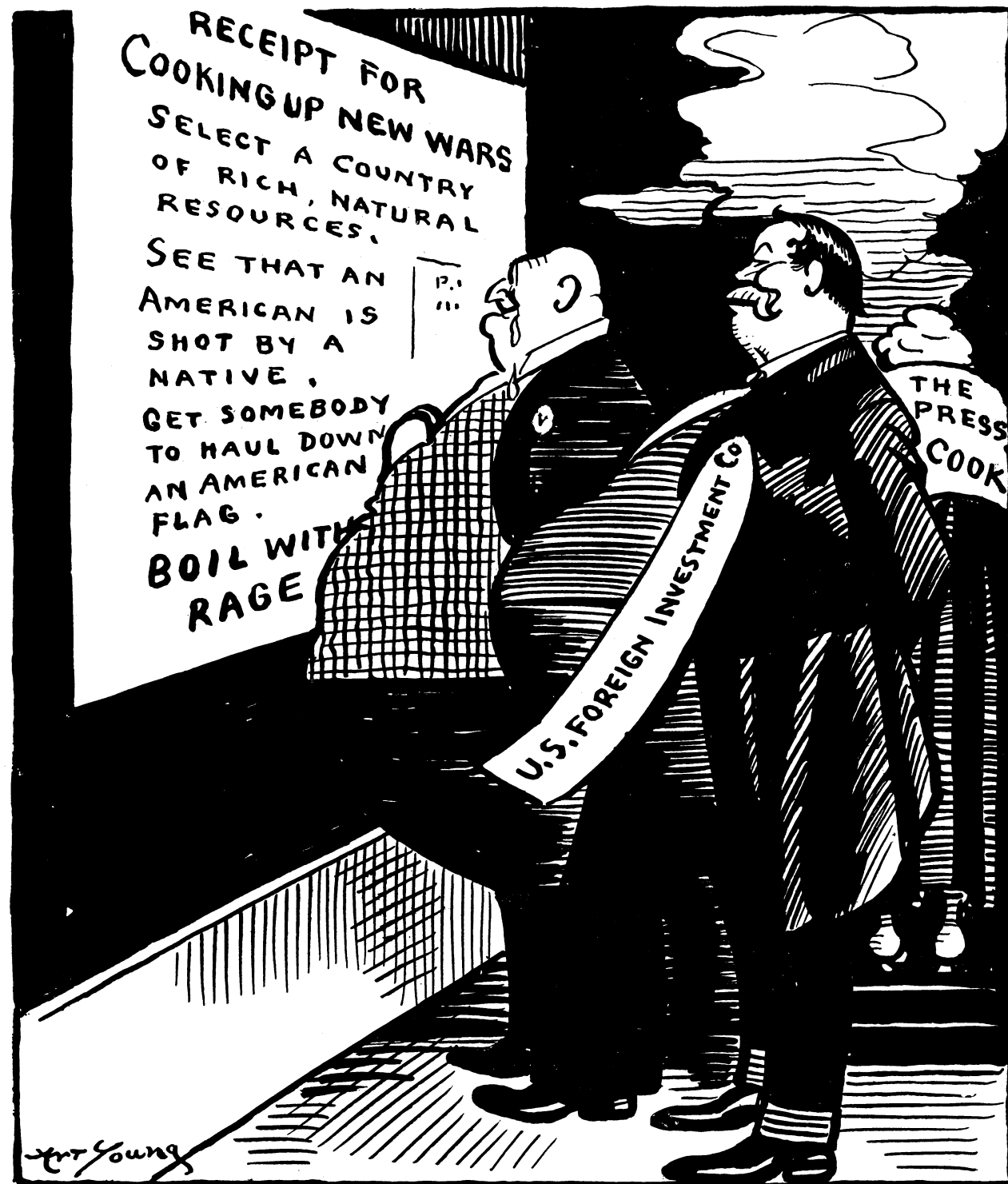




# GOOD MORNING

October 1st, 1919



*Hungry Again*

Glory Be!

