

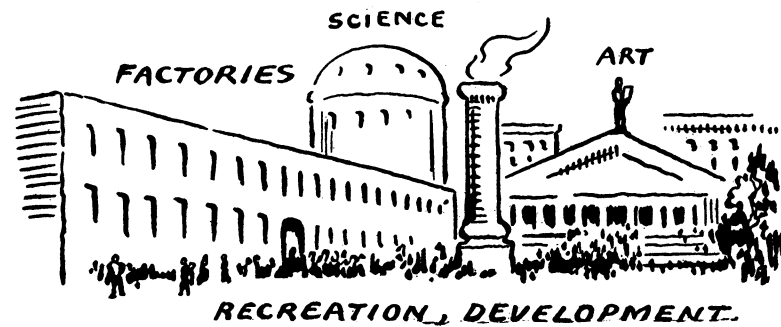
October 15, 1919

# GOOD MORNING

TEN CENTS



UNINVITED



**GOOD MORNING** has made a record circulation in three months.

Why? Because we believe in Industrial Justice, the rights of living people here now in the twentieth century, and a lot of folks believe in the same thing.

Having a sense of justice, it follows that you have a sense of humor. Come on in, the laughter is fine.

*This for Yearly*

*This for Three Months*

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

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

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

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

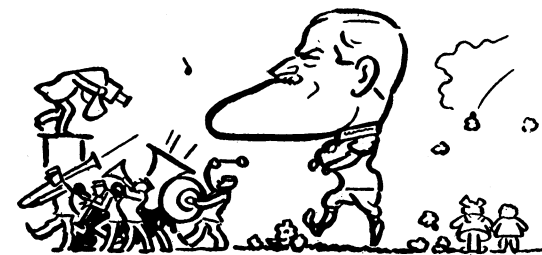
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1919.

10 CENTS A COPY.

No. 13.



### THE JAW—OF SIR JAWHN

**S**AMSON slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. Perhaps the legends of the future will tell how the Philistines of our day were vanquished with the jaw of a General.

This is certain—no photograph fails to accentuate it; no paragraph falters in describing it, and the General himself makes every effort to protrude—a long square jaw.

One presidency was won with the skilled wagging of a long forward and back jaw. Surely another can be attained on the point of a “fighting chin.”

Americans were always fond of jaws. Although at times they are glad to pay anywhere from one to a hundred dollars to see a pugnacious jaw battered by gloved fists. Several men have gained fortune and fame selling mint-flavored gum to American jaws.

The hero of a bestseller must have a square chin or the book had best seek the cellar. Every “captain of finance” possesses one—in the press—if not on his face. A collar, a shirt or a suit of clothes will not sell unless the model on the poster showing the article sticks out a beautifully chiseled chin.

Dentists are complaining that the “perfect bite” is disappearing among our American youth. The tendency to shove the lower teeth ahead of the upper set is epidemic.

The jaw is king. Attached to the “fighting face” of a General riding cock-horse on review—it may become President.

S. A. DE WITT.



### A FRESHMAN'S IMPRESSION

*The Teacher.*

*You sit there at your desk  
Fingering your papers  
Wishing withal that we were in the deep sea  
And you far from the confines of English  
And the dissection of Henry IV.*

*You ask us what he did think on occasion.  
And we, incompetent though we be, boldly tell*

*The inmost workings of his mind.  
For that, you judge us and we make  
Phi Beta Kappa—or Flunk.*

JAMES K. ANGELL.

## HOW HE DID IT!

AND it came to pass that in the city of Gotham there lived a select group of undulating high steppers in a Bevo colored house, with a subway entrance for the tradespeople. And with them dwelt their son—a sweet, lisping youth.

And the name of this scion was Reginald, and he was passing fair, with hirsute adornments on his anguished upper lip; albeit his figure lacked the fullness and broadness then in vogue which somewhat marred the symmetry of his person.

And the youth was grieved in spirit and sore vexed, and would have gnashed his teeth, but that wasn't done in the best of circles. And the big war came and mamma did certain things to certain strings at Washington and Reggie was in line for a commission as major.



And he arose one day and spake unto mamma, saying: "Alas, Ill be a fright as a major. I am too thin. I don't want to be a thin hero, and I hope their old war's a failure, so there!" And he boo-hoed.

Then his mamma, who was plump, and, moreover, had a husband who had hurdled rapidly from Beer to Burgundy, and now jingled considerable jack, gathered around her the wise men of Gotham, and lifted up her voice and spake unto them, saying:

"Confer among yourselves. Who so ever of ye that shall make for Reggie a figure which shall be grand in the eyes of the world, shall but name that price which unto him seemeth good, and he shall get it."

