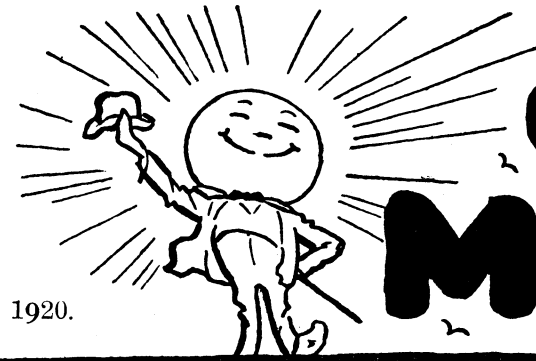


"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

God
Number

15 Cents



GOOD MORNING

July 1, 1920.

Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



Jesus: "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Workingman: "You said it!"

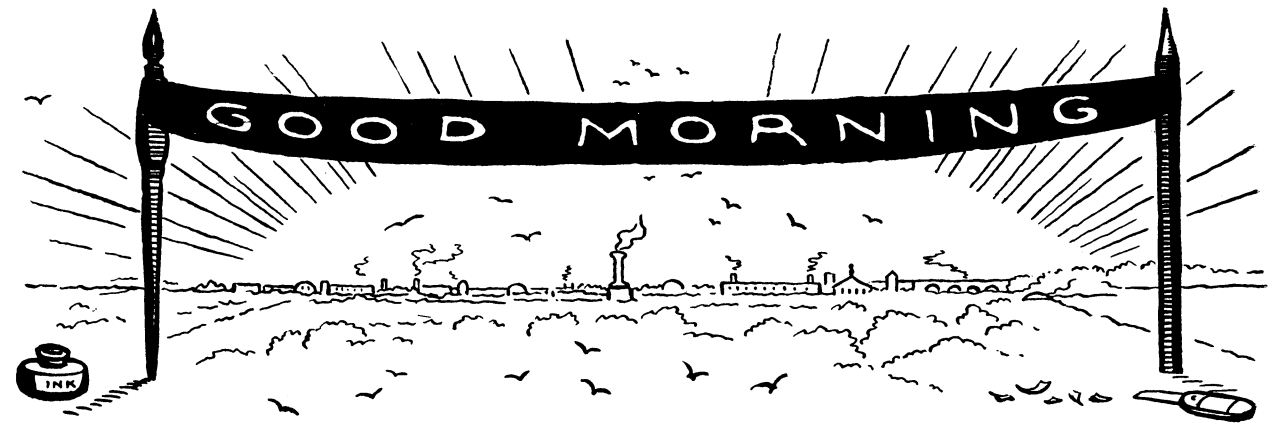


ON looking over our recent contributions we found that most of the writers had referred directly or indirectly to God. So we decided that this issue of GOOD MORNING ought to be called the God Number.

We often wonder if the Deity of infinite wisdom rolls around on the clouds with laughter. If monkeys are funny from a human being's standpoint what must human beings be to God?

Next time we shall publish in this space some of the letters that come to us from everywhere about GOOD MORNING. We don't invite either praise or criticism. We just go plugging along hoping that God will understand.

GOOD MORNING grows in public favor fast. You ought to subscribe!



Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. II. No. 5.

New York, July 1st, 1920.

15 Cents a Copy.

THIS IS THE GOD NUMBER OF GOOD MORNING. GOD HELP US!

SOME OLD STORIES ABOUT GOD

The little girl had been told that God was everywhere watching everything that she did. When she started down the street one day she discovered that her dog was following her.

She stamped her foot and said, "Fido, you go home. It's bad enough to have God tagging me around all the time."

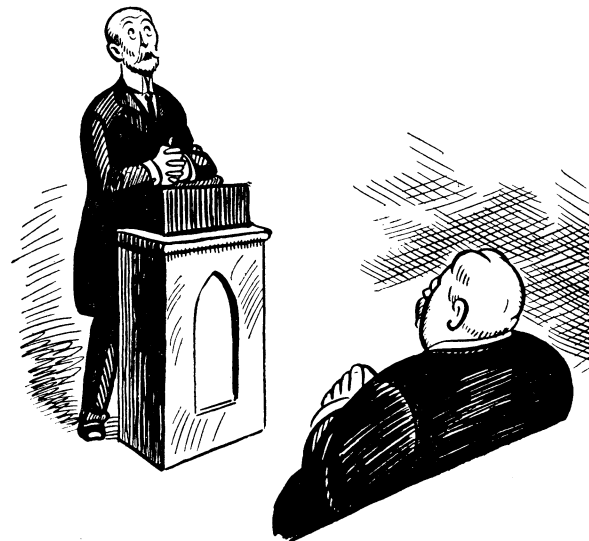
Teacher: "Why, Willie, what are you drawing?"

Willie: "I'm drawing a picture of God."
Teacher: "But, Willie, you mustn't do that; nobody knows how God looks."

Willie: "Well, they will when I get this done."

