

Volume 2  
No. 9

# HOPE

Price  
Ten Cents



Lena M. Lewis



Anna A. Maley



R. A. Maynard



Mrs. M. T. Maynard



May Wood Simons



B. F. Wilson



N. A. Richardson



C. E. Russell



P. H. Callery



W. F. Ries



W. Harry Spears



Ralph Korngold



A. W. Ricker



A. B. Baker



Walter Millard



John W. Slayton



Frank Bohn



Geo. H. Goebel



Ernest Untermann

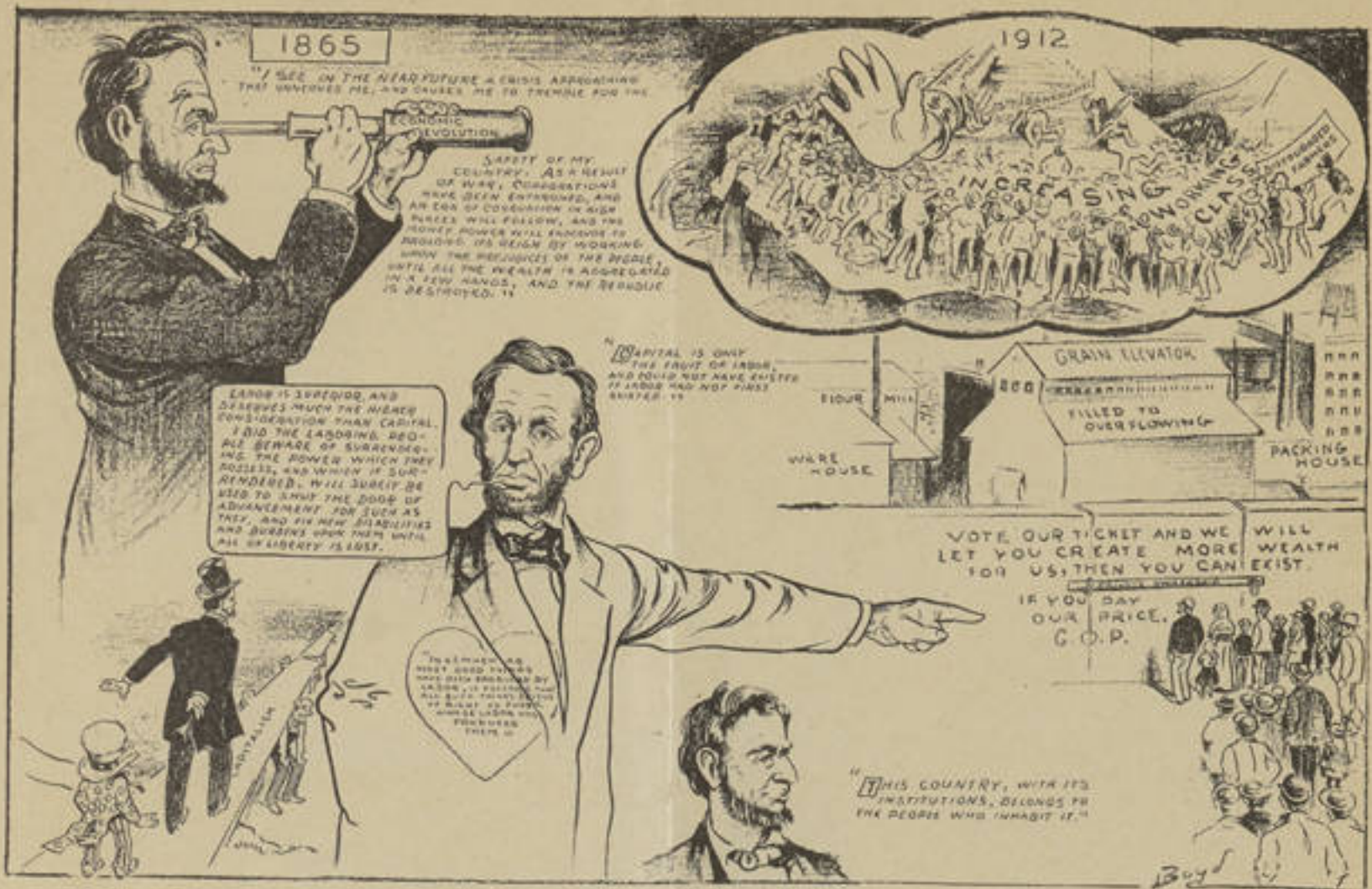


Geo. D. Brewer

Some of the Lecturers of the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau, the Most Practical and Gigantic Propaganda Organization Ever Established. Its Courses of Entertaining and Educational Attractions Now Appear in Every Locality of Consequence in the United States. This Means that Every Day Vast Audiences in Scores of Cities and Villages are Learning and Grasping Eagerly for More Knowledge about Socialism—"the Hope of the World."

**THEY ARE AROUSING THE WORKING CLASS TO ITS OWN INTERESTS**

# SOCIALISM OR BUST!



COMRADE ABE LINCOLN'S PROPHEESIES ARE BEING FULFILLED

## AN EDITORIAL BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Suppose the Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is: 'Is it the will of God that Sambo shall remain a slave, or be set free?' The Almighty gives no audible answer to the question, and His revelation, the Bible, gives none—or at most none but which admits of a squabble as to its meaning; no one thinks of asking Sambo's opinion of it.

"So at last it comes to this, that Dr. Ross is to decide the question, and while he considers it he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hands and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If he decides that God wills Sambo to continue as slave, he thereby retains his own comfortable position; but if he decides that God wills Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves and delve for his own bread. Will Dr. Ross be actuated by the perfect impartiality which has ever been considered most favorable to correct decisions?"

Consider the above editorial, Mr. Worker, and when you have formed your conclusion about what the slave owner would do, then ask yourself whether the capitalists will voluntarily give you socialism.

