

HOPE



THE LITTLE DUTCH BOY WHO SAVED "DOLLAR-LAND."

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Ward Savage, Editor and Publisher



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WE'RE NOT BEGGING

A GOOD many people think Socialists are begging 'em to accept Socialism. We are not begging—we are offering it as a privilege. If you were cut off from your food supply on a cannibalistic island hungry, cold and starving, and a big comfortable steamer loaded with the good things of life came along and you were invited to come aboard, would it be necessary to "beg" you? Not unless you were a plain dampfool. Socialism is the ship that is coming in with the good things of life. Better get aboard, boys, or you'll get left.

SHE WAS SAFER—STILL

THE DEVOTED young man was gazing fondly at his obese feminine friend, whom he was trying to teach how to roller skate, in spite of the laws of gravity and some pedal awkwardness on her part.

"Not having much luck at it," put in a bystander.

"Sir," returned the young man, warmly, "it matters not; with all her falls I love her still."

MORE GRAFT

LONDON BRIDGE was falling down. "Another instance of the rottenness of our old party administration," put in the sociologist, as he dodged the falling debris.

Famous	Daring
Agitators	Aviators
Letting	Yanked
Loose	Skyward

CAST YOUR BREAD upon the waters—but cast your ballot for the Socialist party. It will insure your chances of getting some more.

NO REAL SOCIALIST'S efforts should cease when he casts his ballot at the polls. Remember there are others.

THERE IS NO SENSE in giving the devil his due. He'll get it anyway.



The only Solution: **Get a better job**

Are you "trying to make both ends meet" on a small, unsatisfactory salary? Are you one of the thousands of energetic, capable men whose days are spent in work not suited to their natural talents?

Then read this wonderful offer. We mean it and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.

If you lack the time and the means to stop work and take a course of training, the American School will lend you the cost of the training you need and let you make your own terms for repaying us.

This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise," and we are prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.

If you are willing to study for an hour every evening after working hours, willing to stick to it with the kind of persistence that wins, and without which nothing worth while is ever won; then you are on the right track.

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our "Deferred Tuition" plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan.

No Promotion—No Pay—that's what our "Deferred Tuition" Scholarship means. Send the coupon today and prepare for a better job.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." T. W. 3-11.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
|Bookkeeper |Draftsman |
| stenographer |Architect |
|Accountant |Civil Engineer |
|Cost Accountant |Automobile Operator |
|Systematizer |Electrical Engineer |
|Certified Public Ac't |Mechanical Engineer |
|Auditor |Moving Picture Op'r |
|Business Manager |Steam Engineer |
|Commercial Law |Fire Insurance Eng'r |
|Reclamation Engineer |College Preparatory |

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

Don't complain if you fail to receive the "September" issue of HOPE, for this is it. In order to regain time accidentally lost, and to have the current issue of HOPE delivered the month it is printed, we have changed the date of this, the regular September issue to read "October." The next issue will be the November issue, and will appear the latter part of October. Each subscriber will receive the exact number of copies his subscription calls for, but the final copy in each case will be one month later than under the old dating. Hence subscriptions, expiring with this issue, Vol. II, No. 5, receive the "October" issue, instead of September, etc. Don't neglect to renew promptly because of this, as HOPE for the current month appears several weeks earlier under this arrangement.

HOPE

The wretch condemned with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—Goldsmith.

HOPE



FALL TIME.

"The Melancholy Days Are Come"

HOPE

FALL WEDDED TO SPRING

COLONEL Astor, an aged, but very rich and aristocratic gentleman, who has several billion of scads to his bank roll, and not to mention having a few hotels named after him, and we believe a soothing syrup, called cAstoria, although we are not sure about the latter, has taken unto himself a blushing bride. Most all brides blush, it is true, but this one is no doubt blushing harder than the rest, for she is not much more than a mere school girl. To marry a man who is old enough to be a grandpa and then some is enough to make a young lady blush. We almost blush ourselves when we think of it. This fortunate young lady is possessed of a very suggestive name—Force. Perhaps their marriage will have an effect similar to that of the famous "Jim Dumps" of breakfast food fame, and the colonel will shed his gray locks, his rheumatic pains will disappear, as will all other visages of his creeping old age, and he will kick up his heels and snort around the world with his school girl bride, a veritable "Sunny Jim." We don't wish him otherwise, but are a little dubious. Funny thing, these aristocratic marriages. With wonderful ease this gentleman can put aside a perfectly good wife (by divorce) and take another one more imbued with the springtime and maiden blush of youth.

And he does it all with money he



"HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED?"

—N. Y. Mail.

never earned, but which comes from the toil of the working class. Someone, we believe once said that Socialism would break up the home. However, no one as yet has accused us of robbing the cradle in the making of our matrimonial selections.

EVEN if the Milwaukee Socialists are defeated next election, which is hardly likely, we venture to bet that Demo-Rep. saddle isn't going to ride as easy on the Milwaukee public as it did before the Socialists removed it.

BRING ON YOUR ISLAND

AT one time foolish persons suggested that the government charter an island way off somewhere and send all of the Socialists there and let them fight it out amongst themselves. That was when Socialists were few. Now that there are about two thousand Socialists in the United States to every capitalist, we should not be selfish. Let's have the government charter the above mentioned island and send all of the capitalists there and let them "exploit it out" among themselves—especially as we are so much in the majority. It would be much more practical to send the few capitalists who are ruining this country than it would be to send the millions of Socialists. Couldn't get an island big enough for us Socialists, anyhow, we are growing so fast.

SOME IMPROVEMENT

WALKER: "De trouble wid dat Socialism is dat it would break up de home."

TIES: "So you admit it would give us a home, den? Dat's more'n we got now."

