

HOPE



"WHO TELLS DOT CONGRESS VAT HE TINKS?"

NO USE FOR THEM



In a certain city, lives a GREAT SURGEON, also a "STAND-PAT REPUBLICAN" who always "votes 'er straight."

One evening the S. P. R. was passing a hall in which a SOCIALIST MEETING was being held. Hearing the speaking, he put his HEAD in at the door for just a MOMENT, but as soon as he realized his DANGER he quickly withdrew it and WENT on his way.

The next day he called on the G. S. and told him that he had a PAIN in his head. The G. S. could not readily find the CAUSE and told the S. P. R. that he must SUBMIT to an X-ray EXAMINATION, which he did.

Then said the G. S. to the S. P. R., "You have a NEW IDEA in your brain."

"HORRORS!" exclaimed the S. P. R., "I don't see how that could BE. I never had such a THING before."

"NEVER-THE-LESS," said the G. S., "You have ONE now. It has PENETRATED one and seven-eighths inches of SKULL, the leathery covering of the brain, and is now deeply IMBEDDED in the WOODY SUBSTANCE of the brain ITSELF."

"Can you get the thing out Doc?" asked the S. P. R.

"Sure," said the G. S., "but I'll have to TAKE your brains OUT and keep them for a few days while I WORK on them. It is now Monday. Come on Thursday and I'll have them FIXED right."

So the G. S. took out the BRAINS of the S. P. R. and PUT them into half a thimble-full of ICE WATER to HARDEN them. Then he EXTRACTED the NEW IDEA, plugged up the HOLE and put a nice leather PATCH on the cover of the brain.

Thursday came, but the S. P. R. did not. Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed, and on Monday as the G. S. was passing down the street he MET the S. P. R. and said to him, "WHY don't you come and GET your BRAINS?"

"I don't want 'em, Doc," said the S. P. R.

"Don't want your brains!" EXCLAIMED the astonished G. S. "What's the MATTER?"

"I've got a JOB on the editorial STAFF of a Stand-Pat Republican paper," said the S. P. R., "and I don't NEED 'em any MORE."

L. F. FULLER.

HASN'T LET UP

White: Teddy's kicking up an awful splurge lately—is he trying to run for president again?

Black: "No—yet."



WARNING! Whiskers Are Dangerous, FULL OF GERMS AND OUT OF DATE

How to get rid of them smoothly, painlessly, without profanity is the problem that has for years confronted the man who shaves himself. It has been pleasantly solved by the

"EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR"

This razor, the most practical and easiest to keep clean, is packed in a compact case, together with one dozen keen "Ever-Ready" razor blades, and a stropping device. It is an outfit that every man who shaves will appreciate with great satisfaction. There is no more useful premium we could offer in return for the securing of new subscriptions for this magazine than one of these complete "Ever-Ready" outfits. Simply send us \$3.00 for three yearly subscriptions to HOPE and we will send one of these complete outfits FREE to your address. Be sure and mention this offer when sending in your subscriptions. *Circulation Department*

HOPE MAGAZINE 5110 W. Madison Street CHICAGO

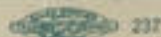
HOPE

Vol. 11. NOVEMBER, 1911. No. 6.

Entered as second-class matter June 18, 1910, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at 5110 W. Madison St., Chicago Telephone Austin 12201.

Ward Savage, Editor and Publisher



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One year, or 12 numbers.....\$1.00
Clubs of four, one year.....3.00

It is the duty of every Socialist to make two Socialist votes grow where only one grew before.

COULDN'T STOP HIM

A Missouri constable lives up on the Iowa line and a fence marks the intersection of the two states. One day the constable's son, Ezry, and another fellow got into a fight. With a characteristic patriotism the constable rushed up to interfere, shouting:

"In the name of the law of the great commonwealth of Missouri I command you to stop."

Just then the two combatants fell through the state line fence and the old man again shouted:

"Give him hell, Ezra, you're out of my jurisdiction."

—Pleasant Hill Times.

With the invention of steam, hot air seemed also to have taken a prominent place in the lives of men.

THE PASSING SHOW



By OTTO McFEELEY

NOW is the time to cut out that "Friday-the-Thirteenth" attitude. We are on the up grade and near the top. Let hope illuminate every face, courage flood every breast, and cheer radiate with every word or action. The dark days are past. Machinery and scientific knowledge have solved the problem of getting enough for all from the fecund and generous earth. We are rich, but—like the hogs that crowd up to the trough and spill the swill—we mess up our wealth. Some are foundered while others starve or live in fear.

Just a year hence every man, and some women, will have a chance to say he is for the "hog-way" or for the Socialist way. What will the verdict be? Each voter must decide. If he votes for the Taft party, the Bryan party, or the La Follette party he votes for things as they are. If he votes for Socialism he lines up with the millions who want wealth produced by labor to belong to labor, leaving nothing for profit, interest and rent. These profit, interest and rent collectors have been riding labor so long that the poor fellow has saddle boils all over his poor back. He may put "reform" salve on his hurts, but the best way is to "buck" the riders off.

How to Do it

That is about all there is to it. If the working people, from scientist to country school teacher and from farmer to factory hand, want what they produce, they may have it. Elections simply are chances to have one's opinions registered. Elected officials will reflect the opinion of those who elected them. If the worker wants simply \$2 a day or a mortgaged farm, that is all he will get.

Will we win in 1912? It is easy. Here is the plan. Each of the 100,000 dues-paying members of the Socialist party is to get three converts in the next three months. That will make 400,000.

If each of these get three in the second three months of the year, that will make 1,600,000 votes for Socialism. If the chain is broken in the third quarter we shall have, three months before election day, 6,400,000. Then, and not till then, may we rest. This means one convert a month for each Socialist. Can it be done? "Will I do my share?" is the reply.

Of supreme importance is the "conversion." If a man once is inspired by the hope that the workers can become supreme and abolish poverty, he will do the rest himself. He will learn it all fast enough and will strike, vote, or fight as occasion requires. It will make a better man of him and a happier one.

THE ROLLING STONE THAT GATHERED "MOSS"

ONCE upon a time, it may have been a million years ago, a young man might have been seen reclining at full length on the green sward of a certain hill. The sun warmed his naked body and he was happy, except when he thought of the burden on the ground beside him. He was far from home (a cave in the rocks), and was weary. Nearby was a large stone, almost a perfect cylinder. He gave it a kick with a calloused foot and it rolled down the slope. At first it went slowly. But it gained speed and flew over the ground. The young savage watched it roll. He was fascinated by its smooth journey, and as he turned to raise his burden to his aching back, he wished the load might have been on the stone and carried safely on its journey. The idea remained with him. He used his budding reason and inside of a year had discovered the wheel and made a cart. What a great day that was! It started the race upward on wheels. Ages passed and the wheel became common. Slight improvements were made, but progress was so slow that men now

living have used the linch-pin wagon, a vehicle slightly better than the first stone-age cart.

If the young savage had been more of an observer he might have seen how the stone, as it sped down the hillside, gained in geometrical ratio. Mankind has progressed on wheels in about the same way, slowly at first, but increasing according to the law of falling bodies. Things moved hardly at all until recent times. But now we are going some. More has been accomplished in a hundred years than in all time before. We simply are hitting a few high places. Ten years now are equal to a thousand before 1776, and equal to a hundred of those that have followed.

Taft and his kind are in the middle of the road, shouting, "Stop her! Stop her!" They are throwing blocks in the way of the ball-bearing, air-cooled, rubber-tired, self-starting, silent running vehicle of Progress.

Lo, the Poor Indian

They recall that historic Indian, who with tomahawk in hand and face gaily painted, charged alone and unaided, a locomotive making its smoky way across the Indian's hunting ground. "Must have hit something," remarked the "hostler" in the round house that night, as he wiped off the hot engine. The engineer was didn't hear. There was not even a coroner's inquest.

Speaking of Taft, doesn't he suggest a goat at a wake? "What is it all about?" he bleats; "Why don't they go to bed? They always went to bed before." And by the way, it is a safe bet that Taft will go reverberating down the corridors of time as the "Goat of Capitalism."

AFRAID OF ONE BIG UNION

CRUEL persons, who enjoy seeing a trembling plute, should have attended a meeting of railway owners last month. "What is this system federation thing?" asked one of the Vanderbilt boys of the Herriman-heir. "Duced if I know," was the reply. Vice President Park of the Illinois Central told them, and later his answer was published as an advertisement. We publish part of it free, and here it is. (It's true.)

Should the System Federations gain a foothold, they would overshadow and have greater power than the International unions whose members comprise them. If it were possible to organize a System Federation on every railroad in the United States to be followed by the formation of a National System Federation, it would simply be the American Railway Union as the latter's organizers hoped to see it. It would have ten thousand times more power than the American Federation of Labor, although with one-sixth membership. The roads would be at their mercy, and any manufacturer who might be objectionable to them could be boycotted out of business.

When a capitalist spends his money to advertise the fact that industrial unions mean supremacy for the workers, he must be badly frightened and ready for a padded cell. A real federation is the crying need. Mr. Park says the industrial union "with one-sixth the membership has ten thousand times more power" than the craft unions. Go to it, men. Get together in system federation, and make the system big. Strike together, boycott together, vote together, and if need be, fight together for your rights, your homes, your families, for the supremacy of the working class, for your country and hoist "Old Glory" over a country that really is free.