And the wise men departed, and they said unto one another: "Behold, he who wins will have it mighty soft." And after a few days one of them came into the presence of mamma, saying: "This thing hath thy servant done; yea, even a new figure has he found for the youth."

And mamma and Reggie gazed, and their souls rejoiced within them, and they said: "Gee-whiz!" which in the language of the day meant "That's fine, thank you."

And the wise man from Gotham, taking up the new figure, said: "Behold, it is a simple thing. The bodice has been imported from Akron, and lo, I say unto you it was smuggled into Gotham free of duty. It is of gutta percha, and the tube you gaze upon shall be blown through, until the bodice, which must be worn beneath the uniform, is full of

air. I say unto you it is air tight. Take care and, behold, it will be well with you."

And Reggie wept with joy. And he tried his new figure on, and behold, it gave him massive shoulders and a chest, n'everything. And again he said: "Gee-whiz."

And he Stutzed to Washington early every morning at eleven, and hung his figure over a chair at night. And when the privates and corporals and sergeants saw him and his big shoulders, they said: "Gosh" which in the language of the day meant, "How do they do it?"

And Reggie admired himself and liked himself, and he beat his breast and called upon the Heavens to witness that he loved Old Glory.

And he slayed in Washington until the Hun hordes were driven beyond the Rhine, and Reggy was duly recommended for a war cross by Congress and others—mostly others.

And the appointed day came, and the streets were filled with peoples from the by-ways and high-ways of Gotham to see Reggie decorated.

And in the presence of mamma, who was radiant and still plump, Reggie stood and he said unto her: "Wilt thou beam upon thy son? For, behold, he has returned from this awful war a hero."

And mamma looked on his broad shoulders and his enormous chest, and said, "Yea, willingly. Let me beam." And she bome.

And the bands played and seventy-three generals advanced to decorate Reggie. And one with a big medal spake the two words "valor" and "bravery" sixteen times, and pinned the big medal through Reggie's chest.

And lo there came a whizzing sound and it was heard all throughout the room, and a gust of wind smote the dome of the general. And they turned and saw Reggie, and, behold, his massive frame had shrunk to 45 minus nothing, and his House of Kuppenheimer hung limp about his person.

And Reggie exclaimed, "Ichabod! My war figure has departed." And he swooned and pined away. And the privates and corporals and sergeants quoth:

"Gosh!" which in the language of that day meant, "Oh, that's how they do it."

SAM O. SARCKIN.



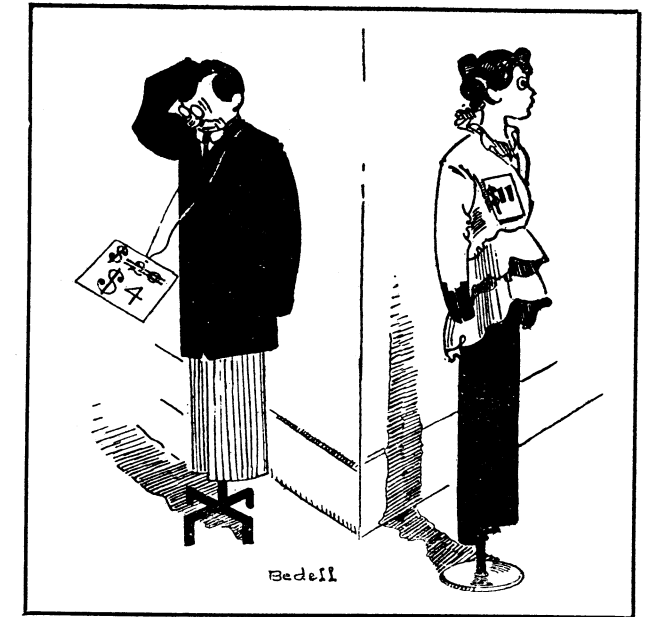
**Editor**—Sorry, but I can't purchase this joke.

**Contributor**—Why not; you bought it last year.



**Maid**—A gentleman wants to know if Mrs. Smith lives here.

**Nannie**—Have I ever been Mrs. Smith?



**Dummyland Gossip**: Clara Flounce has jilted Billy Serge because he was marked down.



**Capitalist** (to writers of breezy, snappy, risky stories): Boys, it's a pleasure to meet writers who never mix propaganda with their art,—keep it pure.



Eleanor, who swam the Hellespont? I guess it was Miss Kellerman.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Produced by ART YOUNG and Associated Enthusiasts

WEEKLY

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

October 15, 1919

### THANKS FOR THE INVITATION

THE Church Socialist League having asked G. Bernard Shaw to address them, received the following:

Dear Sir:

Your invitation to me to address an Encyclical to the Protestant Episcopal Church of America would, if I complied with it, expose us to the retort that you are not the Primate and I am not the Pope.

