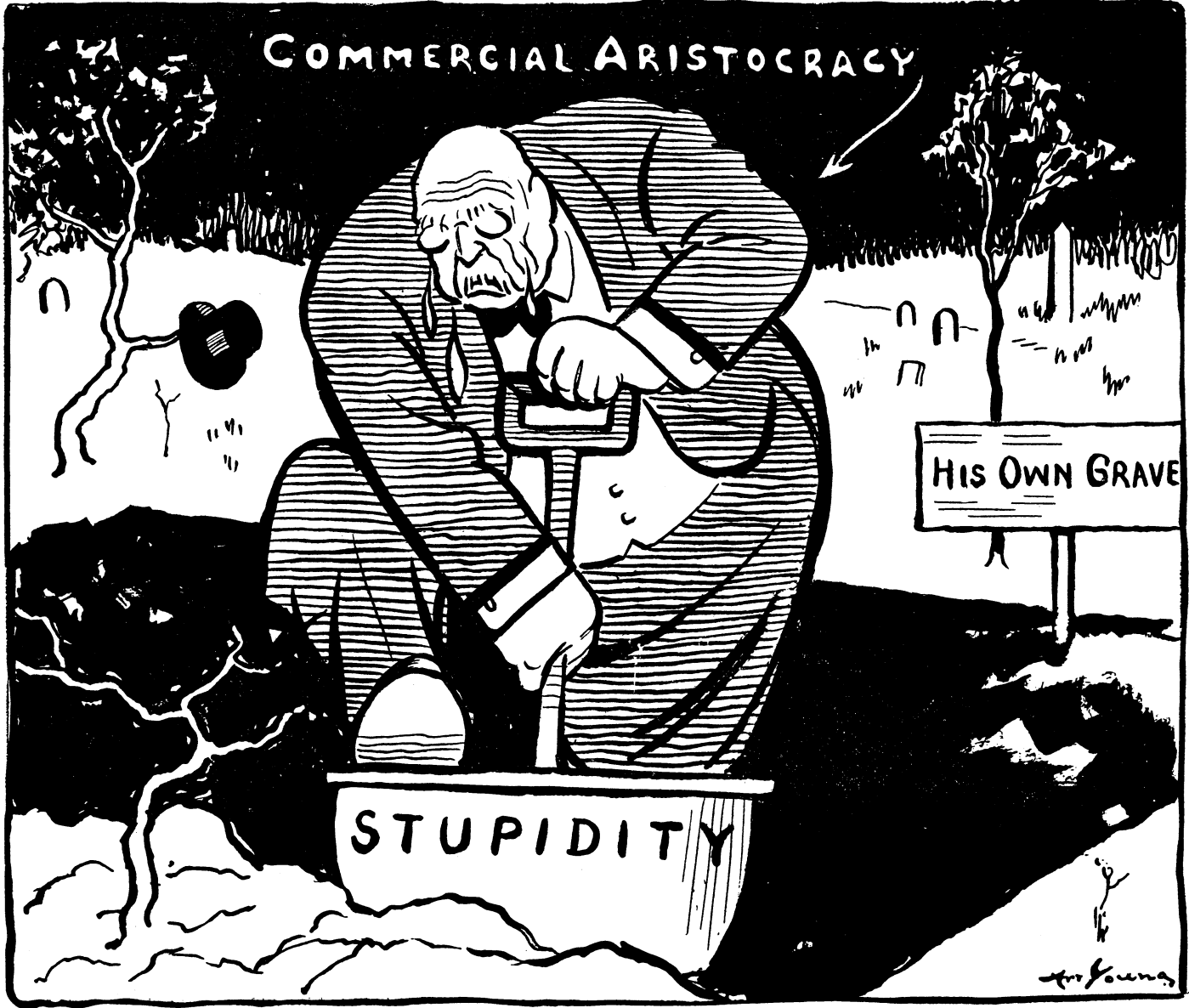


THANKS—NUMBER

TEN CENTS

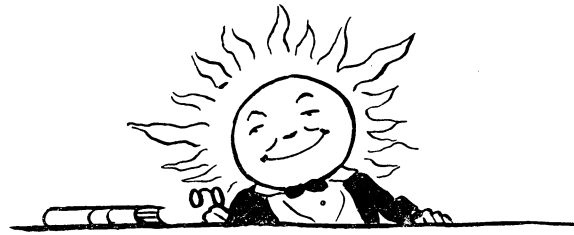


October 29, 1919



THANKS

THANKS



WE already have subscribers in England, Scotland, Italy, India, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Hawaii, Java, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and one subscriber in Vinegar Bend, which is somewhere in Alabama.