WHAT IT MEANS

SOcialism means that to live we must work. It means that no man may live simply by "owning." General Manager Park works and fights for owners of the Illinois Central. One of these owners is driving a stage coach in England and spending \$10,000 a month doing it. Parks and all real railroad men, high and low, will be more useful and happier when all "owners" are scraped off and forced to go to work. If that be treason, make the most of it.

THE WEALTHY FARMERS

ARE farmers prosperous? If a farmer thinks he is well off, let him pay his hardworking wife \$1.25 a day and "find" her. Let her keep the money and spend it for gowns or travel, for the opera or for a month at a summer resort and a month at Palm Beach. Farmers don't count this wife labor. And do not forget that she works seven days a week, and that in some states women are prevented by law from working more than ten hours a day in a factory or store. There is no law to protect the farm woman, and no hope whatever that they will get a square deal before we have Socialism. Even then

HOPE

the full benefit of the revolution will reach farm women the last of all. If the farmer's wife is not the drudge it is some other woman. It is absolutely impossible to operate a farm under capitalism without the woman farm slave. The "beauty" of slavery days was that the drudge was a black woman. Now they most all are white. It may be said for the farmers of this country, however, that as soon as they strike oil they get a "hired girl" to aid their wives. Every farm woman, wife or hired girl, should read about this Socialism, learn all about it and then, if necessary, lead her lord and master to the polls and make him vote for it.

GAMBLING WITH THE FARMER'S PRODUCT



IN Chicago there is a district, about the size of two good wheat fields, known as "Inside the Loop." Any week day more than 100,000 men and women work there. All of them eat farm products exclusively; even their beer originated on the land. Most of them spend their days trading one piece of paper for another, gambling, scheming, buying and selling, handling booze, cheating, collecting rent and interest, grabbing profits, or simply stealing. Every one of these direct and indirect parasites is an expense to the farmer. Men and women working on the land have to support all these thousands and their families.

Socialism proposes to get most of these non-producers off the farmer's back and to free the city slaves.



A REGULAR WINNER



AFTER 1912

WHY VOTES FOR WOMEN?

Every woman who has to use an old-fashioned washboard, or a hand-operated laundry machine, is a victim of capitalism. Plenty of gasoline engines or motors can be cheaply made to do this necessary laundry work, and under Socialism the women slaves will be freed from labors commonly expected of women which would stall a draft horse.

THE CREAM CITY

MILWAUKEE has always been the "Cream City," but the trouble was that the Plutes were getting all of the "Cream" and the working class had to be contented with the skimmed milk. Since the Socialist administration changed things around, the workers have grown to like "a little bit off the top,"

and are not going to turn loose of that dipper as easy as you might think.

THE object of real Socialists is to devote time and trouble getting people to join the party—not to drive out those who are already in.

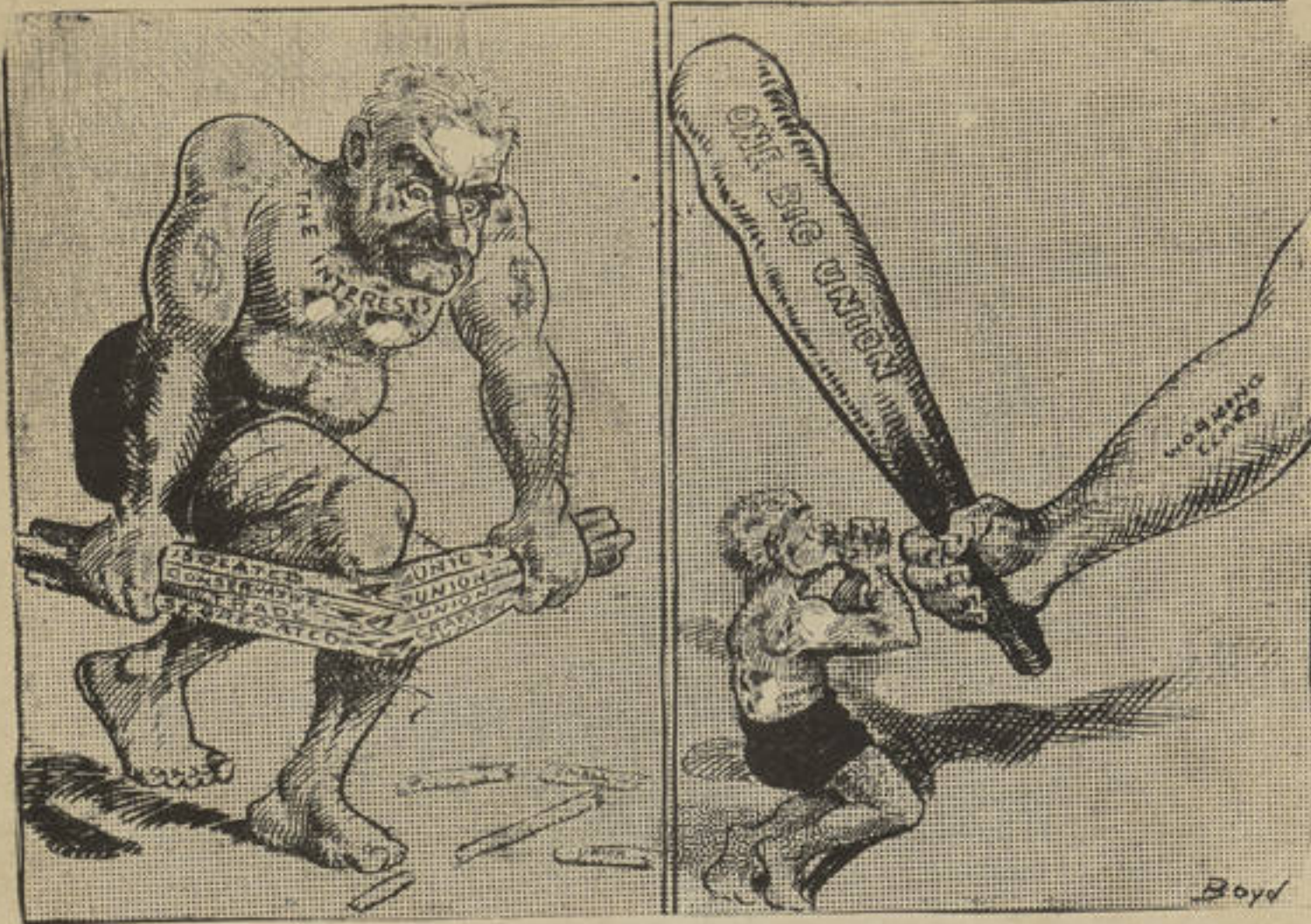
What Congress needs is a whole chorus of those "Milwaukee accents."



JOHNNY MORGAN PLAYS THE ORGAN

DON'T NEGLECT THAT BOY

YOU can give your boy no more valuable present than a year's subscription to HOPE. It will arouse ambitions for the betterment of the commonwealth in him. That will mean greater things in the years to come.



Mr. Morganheim can crush the disjointed craft unions or even a group of them. He is doing it every year.

BUT

ONE BIG UNION in the control of a united militant working class would be a big stick that would bring him to his knees in a jiffy.

AN OFF YEAR

HIS is an off year in politics. Most years are off in politics. This we offer as an off-er one. In only a few of the states does the incorruptible voter get a chance to earn a little pocket money by voting his convictions. Off years are straws which tell us which party has the largest campaign fund. They give a hint to the man who makes a business of politics as to which way he should jump. They also furnish betting tips by means of which the gamblers may swipe pocket money from the pikers and fortunes from the stock exchange suckers. Canada has just proved the point. American lumbermen sent over what change they didn't need to buy seats in the United States senate, and lo, Canada spoke.

It seems strange that we should have to specify to prove what everybody knows. Adams county, Ohio, isn't the only plague spot where the dirty dollar votes by proxy. It was exposed there. That is the difference. It got too expensive. The honest citizens were soaked, not for selling their votes but for forming a trust and running up prices. "Owing to the increased cost of living" they said "the price of votes has gone up." The buyers complained that it gave them a pain in the pocket-book to pay more than \$2 for the vote of some old geeser with one suspender and tobacco juice on his whiskers. So these buying crooks owning the machinery of government fined the sellers and let themselves go free.

Nearer home we can dig up another illustration. Chicago patriots voted for municipal ownership until they were black in the face when it didn't count. The moment it began to look like business the crooks higher up raised a big campaign fund and bought the job for Busse.

Everybody knows the Socialist vote is the only vote, a big chunk of which is not bought in the market the same as a man would buy a hunk of cheese. Some candidates who run Sunday schools on the side don't like the looks of buying votes direct, so they hire half a dozen watchers in each precinct. It is illuminating example of capitalistic morality. Not even the sainted candidates for judge refuse to fatten their average with the votes bought up in the river wards for fifty cents a head. They are mighty innocent. When the chink is divided on "Dough day" they haven't the faintest idea what the fellows will do with it.

—By Duncan M. Smith.

PETE GROSSCUP sees that the old order is on its way. The woods are good enough for him. This is only a pleasant start. Resignations from the federal judges, bankrupt mentally but well fixed financially, will soon be falling like a snowstorm in Greenland.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY is getting all of the referendum practice it needs. Some of the members think so well of this instrument that they are tempted to take it home and try it on the piano.

