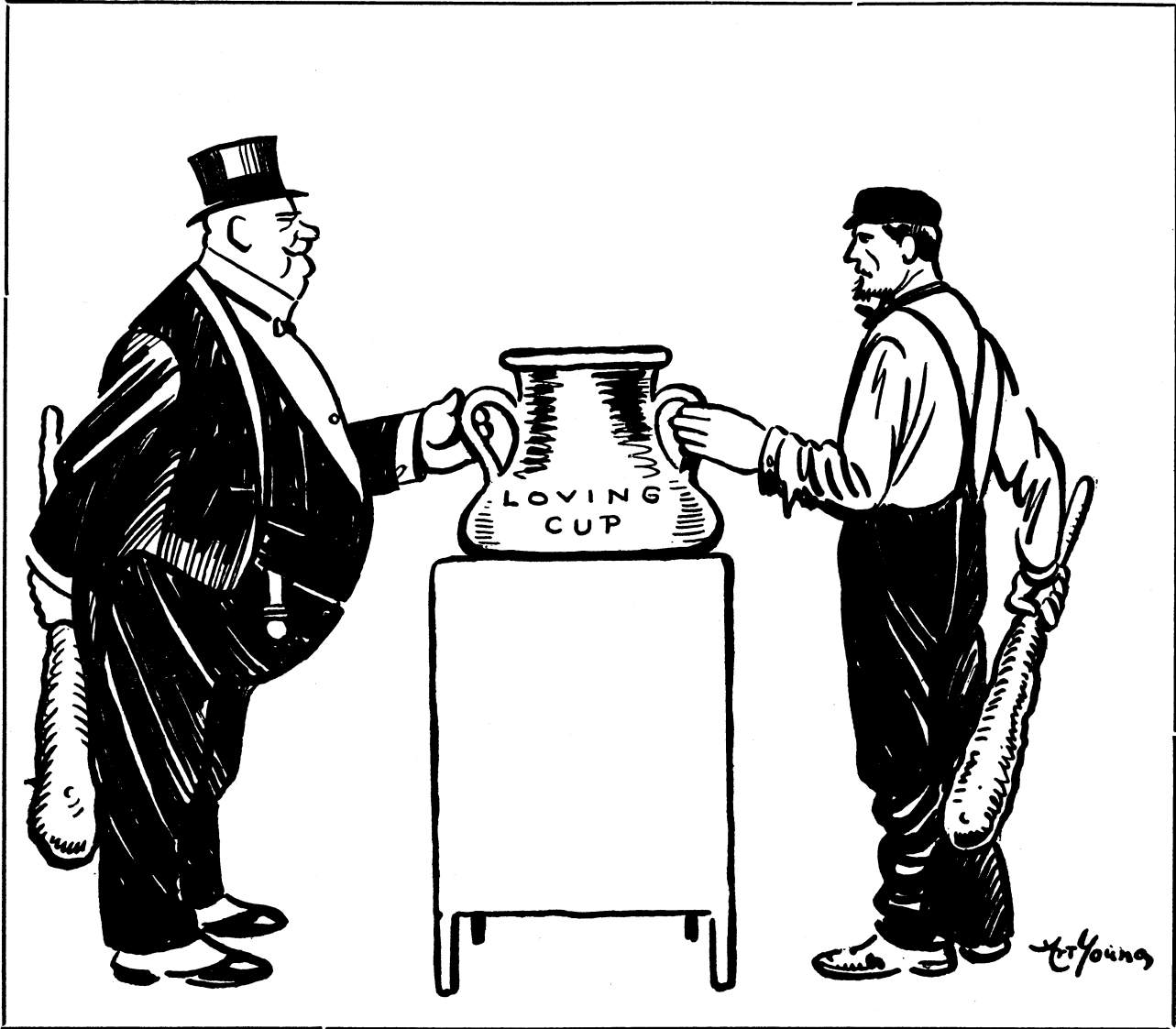


Art Young Number

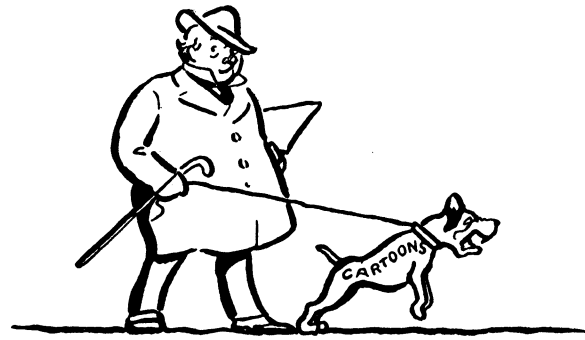
TEN CENTS



January 1, 1920.



Love One Another



To You: Merry Christmas and  
Happy Days.