We believe that in another year we will beam on every country of the globe. Each new subscriber is a challenge to keep to the truth, even while in the playful mood of satire and fun.

Have you subscribed?

This for Yearly

Inclosed find Three Dollars (Canadian \$3.52, Foreign \$6.04).

Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Name

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

This for Three Months

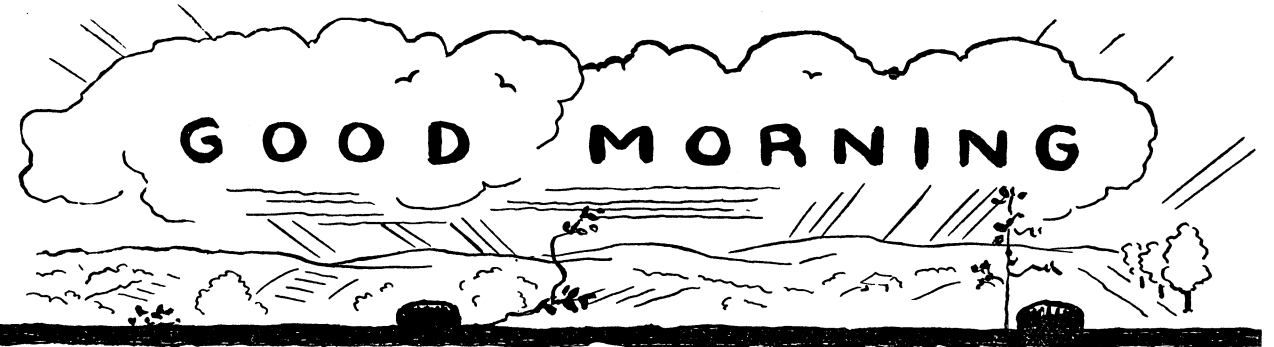
Inclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.25).

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Application for Entry as Second-Class Mailing Matter is Pending.

Published Weekly by Good Morning Co., 7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. I. \$3.00 A YEAR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1919.

10 CENTS A COPY. No. 15.

Nicholus Miraculous

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Nick Butler, and he was such a good little boy they made him head of the Morningside Heights kindergarten an' everything. 'N Nick, he just read an' read books till he almost got quite intelligent. An' he read the story about Jack the giant-killer, how Jack would sneak up on a giant and smash him dead before ever he woke up. An' it said in the story, if the giant 'd ever waked up he would a' squelched little Jack under his thumb like a flea.

An' Nick thought this must be a lotta fun, so he started out to be a giant-killer himself. And he was going to smash out radicalism, just like that, one, two, snick, snack. And he got so excited that he shouted out at the top of his voice: "We must summon all resources of the country, not for a war overseas, but for a war at home." In fact, he made so much noise that the Giant stopped snoring for a moment, but he didn't quite wake up.

Then little Archie Stevenson and Clayt' Lusk an' lot of other fellas came along and they said: "Let's keep sticking him with pins and things, and see what he does next."

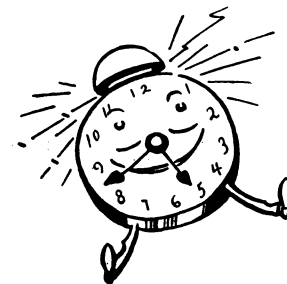
And they did, and . . . ! ? ? HEGARA.

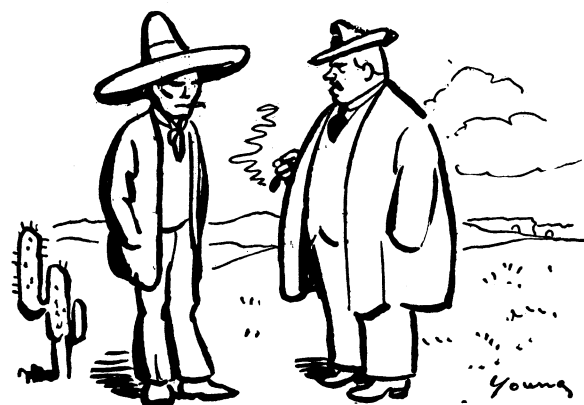


Little Girl: My brudder got his ear shot off.
Little Boy: That's nottin! My brudder had more cooties than any soljer in the regiment—but he didn't get no medal.

