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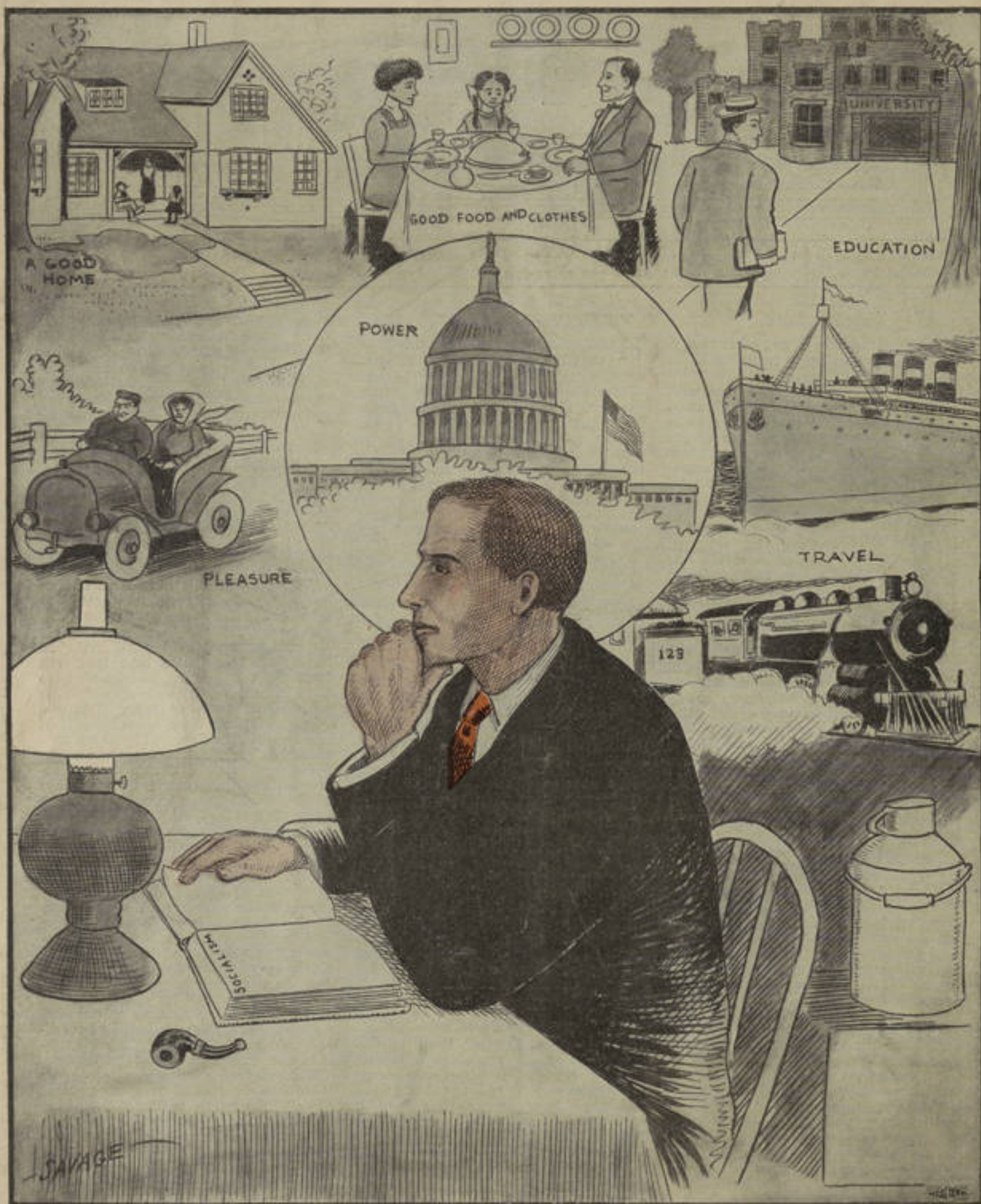
# HOPE

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Vol. I

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No. 1



LABOR: "Some day I will enjoy these things I produce!"



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Editor & Publisher

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VOL. I. NO. 1.

### OUR HOPE.

OUR introductory, out of modesty, and particularly from lack of space, must be a short one.



We are here with our little publication to cheer, but also to educate. We intend to give our readers each month something that will tend to point out a way from the evils that now exist and yet in doing this we will try to maintain our poise and cheerful temper. We are anxious to draw the masses to the cause of international brotherhood. Over 85 million people in this great country of ours, are plodding helplessly along in the cheerless monotony of the daily grind, without true comradeship, without pleasure, without Hope. If we can drive away dull care for an hour or so, once a month, and leave their minds in a better condition to struggle out of the jungle of Capitalism then our Hope and mission will not be in vain.