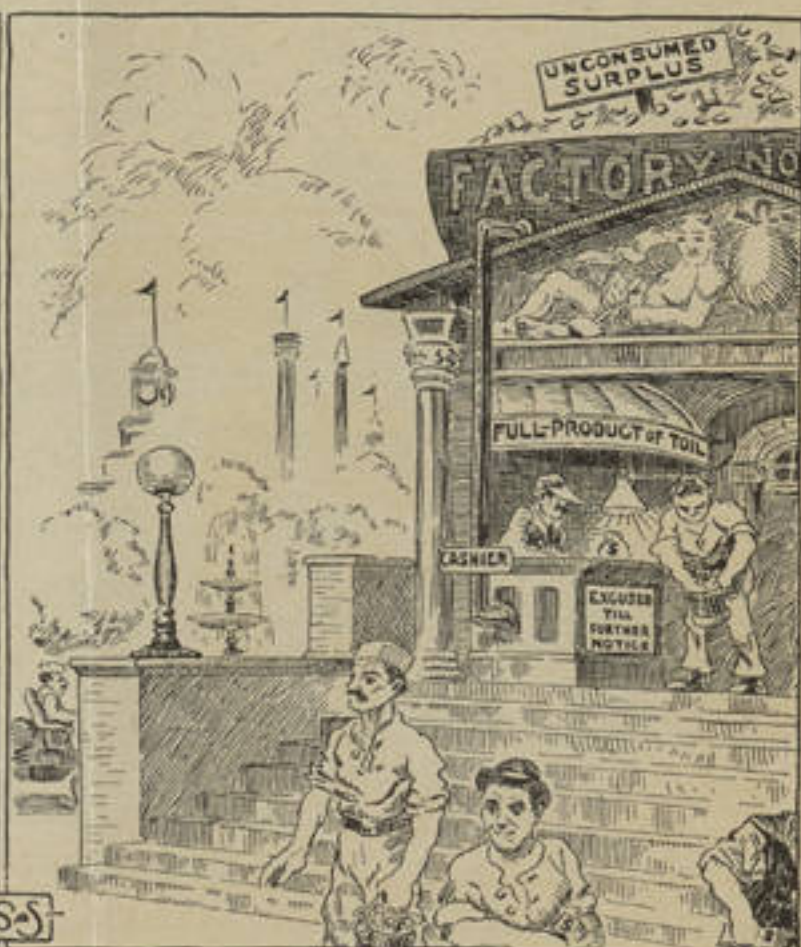
GOING DOWN

There was a young lady quite tall
At dignity made a great stall,
But her skirt was a hobble,
Which caused her to bobble
And her pride went down with her fall.



AS IT IS TODAY.

OVERPRODUCTION WILL HAVE NO TERRORS IN A CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.



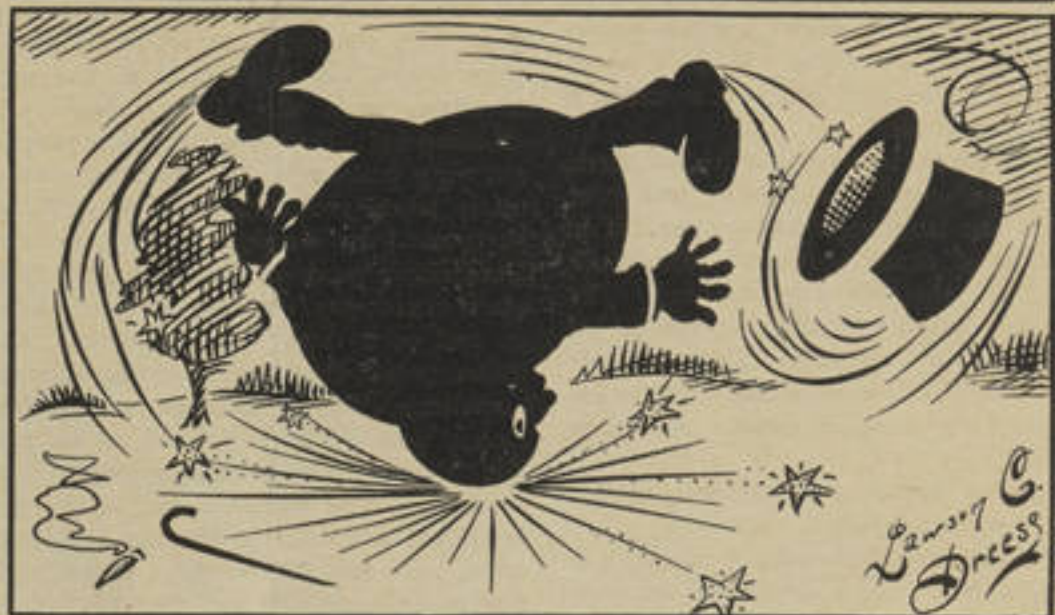
AS IT WILL BE IN THE FUTURE.

HOPE

NO SUCH ANIMAL, EH?

IF some folks hear an argument in favor of Socialism or read a Socialist paper, they disdainfully remark that it is all a lie about capitalism—that there isn't any such thing as Capitalism. That men don't exploit their brother men, through pure cussedness or forethought, but that we are all here because, because we're here. The rich are rich because they're rich,—born that way. The poor are poor because (here might be inserted a number of reasons such as "drink," "sin," "shiftlessness," etc.), but the substance of it all is because we are born that way.

These simple minded folk believe that there is no Capitalism because they never see a big fat man, like the cartoonist's picture, with pork chop side whiskers and fat tummy, they believe that they are not exploited as the Socialists say, because they do not really and truly, cross your heart, carry him around on their backs every day—impossibility they say, and that he doesn't really lick them with a whip labeled "exploitation," in fact he doesn't ever whip them at all. The boss they know is a very little, dried up, dyspeptic individual, who doesn't smoke, or drink champagne cooled in big tubs of ice, but who goes to church, and takes part in all the public meetings, particularly to prevent discrediting things being said about business, or to prevent things being done by agitators to injure property. Of course it's funny how agitators who don't own any of the means of production can harm prosperity, but they seem to do it. Anyhow, folks don't believe in this big fat old fellow Capital-



FAT MEN FALL HARD.

ism—which they know is only a picture that some cartoonist "drawed" and they ain't afraid of nothing they have never seen—particularly this Socialistic

bogeyman, the Capitalist. But then, there are folks who are not afraid of a live wire, until they grab a-hold of it and get a one-way ticket for the kingdom come. That's why Capitalism is all the more dangerous. It is all around with its malign influence—disease, hunger and inequality and folks can't even see it until it gets them—and some not even then.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL

By Fuller Slush, Poet Lariat

When the leaves are gently falling
And the cows are softly bawling,
Then the worms are slowly crawling
O'er the lea.

O, my heart is filled with pining
At the pale cloud's silvery lining,
That's my I feel like whining
This poemlet to thee.

THE OTIS-BURNS GANG of kidnapers and terrorists make the Camorra and the Black Hand look like a bunch of sissy boys.

Some capitalists have got things we wouldn't want to "divide up."



"WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.
You've Nothing to Lose But Your Change.

HOPE

CONCERNING PESSIMISM



ONE of that gospel of despair for me," said a man the other day, when Socialism was introduced into the conversation. "Why," he continued, "the Socialists are the biggest bunch of pessimists in the world."

"How so?" queried his radical friend.

"Why, they are the longest-faced bunch of make-you-weeps that was ever turned loose. They are the original gloom disseminators. Why, the minute prosperity shows herself in this country, some of those down-in-the-mouth comrades of yours begin to wail, and the result is that capital becomes discouraged and retrenches, causing hard times. Why there wouldn't be a thing wrong with this country if it wasn't for the pessimism of you Socialists. Why, I never saw a Socialist look pleasant or crack a smile in my life."

"You didn't look in the right place, my friend," said the radical one, "for there's one laughing now—at you. You are one of those perverted individuals who think the tail wags the dog. The Socialists haven't a corner on the gloom market, by a long shot. Look at your Democratic and Republican neighbors—the working class, I mean. Are they happy?"

