

HOPE

SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST.

BLOCKHEAD NUMBER



HE DOES IT "BECAUSE GRANDPA DID."



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THIS NUMBER.

AFTER we had fully decided to issue a "BLOCKHEAD NUMBER," we determined to collaborate with those who could, judging by deeds and action, speak from experience. So it is with deep appreciation that we extend our thanks to the college professors, capitalist politicians, preachers, conservative labor leaders, gentlemanly trust busters, near economists, half-baked reformers and other blockheads, who have directly or indirectly assisted HOPE'S staff in the issuance of this number.

We did not secure the assistance of Teddy—as HOPE is a humorous publication and his blockheaded efforts take more of a serious turn. Mr. Taft was also unable to co-operate with us—although very capable—he was too busy with the army and navy helping Mr. Morgan in his materialistic conception of Mexican history. Mr. Sovereign Voter has been giving us splendid aid, and we thank him heartily for the inspiring material he has furnished us.

TIME WILL TELL.

ONLY waiting till the socialists
Are a little older grown,
Only waiting till their orchards
Of Wisconsin are in bloom.

—Judge's Weekly.

Then we'll hang Capitalism to a sour
apple tree—as we go marching on.

TRYING to get one foot into
Canadian trade for Reciprocity
and trying to hold the
other foot on the neck of the
Mexican peon in the interests of big
business, and sitting upon the American
working class in the middle, is
quite a straddle for one built along the
architectural dimensions of His Highness,
Big Bill.

HOPE

A NOVELTY.

SOcialist office holders are nothing if not original. Congressman Berger was talking with some friends recently. He was bemoaning the fact that he had to leave his beloved Milwaukee and go down to Washington amongst white-washed and renovated senators, corporation office boys, trust presidents and other undesirables. "I can do more good for my fellow man as an alderman in Milwaukee than I can as Congressman at Washington, and that is my first consideration," he said.

Say, you capitalist politicians, and peanut office seekers, behold a real man—a big, intelligent, warm blooded, live "Socialist boss," if you insist, who prefers an \$80 per month job as alderman in a city where graft is impossible to a position amongst the plutocrats at \$650 per month. In addition to this Mr. Berger has contributed \$1,500 of the first salary he earns as Congressman, to the Socialist party—thus giving the government a chance to pay for the enlightenment of the people. Did you ever hear of an old party politician who was half so generous as this? And some folks say the Socialists wouldn't "divide up" if they had anything to divide.



W. E. RODRIGUEZ, UNION
PAINTER.

*Socialist Candidate for Mayor of
Chicago.*

HERE'S looking at you Rody;
We know you are no shirk.
You're right—Chicago should
belong—

To the Men That Do the Work.

And when the sovereign voter
Can get this through his head,
You can take your little brush
And paint the city hall bright RED.



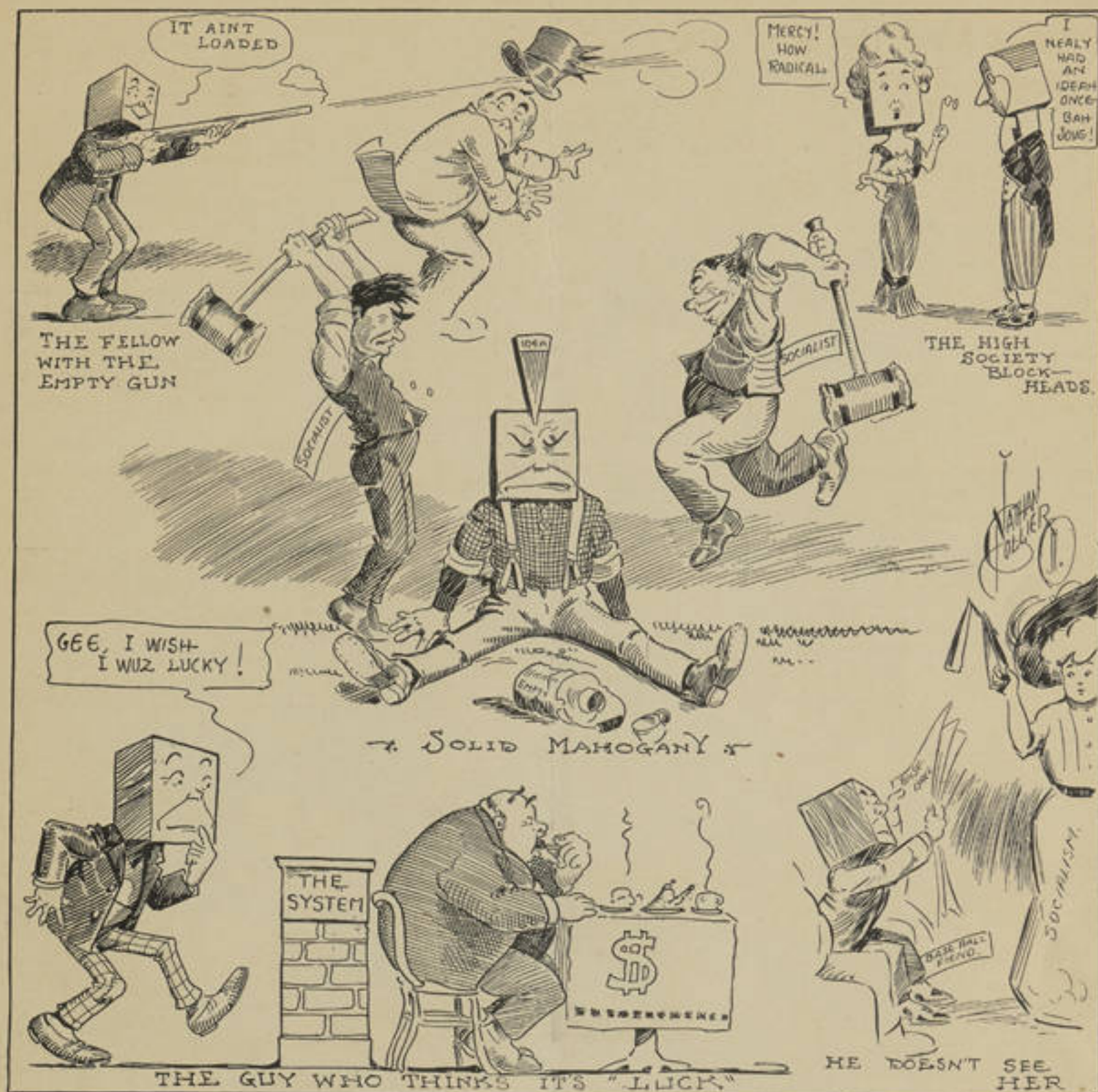
HOW THE CAPITALIST "DIVIDES UP."

Workers—get 17 per cent of their product.

Shirkers—take 83 per cent of labor's product.

Capitalist: "Here, waiter, give that fellow this wishbone and let him wish."

HOPE



SOME BLOCKHEADS WE ALL KNOW.

A DELICATE SUBJECT.

IT was with some squeamishness that we decided to issue this Blockhead Number. We don't like to get personal with our readers. It is a hard matter to decide—this blockhead question. The up-pah classses think it's us—we think it's them. If you are a plute—no doubt you smile when you read this and think of how easy you are putting it over those wooden headed hands in your factory, the wooden headed proletaire that you crowd into flimsy street cars,

dingy offices and slums and factory hells. You probably laugh when you see the awkward, wooden headed kids of the working class herded into boy-scouts movements—and taught wooden headed obedience. Oh, you have us sized up as a lot of blockheads—and maybe you're right—but we have our little opinion of you.