**G**OOD MORNING gets lots of spiritual comfort from far and near, but what we most need, with printing, paper and engraving bills staring at us, weekly, is cash.

Good Morning has arrived at the threshold of 1920 and at this season of giving, doesn't mind telling its readers of its material needs. Of course we want more subscriptions, but we will be glad to receive slippers, neckties, a tub of drawing ink, hose (size 11), nuts, raisins and other things we usually present to ourselves. But we would carol one of those sweet peans of joy if someone would gladden this New Year with a large-sized check for

**GOOD MORNING.**

*This for Yearly*

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

Send GOOD MORNING for one year to

Name .....

Address .....

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

*This for Three Months*

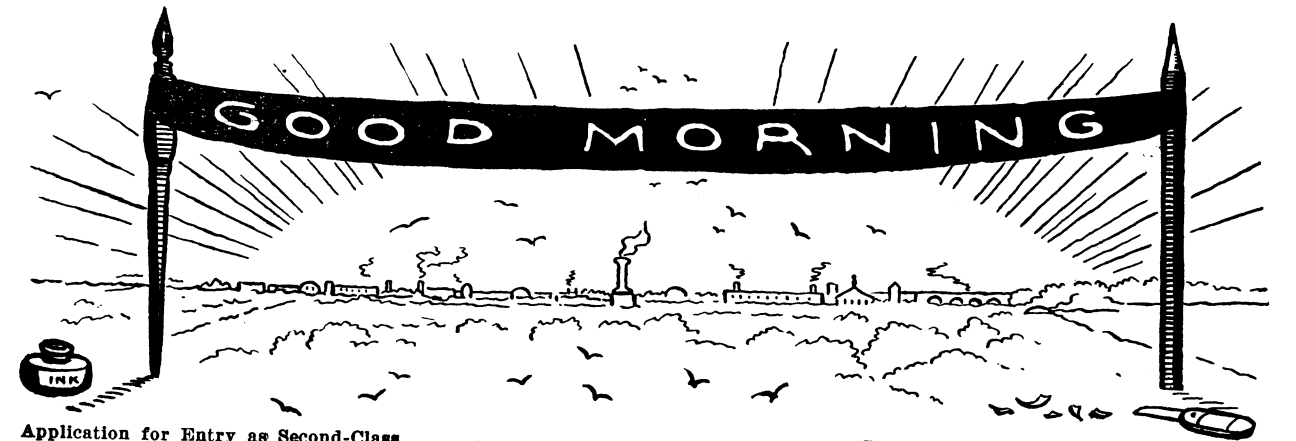
Inclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.25).

Send GOOD MORNING for 3 months to

Name .....

Address .....

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



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, January 1, 1920.

10 CENTS A COPY.

No. 16.

**The Capitalist Credo**

I believe in the eternal law of supply and demnad,  
And that competition is the life of trade.  
In the sanctity of the Chamber of Commerce  
And the divine power of the Stock Exchange;  
May their patron saints, Morgan, Rockefeller  
And Nicholas Murray Butler have life ever  
lasting,  
For they are the annointed and their word is  
inviolate.  
In the game of trade, get thy brother before  
he gets thee;  
To the end that our doctrine of the "Survival  
of the fittest"  
Be maintained down to eternity.

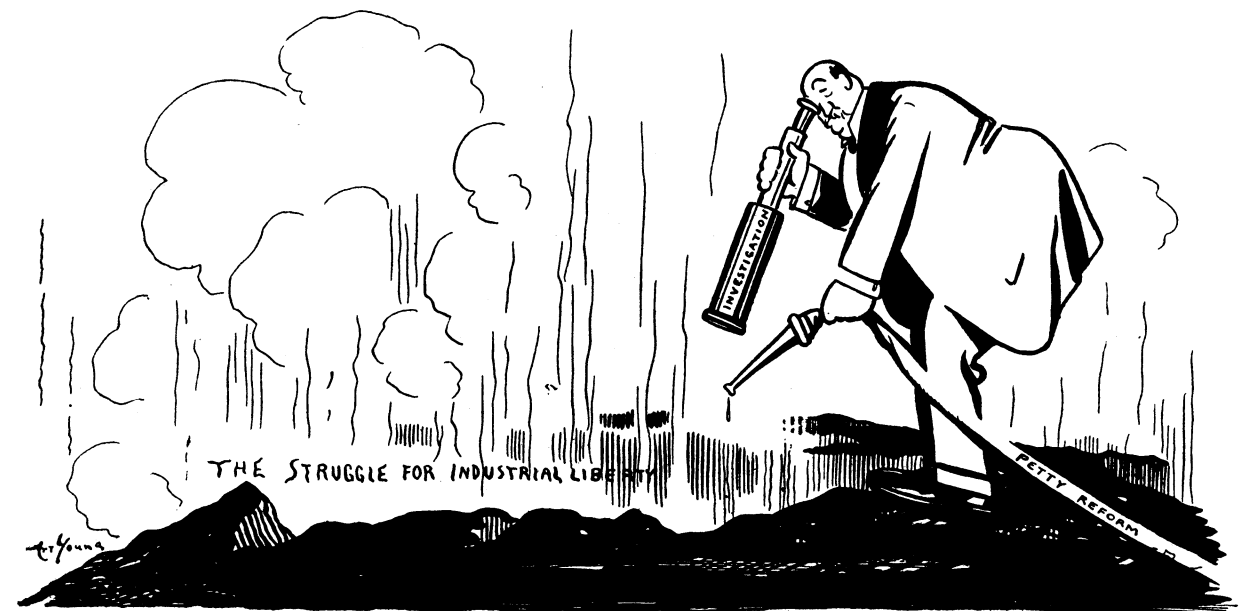
Let not thy conscience trouble thee and have  
compassion  
On none, for all mankind must inevitably be  
saved thru the  
Y. M. C. A., the philosophy of pep and the  
gospel of Advertising.