"Sure, I know a fellow who smiles when he hasn't got—"

"I don't mean individual cases," put in the radical. "Of course there are fools who would grin and believe they would some day be a millionaire, if they were on the verge of starvation and their wives were dying from worry and overwork. The nut factory is full of that kind. I mean the majority of the workers, regardless of political affiliations—I say they are not as happy as they ought to be in this enlightened age."

"If they saved their money," puffed the conservative.

"You might as well try to quit breathing in order to save your breath as to



try and save money on the wages they get. Why the high cost of living is always about six laps ahead of the pay envelope, and very little chance of catching up. This is a condition that is not very conducive to optimism, particularly when your grand old Republican party and your Decrepit, Elusive, Ancient Democratic party offers no relief. You can't expect the working class to cheer up and be as happy as an overfed capitalist, unless they have had the light of Socialism. To the average worker life means nothing as far ahead as he can see, except never-ending grind and drudgery. The Socialist can see in the near future, a change for the better, a chance for the full product of his toil. For that reason you will find as a class that the Socialists are the most optimistic, most broadminded, most hopeful members of society today. Of course there are Socialists too, who only see the gloomy side of things, but they have not yet passed through all the stages of

evolution necessary to the development. For that matter, I notice that you are pretty good on the 'knock' when you speak of Socialism; but that must be caused by your torpid liver, due to too much prosperity."

"Bah," said the conservative one, his mouth puckering up like he had just swallowed a good-sized lemon.

CHEER UP, WE'RE NOT DEAD YET



IF hope is dead, existence is the cruellest of mockeries. Every endeavor should be directed to keep hope glowing in the human breast to the very end of life. With hope, even seemingly impossible things may be accomplished; without it, even possible things fail us.

Hope lives even through loneliness as bitter as death. Hope is the preserver which brings one safe to harbor, even though buffeted about by the harshest of waves.

Hope is the alchemy which turns life's leaden cross into a rainbow of promise. Only those lives are worth the living that are pinned securely to hope. No human being is so poor that he cannot fold it to his heart. None are so rich that they are not poverty stricken, if they possess it not.

Hope brightens the most menial toil and gladdens even the life racked with pain. No one can afford to see it drift out of his or her life without effort to retain it.

—LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

THE CAPITALIST

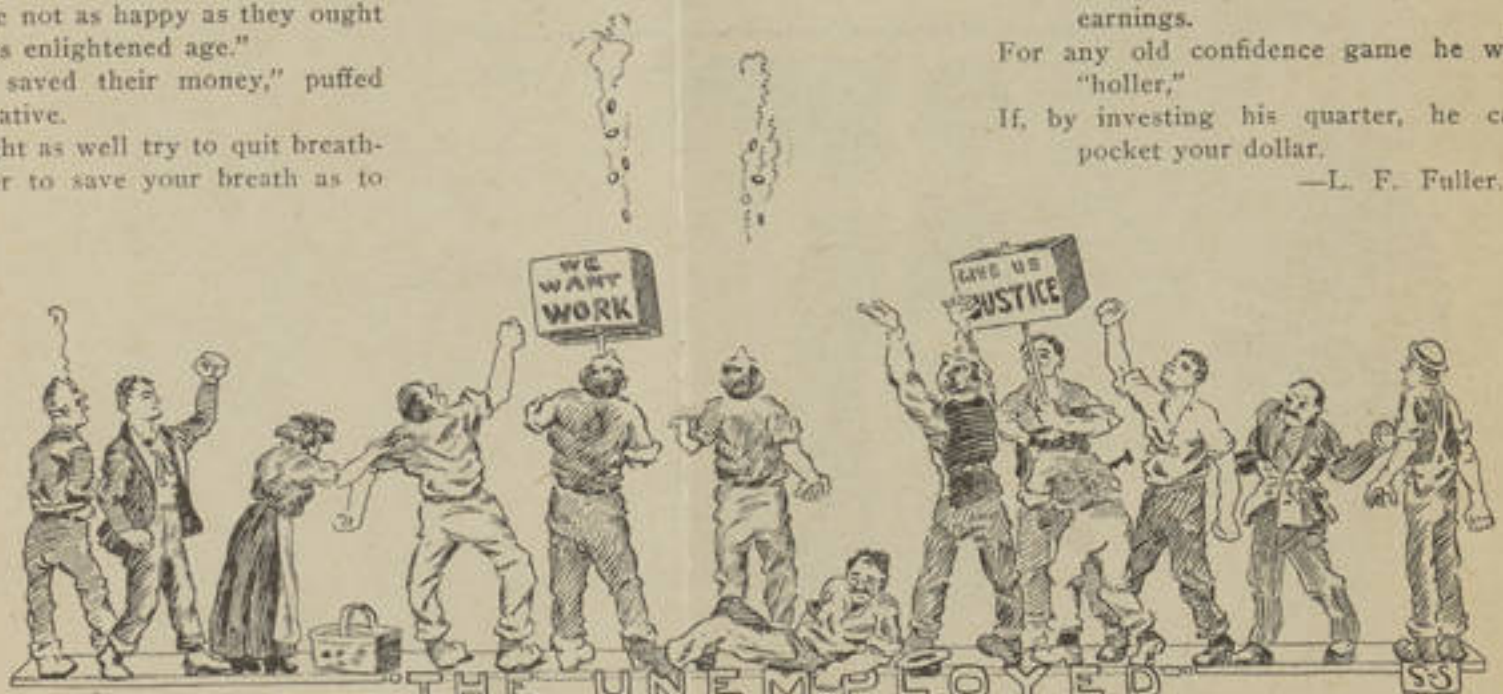
What is a capitalist? One who has yearnings

For a chance to appropriate other folks' earnings.

For any old confidence game he will "holler,"