We laugh at your clumsy business methods—you keen old blockheads—we are beginning to smile at your squeaky efforts to appear aristocratic—we snicker at your blockheaded offi-

cials, your veneer-pated high society—we laugh at you, for the day is coming when us poor solid mahogany block-heads are going to arise and, in the language of the prize ring and high business circles, "knock the block off" of this decaying old profit system. Those will be the happy, hopeful days.

WHAT CAUSED IT.

"The acoustics of your hall are bad!"
"Nonsense! It's the soap factory across the road you smell."

HOPE

FUTURE RECITATION.

TEACHER: "Johnny, who was the greatest president we ever had?"

Johnny: "The biggest—William Howard Taft."

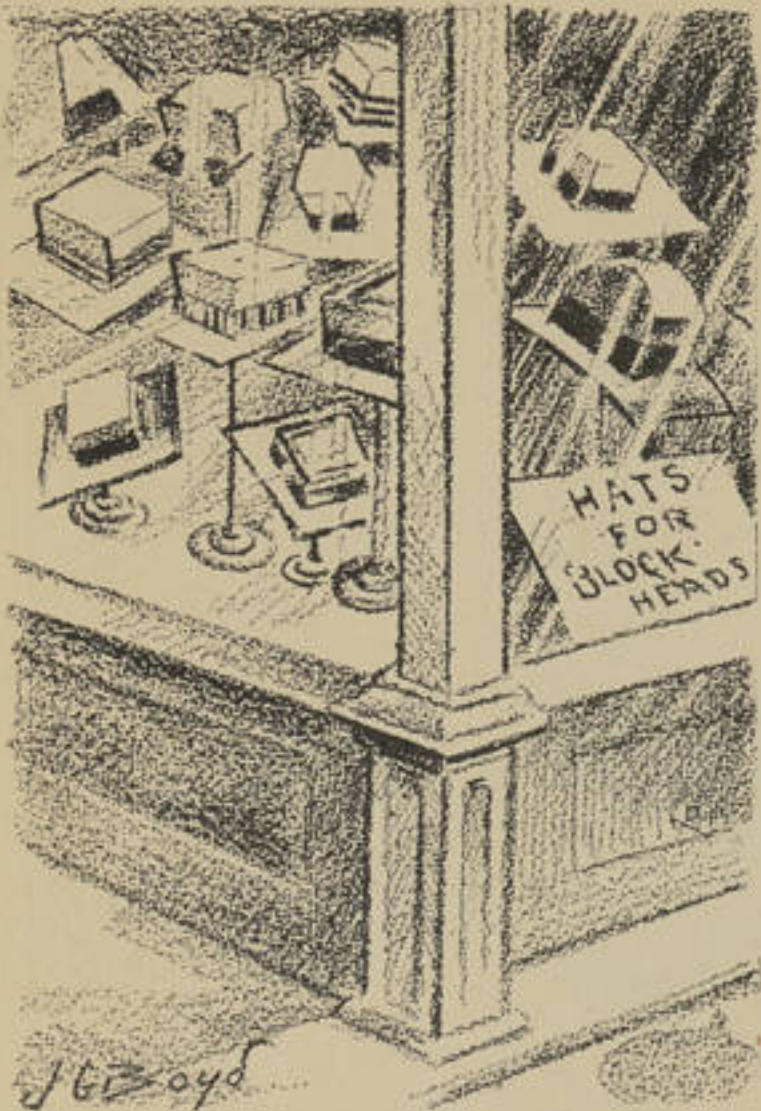
Teacher: "I said the greatest, but go on."

Johnny: "George Washington, D. C."

Teacher: "Note the similarity between President Washington and President Taft."

Johnny: "George Washington was the father of his country; Bill Taft, the prodigal son. George fought with the revolutionists and chased King George out of this country, while Bill fought the revolutionists and chased them out of their country—Mexico. George spent his spare time at Valley Forge praying in the snow, to the Almighty, to help lick the red coats. Bill spent his at Beverly playing golf with corporation lawyers. George crossed the Delaware in an open boat. Bill tried to cross Salt River in 1912 the same way and some one rocked the boat—that's all I can remember, teacher."

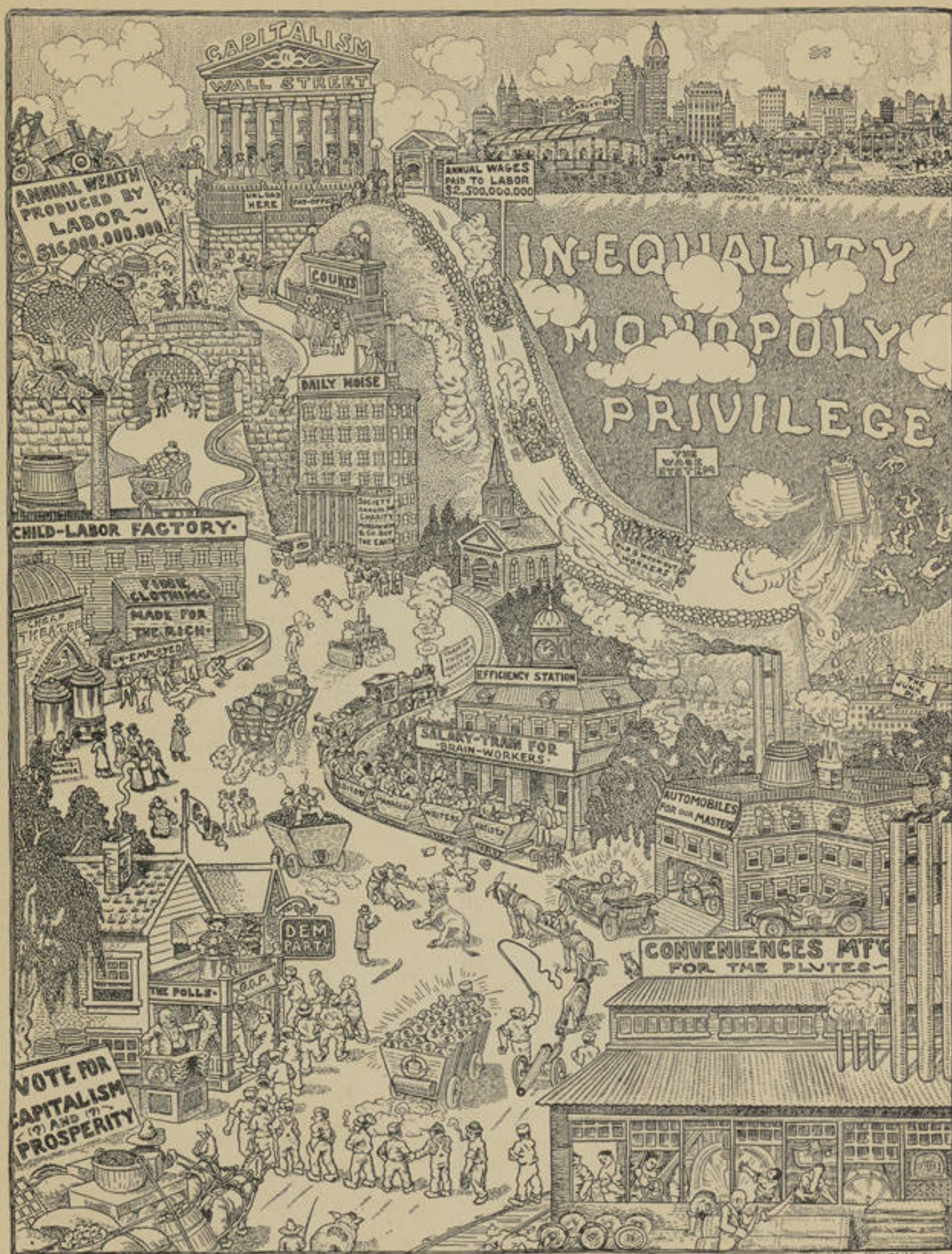
Teacher: "Very well, Johnny. You may now take your geography and study the peculiar arrangement of America and the Northern hemisphere, before Mr. Morgan removed the boundary lines."