### THE CONVENTION.

TO an Old Party politician, a national convention without booze, brass bands and a lot of frenzied hullabaloo over the nomination of a candidate for presidency, is worse than an egg without salt. He cannot see how "going through the motions" will accomplish anything. The Socialist national convention, which meets this month, sans nominations, sans booze and brass bands, sans hot air and everything but party business is something more than a pantomime of a real occurrence. It is the real thing. NOW is the time for well laid plans and definite political action—not a few weeks before the befuddled workingman is asked to put his bid in for four years more of the fool dinner pail.

### VICTORY—THE CHANTECLER.

HOW shrill the clarion notes of that beautiful old bird. It is indeed, strange and sweet to the ears of the old-time Socialist, weary from the dark night of defeat to be roused from the gloom of defeated hopes, by the echoing crow of Victory, the chantecler of the New Day, which is already bursting forth into light. The awakening is at hand. Dreams on'y will be laid aside, for the time to work has come. Let us be as serene in victory as we were in defeat and



East and West, North and South buckle down to broader efforts. It will be a pleasant task now that the dawn is breaking and the voice of Victory has been heard.

### MOVING DAY.

THE poor we have with us always," saith the Good Book. Not so, in these days of exploitation. Moving day comes often enough to scatter the victims of wage-slavery before they have scarce time enough to form the nucleus of any social or political organization. THERE'S A REASON. Capitalism with its shifting jobs and dark, gloomy flats is like a vast checkerboard. The wage

slave and his family the pawns. "If I don't move," reasons the wage slave "the landlord will jump me, in higher rent, less privileges and so on." But if I do move," he meditates further, "some other landlord will jump me, but perhaps not so hard." So he



moves and the moving man, the real estate agent, with the tricky, one-sided lease and all other hangers-on of our checkerboard system chuckle in glee and mark their profits up another notch.

Another thing about this evil. In nearly all large cities, the landlords have agreed among themselves to have a certain moving day. It is usually the First of May. Ironclad leases are made with tenants to hold them until this day. Then there is a scramble for flats, moving vans, etc. Moving prices are doubled, rents increased and the renter is at the mercy of the exploiter in every way. But even that is not all. Many families having infectious diseases will move from a flat, leaving, of course, their deadly germs clinging to the wall paper, woodwork and elsewhere as a sort of reception committee to welcome the new tenant, who moves in sometimes only an hour after the infected ones move out, and it is often weeks before some landlords will clean or redecorate the germ-ridden flat. In the meantime, unless the new tenant and his family have the wonderful power of resistance to physical suffering, which is attributed to members of the working class, have probably succumbed to some fatal disease. This enforced moving day is not the joke that the topical song, or professional joke-smith pictures it to be, but is one of the system's worst political and social evils, as it not only disenfranchises the working class voter, but jeopardizes the health and life of his family as well.



THE CONVENTION MAGNET



As we hear so much about the "mental strain" of the capitalist, and as the worker is popularly supposed to only suffer physically —



Why not exchange places and equalize things up a bit?

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY



# IDEAL TYPES OF LABOR

By MATTHEW WILLIAMSON

## NUMBER ONE

## THE TEAMSTER



Wife, (laying down the daily paper)—  
Hubby, what's Wall Street?  
Hubby—The street in New York where  
almost all the residents go to the wall.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"If you were an honest, patriotic workingman and had just received your little yellow, weekly pay envelope with its \$11.50 in real money in it, and was wending your way homeward to the wife and the kiddies and a great big lazy bum would jump out from a dark alley and relieve you of your little pile, wouldn't it make you sore? Of course, it would. How foolish to ask. Yet if you were the above mentioned workingman, honest, etc., and produced about \$99.50 in value each week and the boss, who didn't do a thing but sit around and smoke cigars and look important, relieved you of \$88 of it

before giving you your little \$11.50, wouldn't you get your dander up?"

"Um, why, er—of course, you see that's different. That's business. You can't blame the boss. He's a good fellow and has to look out for his interests and besides he owns the place and everything and anyhow I'd do the same thing if I got the chance—of course, I know I won't get the chance, but I would if I could, but you must excuse me, I must be going—do you know what the Cubs scored today?"

Poor Old Mother Earth! Between Halley's comet and Teddy, the Triumphant, it is all she can do to keep her face straight.

Some makers of fashions and cigarettes for the "uppah clawsses" are the real mourners of the late departed Edward VII. It will be hard (for a time) to get another good trade-mark.