Do you think, Mr. Worker, that the capitalist will ever earn his bread in the sweat of his own brow as long as he can uphold a system wherein he gets it in the sweat of your brow?

### OPTIMISTIC LINCOLN

Dr. Burleigh was one of the earliest settlers of Dakota and Montana, and was a boyhood friend of Abraham Lincoln. The doctor used to tell this Lincoln story on himself.

When Lincoln was nominated, Burleigh was in Minnesota on his way to a logging camp. He laughed at the thought of Lincoln running for president, and went into the woods. He stayed in the woods until the following summer; when he came out he found that Lincoln had not only been elected but inaugurated.

Burleigh hurried to Washington and demanded a job.

"What kind of a place do you want?" asked President Lincoln.

"Any kind—where there's not much work and big pay."

"I'm afraid," smiled Lincoln, "that most of those jobs are gone. I'll have my secretary look round and see what

we can find for you. Come back tomorrow."

Burleigh went back. "Burleigh," said President Lincoln, "there isn't much left. The best thing I can offer you is the agency of the Yankton Sioux Indians. It pays fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"But, Abe," expostulated Burleigh, "a man can't live on that salary! I'd either have to starve to death or rob the government."

"Well, Burleigh," replied the president, "you'll never starve to death!"—Saturday Evening Post.

### HIS VIEW OF IT

The Stranger: "Is there a good criminal lawyer in your town?"

The Native: "Well, everybody thinks we've got one, but they ain't been able to prove it on him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### ENVY

By WALT WHITMAN

When I peruse the conquered fame of heroes, and the victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the generals. Nor the President in his Presidency, nor the rich in his great house; But when I hear of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was with them, How through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging, long and wrong Through youth, and through middle and old age, how unflinching, how affectionate and faithful they were, Then I am pensive—I hastily walk away, filled with the bitterest envy.

### SATISFIED

"There's no rest for the wicked."  
"Well, they don't want any; they'd rather keep at it."—Life.

# HOPE

## NEAR-SOCIALISTS

Quite often we meet some really intelligent person who, when Socialism is mentioned, will say:

"Well, I don't believe in RADICAL Socialism; I believe in the government ownership of the trusts and railroads and all of that, but I don't believe in dividing up," etc.

There are thousands of persons of just such a frame of mind in the United States today. They believe in government ownership of the means of production and distribution, which is really the gist of the whole Socialist political program, and yet they won't call themselves Socialists because they are afraid of anything radical. A few years more of development of minds like these, coupled with the proper kind of voting, and we will find ourselves—the working class—in possession of the trusts and railroads, and then we will be in a position to be very conservative ourselves. Just now radicalism, or revolt, is the most desirable if not absolutely necessary to our progress. The man who believes in a mild form of government ownership will find this out later on if he wishes to have his dreams realized.

## FOLLOWING RULES

Nurse Girl: "Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well!" Fond Parent: "Dear me! how annoying! Just go into the library and get the last number of the Modern Mother's Magazine; it contains an article on 'How to Bring up Children.'"—Town Topics.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

**WANTED**—Some good antidote for Socialism, harmless and easy to take. Send quick. Address T. R., Oyster Bay.

**WILL TRADE**—My chances for reelection as president for a good digestible mince pie like Aunt Sallie used to make. W. H. T., Washington, D. C.

**PERSONAL**—Wanted, 6,000,000 "poor but honest" fall-guys to vote for four years more of the full dinner pail. Pleasant exercise. Address G. O. P., headquarters.

**WILL EXCHANGE**—Talking machine, with "Cross of Gold, Crown of Thorns," and many other beautiful orations. Have no further use for a machine. Can do the talking myself. Want nice easy chair by March 4, 1913—or what have you? Address W. J. B., Lincoln, Neb.

## UPHILL WITH THE BRAKE ON

Martin W. Littleton, the New York lawyer, said the other day: "I believe in a radical, go-ahead policy. These people who hold back, these ultraconservatives, with their fear of paternalism and socialism and I don't know what bugaboos—well, they remind me of a man I once overtook on a hot day toiling up a steep hill on a bicycle. The man bore down on the pedals with all his might, his face was red and the veins stood out on his forehead. As I overtook him I saw that he had his brake on. Thinking, naturally, that this was accidental, I said: 'Do you know you've got your brake on there?' 'Yes, I know it,' the man panted. 'I'm afraid the machine might go backward on me.'"

## TROUBLE!

Casey: Is the new bookkeeper married?

Slattery: I dunno. He's one o' them close-mouthed fellers. If he has any trouble, he kapes it to himself.

## STILL UNSAFE

"Is your son out of danger yet?" "No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



WANTED—AN OLD AGE PENSION

# BOOST 1912!



IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE TO MAKE A WORLD

## CHEER UP, COMRADES

Unfortunately, there are a few Socialists who do not realize the ever-urgent need of optimism and hope in the spreading of propaganda. Every agitator should be a regular little dynamo of light and good cheer. Very few persons are anxious to warm up to the logic of a long-faced, disgruntled gloom specialist. The end of the world is not yet at hand, in spite of the fact that this doleful news has been hammered into us by preachers, priests and potentates for hundreds of years. The fact of the matter is, the world is getting brighter and rosier every day. The cooperative commonwealth is dawning. The roosters of victory are crowing throughout the land. Let us be up and doing with a glad, confident, hopeful, "merry sunshine" smile on our platonic features and abide not with the poor lorn critter who says that the country is going to the bow wows and that there is no hope. The country is going to the Socialists and there is hope enough for all if properly distributed.

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Where do I go?  
How do I know?  
Care free I keep on going,  
Nor hesitate,  
The way is straight,  
I see love's beacon glowing.

Hope's brilliant star,  
The stars a-jair,  
The sunshine and the glory;  
A love bouquet  
Along the way,  
A feast of song and story.