"Produce and Save"

MANUFACTURER (dictating statement for the press): The solution of our present difficulties lies in increased production (Catches sight of factory superintendent passing the door)—Say, Brown, Just have the last thousand cases stored in the warehouse till further orders. We can't afford to put too many of our goods on the market. The bottom would fall out of prices. (Resumes dictation): To this end, the working classes must learn to speed up, to work longer hours, and to forego unreasonable and superfluous holidays.



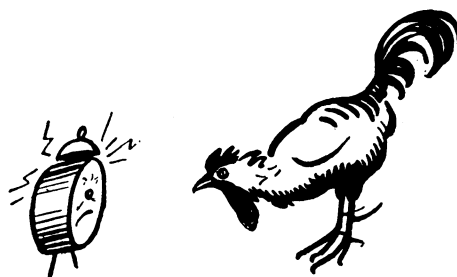


Mexican (to American): "Say, if you don't like our government, why don't you go back where you came from."

From a New Prayer Book:

Our Father who art in Heaven
(Hallowed be thy name)
I thank thee upon this day of Thanksgiving
For the geographical location
Of my place of birth.....
Father, I thank thee
That I am not a heretic, nor an alien;
I thank thee that I am not
A Damned Foreigner,
As were my parents.....
I thank thee, for thus am I permitted
A certain Degree of Freedom of Speech,
Of Thought,
Of Assemblage,
Of movement.....
And my head is not broken by the blue
kings on horse back.
Oh, My Father in Heaven, Soak all these Aliens,
In Christ's name, Amen.

K.I.J.I.

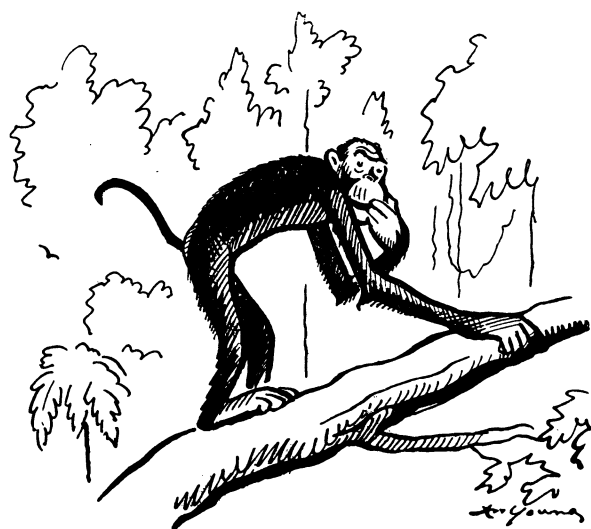


That we are past school age, therefore secure from the compulsory study of President Wilson's History of the World War, we give—Thanks.

Imagination and Reality

B EING GREAT is knowing your own littleness. Being little is not knowing your own greatness. I want to bring some down below what they think of themselves and want to take some up above what they think of themselves so they may all think of themselves as brothers. Look at this thing as a brother rather than as a master or a slave. Don't you see that you can't have brotherhood as long as somebody's in heaven and somebody's in hell? Release yourself from the bondage of your eminence or your obscurity. Except yourself from the rule of enslaving precedents. Do I say you're very little? I couldn't say how little you are. Do I say you are very big? I couldn't say how big you are. You imagine you're important because you're talked about. You might be more important if you were ignored. You imagine you're rich because you have money. You might be richer not having a cent. Nothing that's of minor value costs so much as a reputation. * * * The minute a man thinks of himself as something he's not, he's an orphan. The minute a man knows himself to be just what he is, he's set down at the center of life. I get sick at the sight of the elect. I get well at the sight of the crowd.

Horace Traubel.

