



Grabbing At The Same Old Chestnuts.



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

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ARE WE THANKFUL?

SINCE our standard of measurement, is judged not by what we are, but what we have, the time of the year is at hand to stop and think what we really have to be thankful for. Lots of us are thankful we are alive, whether we will admit or not. We are all thankful the cost of living is no higher—in fact we are thankful it can't go much higher without something bustin'. We are thankful that we are humble, awkward producers only—and thankful that the genteel, refined capitalist class is in such close touch with Providence that the latter has entrusted them with the key to the pantry.

We are thankful for Socialism, the Stuff that Really Made Milwaukee Famous.

We are thankful for ten million comrades, who are working and striving for us—the working class.

We are thankful for the Socialist press sending out its shafts of light and intelligence to a benighted world.

We are thankful for the thousands of courageous men and women, spreading the glad tidings of brotherhood by word of mouth.

We are thankful that our children will live to enjoy the full product of their toil.

We are thankful that nine-tenths of the people do not own their homes and that but a week's wages and often less stand between fifty per cent of us and starvation.

We are thankful when some zealous reformer tries to do something for US. We are not thankful when he fails. We are perfectly satisfied and thankful for our present condition or else we would get busy and do something for OURSELVES.

WHAT CONSTITUTES LES MAJESTE?

A CAT may look at a king," but it seems a free born American citizen cannot without placing himself in jeopardy of life and liberty address an itinerant politician, who happens to be an ex-president of the U. S.

Says the Chicago Tribune: "Colonel Roosevelt was speaking on corporations at Terrace Garden in New York. He says the corporations ought to be curbed and the corporations ought to be helped. A citizen stood up and announced that as an American citizen, he had the right to ask a question. Mr. Roosevelt allowed that he had and told the crowd to give him a chance. The man then chided the colonel because, he averred the colonel was inconsistent in his attitude upon the railroads. There was a warm exchange of pleasantries, during which Mr. Roosevelt did most of the talking. It all came out satisfactorily, and although the colonel was angry, the man was not arrested."

All of which goes to show that we are indeed a free and independent nation after all. You can't blame His Royal Windiness for becoming enraged when some "practical man" gets up and bowls over his flimsy logic, right in front on a horde of his admirers.



They're Tender Hearted.

HIS FLIGHT OF FANCY.

TO pervert some tender words of Whitcomb Riley, we might say that when "God made Willie Hearst he must have been feeling pretty bad and had a yellow streak all day." There are a few persons in this crazy little old continent of ours that we hate like sin to waste beautiful white paper and ink over but we find it often necessary to perform our painful duty. It is especially superfluous to print anything about Hearst. He has a gigantic string of newspapers, with fast presses, cartoonists, writers, and telegraphs, all devoted exclusively publishing things about Mr. Hearst. Last month this gentleman of the mussy colored journalism, was bending his every effort to organize the weazen faced, knocked kneed kids of the middle class families into a boy scout movement; this month he is offering a huge prize for anyone who will produce an airship that will fly from San Francisco to Washington. What can he be up to now. No doubt he has a plan to disguise himself as a sack of ballast and drop into the White House at the end of the trip. All right, Bill, here's hoping you drop.

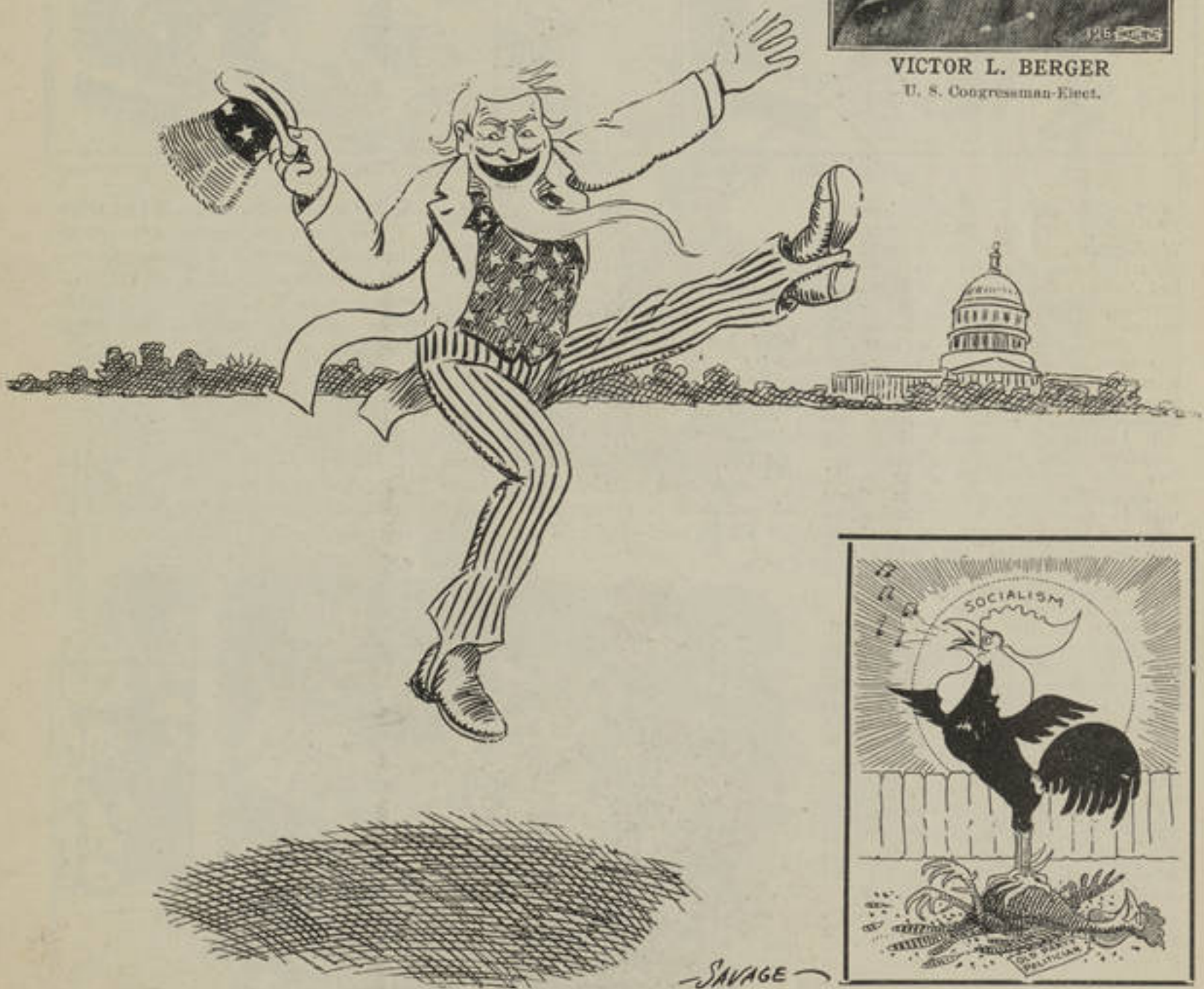
"THE VICTORY IS OURS"

AS we go to press, the shouts of a working-class triumphant are ringing in our ears. Victor L. Berger has been elected to United States Congress by a big majority; the Socialists have elected the entire county ticket in Milwaukee; thirteen Socialists have ascended to the Wisconsin state legislature, and many in other places; city and county offices have been captured all over the country; the Socialist vote has increased tre-