Besides, if the blood of millions of their fellow creatures did not move the Protestant churches to protest, nor the Catholic churches to proclaim that in the kingdom of heaven there are no frontiers, can you suppose that a few drops from my ink bottle would have any effect on them? I am duly flattered by your assumption that the men who would not listen to Christ would listen to Bernard Shaw; but the churches have come out of the war so badly that if they did listen to me now I should ask, like the Greek orator, "What foolish thing have I said?"

All the men and women in America to whom anything I could say would be likely to appeal seem to be in prison, where my words cannot reach them. If any of the few who were faithful to a religion which I, being only a connoisseur and not a devotee, do not profess, are still at large, I can only congratulate them. I can hardly congratulate the Churches on having missed a supreme oppor-

tunity; for I am afraid that supreme opportunity may prove to have been their last chance.

As I am by family tradition and baptism an Irish Protestant, perhaps I had better add that of all the ecclesiastics in our pseudo-Christendom, the Pope and the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick set an example which only a few British and American bishops had the grace to follow.

Faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

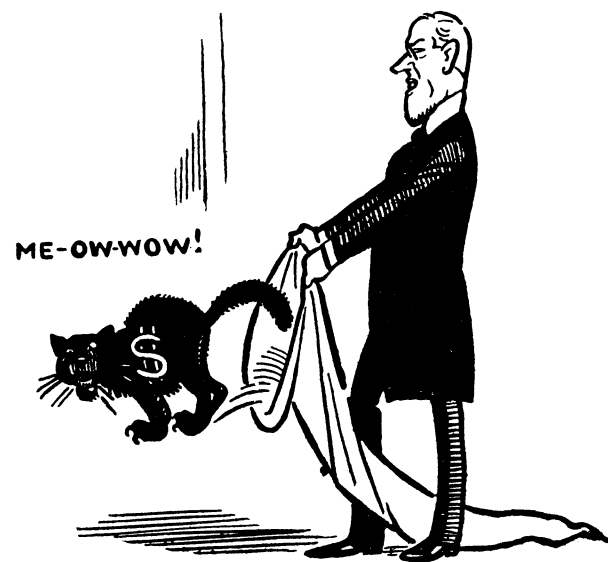
WOODROW WILSON performed one service that will forever endear him to the cause of Justice and the honest historians of the future.

He let the cat out of the bag.

"It was not a political war," said the President at St. Louis, but was "economic and commercial."

There we have it from a man who could no longer refrain from saying it. For the moment we will pass over the fact that hundreds of people were hounded, arrested and jailed for saying the same thing, by Mr. Wilson's department of justice.

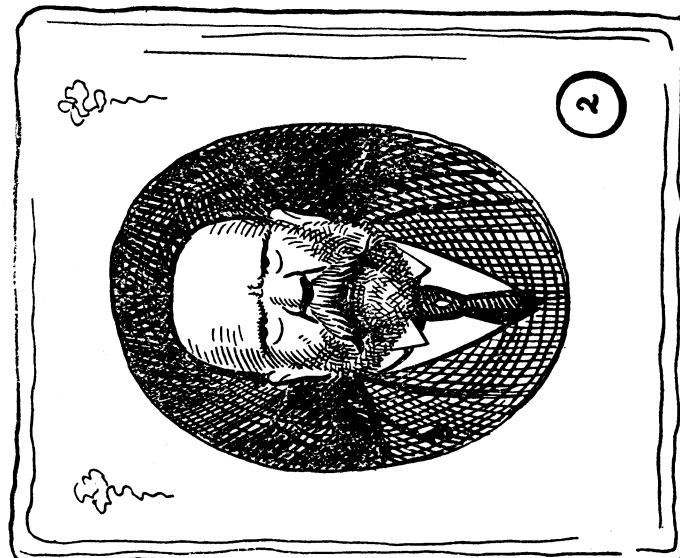
We are hoping that the President will soon recover and that he will consider it one of his first duties to let these truthful men and women out of jail.



### OUR GALLERY OF HUSBANDS



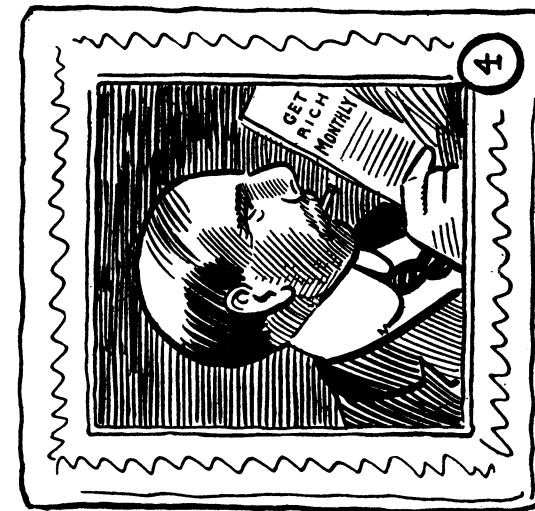
No. 1. The haunted husband. Afraid to call his soul his own.