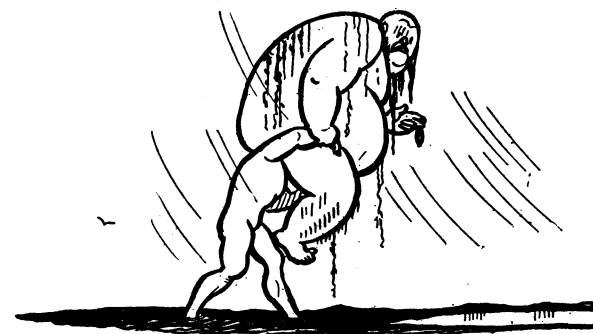


If we all went back where we came from.

Innocent Sufferers

A LL morning it had been raining and Sinbad found the going exceedingly difficult. The road was very slippery so that he found it almost impossible to keep his footing under the heavy burden. As Sinbad was only human, this had a strong tendency to make him discontented. At length his discontent found voice.

"Do you see that pool over there," he inquired significantly.



"I do," answered the Old Man of the Sea, wondering what Sinbad had in his mind.

"Well, in a few moments you will be in that pool and I will go on my way alone."

"Sinbad!" exclaimed the Old Man of the Sea, reproachfully.

"Yes. It's true," protested Sinbad. "You can't work the sympathy racket. I'm through. When I count three, off you go. One—two—"

"I command you to listen," thundered the Old Man of the Sea.

Sinbad stopped.

"Understand, I'm not thinking of myself," continued the Old Man of the Sea, mollifying his tones.

"Oh, no, not at all. It would be impossible for you to think of yourself," responded Sinbad, with the bitterest sarcasm. "You're thinking entirely of my welfare, I suppose."

"No, to be quite frank with you, Sinbad, I wasn't thinking of your interest either. After all, what does it matter what becomes of either of us? We are both strong and healthy and able to take care of ourselves."

"Yes, yes, go on," said Sinbad, the sarcastic note still dominant.

"I was thinking," continued the Old Man of the Sea, slowly, "I was thinking of the innocent ones who would suffer if you did anything as drastic as you threatened."

"What do you mean 'innocent'?" queried Sinbad.

"You must remember I have a wife and four children who are dependent on me. Not only that, but I also have quite a number of poor relations who are dependent upon me for support."

"What's that to me?" asked Sinbad.

"What a heartless question," replied the Old Man of the Sea. "Have these people ever done you the slightest harm or injustice? I'll admit that I have been a bit harsh now and then, but would you wish to vent your spite on these creatures who have only the kindest of feelings for you. Oh, Sinbad, I didn't think this of you." The Old Man of the Sea's voice was almost choked with sobs.

"I didn't think——" began Sinbad.

"But you must think," protested the Old Man of the Sea. "These things are serious. It is your duty and my duty to protect the innocent. Now you have nobody at all dependent upon you."

"What I was going to say——" began Sinbad again—

"That's all right, my boy—don't apologize. I forgive you. Now let us push on. Discussions like this consume valuable time and we were already considerably behind our schedule on account of the rain."

THAT no Anti-Bolshevist film has been released since the last edition of Good Morning—Thanks.

THAT the Literary Digest in its new anti-strike typewritten form is totally illegible—Thanks.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says:
It's all right to organize, but not to belong to the unions. He says he would approve of unions if they would only stop antagonizing the best people.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Produced by ART YOUNG and
Associated Enthusiasts

WEEKLY

Address, 7 East 15th Street,
New York City.

October 29, 1919

Now We Know—Thanks.

IT ought to be plain now, to those who took the government seriously when it proclaimed war to end forever the German form of government, that its big boosters in Congress and Financial Circles did not hate Germany so much as they envied her.

Now we have the American-Junkers thirst for imperialism, rabid nationalism, super-militarism and the use of the mailed fist to keep down free speech here at home.

All that is lacking to complete our Prussianism is an altruistic interest in the welfare of the laboring masses—and the goose-step.

Apparently the American plutocracy isn't clever enough to practice Prussian altruism, but we predict that they will adopt the goose-step for American soldiers.

OF all the sheepish notions in our public minds the simplest is that slavery is neutralized if you are well paid for it, whereas it is that fact that you are being paid for it that makes it complete.—*Ruskin.*

That Tom Jefferson never lived to hear a modern magistrate's interpretation of his Declaration of Independence—Thanks.