Little Edgar went to church for the first time. As he saw the begowned minister mounting his pulpit he asked, "Mamma, is that God?"

And there's that familiar old story that ends—"God get up and give this man a seat",—which has been applied to most distinguished egoists of yesterday and to-day.



Mr. Young

SENSIBLE MINISTER

He preaches that the rewards of labor shall be reaped in heaven.

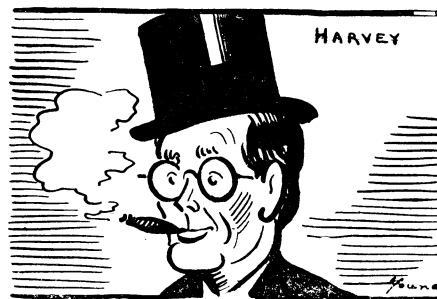


CRAZY MINISTER

He demands that labor shall be rewarded on earth.

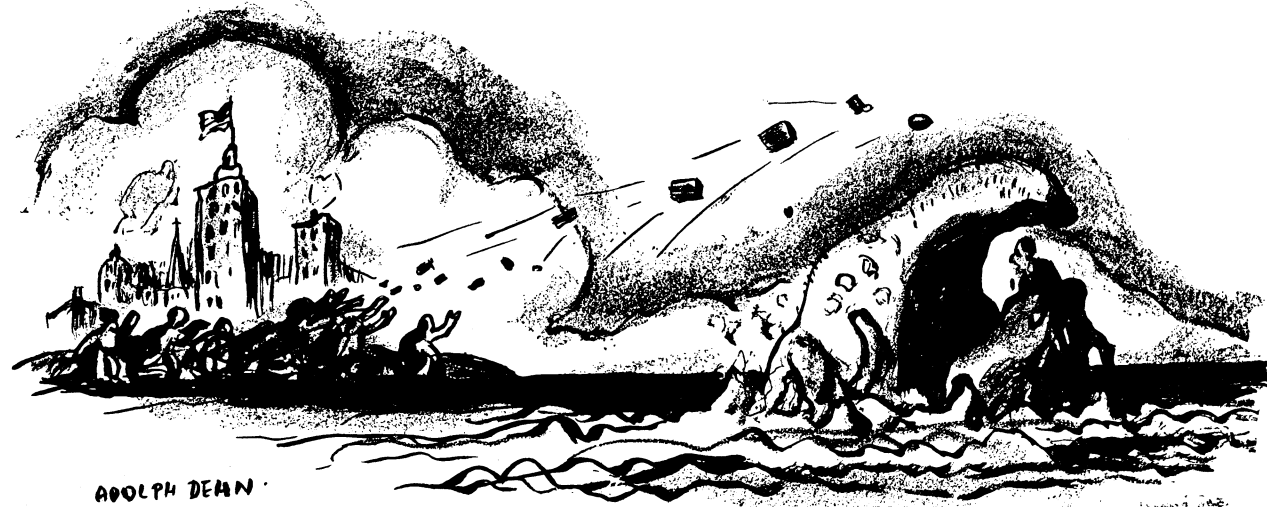
LEST WE FORGET

Colonel George Harvey, Past Grand Toast Master of American Literature and subsequent inventor of Woodrow Wilson, whose most recent experiments in President-making have delighted the best people of Marion, Ohio, will nevertheless go down in history as the first man in America to wear large tortoise-shell spectacles.

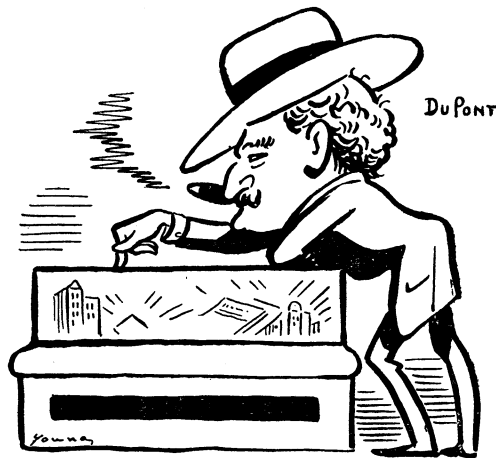


The fact that old Ben Franklin tried to set the fashion and quit but emphasizes Colonel Harvey's achievement. By nature a conservative he bravely defied convention and in less than a year other literary people could be seen timidly becoming radical enough to put something different in front of their eyes. This is about as violent as we can expect our "superior" class to become in a decade. It is fitting therefore that this earnest and courageous crusader be honored by an ambassadorship or a title of some kind.

Woe unto ye, Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites, for the workers are coming into their own!



Picture of a man who said that he would vote for Wilson again.