SOME PROPER STYLES.
If We Designed "The Other Fellows'" Hats.



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN OF BLOCKHEADS TO COME UNTO ME."



THE WORKERS' SPEEDWAY.

HOPE

OH! YOU STORK.

OH you emblem of posterity,
You ugly looking stork.
You could tell us funny stories
If you would only talk

About that mystic region
Where the kids spring up in rows,
That you bring to married people
When they're parents, they suppose.

Tell us why a lusty cherub
At Banker Brown's you drop
That is a perfect picture
Of a brawny, red-faced cop?

Why to another couple,
A loving dark-haired pair,
You bring a little fairy
With fiery auburn hair?

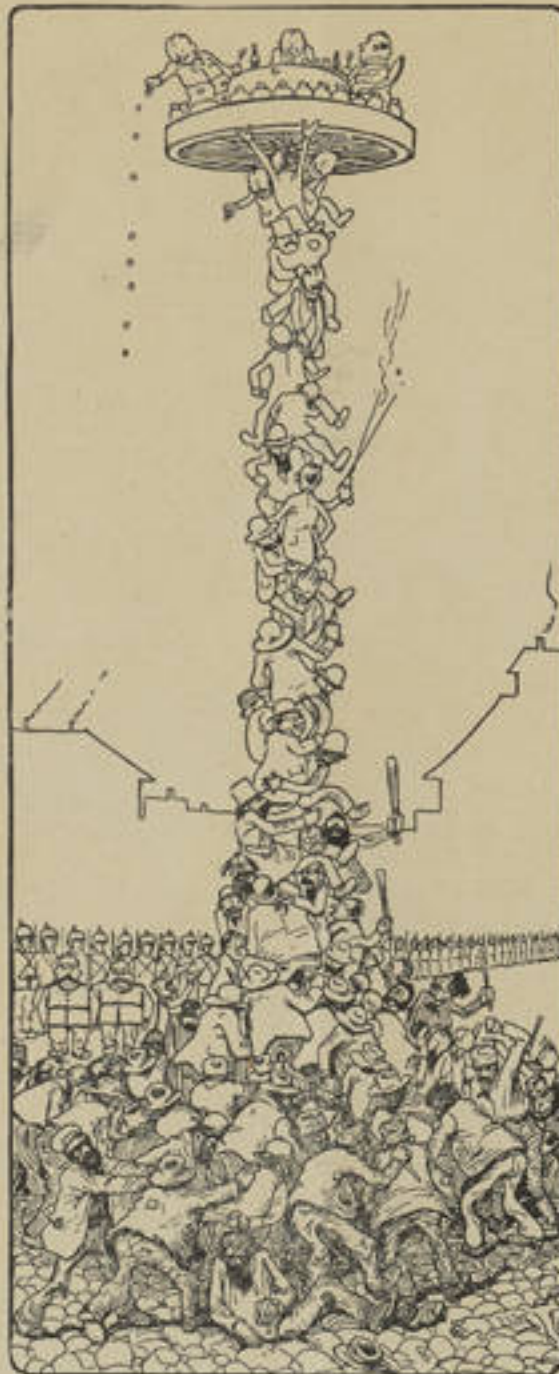
There are so many misfits
In kidlets you have made,
You must be a nature fakir
And not a master of your trade.
C. K.

KNOTTY EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS.

WE often wonder that with all of our great public schools why there is such an ever-increasing crop of blockheads in this country. There's a reason. No matter how modern the school buildings, how artistic or how well ventilated, if common sense, and every-day useful ideas are left off of the educational program—the country's young hopefuls are bound to go out into the world with about as much elementary knowledge of the world to-day in their heads, as is contained in a motherhubbard squash.

We don't expect 'em to teach Socialism in the schools—not by that name at least, but we do expect 'em to teach some of the things the Socialists stand for—truth, practicality, and adaptability.

As one precocious young student of a Chicago grammar school put it: "Gee, they don't teach a feller nothin' in school that will help you make a living. They teach us how to make little hammocks out of yarn, trim ladies' hats, crochet and learn when George Washington crossed the Delaware—but what's that got to do with the price of ham and eggs?" A Chicago professor was honest enough to make the same confession: "We are teachers in the schools only," he said, "and don't know what becomes of our scholars after they go out into the world. Why not plan our courses of study to fit practical use in life, and not fill our students' heads with mere academic knowledge, that



Always Room at the Top.

will be of little use in the economic struggle?"

Yes, indeed, professor—you are right. As long as Capitalism exists and brawn, not brains, is principally at a premium, we should learn the every-day tricks of trade, the little meannesses and the weaknesses of our master class. This could all be worked out and as easily assimilated by the young student as ancient history, algebra and so on. In fact we ought to let Caesar, Napoleon, Washington and those other dead ones rest up a bit and peel our eyes on some modern statesmen. Let's skip a few hundred years in our education and get down to date. Because you know that the Roman senators put one over on Caesar, isn't going to keep the capitalists' U. S. senate from eternally putting it over you, unless you are wise

to the present day game. And as for the young ladies—God bless 'em, they don't teach them how to trim hats, or make little yarn hammocks. They teach 'em domestic science. Now that sounds good, but maybe you are thinking about home-made biscuits, jelly tarts and such. Nay, nay, domestic science consists in absorbing the concrete knowledge of the chemical elements found in food. Now you can find most anything in food in these days of adulteration, so you can see there is always enough dope to keep the young ladies busy.

And perhaps in after-years—poor hubby will come home to his wife's laboratory and while vainly longing for an apple pie like mother used to make—will learn that the morning's milk was H_2O , the beef steak was lacking nitrogenous, amorphous principles—namely proteids, and it was necessary to return same to the butcher, and that it would be highly essential that the evening repast be imbibed at a professional food dispensary.

Most all capitalists are for conservation—of the present system.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

HE servants were abed, and the doctor answered the bell himself. A colored man stood on the steps holding a large package.

"Is Miss Matildah, the cook, at home, sah?" asked the man.

"Yes, but she has retired," returned the doctor.

"Can I leab dis fo' her, sah?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle, from which flowers and buds were protruding, and, after bidding the man good night, carefully carried it to the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water.

The doctor thought nothing more of the affair until he heard Matilda's angry voice raised in conversation with the maid.

"Ef I had de pusson heah," cried the cook, "dat put mah new spring hat in his yer dishpan, I'd scald 'im for sho!"

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

HE GRABS IT.

WE are too prone to put the dollar before the man," remarked the parlor socialist.

"Well, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it won't stay there long," replied the practical individual.

HOPE



A "BIRDSEYE VIEW" OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS.

EVERYBODY knows about Socialism. The greatest trouble is that so many know so much that isn't so.

Everybody knows that Socialism is a menace—to the rich idlers and the grafters.

Everybody that votes the G. O. P. and Democratic tickets has automobiles. Some own them, others merely have them, have them in their heads.