For Isaac Don Levine's Russian dispatches—Thanks.

"Britain will ignore the Irish hunger strike."—*New York Evening Globe*—Oh, is that so!

Oh, But That's Different

"The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: 'He shall not eat who does not work.'" —Russian Constitution.

"Had it not been for the energy of one man the colony would have gone to ruin. This man was Capt. John Smith . . . He obtained food from the Indians; he had huts built for shelter; and he had grain planted. His rule was just, being based on the principle that those who did not work should not eat."—School History of the U. S.

How are we to instill a wholesome horror of the un-American doctrines of Bolshevism into the tender minds of youth when they are taught that the first permanent colony on the North American continent was enabled to survive only through enforcement of a Bolshevist regime! History must be rewritten.

KATE REELY.

Some of the constitution boosters would muffle their exhausts if they were to happen to read that brief and inspired document.

May we ask what that Kentucky guy 103 years of age is doing outside the United States Senate?



It's easy publicity for a senator who knows what the big interests want done next—to get into the newspaper headlines.

A few months ago Senator Myers of Montana raised his head to assail the Boston Police for striking—Later to demand the armed forces of the United States in Mexico. We shall expect the Senator to headline himself soon as an opponent of the force of gravity.



Steeped in Learning

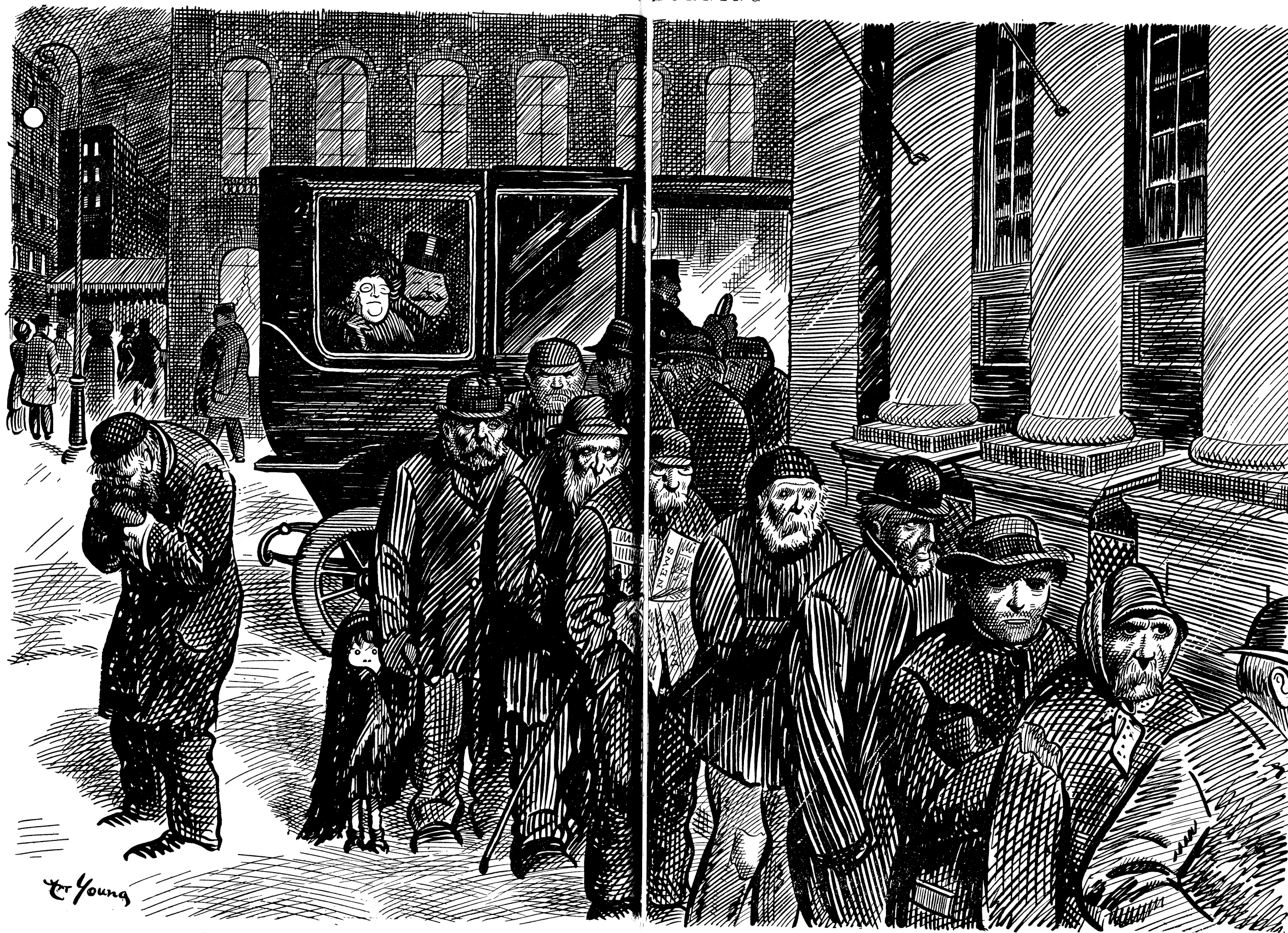
Newspaper Row

A worm

Scholarly

FRANK WALTS

Brush Sketches in a Library
BY FRANK WALTS



Tr Young

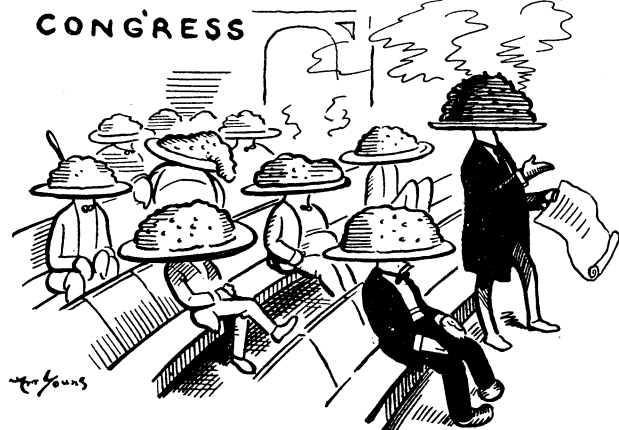
THANKS

Patchin Place Note

All summer long,
I gazed, gazed
From my window-sill into the tops.
Into the tops, tops
Of the alanthus trees—
Trees, tops, leaves,
Alanthus,
All summer long.

But now,
Autumn—
Autumn now.
And no tops,
No leaves,