A. S.

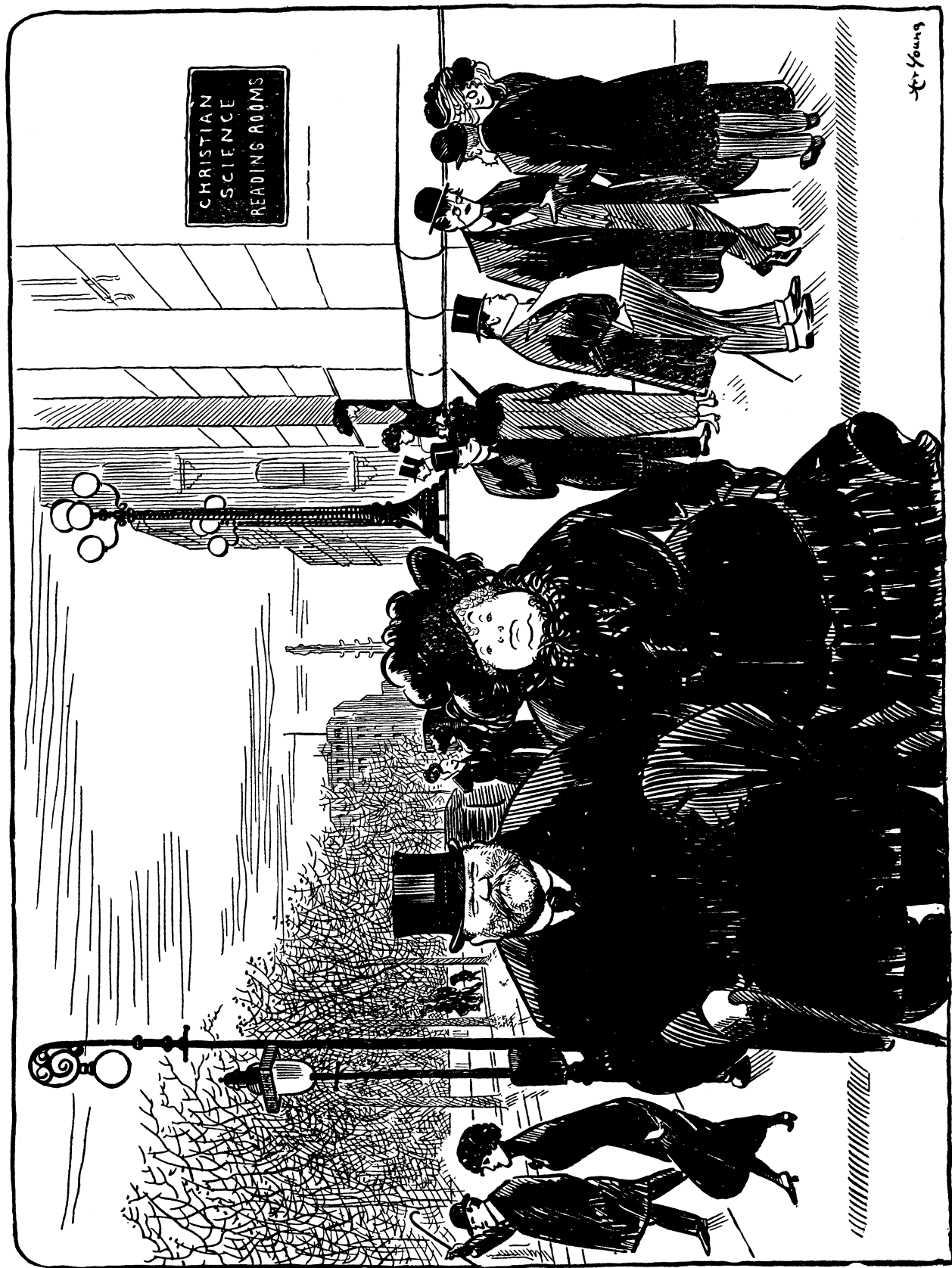
Two New York radicals were elected to the  
Italian Chamber of Deputies.—Get deported.