I still go on,  
I know the lawn  
Is somewhere in the distance,  
Nor can I miss  
The joy and bliss  
Of faith and hope, for instance

Dawn and the day  
Is across the way,  
Wherever it may find me,  
Will find me right,  
Because the night  
Is what I've left behind me.

—Captain Jack Crawford in Lyceum World.

## OILCLOTH MAGNATE VS. LABOR

The unsettled labor conditions that now prevail in England are responsible for the issuance of an order by Lord Ashton, head of the mammoth oilcloth and linoleum factory at Lancaster, revoking the promise he made recently to increase the wages of his 4,000 employees. Lord Ashton is one of the wealthiest men in the British peerage and was formerly a member of parliament. He succeeded his father as head of the colossal business at Lancaster, and since that time has been a generous benefactor of the city.

His order revoking the promise to increase wages is as follows:

"We arranged some time ago that the wages in more than one department should be advanced, and an order was given to that effect. We have now to say that no advance will be made, the reasons for which you are also aware.

"All workmen not satisfied and who think they can do better, or even as well, elsewhere, must leave our employ at once, no matter how large may be the number, as we would rather close the whole works forever than give an advance of wages in any department at the present time.

"We have also to say that in the event of the works being closed through railway or coal strikes the wages will not be paid. In future when trade is bad we shall only keep men whom we regard as friendly and loyal to their employer, who for nearly half a century has upheld the cause of the working classes, and we shall not, as in the past, keep those who are bereft of all sense of what is due not only to their employer but to themselves.

"It is with sorrow—sorrow much greater than we can express—that we are compelled to give this notice, but the present state of things is so intolerable that we are determined to put an end to it, no matter at what cost."—Chicago Tribune.

## AN ARTISTIC APPETITE

"The young lady seems rather fragile," remarked the observant man.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "she has one of those artistic appetites. She doesn't care what kind of patent food is in the box so long as the picture on the label is pretty."—Washington Star.



Pessimist: "Aw, just think, 100 people die every second."

Optimist: "And just think, 200 people are born every second."

## HOPE

### OUR GREAT GOVERNMENT

If an American citizen wishes to mail a letter, he depends upon the government to get it to his destination. In fact, he has utmost faith that it will perform its function. If he is in a foreign country, in trouble, he appeals to the government for aid and always gets it. If he is a banker and needs a loan, he asks the government—and gets it. If an enemy threatens from without to destroy his fireside and put out his fire, he has no fear the government will protect him. In fact, who is it that does not look with awe, respect and pride at our great institution—the United States government—and yet how many persons there are who think that the government couldn't run the industries of this country as good as a one-horse store-keeper runs his store or mill for private gain?

### BACK! BACK, TO THE LAND

High prices for food means an increase of the farmers' income. Reformers and other primitive minded persons propose that we all rush to the country and become farmers. More would be produced, the markets glutted and all planters would be working for the mere fun of working. They cry there is a shortage of food supplies, but there is no shortage. There is no famine, nor near famine. We do not need

cheaper farm products and poorer farmers. Town and city folk need more money. They can get more money by separating capital from the capitalist and by stopping this out-of-date scheme of getting money by owning.

An idiot can "own," but it takes a normal man to work. Harry Thaw, in an insane asylum, Joe Leiter, still at large, and other incompetents may be exhibited as horrible examples of a system of industry in which one gets his living by "owning" something he does not use, while the rest live, or try to live, by using something they do not own.

Farmers are not getting too much, but the big capitalists are. All producers should get together, take the parasites gently but firmly by the slack of the trousers and lead them up to a plow, an ax, a self-binder or some other useful implement.

### Training Parents

Whenever father or mother feel like striking any of the children they should first give themselves a good thrashing, scolding the while. This rule assures well-behaved parents, which must come before children are well behaved.

### GATHERED SOME TROPHIES

Assemblyman Jimmie Foley is making a record up at Albany as a story teller, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He advised an associate in the legislature to keep out of a situation which to Mr. Foley's trained political senses promises danger. "It makes me think of an incident down in my district," said he. "You know, there are some parts of it that are pretty tough, and when a couple of friends of mine, on their way home one night, heard an awful racket in a tenement house, one insisted on going in to find out the trouble.

"Don't you do it," said the other. 'I know every one who lives in the house—know 'em in the dark—could tell 'em with my eyes shut—and I want to let you know that they're mighty tough.'

"I'm going in, anyhow," said Harrigan. 'If you don't want to tackle it you wait for me outside.'