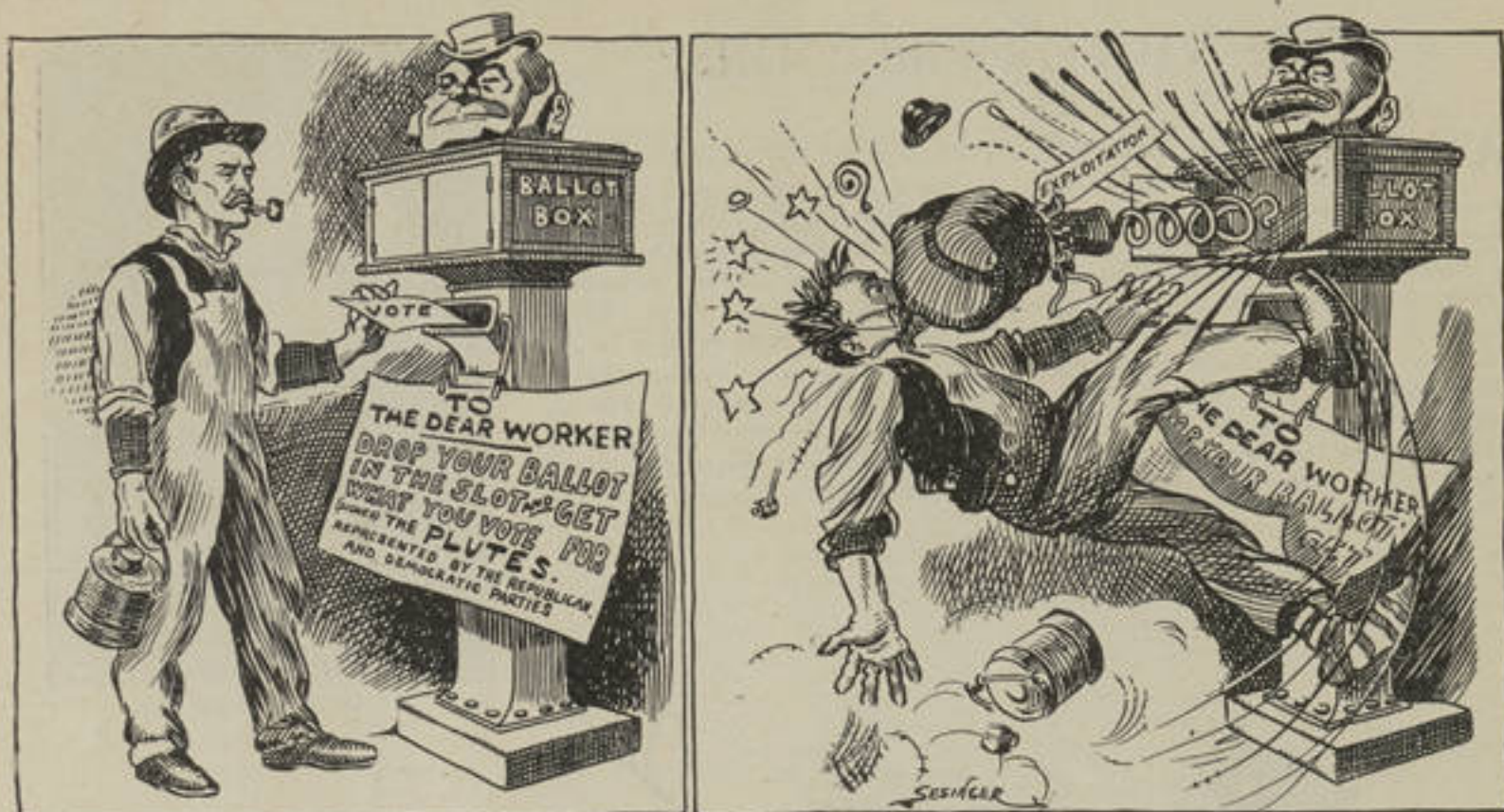
mendously and the Republican party has been given the worst defeat in twenty years—while Teddy—the boss of the universe—and his man Friday Stimson have been buried beneath a land slide of opposition votes. There is certainly HOPE, Comrades, in big letters. Let us give almighty thanks but leave no stone unturned until we capture the government, bag and baggage. Here's our heart and hand, CONGRESSMAN Berger.



VICTOR L. BERGER
U. S. Congressman-Elect.



UNCLE SAM: "WOW! HOO-RAY, I GUESS THE 'CONGRESSIONAL RECORD' WILL BE INTERESTING READING FROM NOW ON"



You Drop Your Ballot—The Plutes Do the Rest.

A LADY—she must have been a lady, for she had money—in Washington, D. C., who wished to claim an estate in Germany, which had been willed to her under the provision that she was married—advertised for a husband last month and got one—or rather a husband pro tem, all for \$200. The gentleman in question was forced to sign an agreement that he would vamoose immediately after the necessary detail involved in transferring the property rights was over. When anyone tells you that Socialism would break up the home, you can tell them that is no worse than Capitalism where a poor but honest husband can be bought for 200 bucks and kicked out in the cold as soon as the ceremony is over—all to perpetuate the right of property.

Perhaps as the greed for wealth and the declination of marriage morals under capitalism continues it will be no unusual sight to see ads in the papers like this: "WANTED—Husband; temporary position; must be fourteen hands high and stand without hitching; no objection to race, color or previous condition of servitude; state wages expected for length of service—Prospective Heiress." What a chance for a masculine Laura Jean Libbey to write a tearful masterpiece entitled: "Married but not wedded; or Anything for Dough."

GOOD-BYE is a contraction of "God Be With Ye," says the Coming Nation.

If that's the case "Hello" must be the abbreviated form of "HEY! Let us aLone."

THE REASON.

BUTLER: "Why does the mistress so dislike to have clothes cleaned with benzine?"

Maid: "Why since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it."

MILWAUKEE elected a pattern maker for mayor. He has turned out to be a pretty good pattern for all mayors.—Political Action.

SECOND childhood? Why, there are folks who never get out of the first. Just look at Sammy Gompers for instance. After all that has happened he is still hoping for favors from capitalist politicians.—Political Action.

FIRST Patriotic Citizen: "America ruled by a King! No, never!"

His Friend: "Well, it used to be—by George."



THE DYSPEPTIC CAPITALIST'S BAD DREAM.
The Result of Over-Indulgence in Profit Mince Pie.



AN ILLUSTRATED THANKSGIVING DAY COMPOSITION.

GIVE THANKS!



THE season of gay old Thanksgiving
Has come to this cold mundane ball,
To shroud Labor's throngs amid feasting and songs,
And make thankful dubs of us all;
We try to forget all our trials,
We try to forget what we need,
Give thanks, don't you know—for we reap as we sow,
In the fields of the Capitalist's greed.

Give Thanks! Though the larder is empty,
Although not a bone or a crust
You find on the shelf; if you're starving yourself,
Give Thanks! As you crawl in the dust;
Give Thanks! For the Masters have willed it,
Sleep on 'neath the spell of their charms,
Be happy and gay, though you get but small pay
In mines, sweat shop factories or farms.

Look not on the beauties of Nature,
Toil on in your ragged old sacks,
Think not of yourself but just hand them the pelf
You have earned by the sweat of your backs;
Be thankful though you have got nothing,
Give Thanks! Oh, ye manacled slaves!
When you've died from the grind I'm afraid we shall find—
That the Masters will laugh o'er your graves.

IS ROOSEVELT HUMAN?

ROOSEVELT'S nature is material for superstition. One wonders if he is human. His utterances are arresting. They defy expectation. Of a subject, he grasps as much as he acknowledges to exist. What he cannot explain he is not aware of. He understands reason and the limits of reason, therefore, he never applies it to politics. He apprehends truth personally. In the reign of personal right he is king, yet he lacks sympathy with anarchists. He interprets the eternal dialogue between Wisdom and Folly, and keeps the former's utterances to himself. The sinister subtlety of his insight into the problem of evil makes the Christian Scientists envious. He selects his enemies with the recklessness of a God. When he immortalizes one, by damning it, he makes light of the favor. He compounds political emetics to ease the wealthy, while he comforts the poor with philosophy. He studies science, believes in faith and is partial to rabbits' feet. As a passionless thinker he prefers the odor of publicity to the attar of solitude. He holds Taft in his hand like a bird's nest. And yet his personality has limitations, he cannot keep Maria quiet.

EDMOND M'KENNA.

AN ODE TO THE ODORIFEROUS COLD STORAGE TURKEY.