A SUBSTITUTE

WE have no king, no kahn nor czar
In all this blooming land, tra la,
To tell us who and what we are,
To serve us for dessert a jar,
To rule with iron hand, tra la.
We miss them not
For we have got
A third assistant, third rate, third
class postmaster general who very
neatly fills the bill, tra, la.

TAFT is too big a chump for Wall street to monkey with any longer. The nomination will be a lemon. They are going to slip the campaign fund to a nice reformer named Wilson. It looks as though plutocracy had adopted the Democratic party as its household pet and was about to throw to the wolves the grand old elephant for which it carried water so long. Big business has to choose between two cinches. It throws over the blond and grabs the brunette to its arms. It is an economical shift. Big business likes to buy its government for a song. The vote of the southern states is already stolen. All it has to do is to buy a few northern states and there it is.

IT IS TOO MUCH to ask LaFollette to take a week off and study economics. He thinks he can learn all that it is necessary for a candidate to know by listening to the sound of his own voice.

SOCIALISTS believe in dividing up the offices until such time as they can get all of them.

DO YOU WANT TO MILWAUKEEIZE YOUR TOWN?



THEN—

DON'T BE A KNOCKER!

DON'T always look for faults or flaws in your comrades.

DON'T kick over the traces because your particular brand of religion, fad or science isn't pushed into the foreground.

DON'T be blind to laxity of duty, or to misdirected effort—particularly your own.

DON'T be narrow-minded. Listen to what the other fellow has to say—then be careful what you do.

DON'T be a pessimist, or a grouch, or a gloom specialist. Remember, "HOPE" is the watchword of Socialism.

DON'T accuse Socialist executives or other comrades of furthering their personal interests because they push party affairs harder than you do. **GET OUT** and **PUSH**.

DON'T go around with brotherly love in one hand and an ax in the other. Be consistent.

DON'T instigate rows in your local over hare-brained arguments on evolution or orthodoxy. You'll have all you can do to fight the enemy.

DON'T be a martyr if you do some little thing for the cause. Distributing literature isn't half as bad as being burned at the stake, and yet men have suffered that for their beliefs.

DON'T waste time arguing Socialism with boneheads. Remember one wise guy in the party is worth two boneheads in the bush. Be a wise guy.

DON'T neglect your own education and don't be misinformed on your subject. Know what you are talking about—then **AGITATE** for all you are worth.

DON'T be an inactive non-resistant Socialist bookworm, and don't spend too much time reading long, advics like this, but get busy and

DON'T forget to Register.

DON'T forget to **VOTE**, and see that your neighbor does likewise.

THAT'S WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS!

H—LL ON A PULLMAN CAR

HAVING decided to take a vacation trip, our hero armed himself with Socialist ammunition. He was to ride twenty-four hours in a Pullman car, and before sundown he had placed some of the immortal truth in the hands of every man on the cars. Trouble began to brew after supper. It began with polite conversation, but before 10 o'clock there were loud arguments in every smoking room. Tobacco by the hatful was chewed up or sent up in smoke. Men sweated blood, and with bulging eyes cried aloud their opinions.

Our hero, the innocent bystander, added a word here and there to keep the row boiling. Among the subjects discussed during the night of carnage were Socialism, Single Tax, the supreme court, the constitution, Christianity, the churches, the tariff, the trusts, the high cost of living, and the gradual degeneration of smoking tobacco. Many a weary head failed to touch its Pullman pillow that night.

"I might as well have been on a good drunk," remarked one rakish fellow, as he held his head, about 5 a. m. "Believe me, I'll never let myself think again."

WHY RACE HATRED

WHY complain that the dagoes are over-running this country? Remember a dago discovered it.

Why shun the noble redskin as a fellow bosom friend? This country belonged to him before the Dago discovered it.

Why refuse to ride in the same car with poor old Jim Crow? He was dragged to this foreign country against his will.

Why have you such an inborn prejudice against foreigners being in America, anyway, Mr. Anglo-Saxon? Your ancestors we believe weren't really natives of America, unless they belonged to tribe of old chief Hate-em-pale-face, the originator of the anti-foreign idea, which is hardly likely, as you are so many shades paler and less keen-eyed.

THE multitude of bread riots, and demonstrations against high cost of living in all parts of the world, the past few weeks, shows that after all the shortest route to reach some folks' minds is through their stomachs.

OVERDUE

OF hunk there is an awful drouth,
We're lacking on that score;
It's almost time for Teddy's mouth
To spring a leak once more.

NO, BRIGHTYES, the agitation for woman suffrage is not boosted by the old women in the United States senate. They are not class conscious enough for that and they are quite able to hobble without a hobble skirt.

WICKERSHAM while wearing his boasting clothes declared that he was going to wrap a few coarse county jails around the manly forms of the beef barons. The idea! The very idea! They never stole a loaf of bread.

WITH the increase of the Socialist vote in Europe the kings sitting around on their tottering old thrones can't tell the difference between an election and an earthquake.

IF it should transpire that the labor leaders, beloved of the Civic Federation, have nothing to deliver, we would like to see them get within gunshot of the banquet board.

HOPE springs eternal—

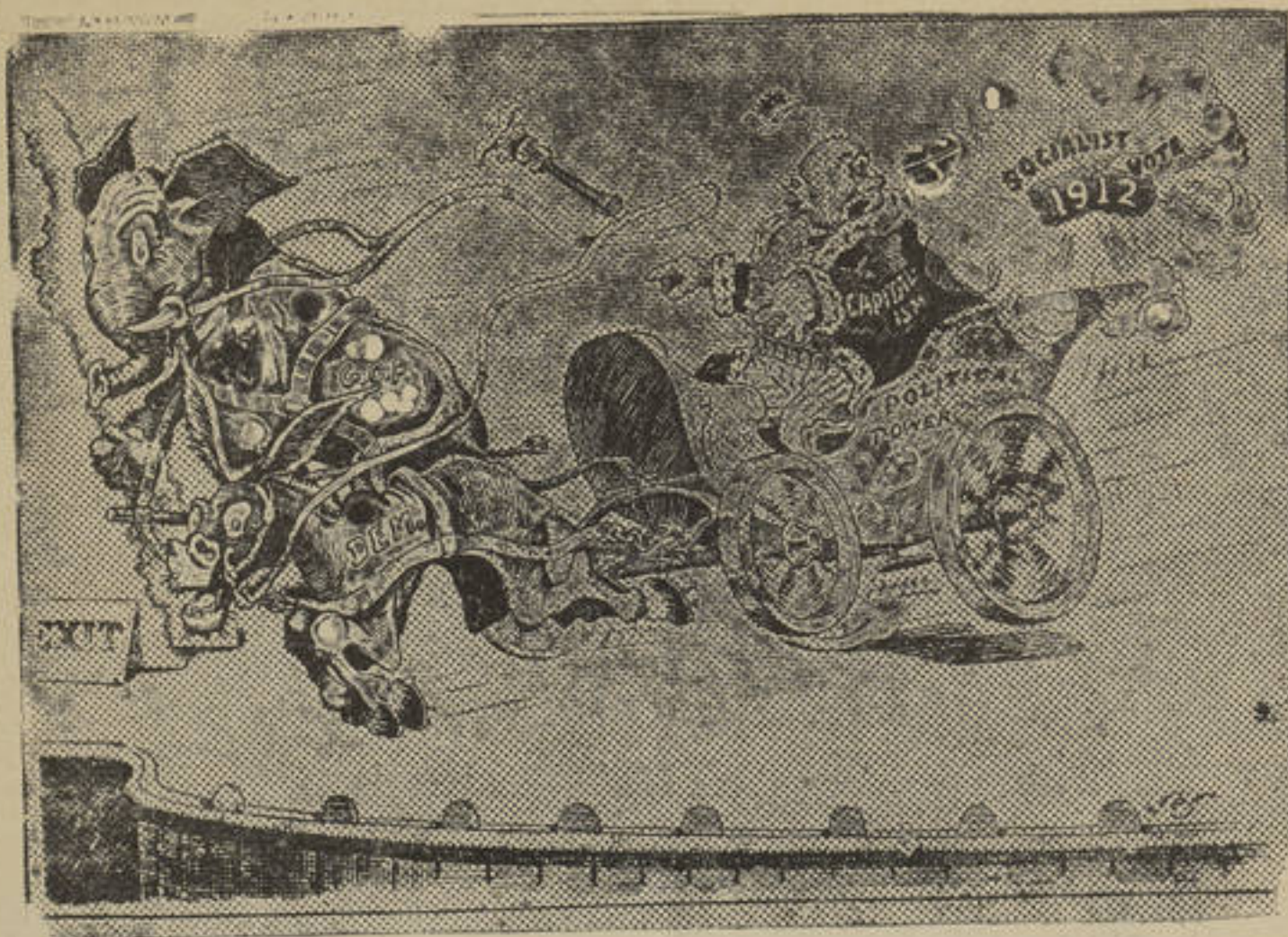
That's not all.

It summers with us. Ever vernal
It greets us in the fall.



THE TURNING PLACE

BOOST FOR 1912!



THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY

THE FABLE OF THE HUMAN WORK HORSE

Once upon a time there was a Human Work Horse. A Job held him down in a Factory for ten per day, and his salary was two ten per.