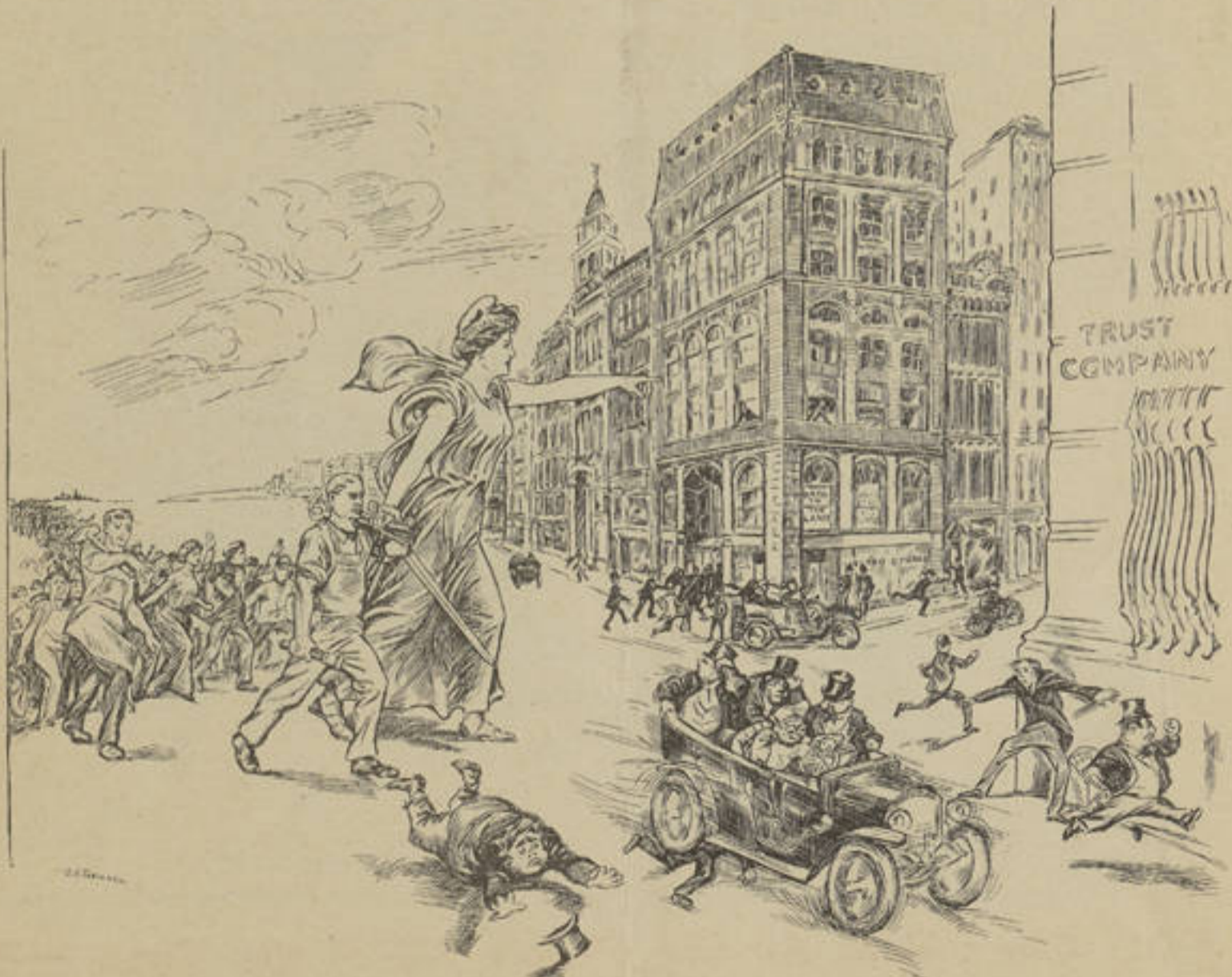
"In a minute there was a frightful jolting sound inside, and out came Harrigan, bringing the panels of the door with him. 'I told you so,' said Morgan. 'I told you they're bad people in there. I know 'em.'

"You know 'em, do you?" sneered Harrigan. 'You know 'em well, I guess?'

"Morgan said he did.

"Then," said Harrigan, opening his hand, 'tell me who owns these ears.'

One-half the world are squirrels; the other half are nuts.



BACK TO THE CITIES!

# SOCIALISM OR BUST!

IT'S PECULIAR POLITICAL WEATHER  
WE'RE HAVING



IT'S SO COLD FOR BILL—

## HOME FOR CAUGHT BANKERS

There is one place in America where bankers are found in greater numbers than anywhere else. We refer to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. Until a few weeks ago there were forty bankers at the prison, but President Taft and other pardoning authorities have reduced the number to twenty-four. Prison officials, however, confidently expect their cultured colony to grow. Each year brings about the usual crop of bankers who get caught.

Bankers are not treated in prison as are other convicts. They are all "trusties" at Fort Leavenworth. They eat at a special table, do nice clean clerical work, and have an hour's recreation in the evening, after the low-brow prisoners are locked up. It is also said that certain favored prisoners often take long trips from the prison in disguise. It pays to be a banker.

We are not authorities on theology and often wonder if there is to be a special, refined hell for bankers after they have passed thru this vale of tears. Will they have clerkships there with stools of ice?



AND SO HOT FOR THEODORE

## A RAW DEAL

Little Willie had worn pajamas for two years. But while visiting an aunt he discovered that his night clothes had been forgotten. When Willie saw the nightie donated by a girl cousin he protested vigorously, winding up with:

"An' I won't wear no nightgown ever, ever! Not even if I have to go to bed raw."

## HOW HE DOES IT

"How do you manage to exist," asked the investigator of the Satisfied, but Poorly Recompensed Wage Slave.

"Providence takes care of me," was the prompt answer.

"Well, how does it do it?"

"You see, it's this way. In the winter I keep from freezing by thinking of how warm it will be next summer, and in the summer I keep from suffocating by the knowledge that the Lord will provide cold weather in due season."

"How do you do without groceries?"