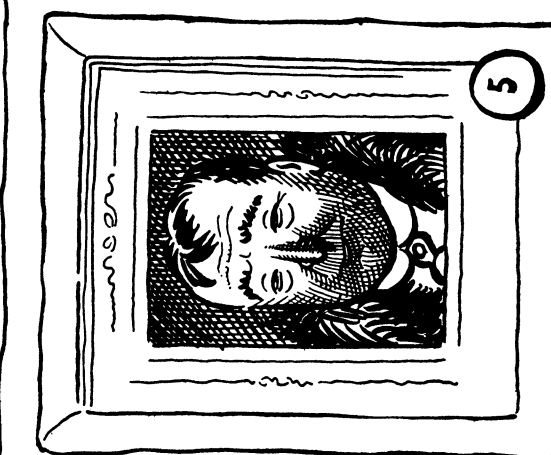
2. The husband who wants what he wants when he wants it.



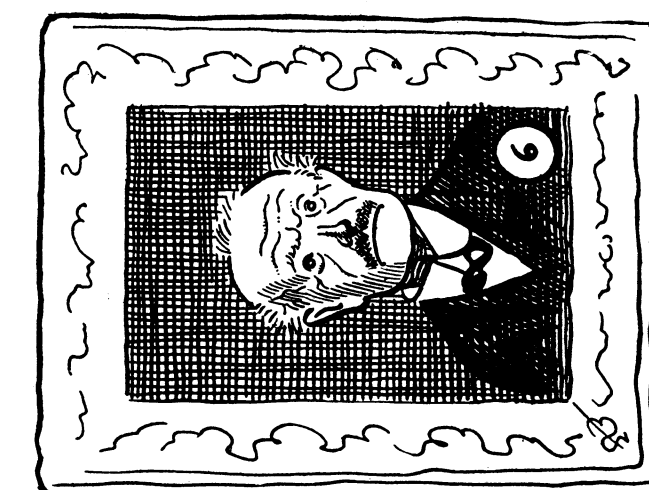
3. The husband who lies to his wife and thinks she believes it.



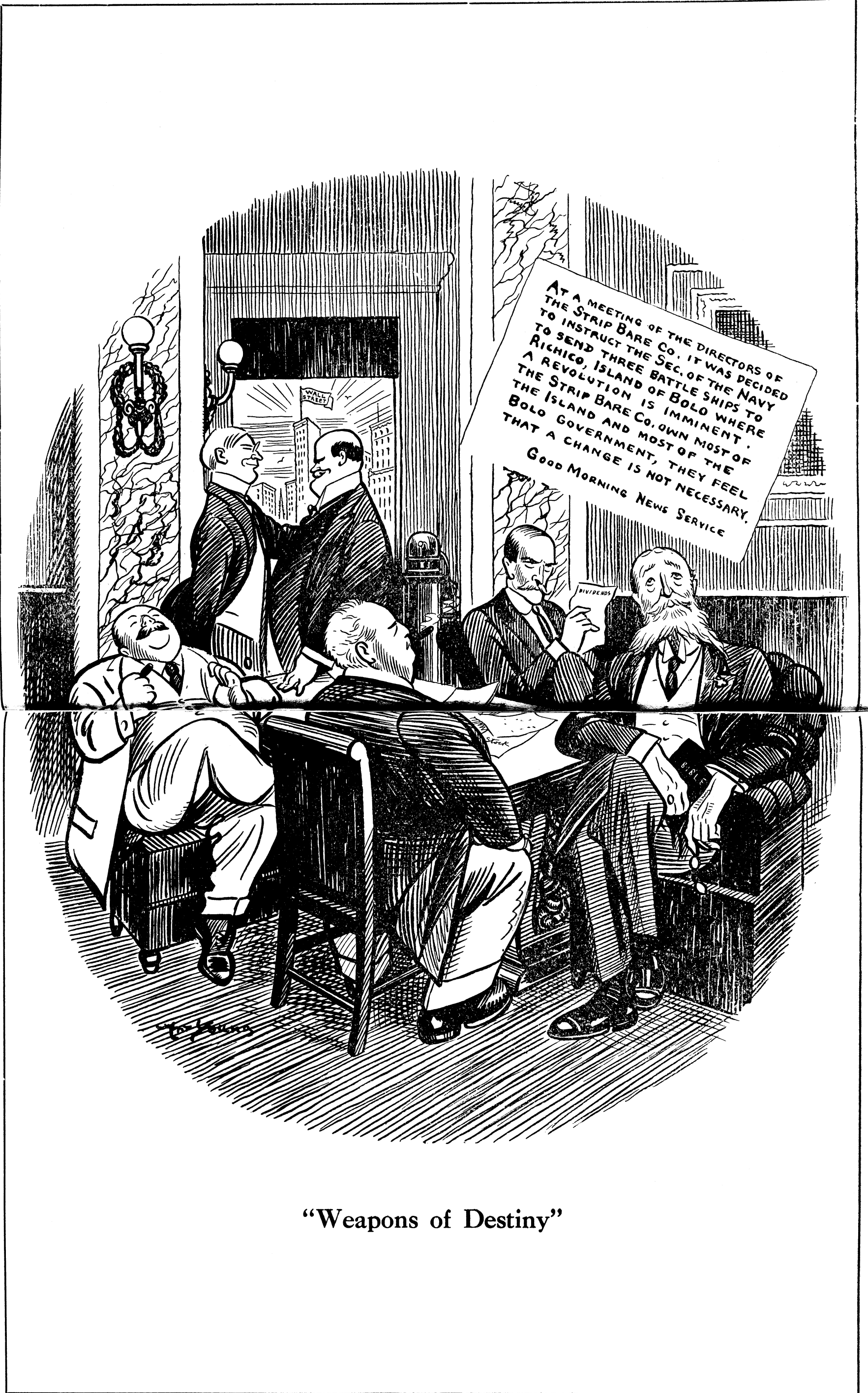
4. The husband who says: "We'll be all right. Dear, when that little deal goes