He was a Faithful Worker and a Church Member. He never did any wrong. He tried to be satisfied. He had Eight Children and a Wife who figured that twenty-one cents a day per head was too little for a decent living.

She found that it cost the County forty cents a day to keep Drunks in the Town Bastile.

She never went Any Place, which was well, as she would have been a Fright with her dresses of the fashion of 1901. Most of the children had Adenoids and suffered from malnutrition, which is Slang for slow starvation.

Besides being a Pillar of the Church and an Enemy of Socialism, this Upright Man was a Power in Politics. He was a Republican and proud that the Balance of Trade is in Our favor. He was against any legislation that menaced the Integrity of the Courts or would tend to disturb Business.

He walked every day in the Year except Election day, when his boss let Him off to drive a Carriage for the Republican Committee. His wife never rode in a Carriage.

One day a Low-Browed Person handed this Human Work Horse a Piece of Literature.

The H. W. H. frothed at the mouth and called it Anarchy. He took it home to Digest the Iniquity with the view of reporting to the Church and the Republican Committee. But he never did.

Before he had finished the Document he actually was Thinking. It hurt his head, and pained his pride in our National Prosperity. This Mental Exercise so stimulated his Mind that he wanted More, and he asked the Low-Brow for another Document.

Suffice it to say that the H. W. H. was saved and now is with the Low Brow Gang that wants more than \$2.10 a day and wants to get out from under Profit, Interest and Rent, which let some men live on others just like a Flea lives on a Dog.

Moral—Almost any one may think if he tries.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

Religiously inclined capitalists of Chicago formed the "Sunday Evening Club," leased the largest auditorium on Michigan avenue and arranged a series of Sunday evening services for "men without a church," and for strangers in the city.

They tried ministers, conservative moralists, and reactionaries, but attendance was small, although seats were free and music the best.

Then they tried radical reformers, men who indict society severely and propose remedies more or less startling, and police reserves had to be called to beat back the crowds.

It is becoming harder every day to put over any of the old style reform, patriotic flapdoodle or reactionary morality. The people like radicalism.

One of the painful sights is the man who preaches and votes for democracy and then goes home and plays the tyrant with his wife and children.

IT'S A SHAME

Did you ever stop to think that here is a great big beautiful world with more than enough for all and yet a few revel in luxury while the great mass have hard work to get enough to eat? Did it ever occur to you that millions are doing work of absolutely no value, work that adds nothing to the betterment or progress of humanity, that other millions want to work but can get no work to do, and that still other millions toil and slave and get nothing for it?

If all the people should ever have a moment of real sanity and see the ridiculousness of it all I am firmly convinced that thousands would laugh themselves to death.

E. N. RICHARDSON.

OPPORTUNITY

"WHAT MUTS," laughed the Giant Castor Beans, on the south side of the house. "What muts those runts are over there." They heaved their great leaves towards the north, where some little runty castor bean plants were struggling along in the shade. The runts were ashamed of themselves. They thought they had not been frugal, efficient and obedient, and so were runty. The gardener came along and said: "It don't do no good to plant them castor beans in the shade. They won't grow."

Moral—Environment has something to do with life.

SOME MILLIONAIRE families of limited means don't know whether to buy dad a seat in the senate or daughter a duke for a husband. It is tough to be hampered for funds.



THE MODERN DAVID

ONE YEAR FROM THIS MONTH LYCEUM BUREAU ANNOUNCEMENT

In twelve months the line of battle will be drawn for the final assault. The great campaign of 1912, which promises to be the most portentous in history, will draw to a close. The last roorback will be turned loose, the last sermon will be preached, the last capitalistic mouth-piece will drool the parting argument against Socialism, and then on the second Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1912, the mighty army of American voters will be brought face to face to the question—"Four years more of Slavery—or economic and political freedom, which?" From Maine to California, from north to south there will be a swishing of lead pencils, and a flare of campaign cigars as the great American Workingman attaches his John Henry or his (x) mark to the mighty ballot—then as the shades of night are falling fast from myriads of lights, and flashing bulletins will be gleaned his fate. "FOUR years more"—that much we all know.

"Four years more," flashes a bulletin. "Four years more of what? Four years of the fool dinner pail, the bread line, the cruel mockery of heartless old party politicians in office—of starvation and slavery, or four years of a new era. Of social justice, of fair division of profits, of home building, of happiness, of health, of LIFE—OF SOCIALISM. FOUR YEARS is a mighty long time, boys. Nations have risen and nations have fallen in that length of time. You had better do some good hard and unusual thinking during the next twelve months.

SOcialist PAPERS are able, through the co-operation of the national, state and local organizations of the Socialist Party, to offer a Lyceum Ticket as a premium with subscriptions. That this premium is not of the cheap or trashy order every Socialist knows. In order to convince the outsider, however, that these lectures are worth hearing, the National Office is placing in the hands of every lecture course hustler a sixteen-page circular de luxe, which is far and away the handsomest piece of advertising ever issued by the Socialist Party.

The first page is an artistically engraved title design. Then follows a record of the Socialist vote of the world, with some brief and striking comment.

Other pages are devoted to a brief introduction to the five lecture subjects, written by Arthur Brooks Baker, and setting forth the Socialist position so clearly that the printer who set the type declared himself a Socialist, adding that this matter was the best presentation of Socialism he had ever seen.

The subjects are: (1) How We Are Gouged; (2) Why Things Happen to Happen; (3) The War of the Classes; (4) The Trust Busters; (5) Socialists at Work.

The rest of the circular is devoted to the speakers, each one being represented by a fine full-page engraving and a page of text introducing him.

The last page contains a catalogue of Socialist periodicals and books which

may be obtained with the Lyceum Course Ticket.

The circular is printed on the finest plate paper in India tint, and protected by a strong cover on which is embossed the party emblem.

Altogether the circular is an eye-opener. It makes a distinct impression and greatly reduces the effort required in selling tickets, at the same time increasing the sales. Whoever can read this circular without wanting a Lyceum Course ticket is a dead one.

REAL HANDS AT LAST!

HAVE YOU ever observed the hands on the party emblem—two smooth, lily-white, soft-looking specimens which suggest that one might belong to a young lady poet and the other to a wealthy theological student? Take a good look at them, and then compare them with the design stamped on the cover of the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau announcement, just issued. On the latter piece of work two husky die-sinkers were induced to clasp hands before a camera, and the photograph of a fine muscular hand-shake was engraved on the steel stamping die. The result is a pair of respectable, useful-looking hands with significance and expression in the grip.

By the way, that Lyceum announcement is the finest piece of advertising ever issued by the Socialist party. If you haven't a copy, send a nickel to the National Socialist Headquarters, 205 West Washington street, Chicago. The five cents barely covers cost and postage.

BOOST FOR 1912!

WHAT AN ANTI-SOCIALIST KNOWS



WELL dressed individual was recently discussing economic affairs with a friend in a Milwaukee cafe.

"In this city as well as all over the country, workingmen get less care than horses," he said. "There is a far bigger percentage of undernourished, devitalized, underdeveloped workingmen than horses. In saying this I am not a very radical agitator or startling muckraker. I am merely repeating what a general manager of one of the biggest shops in Milwaukee told me a short time ago. He said that healthy men, like healthy horses, do more work and better work, and that steps must be taken toward better health for workingmen."

DYING OF OLD AGE

"Mand S, the famous trotter, died week before last. She was 35 years old. Her death was caused by old age. It was the same way with Jay Eye See down at Racine, a couple of years ago. He died of old age. These horses were well cared for. Every want was met.

"But among human beings, Dr. Revenell of our state university, says, only five per cent die of old age. It is among the working people that this percentage holds most. In the tuberculosis death rates, lowest of all are the bankers. Highest of all are marble workers, granite cutters, metal polishers, and others whose every day jobs mean they must take dust into their lungs.

PREVENTABLE DISEASES

"Lately medical science has coined the phrase, 'preventable disease.' Preventable disease kills more than a million people every year, according to Professor Irving Fisher of Yale. And the list of preventable deaths and accidents is known to run far into hundreds of thousands, certainly more than a half-million.

EXHAUSTION AND ACCIDENTS

"And do you know, gentlemen, that most accidents happen in the latter part of the day or the latter part of the week? It is in those hours and on those days when the workingmen are most exhausted that they get careless. It is then the machines and flying wheels cripple them and crush them. A few weeks ago I heard a workingman in one shop in Milwaukee say, 'We sweep up about a half-bushel of arms, fingers and hands every year!'

"Now, what are we doing about these things? And what are we going to do?"

SPEED OF SOCIALISM

"You must understand, gentlemen, that the Socialist movement is growing, growing. Its speed is phenomenal. It is reaching out and gaining power in all quarters.

"Only a day ago a magazine was put in my hands. It was a militant, aggressive Socialist magazine with the fire and zeal of new faith on all its pages.

OFFERING HOPE

"I tell you, gentlemen, so long as you can go down on the streets and look at thousands of workingmen who get worse treatment than horses from employers, I say so long as this lasts, Socialism is going to grow and grow. For all its mistakes and exaggerations it will continue to make gains.

"Why? Because it offers hope. It

goes down to the bottom and points at the foulest and most cruel conditions in our civilization and to those who suffer in the miseries of those conditions, it says, 'Come with me—we offer you hope.'