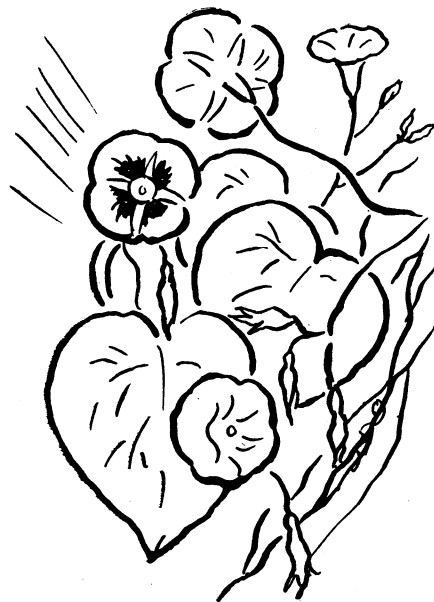
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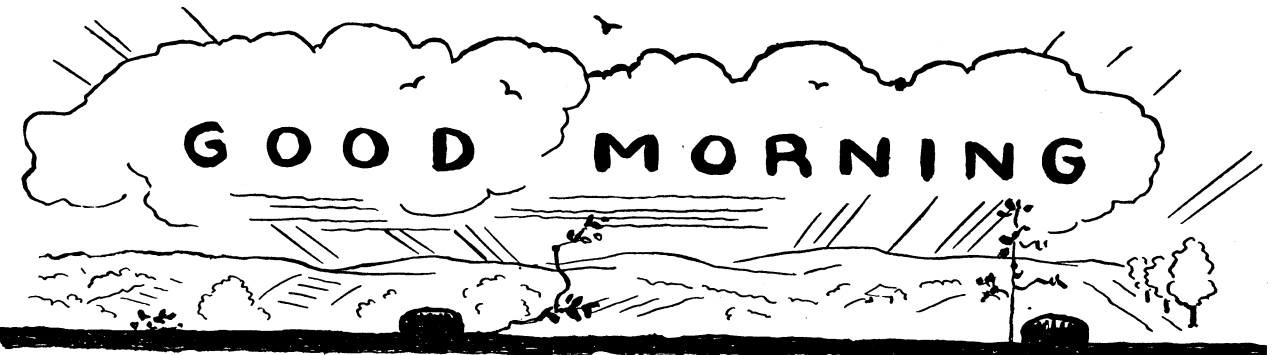
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1919

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## Identity of Interest

UPON a certain morning, after a particularly hard climb, Sindbad found himself suffering from a severe attack of mental unrest. Habitual humility enabled him to restrain his feelings for a long time, but at length he exploded.

"Say, you," he roared, crowding into his deep chest tones all the wrath he could muster, "we have reached the end. I won't carry you another step. You've got to get off."

"My boy," began the Old Man of the Sea.

"Now don't start an argument," retorted Sindbad, quickly. "The time for talk is passed. Talk is all right up to a certain point, but now the time has come for action."

"It never pays to be too hasty, Sindbad," said the Old Man of the Sea, his demeanor unruffled. "Nothing was farther from my thought than starting an argument. All I was going to say was this. I was——"

"I don't want to hear it," protested Sindbad, becoming sullen.

"It is not polite to interrupt," observed the Old Man of the Sea, "and besides I am older than you. You should respect my grey hairs."

"I am getting so I don't respect anything or anybody," said Sindbad.

"I can sympathize with you," said the Old Man of the Sea, kindly. "It is a hard world."

"I don't see that is a very hard world for you. You've got it pretty soft, I'm thinking."

"What I was going to say concerns you as much as myself or even more. As a matter of plain fact, your interests and mine are identical."

"What do you mean 'identical'?" demanded Sindbad, scoffing.

"If you will reflect a moment, you will see what I mean," said the Old Man of the Sea. "Don't you see that we each have our function, that one is incomplete without the other? Mine is the initiative, the planning. It is up to me to think of things to do and places to go. This requires a great deal of brain work. All you have to do is to follow out instructions, which is a relatively simple matter."



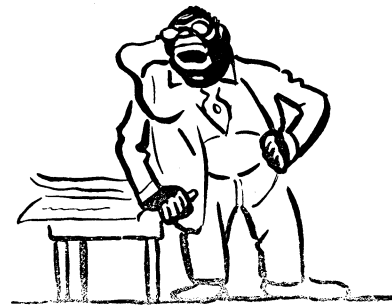
"I don't quite see it," said Sindbad.

"But you will. The point is that both are necessary in a well-organized society. That, in the long run, makes our interests identical, for, in the ultimate, what we are all working for, is law and order."

"But——" began Sindbad.