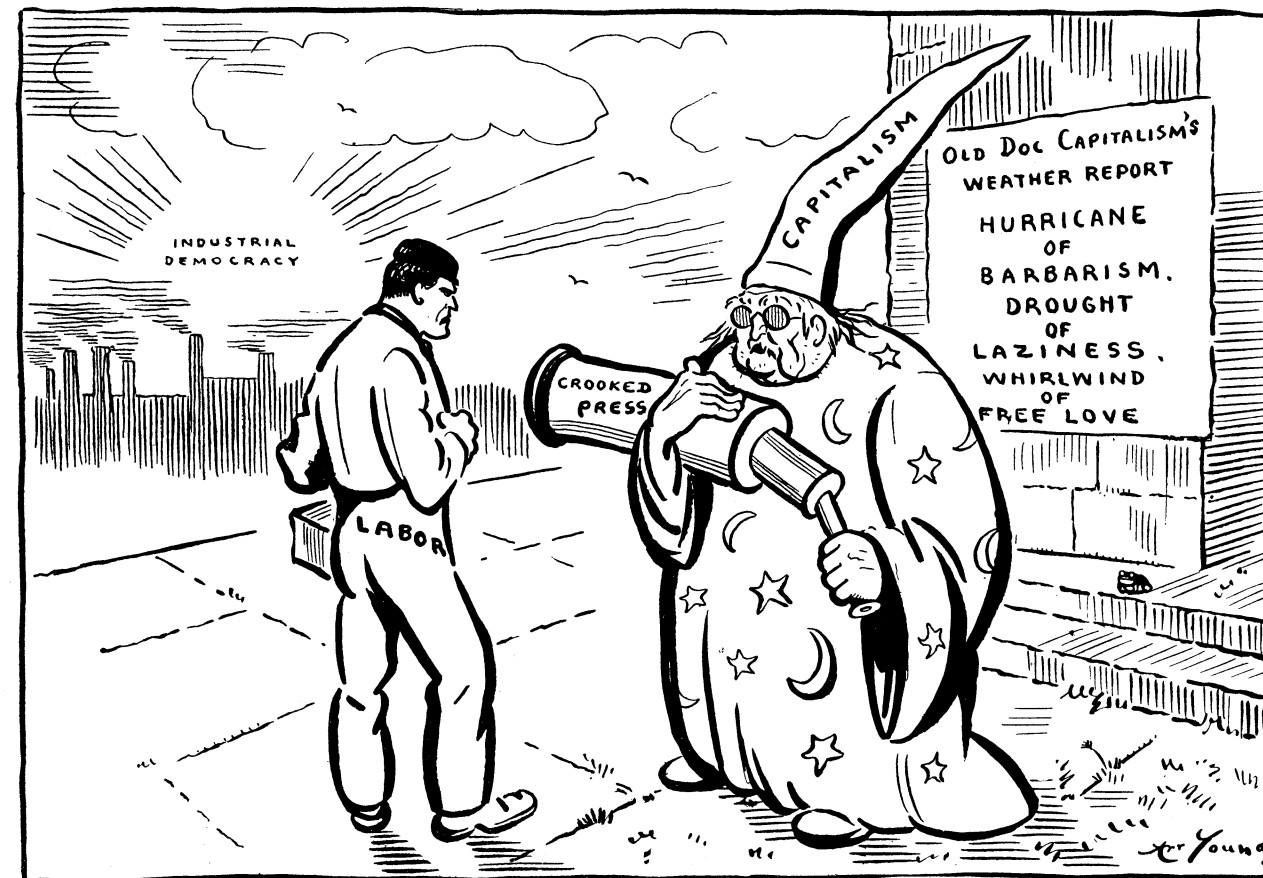


Rumor has it that the DuPonts have bought The Saturday Evening Post and the other Curtis publications.

This man Coleman DuPont just walks up to a show-case and says: "I want that." The whim of the hour may be a hotel or a Ladies' Home Journal—that patriotic powder-money simply must be invested.

Isn't God conscripted to support war? Isn't He exploited at political conventions? Isn't He used on money? Why can't He be put to the good use of the common people?

An ancient King of Spain once said that he could have given God some valuable points if he had been around when the world was made.



STILL AT IT!

WHERE WE STAND

Readers of Good Morning are constantly inquiring as to our position in the present political campaign.

The Poor Fish, we believe would have made an ideal candidate.

The Poor Fish is the only person we can think of just now that we haven't got anything against.

The Poor Fish is unalterably opposed to everything that is misdirected, insidious or inimical.

The Poor Fish deeply sympathizes with Labor but believes that there is a better way to solve our problems than through industrial disputes. And that's all honest labor should demand.

But the Poor Fish was not nominated. Not our Poor Fish at least. So, what can a so-called humorous paper do—but keep on at the joke business without hope of a political job?

WHERE THE TRIBUNE STANDS

We wish we could be as graceful in defeat as the New York Tribune. Harding in the Tribune's opinion is as about as rotten as can be imagined, but the Tribune will support Harding because it cannot otherwise support Calvin Coolidge.

The Tribune's position however furnishes considerable food for thought. Perhaps we shall ultimately conclude to favor the abolition of the Presidency and confine all political campaigns hereafter to the selection of vice-presidents. Whatever may be said about kings, it is a historical certainty that vice-presidents can do no wrong. We should thus obtain all the advantages of a monarchy and all the fun of a democracy.