HOW TO STOP SOCIALISM

"To combat Socialism you, too, will be compelled to offer hope to the working people. It will not avail you to go to the workingmen and say, 'Socialism is a false hope and will fail.' You will have to go to the working class and show them hope and hope and more hope. You will have to show them clearly and distinctly something better than Socialism."

—Social-Democratic Herald.

"WELL DONE, THOU—"

WHEN Judge Grosscup received word that he had been named a federal judge, he was at the Chicago club. The first man to congratulate him was George Pullman. An old-time newspaper man was present, and often relates the story. Pullman and other rich men had "framed up," with the president of the United States, the appointment of Grosscup to the federal bench. Grosscup was employed by Pullman before he was a judge, and he continued to serve his master as long as he lived. Grosscup now has decided to resign, his past record having looked in at the window and scared him almost to death.

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—oh my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire ain't gon out yit."—Sacred Heart Review.

EXCEL-SIR!

The shades of night were falling fast. As through the land a message passed. It made us jump and cut some ice. This timely, hopeful, sage advice:

"BOOST FOR 1912."

THAT cantankerous old individual, Otis, is finding out that he has been hoist by his own petard.

Don't forget to vote—election is only one year away.

CAPITALISM'S shaky dams need damning.

A DREAM



T was only a dream, but it all seemed very real to me. The night was cool and my wife had built a fire in the grate to moderate the chilly atmosphere of the room.

As I sat in front of the grate and watched the glowing embers, I saw a picture that all the genius of the world could not produce on canvas.

It was a mad world peopled by insane workers. The workers were giants, but yet were so tame and gentle that their masters ruled them and drove them to their tasks with bits of paper labeled title deeds, mortgages, notes, stocks and bonds. It all passed before me like a reel of moving pictures.

One scene was really amusing; it was the interior of a large church; the pews were all filled with beings shaped like a dollar mark, as likewise was the preacher, who took his text from a large book that lay on the pulpit in front of him. The preacher picked up the book and I saw the name printed in large letters on the back of the book. It was CAPITALISM.

But, of course, it was only a dream.

E. N. RICHARDSON.

FALLEN LANDLORDS

MAYOR M'CARTHY of San Francisco is taking vigorous measures to expose the alleged graft, extortion and white slavery, which has involved in scandal the municipal clinic of that city.

In this connection the San Francisco Star makes the following vigorous denunciation of all those who seek to profit by the misfortunes of women:

"We hold that there is no moral offense more utterly detestable, more completely vile, than the taking of money secured by the shame of women. Whether the recipient of such disgrace-bought money be a member of a municipal administration, a policeman, or a landlord, he is beneath the contempt of all honorable persons.

"This is particularly true of the landlords who own houses of shame, whether they be men or women, because they generally become the financial partners of prostitutes, not from a perverted need, but from sheer lust of gold, a lust so potent that they care not with what slime of corruption their yellow coin is tainted. It has been said that earth has no viler creature than the macquereau who lives on the earnings of woman's shame. This is an error. Viler than his vileness is that of the landlord, male or female, who takes the earnings of such unfortunates in the guise of rents, which he frequently increases as their business increases. Yes, he is viler, for to that partnership in the wage of pollution which he shares with the macquereau he adds the hypocrisy which pretends to respectability."—Western Woman Voter.

HIS BEST CHANCE.—Gabber: "You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody."

Tottie (wearily): "I wish he were here now."—Variety Life.



—Drawn by J. G. Boyd.

SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF SOCIALISTS

BOOST FOR 1912!

PUSH

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that some men claim the contrary and call this the age of steel, invention, machinery, electricity and so on, man has arrived at last at the golden age—the age of gold. For, practically everything that is done in the world today is accomplished for the sake of an adequate return in wealth which equals so much gold.

Reigns an incessant battle for gold. Gold assumes power and fame, luxury and name, almost happiness. Gold enables possessors thereof to follow along the pleasanter paths of life, to wear roses, as it were; also ennobles.

Dollarless, we are like Jacob was, like the negro race in our own country was, like some men are, enslaved.

Gold spells freedom, practically, to all else but gold, as the lack of it spells the despair of servitude absolute.

We cannot deny the reign of gold.

In the book of life as it is written for the most of us we find the story of an incessant war between that which we would like to do and that which by necessity we are compelled to do, and the final and fatal chapter of every life, alike with matchless sameness, reveals the result inevitable: the vast, impassable gulf that lies between that which we would like to be and that which we are. Who, then, does not desire heaps of gold?

Life is made up of joy and tears. It is passing. Its span is short. To make the most of it is not to labor always, to stint, to starve, to pile up wealth in golden heaps.

Life is not made of metal.

With every tick of the clock the age of gold is passing. It is passing swiftly. Its reign shall be a short one because it is a false, unnatural offspring of time. Already ringing are its funeral bells—haste to burial!

Old things are passing away. We play with toys no longer. Ideals that were are being locked in vaults of the past to be used no longer. Humankind has left youth, hasty, ill-tempered youth behind finally and forever, is entering on the estate of manhood.

Man stands knocking at the door of a new era. The door is already slightly ajar, unlocked by the experience of ages, and man has only to push a little to open it all the way.

The new era is not a vaudeville, not a church, not a place; it is a time, that time about which all the apostles and prophets, poets and philosophers have so long dreamed.

The preparation for that time is simple—go as you are, only go.

Garments of pure wool shall appear where rags were. Plenty shall expel want from the door. Love shall banish hate. Peace shall succeed war. Virtue shall shame vice until it is not.

There shall be no more homeless among us, and the ill, the blind, the halt and lame, and the old shall be cared for, for man, glorious man shall stand forth in the new era straight of stature and noble of feature, man of conscience, man of heart, man of thought, freed from the curse of gold.

PUSH!

GEORGE F. CABLE.

AN INSURGENT is one who thinks with his ears.

LABOR'S REWARD

DR. SCOTT NEARING of the University of Pennsylvania has written a book, "Wages in the United States." He proves by figures that the mass of the people are poor and on the verge of want, while the few have fortunes that grow like a snowball. He says:

It appears that half of the adult males are earning less than \$500 a year; that three-quarters of them are earning less than \$600; that nine-tenths of the United States are earning less than \$800; while less than 10 per cent receive more than that figure. A corresponding computation of the wages of women shows that a fifth earn less than \$200 annually; that three-fifths are receiving less than \$325; that nine-tenths are earning less than \$500, while only one-twentieth are paid more than \$600. Three-fourths of the adult males and nineteen-twentieths of the adult females actually earn less than \$600 a year.

In the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, Dr. Nearing shows, three-fifths of all the adult male employes receive less than \$460 a year each, and more than 83 per cent of the adult females in the work receive less than \$460 each, while 97 per cent receive less than \$549. In the boot and shoe industry less than half the men receive \$14 a week and less than half the women \$8 each as a maximum wage. In the foundries nearly 70 per cent of the adult males receive less than \$12 a week each.

Half-baked economists propose "lower prices" as a cure-all for this painful situation. Reformers like LaFollette, Tait, Roosevelt, Bryan and the rest propose low tariff, high tariff, busted trusts, regulated trusts, more children, honesty, morality, frugality, efficiency, conservation, "return to the good old days," and other childish makeshifts and plain bunk.

Socialists propose to cut out this thing of getting a living by owning the means of production, abolishing profit, interest and rent. They would substitute production for service and cooperation for competition.

DREAMERS

THERE is no sunset hue,
No rainbow in the sky,
No singer's mellow song,
No poet's soft reply,
No face, no form so fair,
No work of art that seems
To measure to the grace
That marks the dreamer's dreams.

No honeyed tongue of man
Can spell the half of all
The height to which they reach,
Or depths to which they fall.
There is in human ken
No depth of human mind,
No life, no love, no God
But what the dreamers find.

—GEORGE F. CABLE.

It costs \$432 a year to keep a boy in the Chicago prison for juvenile offenders. Practically all the little prisoners come from homes where the total annual income is less than \$500.

A **DOUBLE GUARD** should be set over the best planks of the Socialist platform. Pirates from the old parties with swaybacked platforms to repair will stop at nothing.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS who pay a quarter each a month without being dunned for it is some big bunch, fellows.

TIMELY HINT: Do your agitating early. It takes the American voting mule a long time to make up his mind.

WHAT EVERY BARBER KNOWS

IN our very best hotels a traveling person may get the following things done to, or for him, in the barber shop department:

- Scalp massage, hair cut,
- Shave, tonic application,
- Soap shampoo, oil shampoo, singe,
- Face massage, pimples cured,
- Finger nails and hands manicured,
- Corns and bunions removed,
- Clean socks,
- Tan shoes stained, shoes shined,
- Eyes brightened with dope,
- Clothing brushed, Turkish bath and plain bath,
- Baseball scores, alcohol rub,
- New shoestrings,
- Whiskers curled and perfumed,
- Hair and whiskers dyed,
- Hair cut off nose and ears,
- Feet washed, clean cuffs and collar,
- Cigars and cigarettes,
- Smoking and chewing tobacco,
- Chewing gum, hair restored,
- Dandruff treated, moles removed,
- Hair oiled, buttonhole bouquets,
- Warts extracted,
- Complexion treatments,
- Eyebrows marked,
- Coat lapels perfumed,
- Head steamed (for a drunk),
- Witch hazel steam,
- Herpicide steam,
- Black eyes painted out,
- Hats blocked and cleaned,
- Fiche's shampoo, dry shampoo,
- Dry electric head treatment,
- Razors honed, shears sharpened,
- Wintergreen ocean breeze—

and in really up-to-date shops you will always find a copy of HOPE handy.