**If Lincoln Should Come Back**

"Who is that talking?"  
"They call him Abe."  
"Oh, one of those East Side Bolsheviks,  
I suppose."



**Investigating The Volcano**  
Mr. Bourgeois' Favorite Pastime



Mrs. Fedwell: "But my dear, we are not material; we are spiritual."



Mr. Rabbit: I understand that some of you ladies have very few children. There's Mrs. Cow, for instance, who I am told only has one a year. Now that is all wrong. Last year at our home, Mrs. Rabbit and I had sixty-three children and we are proud of them.



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Produced by ART YOUNG and  
Associated Enthusiasts  
WEEKLY

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

January 1, 1920.

## THE RELIGION OF THE PRESS

Following the Horace Greeley period of American Journalism, American editors began the building up of a commercial aristocracy. Like Muezzins from the temple tower, they called the people to prayer and devotion to the money makers.

For fifty years this adulation of Industrial captains, this glorification of the rich has been the key-note of the American Press.

It was not public service that the youth was to admire, but the ability to get rich. Not what to put into the world, but what to get out of it.

A commercial lord, no matter how ignorant, no matter how acquisitive, or dark and despicable his methods, was a news feature at all times. If a Vanderbilt had a cold, it would be chronicled all over the front page.

Not to have money, was to be nobody.

And now that there is a demand on the part of labor organizations to get more money — and still more money—for laboring men, the Muezzins are shocked.

"Some way must be found besides strikes to settle differences between capital and labor," wails the Muezzin.

After the High Priests have made money-worship a religion and an ideal, it is really too bad that those who do most of the world's work should get it into their heads that money is what they want, just money,—**more** money.

A. Y.

### Condemned

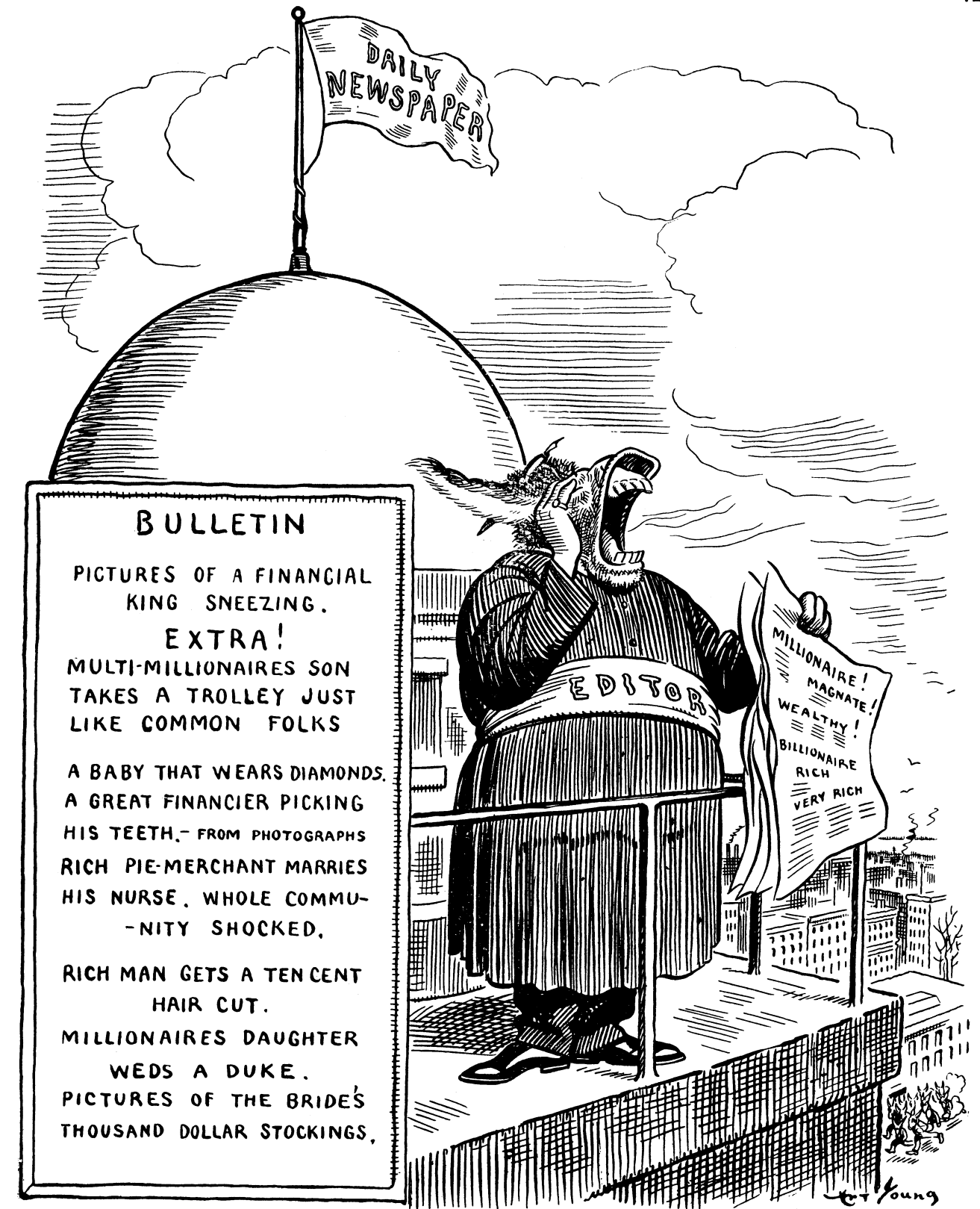
*When history, now making,  
By men, is written down,  
Who finger facts and measure acts  
Unmoved by threat or frown,  
With Truth the only yardstick  
By which to gauge the tale  
I wouldn't like to be the man  
Who keeps 'Gene Debs in jail.*