This arrangement would also furnish an answer to America's hitherto unsolved problem: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" We should still have the White House on our hands but we could turn that into an aquarium.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Twice a Month by
GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
 Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885.
 Edited by Art Young. T. F. Hastings, Bus. Mgr.

July 1st, 1920.

GOD

We have always had a kind of childish faith in pillars of fire, burning bushes, fires from Sinai, and we are still fascinated by the Olympic deities, Mexican rain-gods and one-eyed Scandinavian gods, Good Morning is willing to take its chances here and hereafter with Sun-Worshippers, Moon - Worshippers, Stone-Worshippers.

We yield to no man, as the gentleman from Kentucky says, in our reverence for any religion that the other fellow wants. But we must confess to a certain dislike for those who pretend to be on good terms with God just at present. We know that it is all in the game to corner the wheat-market but we don't like to see the capitalists corner the God-market too. It is almost time that God was put to the good use of life, laughter and industrial liberty.

PONTIUS PILATE

(An Editorial from the Palestine Times)

Pontius Pilate cannot be commended too highly for having upheld the cause of law and order in the execution of the so-called "King of the Jews" last Tuesday. All right thinking people will sustain him.

Hence, it seems all the more regrettable that he should have shown the least sign of weakness in making his decision. This is bound to react unfavorably on the rabble who may accept "I wash my hands of this affair" as an incentive toward further demonstrations despite the salutary lesson taught by the crucifixion.

We must not forget that there are still apostles and adherents of the new religion at large. Their capacity for harm is by no means at an end. They should be immediately apprehended and summarily dealt with.

There are rumors that Pilate will be recalled by Rome. In that event we trust that he will be replaced by a strong decisive, conservative official. At this time we need a business man at the helm, not a weakling or a visionary.

Another "sermon on the mount" should be made impossible; further spectacular legerdemain such as the "miracle" of the loaves and the fishes, upsetting the food market, should meet with stern repression; leniency toward prostitution, another "go and sin no more" incident, affronting the moral sense of the community, must not be repeated.

If Pilate cannot deal with these conditions so vitally affecting our business interests and our social and industrial integrity he should be recalled forthwith.

More backbone in our public officials should be our slogan.

P. A.

Good Morning demands the unconditional surrender of the capitalist class. Our office is open from nine to five.

Applying For A Divorce



"Aw! I never touched her!"

BEAMS

We know that God likes jokes—didn't he create man?

The Workers' Defense Union is deliberating as to whether it shall aid in the defense of the latest political prisoner, Charlie Murphy.

The A. F. of L. passed a resolution against Russia because Russia compels people to work. In America the man chases the job—in Russia the job chases the man. Take your choice.

If Jim Larkin is a "dirty Irish agitator" as he was called upon his arrival at the prison to which he has been transferred, maybe it's because he was trying to clean up the capitalist system.

"Little boy, what is your dog's name?"

"Bolshevik."

"What!"

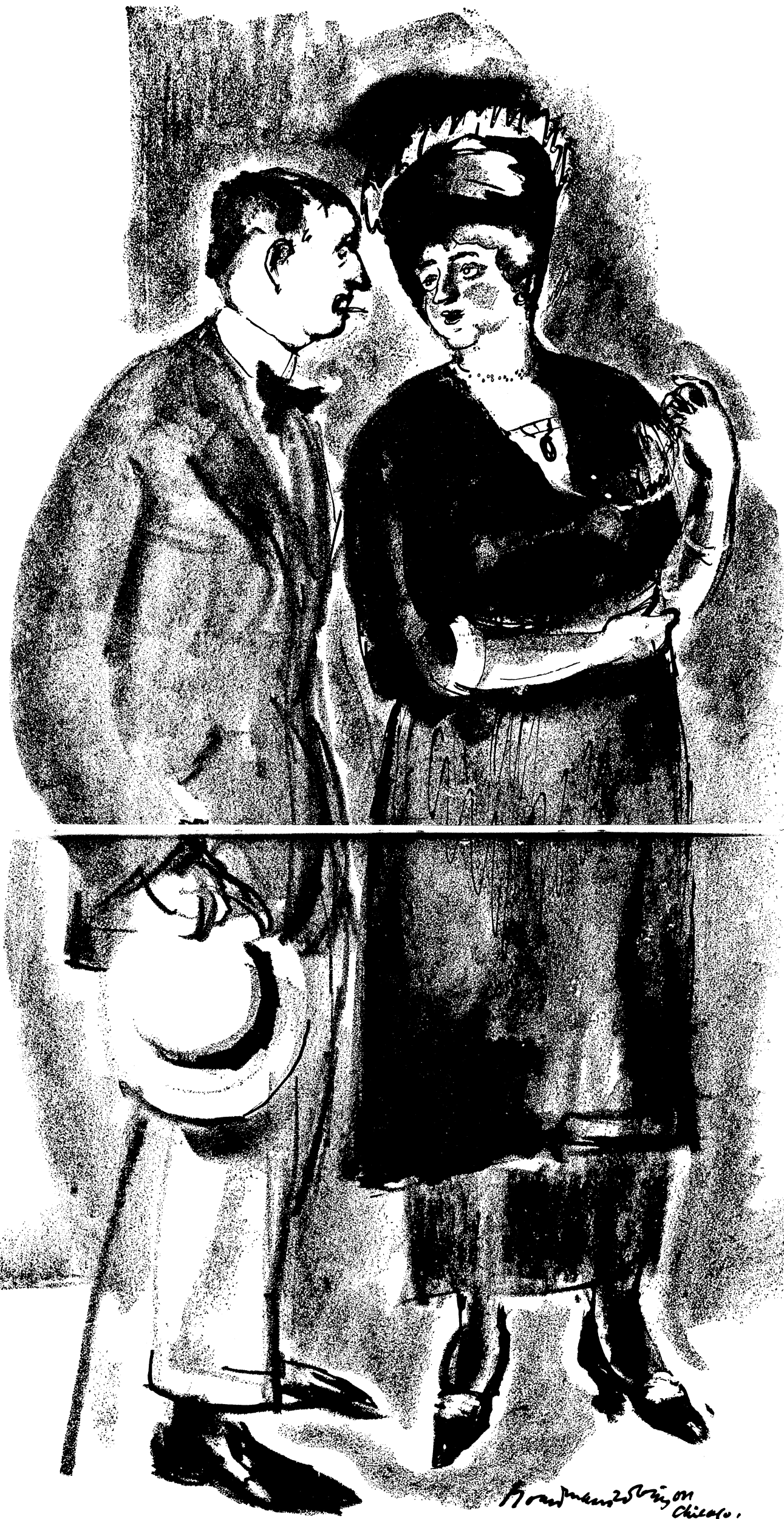
"Yes, because he hasn't any fleas."