To go the route, in a place like the Touraine in Boston, the Knickerbocker in New York, or the Blackstone in Chicago, would cost, it is estimated, \$78.35, and take five days and nights. Red whiskered "squirrels" are charged extra.

THERE, NOW! Don't anyone rise to nominate Victor Berger for president of these United States. He was made in Germany, and our wise forefathers provided that only home-grown timber is fit for the presidency.

ONE READER of Hope insists on going Hope-less because we don't have enough good hard reading matter to please him. Another chides us because we have too much and "not enough pictures." Will these two parties kindly exchange copies?

We may be either too early for Thanksgiving or too late for war returns in rolling out one about that Tripoli fracas having something to do with the price of Turkey.

THERE IS NOTHING worse than the besotted, woeful ignorance of the slum dweller—unless it is the bigoted, hateful snobbery of the near aristocrat.

READING after some of its apologists one jumps in a couple of short jumps at the conclusion that capitalism is in its second childhood.

VOTES at a quarter a head in Mexico will attract American capital.

EMPTY dinner pails make the most noise.

WHAT WILL SANTA BRING YOU?



THERE IS NO GIFT SO PLEASING AS A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO HOPE

OUR
Christmas Number

(Out December 1st)

Will be the Biggest, Brightest and Best Edition Ever Published

NEARLY TWICE AS MANY PAGES AS USUAL

Many Full Pages in Colors, Cartoons, Photographs and Illustrations Galore. Stories, Poems and Humorous Sketches, Bubbling with the True Spirit of Christmas—Brotherhood—makes this issue one that will long be remembered.

It Should Have Five Times Our Regular Circulation and You Can Help

Send us (at once) One Dollar for a Full Year's Subscription, and send us Five Names and Addresses of your friends whom you wish to give a treat.

We will send you Hope for a Year and Mail, Postpaid, a Copy of this Big Issue to each Address Sent Us. All Orders for this issue should reach us by December 1st to insure fulfillment.

SEND YOUR ORDER IN NOW—DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

USE THIS COUPON

DEAR HOPE:

Enclosed is \$1.00. Send HOPE to me for one year (or extend my subscription). I am enclosing five names and addresses. Send them the Christmas Number free as offered.

Name of Subscriber

Address

NOTE:—Where no yearly subscription is desired, ONE COPY of the Christmas issue will be sent to Five different addresses upon receipt of 25c coin.

CRUSHING TRUTH TO EARTH

ONE of the noticeable things about Capitalism is the lack of insincerity—both in business, business transactions and in personal life.

The tradesman who sells you the thing necessary to sustain your life, cares as little whether you are receiving a just value, as does the manufacturer who has sold the goods to him. This same spirit naturally reverts to the employes, who have little incentive to put their efforts into best endeavor, knowing that they will not be regarded as sincere. The average conversation is no longer sincere. If it isn't silly, or foolish, it is vulgar, superficial or what is known in the vernacular of the bar-room as "bull." Deceit is rampant. Persons with "room and carfare salaries," pratter glibly—not on how to improve their condition but of "their property, their swell associates, their high position—their stupendous income." And those that have a little more, further exaggerate their worldly goods. There is no sincerity in business—other than that which is legally protected. It is a game of false promise, lying, cheating, bluff and deceit.

Business men lie for more business. Preachers lie about business men for prestige. Lawyers lie for business—that's their business. In fact the entire social fabric is such a flimsy, shoddy piece of goods that it can't hold together much longer. Present day ordinary conversation, business and social, without exaggeration on our part, makes the life of Ananias read as tame as a chapter from the life of George Washington, who, it is said, never told a lie, which, by the way, is a "whopper" we never could pull ourselves together to believe.

IN MOST cities and towns registration and polling places are located in barber shops. A word to the wise. A copy of HOPE in your barber shop will assist in eliminating Capitalism, while its readers are waiting to have their hirsute efflorescence separated. When you see a barber pole think of HOPE.

THIS is the month of Thanksgiving. All those who are thankful for Taftian prosperity and the benevolence of providence will please stand—and let a tired workingman have your seat.

SOMEWHERE in every city, village, town and crossroads there is modest Socialist Victory waiting for an invitation to show itself. Don't let the shy young thing remain hidden, boys. Trot her out.

SOCIALISM grows in any community in direct proportion to the amount of energy and intelligence put into the propaganda. It is a good proposition but needs advertising.

CHAMP CLARK will corner the CHUMP vote.

SUPERSTITION is still rampant. See in what awe the injunction is held.

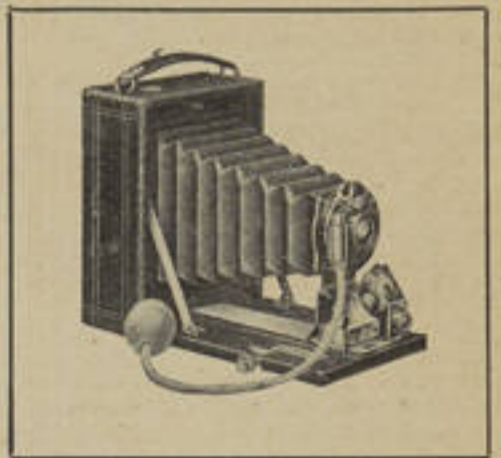
THE OLD STORY

RETURNS the same old tale will tell, The voting kings once more, Will vote for what they do not want And get it as of yore.

I need not specify or trace A diagram; the neck's the place.

But light some day may penetrate Their brain obscure and dense; Then they will seek the ballot box And use a little sense.

Oh yes, they may e'er long repent And save their necks another dent.



You need no experience with a
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Anyone can make good pictures from the start.

They have thirty years' experience back of them.

Each is fitted with a carefully tested lens—the best in its grade that is made, and an accurate automatic shutter.

Premo Film Pack Film is made from the same stock as the Eastman Non-curling—the best in the world.

And Premos are the smallest, the lightest, the easiest to load and operate of all cameras.

Our new catalog describes all the Premo Cameras, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$150.00. It tells all about the simple Premo Film Pack and Tank Developing System. Free at the dealer's or sent on request.

Important—In writing be sure to specify Premo Catalog.

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THE HIGHER UNIONISM—Book every union man should read; splendid for propaganda, too. FLEMING, 537 Carondelet, New Orleans, La. Price 15 cents.

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SOCIALIST STICKERS—250 for 10c.; just the thing to stick on letters, box cars, workshops, etc. Socialist Envelopes, 25 for 10c. The Liberty Co., Sta. "D," Box 4, Cleveland, Ohio.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

KODAK FILMS DEVELOPED—10c per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 to 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, 3c.; 4x5 to 3 1/4 x 5 1/2, 4c. J. M. MANNING, 1062 Third Ave., New York City.

BOYS WANTED

BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY selling HOPE to regular customers, after school hours. Try it. Send 25c coin for five copies. You can sell them for 25c profit. Address HOPE, 5110 W. Madison St., Chicago.

CLUBBING OFFERS

HOPE is \$1.00 per year; The Prophet and the Ass, Guy Lockwood's clever magazine, 50c per year; we will send both for \$1.10. HOPE, \$1.00; Coming Nation, \$1.00; International Review, \$1.00. We will send all THREE of these for one year, to different addresses if desired, for \$3.25. **LOWEST PRICES** on all publications when clubbed with HOPE. HOPE MAGAZINE AGENCY, 5110 W. Madison St., Chicago.

The Truth About Milwaukee

Told in a nutshell every week by POLITICAL ACTION, the spicy little leaflet newspaper. It has already achieved stupendous success and should be read by every voter in the land. You can't afford to be without it.

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\$2.15 worth for \$1.00

POLITICAL ACTION wants a million subscribers and to secure them, makes the following remarkable COMBINATION OFFER:

- 200 Assorted Copies of POLITICAL ACTION \$.60
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- 1 Milwaukee Socialist Calendar, size 14x22, lithographed on Art Cover. Contains portraits of every elected Socialist official, 65 in number25
- 5 dozen Milwaukee Socialist Post Cards (Reproduction of above Calendar)50
- 1 Copy of "Today's Problems," compiled by Henry E. Allen. A marvelous collection of statements by the world's greatest living thinkers10
- 1 Copy of "The Power and Weakness of Trade Unions," by John M. Collins. The best work on this subject yet produced..... .10
- 1 Copy of "SOCIALISM, What It IS and How to Get It," by Oscar Ameringer of Oklahoma. Just off the press and by far the best booklet ever published with which to make converts. Worth a dollar or money refunded..... .10

Total.....\$2.15

Send us a **ONE DOLLAR BILL** and we will send you everything listed above by return mail. This COMBINATION OFFER is limited and you will have to act quick. Address POLITICAL ACTION, Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee, Wis. Desk No. 19

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To Consider Yourself Well-Informed.

The Social Evil, 15c Sex Science . . . 35c
By DR. JOS. H. GREER, M.D.