"When those who do the work own the machines, when those who toil control the inventions, then and not till then can the world be civilized or free."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

One of the homeliest men that ever was sent to Congress, was Wm. Burke, from a Wisconsin lumber district.

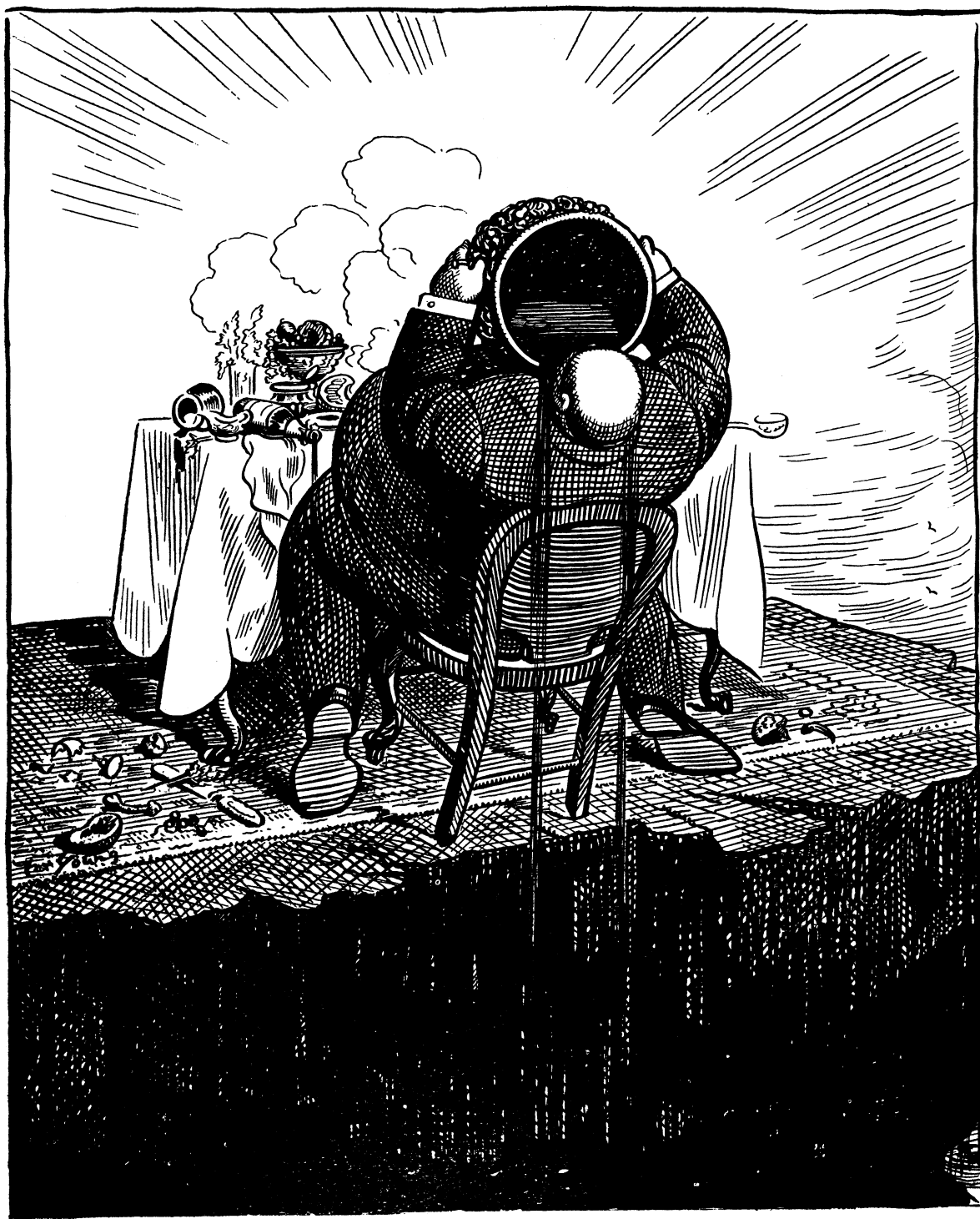
Addressing an audience in the heat of a rough campaign, he said: "My opponent says I am two-faced. If I had two faces, fellow citizens, I certainly wouldn't bring this one with me."