Everybody may see that the idle rich perform no useful social function other than that which is performed by the dummy in front of the clothing store—and it requires no more brains to do that than are contained in any wooden head.

Everybody knows that a flea will stick closer to a body than a brother. A social flea (capitalist) will stick closer than any other. A flea merely makes you scratch for comfort—but a social flea makes you scratch for a living.

Everybody knows the fellow who while pushing a wheelbarrow can get drunk on the fumes of gasoline buggies as they pass and say, "Everybody has an equal chance. He's a millionaire—nit. Some day he may make a big noise—like other nits."



HE LOVES LITTLE CHILDREN.

HOPE



A THORN IN THE FLESH.

RED HOIS.

By F. H. Schoolcraft.

HERE seems to be a great diversity of opinion as to "What shall we do to be saved?" but we all agree on "What we shall do to be damned?"

A millionaire factory owner calls his force of night-workers "cascares." When asked why he explains, "because they work while I sleep."

Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the Chicago University says that "Socialism is only a beautiful ideal—a dream." Archbishop Glennon says, "It is the philosophy of the beer-mug—rank materialism." Get together, gentlemen.

In many cities an automobilist arrested for speeding is released without bond upon showing his membership card in the local automobile club. Wonder if the same courtesy would be shown to the holder of a union card, or the red card of the S. P.?

"I am undecided as yet," said the prominent politician, who was being interviewed regarding the coming campaign, "whether to run as a Lincoln Democrat on the Republican ticket, or as a Jefferson Republican on the Democratic ticket."

SOME MORE "POPULAR FICTION."

"With all my worldly goods, I thee endow."

"All men are born free and equal."

"Socialism means dividing up."

"All are equal before the law."

"Work hard, save your money and you will be rich."

Some scientific men have long contended that this thing we call civilization is a disease. Prof. Dudinks of Princeton University, after years of research has at last succeeded in isolating the germ responsible for the contagion, which he has named the Almighty Dollarensis. We suggest that all banks, railroads, corporations and other sources of corruption be quarantined at once, and disinfected by the use of Socialism in large quantities, as soon as possible.

OUT OF HIS ORBIT.

It is recorded that Samson, who was a very strenuous man, slew a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

When Teddy Roosevelt read this for the first time, he was greatly impressed, and started out at once to an-ni-hi-late all the Socialists by the same means.

But the more he wagged that jaw-bone the more numerous and active the Socialists became, and the would-be Samson was so prostrated by his efforts and what the Socialists did to him, that on November 9th, 1910, he became speechless and was quiet most of the time for nearly 90 days. This breaks the record.

But what alarms and puzzles his friends is that when asked about the results of his efforts he whispers, "I have nothing to say," and relapses into silence.

Before election, when he had the same message to impart to a waiting world, he used thousands of words and columns of type in saying it.

Up to the present writing, no physician has been able to di-ag-nose the case with certainty.

One old quack suggests that he may be *thinking*, but the most eminent authorities agree that this is im-pos-si-ble. The old quack's suggestion finds little favor among those who know Teddy best. They all claim that he is a very strenuous man, and that no thinkable influence could produce such an effect, and that he never had an attack of anything of the sort before, anyway.

The worst is feared.

—L. F. Fuller.

Brevity is the soul of wit—but many humorists are soulless creatures.



HE'S PERTURBED.

Capitalist: "In spite of all I do to prevent it, that darned procession keeps a-growin'."

HOPE

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

THE first electric car the town had ever seen was about to start and the old lady, looking with her neighbors, declared it couldn't do it. It was against nature! "It'll never go! It'll never go!" she exclaimed over and over again.

When, however, the motorman moved the switch the old lady stared as the car glided steadily away, and, as it gained speed and was rapidly disappearing in the distance, she declared, with firm conviction:

"It'll never stop! It'll never stop!"

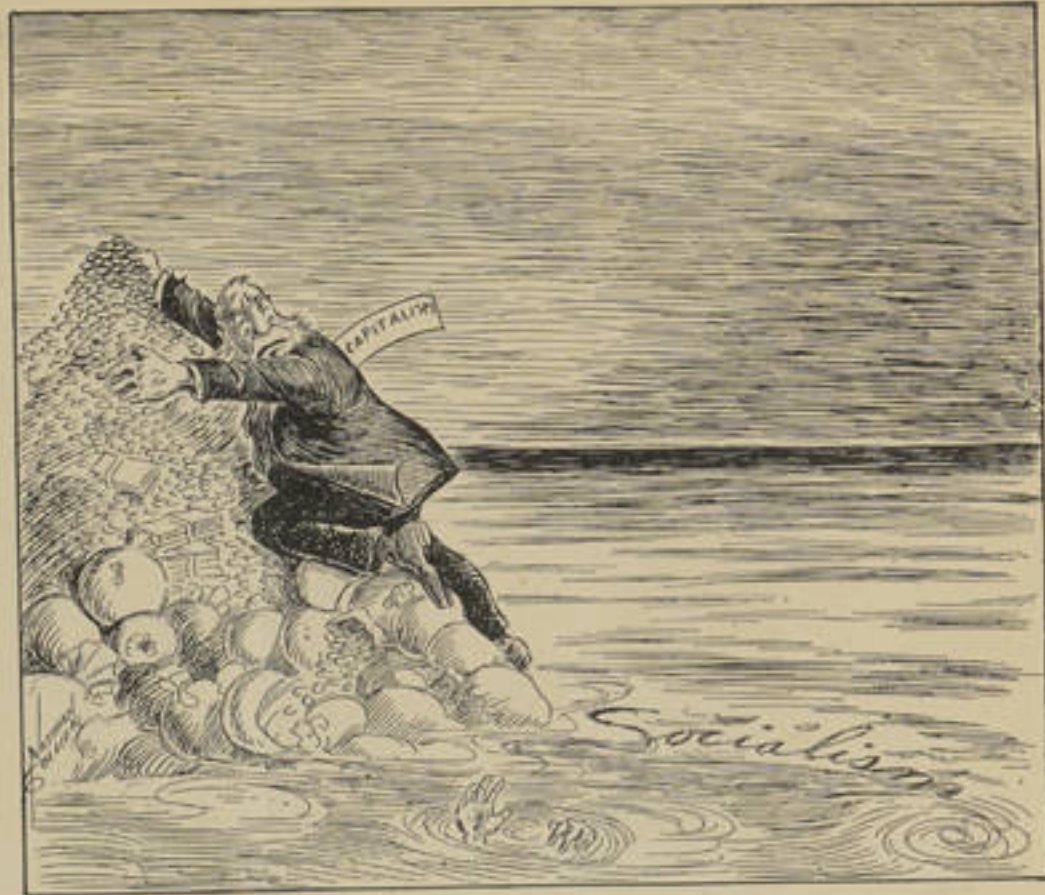
That's the way with Socialism. The very fellows who were boasting a few years back that it would never move, are the ones that can't see "where they're going to get off."

REPORTER: "It looks like the Socialist candidate for alderman will be elected for alderman in the 'steenth ward.'"

Editor: "Then print a story telling how the streets will run with the blood of revolution if he is."

Reporter: "But they already run with blood from the rotten street car service, sir. Someone gets killed every day."

Editor: "Hm, well then say that they will run with beer from municipal breweries if he is elected—that will line up the prohibition vote against him anyhow."



THE RISING TIDE.