"Make the world safe for your boy" is the title of a poster issued by the Interchurch World Movement. It's the same gang that helped to make the world safe for democracy. What better guarantee do you want?

The pull that keeps a man out of jail will not yank him into heaven.

Few men can look back at their past without wanting to dodge up an alley.

It is hard to convince a self-made man that he has cheated himself.



Overheard in a Chicago Hotel—Convention Week.
 MATRON: "YOU, KNOW, I DO SO MISS THE DEAR OLD WAR!"

G O D

By William Blake



The English poet, William Blake, who illustrated his own verse, has left posterity several pictures of God, one of which is reproduced above. It will be seen that this picture of divine omnipotence resembles that well-known American, William Cullen Bryant. Other Blake designs of the Deity look more like a composite of an Indiana farmer and Moses.

Every artist who has attempted divine interpretation in sculpture or painting insists on a portrait with whiskers. Is that settled? Can't some one think of a new, rejuvenated, up-to-date God? We really believe that God would like to see a new portrait of himself. If you have one, send it to God, care of Good Morning.

“Woe unto them that join house to house and lay field to field, till there be no place.”
Isaiah 5-8.

Illiterates, aliens and non-English speaking folks will be welcome in the army, says Secretary of War Baker.

What's the matter? Is the army becoming too intellectual, or can't Newt get anyone else?

And how will the foreigner protect us against the foreigner? What's an army for, if not to protect us against the “foreign scum?”

Jesus Christ used to ask “How can Satan cast out Satan?” We ask “How can the scum cast out the scum?”

BY THE WAY HAS THAT REPORT ON
THE STEEL STRIKE BEEN
PUBLISHED YET?

The moving spirits of the Interchurch World Movement were in solemn conclave. Jesus, it seems, had just presented his report on Phariseism and the brethren were decidedly uneasy.

“How much have the Pharisees subscribed to date?”

The staggering amount was read again.

“And the President of the Pharisee Trust has protested against the publication of this report,” the Secretary Pro Tem explained. “If the report is published the Trust threatens to withdraw its contribution, but Brother Jesus absolutely refuses to change one jot or tittle of the document.”

“What do they object to?” asked a late arrival.

“Whited sepulchres....” read the Secretary. “Generation of vipers..... Ye bind heavy burdens grievous to be borne and place them on men's shoulders..... Ye devour widow's houses and for a pretense make long prayers.”

“Why do you indulge in such tirades?” Jesus was asked.

“It is the plain truth of the situation,” he replied doggedly.

“But it isn't good tactics when we are out to get financial support.”

“What shall it profit a movement,” asked Jesus, “if it gaineth the whole world and lose its own soul?”

They were a lot of well-meaning people—this Interchurch bunch in Galilee, and they didn't know what to do. So they let the matter stand where it was as long as they could and then they went on not knowing what to do.

The reader may doubt this bit of history. He may declare that he never heard of an Interchurch Movement in Galilee. That's nothing. You never hear very long about any movement that means well but doesn't know what to do.

The papers will not accept Emma Goldman's opinions on anarchy but they will on Soviet Russia.