Our idea of a good town for a workingman to live in—M-lw--k-e!

Why not summon the weather man before the grand jury? There is a great shortage in the warm weather department.

It is funny how many working folks don't own their home, when most any landlord will tell you he has a "hard time" to keep ALL of his numerous places occupied. There seems to be enough homes to go around at any rate.



"A SPOILED CHILD."

## "HOPE"

What Some Representative Socialists Say



THE workers of our city are its most valuable asset. We will promote the well-being of this class of citizens, safeguard health, check any tendency to encroach upon such few rights as the workers still enjoy, and wherever possible extend for them the opportunity of life."—EMIL SEIDEL, Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee.

THERE is much hope for Socialism in America because the people are thinking less about the 'sweet bye and bye,' and so much more about the 'sweet now and now.'"—NICHOLAS KLEIN.

THE modern class struggle differs from similar struggles of former epochs inasmuch as ours is more subtle and more intense. However, this does not imply that it is impossible to bring about the new civilization without recourse to the bloody and barbaric methods of former ages. My contention is based upon the fact that for the first time in the history of humanity the subjugated class has the same political rights and the same political basis as the ruling class. The modern proletariat has the ballot as has the ruling class, and this power, together with the economic organization of the working class, ought to make it possible to bring about a peaceable solution of the great question. The peaceable way must by all means be given a full and fair trial."—VICTOR L. BERGER, Alderman-at-Large, Milwaukee.

HOPE for the workers or for Socialism in America? Why, man, there is nothing but hope. To be sure we have just started and while it reminds me a little bit of the song, "Everybody Works But Father," nevertheless, we are on the road to big things. Taft, the Supreme Court, corrupt political machines, the Cossacks, the law, industrial accidents, industrial conditions, and even prosperity is working overtime helping us out. Why I never saw such a lot of joyful toilers and such a lot of divergent principles and policies and men laboring to advance the cause. And if we sometimes feel we have to kick father because he won't work as hard as we like and if we must still ask ourselves, what is the matter with father? yet on the whole things do move. Hope? Why it is a cyclone."—ROBERT HUNTER.

THE hopes of the working class have been capitalized by trust magnates and coined into dollars. For centuries the workers have been deluded by false hopes of better conditions and higher wages. Like the will o' the wisp, these hopes have eluded realization. But Hope of a different sort fills the mind of the toiler today. That Hope is the triumph of Socialism. Backed by a growing army of voters and an increasing number of Socialists holding important legislative and municipal positions, it is safe to predict that at no distant day this Hope will be a reality."—FRED D. WARREN, Editor, Appeal to Reason.

THE most striking thing that attracts attention of an old-time Socialist is the expressions of hope and the faith and the visions for the future the Milwaukee victory has inspired in the toiler. When he thinks of the power vested in the city government now presided over and controlled by his fellow workers, he realizes that if this power is used at all it will be used in his interest instead of against him as has always been heretofore."—A. W. MANCE, Veteran Socialist.

CONFIDENTLY do I look forward to a time when this world of ours shall be, as it has never been, a place truly free, emancipated, civilized.

"When the night of ignorance, Priestcraft, kingcraft, prejudice, servility, superstition and bigotry shall be finally and forever swept away by the dawn of intelligence, universal education and right thinking—by understanding and by fearlessness. When science shall no longer be 'the mystery of a class,' but shall become the heritage of all mankind. When, because much is known by all, nothing shall be dreaded by any."—GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

THE greatest need of the Socialist movement is humor and optimism. It is entitled to all there is of both. Capitalism is hideous and dying. Socialism is cheerful and growing. This new magazine promises us 'Hope' spiced with humor. The need has been long felt. It will now proceed to be filled."—A. M. SIMONS, Editor, Chicago Daily Socialist.

EVERY brainy opponent fears Socialism as a near danger and is scheming to escape it. Individualism, avaunt! Welcome, Socialism! It is the only way out."—J. MAHLON BARNES, National Secretary, Socialist Party.

SOCIALISM means the death of slavery, the birth of freedom, the triumph of justice, and the real civilization of all mankind. Next to Socialism is the glory of the struggle for its realization."—EUGENE V. DEBS.

### WHAT HE TOOK.

Magistrate—Officer, what is this man charged with?