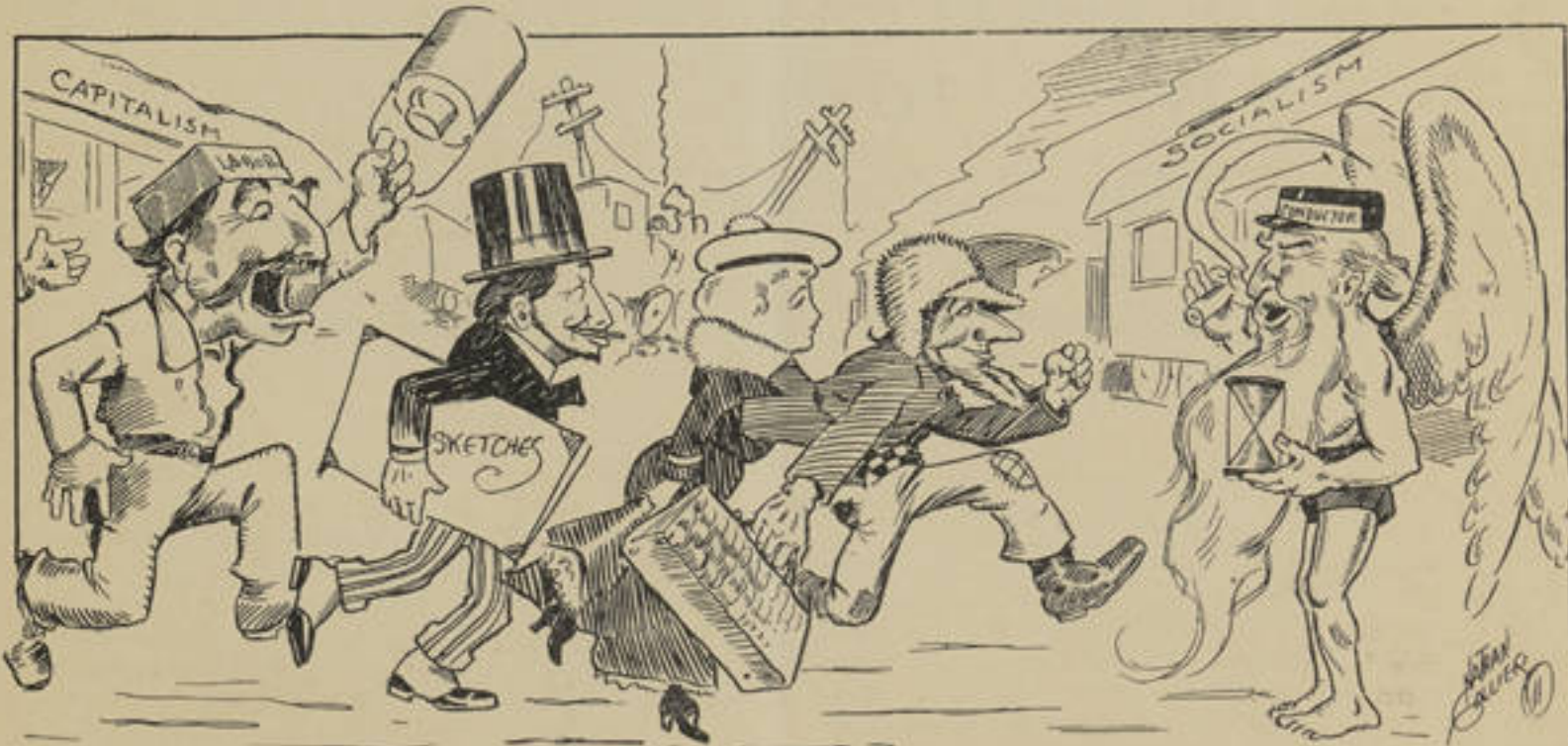
GIFTED JOURNALIST.

Speaking of smart newspaper men, how about the editor who, when the end of the world was prophesied, wrote two articles, one to appear if it came off and the other if it didn't!

A GREAT ERROR.

"My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author.

"That's a grave mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



FATHER TIME: "CHANGE CARS!"

HOPE



No. 1.—CAPITALIST CROOK (*disguised as hobo*)—"Come on, bo, help a poor duck, won'tcha? Me pard gimme dis map wid full particulars where t' locate a buried treasure—in a strongbox. Yuh kin have it for a V—I'm busted."



No. 2.—RUDOLPH—"Say, but wasn't that guy easy? Me for the strongbox. I truly believe I am a frenzied financier. I wonder why the muck-rakers ain't busy—but then my friend Morgan is probably attending to them."



No. 3.—RUDOLPH—"Yes, the map says thirty feet north of the lone tree on Dead Man's bluff. This must be the place. Oh, you treasure!"



No. 4.—RUDOLPH—"Salted mackerel and deviled ham! I wish I had some dynamite; these rocks are as hard as a federal judge's left ventricle. Why didn't the son of a sea cook bury the stuff in a sand pile?"



No. 5.—RUDOLPH—"At last! At last! The strongbox containing the treasure. Already I feel the weight of the yellow stuff in my pants pockets. Now to bust the time lock and appropriate the saffron ingots."



No. 6.—RUDOLPH—"Phew! I fear those ingots are spoilt. Shades of the Kaiser and Anheuser-Busch, but that is a strong box. This sure is the camel that breaks the needle's back—but JUST WAIT TILL THE NEXT TIME!"

GET-RICH-QUICK-RUDOLPH FINDS THE HIDDEN TREASURE



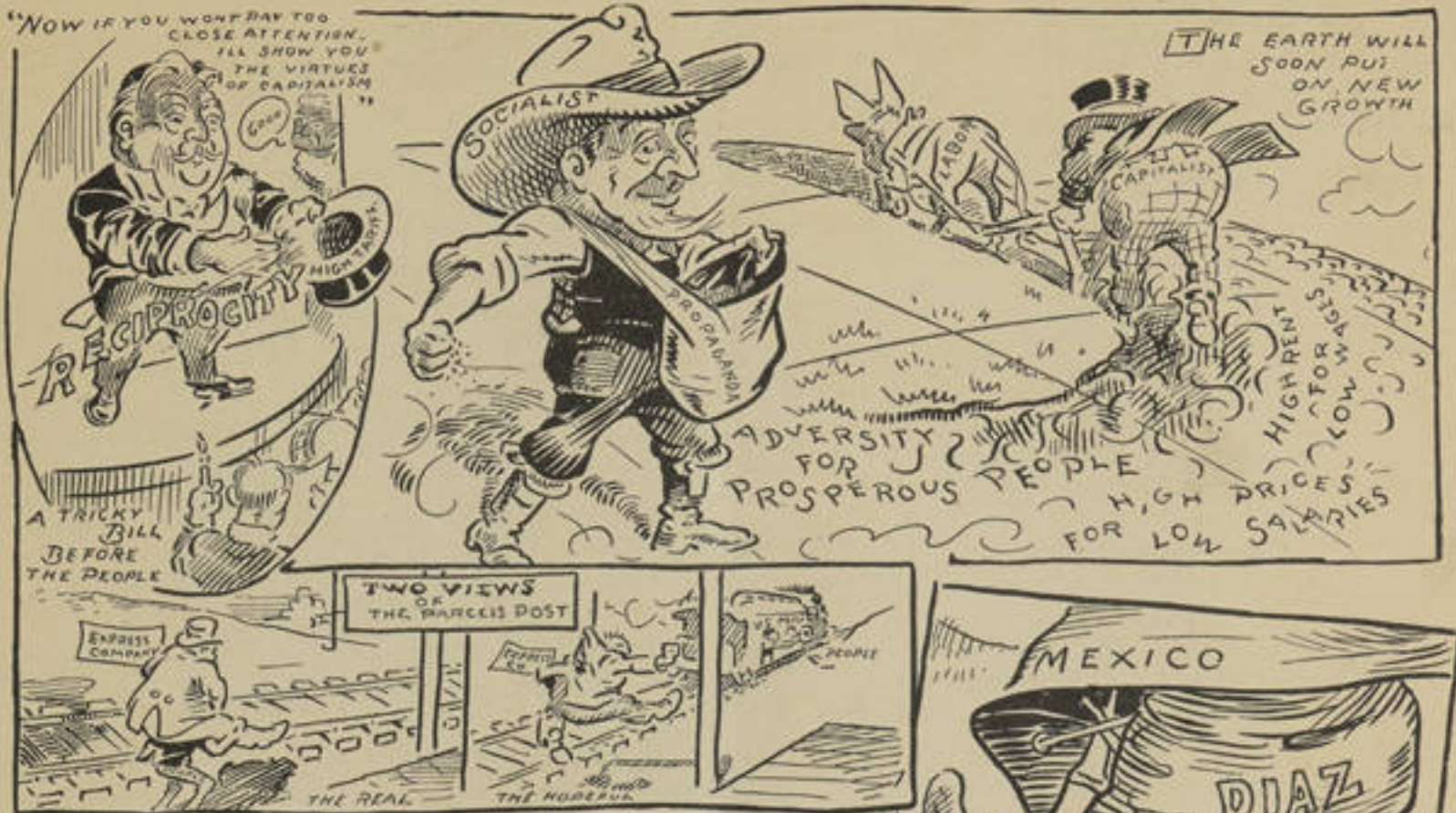
THE LION AND THE LAMB.



