOD MORNING:** As a Socialist, I am somewhat concerned about the tendency toward dissensions in our ranks.

May we not soon be giving our friends, the enemy, a chance to say, paraphrasing a well-known characterization of the Low, High, Broad Episcopal churches. The Right and "Lazy"; the Middle and "Hazy"; the Left and "Crazy"?

Yours truly,  
New York. Harrison Gilder.

**More Break O'Day Greetings**

**FRESH AIR**

March 15, 1919.

**GOOD MORNING:** I was delighted to receive your prospectus. It is high time for such a publication and it will prove a boon to all liberal people.

There is so much that is silly and hurtful about us today that needs laughing out of existence; so much will be accomplished if the broad minded can find relief in laughter that your weekly will be as a breath of fresh air in a foul cellar.

I enclose my check for a subscription and shall see to it that many of my friends follow me.

With best wishes, Sincerely yours,  
Forest Hills, N. Y. Eugene Schoen.

**SANITY INSURANCE**

**GOOD MORNING:** Here's a subscription for a year. Fifty-two "Good Mornings" will serve to keep us sane in this insane asylum.

Geo. H. Strobell, N. Y. C.

**AN EARLY SUBSCRIBER**

March 20, 1919.

**ART YOUNG:** I take pleasure in sending you herewith my check for \$5 to apply to subscription to "Good Morning." Best of luck to you and Jones in your new venture. I think the Combination is a very happy one and should be fruitful of a very splendid production. I count it a privilege to become an early subscriber to "Good Morning." Sincerely yours,  
New York. L. W. Charlat.

**"UNTIL THE LAST HYPOCRITE IS REDEEMED"**

(After reading the prospectus of Good Morning.)

**W**HEN hypocrites are all redeemed,  
Existence will be tame:  
Since Adam, they have been esteemed,  
Our men of wealth and fame.

In politics they do abound;  
In pulpits, not a few;  
In lofty seat of learning, gowned—  
The Gentile and the Jew.

Do not redeem the blooming lot;  
Permit one here and there;  
Forbid them but one Sacred Spot—  
The Editorial Chair.  
—Frederick H. Spinney.



**FROM THE CONGRESSMAN-CARTOONIST**

April 14, 1919.

**ART YOUNG, EDITOR:** I was unusually delighted to receive the attractive little announcement of your new magazine. The many admirers of your work will be glad to see it appear regularly again. I know that when you put your true spirit into this blessed sunshine that the food hog will see his shadow every time he comes out of his hole and will return.

Wishing you the greatest success, I am,  
Very truly yours,  
Washington, D. C. J. M. Baer.

**FOR AND AGAINST**

April 8, 1919.

**GOOD MORNING:** Welcome to the new dawn and "Good Morning." Against the success of a comic paper is the self-evident fact that our countrymen have no sense of humor, as witness their recent and soon-to-be-remembered "war to end war."

In its favor is the fact that there are no competitors in the field it enters. Welcome, and may Providence smile on you, for Providence dearly loves a joke, sometimes even a very costly and dangerous practical joke, else would it not have given to a democracy our present ruler.

Yours sincerely,  
New York. Frank Stephens.

**HE BITES**

March 21, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: Go on. Send it to me for three months. I'll bite.  
New York.

Frank Crane.

**JUST WHAT WE NEED**

March 18, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: Just got your circular and letter regarding "Good Morning" and am hastening to send you a check for a year's subscription. We need just such a magazine. All success to "Good Morning" and here is hoping it may never have to say "Good Night!"  
Passaic, N. J.

Morris Korshet.

**IN PLURIBUS UNUM**

March 21, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: I am receiving every worth-while liberal publication published, besides many not worth-while; also about one hundred medical and nondescript journals. But I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of laughing over the work of Art Young and Ellis O. Jones.

I wish you mountains of success,  
Sincerely yours,  
New York. William J. Robinson.

**A VIRGIN FIELD**

April 10, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: Welcome to your new publication!

I was just saying to a friend the other day, I think it was Edmund Vance Cooke, that there wasn't a single publication in the country which aimed to develop high-class wit. We have humorous publications, but not enough of the higher order of wit and satire and all the gentler shades of humor. I am going to try to qualify to enter your columns sometime.