Only branches,
Gray branches—
And thru the gray branches
My neighbor's scarlet flannel drawers
Flapping on the line.

BONNIE GINGER.



More Puddin'

Mr. Madden. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Rubey. No; not now.

Mr. Madden. The gentleman says I do not know anything about it. How does the gentleman know I do not know anything about it.

Mr. Rubey. I judge so by the gentleman's speech.

Mr. Madden. The gentleman has no business to draw such an inference.

We read time and again in various places that nothing is being done to counteract Bolshevik propoganda. Therefore the press, the judges and the preachers must consider themselves nothing.

No bright person is supposed to know that the world war is over. It is still allowable not to know that the civil war is over, but a man can be pinched for not knowing that the war of 1776 is over.

Mr. O. Prest rises to inquire what's become of that Liberty Loan poster called "Americans All," that gave the casualty list with the names of all the "ignorant foreigners" who died for their country.

As It Should Be

Under the German system the people have been divided into classes and by lines not easily crossed. The man with a starving family at home takes it as a matter of course that some privileged people are entitled to everything they want. It is this acceptance of whatever conditions may exist and the ingrained habit of obedience in which mainly lies the safety of Berlin against Communistic outbreaks.

CHARLES GRASTY,
in the N. Y. Times.



Willie—Who would t'ink it—after all her good trainin' at home Liz has become an artist model.

BRIEFS ABOUT RADICAL SCOUTS



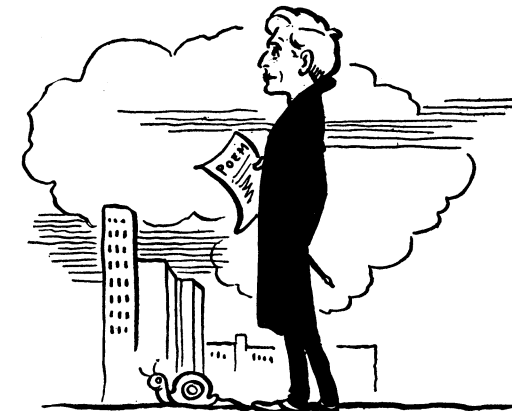
Isaac McBride, for four years the scout of the labor movement in Washington, returned to New York, November 1st. McBride got into Russia by way of Riga and the railroad track. He carried an umbrella, floating a near-white handkerchief; a dress suit-case and an extra supply of Irish nerve.