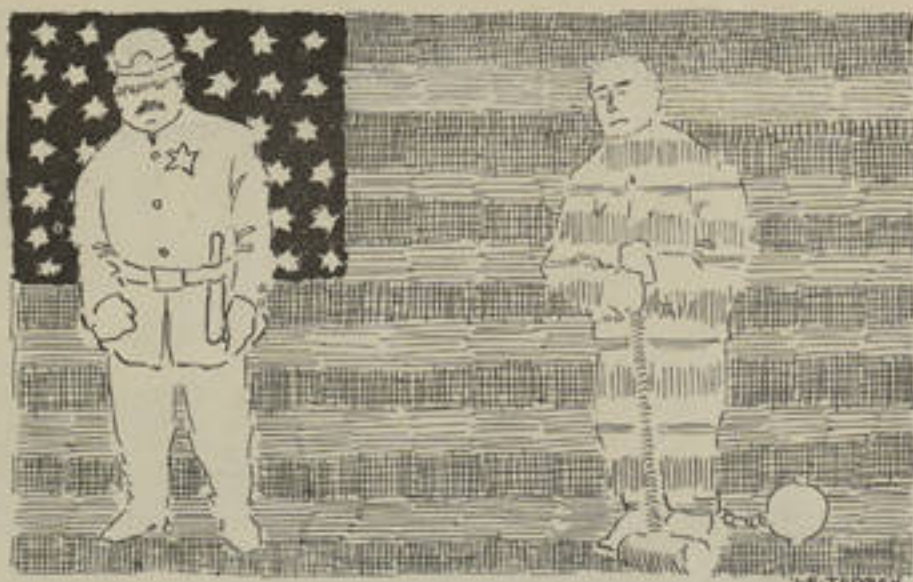
Constable—He's a camera fiend of the worst kind, yer worship.

Magistrate—But this man shouldn't have been arrested simply because he has a mania for taking pictures.

Constable—It isn't that, yer worship; he takes the cameras.—Boston Globe.



THERE was an old worker named Ned,  
Who spent all his wages for bread;  
While the boss took it easy,  
Fed on fat pork chops, greasy,  
Cause Ned had a solid bone-head.



"THE STARS AND STRIPES"



By RALPH KORNGOLD

IN the early days of the movement Thomas Hicky, the Texas soap boxer, or piano boxer, as he prefers to be called, often used to make his way from one town to another on the "side door Pullman," or "gondola," the party's finances not always being in a condition to allow railroad fare to the agitator. One day Tom Hicky, worn with travel, alighted in Phoenix, Ariz., put up the classic soap box and began to talk. Soon a crowd gathered and seemed to be greatly interested in the argument. A railroad brakeman who happened to be among the listeners eyed Hicky with suspicion, the agitator's face reminding him strongly of someone he had seen alight from a boxcar that afternoon. "Hold on there," he shouted, "aren't you the guy what came here on the boxcar just a little while ago?" Hickey eyed the man for a minute and then said slowly, "Well, my friend, what of that? Didn't Jesus Christ come into Jerusalem on an ass-like you?"

It is reported that the man went and hid himself.

AT another time the same agitator was discoursing from a soap box at Superior, Wis. A fat butcher stepping out in front of his shop, shouted to him, "Hey there, what are you selling?" "I am selling monkeys," answered Hicky. "Just stay around here for a little while and I'll dispose of you."

DURING the last presidential campaign a western speaker was addressing an immense crowd at Portland, when someone interrupted him with the cry, "Three cheers for Bryan!" The soap boxer stopped, then said, "Say that again." "Three cheers for Bryan!" repeated the man. "Hm," said the agitator, "I just had an idea you were one of these blamed fools who always would do as you were told to."



DURING the recent meat strike one of our soap boxers was asked what he thought about such a strike as a weapon against the trusts. "Well," was the answer, "it rather reminds me of the man who used to be pestered every night by a dog howling in front of his residence. Once on a very cold winter's night

the dog's plaint became so exasperating that the man jumped out of bed and ran out to stop the nuisance. As he did not return for quite awhile his wife grew uneasy and went out to investigate what had happened to her spouse. She found him lying full length on the snow, his limbs almost frozen, holding the dog by the tail. 'What in the world are you doing?' shouted his wife in wonder. 'Why,' stammered the man, 'I am trying to freeze this durned dog to death.'

ARTHUR M. LEWIS, the now famous Garrick lecturer, made his debut on the soap box. A policeman who interrupted one of his meetings was addressed by Lewis as follows: "When they hire you fellows," said Lewis, "they measure how many feet you stand in your socks, how many inches you measure about the belly, and if you have any brains you are disqualified."