This issue of GOOD MORNING is dated January 1, 1920 to catch up with our belated publishing. GOOD MORNING is intended to be a weekly, but the struggle, due to the high cost of production, makes it difficult to run on schedule time.



The Religion of the Press

(See Editorial)



**CAPITALISM**

"The Last Supper"

**CAESAR LOOKS OVER MAIL**  
8 O'CLOCK

**CAESAR CHATS WITH TRAIANO**  
8 O'CLOCK

**CAESAR ENTERS THE SENATE**  
9:30 O'CLOCK

**CAESAR ADDRESSING SENATE**

**MARC ANTONY**  
POLITICIAN  
NAME UNKNOWN

**THE ASSASSINATION**  
FROM  
CABLE  
DESCRIPTION

**MARCUS BRUTUS - CASSIUS**  
ALIAS 'THE BRUTE' ALIAS 'SKINNY'

**PROMINENT SUSPECTS**

**CAESAR'S FORMER BRITISH**

**THE KIND OF DAGER USED.**

**C.J. CAESAR**  
WHO WAS KILLED IN ROME  
YESTERDAY MORNING

**MARC ANTONY**  
CALLED 'HANDSOME MARC'

Art Young

The Death of Caesar, As It Might Have Been Pictured by a Modern Newspaper





### Young's Night Thoughts

ONE night recently I stood for a moment outside the iron fence looking in at the White House. The huge lamp above the portal was swinging slightly with the wind like a pendulum, and I wondered if the President would leave this house as happily as when he went in over four years ago. On the day of his first election, you may remember, Mr. Wilson walked to the polls in Princeton, N. J., whistling. It is one of those obvious truths that happiness depends on one's ability to remain faithful with one's self. How to do it in a world of conflicting interests that press for compromise is the problem of every human being in some degree. How to keep the inviolability of your own soul, so that you will feel like whistling when you go into a serious situation, and again when you come out; that requires strength of character and a peculiar genius. If a man of affairs can whistle after he has passed his sixtieth year, he's doing pretty well.

Note: The above is reprinted from Art Young's Washington correspondence to the Metropolitan Magazine. It was published in May, 1917, after Mr. Wilson's second election to the presidency.

### Well?

THE raid on the I. W. W. at ten o'clock on the night of Nov. 15th at their headquarters, 115 East 10th Street, New York City, resulted in the wounding of twelve members seriously and of the fifty who were reading, playing checkers and conversing at the time, all were badly beaten.

Revolvers were held against Editor L. S. Chumley's breast and Mayor Hylan's brave bomb squad, armed with black-jacks and clubs, beat up the defenceless members ranging from sixteen to sixty years of age.



They huddled together for mass protection, but finally wedged out singly or in groups to the street, bleeding and wounded.



On the following night, all except those in the hospital and those who could not walk, were back in their devastated headquarters battered and bandaged to resume their reading, checkers, and conversation where they left off.

IF a nation sows dragon's teeth it naturally expects to reap posies.

### Election News

ACCORDING to the final count, just completed, of the official returns in the recent New York City election, Arthur Young, candidate for Alderman in the fifth district, was defeated.

Mr. Young was seen by reporters representing the Associated, The United, The National, and International Press in his luxurious apartment overlooking the Plaza, Central Park and the Zoo. Asked if he wished to make a statement on the result, Mr. Young lit a well known 82 cent cigar and said: "I have just begun to fight." I have been a candidate successively for the New York State Senate, for the Assembly and the City Aldermanic Chamber. Next election time I hope to be nominated for Deputy Sheriff or some other office that is consistent with this sliding scale of dignified and progressive statesmanship.



Mr. Young Is Interviewed

"I was defeated in this election, my friends assure me, not because of any lack of ability, but merely to a lack of votes, attributed in part to the weather and to my reluctance to making a whirlwind campaign. Next time I

am nominated I intend to whirl every day from Bowling Green to the Bronx.