Speaking of the "fighting chin"—we match the chin of L. Hollingsworth Wood against John Pershing's. Wood is a pacifist, Quaker, a defender of conscientious objectors, and chairman of the Civil Liberties Bureau—an organization that fights for the right to own your own mind.



Joshua Wanhope, speaker, writer, sailor, socialist candidate for Governor, Alderman and what not—arrived in New York November 18th from a world cruise. Wanhope says in effect that friends who want to see old man Capitalism in Europe, before he dies, had better sail on the next boat.



Max Eastman was seen on the streets last month hurrying to get out a special extra of The Liberator. It will be out next month.

AND that for two whole years we haven't been indicted for lese magiste or any of those high crimes, (but we're knocking on our wooden desk as we write this)—Thanks.

Progress

(From "Glimpses of the Perfect Optimist")

Safe and slow our progress must be
(The Perfect Optimist said to me)
Safe and slow—but especially SLOW
For the Lord (and I) decreed it so;
Though children starve, note the patience
I show!

GERTRUDE NAFF.

Epitaph

Underneath this granite slab
Lies Delilah Doodledab.
Cleaner woman ne'er drew breath,
Dirt she hated worse than death.
She warred on children all her days
Because they have such dirty ways.
Now the kids she used to broom
Dry mud pies on Delilah's tomb.

Not Too Fast

ONE day there was a commotion in the offices of the New Republic. Some one had told them there is injustice in the world. Deeply concerned and hardly believing, they decided to look into the matter that they might,—all seven of them,—say something about it. They announced an investigation; invited all the oppressed to come and tell of their troubles. From all the world over they came, in ones, twos, dozens, scores, hundreds, millions,—1,449,999,998 of them. Thereupon an acute bystander said, "Rampant injustice is terribly obvious. Enough of this! We must to action!" But the fair young editors of the New Republic,—seven of them,—wishing to be strictly impartial, and careful not to rush, themselves, into injustice, said, "Don't be in such a hurry; we must go slow about this; get all the evidence before judging. There are still two people in the world who have not been heard from."

WALTER C. HUNTER.



The Jew: "But you promised to give me Palestine."

John Bull: "I dare say I have made many promises."



ADOLPH DEHN. '19.

THANKS



Mandy don lef me—but I know she gwine to come back.
Go way nigger, whaffor you say that wench come back?
Case she done lef her false teeth.

The Beatitudes

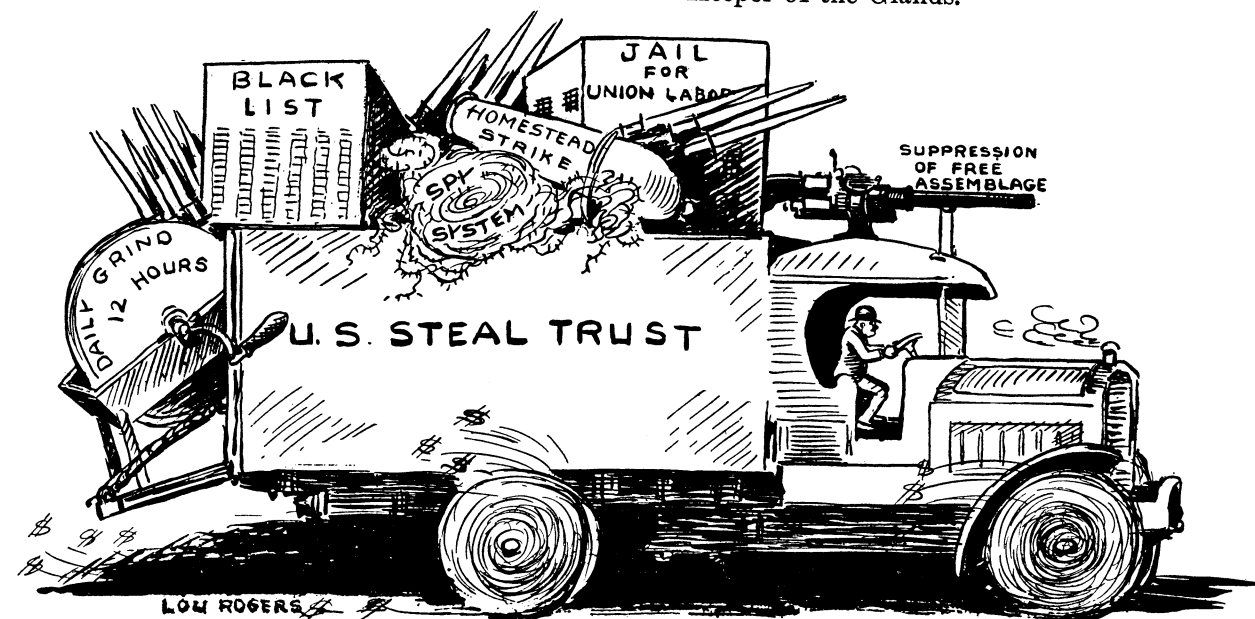
(Revised.)