"If you don't mind," said the Old Man

of the Sea, coyly burning Sindbad on the ear with his cigar to emphasize his point, "I'd rather not discuss the matter further just now. Now we must hurry up as I have to attend a directors' meeting of the Deep Sea Sophistical Society. I should be glad, however, to explain the subject to you more fully sometime when we have more leisure."

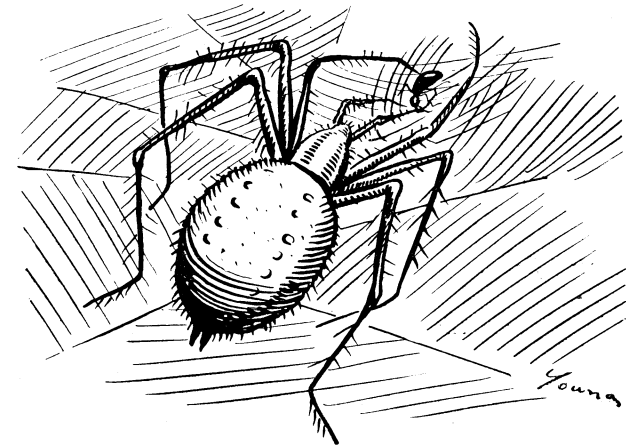


NOW ALTOGETHER

**T**HE Hon. Moses Clam (speaking to the Clam Commercial Club):

"Genlemen, dis yeah League of Nashuns is regarded by de mos' intelligent statesmen as de crownin' apex of de wah.

"We realize for de fus' time de imperial duty and sanguinated trust dat is impositioned on we-all Anglo-Saxon pussons . . ."



OUR OWN ENCYCLOPEDIA

The spider is a wonderful organization. An ant comes along and the spider rolls him up in his web till he gets him right where he wants him.

Sometimes the spider will unwind the ant a little just to give him a wiggling chance for his life.

The spider likes to deal with the ant individually.

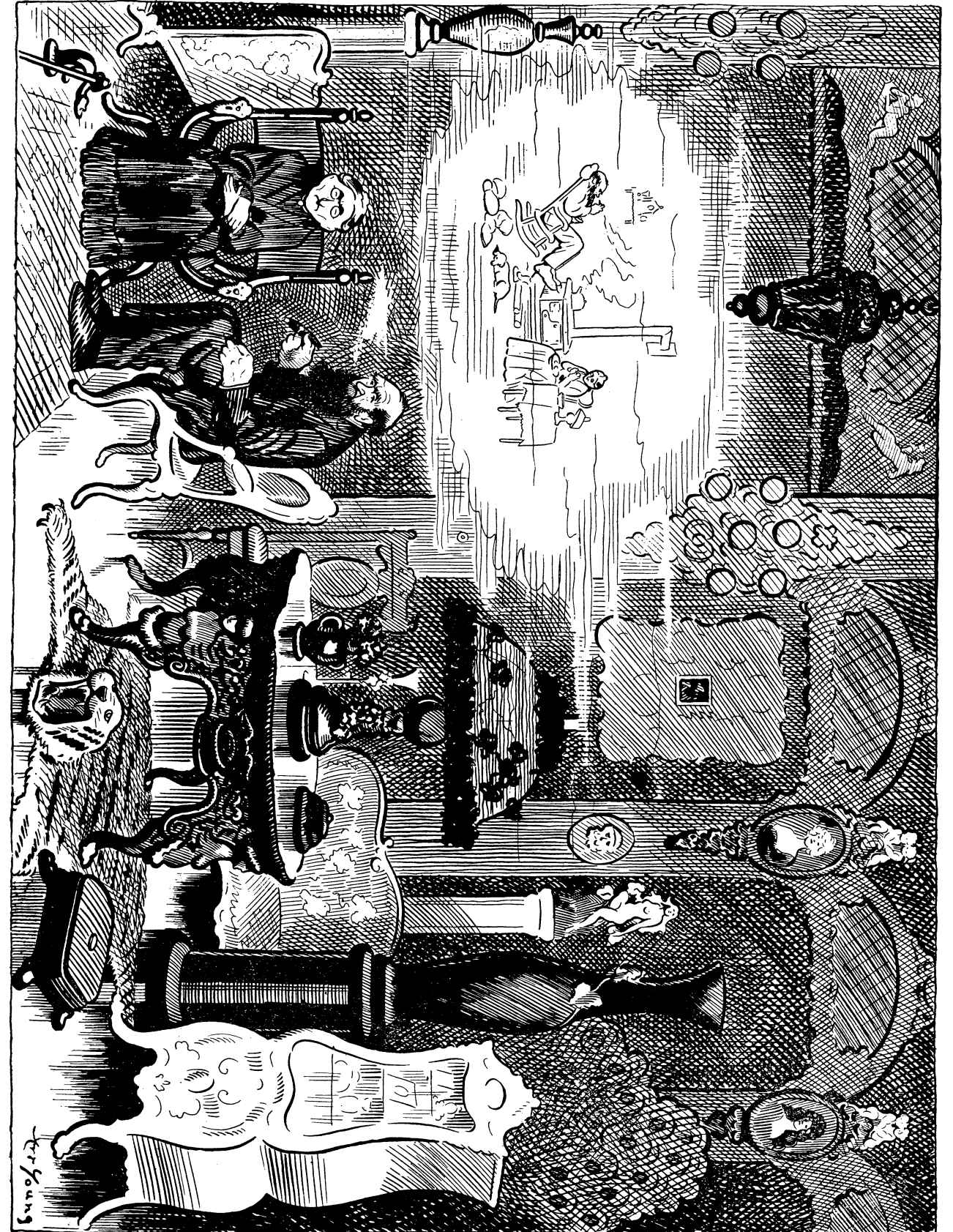
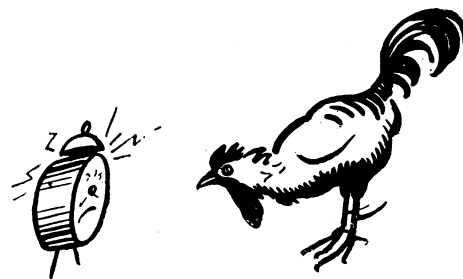
When the ants attack the spider collectively, it is the spider's turn to get rolled up and punctured