D O G S

Laski, Tead, Dana, Zimand



BON VOYAGE!

The editor of this butwark of conservatism, Good Morning, ever on the look-out for items of interest to readers and being scant of local news, went down to Pier 62 to see the Steamer New York set sail for England on June 22nd, 12:30 o'clock.

Among those who left for foreign parts were Prof. Harold Laski, late of Harvard University. Prof. Laski came into prominence when he defended the Boston Police strike. The professor is still young and we feel has yet time to become rational and a favorite of conservative thinking people.

Harry Dana was another passenger. Prof. Dana was expelled from Columbia University sometime ago for his visionary teachings. We are sure that Harry Dana means well and that a visit to Europe will sober his philosophy.

Others who left were Sydney Zimand, writer. His book on the fanatic, Liebknecht, is well spoken of by those who care to read about an impractical dreamer—and Ordway Tead, who is said to be investigating the instincts of Capital and Labor.

The editor wished them Bon Voyage, but told them frankly that correct thinking was a matter of age and experience and that he hoped they would return willing to become good citizens, proud of our institutions, loyal to our glorious system of jurisprudence and humble in the presence of our great statesmen and financial leaders. They were visibly affected. As the boat pulled out, they assembled on deck and sang that beautiful hymn “Revive us again!”

“I will make a man more precious than fine gold even a man than the golden wedge of ophir.”
Isaiah 13-12.

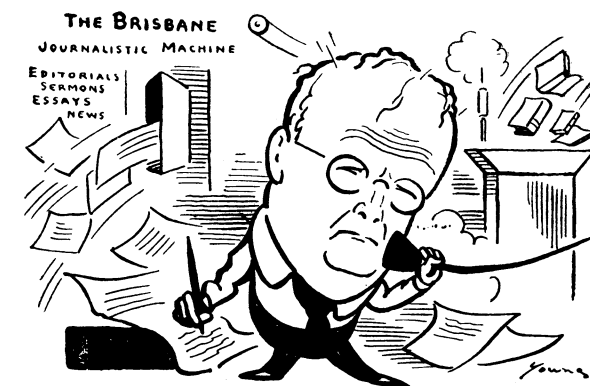
When first Creation's plan began,
And God had fashioned Adam man,
He set the creature on its feet,
But still it did not look complete:-
It had no tail to wag or wave.
And make its pendant shadow brave,
It seemed a lonely kind of thing
To set upon its wandering.

God scratched His head and pulled His beard,
And said: “Just so! 'Tis as I feared!
The thing's deficient as to wit—
It needs a dog to follow it!”

And thus came into happy being
The querying nose, the eye sharp-seeing,
The bounding leaps, the ardent tail,
The paws that patter on their trail,
The loyal heart, the eager brain,
And all the canine *mis-en-scene*.

Man was an awful hotch, I guess;
But dogs were a Complete Success!

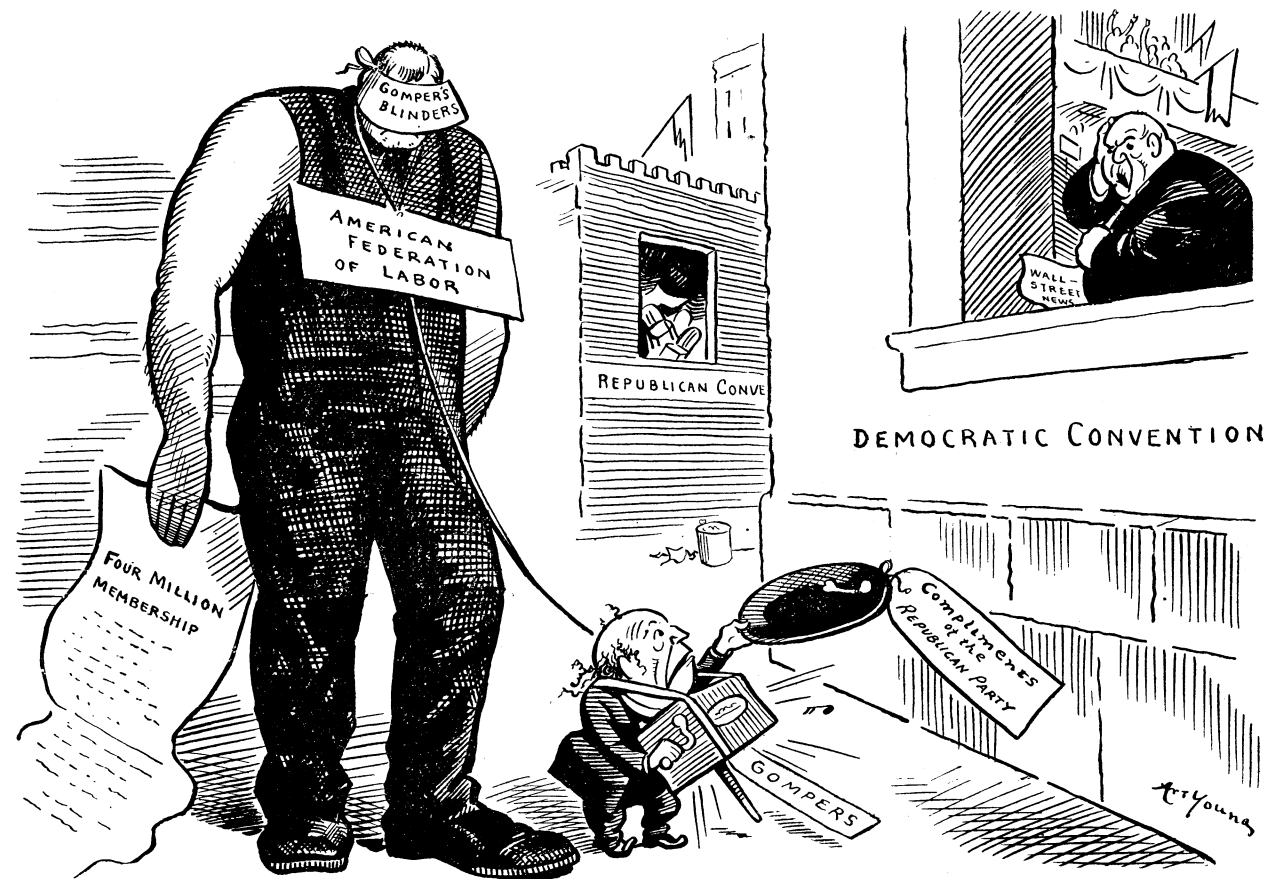
Miriam Allen deFord.