5. The husband who averages three nights a week with the boys and placates



6. And the one who stands a whole lot of nagging up to a certain point—then

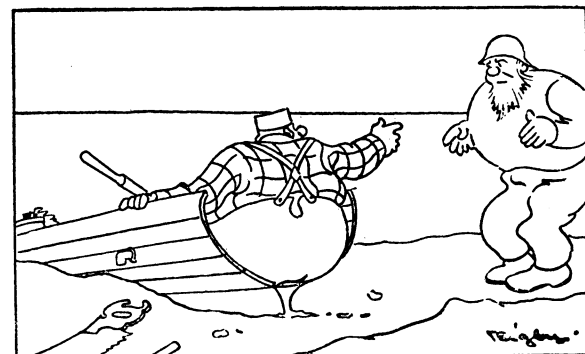


AT A MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE STRIP BARE CO. IT WAS DECIDED TO INSTRUCT THE SEC. OF THE NAVY TO SEND THREE BATTLE SHIPS TO RICHICO, ISLAND OF BOLO WHERE A REVOLUTION IS IMMINENT. THE STRIP BARE CO. OWN MOST OF THE ISLAND AND MOST OF THE BOLO GOVERNMENT, THEY FEEL THAT A CHANGE IS NOT NECESSARY.  
Good Morning News Service

“Weapons of Destiny”



*Boat Builder:* She aint quite finished. Er—I haven't put her stern in yet."



*Mr. Brown:* "Put her off, Captain,—the stern's all right!"



### THE ORATOR

*I watched the eager faces of the crowd  
Puzzled and tense and trying to understand,  
The while the speaker cut with either hand  
The sweltering air, and bending, cried aloud,  
And shook his fist, or stood erect and grand.*

*Said one, "Some spieler. What's his trouble,  
Joe?"*

*D'ye get the hang o' what he's shooting  
at?"*

*"The guy's got somethin underneath his  
hat,*

*But what's his game I'm damned, Bill, if I  
know."*

*But, Joe, he's some big bug; I'll lay to  
that."*

H. H.

*Doctor (to poor man):* You don't get enough  
air. Walk a mile every morning before break-  
fast.

*Poor man:* Whose breakfast?



*Mr. Pig:* The trouble with you, Mr. Eagle, you soar too much. I'm content to stay right down here.

### THOSE RISING PRICES

*Her Father—*My boy, you'd better call the  
engagement off; I'm sure you can't sup-  
port Genevieve adequately.

*Her Fiance—*But you agreed that my salary  
was adequate only last week.

*Her Father—*I know; but that was last  
week.

### THE REBEL'S LAUGH

(Our Own Prize Contest.)

**U**P to and including the present date "Good Morning" has made but one serious error. It absentmindedly allowed itself to be born a few years too late to father some of the very best jokes which the radical movement has offered to the world.

This oversight makes us a bit susceptible to envy when we run across gems which we think would have been vastly becoming in our own diadem.

Now what is *your* idea of the best joke that has been joked recently—say during the last century or so? Write it in to us. Tell us, too, what we should offer for first prize, Woodrow Wilson's speeches; a framed copy of an open covenant of peace openly arrived at; a picture of the Lusk Committee a-lusking around, or what?