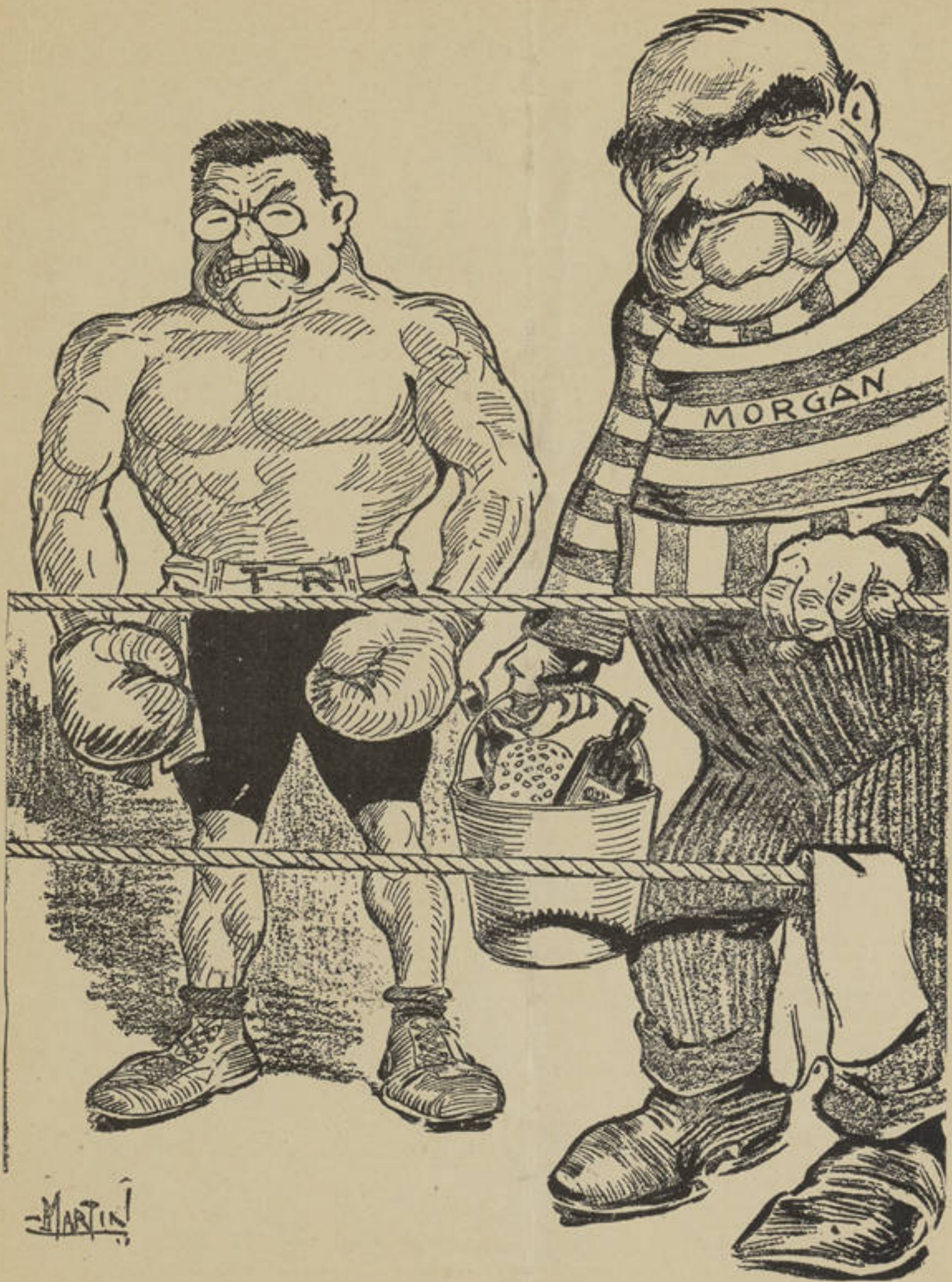
"Well you see it keeps me so busy keeping my mind on the good things to come that I don't really have time to eat."

## A CRITIC DISAPPOINTED

An orator, having written a speech which he intended to deliver on a certain occasion, gave it to a friend to read and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times; the first it appeared very good, the second indifferent, the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

**"YOU Can't Fool All the People All of the Time"—But You Can Most of the Time.**

HOPE?



CAN HE COME BACK?

—Cartoon from St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**SAINT PIERPONT'S "MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT"**

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

Ho, all ye worn and weary ones in all this blessed land, sing Glory Hallelujah, for salvation is at hand. Your miseries shall fade away, your troubles all shall hike—Saint Pierpont and his pious bunch are marchin' down the pike. They're comin' with their chloroform and theologic dope and handin' out large packages of holy hot-air hope; they'll fill you full of slobberin' hymns and Billy Sunday rot, and teach you how religion means "contentment with your lot." No matter if your tenement is cold this winter night, no matter if your daily bread has climbed clear out of sight, no matter if your stomach is a 'touchin' your backbone—you'll be a pippin when you die and sit up next the throne. Saint Pierpont has his downy couch to rest his tired head; the Lord takes care of Pierpont NOW—you get yours when you're dead; Saint Pierpont has his autos—YOU can have a pair of wings if you pin your faith to Pierpont and his New Jerusalem things. Stop agitatin' for a chance to live while you're alive; just wait until your summons to quit livin' shall arrive; then you will be fixed proper, you will have a plenty tñen, forever, and forever, and forever and amen. There's one thing, tho', I'm leery of—I don't know how you feel—I say this tho' I'm somewhat bum and run down at the heel—I hope that if they make a bloomin' cherub out of me, I won't look like Saint Pierpont, or Andrew Carnegie. It may be swell to be an angel, and sport a golden hat—but shucks! 'twould make me hunt a hole to wear a mug like that!—From January Rip-Saw.

**THE FAST FLYING RED DEVIL**

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station Saturday afternoon and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he spluttered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—Boston Traveler.

**RUBBING IT IN**

A "trusty" had escaped from the penitentiary and the warden was much chagrined. Every effort was made to recapture the fugitive, but to no avail.

Two weeks later the warden received the following note in the mail:

"Dear Warden: Please excuse the liberty I am taking.—No. 2323."

Boy: "Mr. Quinn, can I get off this afternoon? My grandfather is dead."

Mr. Quinn: "I don't see how, with your small salary, you can afford to go to see so many ball games."

Boy: "That's right. I can't, either. I ought to have more salary."—New York Evening Mail.

"Chicago heads national Roosevelt boom," says the Tribune. The windy city for Teddy. How apropos.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE LONG LIKE THIS FELLOW?

**ANYBODY WANT TO HIRE A GOOD KAISER?**

Don't be surprised if you should see in some of the leading German weeklies the following advertisement:

**SITUATION WANTED**—Handsome German desires position; salary more desired than service; have been life-time with last firm; change of hands causes me to seek new position; fond of hunting—everything but work. Address Kaiser Wilhelm, care of the Daily Wurst.