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



*The Poor Fish says agitators just stir up trouble, and what with his two sons crippled in the War for Democracy, and the High Cost of Living, we have trouble enough as it is.*

**I**NGERSOLL used to tell with great gusto of a man who dashed into a Kentucky saloon and called for whiskey and when asked what kind he wanted said he wanted the best but was prepared for the worst.



Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Peasley are enjoying themselves in the city visiting their son Henry Peasley the banker.

ARE THEY?

Local Item—History Hill Herald.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Produced by ART YOUNG and  
Associated Enthusiasts  
WEEKLY

Address 7 East 15th Street  
New York City  
October 1, 1919

NOW that the war is over, the *Literary Indigestion* is again giving much space to the publication of both sides of questions. Again we are learning what experts have to say about Art, Literature, Science, Music, Economics and Ethics. Is neo-impressionism better than no-impressionism? Why is a novel? Mr. Bestseller for, and Mr. Highart against. Editor Puff for the League of Nations and Editor Wind against. When shall we stop hating Germany, and why? It's splendid to be big and broad enough to publish a paper giving the pros and cons on all subjects. But we notice, when it comes right down to a question of *real* importance, the *Literary Indigestion*, like all the rest of our capitalist institutions, gives one side only, and lets the people guess at the other side.



ALTHOUGH the actors have won their strike, the "superior mentality" of the manager will continue to be felt:

"Say—you gotta put more pep in this show, do you get me?—Pep!"

THE National Civic Federation Review—a magazine that comes out twice a month for the purpose of scaring socialism off the earth—also functions in the interest of the Working Class. Just how hard its functions can be seen by its recent enterprise in sending a Commission to study Industrial Conditions in England and other countries. One of the questions that was taken up by the Commission was the following:

"Is there a fundamental and necessary conflict between trades unions and the so-called 'Employers' Unions?'"

If GOOD MORNING had known of this Commission earlier, we would have suggested other important issues to study. For instance: "Would not strikes be less frequent if workmen were allowed to play golf with their Employers?" "Should overalls open on the side or in front?"

Anyway, we await their report while feebly holding on to our own convictions with waning strength.



HISTORY tells us that an Asiatic despot appointed his dog, named Barkouf, to rule over one of his provinces.

We recommend this precedent to the Allied Powers.

They can't do worse than they have already done in "establishing" governments in small nations.



With eyes to the dawn, Horace Traubel, a literary genius, humanist, friend, contributor to Good Morning, fought the forces of darkness. He ceased his work September 9th.