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for they are easy to rule.
Blessed are they that mourn; for they pay burial fees.
Blessed are the meek; for they are cannon fodder.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they pay tithes.
Blessed are the unmerciful; for they obtain the victory.
Blessed are the pure in heart; for they are easy to bunco.
Blessed are the warmakers; for they shall be called Patriots.
Blessed are the conservatives; for they refuse to think.



We respectfully suggest that the membership of the cabinet be increased to include a Lord High Keeper of the Glands.



LOW ROGERS

In the Van

FROM THE STEEL STRIKE INVESTIGATION

Senator Walsh: Now, I suppose, you will agree that there has been no force in America that has done more . . . to better the living conditions of the workmen than organizations of labor?

Mr. Gary: I deny it positively, emphatically. I want to say that the United States Steel Corporation has been in the van all the time.



Mr. Edelweiss: "Rose, I've come to tell you it's all over. Because you can live in this hot-house is no reason why I can."

A MEETING was held recently at the home of Mrs. G. Whatawad on Fifth Avenue, to discuss the plight of the clergy, professors and others who have been so sorely smitten by the H. C. L., it being reported in one of the papers recently that many of them were mendicants on our public streets. It was resolved that a committee be appointed to supply all such mendicants with a compact and portable cash register.

TOBEY.



Following the race between Capital and Labor.

Authentic Report

(Via Steel Trust News Service)

THE public is informed that the average wage is \$6.23 a day. The public is not expected to remember that an "average wage" if it includes, as this does, the salaries of the administrative and selling force, is absolutely misleading. One might as well say that the average wage of the scrub woman at ten dollars a week and of the President of the United States at \$1442 a week is \$776. —The New Republic.

To Congress

*I cannot do without wine
For fear of being sober—
So bring it to me in buckets!*

*Wine of laughter, wine of song,
Wine of pain and wine of joy
And WINE—
I want them all!*

*Do I see devils?
But sober people see ghosts!
Go on—prohibit Springtime,
Fire and flame, April and dancing feet,
And February, frosty with light—
Take the wine out of them! . . .
Trying to make the earth sober!*

—Edwin Justus Mayer.



Fair Warning

(To ADVERTISERS)

Many advertisers for GOOD MORNING could be secured, if we had the enthusiasm, the time and help to go after them. But we confess to a kind of indifference to advertising—that is—if people who have a genuine commodity to sell, do not realize what a large clientele of alert, intelligent readers this paper is building up, it's their misfortune. We will meet advertisers half way, but we are not going to run after them.

GOOD MORNING.

Now that the working men of Italy are crowding the King off his throne — watch the United States government and see if we really went into this world war "to do away with Kings forever".



Called Too Early

"You've had your chance to be decent. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door."
"Yes, lady, but he must 'av rapped at my door when I was a wee bit of a lad and I didn't hear him."



THANKS

Good Morning!

What other magazines do you read besides
GOODMORNING?

You can save money—and help us spread broadcast
some beams of wisdom—by sending us your subscriptions
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