Sincerely yours,  
New York. J. George Frederick.

**OURS IN HASTE**

March 22, 1919.

GOOD MORNING: Hasten to send you my hearty approval—Here is wishing you all the success you deserve.  
New York.

Sincerely,  
Harvey W. Woodberry.**Bolshevism Cured in  
Five Days**

Are you troubled with Bolshevism?

Are you unrestful?

Do you easily become dissatisfied?

Do you manifest an ever-increasing aversion to incessant toil at small compensation?

Does your blood boil when you think of the amount of buncombe you have been fed upon?

Are you subject to dizzy spells when you think of the unprecedented extravagance and wastefulness of our statesmen?

Does your heart palpitate when you realize how little we have to show for the tremendous public debt which is now drawing interest with every tick of the clock?

Do you suffer from convulsive spasms which cause you to double up your fists every time you see a war millionaire?

Do you find yourself strangely sympathetic with anything which is different from what we have now?

Those are some of the symptoms of acute and chronic Bolshevism.

See us before it is too late.

We can cure you positively and absolutely. Money refunded if not satisfied.

AMERICAN PRETENSE SOCIETY  
NEW YORK CITY**CONGRESS AND LAWYERS**

A LAWYER'S business is to see one side of a question—and the right or wrong of that side generally depends on the way he can argue a pinhead technicality. That is his training, and he cannot get over it just by being elected to Congress. It is not what is right or wrong in a broad sense—his experience as a hired intellect for private interests nullifies his power for mass consciousness. And his help to a nation seeking democracy is about as useless as a silk thread to a mountain climber.

A lawyer is a splitter of hairs that have already been split thousands of times before. The only reason for a young man studying law today is to relieve him of his respect for it and to prevent his own judgment being overwhelmed by words.

Granted, that there are a few exceptions—lawyers who, in spite of their profession, have constructive vision and zeal for democratic institutions—an intelligent observer of Congress will see that most of the members are petty advocates, who make a specialty of solemn bunk.

—Art Young.

**a flaming  
romance of  
rebellion**

The I. W. W. has been one of the flaming roma of our American life; an unconquerable rebel a human frontier of petulant, primitive insurrec One may hate the I. W. W.—one may fea power. One must nevertheless admit that it dramatic, scarlet color, splashed over the canvz our national life.

Always heretofore it has been a mystery, uni preted and unexplained. All that one could rea his curiosity were kindled, was the dry and wh economic pamphlets of propaganda.

But at last the revolution has raised up a who has put this story of passion into litera The drama and the dreams—the passions and regenerations—the triumphs and the tragedies the whirling pageantry of labor's rebellion find in Harold Lord Varney's "Revolt!"

This novel is a burst of breathless incid warmed with a rich tale of friendship, and an ex flaming climax of woman's love. To Varney I. W. W. is a veritable Arden of Romance. I his vision yours today by sending your orde "REVOLT!" (400 pages, cloth-bound, illustrate William Gropper, \$2) to

IRVING KAYE DAVIS AND COMPAN  
Publishers  
42 West 28th Street New York Ci

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a unique magazine

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2. It has the choicest poetry.
3. It has drawings and etchings by masters.
4. It has miscellaneous articles, reviews, essays, etc.

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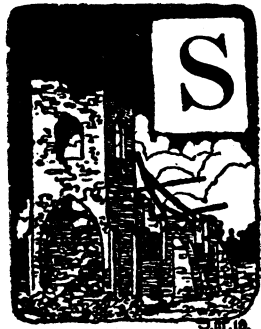
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PAGAN PUBLISHING CO. : 23 West 8th Street



This is a "sample" page  
from the January 1919  
issue of

The TOUCHSTONE  
and American Art Student  
MAGAZINE



## STEINLEN, 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 naïve. 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 Proletariat. 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



ON  
LEAVE.  
BY  
STEINLEN.

292 The Most Popular  
Art Magazine in America

The TOUCHSTONE  
and American Art Student  
MAGAZINE  
118-120 E. 30th St. New York



Gentlemen: Inclosed find \$1.00. Send me four big  
spring issues, April, May, June, July. (March issue to  
be included if this reaches us before May 25th.)

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