## THE FOOTWAY TO CRIME

By HORACE TRAUBEL

I DO not deny the right of society to restrain a man who is antisocial. But I go farther. I add that we have the right to restrain a society that is antisocial. You worry over the result. I worry over the cause. Notice, too, that I do not say the right to punish. I say the right to restrain. No social organization has the right to punish. No social order can be trusted with revenge.

Most people think crime is inevitable. Would continue under any system. Even in the commune. But that is a mistake. Crime has a cause. Remove it. Your crime will disappear. I believe in men. I don't believe they like to be shabby. To do each other up. To starve others to feed themselves. To collect toll from those who can't pay and live. They do it. But I don't believe they like to do it. I believe in men. I don't believe they like to embezzle. I don't believe they like to forge. I don't believe the pirates and the burglars like their trades. Men do these things and men are pirates and burglars. But I don't believe they like their dilemma. They are the victims of a gorgon.

As men are now they would rather be almost anything else than be paupers.

For being a pauper means something worse than death. So men do mean things to escape a mean fate. They try harder to keep out of poverty than to keep out of jail. In the desperate struggle with such alternatives they go down. They hate what they feel they have to do. But they do it. They would love to have to do something fair and decent.

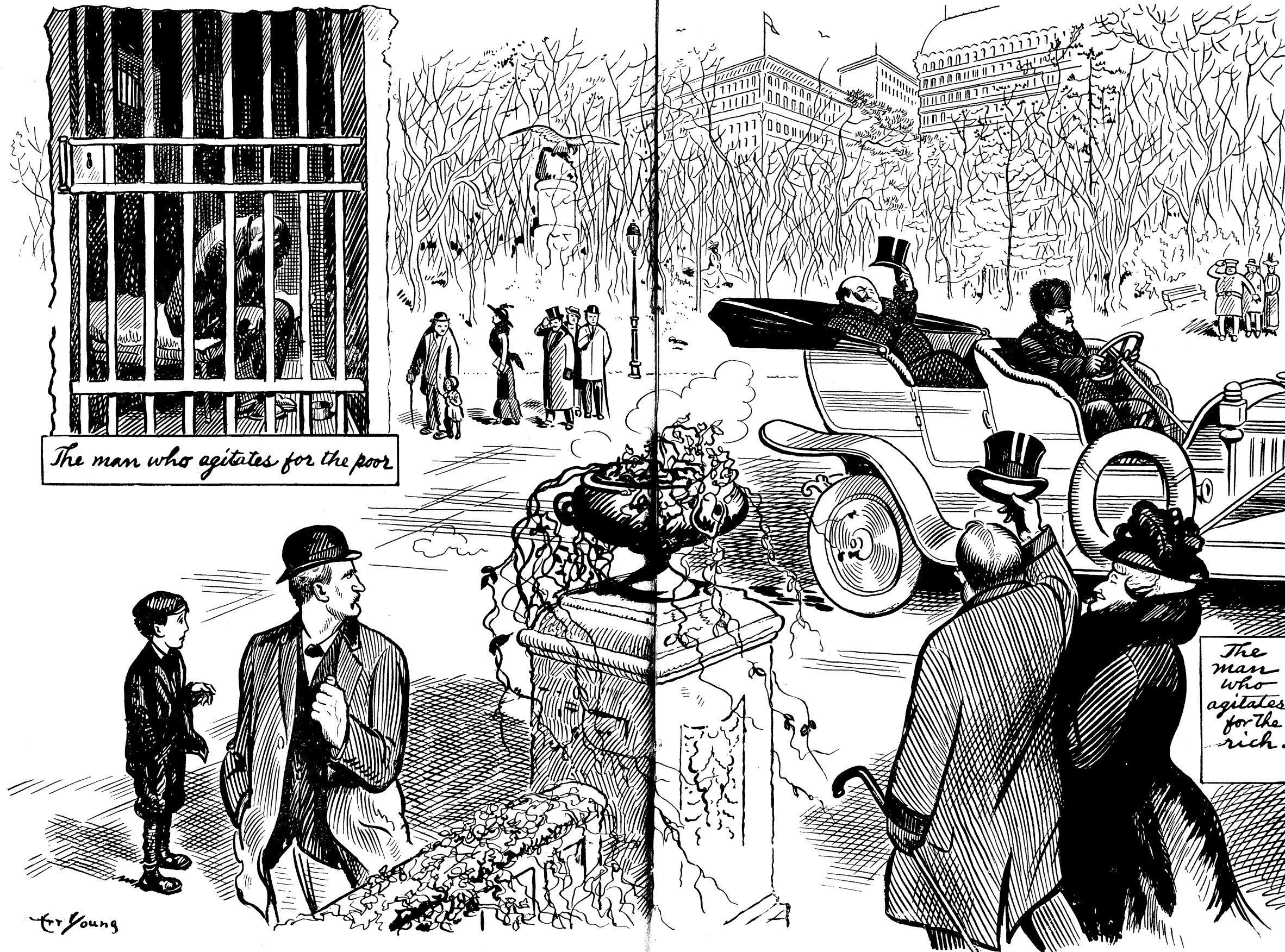
But the social order is in the way. Won't let them. Makes the penalty for being honest extreme. Offers its rewards not to the noblest man but to the meanest man. Extends its hospitality not to the man who wants sacrificially to help the crowd but to the man who wants greedily to help himself.