Rationalist Press, 1220 S. Homan Av., Chicago

"EVERY DOLLAR I GOT"

"Every dollar I got," shouted the local rich man to the village agitator, "I got by hard work and being honest!"

"You did not," replied the crank.

"I did, and I'll tell you how I did it." Then he began his life story. "When I was twenty I had not a dollar. I got married. My wife took in boarders and we saved \$50. I saw a chance and bought an option on a piece of ground. Within three months I sold that ground and made a clear profit of \$750.

"Then I took that money and bought—"

"Wait a minute," demanded the dissatisfied thinker. "You said you got all your money by hard work. You told me your wife made \$50 by taking in boarders. But the \$750 you did not work for. You got that, but you gave nothing for it."

"Don't you allow nothing for brains?" angrily asked the local plute as he drove away, slashing his old horse viciously.

THIS is the age of concentration. The next big merger will be formed by a union of the democratic and republican parties.

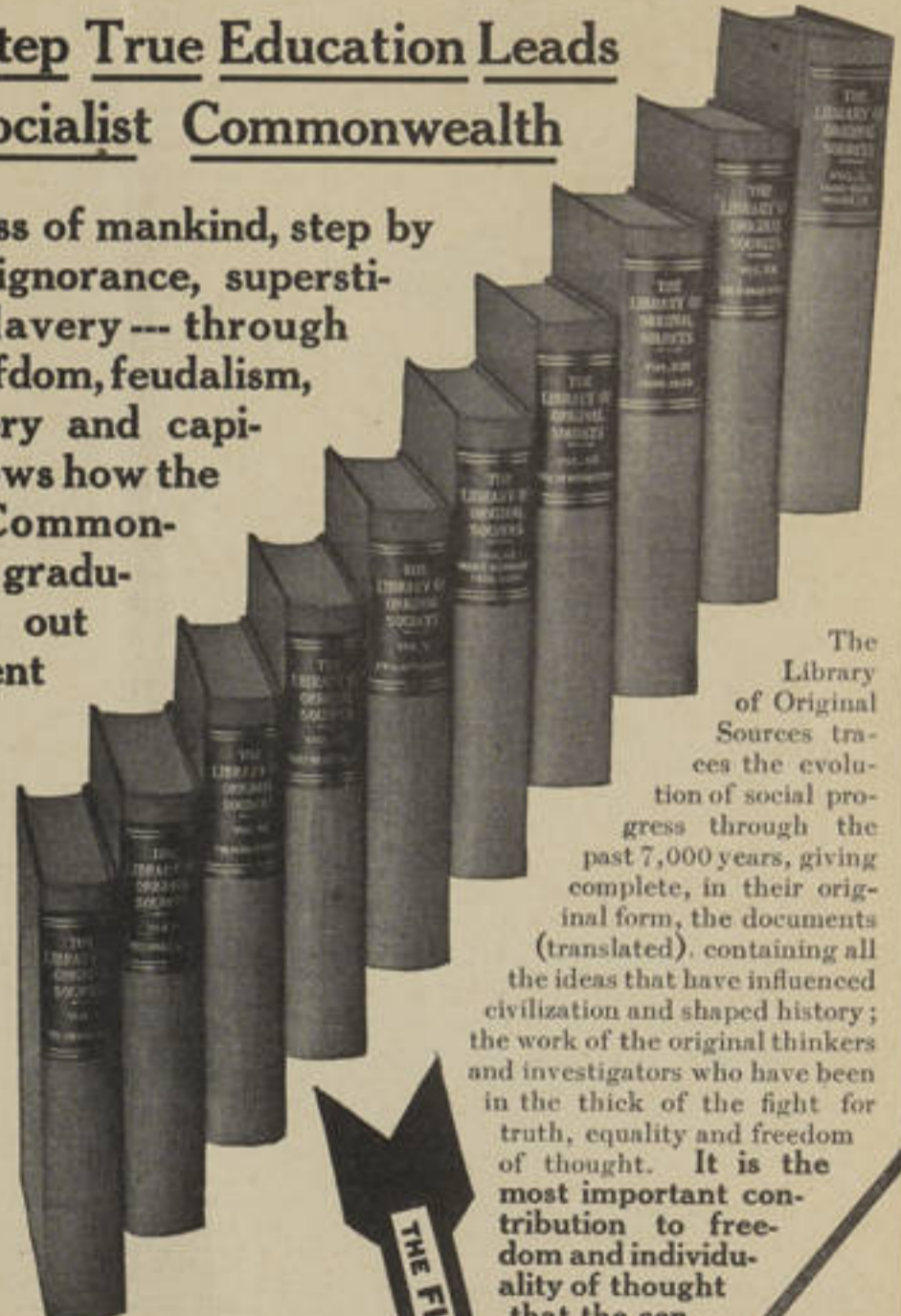
Step by Step True Education Leads to the Socialist Commonwealth

The progress of mankind, step by step, from ignorance, superstition and slavery--- through slavery, serfdom, feudalism, wage slavery and capitalism---shows how the Socialist Commonwealth will gradually evolve out of the present system

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I Send It On Trial.

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The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich. who has been curing Rupture for over 30 years. If Ruptured write him to-day.

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combine the qualities of a confection, a delicious food and an ideal system regulator. They are clean, pure, wholesome.

Ten Pounds for \$1.00 by express, charges collect.

Foothill Orchard Company
Newcastle, California

IN THE HANDS OF OUR FRIENDS

With this issue we inaugurate a feature well known in every Socialist paper—a hustler's column. This department will be maintained, not as a mere advertisement for this magazine, but as a medium of exchange and intercourse between the friends of Hope. Like all Socialist publications this magazine, published in the interest of Socialism, depends largely upon the efforts made by those who agree with us, to push it. Every friend of this magazine is urged to secure subscriptions and introduce Hope wherever possible. There is no formality about this. Our rates are as follows:

Single subscriptions, one year, \$1.

Club of two, \$1.50.

Club of four, \$3.

Dealers' price, in bundles of five copies or more, 5 cents per copy.

In order to do the most good for Socialism this magazine should have an enormous circulation. We have made preparations for the production of twelve of the most striking propaganda editions in the coming year that have ever been put forth in any country. Cartoons in colors, photographs and illustrations will spread the message of Socialism as no other publication will do. Think then what it means to have a big bundle of Hopes arriving in your town, each month—in the barber shops, reading rooms, and homes. You owe it to our party to push, wherever possible, the circulation of such a worthy project. Roll in the orders for that big Christmas issue—it's a gem. Almost double the size of the largest issue of Hope with colored cartoons throughout. And get that club together and send it in. Don't let a possible convert miss a single issue of Hope in 1912—and it will show in the ballot box. Every reader of Hope should order a bundle of that Christmas issue. If you don't wish to sell them, send us the names of five of your friends, together with 25 cents, and we will mail each person a copy of this big issue. Or send as many names as you wish at the rate of 5 cents per name and we will mail copies to each address. We cannot afford to make this offer for less than five copies, our minimum bundle rate. Price to newsdealers, 5 cents per copy, same as usual.

It is our aim to make Hope The Magazine for Socialists, and to make Socialists with Hope. A friendly boost on your part will more than make this

possible. Are you with us? Let us hear from you.

Our Motto: "Hustle and Hope."

Bill Bryan is one of hope's greatest hustlers. He has been chasing after it for sixteen years and hasn't caught up yet.

Grady Baker came all the way from Pocatello, Idaho, to hand us a dollar for one year more of the "world's greatest magazine." "Ought to be in every barber shop," asserts Grady. Right-o.

Otto Schmidt, manager of the Socialist News company of Pittsburgh, tacks an additional 100 copies on his standing order. "There's nothing Pittsburg needs as much as HOPE," says Otto, "unless it is soap," he adds with a wink. We gotcha, Otto.

F. D. Wright of Spokane has unfurled our blood-red banner and is letting it stream afar throughout the northwest; 100 copies of HOPE follows in his train.

E. B. Hunt of Los Angeles, Cal., braves the terrors of Hitchcock's economy system and orders 400 HOPES monthly for local sale. He gets them by mail via refrigerator cars. Cheer up, E. B., we'll have our private aeroplane service before long.

Ed. Weinstein, now located at 6th and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo., cheers us with an additional order for 20 copies.

Duncan McDonald of the U. M. W. A. rolls in a club of four. Let 'em roll.

Dr. E. L. Smith of Martinsburg, West Va., knows the cure for economic ills as well as physical ailments. He rushes four patients to HOPE'S HOSPITAL. Quick, Watson, the needle.

Dr. R. Jeths of Centralia, Ill., and Dr. J. G. Mautz of Springfield, also will attend our clinics for one year each.

Louis Krub of Lynden, Wash., would like to see HOPE in every family, and sees to it that it goes to his family for another six months.

"Best wishes," says Jack London of Glen Ellen, Cal., as he renews for one year. Jack has been all over the globe and knows a good thing when he sees it.

HOPE goes good at all my meetings, writes H. J. Beard, now on an organization tour in Iowa. It goes good everywhere.

Must have our bundle for our propaganda meeting, writes Dr. M. Korshet, Passaic, N. J. You've the right propaganda prescription, doc.

John Korpi, Neganee, Mich., transmits us \$5.00 for 10 annual subscription cards. Gets a bargain, too.