HE mayoralty campaign in Chicago has been interesting from several view points. One feature being the delightful extremes of the late incumbent in office Mr. Busse, Republican, and the personality of Mr. Merriam, college professor, Republican. Mr. Busse, while a man of no mean ability as far as capitalist politics goes, was what is known as a low brow—he was too coarse—for even the Republican party and that, you will admit, is going some. Comes Mr. Merriam, high brow—

ethical, refined, grammatical, classic—but fellow worker with Busse in the Grand Old Party of Lincoln, Lorimer, etc. Busse was too crude in his methods for the big business interests of Chicago. He often, it is said, retained more than his per cent of the easy money. Merriam, college bred and scientific—if given the chance will put the "findings" on more of a business basis. Thus one by one the old war horses are succeeded by the more refined, smoother gentlemen from the ranks of our millionaire endowed universities.

HOPE



RECIPROCITY BEGINS AT HOME.

WHY hazard the revolutionist's bullets, or tear down the Canadian wall for markets for our products? Are the American people so glutted with food, so swaddled with clothes that it is necessary to go forth and, with diplomacy and blood, force a foreign market so that our goods will not rot at home. Is there no demand for food and clothing at home? We think so—a demand—yes, but it seems that the acquisitive capitalist class has carefully relieved us of the necessary root of all evil—so us home folks are in no position to "reciprocate." Some day we hope the working class will tear down the "protection" wall that separates us from what we produce,—then we will have real reciprocity.

HE GOT THE PASS.

"I want a pass."

"Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employee. Sorry."

"No; but here the anti-pass law says free transportation can be granted to 'necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry, and fruit.' Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt that's a hen—there's your poultry; a girl that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass."—*Southwestern Book.*



LITTLE SKETCHES—HERE AND THERE.

SOME VACUUM.

Empty soil, empty houses, empty stores, empty baby buggies, empty beds, empty business, empty schools, empty churches, empty pockets, empty plates, empty shoes, empty hands, empty heads, empty stomachs.

That's capitalism.

The remedy—why, Socialism, of course.—*Kansas City Socialist.*

GRADUATED CHARITY.

ALMS-SEEKER: "Won't you give a poor freezing man some money."

Capitalist: "Here's ten cents."

Alms-Seeker: "Ah, only ten cents."

Capitalist (looking at thermometer): "Well, it's only ten below zero, ain't it?"



O the blockheaded American capitalist press, the Mexican revolution has only the earmarks of a comic opera. So has the social revolution. The revolution of 1776 looked the same way to King George's newspapers—for awhile at least.

"Scientist discovers skin preparation that will defy human decay," says a contemporary. Creosote would be more appropriate to preserve the blocks of some sovereign citizens.

Some women are against equal suffrage for the same reason other sisters are against marriage. They have never tried it.



THE RACE OF THE NATIONS TOWARD SOCIALISM.—By Walter Crane.

A MULE—AND A MAN.

(An Old Story with a New Moral.)

(By L. F. Fuller.)

HERE was once a mule. This mule had a master. The mule's master made him work very hard, and allowed him only poor food and poor shelter.

The mule grumbled at his hard lot. The master told him that he should not murmur or complain, and that he should be content with the condition to which God had called him. The master also told the mule how *intelligent* he was, and what a *good* mule he was, and promised him *better things, but the mule never got them.*

One bright day when the master was near, the mule let fly both heels and kicked him clear out of the lot. As soon as the master regained his senses, he asked the mule what he meant by such unseemly conduct.

The mule replied: "I am tired of hard work, poor food, poor shelter and broken promises. I am tired of my life of constant toil. I want some leisure in which I can enjoy a mule's life. I am willing to serve a portion of my time, but I refuse to be eternally at work with no leisure whatever."

The master replied: "You ungrateful beast! Don't you know that I have given you a job? What would become of you if I did not furnish you work?"

"Yes," said the mule, "you did give me a job; but I **DID NOT NEED A JOB TILL YOU FENCED IN THE GRASS.** You tell me that God placed me in this condition, but I am not quite *sure* that He did it. I know that by taking away my opportunity to make my living you committed a great iniquity against me before you extended to me the favor of a job. **BEFORE I WAS ROBBED OF MY OPPORTUNITY I HAD ONLY MY OWN LIVING TO MAKE, AND I MADE IT EASILY, AND HAD MUCH LEISURE;** but now, I work hard all the time, making your living as well as mine, and have no leisure at all."

The master replied: "You evidently don't appreciate what a blessing it is to have a job. You ought to be very thankful as your father was. He used to work for me. He was an animal of character, always a hard worker, willing,

humble and contented. He was the ideal of what a worker should be, and a great political party adopted him as a model for its adherents to pattern after, and placed his picture at the head of its ticket as the highest ideal that could be attained by a worker. I used to make your father work harder than you do, and gave him less food and poorer shelter than you get, but *HE never kicked.*"

"Yes," said the mule, "so I have heard, **BUT EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT MY FATHER WAS A JACK-ASS.**"

In our town there lives a man. This man has a master. This man's master works him very hard, and allows him only poor food, poor clothing, cheap furniture and poor shelter. The man grumbles at his hard lot, as he sees his wife living in poverty, working like a slave, wearing poor, cheap clothes and growing old before her time, while his children are reared in ignorance.

But his master tells him that he should not murmur or complain; that he should be content with the condition to which God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call him; and he also tells the man what a great **REWARD** will be his *when he gets to heaven, IF HE WILL LET THE MASTER HAVE THE REWARD HERE ON EARTH.* The master also tells this man how smart he is, and what a *good* man he is, and how *intelligent* he is, and promises him **BETTER THINGS**, "after election." *But the man never gets them.*

Does this man kick the master out of the lot? Ah, no!! Not he. He just humps his back and **DIGS** for his master, who has fenced in all the opportunities of life for himself, not to use them, but to rent them out to those who must have them or die; and this man is very thankful that his master is so kind as to give a poor man a job, **WITH A MULE'S REWARD**, reserving only the bare necessities of a luxurious living for himself.