HERE'S to the turkey,
Skinny and lean,
For which we pay
Many a hard earned bean,
And give thanks to the Lord,
Because we're on earth,
Though secretly cussing
The day of our birth.

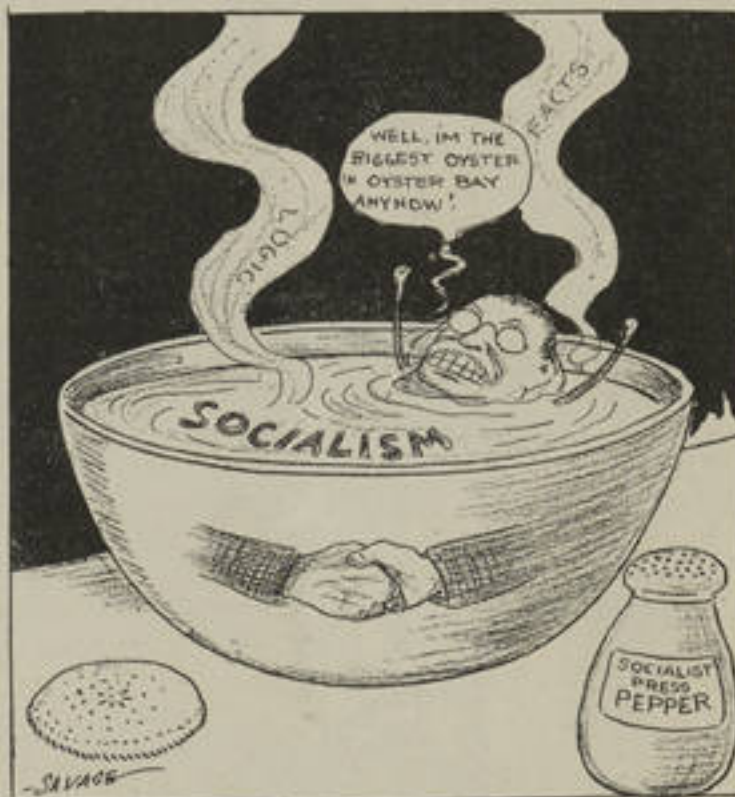
Oh, noble bird,
Long didst thou wait
Up in the ice house
Before reaching our plate.
Many a middleman
Got fat on your carcass
Before you arrived
To gaily embark us—
On a trip cross the Styx.

With formalin dressing
And benzoate sauce
You assist us in blessing
Our system and boss.



SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE.

THE Chicago Tribune, always eager to capitalize everything, published and gave away with their Sunday edition, during the recent revival there, a song, entitled: "Chicago for Christ." We are neither affirming nor denying that Christ may be for Chicago, but Chicago for Graft would have been much more truthful and fitting.



We've Got Him "Stewed."

"THANKSGIVING! The word is a Godless taunt from the house of have to the house of want."—Edmund Vance Cooke.

THOSE SOCIALIST NEIGHBORS.

MRS. Bush Waugh: "What's this 'propoganda,' our new neighbors are always talking about?"

Mrs. Puffy Plute: "I really cawn't say—unless its some new breakfast food—doncherknow."

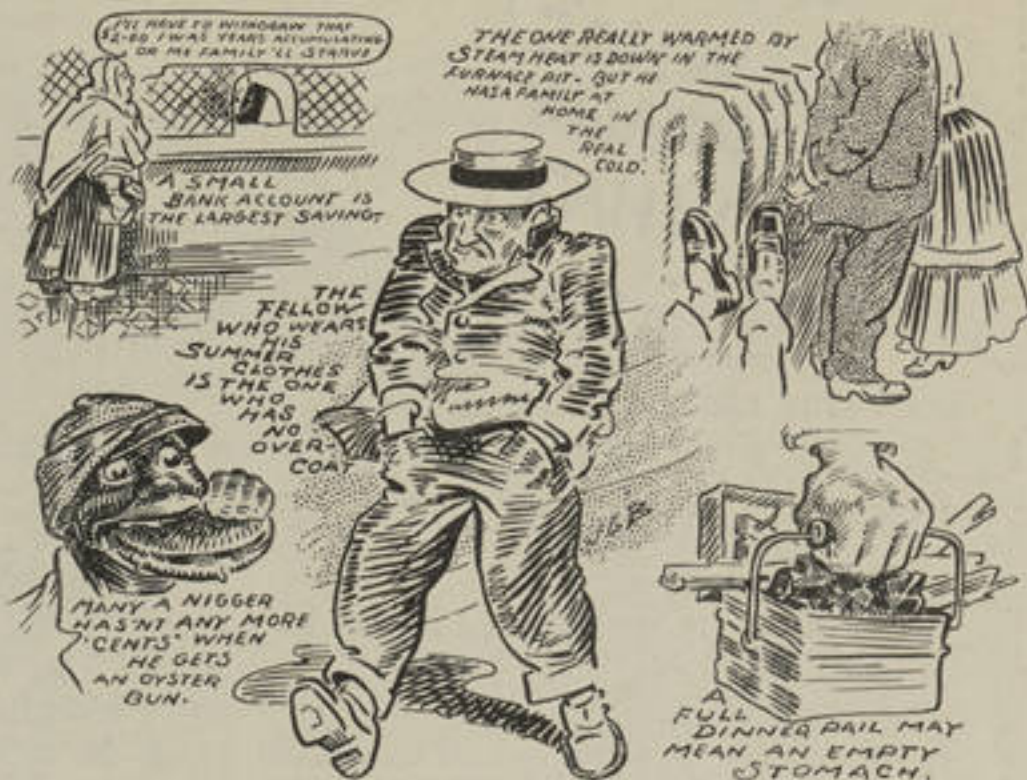
WHILE not exactly like Mrs. Newlywed, HOPE can't help from asking that question of its readers, once and awhile. "Do you really love us?" We want to know. Do you like our style, our manners, our appearance—or don't you? Do you believe there is a field for good in this little publication that comes cheering along each month—no matter how gloomy and rough old Capitalism may be. Don't you think that we are filling a PARTICULAR vacant spot in the working class literature? Honestly if you do, speak up. We want to hear from you. Drop us a line when you read this number—a postal card will do, and let us know just how we stand in your estimation. Someone has said we learn by what our enemies say—not our friends. We don't want boquets—but opinions—suggestions—words of Hope for the workingclass. Write to Hope and express your opinion. We want to publish a magazine that really appeals to the people. Does Hope appeal to you?

VERY MUCH CHANGED.

FIRST Turkey: "How's your brother in the city?"
Second Turkey: "Oh, fine, he has been with a cold storage firm for three or four years now, and you would hardly know him."



A FEW ISMS THAT INTEREST US.



SOME SEASONABLE FACTS.

THE foolish swain had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs! "At that it will be a whole lot cheaper than a Thanksgiving turkey," he murmured by way of consolation.

A CERTAIN preacher once gained among other things a great fame for driving the money changers out of the temple of worship. The present day preacher it seems, is devoting his energy to keeping the money changer in and driving the man who opposes him out.

Says the Rev. Boynton of the Baptist church in Chicago, speaking of the religious revival recently in session there:

"The names Alexander-Chapman spell opportunity for the commercial side of our city's life as well as for the churches and Sunday schools. Unpaid bills will be met and other unkept obligations in the business world will be taken care of when there is a religious awakening among the people."

Oh, sure! Religion is cheaper than bill collectors.

The Rev. Hopkins of the Gary (Ind.) Congregational church, who is no doubt spiritual adviser for the Steel Trust, admonishes against the discontented, and while admitting the cause of discontent rests with the men higher up, advises that we hush the discontent and muzzle the agitators and those who complain, without injuring the oppressor and all will be well: To quote from his recent sermon:

The Bible warns us against speaking ill of dignities. By dignities it means persons to and things to be respected. If our statesmen are liars, our politicians grafters, our business men mercenary and our courts corrupt, our churches and some ministers pharisaical snobs, why should we go encourage a propaganda of pessimism and despair. Why not aim a few straight solid blows at the people who are always finding fault with OUR country and its institutions. Let us keep our eyes on a certain program and govern ourselves accordingly. For what can we expect but poor business at home and abroad.