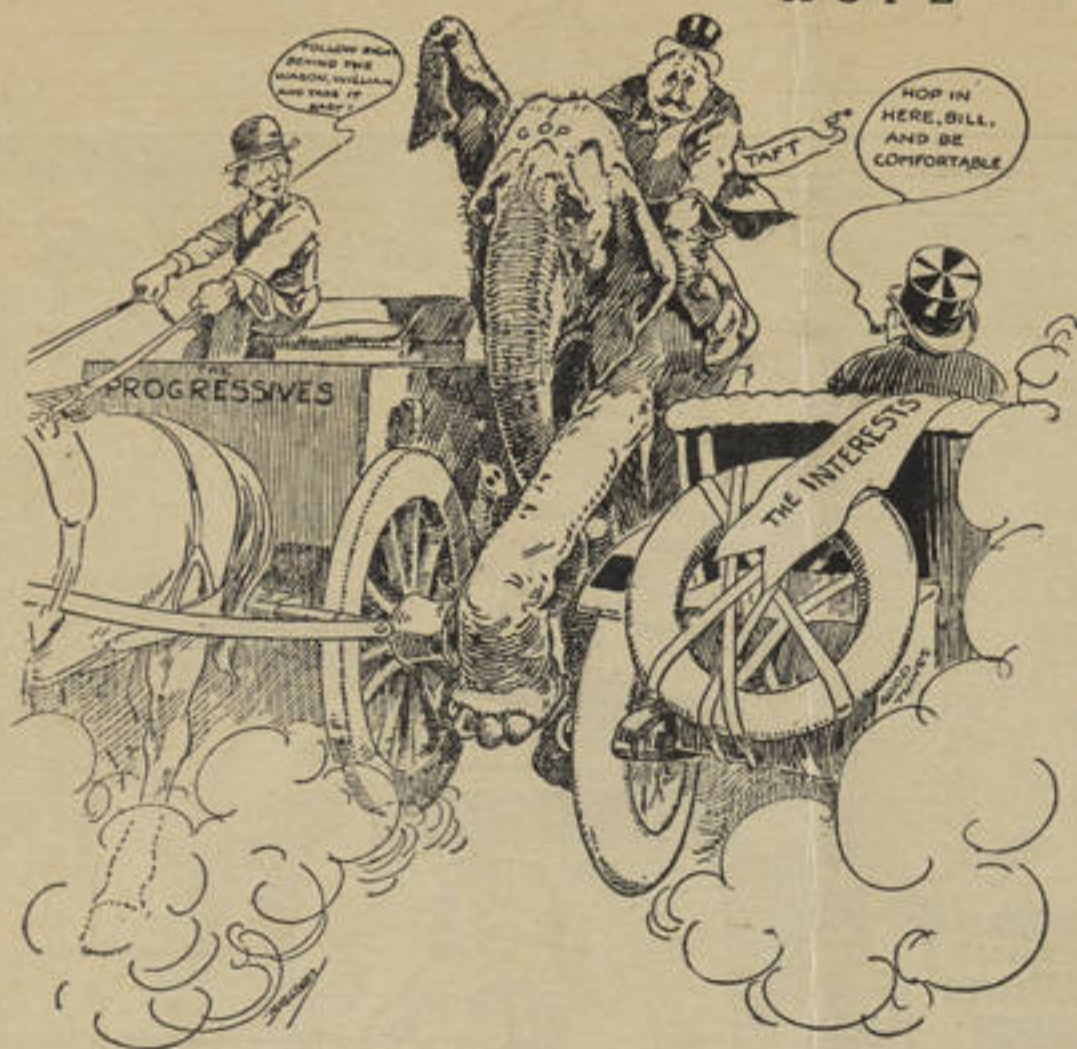
If, by investing his quarter, he can pocket your dollar.

—L. F. Fuller.



HOT COPPERS FOR THE MUTS.

HOPE



THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. —Bradley, in Chicago News.

TAFT ADMITS THE CLASS STRUGGLE

AN address to the G. A. R. veterans in Rochester, N. Y., last month, President Taft admitted a striking resemblance between the social revolution now in progress and the civil war of fifty years ago. He admitted that there was before us a conflict over present-day issues, the abolishment of wage slavery, but decried vigorously the use of any "nostrums" for the cure of our social disease. Later he attempted to show that in his opinion Socialism was the offending "nostrum."

However, Bill hopefully informed his hearers that the coming struggle was to be long, but pleasant and painless, and not a BLOODY REVOLUTION. Advocates of this kind of resistance against tyranny will take it from Bill, who is the original source of information, and "lay

down their arms and disperse."

As Bill says, "there ain't going to be no revolution." The settlement of this struggle is going to be as peaceable and dull as the sitting of a congressional investigating committee.

The only thing, says Bill, that will mar the delicate tranquility and somnolent features of the "class struggle" (he didn't call it that) is SOCIALISM itself. "Those of us who are charged with the responsibilities, find ourselves IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, resisting Socialism on one hand and the inertia of reaction and contentment on the other. But so long as we retain in this country a SOBER, God-fearing, intelligent people, we have no fear of these nostrums and half-baked Socialistic theories of progress."

So our theories are only "half-baked," eh, Bill? Well that's some improvement; we are glad they're not as "raw" as yours.

THE BIRD MAN



SAW an aviator mount his steed of cloth and wire; I heard the engine popping as it raised the brave lad higher.

I saw his wings of canvas a-flopping in the sun, as he rode the billows of the breeze like man had never done. I heard the crowd's loud cheering as he did a perilous stunt; in history's future pages his name will be in front. Up, up he goes into the azure sky; the cynosure of every eye—it's certainly great to fly, the envied one of all the men—there comes a sudden stop—the engine fails to pop—down with awful swiftness the flier takes a drop. A sickening crunch of cloth and bones, he's back to earth again—he ne'er again can please the mob—he's left the world of pain. And so he is forgotten by the folks on this old ball; they're strong on the high fliers but down on those who fall.

THE CHANGING STYLES

The old-fashioned wooer of the muse
Would take his lyre and tweet
A song for editors to refuse,
Because it had such awkward "feet."

But now the lucky poet who's strictly up to date cares naught for rhyme or meter, nor if his feet are straight; he slams his dope in prosy style—it is a hit or miss. Bet it'd make old Shakespeare smile to read a pome set up like this.

We admit the Socialists are not a very blood-thirsty lot, but believe us, Mr. Taft is going to find the social revolution every bit as exciting as an afternoon on Chevy Chase.

THE GREAT QUESTION last month that made the press ponder was this:

Will Bill sign the Wool Bill, or Will Bill Bill the Wool Sign, or Will Bill Bull the Will Sign? But there's no use trying to unravel this yarn. He's already vetoed it.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS the lover swore his willingness to die for his loved one. Now it's entirely a question of living—the cost of living.



THE SAD STORY OF THE FULL DINNER PAIL.

—Masher, in Oklahoma Pioneer.

HOPE



SOME THINGS NOT AFFECTED BY GRAVITY



"AND GREAT WILL BE THE FALL THEREOF."



FEW years back it was possible to print the picture of our "Socialist officials in office" in a cut the size of a postage stamp, bearing the lonesome figure of Hon. Comrade John Chase, Socialist Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.

Now that Socialist public officials have become so numerous that a convention of them taxes the capacity of a metropolitan hall, it is difficult work to squeeze them into a whole-page picture. This photograph, reproduced by permission of the Social-Democratic Herald, shows the convention of Socialist Officials which assembled last month in Brisbane Hall, in Milwaukee.

Represented here in their official capacities are congressmen, senators, mayors, aldermen, supervisors, city attorneys, sheriffs and "canine collectors." Looks like we're getting there, eh, comrades?

HOPE

AIN'T IT AWFUL?



ES," said the old party traveling man, who was attempting to discredit the Milwaukee administration, "Why, the Socialists up in the Cream City are giving away everything."

"Yew don't say," said the storekeeper.

"Sure," prattled the traveling man. "Why, Mayor Seidel's brother was out of a job so he went to the mayor and says: 'Emil give me a job.' Emil looked over the list and found that there wasn't anything left—dog-catchers, and everything else all filled. So he happened to remember that the city hall clock hadn't struck since the Socialists were in power. So he gave his brother the job of striking the clock every half hour. The worst part of it is that his brother is a union man and will only let the clock run eight hours a day. Awful, ain't it?"