THE old warhorse, Barney Berlyn, when taunted once with being a foreigner, delivered himself of the following: "The gentleman tells me that I am a foreigner; he says that this country would be a great deal better off without the foreigners. I suppose you agree with him. Let us discard all things foreign. Let us throw Shakespeare out of the public libraries, let us dispense with Dante and with Milton. Let no more the paintings of Raphael, Rubens and Rembrandt adorn our galleries. Furthermore, let us tear down the statues of the foreigners who discovered America."

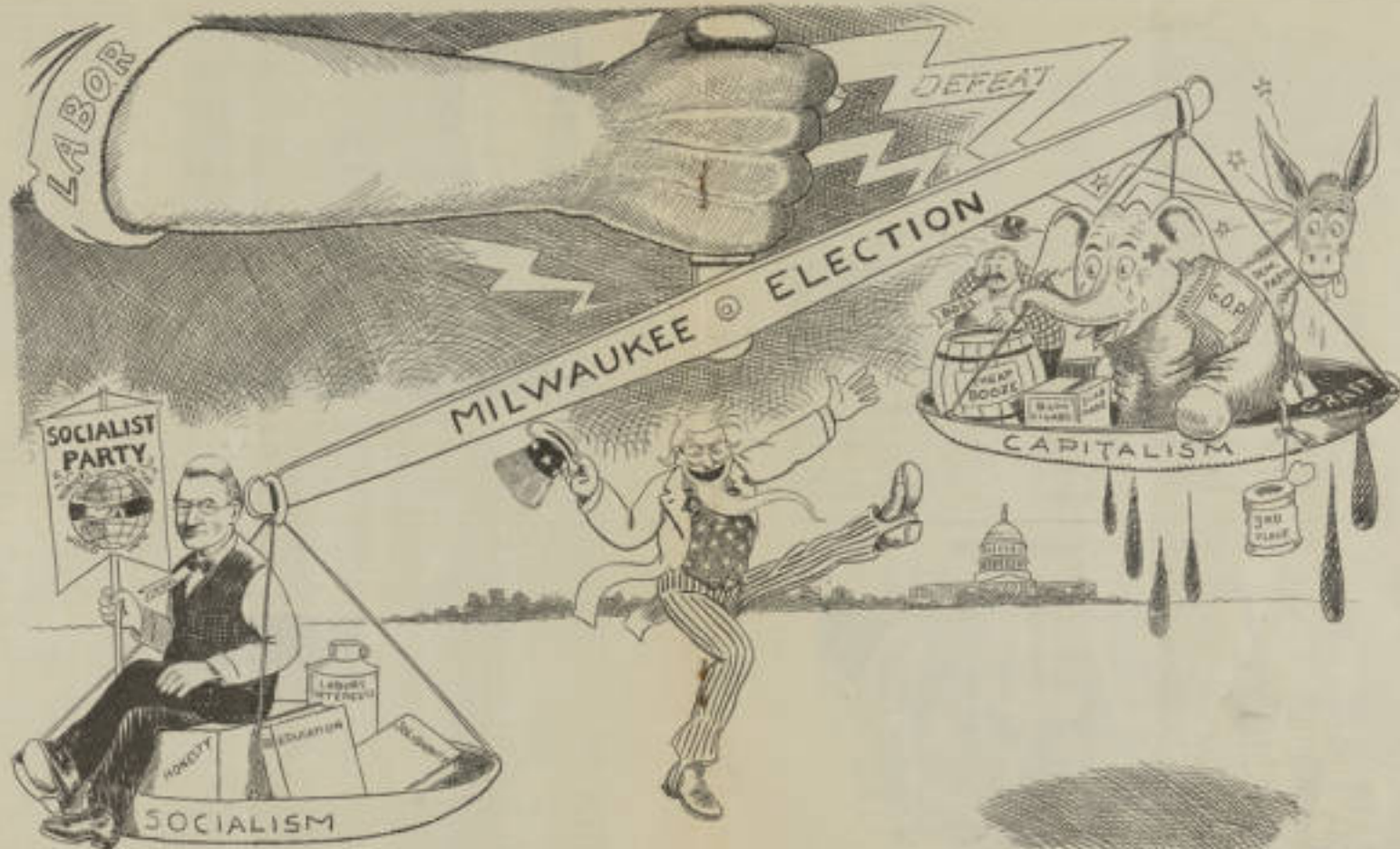
A WESTERN agitator who is not very careful in his wording said once to a crowd: "What we want is the full product of our labor." "I don't want the full product of my labor," a workingman called from the crowd, "You don't, eh?" answered the speaker. "What kind of a fellow are you, anyhow?" "I, sir, I am a button-hole maker."—Chicago Daily Socialist.