Oh false prophet and hypocritical brother of the cloth, who wouldst keep thy flock in ignorance of the almighty heel of the oppressor which fitteth like a mill-stone on the neck of the oppressed, KEEP THY EYE ON THE SOCIALIST PROGRAM and thou wilt notice the BUSINESS picking up both at home and abroad. Selah!



ROOT—THE LEGAL EXPERT OF LOOT.

IT is of sinister significance that the name of the man should so perfectly rhyme with the name of the thing. Wm. C. Whitney, late chief-of-staff of the Legal Looters of the United States, paid this touching tribute to Elihu: "Other lawyers tell me what I can't do. Root not only tells me what I can do but how to do it." Which being interpreted is: "See Root before you loot and you won't have to scoot." Thanks to his legal expert Whitney lived and died in an odor of financial sanctity.

Root's first appearance in a leading part on the legal stage was attorney for Bill Tweed. This vulgar looter of New York made a fatal mistake. He retained Root after he lifted the loot. If he had reversed the process he would have doubtless lived and died in a palace on Fifth Avenue in place of being entertained at the State's expense in one of its institutions on the Hudson. In moving his pawns during this legal contest, Root was accused by the court of violating the rules of the game and came near losing the privileges of a licensed player. The judge who rebuked him little thought that the offender would develop such a talent for adroitness that he would be able to act as the legal adviser of the most conscienceless gang of financial freebooters that ever looted an empire, while he posed at the same time as an apostle of political purity. It is a far cry from the Tweed gang to the Whitney-Ryan gang. It covers the entire period of the evolution of loot from the raw material to the finished product and Root invented most of the legal machinery that made the business safe as well



Teddy: "I'll knock the stuffin' out you—you little sawed-off banty."

as profitable. Honors fell thick upon him. Several colleges gave him a degree and any doubt in the minds of the common people as to what the letters LL. D. stood for was cleared away. It could mean but one thing after the name of Root—Doctor of Legal Loot.

He was appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the largest corporation in the world—the United States of America—and placed in charge of the War Department. In a few years he was transferred to the State Department. At present writing he represents the largest branch of the business—the state of New York—in the Senate at Washington. It is whispered however that he expects to be translated shortly to the Holy of Holies—the Supreme Court, where he will officiate as the

High Priest in the Temple of Justice.

And the ghostly figures of Tweed and Whitney, look down upon the farce—the one with a satyric grin—the other with a satanic sneer.

"And strange to say, among the earthly lot,
A few would think, the others not,
And those who did insistently cried out:
"Oh, what a world of Tommyrot!"

—Omar (Revised).

MR. MANUEL, of Portugal, former king of that place, was removed from his office by his strong attachment for a little Parisian dancing girl. So naturally he feels that he has some kicks a-coming.



The Usual "Regrettable Accident."

CONSISTENCY thou art a jewel! Mr. Roosevelt, who recently stated that we must oppose the trusts and defend the trusts, or something to that effect, is one of our courts' staunchest defenders when some working-man is on trial. His opinion of courts that deal a trifle adversely with the powers that be, come in for Theodore's choicest sarcasm. Judge Anderson of Indianapolis, who rendered a decision in the Taft-Roosevelt-Canal Swindle-lit suit was the target for Teddy. "Judge Anderson," said Teddy, in commenting on the case, "is a jackass and a crook." Ah, there are others, Theodore.



The Bird: "Who's a sawed-off banty?" *!*

UNCLE REUB ON SOCIALISM.

J. C. K.



No Danger of These "Progressives" Running Amuck.

FICKLE REFLECTIONS.

KNOWING what you wish is not sufficient. How are you going to get it, is the question.

Losing your life is not nearly so bad as selling it, body and soul.

Divorce surely cannot result from happy marriage relations. What's the cause?

The man who embraces all ideas at the first presentation, is hard to hold to any one.

Half the pleasure derived from a holiday is lost because of the many thoughts of the following dreary day to come.

Our thoughts if revealed might surprise a good many of us.

Teddyritus is a scourge which if firmly embedded in the victim's system will produce an unbelievable volume and quantity of noise—but very little sense.

To reach the Holy Land in the olden times, I judge, must have been a cinch compared to the difficulty Hearst finds in sticking to some one principle.

We are all fooled sometime in our life. But to let it happen time and time again and then bewail our misfortune, is both idiotic and useless.

The decrease in suicide is due to the victory of the Socialists in Milwaukee. They have been given Hope. They should take it regularly (monthly), to prevent any of that former melancholy.
—Louis Weitz.

THE REASON.

FIRST Kid: "Whatcher cryin' fer, Billy?"

Second Kid: "Cause John D. Rockefeller and me can't adjust our Thanksgiving dinners to suit our respective stomjacks. He's got all the eats and no appetite and I've got all the appetite and no eats."

LIVES of great men all remind us
We may do great stunts as well.
And, departing, leave behind us
Anecdotes we didn't tell.

—Washington Star.



KIND, ISN'T HE?

Capitalist (on the ground): "I'll keep the best of those for myself; the others I'll sell to you, if you pay my price."

Soshulism! Soshulism! By Heck, ef I ain't a-gettin' mighty gol-darn tired us this here wurd.

What IS Soshulism, ennyway? I'll tell you what it is. It's this: Destroyin' private property, introducin' anarchy, takin' away the incentive uv childrun to work, bustin' up the happy family, sowin' disrespect among the females fer the powers that be, advocatin' wimmin' suffrage—and so on eat cetera, to the end uv the dikshunery.

It's a long diinishun and a bad one, when it comes to definin' Soshulism. They ain't enuf words, even in Mr. Roosevelt's choicest list to define it and describe it.

Nevertheless, I aint afeerd uv it, and I am willin' to help inforce the strong arm uv the law when it comes to puttin' it in practice. Nobody aint a-comin' around interferin' with yore Uncle Reuben's private property—not on your straw stack! These here forty acres uv good old hills—every gol darned stun I've rested with these thirty years—is mine, by Heck, and they're a-goin' to keep on bein' mine till Gabriel blows his horn.

Ner I aint a-gain ter have ennybody interferin' with my grand-childrun's incentive ter work, neither—Lord knows they kaint stand much interference in this line. And I wouldn't have 'em medlin' with my own childrun, ef they wan't all dead but Jawn, and he's got the hook worm to that extent that he never had no incentive to begin with. It's a fright how these Soshulists want everybody's childrun to grow up lazy-like and shiftless.

Then there's the wimmin—it looks like the Soshulists jest nachelly kaint leave enny blessed thing that belongs to a man alone. The wimmin air all wantin' to drop the skillit and the dish pan, and go out on dress parade and vote, and show off behind counters in the dry goods stores, and the factories, and what not. Enny thing under the shinin' run but take keer uv the babies and mend their husband's britches, as is their right and lawful speer. Ef my Nancy'd a been a Soshulist and a woman's riter—land! It's a blamed good thing she's dead, and don't have to face the temptashun.

And then there's their anarchy—I'm jest a-writin' now to the Honorable Theodore Roosvelt that ef he wants to organize enny more Rough Riders I'll jine em, en we'll have a high time a blowin' up things fer the Soshulists, and a shootin' Soshulist speakers in the back.

I swan, but I believe these high jinks would jest about suit Teddy, and I'll go rite now and finish off that there epistol to him.

We'll crush anarchy all right, all right, by Heck!



THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

A WORKINGMAN is journeying homeward with a Thanksgiving turkey. He is approached by a capitalist who takes the turkey from him and starts to walk away with it.

Workingman: "Say, I want that turkey—I want the product of my toil."

Capitalist: "You mean to tell me you made this turkey—impossible."