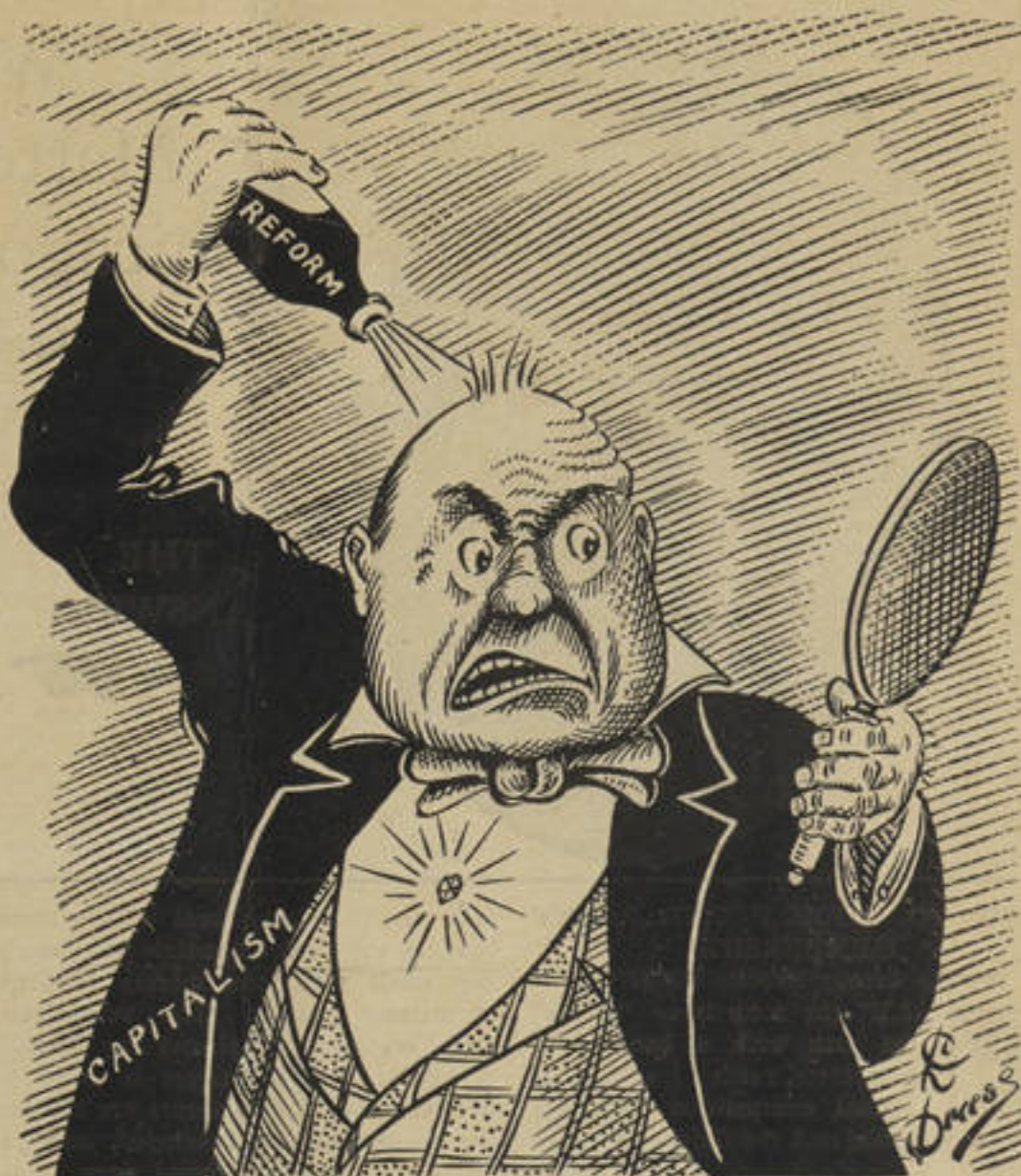
"Yew bet," replied his attentive listener.

THE SOFT PEDAL

MR. ROOSEVELT modestly admitted before an investigating committee that HE stopped the panic of 1907. He didn't state, though, just who stopped Teddy.

A SHAME TO DISTURB THINGS

IT IS AWFULLY hard to run a Socialist magazine, contrary to the precedent and custom of our present system. Everything is so prosperous and lovely with the working class that it seems a sacrilege to offer a difference in opinion.



ANOTHER SAMSON SHEDDING HIS STRENGTH.

WHITE LIVERS, perhaps, are an interesting anatomical curiosity, but they are of no use in the struggle for existence.

WHAT DID HE SEE?



HE was an earnest faced young Swedish comrade and spoke with a pronounced dialect. Perhaps he did or did not notice the charming young lady standing in front of the Socialist League Hall in Washington street. Perhaps he noticed her rather short, tight-fitting skirt, which maybe did present a little more than was customary of her neat ankle. At any rate nearing the doorway of the building and gazing with his blue eyes steadfastly at the feminine creature he exclaimed to his companion: "Here we are, aye see da young Socialist's lag." And he is still wondering why the young lady comrade blushed and murmured something about "freshness."

HOW WILLIE LOOKED AT IT

Willie: "Pa."

Pa: "Yes."

Willie: "Teacher says we're here to help others."

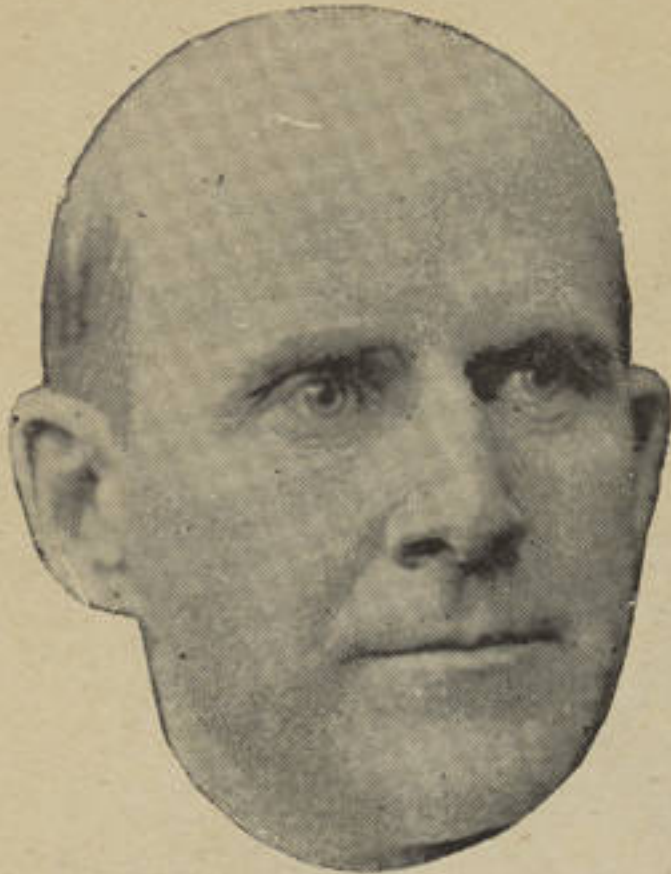
Pa: "Of course we are."