For do you know that Kaiser Bill might lose his job any time now since the Socialists are in power in Germany? Majority rules, and Bill, who has no doubt been a good kaiser, hasn't been any too popular with the common people. Good Kaisers, and good kings for that matter, are usually bad things for the rest of the folks. They are about as obnoxious and of as much importance as a vermiform appendix. So don't be taken back if some day you learn that the Socialists have handed Bill his blue envelope—black-blue is his favorite color you know. No doubt Bill, when he goes up to the red cashier's window Saturday night to draw his weekly pay for being kaiser (him and Gott), he will be much chagrined when the following takes place:

Cashier: "Wie gehts, Willie."

Wilhelm: "Ganz gute."

Cashier: "Here's your week's pay, Willie; and I must tell you we won't need your services after today. You see, we are cutting out all unnecessary expense. Goode nachte!"

Wilhelm: "Ach! Dunder und blitzen! Diefer dompten Sozialisten!"

**KNOCK, AND WORLD KNOCKS WITH YOU**

It's really great sport to knock somebody. What would the world be without its knockers—a dull, dreary, stagnant old aching void. After all, the knockers are our best friends—they usually tell us what is wrong with us, so if we are wise we can make good our faults. Beware of the man who tells you everything is lovely—he is either a lunatic or a delegate to the Carnegie peace conference. Knocking is a divine art. It is the real stimulus to a good boost. Doesn't opportunity knock once at every man's door? Of course—and scoots before we can unfasten the night latch. Where would Columbus be if some jealous persons hadn't knocked his proposed discovery of America? And where would America be. Columbus, of course, would be dead now, even if his friends hadn't inspired him by their gentle raps against his idea, but it is highly possible that he would have drunk himself to death and let America go discover herself, instead of gaining a world-wide reputation and a rousing reception for himself in chains. We don't approve, of course, of indiscriminate knocking. Be sure you are always safe—then knock. Never knock anyone near at hand. There are thousands of persons in China, Persia and the Fiji islands whom you can knock safely and sanely without fear of contradiction. A good rule for knocking hangs in a Chicago saloon, and while perhaps not as choice a selection as the golden text you'll hear in Sunday school, nevertheless it is right to the point. It reads:

.....  
 : KNOCK WHEN YOU COME IN :  
 : DON'T WHILE YOU ARE IN :  
 : ..... :



# HOPE

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

We are living in a rapid age. Even the youngest Socialists can remember when to be a Socialist was to be regarded as a criminal or a maniac. Of course this regard is still fostered in some localities by such old grannies as Roosevelt, and some college professors who cling to ancient traditions in order to retain their meal tickets; but in spite of this, the very air is vibrant with the spirit of Socialism. "What is this Socialism?" queries the orry-eyed individual who has never been called on to think before. "Is it a patent medicine, an invention, or a disease, or what?" The papers are full of it, the preachers are preaching about it, the gang in the barroom is discussing it, ill-naturedly, politicians are trying to dodge it, mothers are pondering over it, father is going out nights to hear lectures and debates over it, the magazines are splitting infinitives over it, the fences and boxcars are labeled with posters concerning it. What is it? That is the question of the hour. And why? Because it pays to advertise. For the past ten years nothing has been so well advertised as Socialism. Tons of printed matter, thousands upon thousands of voices have echoed its praises from the crowded city to the quiet crossroads. Now the advertising is beginning to pay. From unheard-of corners of the country the people are demanding this thing—Socialism. They want it. The babies cry for it—more than Castoria. "Good morning, have you used Socialism this morning?"



**THE POLITE HOLD-UP MAN**  
He Gives His Victim Car-fare Anyhow



says Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Smith. "Why no; what is it?" says Mrs. Smith, cautiously, not wishing to betray her ignorance. "It's something that will reduce household work and give us all a better living," replies her neighbor. And that night Mr. Smith is raked over the coals because he hasn't done anything to get it for his family. And the advertising campaign has just begun. You pick up your morning paper and read "Squeedunk elects entire Socialist ticket." Never heard of Squeedunk before. You wait. Later reports show that the Socialist agitators or advertisers have created a local demand for Socialism in Squeedunk. Used every advertising device they could—the local papers, the billboards, everything oral and moral—and the result was that when they had created the desire the people got what they wanted—they had to have it. The demand for other things simply wasn't in it. The best part of it is that everyone can get this Socialism so easy—won't cost them hardly anything. Other things advertised are put out to get your money; Socialism offers you full value of your toil. Don't have to mort-

gage your household goods like you do when you buy an advertised auto; yet you can have more fun out of Socialism in a minute than with an auto in a thousand years. And to think that this advertising is improving all the time and becoming more extensive. Why Pear's soap and Peruna will look like penny liners before these Socialist advertisers get through. It will only be a short time when from every choice advertising space—in newspapers, on skyscrapers and barns—you will see such signs as these:

"Socialism—the Stuff that Made Milwaukee Famous."

"Socialism—Stronger than Gibraltar."

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?" Socialism Will Protect Her when You're Gone.

The Socialist Isn't Solid IVORY—He Votes.

Socialism—"It Chases Dirt" and Hasn't Scratched yet.

Socialism Cures Poverty—"and We Can Prove it."

When the created demand thus becomes universal, WATCH OUT. The American people will get Socialism or bust, and for that matter Socialism makes a special provision for folks that are busted, so it is an altogether happy prospect.

## PRETTY DIRTY

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames river where they can swim to their heart's content. As one little boy was getting into the water his little friend said:

"Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!"

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year."

Colonel Harvey of Harper's Weekly seems to be suffering from a little too much Wilson. "That's all."

## WAIL OF A BENEDICT

1. My wife is my boss. I shall not deny.

2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when the swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up Main street.

3. She restoreth my pocketbook after she has spent all its contents on hobble skirts and theater tickets, and she leadeth me up the main aisle of church for her new hat's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her broomstick and her hat-pin they do everything else but comfort me.