Workingman (abashed): "Well, I didn't make it exactly. I ploughed the ground, planted the feed, pumped the water and built the shelter that raised it."

Capitalist: "Ah, yes, but you didn't furnish the air, the blessed sunshine necessary to the physical development of this bird. So you see—you did not really MAKE the turkey."

Workingman: (disappointed) "Well, I guess you are right." Capitalist walks away with bird and is clear out of sight before the workingman remembers that the capitalist didn't make it either.

A CAPITALISTIC ORATOR
"SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH."

LET us give thanks, the pastor said, as he chewed a turkey leg. That the Lord has placed us above the plane of those that steal or beg.

Yes, Heaven has been kind to us, said the Banker to the group, We are the earth's annointed, will you kindly pass the soup. A little more of the pudding, said the pudgy Capitalist, A chance to show our gratitude should not, of course, be missed.

I'd like a little bite to eat, said Labor at the door, I've prayed and worked and strove for food until I'm sick and sore. You fellows have the prizes and I have got the blanks, I'll take some blessings for myself—the Lord can have the thanks.

PERHAPS the soapbox Pilgrims of today will tell a future generation about the early dangers in invading the Capitalistic wilderness.

"YOU can tell what the Lord thinks of money by the people he gives it to."—Francis M. Elliott.

CHEERFULNESS, says Ruskin, "is as natural to the heart of man in strong health as glow to his cheek, and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life."

If children were taught that one of the great life duties is to unfold the fun-loving side of their nature; the humorous side, there would not be so many suicides, so many unhappy, discordant, miserable people, so many failures in the world.

Why shouldn't we develop the humor faculty, the fun-loving faculty, just as much as the bread-earning or any other faculty?

Why should we think it is so very necessary to spend years in going to

school and college to develop other mental faculties, and yet take practically no pains whatever to develop the humorous, the fun-loving side of our nature?—Success Magazine.

A NEEDED OPERATION.

Jones—Hello, doctor; I heard you operated on Smith for appendicitis. I thought you told me an operation would not be necessary.

Dr. Cuttem—Well, I didn't think it would be necessary, but I found that my quiz class had never seen an operation of the kind, and there might not be another chance before examination time.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.



"LEMON-AID."

It's Hard to Get a Horse From Out a Burning Barn—



But Just as Hard to Convince Labor He's Being Robbed.

SOME Socialists take so little interest in keeping in touch with the centers of organization, that a man in California, campaigned for Congress for 56 days before it was discovered that he wasn't the nominee at all. If some of our comrades don't look sharp, the Co-operative Commonwealth will be ushered in right under their noses and they won't be able to identify it, especially as they keep out of the zone of the Socialist press and party headquarters.

KINGS UN-MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE Common people of Europe (removing Manuel's Crown): NEXT!

HEAR Ye! Hear Ye! It is now the time of the year for the conservative press to picture up how rich OUR nation is.

MONKEY BUSINESS.

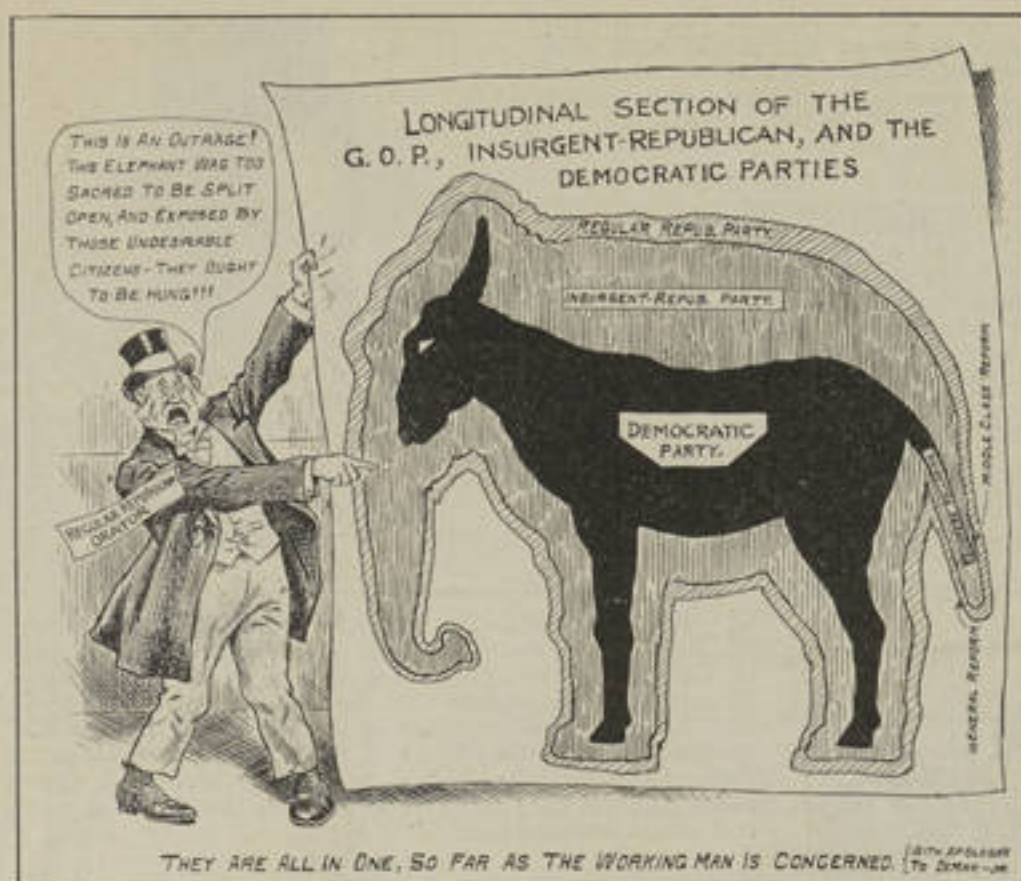
By Hobo Poet.

A FAR in the heart of a tropical land,
Where bounties of nature are many,
Resided a fortunate simian band
That lived without spending a penny;
Abundantly cocoanuts grew on the trees,
And all could be had for the taking;
Quite often their dinner was picked by the breeze—
It saving the monkeys the shaking.

For years they had lived in this well-to-do way
Nor dreamed of a different arrangement,
Till pot-bellied Jocko addressed them one day
And instantly caused an estrangement.
He said, "I've been doing some thinking of late,
And records and deeds I've inspected.
These lands were my noble ancestors' estate
And property must be respected.

"In view of the fact that the trees are all mine,
On shares we will work them hereafter;
Of cocoanuts you will get two out of nine,
The rest are for Jocko the grafter.
I know not exactly what "grafter" may mean,
But up in the two-legged nation
They have them—tomorrow you 'steen
I'll start on your civilization."

But tho' he had cited a precedent grand,
He met with the others' objection;
They said, "It may go in the two-legged land,
But here it will cause insurrection.
We know our ancestor called Man is afraid
To strive to be more than a flunkey,
But tho' of the workingmen monkeys are made
You can't make a man of a money."



That Awful Split in the G. O. P.

A COUNTRYMAN wandering about a churchyard came upon a stone having the inscription, "Sic transit gloria mundi." "What does it mean?" he asked the sexton, who had been explaining the inscriptions to him. The sexton peered towards it, and, not wishing to show any ignorance, replied: "Well, it means that he was sick transiently and went to glory Monday."

NO PICNIC.

The trolley stops. A lady and ten children climb in.

Conductor: "Are these your children, madam, or is it a picnic?"

The Lady: "They are my children, and it's no picnic."

MONEY talks. That's why they put a woman's head on a silver dollar.

We have really a lot to be thankful for—Teddy might have been twins.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

TWIXT Socialism and Capitalism
The difference is dearth;
The Capitalist wants his dividends,
The Socialist wants the earth.

'Twixt Capitalist and Socialist
You should know the reason why
The last in freedom's cause enlist
While the Capitalist grabs the pie.

Twixt Worker and Capitalist
This difference is shown
The Capitalist gets the turkey leg
The worker gets the bone.