#### THE RICH MAN'S DREAM.

I HAVE crushed my competitors out,  
I have won in the glorious game;  
By guards I am hedged all about,  
I have wealth and position and fame.

On the labors of others I thrive,  
I bend mighty men to my will;  
I live on the Riverside Drive,  
Stocks tumble whenever I'm ill.

Now I shall be free from regrets,  
And nothing may temper my joy,  
If my daughter but shuns cigarettes,  
And no chorus-girl marries my boy!  
—Puck.



"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES"



### THE LATEST SOCIALISTIC PROBLEM—

Can They Keep the Grafters Out Of the Band-Wagon  
In Milwaukee?

BRADLEY, in *Chicago News*.

### ABE MARTIN'S SAYINGS.

ALL things come t' him that waits  
—if he knows where t' wait.

If prosperity will jist return no  
questions will be asked.

A feller don't have over two or  
three real friends in a lifetime. Once  
in a while you meet some one that's  
nice an' clever, but he generally turns  
out t' be an agent fer somethin'.

Grandmother didn't know nothin'  
'bout th' benzoate o' sody. She hid  
her jelly t' make it keep.

Elder Berry an' wife hev gone to  
Wapakoneta, Ohio, t' live with ther  
son, Stephen. Aunty Berry will be  
greatly missed ez we hev no news-  
paper here.

Tabitha Plum run her peek-a-boo  
waist through th' pi-an-oley last week  
an', by ginger, it played a medley.

Never take anything t'-day you  
can't put back t'-morrow.

Constable Newt Plum accidentally  
locked his whiskers up in a cash  
register last night an' it wuz three  
o'clock before his cries for help wuz  
heard.

Opportunity only knocks once, an'  
then we're generally in th' back part  
o' th' house.—*Indianapolis News*.

### DEFINED.

Ostend—"Pa, what is an aviator?"

Pa—"He's a man that goes up in  
the air."

Ostend—"And what is an agitator?"

Pa—"Oh, he's a man that gets other  
people up in the air."—*Chicago Daily  
News*.

### HOPE'S OFFICIAL POST-CARD GUIDE



WHAT YOU CAN SEND—AND WHAT YOU CAN'T.

## THEIR AILMENTS.

Binks—"Chicago is an unhealthy place alright."

Jinks—"How's that?"

Binks—"Why, the Prosecuting Attorney's got the sleeping sickness, and the Chief of Police had to resign on account of nervous prostration, the Mayor has got the chronic appendicitis, which attacks him when any one says 'GRAFT,' and most of the workingmen are cross-eyed. They think they're voting to put something in their pockets when they elect the Bosses' candidates to office."

## WHAT HE WANTS LEFT.



Opulent Old Party (after hearing lengthy argument extolling Socialism)—"Well, I believe I am in favor of it, except for one thing?"

Radical Friend—"And what's that?"

Opulent Old Party—"Why this here abolition of rent, profit and interest that you talk about."



## WHEN TEDDY COMES MARCHING HOME.

(New words to the old tune.)

When Teddy comes marching home again, Hur-raw! Hur-roo!

He'll get a rousing welcome then, Hur-raw! Hur-roo!

He'll find the Trusts and the Alton Steal,

He'll find Insurgents and the Old Appeal,

Oh, they'll all be here when Teddy comes marching home.

He'll find Bill Taft and Uncle Joe, Hur-rah! Hoo-ray!

He'll find the Interests are in to stay, Hur-roo! Hur-ray!

He'll find that living's near the sky—  
And Busted Trusts are mighty shy,  
Oh, we'll all feel gay when Teddy comes marching home.

When Teddy comes marching home again, Hur-rah! Hur-roo!

When Teddy comes marching home again—what will he do?

Will the Naughty Trusts be busted again?

Will Bill's Smile get out and the Big Stick in?

Oh, we sigh to know when Teddy comes marching home.

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not always practical. For instance, she wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers from the sleeping sickness."—Washington Star.

## PLAYING SAFE.



Managing Editor (of notoriously untruthful capitalist sheet)—"We're up against it hard, sir. The Socialists have carried the entire election in Milwaukee. How will we distort the facts?"

Editor-in-Chief—"Humph! Distort nothing. Tell the truth about it and no one will believe us."

For Goodness Sake  
**CHEER UP!—**



**THERE IS HOPE**





WILL HE GET STUNG AGAIN? "JUST WAIT TILL THE NEXT TIME."