There you have the footway to crime. The easy path to perdition. Set out, almost insisted upon, by the fratricidal monster we call society. Have we the right to punish crime? No. Have we the right to restrain the criminal? Yes. But something comes before all that. Has society the right to make crime? No. That comes first. If we get that first question answered first the second question will never be necessary.

Hundreds of men and women who have devoted their lives to the service of their fellow man without hope of reward are *IN* jail.



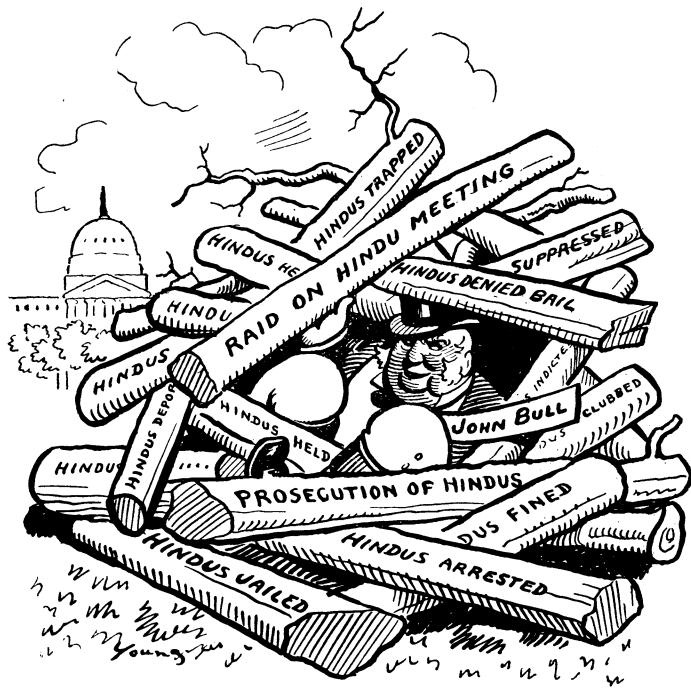
Hundreds of corporation lawyers, editors and politicians—who have devoted their lives to serving the predatory interests, are *OUT* of jail.



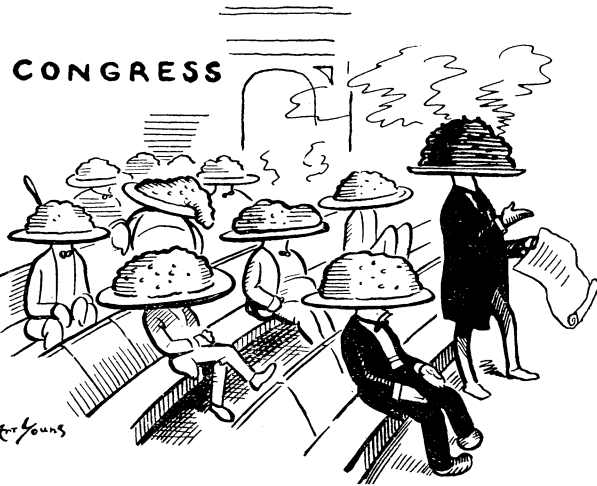
For Young



Bobby (dodging Pop): It's a good thing for me that Pop bought this big table last week.