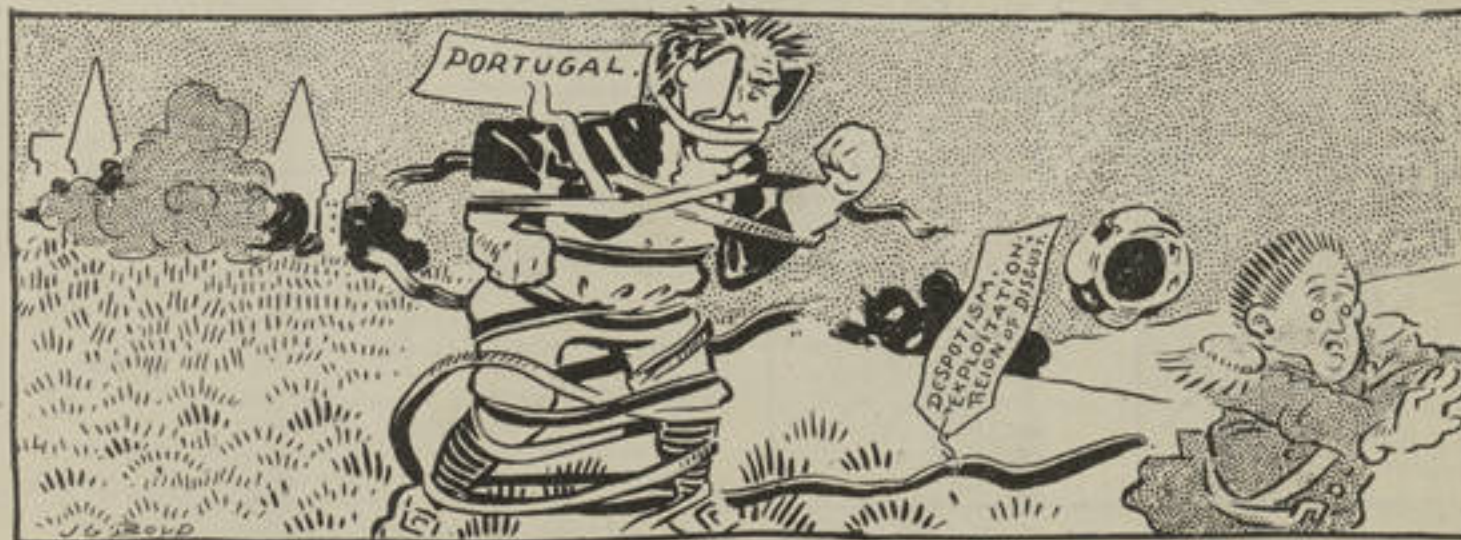
—L. H. Gibbs.

LIKE ANANIAS.

SOcialist candidates for governor in three states were the speakers at a mass meeting of their followers held in Union Square on the evening of October 1. They were Charles Edward Russell, the candidate for New York; Wilson B. Killinglebeck, Socialist candidate for governor of New Jersey, and Robert Hunter, the nominee in Connecticut. During his address Mr. Killinglebeck related this strange incident:

"As I finished speaking in Providence, R. I., last Wednesday evening," he said, "a preacher in the crowd got up and denounced my speech, saying he would preach a sermon against Socialism; that its doctrines are ruinous and teach immorality. A man in the audience shouted, 'You are a liar.' The preacher said he was not lying and, holding his hand aloft, said, 'If I am telling an untruth, I hope the Almighty will strike me dead where I stand.' He had no sooner uttered these words than he fell dead there on the square."

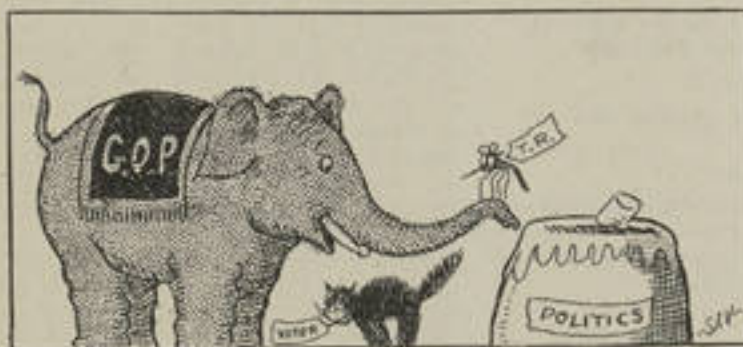
"That is no joke; it occurred last Wednesday night. The preacher's name was Rev. George Vaughan, and the occurrence took place in Hoyle Square, Providence."—R. E. Trop.



"GETTING OUT OF THE REIGN."



"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they (the idlers) shall be filled."



A CHORD BY OUR CAMPAIGN QUARTET.

TENOR: "Blinkity, blinkity, blink, blank, blunk."
(Alto): "A skeeter sat down on an elephant's trunk."
(Soprano): "The elephant gave his trunk a flop—"
(Bass): "And the skeeter lit in a barrel of slop."
(All): "As the skeeter was trying to make things stir,
 There came a cat with its purr-wurr-wurr,
 And the skeeter lit on the tom-cat's nose
 And the hair on the back of the tom-cat rose.
 And the cat gave its tail a strenuous twist
 As it said to the skeeter: 'How dare you insist
 On pestering those who do you no harm?
 You had better go back to your own buzzing swarm.
 You were hatched in the swamps where the waters stink.'"
(Bass): "And nothing but BLOOD do you ever drink."
(All): "Or if you don't mind the things we say;
 Suppose you go back to Africa?"
(Soprano): "Now you've stung my nose, ah, there's the
 rub,
 I will drown you now in this old slop tub."
(All): "Then a splash and a splunge and the task was
 o'er.
 And the skeeter never came to the top no more."
(Alto): "But the skeeter was mighty hard to kill,
 For he lived three days in that barrel of swill."

(Tenor): "The first day he dined on pickles and kraut,
 But he couldn't go that so spewed it out."
(Soprano): "The second day he lived on hash—"
(Bass): "That was picked from the teeth of the dead,
 be gash."
(Alto): "And he said to himself, 'I'm doing quite well—
 It suits my taste and I like the smell,
 But the third day he died of an awful disease."
(Bass): "He had eaten a gorge of 'My Policies.'"
(All): "And as he expired, we heard him shout,
 'I didn't know they had been carried out.'"

Moral:

"Blinkity, blinkity, blink, blank, blunk,
 Don't try to set down on an elephant's trunk."

L. J. IRISH.

WHAT is Hope? Noah Webster says, "Hope is a desire for some good, accompanied with at least a slight expectation of obtaining it, or a belief that it is obtainable." So if you have a slight expectation or desire for Socialism—you mustn't be without HOPE.

Hope to the capitalist means the expectation of more profits.

Hope to the blind means the expectation of glorious sight.

Hope to the wicked means the expectation of future expurgation of all sins.

Hope to the aged means about the only sustenance they have under capitalism.

To the dope fiend hop is said to produce a similar effect of Hope, but is more expensive and deliriant in the end.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOCIALISM and Progress, a 16 page pamphlet, by Bruce Calvert, editor of The Open Road Magazine, Griffith, Ind. Price 10c. The author is the publisher.



FRAGRANT ODOR of roasting turkey, steaming mince pies and bubbling cranberries wafted from the kitchen door of the farm house.

John Applegate, hard headed Western farmer, had, with the aid of the "hands," gathered in the harvest; preparation had been made for his family's comforts for winter, and the day of Thanksgiving was at hand.

With his tired, sad faced, careworn wife and two younger children Applegate was seated in the heavy surrey, slowly drawn by a sleepy plow horse—and headed for the meeting house at Cross Roads to offer up thanks to Providence for its kindness. Of course he might have given more thanks to the "hands," who had come in droves to the great West, answering the lure of the city newspapers, and finding the supply of "help" greater than the demand, had toiled for a pittance, slept under header barges and with nothing but the sky for a canopy, blistered in the broiling sun of the harvest field, while Applegate driving along behind the reaper in his runabout, beneath the shade of

a huge umbrella which bore the advertisement of a local shopkeeper, superintended the proceeding, urging the workers on to greater speed—lest a touch of bad weather missent by Providence might spoil the crop.