## LETTERS OF O. U. GRUMP

By NICHOLAS KLEIN

Deer mr. Editor:—we had a hard winter hear in Byesville & i had about maid up my mind to quit botherin soshulists and stop listening to them soshulist fellers for good, and tend strickly to biznez. All winter i had a grate piece of mind and a "joy unkontind", as the po-it woud say, but wile reading "The Guernsey County Paytriot" 2day i diskoverd that you fellers have taken Milwaukyy—mare and all.

i want to let you no that i am riled—"blame mad" as Deakon Gridley woud say. The idee of you fellers getting into the statesmanship biznes makes me larf. why dont you stick to making noyse and yelling "wages-slaves" and other choyse labor kries?

the lokal soshulist fellers here air morn halfkrazy about Milwaukyy. seckretarier Pierce of the lokal maid a grate speech in witch he predicted that "having karried Milwaukyy, we must now karry Oldham," the rest of the soshulist sex cheered him 2 the eko.

my boozem heeved and my hart sight for poor Milwaukyy. Watt have the peopel of the "kream of the lakes" done to bring this punishment onto themselves and their prosterity? god save our poor city of Byesville from sutch a katasstrofe!

my wife hoo, i suspekt is 1 of them there wimmin suffringists witch 2 be strickly honist, is the negst thing 2 a soshulist, told 1 of the nayboors that she woud name her negst grandchild after mare Seidel the soshulist rooler of Milwaukyy. not wile i draw a drop of air in these hear lungs will i allow this wile performance. the idee! Orville Uriah Grump, hoo is the premier blacksmith of this kounty, and hoo does the best shoo-on this side of the rocky mountings baring none, 2 be the gran-dady of a soshulist. not if i no it!

shades of Otheller & bill Shakespeer watt is this nashun koming 2 when civilzd humane bee-ings dont no how to vote on the 1st tuesday after the first monday. wish i had been there for the leckshun! i'd a showd you

THE DOCK—I SAY MRS. HEN, YOU BETTER MAKE YOUR GETAWAY, QUICK!  
THE HEN—WATS THE ALARM?  
THE DOCK—I HEARD THE MISTRESS JUST GIVE THE COOK ORDERS TO BAKE A LOVER CAKE.



fellers how we do the trick here in Ohio. Wicktor Berger & Emil Seidel & the rest of those fellers woud have been defeeted sure as your born and no mistake! we no how to vote em in our town. every republickan here votes at leest wonce on leckshun, and we see 2 it that the old grand party shall not suffer for want of votes.

in konklushun i want 2 say that krops air fair to middlin and failure of krops if there B ainy, will be attributed soaly 2 the truble in Milwaukyy and envirements et cetry et cetry.

in looking this letter over i find that i have said all i want 2 say at this time about the leckshuns at that there pint. in kase the season is bad here, & matters beyond my kontrol make it necessary for me to do so, i want to remind the neu mare that if he ever needs a city shoo-er for the horses of Milwaukyy, even if he B a soshulist, i will overlook it—no man kan say that Grump is a strickt partisan—not a bit of it—not when it komes 2 doing my frens a favor. i am willing to go 2 hep out the neu adminis-trashun 2 this extent. i woud suggest this move as the best and the 1st. if you fellers want a good klean government, git O. U. Grump pinted by the soshulist kounsil as the offish-ell horse shoo-er. see that mr. Berger makes the moshun 2 this effect. it will be a benifit 2 your adminis-trashun and you will have the best shood horses in any place outside of our kounty. shall i send you a price list?

how is my frend the neu mare? tell him that he can rite me as oftng as he pleases. he can call me by my 1st name if he wants 2.

in kase things go slow, or the city hall atmosfere is dull, or the burden gets heavy, tell Emil not 2 B backward on callng on me for advise—gratis. thats the kind of a feller i air!

my son Reuben woud make an eggslent chief of police. if Emil woud see him fight, i'm sure he'd pint him to wonce. Mandy is sick with chick-en-pox and the dog is well. hopin

you air the same, i remain yures for trooth & Weracity,

O. U. GRUMP.

postsript:—skratsch my back & ile skratsch yourn.

## OUR MODERN ATLAS



## TOO MUCH.

Late one afternoon Michael Flannigan and Dennis O'Rourke met upon the avenue. Mike was considerably under the weather.

"Moike," asked O'Rourke, "why don't yez brace up, and lave the dhrink alone?"

"Oi've thried, Dinnie, but the job's too big for me."

"Thry this once more, Moike. Here's a church forninst us. Go in there, old man, and confiss and take a frish start. I'll wait outside."

He waited until he was tired, then, peering into the darkened building, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Moike!"

"Phwat?"

"Have yez confissed?"

"Oi have that!"