And on election day this intelligent man always votes the same ticket his master votes, "just once more," and when asked why he votes the dem-o-re-pub-li-crati-can ticket he replies, "My father did so, so I do it."

THIS POOR MAN DOES NOT KNOW THAT THERE IS NO LAW WHICH COMPELS HIM TO BE A JACKASS EVEN IF HIS FATHER WAS ONE.

HOPE

THE OTHER FELLOW.



ONESTLY, though
shame



turned to his marbles.

"Little man, don't you know it is wrong to play marbles. That is a form of gambling. Come with me and I will show you the way to Heaven."

"Ah, cheese it, Mister, 'you show me the way to Heaven? Why you don't even know the way to the postoffice!"

MISSED ONE.

"He's beneath contempt! He's no man! He's a coward as well as a bully. I called him a liar in six languages and he didn't resent it!"

"Was English one of the languages?"

"Er—no!"

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"Oh," said Smith, "how you made my head ring!"

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.—*Ideas.*

Don't Use A Truss

After Thirty Years Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send



DO YOU KNOW THESE MEN?

TRYING TIMES.

"Doing well, young man, I see."

"No; just struggling along."

"But that fine adding-machine?"

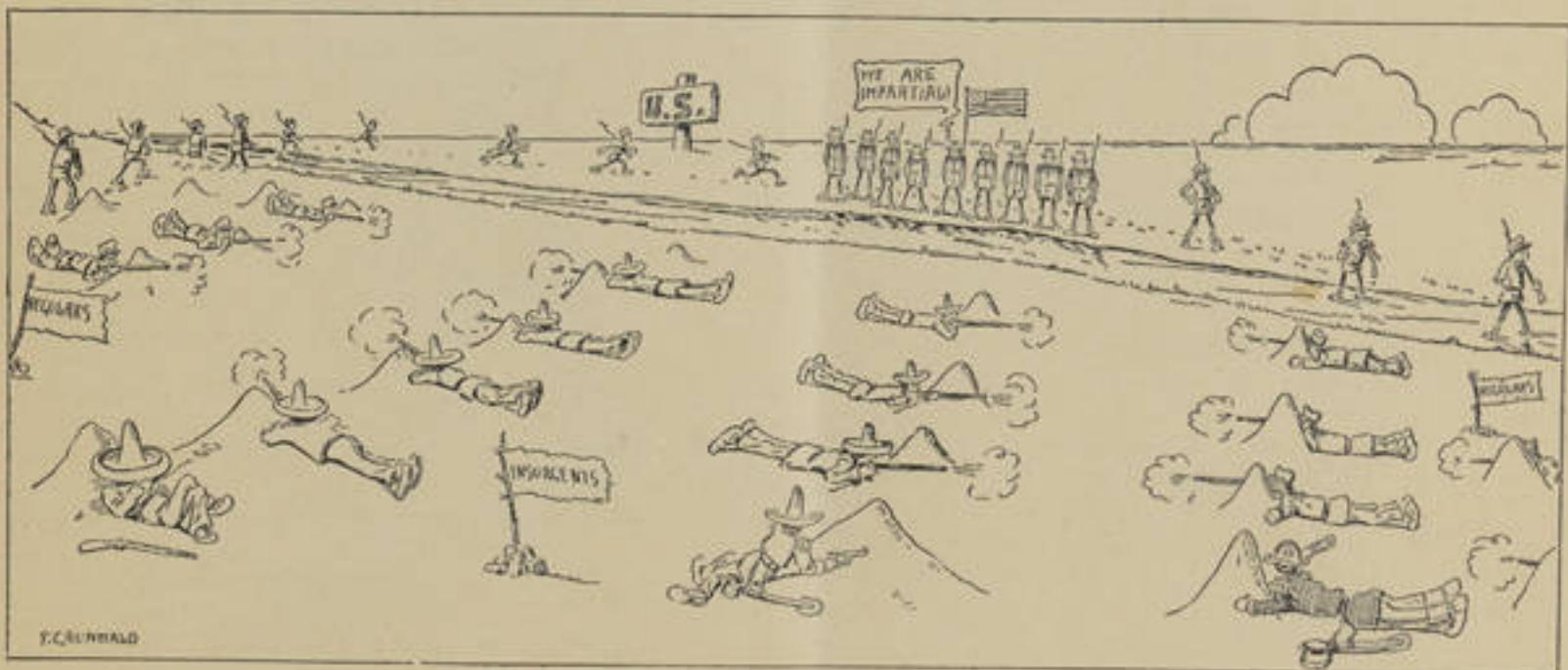
"A demonstrator left it on trial."

"That new typewriter?"

"An agent forced it on me for a month."

"At least those expensive cigars denote ready money."

"No; I smoke ten and return the rest."—*Washington Herald.*



"Our relations with the Mexican Government are most cordial.—Bill Taft.

HOPE



THE RACE OF THE NATIONS TOWARD SOCIALISM.—By Walter Crane.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF MAMMON.

AND my master spake all of these words, saying:

- I. "Thou shalt have no other boss but me." This is the first and greatest commandment.
- II. Thou shalt bow down thyself before me and me only; and in the sweat of thy brow shall I eat cake all the days of my life."
- III. "Thou shalt not curse thy master behind his back, nor secretly conspire against his prosperity, for the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.
- IV. Remember the first day of the week, on that day thou shalt neither work nor take thy pleasure but shalt rest thy arms and back, that thou mayest be strong to work for me the remaining six days of the week. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work—thou shalt give the strength that is in thee; thy back; thy legs; thy arms; thy hair and thy toe-nails; thou and thy seed after thee to make profits for me that I may possess the heavens, the earth, the sea and all that is in them.
- V. Honor thy master that he may make the days of thy service long and the amount of thy wages exceedingly small in the land which he possesseth.
- VI. Thou shalt not kill with thy ballot at the polls the system that maketh thy lord and master wax fat, and maketh thou a slave, lean.
- VII. And when thy master waxeth eloquent in speech and prophesieth of returning prosperity and confidence thou shalt take it as the gospel truth unadulterated.
- VIII. When thy master taketh away thy wages and leaveth thee to beg or starve thou shalt do both rather than steal.
- IX. Thou shalt not stir up discontent among thy fellow workers by bearing witness that thy master is robbing them of their earnings.

X. Thou shalt not covet things to eat or drink or wear; neither shalt thou covet thy master's house nor envy him his chauffeur, nor his mistress' dog; not anything that is

thy master's; for the earth is his and the fullness thereof, the silver and the gold and the chattels and a thousand mills, and upon thy belly thou shalt crawl and dirt shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

—J. Hoogerhyde.



"GID-DAP!"



"The Turn of the Tune."

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.
Founded 1882 by ORIE READ.

Fiction—Humor—Art—Originality.

See Clubbing Offer in This Magazine.

A DEADLOCK.

Johnny: "Grandpa, do lions go to Heaven?"

Grandpa: "No, Johnny."

Johnny: "Well, do ministers?"

Grandpa: "Why, of course. Why do you ask?"

Johnny: "Well, suppose a lion eats a minister?"—*Life*.

GRAFT—A SCIENCE.