5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee-line for an aid society supper. She anointeth my head with the rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with bundles before she is half done her shopping.

6. Surely her dressmaker's and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.

## NO MEDIUM OF IMAGINATION THERE

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

My Ma sez we imagine things  
'Bout bein' sick, an' should resist.  
So she jest sits an' smiles an' sings,  
'Cause she's a mental scientist.

She sez if we will only take  
Some thought, 'twill rid us of our  
pains—

You don't imagine stummick ache,  
'Cause that ain't where you keep your  
brains!

—Judge.

A man can wear a red necktie and still not be a Socialist. Likewise religion isn't always confined beneath a red hat.

# SOCIALISM OR BUST!



THE DAWN OF TRUTH IS BREAKING—  
HE FEELS HIS STRENGTH  
HIS SHACKLES PART  
FOR LABOR IS AWAKENING!

## RICH PROLETARIANS

In the big cities and in some other places we find the \$100-a-week wage slave. There are scores of these corporals, sergeants and lieutenants of industry. Many of them are in exactly the same boat with the \$2-a-day wage slave.

They spend all they are paid and have only a week's wages ahead. When they lose their jobs they drop at once into poverty. A recent visit by the writer to the lodging house district of a big city revealed many of these high salaried men who lost out and, becoming discouraged, hit the toboggan hard. Most

of them have some great scheme for getting rich suddenly.

It may seem to the \$2 man that the \$100-a-week wageworker should save enough in a year to keep him four years. But \$100 a week don't go very far when one has an automobile, three children or more, goes to the theater once a month, has good clothing and some travel.

## HE SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM

Der vunce vos a very loud Kaiser  
Who spouted up chust like a geyser,  
But Der Rote Sozialisten  
Gave his viskers a twistin',  
And he couldn't spout now if he'd try sir.

## THE PRINTER TO HIS LADY LOVE

By H. F. LOCKHART

A lovelorn printer—are there any such?  
Sat down to write his lady love one day;  
And after pondering deep and sighing much,  
Evolved from out his heart this fervid lay:

O, thou who art the type of all that's fair;  
Who art the proof that beauty still exists;  
The copy of all virtues true and rare—  
The fairest maid upon our mailing lists—  
The many points that make thy composition  
I fain would make the burden of my text.  
You're nonpareil, and that without condition—  
(I hope that line o' type won't make her vex!)

I'd be a case if in your arms you'd take me;  
I'd be a mat to clean your little shoes;  
I'd be your galley slave and let you break me—  
I'd die for you if it was any use!  
That light-faced Celtic just around the corner  
Had better keep his bold face out of sight;  
Next time we meet, his mother'll be a mourner;  
He can't have you—that's in black and white.

I pray you'll answer this my declaration  
Without delay; don't keep me on the hook;  
Please tell me you approve amalgamation,  
And that my name is foremost in your book.  
Say, wilt thou be mine own? If that's the case,



I'll be as true to you as stars above;  
We'll find a parson somewhere in the place  
To put the union label on our love!  
—The American Printer.

Those church persons who think Socialism would destroy the influence of God must have a pretty weak opinion of the power of the Almighty.

# HOPE



## PEOPLE CANNOT RULE, SAYS TAFT

In a speech before the State Bar association in New York last month, President Taft said:

There are those who do not believe that the common people are fitted for popular government. The fact is we know they are not. Some of us don't dare say so, but I do.

The question whether a people is fitted for popular government so as to make that government best for that people is determined by the ability of the majority of that people to place upon themselves restrictions by which the minority shall receive justice.

"It is a question of self-imposed restraint to determine whether a people is fitted to govern itself.

"Now, then, the constitution is but self-imposed restraint. We are called upon now, we of the bar, to say whether we are going to protect the institution of the judiciary and continue it independent of the majority or of all the people.

"Judiciary recall!" he ejaculated. "The words are so inconsistent that I hate to utter them altogether. Are we going to make our constitution a mere liquid thing so that the majority shall flood every branch of government and decide by momentary sentiment of the people every theme and principle of our government that our fathers put in the constitution to give us the greatest government that God ever made?"

"All the clients you ever had or ever will have, and all the interests for which you ever argued are involved in your maintaining the great cause of the American people of a justice that is above majorities and rests on the basis not of any popular vote, but upon the eternal laws of God."

Pity the patient, long-suffering Almighty who has to take the blame for the crookedness of the human bipeds.

Of course the people are going to rule, whether His Fatness, Taft, likes it or not; and not that we care about his prospects in the least, but we do think that Bungly Bill's managers ought to put a muzzle on him if there is no other way of keeping him from continually making an ass of himself.

## OKLAHOMA CITY IS UNFAIR

The national convention of the Socialist party will be held in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in May, unless the national executive committee of the party determines otherwise. The advisability of holding the convention in this city is being strongly questioned by some locals, owing to the announcement sent out by the Oklahoma City trades unions warning workers to stay away from that place. Absolute antagonism to progressive movements by the citizens' associations holds sway there, assert the unionists, and to bring a big national convention, which will add a considerable sum of money to the coffers of the enemies of labor, is like adding insult to injury. There is plenty of food for thought in this situation, and as it is not too late to change the location of the convention, no doubt the matter will be thoroughly investigated by those in charge, as the Socialist party will never intentionally, aid or abet the

enemy of labor. A Socialist convention brings hundreds of visitors to the city where it is held, who spend thousands of dollars for food, shelter, etc., during their stay. The location of this convention, it seems to HOPE, should be in a city where Socialists are at least treated with ordinary respect. Oklahoma City isn't the only spot on the map. In fact there are a half a dozen cities that have better convention facilities and fewer "pinheaded" business men.