But this was past now. The harvest over there was no more work for the "hands." One by one they dropped from sight—and out of John Applegate's mind. He had no use for tramps anyhow—when harvest was over.

They drove along in silence—soon the square old meeting house with its blocky apology for a spire broke in view.

The meeting house was crowded. Women's hands, stiffened and misshapen from drudgery in the kitchens, had crudely fashioned autumn leaves and corn-stalks into a conglomeration of decorations throughout the church. Beside the pulpit a huge saffron colored pumpkin was set in innocent contrast with the bald head of the minister, clad in a rusty looking, threadbare coat that had seen many summers. All assembled, the huddled whispering of many voices suddenly becomes hushed. The gaunt minister arises, carefully adjusts the folds of his coat-tails, and lifting a bony hand ceilingward, bows his head and prays: "Oh Lord, we thank thee for the great blessings thou has bestowed upon us. Thou has made our harvests rich with grain. Thou hast filled our streams with fishes; our trees are laden with fruit. Oh Lord, we are thankful thou hast created enough for all." A sudden burst of sunlight filtering through a stained glass window donated by a wealthy sister of the church, since departed, cast a scintillating ray with equal brilliancy upon the smooth head of the preacher and upon the pumpkin alike. "God has created enough for all—but, Oh Lord, if some, like the prodigal sons they are, have wasted their substance in sin and riotous living, bring them to feast upon the shucks which the swine doth eat, until they seek repentance."

"We will now read the president's thanksgiving proclamation."

All through the reading of the lengthy document written by our rotund, well fed chief executive, John Applegate sat as if dazed.

"Enough for all—prodigal son"—his mind wandered far away—away to a huge seething, dark, gloomy, smoky city—Chicago—where many years before his son George—filled with ambition by the stories

of success, related in the city newspapers—had gone—how he had been unable to find satisfactory employment—how he was sick and out of funds—and perhaps starving—great God—while his father sat and gave thanks. NO! The business mind of Applegate asserted himself. George was all right. You couldn't down an Applegate. The rough experiences would make a man of the boy. Why, I suffered and struggled until I got my first thousand dollars and now—folks struggle for me."

The tremolo of the squeaky church organ and voices singing brought him to out of his unpleasant reverie.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow—Praise him all creatures here below—"

The service was ended. With an inward sigh of relief the congregation slowly filed out of the meeting house and homeward.

Mary, the domestic, had the steaming food upon the table at the exact moment the Applegates arrived and had disposed of their wraps.

Grace having been said, the meal proceeded in silence.

"I wish George was here to enjoy this with us," finally ventured Mrs. Applegate, without raising her eyes. Her husband looked at her coldly. "Oh, George is all right—he's



doing good perhaps—and will be a rich man up in Chicago some day—may be—look how Armour and Carnegie and Rockefeller all had to struggle—now they are reaping the harvest."

"Didn't the preacher say there was enough for all?"

"Yes, John," said the wife sadly, "and it doesn't seem like Providence would provide for part of us and not the rest."

A cold, sleety November wind, with all of its rawness sought every crevice of the forsaken canyon like streets of Chicago.

George Applegate's thin, threadbare clothing did little to resist the icy blasts that pierced to his skin and made his nose and fingers blue. He shuffled along the outer edge of the sidewalks, with his face down, going to—he knew not where. It was Thanksgiving day. Out of work—just recovering from an attack of pneumonia that had laid him low, and without a cent in his pockets, George Applegate was trudging the streets of a city as heartless as it was great.

A heavy touring car, laden with richly dressed youths, bedecked with flowing ribbons, and flags, speeding toward the south side stadium, where the annual football match between two of the large universities was to be held, bore down on him. With an awkward leap George cleared the path of the on rushing car by a few inches. The gilded youths punctuated his rapid strides with sarcastic shouts and honks of the auto horn.

Tears of indignation and



sense of defeat arose to George's eyes as he stood glaring defiance at the disappearing auto.

"Just look at them fellers—look at 'em. They've never done a lick of work in their lives—not a useful thing. Here I've worked and made stuff for folks to eat and wear—they haven't and they're well dressed and well fed and riding and I—I'm ragged and hungry and walking—it ain't right—I tell you it ain't right—God ain't on the square." Staggering blindly along a few hundred yards further he sank down upon one of the benches that line the lake front in Chicago, and throwing his head on his arm he gave way to a paroxysm of sobs.

"What's the matter, stranger," said a kindly voice at his side a few moments later. "You seem to be up against it?"

George pulled himself together hastily and looked at the newcomer coldly. His paternal training had taught him to beware of strangers—they were only after your money—anyhow. Remembering he had nothing to lose George became more sociable.

"Been having a little bad luck—that's all. I'm out of a job."

"Me, too," said the other warmly, "I'll tell you what it's getting to be something fierce—this making a living."

"I don't seem to get the hang of the city, I guess," put in George, "if I had been born a city chap I'd be wiser and could get in business like some of the big fellows."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger. "Being born in the city hasn't got anything to do with it. I was born here myself. I've worked all my life—had to—it's all I ever knew. Year after year I've tried to save my money to have something for a rainy day. I never got paid enough but just to buy my clothes and grub—bum grub at that. I read in the papers that the place for the feller that ain't got nothin' is the west. I goes out to the harvest fields. It seems like everybody else had the same idea. There was more work than jobs. When the rubes had all of the crops put by, there is nothing for us to do but to blow back to Chi. or get put in the lock-up as vags, so here I am."

"I was born in the country," said George. "The papers I read said the young man should go to the city. I have been here four years and have worked hard, but can't succeed. You can't do much without money these days."

"Say, pardner," said the stranger, "someone has been playing a mean trick on us—it's the fellers that own these newspapers—they own our jobs—they want to always keep us moving so we'll never get together and see where we are being worked."

"That's the trouble—they teach every feller to look out fer himself alone, while they all gets together and sticks together. Now, if us fellers that works would get together and hang on to the good things we make, we wouldn't be going around hungry, would we?"

"No," said George, "hardly!"

"Here's a little pamphlet a working man handed me the other day. It says, 'Workers of the world unite'—get together—two heads are better than one—ain't they? You bet! You and me are in the same class and in the same fix, so what's the use of us trying to make a ridiculous show of individuality—we ain't got none—we just humans—all alike—same appetites, same hopes, same disappointments—let's stick together—it's more sociable—and, say, let's eat. I ain't no philanthropist like Jawn D., but here's a silver dollar that an old farmer lady out west gave me cause she had a 'George' out in the world like me, and you and me better go over to Pittsburg Joe's and celebrate our thanks because us two workers of the world are united anyhow."

SQUALLY WEATHER AHEAD!

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SAYINGS CHASTISED

"Sooner or later the truth comes to light."

More often later.

"Whispering tongues can poison the truth."—Coleridge.

Cut it out, you gossip fiends. We have had about enough of adulteration already.

"Buy the truth and sell it not."—Prov. 23: 23.

Curses! How can I buy it if no one will sell it to me.

"Fools and children will tell the truth."

I know we Socialists have been called fools very often, but till now, I never even suspected the true cause.

"A time for everything and everything in its time."

If this is so, then exit Capitalism and enter Socialism.

"Truth gives a short answer." Why? Because truth strikes out straight from the shoulder; while perfidy and lies try to entangle us in the network of confusion and misrepresentation.

"Pretty good stuff, eh, Santa?"

"Christmas comes but once a year,

And when it does it brings good cheer."



CHRISTMAS AND DESPAIR

is what most of us have had heretofore.

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Mr. Turner attempted to find a capitalist publisher to bring his facts before the American people. But every door was closed to him. Whether by direct bribery or by indirect influence, Diaz and the American capitalists whose interests he serves control nearly every important channel of publicity in the United States.