QUONE reason why the people are plundered is because the capitalist makes an actual study of the art of plunder, while the people give the matter of their own self-defense little, if any thought. The capitalist going forth to plunder, whether it be a bank or a public utility, goes at it in a business method. He does nothing crude, does not show his hand. He selects the best legal and technical experts. Time is no consequence. What's worth having is worth watching and waiting for. His agents are everywhere looking for promising things, that the loopholes in the law will allow the capitalist to grab. If there are no loopholes, his judges, and legal department—nice fellows personally you understand—fix up the necessary apertures. It's just a matter of business. Rather shrewd, eh? Now the poor "people," if we may use the plural, and have an individual in mind for example—doesn't lay out such a defensive campaign against the enemy. He doesn't take jaunts over his domain in his auto after breakfast and see what's going on. He doesn't loaf around the county recorder's office to see what property needs taking care of. He does none of these things. HE goes to work.

He goes to work early. He goes to work often. He works hard. He stays long at the job. He gets home tired. All he knows about public rights, what's his and what isn't, he learns from the newspaper—the capitalist newspaper. An election comes around. He takes a great interest in politics. He discusses warmly with his fellow blockhead the good or bad qualities—the personalities—and facial features of the bosses' candidates. On election day he goes out and votes for the one he thinks will do the LEAST harm. Then goes back to work—and to be worked. His interest in what belongs to him ends there. But the bosses' doesn't—it begins there. The poor hard working capitalist has seen to it that the right men from his point of view have been placed on the ticket. His newspapers and agents have seen to it that they were elected. Then in office, with these same newspapers as a club, the capitalist sees to it that "Big Business" is protected. It often takes time, but he never fails in the end in securing whatever spoils he is after. The "people" only works and cusses his luck. He is skinned because he doesn't have time or doesn't take time to make a business of self-defense—while the capitalist makes exploitation for his private gain, a life work and science.

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Among those whose work (previously unpublished in English) appears in translation are: Brieux, Wedekind, France, Bjornson, Schnitzler, Strindberg, Artzibatcheff, Tolstoy, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Tchekhov, Andreyev, Echegaray, etc.

THE INTERNATIONAL is notable for its mechanical perfection—printing, paper, decorations and clear type.

There are two special offers for this month:

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DIVIDED THEY VOTE.

By Ellis O. Jones.



HE whistle has blown and each man takes his place

To toil for the world at a death-dealing pace.

Each movement is skillful, each brain is alert,

While they patiently work in the factory dirt;

Just look at that picture and then make a note.

That united they sweat, but divided they vote.

The machines and the belts and the shafting are still,

And not a wheel turns—there's a strike at the mill.

A strike! Every workman has solemnly vowed

To stand by his mates till their claim is allowed.

'Tis a brave thing to do, but don't fail to note

That united they strike, but divided they vote.

The sun brightly shines as there passes along,

In holiday raiment the Labor Day throng.

Each man is decked out in his Labor Day best,

"Labor omnia vincit" the banners attest.

Yes, labor must conquer, but never, please note,

While united they march, divided they vote.

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"I will, upon the condition that you print it in the 'Blockhead Number'—it will be most appropriate there.

"I was born in October, 1883, at Water Valley, Miss. Soon after my parents moved to a farm, where I grew old enough to have a younger brother to tease. Was then put in a school where I used up my first writing tablet making circus posters. Was kept busy doing farm work on Saturdays and vacations. On rainy days I drew pictures and potato slips. The first drawing for which I received pay was during examination at school. I made caricatures in connection with my illustration to some principles in physics—the teacher gave me grade enough to make the average for promotion. When I became old enough to vote I left the farm and took position as clerk in the post office, studying art by mail. After finishing the mail course I went to art school in Kalamazoo, Mich., and learned that I looked like Nate Collier. This inspired me to learn to draw well enough to draw a salary and Prof. Lockwood, my director, secured me a position on the pay roll of a lithographing company. Have since served as engraving house artist, newspaper illustrator and cartoonist. In this capacity I'll endeavor to amuse and benefit those who have Hope."

HIS GIDDY LIFE.

"Pa, may I have a quarter to go to the circus with?"

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HOPE

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Ward Savage..... Editor
William Cherney..... Business Manager

ART STAFF.

Nathan L. Collier..... L. F. Sesinger
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Beginning with this issue, HOPE will hereafter appear in the present sized form—this size being deemed more convenient for all purposes. However, this will not in any way reduce the interesting contents of HOPE, as eight additional pages have been added to the magazine, and future issues will contain from 20 to 28 pages of the best cartoons obtainable in the country.

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Wall Street rumors indicate that the day of the Muck-Raker is at an end. It is reported that Morgan and the big Interests are buying up the radical magazines as fast as possible, and that within six months all exposures of Big Business will stop. The American Magazine, according to the report, was one of the first to be bought up. No longer will it or the other capitalist magazines tell of the atrocities being perpetrated in Mexico today, by the help of the United States Government, for the profit of American capitalists.

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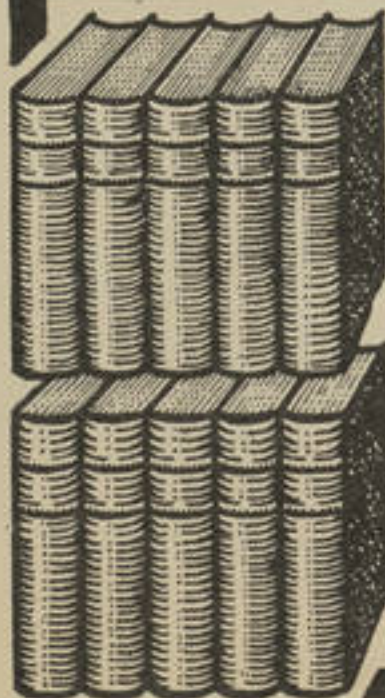
"That's so," replied Senator Sorghum. "I wonder who'll get the contract."—*Washington Star*.

THE VICTIM.

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war is in progress, the scarcity of good husky
patriots who ought to act as cannon fodder, is
alarming. Has patriotism "the fire of the gods"
been given a back seat? Has embalmed beef,
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Or what?

(Signed) GEN. DAFT,
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oyster to the other:

"Where are we?"

"At a church supper," was the reply.

Whereupon the little oyster said:

"What on earth do they want of both
of us?"

Kind Lady: "What are you crying
for, little boy?"

Spoiled Child: "Cause I can't find
anything to cry about."



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THE WHOLE NATION IS ASTOUNDED at the magnitude of this greatest of all evils, the White Slave trade. This hideous monster of vice has no geographical boundaries; it is in every clime, seeking its victims with a relentless and inhuman ferocity. This great book, written by the ablest and best qualified men and women in the world, tells the awful tragedy of the means used to procure these young girls, the prices they are sold for and the horrible and debasing lives they have to lead.

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You can see these young women crying out in the night; you can see the blanched faces and hear the ribald laughter of souls that are lost and minds that are warped; you can see the men that go into the rural districts, in the smaller cities and there, under the lurid promise of a good position and social advantages in the big cities, **BRING INTO THE JAWS OF**

THIS AWFUL MONSTER young girls who should be the mothers of our Nation's future.

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This volume is **STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED** with actual photographs and drawings of White Slavers, plying their nefarious trade, luring young girls into the net of shame, vice resorts, and their victims, the awful result of the White Slave trade on its victims, and the great war now being waged to suppress this burning shame of our nation. **FIGHTING THE TRAFFIC IN YOUNG GIRLS** is the most complete and authentic work on this burning subject, and contains a special grade of No. 1 book paper, over 500 **PAGES OF TEXT** printed on a special grade paper, and 32 **PAGES OF HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS**, handsomely bound in the following styles:

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