We favor ‘increased production’ if the Brisbane machine will keep on turning out truths like the following:

“Big pocketbook gentlemen want somebody that will *jail, deport, club* and otherwise *annihilate* the soap box anarchists that defy the law in retail fashion, while treating with respect the bigger anarchist that despises the law in wholesale fashion.”

NEXT!



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND?"


If a millionairess is robbed of a diamond brooch the newspapers give pages to the details but when the Bolsheviki score a smashing victory or the workers win a strike the news is put away down in a tiny corner beside the Cuticura advertisement.

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."
James 5-1.

The One Big Union movement of Churches is ten million dollars in debt and disrupting. John D. Rockefeller should write to Bill Haywood on how to organize and stay put.

"How to Become An American Citizen, for Ten Cents."—Sign on Park Row. It is getting cheaper.

Wisdom of the Poor Fish



THE POOR FISH says:
"God will provide."
But at the same time he feels that the best planks in both platforms are those that oppose the high cost of living.

People long ago lost respect for monarchs yet they continue to insult God by calling Him a king.

PRESIDENT HIBBEN FACES THE BARE FACTS



President Hibben of Princeton thinks we are all going to hell in a hurry because girls don't wear enough clothes. He said it in the Sunday Tribune—or words to that effect—even pointing out that our industrial troubles are largely due to "moral laxity" in the matter of feminine accoutrement.

We beg to take exception. We admit that we are all going to hell in a hurry, but can not follow the Professor's reasoning any further. It is a very popular point of view, and looks logical on the face of it, but we think the situation demands an even deeper study.

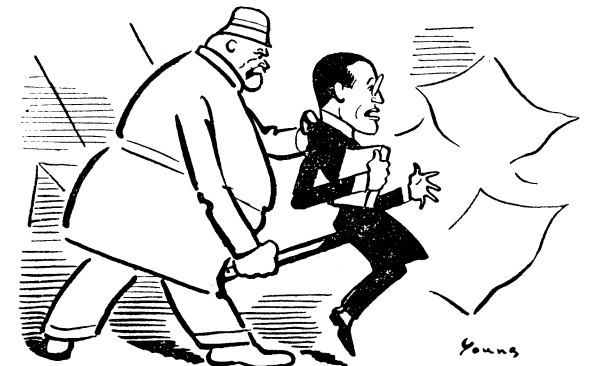
For in spite of all we do about it, for some reason or other, things never seem to get themselves adjusted.

Look, for instance, at all that has been done in the last few weeks. New York City has sent lady sleuths to all the beaches to arrest every female caught with her epidermis exposed; Hood College has issued a decree against vests and transparencies; the newspapers have denounced everything female from dorsal vertebrae to knees; and one pastor went so far as to make a would-be bride put on her other suit or—by crackie!—he wouldn't marry her. And yet, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, the industrial situation was as bad as ever.

For our part, we believe that a coal famine is more apt to come from a scarcity of coal and coal cars than from the décolletée drapery

of a debutante; and that profiteering is more apt to come from the profit system than from the particular longitude of anybody's lingerie. We have just about reached the conclusion that women can have legs if they want them, and they can dress or undress to suit themselves.

We admit that conditions today are anything but Paradise; and the conventional thing to do, when you find yourself outside of Paradise, is to belly-ache for more fig-leaves. But hasn't the trick been overworked and isn't it possible by this time that God is wise?