Something in the Wood Pile

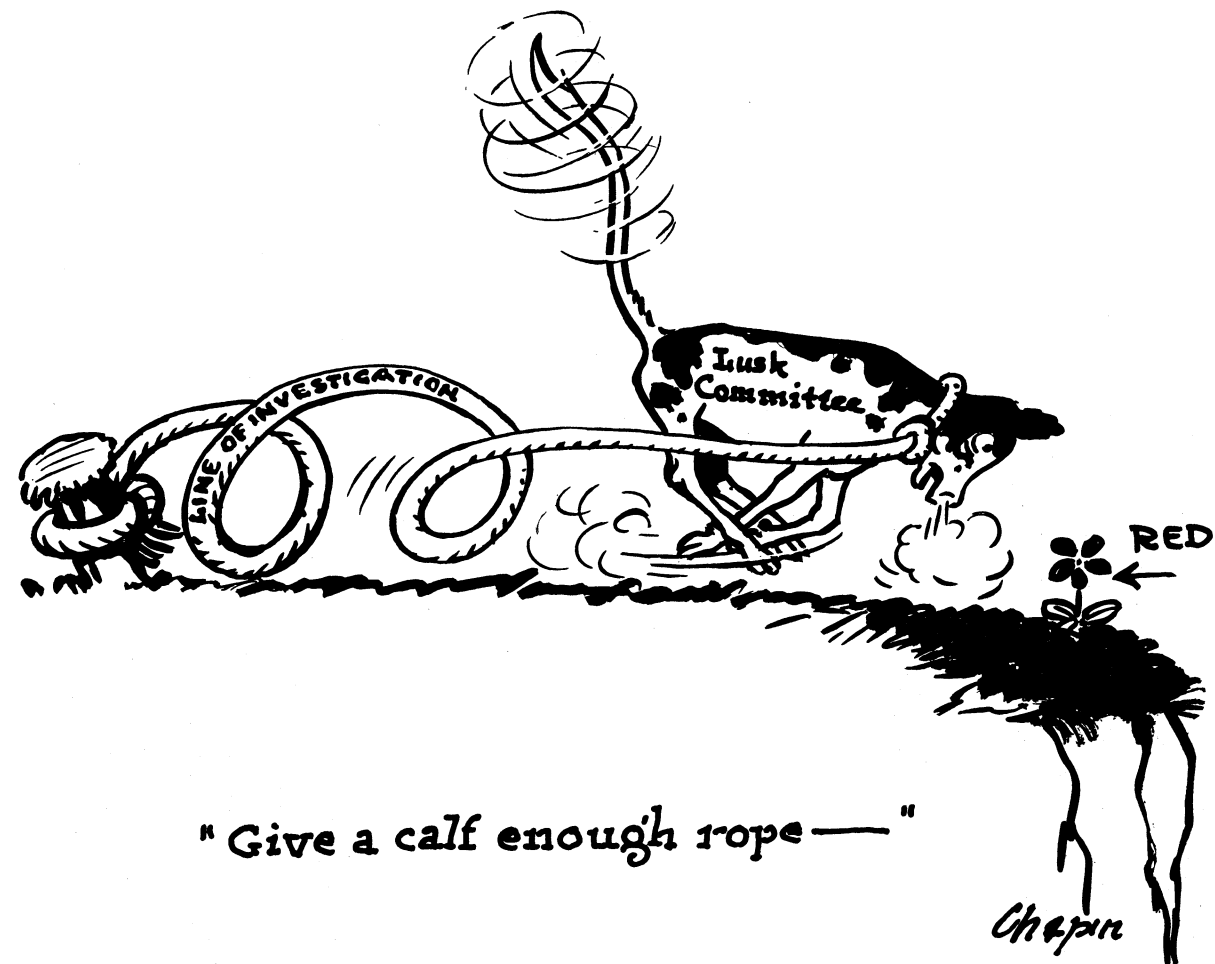


A SPOONFUL OF PUDDIN'

The Army conquered a peace that the war-weary world had despaired of, vindicated American rights, revived the love of liberty in the breast of mankind, and rekindled in the heart of the weak, subject and oppressed peoples of the earth the hope of freedom and democracy.—SENATOR KIRBY of Arkansas.



Every child is a genius until it is forced to surrender to civilization.—Art Young.



"Give a calf enough rope —"

Chapin

ILL fares our educational system when the impression gains currency that no good can come out of a college unless it is kicked out.



Mrs. Ant—Oh, sir, I can't live on the wages you pay my children.

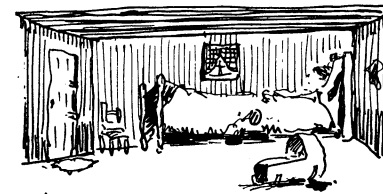
Boss Bugg—Then why don't you put that extra dozen in your arms to work?