Please write immediately. Send to the Joke Contest Editor, Care of "Good Morning." Let us know of any jokes we have been too young to know. In the meantime we name one that has at present the most votes of "Good Morning's" associated enthusiasts:

### SIC SEMPER DISSENTERS

*In the town of Hottentottenville an aged Hottentot,  
Whose name was Hottentotten-Tillypoo,  
Was feebly hottentottering around a vacant lot,  
With a vacant look upon his higgaboo.*

*Now "higgaboo" is Hottentot, as you may know,  
for "face,"*

*And to wear a vacant look upon your face is a dis-  
grace.*

*But poor old Mr. Tillyboo, he had not other place,  
Though I understand it grieved him through  
(and thru).*

*He was grubbing up potatoes in an aimless sort of  
way*

*(Which really was the only way he had),  
And an officer was watching him to hear what  
he might say,*

*And arrest him if the thing he said was bad.  
For it seems this wretched Tillypoo had gone and  
had the thought*

*That his neighbors didn't always do exactly as they  
ought;*

*And as this was rank sedition, why, they hoped to  
see him caught;*

*For it naturally made 'em pretty mad.*

*So the men of Hottentottenville, they passed a lit-  
tle law,*

*Which they called the Hotta-Shotta-Shootem  
Act,*

*Which fixed it so the postman was a kind of Grand  
Bashaw,*

*Who determined what was false and what was  
fact.*

*And the postman sentenced Tillypoo, and wouldn't  
hear his wails,*

*But kept him twenty years apiece in all the local  
jails,*

*And said he couldn't vote no more, and barred him  
from the mails,*

*And expressed the hope that this would teach  
him tact.*

*Well, the last I heard of Tilly, he was trying not to  
think,*

*And he'd tied a piece of string around his  
tongue,*

*And he never went within a mile of either pen or  
ink,*

*And he always stood when any song was sung.  
And maybe you are thinking that his fate was rather  
tough,*

*But what I say is, not a bit, they didn't do enough;  
When anybody differs with you, dammit, treat 'em  
rough;*

*Why, they ought to be bub-boiled alive and  
hung.*

CLARENCE DAY, JR.,

in *The New Republic.*



### SORROWS OF THE IDLE RICH

In spite of all the War-Work done by Mrs. Goldbags, she has not been invited to a private reception for the Queen of Belgium.

What was the use of feeding the Belgian children, if this is the way it all turns out!

## LITTLE ARCHIE STEVENSON

*With apologies to "Orphant Annie."*

(Be it known that Archie Stevenson is the arch-sleuth of the Lusk Committee. He can run down a liberal-thinker blindfolded.)

*Little Archie Stevenson came here to stay,  
To sweep the agitators out and keep the  
Reds away,  
To shoo-oo the revolutions off and put the  
folks to sleep,  
And chase the I. W. W. and earn his board  
and keep.  
But when we hear the soap-box a-shrieking  
in the dusk,  
And the bombs begin to rattle in the brain  
of Papa Lusk,  
And the head-lines flare and flicker, and we  
dream about the Hun,—  
We huddle in committees and have the most-  
est fun,  
A-listenin' to the witch-tales that Archie tells  
about—  
For the Bolsheviks'll git you ef you don't—  
watch—out!*

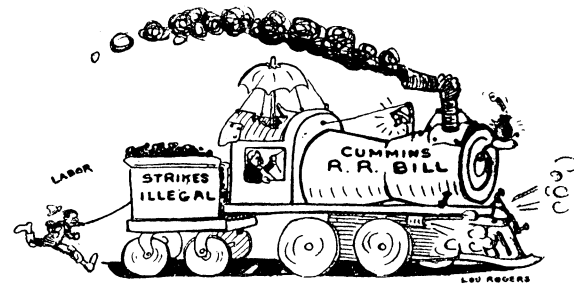
*Once there was a working-class that wouldn't  
say its prayers;  
It mocked at all its masters, and it shocked  
its millionaires,  
But when it waved the red flag, and the  
neighbors ran to hide,  
There was two-big-black-things a-standing'  
by its side;  
The one it was a Trotsky and the other a  
Lenine,—  
And when the neighbors peeped again, no  
master could be seen,  
And you couldn't find a millionaire in all  
that land about,—  
For the Bolsheviks'll git you ef you don't—  
watch—out!*

*So you'd better mind your manners and your  
masters kind and true,  
And vote for all the millionaires who make  
the jobs for you;  
And don't you wear a red tie, and don't you  
go on strike,  
And don't you join a union that the old man  
doesn't like,—*

*But when the boss comes riding by, throw up  
your hats and shout,—*

*Or the Bolsheviks 'll git YOU, TOO, ef you  
DON'T—WATCH—OUT!!*

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN.