Willie: "Well, what are the others here for?"—Chicago News.



QUOTH THE RAVEN: "NOT FOR MUH."

—Gordon Nye, in New York Call.



“What’s the Matter with the Chicago Movement?”

Queries Gene Debs

THE
ANSWER



HOW TO DOUBLE THE PARTY MEMBERSHIP

By Arthur Brooks Baker



“V”ALE the soap box. “Adios” the man with a handful of pamphlets, raising his voice in patient competition with the fire engine gong and the Salvation Army drum.

Exit the person in a state of alcoholic irritation, collapsing against the lamp-post and with profane good nature consigning the Socialist movement to the place where the worm dieth not and the ice trust sells no goods.

Enter the stage—no, the stage is already there. The Peerless Vaudeville Stock Company, through accident or intent, failed to take it with them.

Enter a classic little table borrowed for the occasion.

Enter the bashful janitor with a cracked pitcher of tinkling ice water.

Enter, after decent delay, a prominent local citizen, clad in garments of rejoicing and covered with embarrassment.

Enter—ah! that’s him!

“Yes, that’s the speaker.”

“Don’t look like his picture.”

“Lord, what legs!”

Ahem!

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening, as the first number of the Socialist lyceum course, a speaker you all—”

What did he say—a Socialist lyceum course?

Exactly, comrade.

And what is a Socialist lyceum course?

To have a Socialist lyceum course,

take one live party local with a dozen hustlers and twelve handfuls of subscription cards with some mighty attractive advertising matter. The subscription cards are good for almost any Socialist periodical, and the ticket is good for five lectures. The lecturers are the best the movement has developed, and you know we have some good ones. Each ticket being good for a dollar’s worth of subscriptions and a dollar’s worth of lecture tickets as well, all sold for a single star-spangled simoleon, nothing is required but a little time, tact and talk to pry loose a dollar from almost anyone who has it.

That’s the beginning of a new Socialist worker, and voter. He hears five lectures for his lyceum ticket, all following up the first in one coherent argument. He gets two or three Socialist papers. He makes the acquaintance of several local comrades and finds them not ethereal visionaries but practical, hard-headed, home-loving, debt-paying citizens.

This is the sort of work which is to be done in hundreds of cities this winter, through the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau, formed and managed by the National Socialist Party, 205 West Washington street, Chicago. This Lyceum Bureau is in reality a big central subscription agency for all the Socialist periodicals and books. These are sold at the regular prices, and the discount secured by the Lyceum Bureau used to pay the expenses of the lectures.

The plan is to put five lecturers on each circuit and make up four circuits,

each covering about 150 cities, so as to have the lecture courses in about six hundred places during the coming season. In grouping the lecturers, care will be taken to give variety to each course by putting on speakers of widely different temperament and style—orators, humorists, statisticians, organizers. Each lecturer will know exactly what the others are to say, so that there will be no duplication of effort or argument.

A few of the many Socialist speakers who have signified their willingness to work with the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau are: Oscar Ameringer, Frank Bohn, Winfield Gaylord, George R. Kirkpatrick, Robert Rives La Monte, Charles Edward Russell, May Wood Simons, John Spargo, Rose Pastor Stokes, Eugene Wood.

In each city, after the people have been induced to subscribe to Socialist papers by the premium of a lyceum course ticket, and after they have heard the lectures, the closing lecturer and the Socialist local will make a strong appeal for those who are convinced of the coming of Socialism to have their part in the work and join the local.

Let the lyceum course constitute an auspicious opening of the campaign for 1912! If every Socialist will open his eyes to the tremendous significance of this movement, its irresistible application of the principle of cooperation, we can **DOUBLE THE PARTY MEMBERSHIP IN LESS THAN ONE YEAR!**

It’s worth every ounce of energy in your system!

HOPE



Patriot: "If You Don't Like 'Our' Country Go Back Where You Came From."

IMMUNE

NO AMOUNT of editorial mudslinging can shake the faith of the boys in the ranks in the depth and honesty of purpose of 'Gene Debs. His idea of a four-square revolutionary program will live to bring happiness to future generations long after the clannish craft-union policies of his wobbly journalistic assailants have passed rightfully into oblivion.

OF COURSE if we are conservative enough in our "trade-union" policies, we may be able to get some of the high officials of the Civic Federation to join the Socialist Party, or at least the Chicago branch of it.

IF in union there is strength, doesn't it stand to reason there is more strength in "one big union" than in a hundred little ones?

"WHAT'S THE MATTER with the Chicago Socialist Movement?" queries Comrade Debs. We blush to tell you, Gene.

Patriotism is your conviction that this country is superior to all other countries because you were born in it.
—G. B. Shaw.

SOME PEOPLE are ashamed to be called "Socialists." There are others whom it is a shame to call "Socialists."

IT'S ABOUT as easy to infuse "hope" in some old pessimists as to fit a square plug in a round hole.

THEN AGAIN, the initials I. W. W. might mean "I want what's coming to me."

DON'T MISCONSTRUE your criticism as "self-purity."

COP: "Say, Both of You Guys Beat it—This Is Private Property."

NOT TAKING CHANCES

Mike: "Which wud yez rather do, Pat, fall off the Mitropolitan tower or fall out av an eeryplane?"

Pat: "Fall off the Mitropolitan tower, be jabbers. If I fell out of an eeryplane I'd be kilt entirety."

A "SHELL" GAME

AN editor of a Chicago Board of Trade paper was recently reprimanded by that august body, because he published in the official paper that bad eggs were being sold by the food grabbers as strictly fresh variety. Even capitalist editors occasionally can't help stumbling over the truth in spite of themselves. You can't keep a bad egg down.

A FLY IN THE NEAR-SOCIALIST HONEY

New York Life, the comic paper which made quite a joke of some credulous Socialist editors recently, with its "Socialist Numbers," now states gleefully that "the McNamara brothers are up a tall tree and not apt to get down without broken necks." Still there are some comrades with a taste for flattery who are boorish and dense enough to construe this remark as a recognition of the "class struggle."

OF course, Mr. Taft, we will continue to reciprocate our fraternal Socialist greetings with our comrades in Canada.



SHE'S A PERFECT LADY—BUT BEWARE MR. OCTOPUS.

HOPE

WHEN PATRIOTISM OOZES

ONE of the heroes of the Spanish-American war was taken to call on a man who lives in a modern castle on the rock-bound shore of New England. The ex-soldier is poor and has not where to lay his head. He admired the beautiful home, the mighty view of sea and shore as he approached the great mansion.

Inside he met a gracious lady and her handsome children. The master of the place, a fine soldierly man of forty, came down the grand stairs and met his guests with the grace and dignity of a royal personage.