THAT patriotic drive against liberal thought called the Lusk Committee is so stupid that New York newspapers criticize it.

### Bill Jones's Place In the Sun

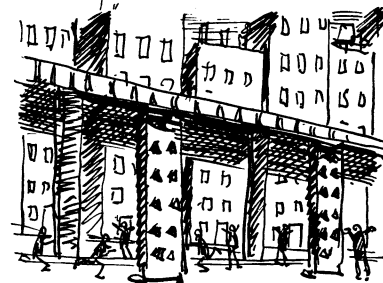
By Hendrik Van Loon



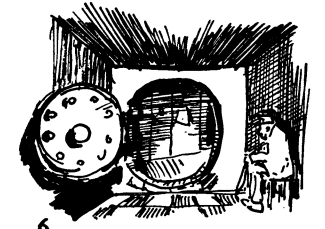
1. When Billy Jones was born, his mother said: I wish the child could have a little more sunlight.



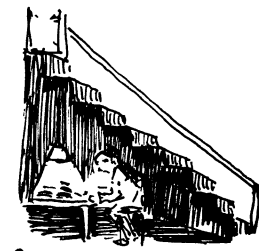
For forty years Bill Jones said when he went home: "I would just love to see this once by daylight."



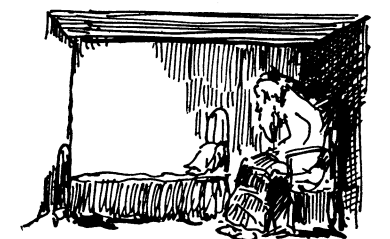
2. At the age of seven, his father said: I wish that Billy had a place where he could play in the sun.



When Bill Jones was sixty his eyes gave out. They made him keeper of the safe. "A nice job," he said, "but kind of dark."



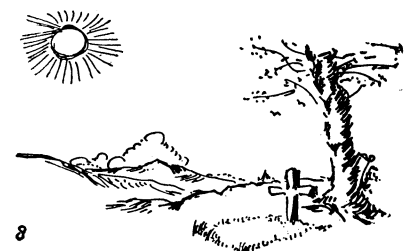
3. When Billy Jones was ten, he became an office boy and was set to sorting papers under a staircase. "Gee," he said, "I wish the sun would shine here once in a while."



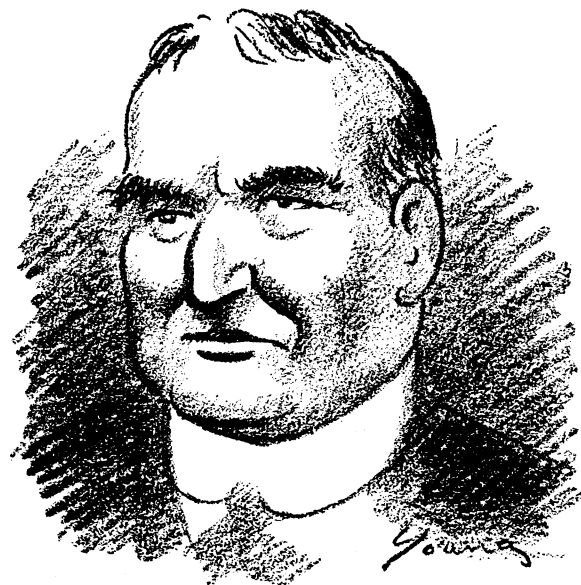
4. When Bill Jones was seventy he went to the poorhouse. "I will be all right," he said, "as soon as I get a little sunlight."



5. When Billy Jones was twenty he was a bookkeeper. "I wish I had some more sunlight here," he said, "but I guess it will have to do."



6. When Bill Jones was eighty he died. They buried him amidst green hills. For the next two million years he has the sun.



WARREN G. HARDING

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OUR next best choice for Republican nominee is Warren G. Harding of Ohio, member of the U. S. Senate.

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When Mr. Harding thinks, it is like this: "Popular Government has its political perils. There is an abiding inclination to speak to the numerical mass, even tho it menaces stability." In other words, if too many people get to thinking one way, things won't be as stable as they ought to be. And again: "No pure democracy has survived since the world began. Ours is representative in form and spirit."

By all means let our Democracy try not to be too pure,—and let us be satisfied with men like Warren Harding to represent us. With Harding for President a vice-president would be superfluous.

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