"I am convinced that many people forgot to vote for me and others didn't know I was running."

Close political friends of Mr. Young said that he received the news of his defeat with a stoical calm, and that he did not lose a moment's sleep during this critical test of his public career.

There is no concealment, however, of disappointment by Mr. Young's close political advisers, who expected Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue to roll up a big majority for the well-known statesman.

Mr. Young spent the day wiring friends, who had watched his campaign with keen interest from afar. To all he sent the following telegram (collect): "The heart of the world is broken but I'm still running."

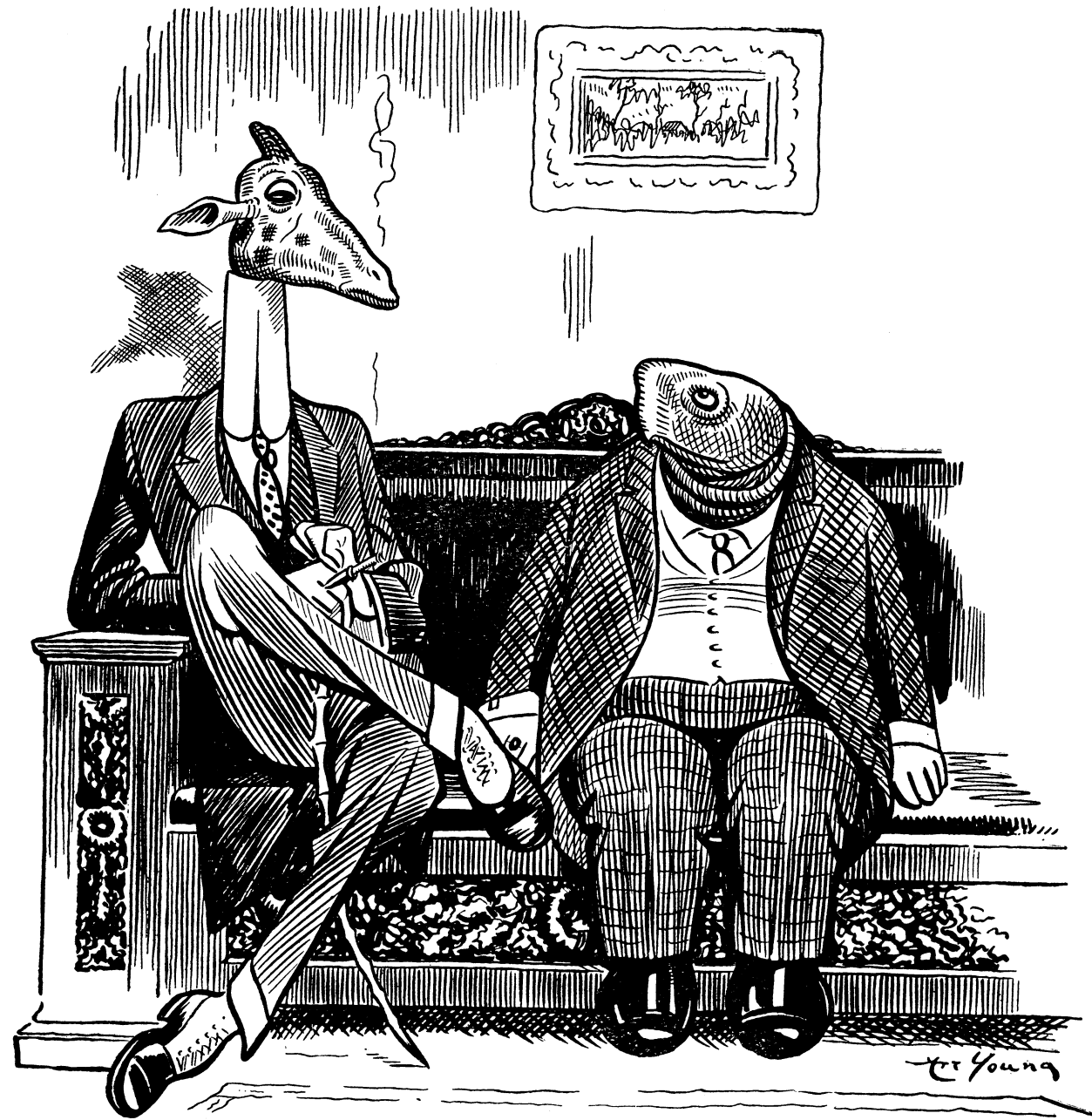
### The Great Change

*When they shipped me home from Brest  
With some shrapnel in my chest  
And a bayonet wound a-biting at my leg  
I was feted, I was dined,  
I was motor-car'd and wined  
And they said, "Here's looking at you,  
good old egg."*

*But it ain't the same to-day,  
As I pass I hear them say,  
"There goes that dirty traitor, damn his soul."  
You see I'm striking now  
And they're kicking up a row  
'Cause I'm holding up their profits on their coal.*

*It sure is very strange  
When you figure out the change  
Since the time when I came back from over sea.  
I'd a feeling all along  
There was something mighty wrong  
But, by God I never dreamt that it was me.*

EX-SERGEANT, M. C., U. S. A.