"That man must have been a soldier," remarked the hero as he left the mansion. "No," said the friend; "he never was a soldier, but he made \$200,000 and went into the plute class by way of an army contract. He sold clothing for you brave soldiers and 'skinned' the job."

OTTO McFEELY.

HE KNEW

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?"

Tommy: "A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

—Lippincott's.

WHAT INTERESTS WILLIE



WANTED—AN OLD-AGE PENSION

FOR forty years I've toiled away
In that old grisly mill;
I never had no natural play,
I never had much will.

Seems like the wheels are in my head
A-whizzin' all night long,
I nearly wish that I was dead,
But still that's pretty strong.
I've got a heap to live for yet—
There's Mary and the "shack"—
I'm not done for quite, you bet,
Though the boss give me "sack"
Just because I'm getting old—
Can't do the work I've done—
You know he's got a heap of gold,
He's crazy after "mon."

I worked for him for forty years
And all we got was grub,
A place to eat, and briny tears—
I must of been a dub.

Can't work no more at all,
I'm crippled in that knee;
It's always kinda slack in fall
For a poor old guy like me.
I'm old and stiff and bent
And have fought a losing fight;
My golden days long since are spent,
I'm ready for the night.

I'm not complainin', understand,
But still I cannot see
Why a great and prosperous land
Can't toss a bone to me.

\$500 REWARD

The Appeal to Reason of Girard, Kas., will pay \$500 reward for George Shoaf, their special correspondent, whether he is dead or alive. Mr. Shoaf disappeared mysteriously August 13, while in Los Angeles, Cal., working on the McNamara case as a reporter. It is believed that he has been kidnaped by the detective agency operates that kidnaped McNamara.

TOO BAD, AIN'T IT?

THE STANDARD Oil company is dissolved. One less trust for the nation to own, when the Socialists get into power.



RECENT issue of the ultra-conservative "Judge" magazine displayed a cartoon, in which the "muckraker," meaning any person who dares criticise, was caricatured as a debilitated pugilist knocking out workers of various industries.

Steel employees, oil employees and railroad employees were all shown going down before the punch of the muckraker. This is very sad. No capitalist is shown locking his mills or discharging labor because of overproduction of an impending panic. Just the wicked "muckraker" who merely exposes the rottenness of industrial conditions is doing all the damage, according to Judge. The most that muckrakers have ever done, and HOPE has followed them pretty close, is to expose corrupt business methods. Unfortunately, the average muckraker rests there. He does not go round knocking out anybody—particularly those that need it.

Most employees are LOCKED out by the capitalist and not KNOCKED OUT by the muckraker. If industrial methods are so shaky they can not stand the light thrown on them by the muckraker, it is time that we inaugurated a new industrial system that would merit public inspection and criticism. There is no use painting over a cancer.



—McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune.

ARE WE LITTLE TIN ANGELS? (Who Never Say "Dern.")

HOPE believes that personalities should have no place in our political program. We therefore take but passing interest in the persons in our midst who demand that Socialists should be compelled to live up to any cut-and-dried Puritanical set of Blue Laws, in regard to their private life. Every man's home is his castle. Likewise every Socialist's private life is strictly within his own keeping, and we refuse to join in with the heavenly gang of old fogies who go peeking over transoms, looking under beds, stirring up skeletons real and imaginary in the closets of their comrades. These amateur "Sherlocks," constantly on the lookout for some one to point out as a sinner, with their prudish, selfish ideas, steady demands for "investigations" and farcical trials of all Socialist officials who do not meet with their approval—and none do—ably succeed in scaring away hundreds of persons from joining the "party of progress." There is no worse row than a "family row," and Mr. Prospective Socialist, looking in at the door, which bears the inviting welcome, "Workers of the world unite," seeing a free-for-all rough and tumble fracas within, wisely pulls back his head and murmurs, "Not for me; I've troubles of my own."

The fact that J. Mahlon Barnes, national secretary of the Socialist Party, who for years has been hounded, vilified and subjected to every form of insult by the "Christian" Socialists, handed in his resignation, is acclaimed a great victory by his assailants. We cannot say whether or not Mr. Barnes' private life was up to the standard set by the "Christian" Socialists. Perhaps not, as he is only human, and to live the life ordained by these latter-day saints would require the sanctification of a Saint Thomas—Morgan. But we do know, and this is all that really concerns any Socialist, THAT HE WAS AN EFFICIENT, PROGRESSIVE, CAPABLE AND INTELLIGENT EMPLOYEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY. He did not pose as a little cherub, like ex-Comrade Carr, whose resignation was accepted before it was handed in, but instead did his best to serve the party in his OFFICIAL CAPACITY, in spite of the yelping ecclesiastical pack of carrs attempting to overthrow him and gain control of the party organization. The Socialist platform affirms that religion is a "personal matter." It might also say that "personal matters" are not religion, and religious fanatics who happen to wander into this POLITICAL party (when the door is open) should not be allowed, with the



AN UNAPPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

sanction of real Socialists, to devote the HARD-EARNED funds of the party to the slander and abuse of any Socialist's private life. Slander comes with extremely bad grace from these avowed apostles of the Man of Sorrows. Are their garments spotless? They have passed through Mr. (T. J., not J. P.) Morgan's legal laundry no doubt, but we fail to see where this gives them the necessary authority to besmirch the reputation of any person whose mode of life fails to comply with their very peculiar ideas of worship.

At any rate, "let him who is without sin cast the first stone (or mud)."

No doubt our "christian" friends will accuse us of paganism, blindness to "vice," etc., for saying this, but this may be accounted for by the fact that we cannot boast of as many reverends on our staff as our esteemed contemporary, "The Christian Socialist." There are no reverends connected with HOPE. The only "Rev.'s" interested in this magazine are Rev-olutionists.

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EMANUEL JULIUS, manager of the Socialist Literary Syndicate, 134 East 25th Street, New York, announces that he would be pleased to hear from new writers who have written or hope to write articles and stories for the Socialist press of America. The field covered is so large that it is impossible for those already actively engaged in the work of the syndicate to supply the required amount of literary matter each week. In writing for information it would be well to inclose a sample of work done, that the editor may judge whether the contributor is able to meet the requirements. A self-addressed stamped envelope should also be enclosed. SOCIALIST LITERARY SYNDICATE, Room 29, 134 E. 25th Street, New York.

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WHAT SOME THINGS ARE



WHAT is a con-serv-a-tive?

A con-serv-a-tive is a man who wishes to keep things as they are. He is the friend of that which is, the foe of what should be. He fears all things that move. He never goes un-less he is led. Anything that is, is good to him. He does not wish to change. He does not grow. He is the foe of all that is new, a clog on the wheels of progress and a block in its path. If all in the past had been like him, we would now wear the skins of beasts and live in caves, ever wishing to kill things like Teddy.

What is a pro-gress-ive?