"Where's the prast?"

"E gorrah, Dinnie, and Oi think he's gone out to call a cop."—Success.



By S. J. SAMELOW.

**G**AY tire busters, who have mid-night gasoline to burn, are hereby warned to shun "By-Products," the latest slum drama from Joseph Medill Patterson's typewriter.

For they are likely to discover in this little play, a mirror reflecting their long-coated selves as human beasts, a type they have never consciously felt themselves to be.

Department store managers are likewise warned to make a detour when around the theatre where this little life tragedy is staged. For in a view of the play they might develop avidity to the long practiced art of pay roll slashing, which might bring on the disastrous results of head chopping for themselves.

What is "By-Products?" It is a social waste of gold and mire. Some high brows seek to separate out the gold, but the tire busters, snorting around the city, besplash themselves with the mire and tread the gold under their feet.

**T**HE art of dancing—what a multitude of crimes have been committed in its name!

Adeline Boyer, a young woman, gaunt, sinuous, with sweeping arms, mobile face, stages a "biblical" scene in pantomime, sensuous music and lascivious dancing.

The apology for the act is an alleged scene from the royal palace of Prince Adonijah, a brother of King Solomon. The prince is revealed in his luxurious retreat at sundown resting alone. A black slave enters and begs audience for an unknown princess, who later arrives, and after making the usual obeisance, dances for the delectation of the prince, completely enrapturing him with her beauty.

The jury should take into consideration whether the accused knew the nature and quality of her act and her intent.

**N**OW comes Augustus Thomas with his "Harvest Moon" to illumine his favorite subject—the power

of suggestion. The demonstrations this time come in words like these:

"Look at that face; look at this nose, this mouth, those eyes—do they show vulgarity?"

The audience is convinced that they don't. The subject becomes convinced that they don't. The rest is simple—the girl, possessor of the face, the nose, the mouth and the eyes, begins to act in accordance with her convictions, and attains to her ambition to be a great actress.

The moral is, "Try it on yourself."

**A**S if firing a parting shot of cynicism upon the world, Clyde Fitch gave his "City," a posthumous work, to the stage, which exposes how sordid commercial influences react upon ambition and hope.

The young man of the play, who comes from a small town to the metropolis of New York, becomes dazzled in the glamour of riches, power and gain, and plunges into a whirlpool of greed, crooked dealing and profits, to rise a besmirched politician near to the governor's chair. He fails to be elected to the executive office of the state on account of an expose of his high finance-diving.

This is where Fitch failed in making this cynicism of his go through the mark, for financial acrobats of stellar magnitude reach the high public offices if they seek them.

## THE SHADOWS AND SIDELIGHTS OF A GREAT CITY.

A Thrilling Drama in a Few Gasps.

**ACT ONE—Scene, City Hall in Chicago.**

Enter villain, Ferdinand Pussey, at left. Grafters, Henchmen and Hangers-on arise and salute.

Chorus: "What ho, me lord."

Pussey, the villain: "Aw, cheese it. Youse guys talk like a bunch of high brow sleuths from the law and order league. Ju tink, I'm goin' to tip me mitt?" (Lights Havana and sits down with grunt.) Groans from chorus.

Enter Wilton J. Forerun, from rear:

Forerun (advancing to front center, whispers): "I have a swell swag piped off, your honor. There is a fine pickup on the lake front and there is a chance to act as capper while the subway crowd gets their hole dug into the city treasury."

Pussey, the villain: "Great stuff, there's some class to that." Exit all.

**ACT TWO—One year later.**

Scene, Accounting Department City Hall.

Enter reporter from the Daily Grind. Busily scours books. Reporter (aloud): "There seems to be about \$23,000,000 shortage here."

Official: "Aw, that's not news—all the papers know that." Exit reporter on run.

**ACT TWO—Scene Two. State's Attorney's Office.**

Our hero, John Easiest Way Mann, in center, reclining on couch, fast asleep. Red fire! Tableaux.

**ACT THREE—Scene same as Act One.**

Air thick with tobacco smoke. The villain, Ferdy Pussey, surrounded by old guard in center. Great excitement outside at right. Enter our hero, breathlessly, rubbing his eyes and adjusting his collar.

Hero Way Mann: "Stop, I have the paper?"

Pussey and gang, in chorus: "What paper?"

Hero Way Mann: "The Daily Grind"—you're discovered—listen"—(reads):

## CHICAGO RULED BY BAND OF CRIMINALS.

Pussey at Head of Most Notorious Band of Crooks  
That Ever Sandbagged a Child or Took  
Pennies From a Blind Man.

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