Too Late

## SUCCESS STORY CONTEST

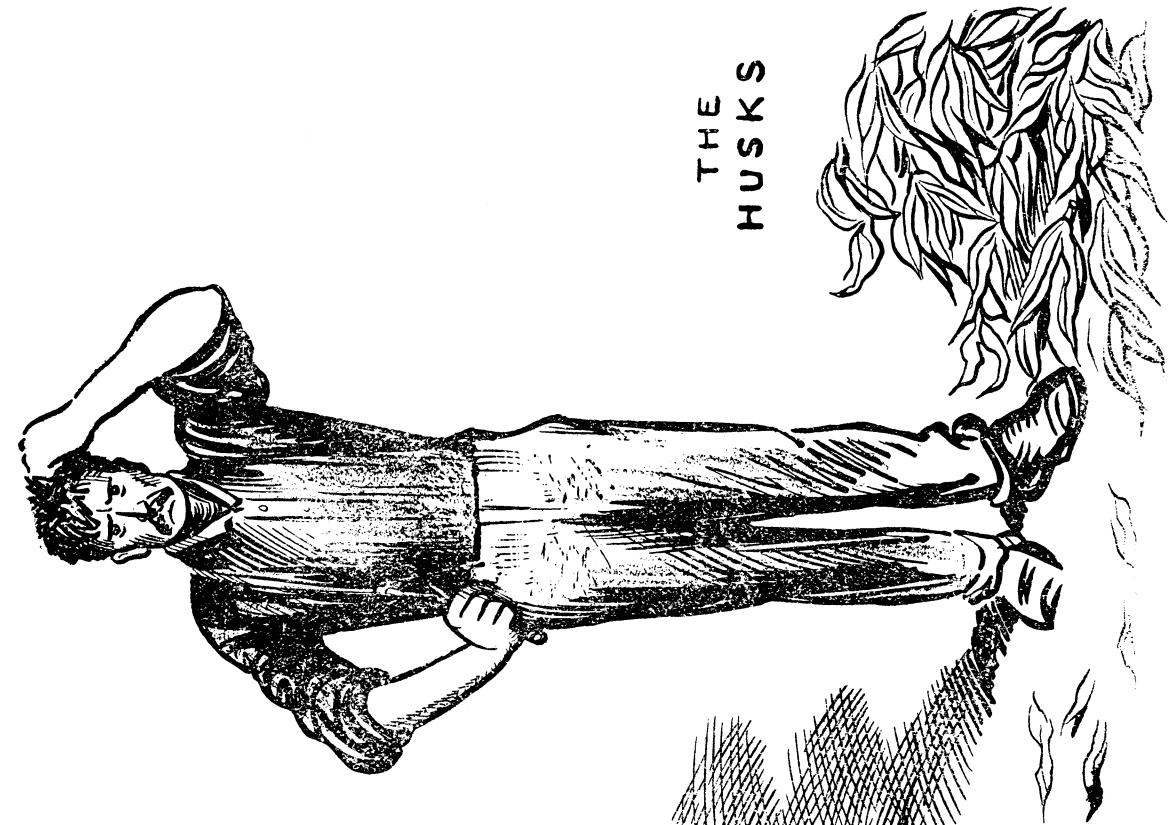
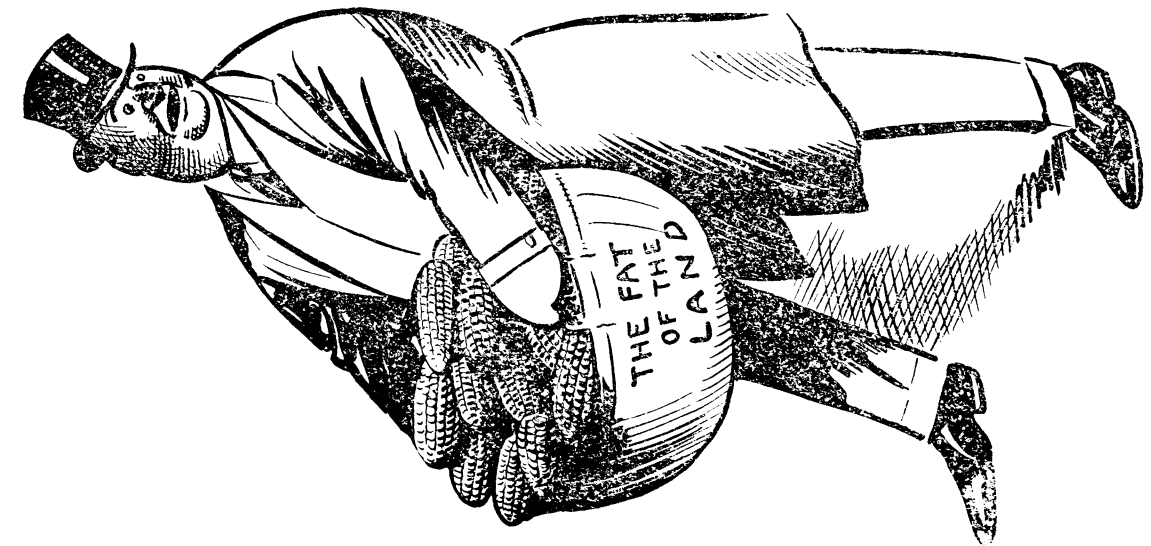
Entry No. 826,435