Something That Will Never Happen.

John D. Rockefeller being arrested for agitating for the One Big Union of Churches.

NOTICE

For lack of space the pictures of the Absurdity Contest are omitted from this issue. Send in your suggestion as to the most absurd thing of these times from which Mr. Young can make a cartoon.

GOOD MORNING wants to know and will give a prize of \$10 at conclusion of contest for the best brief description of an absurdity—not more than fifty words. If you can draw, send drawing.

The last announcement of the GOOD MORNING PRIZE CONTEST will appear in the August 15th issue. All absurdities must be in 20 days after August 15th when contest closes.

The best suggestions will be illustrated by Art Young and published in GOOD MORNING. The original cartoon illustrating the idea will also be presented to the winner.

All competitors, win or lose, will receive Mr. Young's allegorical cartoon "Why?"

AMERICANA

PEP—A popular American philosophy of success. Its most violent adherents are among the advertising and salesmanship cults. This philosophy is not at all popular among the workers in the mills, mines and factories of our country for these people have to do with reality. Indeed they associate it with perspiration. In these parlous and imoral days it is bad form for a yard boss to adjure his men to "put some pep into her." Should he be so thoughtless as to use this once popular wop command, an illiterate dago would probably retort "Whatd'ye mean pep?" So we see the philosophy of pep is an esoteric cult or doctrine (call it what one pleases) for the clerk and bargaining world. That is the middle and upper classes. The lower classes will have nothing to do with it. Of course, as soon as they succeed in rising from their present menial position they will become prospects for conversion. Yea, even vigorous advocates of it. The neophytes are its most fanatical disciples. If one doubts this all one need do is to call some local insurance company and ask them to send a junior salesman up to see you. The less useful an article is and the more profit there is in it the more pep is necessary to sell it. Salesmen for blue sky stocks and bonds are particularly good pep artists. One veteran of this perennial come on game defines "pep" as the thing which gets the other fellow's money before he wakes up.

There are many "pep" periodicals. The leading ones being the Saturday Evening Post and the American Magazine. The latter one some wit monger has called the pep bible. This opprobrious name has been attached to it because the editors of this magazine are all devotees of pep and the gospel of "sell 'em." As reputation makers in chief for the high priest of this great and popular American philosophy one might in all justice say that it would be unfair to charge them with publishing a bible and thereby implying competition with the Christian religion. To call this magazine a pep bible is also a misnomer because the word bible suggests something in the shape of a book and any amateur social observer knows that the readers of this magazine are suspicious of anything printed between cardboard covers. What are the first requisites for a good American or S. E. P. story? A "he man" hero, a jab heroine and pep romance. Typical climax "Now that you have got them wonderful contracts signed, dear, we'll go across the street and get the harness on." Of course there are many variants of this but essentially they can all be reduced to, first get the coin then "make the skirt." As every philosophy which has a literature has a drama the American philosophy of pep is no exception. Indeed it is said by some that pep American drama preceded its literature. George Cohan's plays are the acme in the art of pep. With the assistance

of his adenoids (George sings through his nose) and the American flag George has made more money than any living American playwright. The muse of pep rewards munificently those who whoop her up. Apropos of this it should also be said that the pep magazines get the most advertising thus gathering the sheekles from the comeons, going and coming. The pep heroes of the magazine with pep in their hats, shoes, coats, socks and veins are there to be emulated. Thus the mob is drugged and gulled. The crowds on Main Street are the shabby prototypes of Lyn-decker's front cover he-men.

Skepticuss.

HOW TO KILL BOLSHEVISM—No. 3.



Chicago, June 28. — John B. Grab, a well-known financier of this city, has given out an interview upon labor problems. Mr. Grab advocates "labor at homes"—one day in the week when the workers can visit the homes of the best people and look at the things they have produced.

Harry Turner

will be at room 1021 Waldorf, from July 11th to 13th.

Harry Turner is the man who made Zoe Atkins, who is a friend of Anne Morgan's.

Harry would like to meet all the intellectuals and radicals of New York.

He has money, whiskey and wit, and knows who is to be the next president.

The Big Stick

The only Jewish Weekly in America of Humor and Satire, Illustrated.

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JACOB MARINOFF
Editor and Publisher

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Bolshevism at Work

By WILLIAM T. GOODE *of the Manchester Guardian*

is a clear, simple and thoroughly convincing description of the way the Bolshevik government has set about solving its immense problems of industry, agriculture, education and administration.

They say that Socialism will kill initiative —has it done so in Russia? How have the Soviets divided up the land? How do they settle the amount of wages? After two years of the Soviets, what has been accomplished for the schools, for public health? What has been the effect on the theatre, on art and literature?

A hundred and one practical questions about affairs in Russia that everybody is asking are answered in this book. It is bound attractively in heavy paper and sells for \$1.00 at the book store.

The Liberator has made a special arrangement with the publisher, and can offer this book together with a four months' subscription to The Liberator, for \$1.50.

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