But they do not control our co-operative publishing house. It is controlled by over two thousand Socialist workers, and we have undertaken to publish to the world the facts which John Kenneth Turner has unearthed and which Diaz and his friends are trying to suppress.

Barbarous Mexico, which we expect to publish November 25, will contain with some revision the articles which appeared in the American Magazine. It will also contain eleven new chapters:

- The Country Peas and the City Poor.
- The Diaz System.
- Repressive Elements of the Diaz Machine.
- The Crushing of Opposition Parties.
- The Eighth Unanimous Election of President Diaz.
- Four Mexican Strikes.
- Critics and Corroboration.
- The Diaz-American Press Conspiracy.
- The American Partners of Diaz.
- American Persecution of the Enemies of Diaz.
- Diaz Himself.
- The Mexican People.



WHAT HAPPENS TO OPPONENTS OF DIAZ.

There will also be sixteen pages of engravings from photographs, most of them taken by the author during a prolonged tour of Mexico made for the purpose of learning the whole truth about that unhappy country. The book will be printed on extra book paper, handsomely bound in cloth with gold stamping, and the price upon publication will be \$1.50. But as our capital is limited we find it necessary to raise money **AT ONCE** to meet our payments to the author and the printers. We will therefore send the book **postpaid for one dollar** if the money is sent **before publication**. Better write today. You will be more than pleased with the book. Address

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WARD SAVAGE

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SENSATIONAL EXPOSURE OF A FAKE ART SCHOOL

Don't get
Stung

Read this
Article!

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This is an independent art journal for art students of all schools. This month's issue contains the startling nine page article exposing a fake correspondence school game. It contains the truth, told straight out from the shoulder, written without fear, favor or bitterness. Written to save hundreds of thousands from being "stung" Written by one who threw up a position worth thousands a year, rather than be a party to the fraud. THIS IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE MOST SENSATIONAL ARTICLE FOR ART STUDENTS EVER PUBLISHED



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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS KINDLY MENTION HOPE.



**"ART IS LONG—
CASH IS FLEETING!"**

THE devices for securing coin from the proletariat are unlimited.

The recent expose of the Correspondence Institute of America, located at Scranton, Pa., by G. H. Lockwood, of Kalamazoo, Mich., throws the searchlight upon the methods used by the fake art schools of the country to relieve the struggling artist and near artist of his hard earned cash.

Mr. Lockwood, who is a Socialist (these Socialists just can't help exposing some one who needs it), is the head of an art school in Kalamazoo, that turns out artists with a much different finish than the average bourgeois art school, which teaches among other things that artists must never draw or paint anything distasteful to the ruling classes, in order to succeed. Mr. Lockwood imbues his pupils with a vastly different idea. He teaches them to develop ideas—and to use those ideas for the benefit of their fellow man and class.

For a number of years there have appeared in the leading respectable (?) publications (it's funny how all of the fakes usually advertise in the respectable sheets), advertisements over the signature of the "Correspondence Institute of America" which from their brilliantly worded language inspired the dumbest brain with the burning ambition to be an artist.

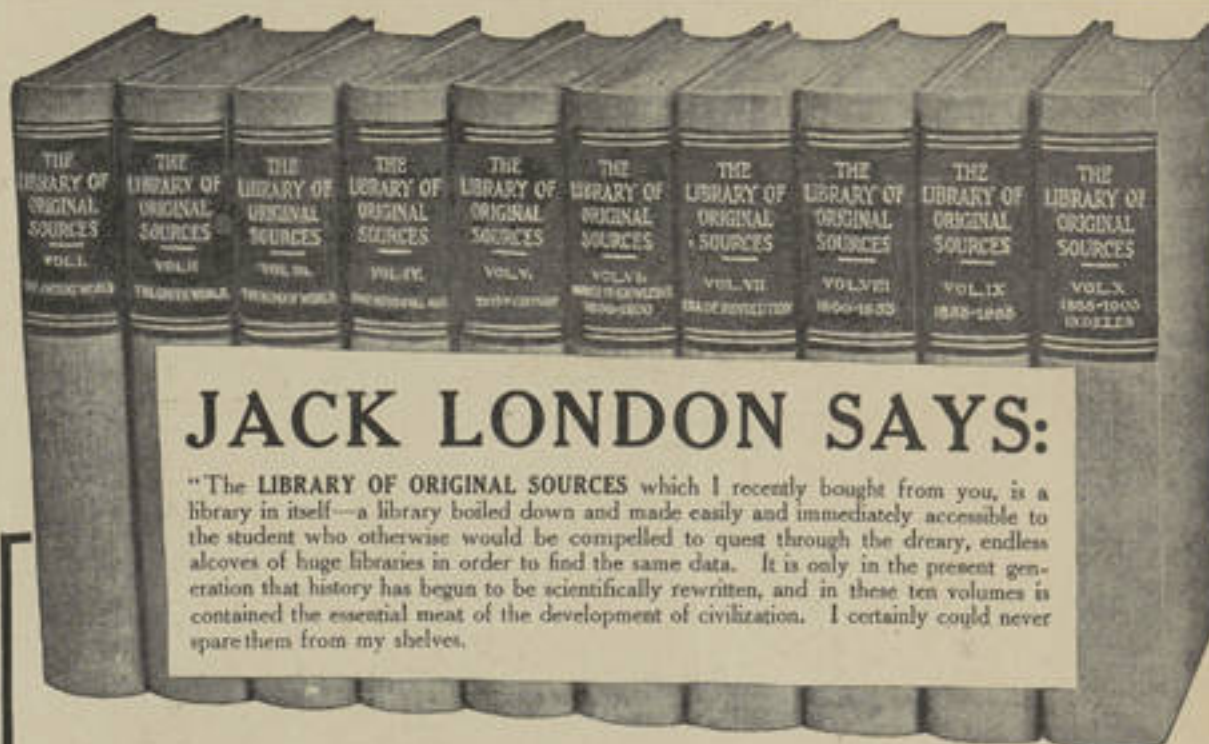
These advertisements usually contained a profile of a man with large ears or some model that could be copied by any youngster big enough to hold a pencil, and bore the inscription: "COPY ME AND WIN A PRIZE." If you copied the picture—no matter how crudely, and mailed it to the address given—you shortly received a handsomely engraved certificate of merit—usually giving your score as 99 or thereabouts and the "Home Educator"—a magazine, was sent you urging that if you could draw a man with a turned up nose—as you demonstrated that you could, you were wasting your time shoveling coal or carrying bricks—when by parting with \$13.50 you could in a few days or weeks—become as famous as Th. Nast and drawing the salary that Homer Davenport is supposed to get. Thousands of working men and women, anxious to escape from their drudgery of toil, parted with money to this concern. They received instead of personal instruction as advertised a few sheets of simple elementary rules of drawing that could be gleaned from any school book. Their drawings sent to the school for criticism at Scranton, were, as stated in a sworn statement by John Maxwell, the Correspondence Institute's advertising manager, criticised by sixteen-year-

old girls who knew absolutely nothing about art. The owner of the school, Conrad Lotz, is in the clothing business and is no artist except when it comes to drawing dividends. Then he makes the old masters look like curbstone peddlers.

The lessons, or so-called lessons, sent in exchange by this Scranton aggregation are worth no more than the paper they are printed on. The Correspondence Institute of America, therefore according to Mr. Lockwood, lays itself open to the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. What will the postal authorities do about it.

To be deceived is doubly disheart-

ening to the worker struggling bravely alone, in remote places, segregated from the ideas of mankind and fellowship, trying to get an education—and at the present time about the only means open to obtaining this education is through the correspondence method and by night study. To the youth who would be an artist—under Capitalism—the way is long and lonesome. The man who dares to tell the truth with his pen or brush has a bare existence and little gratitude often from those he champions, while the artist who prostitutes his talents against the working class and for the rich, greedy and powerful is well paid.



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