*With acknowledgement but no apology to  
the American Magazine.*

Dear Editor:

**U**N**TIL** a couple of years ago I was a lazy girl and I used to get tired in the canning plant after working ten or eleven hours a day. Then one night I saw your magazine with all those success stories. The one about the stenographer who studied manicuring at night and gets to be the wife of a railroad president opened my eyes and showed me that I could advance myself too. I got a night position as a rubber in a Turkish Bath, and on Sundays, after I delivered papers for the News Company I stood outside a cigar store the rest of the day and asked the gentlemen for their coupons when they came out. The first six months I saved enough to buy cod liver oil and iron tonic to last for the winter and collected enough coupons to get examined by a big specialist, and in this second year I have worked so hard and done so well (I was usher in a movie on holidays too) that I can now pay my car fare to the consumption sanitarium. I am so happy and I hope I will win your prize, because they tell me that I will have to pay the railroad in advance to send my body back home.

Yours for success,  
JENNIE NULL.



The Boss: Don't think; stay on the job.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



If people would work harder we would not have so much unrest.

EXPOSED

A Comment on the Oct. 1st Number of "Good Morning."

Dear Editor:

I MARVEL at the versatility of Art Young. His interior on page 5 is of the Orson Lowell school; his "Sinbad," Otho Cushing at his best (or as some think worst); his E. W. Kemble on page 4 is perfect. But what I like most is the "Head of a Child Modelled from Butter" on page 11. It takes me back to the old St. Louis Fair.

Yours,

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

COMPENSATION

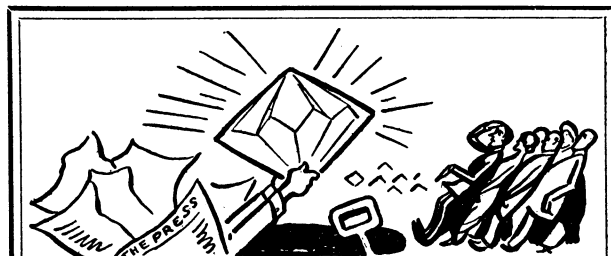
ONCE upon a time there was a Man traveling to a beautiful city. As he hastened along from day to day across moor and hill his mind was filled with thoughts of how to expedite his journey. While thus absorbed one day he fell into a ditch and broke both legs. In his agony he managed to roll over on his back and his eye was attracted by a star. He fell to admiring it and then to wondering about it and, his mind thus occupied, he forgot his pain. From admiration and wonder of the star he passed to reflection on his experience. To think, he said, that if I hadn't broken my legs I might never have noticed that star! And then in a murmur of philosophic exstasy, O, if I'd only broken my neck!

—Walter C. Hunter.



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AGENTS!

You will be surprised. Write to GOOD MORNING 7 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



OUR OWN ENCYCLOPEDIA THE HORNET.

In summer the Hornet has a lot of fun.

But not in the winter. The stinger with which he stung is frost-bitten. His enthusiasm is gone, and he tries to find a warm place for himself.

The hornet's other name is "hired journalist." During the summertime of his career he inhabits a newspaper office. In the winter time of his career, —any place he can crawl into.

A Package of Sunbeams

In response to numerous requests for former issues of Good Morning, we will send five copies of our own selection upon receipt of 25 cents.

Address: 7 East 15th Street, New York City

To YOUNG INDIA

1400 Broadway, New York City.

I want to know more about England's game in India, about the millions who have been killed by famines and diseases caused by English Capitalism.

I am in sympathy with Young India's struggle for freedom and wish you every success in your efforts.

Please send me a copy of the latest issue of your monthly. Enclosed you will find 15c. in stamps.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Special Notice

To 3 Months' Subscribers Who Began With the First Issue.

Dear Subscriber to GOOD MORNING:

With last week's issue of Good Morning you have received 12 numbers, or three months' subscription.

We thank you for patience during the time Good Morning was not published.. We have resumed with more enthusiasm than ever. Send one dollar to extend your subscription for another three months, or \$3.00 for a year.

Please put me down on your books for another three months of GOOD MORNING. Enclosed find one dollar.

Please put me down on your books for a year's subscription to GOOD MORNING. Enclosed find \$3.00.



# Good Morning !

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