A pro-gress-ive is a cross between a con-serv-a-tive and a stand-pat-ter. He is not yet a fos-sil. He still shows some signs of life. He moves, but how slowly! He is not yet there. He is coming, but how far behind!

What is a stand-pat-ter?

A stand-pat-ter is a fel-low who has ceased to GO. He is not dead, but he does not move; he does not think. If he did, there would still be some hope; but a-las, it can not be. Any old thing looks good to him. He stays in the mud and sleeps. He will soon be a fos-sil.

What is a fos-sil?

A fos-sil is what looks like a man when you first see it, but it is not. It was once a man, but long ago it ceased to think; it ceased to move, and soon it could not think; it could not move. It ceased to do all else than fill space, so it be-came a fos-sil. It is now of no use save to show what kind of men lived long, long ago.

Do not try to make the fos-sil move. Do not ask it to read. Do not try to make it think. All that is past, and the fos-sil will get mad if you try to do these things, and if mad it may do harm.

What is a rad-i-cal?

A rad-i-cal is a per-son who goes to the root of things. This word comes from the word ra-dix, which means root. To kill any evil thing you must at-tack the root of that bad thing. This the radical seeks to do. All ad-vance steps

STORY OF A DROP OF BENZINE



I.



II.



III.

the world has made have been caused by the rad-i-cal. He it is that makes things move. To him give all praise.

L. F. FULLER.

WOULD IT DRINK OUT OF THE DIPPER?

If the moon had a baby, would the skyrocket?—Chicago Daily Socialist.

She wouldn't have much trouble with it along the Milky Way, at any rate.

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PREPARING FOR THE "FALL"

CONGRESSMAN BERGER is not such an old man, yet he has in his years of strenuous experience in the ranks of the workers seen the pitiless abandon with which those who have reached the mellow fall of life are discriminated against.

He has seen fathers and mothers, with the fading light of youth departed from their eyes, the gray touch of "winter" commencing to show on their once raven locks, their bent forms hobbling weakly about, earning bare sustenance from those who have taken away by their greed the just fruitful product of their toil. He has seen them homeless and friendless, starved and beaten in poorhouses and county farms. He has seen them in the alleys eking out an existence from garbage cans; he has seen them shivering in the bread line and suffering all of the humiliation and degradation heaped upon those who are compelled to live upon the cold graces of organized charity.

There is nothing wonderful about Mr. Berger, perhaps you will say, because he has seen this. You, too, have seen it. Your neighbors have seen it. We all have seen it. MR. BERGER, representing the Socialist Party of America in the Congress of the United States, is attempting to ameliorate it. Not by appropriating a sum of money spasmodic-

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ally to be doled piecemeal by persons whose salaries would eat the bread of the fund and leave only the crust, but instead he asks Congress to pass a bill providing for a regular and sufficient pension for the veterans of industry who have performed their useful service to the nation and commonwealth in producing the useful things of life. Of course, everybody knows that those who destroy and kill---that is, the soldiers---have pensions, but pensions for those who have merely declined into the fall of life in

the performance of useful industries---my! don't those Socialists suggest some of the most outlandish things!

SORRY SHE SPOKE

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, Madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."---Elmwood Courier.

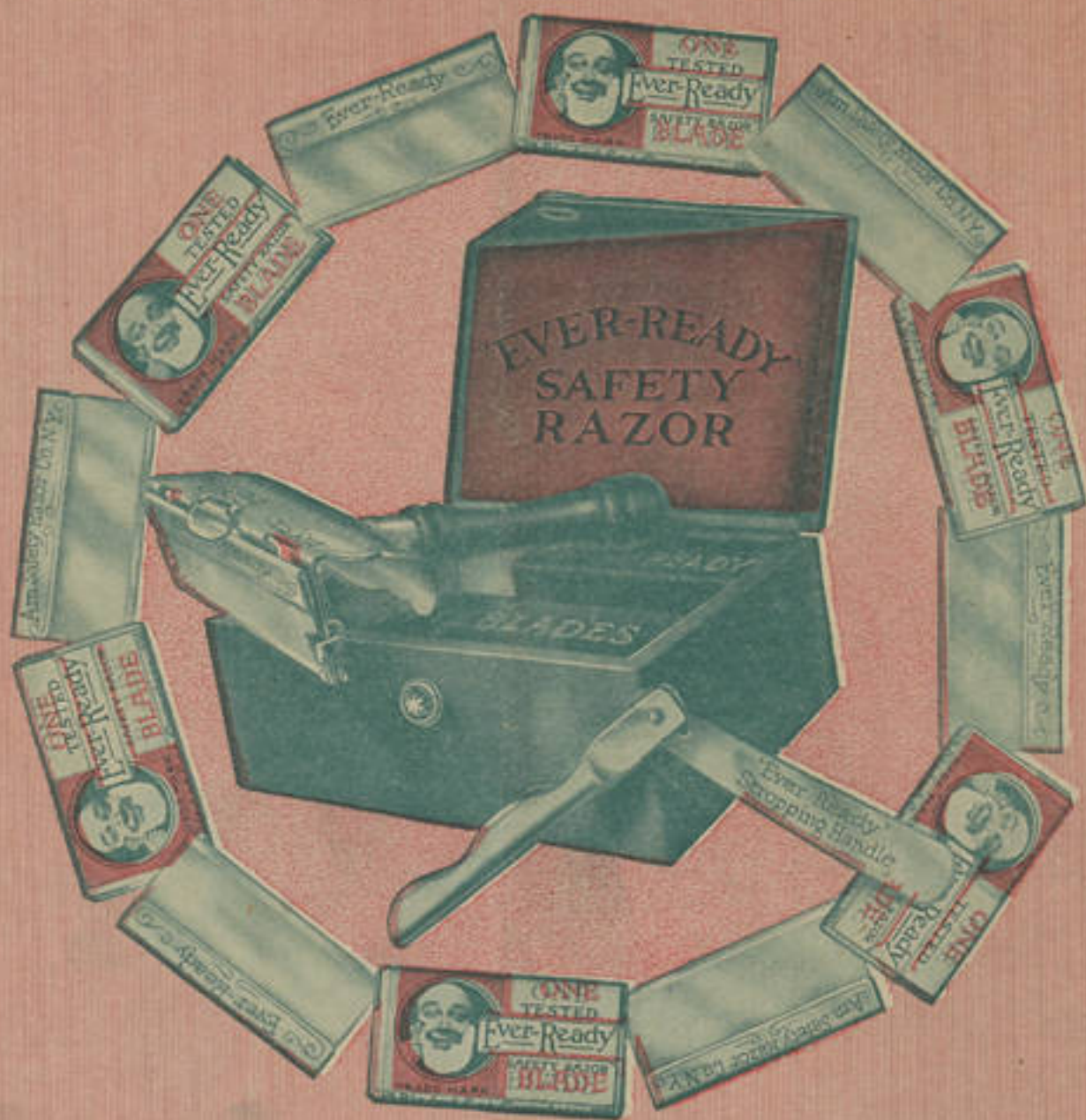


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