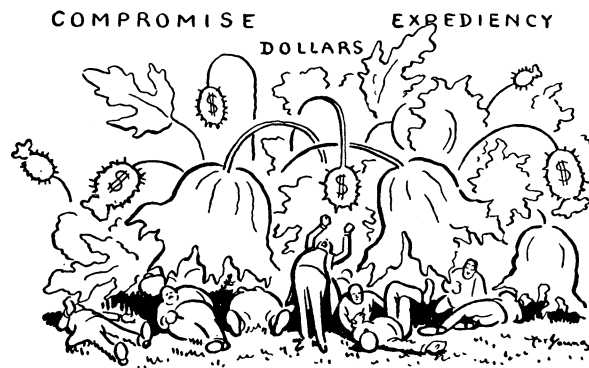


**That Point of View**

Mr. Giraffe: When I look around me and see the misery there is in the world, I am appalled!  
 Mr. Turtle: Say, when you see anything disagreeable, pull your head in!

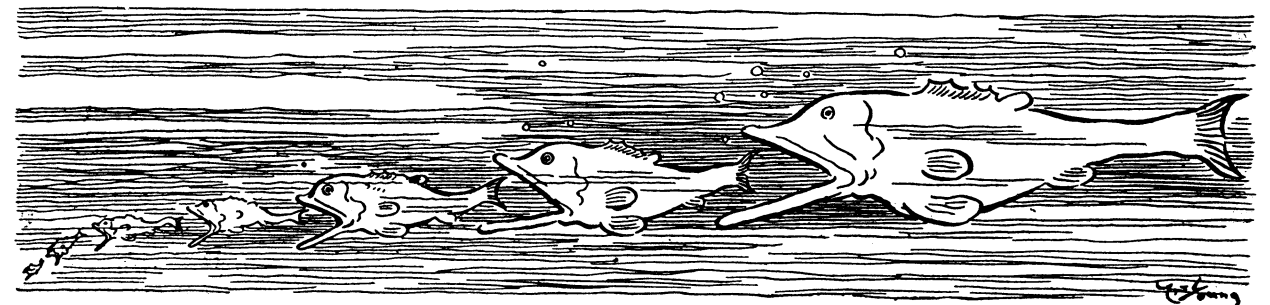


"I Gorry, I'm tired!"  
 "There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're wurkin' in a nice cool sewer!"



**Our Primer**

This is the poppy garden of politics where men forget their ideals. Are they to blame? Yes, but not so much to blame as the system that keeps the garden flourishing.



**BUSINESS**

LAY NOT UP TREASURES ON EARTH



While God Wasn't Looking



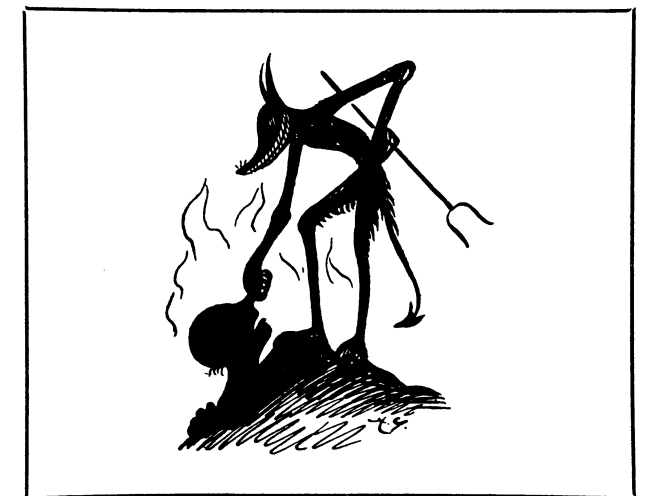
Painter: All that I have accomplished in my art has been due to the struggle for the necessities of life.

Cartoonist: That's the way to talk. If the cost of living goes high enough you'll be a great painter some day.

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says:  
 You have to pay for  
 brains—and if he were  
 a millionaire he would  
 buy all he could get.



Ain't It Hell?

With Permission

Other cartoonists and writers with individual style and original point of view, will in time add unique variety to the pages of GOOD MORNING.

Until a working staff can be mobilized, we are fortunate in having cartoons by Art Young, that he managed to rescue from the second-hand market. They

were published at a time when a little radicalism was tolerated by our commercial aristocracy. Some of these are reprinted by the kind permission of the publishers of magazines in which they first appeared, and for which our thanks have been given.

GOOD MORNING.



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