J. B. Brynjolfson of Canon City, Ore., makes doubly safe by subscribing for two years in advance.

S. M. McCleary of Indianapolis, Ind., tries 250 copies on the Hopeless in his city.

F. M. Elliott, our genial friend, in Paoenix, Ariz., arises like the bird of fire and forks over another shin plaster for one year more of the gospel of hope.

G. Gilbertson of Valley City, North Dakota, sends us \$2.25, our regular price, and gets HOPE, the Int. Socialist Review and the Coming Nation. A hefty club, that.

Lee W. Lang of Muscatine, Ia., gets away with 30 copies but leaves us \$1.50 for safe keeping.

David Williams of Alentown, Pa., chases out the gloom of Capitalism with a bundle of sunshine—60 HOPES.

C. W. Hill, Vancouver, B. C., Canada, reciprocates a \$5 bill to us and we reciprocate back 100 HOPES. Oh, you reciprocity.

When there's something big stirring, the boys in Seattle, wishing to do it up nice, always order a bundle of 500 HOPES. Some of the leading citizens of that city "buried the hammer" recently, but they can't bury Socialism when those Seattle live wires let loose with a whole cart load of HOPE.

Another lot of 10 one-year sub. cards for \$5.00 go to Samuel Weinstein, who is dispelling gloom all along the way in the central states.

There's no better way of spending a dollar than to buy a Lyceum Course ticket and designate "HOPE" on its subscription card.

All together now for 1912. There is HOPE.

WORK objectionable to the Socialists! They have elected Work national secretary.

JACK—London says,—

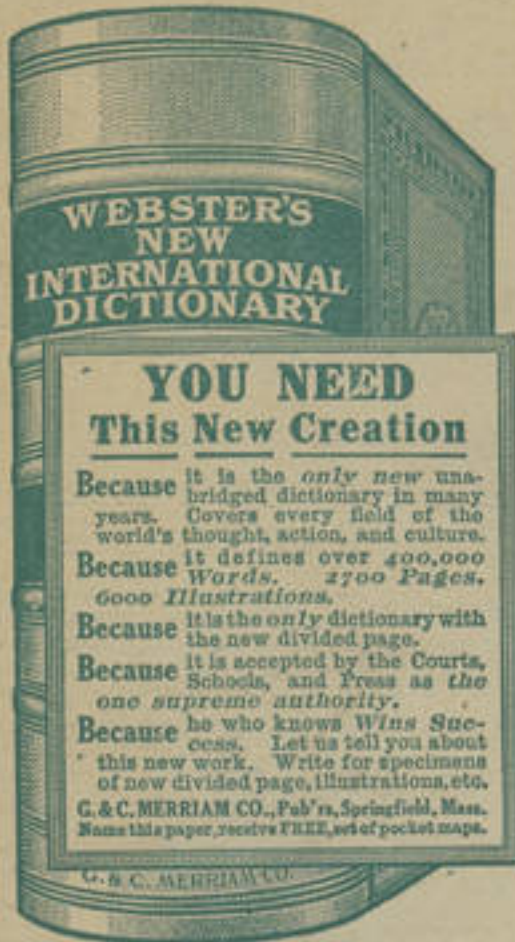
"DEAR COMRADE LOCKWOOD:—

Find herewith my check for \$1 (for a yearly sub). You certainly are making a noise like a live wire. We can't have too many buzz-plows like "THE PROPHET AND THE ASS" turning up the sodden soil of men's minds. Keep it up. Luck be with you!"

JACK LONDON.

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SCOTCH GENEROSITY

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously.

"Ha' you a match, Sandy?" he queried.

The match was forthcoming—but nothing more.

"I do believe," said Robbie, "I ha' left me tobacco to hame."

"Then," said Sandie, after a silence, "Ye might as well gie me back me match."

Many people are afraid of themselves. Indeed! of so small a thing?

OF INTERNATIONAL CONCERN



See by the papers that Pope Pius X. has been feeling badly lately. He has been suffering with a disease, not common to workers, which is known as the gout. Notwithstanding the fact that the working class seldom suffers from this disease, feelings of sympathy go out to the Pope from all quarters. The Irish Catholic sends his sympathy to the Italian Pope, the German Catholic sends his sympathy to the Italian Pope, the Spanish Catholic sends his sympathy to the Italian Pope, the American Catholic sends his sympathy to the Italian Pope—in fact the Catholics of every nationality pour out their libations over Pius' gouty toe. About the only persons not demonstrating a great deal of interest are those "durned unpatriotic worshipers of that FOREIGNER, Karl Marx."

FOUGHT BY BOYS

D. I. Woods, a clerk in the war department at Washington, has furnished the Durango (Colo.) Democrat some interesting data on the civil war. He finds that this war was fought largely by boys. Of the 2,278,588 enlisted in that war on the Union side, all but 118,000 were less than 21 years old! The list is as follows:

- 25 boys—10 years of age.
- 38 boys—11 years of age.
- 225 boys—12 years of age.
- 300 boys—13 years of age.
- 105,000 boys—14 and 15 years of age.
- 126,000 boys—16 years of age.
- 613,000 boys—17 years of age.
- 307,000 boys—18 years of age.
- 1,009,000 boys—18 to 21 years of age.

There never has been an occasion when the appeal was more strongly one of patriotism and love and freedom than this. Yet even in this case it will be seen that the old and experienced did not enlist to fight. The wars of the world have been fought by youths, who, because of inexperience, did not and could not understand the significance of war. The masters could not maintain themselves a year, if they appealed to those who understood the game. It is only by deceiving the hot-headed, unsophisticated youth that they are able to maintain the barbarism of war to this day.

But even the young are awakening to the meaning of war. They are refusing to enlist even in the army or navy. Something of the corrupting nature of army life is shown by the official statement that one-fourth of the soldiers and sailors are treated for venereal diseases. It is not only those who are killed in battle, war kills the souls of the young even when living.—Appeal to Reason.



SARCASTIC THING

SHE: "Why shouldn't Woman Get a Man's Wages?"

HIM: "Well, you get all of mine, all right."

VERY FLATTERING

CERTAIN young duke had come to this country for the purpose of exchanging a title for a fortune, and, incidentally having a wife thrown into the bargain.

One evening he had been dressed for a fashionable ball where he hoped to make a "hit." While he was admiring his prim make-up, a colored servant entered the room and gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"How do I look, Sam?" asked the duke, thinking to get a compliment.

"Bold as a lion, sah," answered Sam, proudly.

"Aw, you fool, you never saw a lion," said the duke.

"Deed I has seed a lion," persisted Sam.

"Where?" asked the duke.

"In Massa Johnson's stable," answered Sam.

"That wasn't a lion, you fool, that was a jackass," sneered the duke.

"Can't help it, massa, dat's jes' what yo' look like."

—Coming Nation.

READY FOR MORE

Missionary: "And do you know nothing whatever of religion?"

Cannibal: "Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

—Toledo Blade.

A teacher was reading to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew its meaning. One small girl timidly raised her hand, and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."

There are those who are forever changing, yet seldom improving.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SPINDLE-LEGS

By Rose L. McGovern

LAST MONDAY-noon I saw Mrs. Guinness rising like a phoenix from her ashes. A little, white-faced girl of 14, or thereabouts, was pleading with her mother in a low voice to be allowed to keep her week's wages "to get herself a dress and some flowers for her hat."

"You know I need 'em, Ma," she said over and over again.

Her mother, who might have been the original of Kipling's "rag, a bone and a hank or hair," so cruel and heartless she looked, listened to her daughter's pleading in silence for several minutes. Then, with a suddenness that almost swept me off my feet, she jumped at the girl, shook her roughly, and said:

"Say, now, you quit your foolish blab about flowers and dresses. Don't you know the rent has got to be paid this week. Hand that \$3 over here."

Needless to say, the girl handed it over, looking shame-facedly at me and the other spectators, as she meekly followed her mother on the car. What a pathetic little figure she was, to be sure, in her shabby dress, and oh, such a fright of a hat.

Poor little Spindle-legs, it is chiefly for you, and all the other gaunt-faced, sad-eyed little Spindle-legs of the world, that the vast army of Socialism, with its millions of fearless and undaunted soldiers, is fighting day and night; fighting to save you from the ills of poverty; to save you from the ignominy of life-long slavery; from dishonor worse than death.

They want to give you a chance; and some day—a day that is very near, now—the Hosts of the Red Banner will triumph; and, then, they will go around to all the dreary, God-forsaken prison-houses of toil, to the sweatshops, factories, and department stores, and turn every last one of you out into the field and meadows to play to your heart's content. There you may roam among the flowers, listen to the songs of birds and dream the happy care-free dreams of childhood. There you may grow up into beautiful men and women with well developed brains and bodies, with high ideals and hopes, and well equipped, in every sense of the word, to be the parents of a future generation.

That is how God meant the World to be for you, Little Spindle-legs, and that is how it will be in that day when Capitalism goes down to its inevitable defeat and Socialism reigns supreme.

—New Times.

Hope, and the world hopes with you; mope, and you mope alone.



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OUR "Deferred Tuition Scholarship" supplies the way and removes the last barrier between the progressive, ambitious young man and the higher position and salary to which he aspires.

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This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise." We have studied the matter very carefully, and are fully prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.

If you are one of these capable, ambitious fellows, 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.

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