## WELCOME, COMRADE HITCHCOCK

The latest advocate of Socialist theories is Frank Hitchcock, postmaster general of the United States. Mr. Hitchcock is now in favor of government ownership of the telegraph lines of this country, a measure which the Socialists have been clamoring for in every national platform since our first convention. However, we are not selfish. We are glad to note that Mr. Hitchcock has seen the error of his ways and now turns his face toward Socialist measures as the only solution of our national problems. We do not contend that Mr. Hitchcock has stolen any of our political thunder in endorsing this claim of the Socialists that much more economical and efficient operation of the telegraph systems could be had under government ownership. He has no doubt become converted from reading the vast amount of Socialist literature which is transmitted through the mails, monthly, and is now an enthusiast. Welcome, COMRADE Hitchcock. Very likely we can soon expect converts Morgan, Taft and Teddy to come into the fold.



## DARNING VERSUS KNITTING

Gibbs: Your wife seems to be a contrary sort of woman.

Dibbs: Contrary! Why, whenever I ask her to darn my stockings she knits her brows.

## "THE COMMON CAUSE"

A publication devoted to the combating of Socialism has made its appearance in New York. It is entitled "The Common Cause." Just how common it will be, and what cause it really represents, will no doubt be boldly displayed by reading through the lines of this publication. It has adopted the following battle cry and slogan: "There is no need, no excuse for Socialism, but there is sore need of social reform." Roosevelt and other leading citizens who are trying to stop progress by turning back the hands of the clock, are among the contributors to the new publication. HOPE, always anxious for the heathen to learn about the joyous tidings of Socialism and, incidentally, to learn what our opponents think of us, made the offer to exchange copies of HOPE for the "Common Cause." The offer was accepted, as the following letter indicates: Hope Magazine, Chicago.

Gentlemen: We should be very glad to make the exchange you suggested. We appreciate the spirit of your letter. If Socialism IS the "hope of the world" we should be only too glad to find it out. We are opposed to Socialism on fundamental principles and we are equally opposed to anything that is wrong, by whatever name it is called. Yours very truly,

G. B. RINER.

Manager The Common Cause.

HOPE is fighting wrongs under all names and guises, too, but we have never yet had the assumption to attempt to defeat, single-handed, the evolution of all the civilization of the ages. Socialism is coming whether HOPE wants it or The Common Cause and Mr. Roosevelt et al. doesn't want it. It is the next logical step in human progress, and to attempt to commit the abortion of slaying it before it is born is highly unworthy of such a staunch advocate of the anti-race suicide idea as the "Colonel."

## MAN THE STATESMAN

Men who oppose votes for women assume that men have made a success of government. But they have not. Men have made a miserable mess of statesmanship from Troy to Chicago.

They have drenched the earth in blood, let women and children suffer for life's necessities, and created cities as ugly and as nasty as a pigsty.

Men have, however, developed machinery that can produce enough wealth for all but are such fools that they cannot feed themselves.

Women cannot possibly make the mess worse. They are entitled by justice and the men's failure to a chance to clean the governmental house.

RAT SOLD AS A DOG

The renewal of the fashion for small dogs has just led to a remarkable case of fraud, the victim of which is one of the best known women in Paris society. It should be known that toy dogs have once again come into special favor in Paris, partly on account of the restriction of the tramways and underground and district railways concerning the right to take a dog with one while traveling about the city.

The very large muff so much in fashion has given many women an excellent means of evading the difficulty, while others buy silk bags especially made for the purpose to carry their Belgian griffons from place to place. Nevertheless, the demand for a smaller dog is constantly growing.

Walking up and down the fashionable side of the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne the other morning, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, was a man who had several toy dogs to show off, ostensibly for sale. One of the smallest of them was a particularly diminutive specimen of the griffon. Finally a woman stepped up to ask its price. The man made the little dog perform several tricks, and then, after some minutes' conversation, informed her that he had a still more remarkable specimen in his coat pocket. He then fished out a little creature scarcely more than half the size of the first.

The woman concluded what she thought was a bargain and what the man said was a sacrifice. She put the little one in her muff, went off to luncheon, and, on getting home again, pulled him out from his hiding. For a minute or two the animal showed fear, but then, to her great amazement and that of her servant, the little griffon suddenly started toward the window and ran up one of the curtains with the speed and agility not at all unlike the best known qualities of a mouse. The butler and footman were called, and there was an exciting chase about the drawing room before the little wonder was captured. The new owner was then rather more horrified than surprised to find that her griffon was nothing else but a rather oversized rat that had been sewed into a dog's skin.

UNLUCKY JIM

Jim Shanks is the oneriest kind of a cuss,  
You'd ought to hear him chew and fuss;  
He never does a lick of work,  
The hardest jobs old Jim'll shirk.  
Why, he could earn six bits a day  
A-shovelin' dirt or pitchin' hay,  
But he'd just rather sit and think—  
And say, you'd ought to see him drink!  
You see, he's down on the capitalist:  
Jim Shanks is a durned old Soc-ul-ist.

FORTUNATE JAMES

Now Mr. James Doughbags Brown  
Is the model man of this here town.  
He always talks so low and nice,  
Work? Huh, he's got the price—  
He gets a dozen bones a day—  
BRAIN work is Mr. Brown's for-tay.  
They say he 'casionally takes his booze,  
But he can fill from hat to shoes—  
He's the grandest kind of a Christian  
man  
Is Mr. J. D. Brown—Republican.



ANOTHER ENDURANCE TEST  
How Long Will He Stand for It?

YOU HAD BETTER STAY AWAY!

Things are dull in San Francisco,  
"On the bum" in New Orleans;  
"Rawther punk" in cultured Boston,  
Famed for codfish, pork and beans;  
"On the hog" in Kansas City,  
Out in-Denver things are jarred,  
And they're "beefing" in Chicago  
That the times are mighty hard.  
Not much doing in St. Louis,  
It's the same in Baltimore;  
Coin don't rattle in Seattle  
As it did in days of yore.  
Jobs are scarce around Atlanta,  
All through Texas it is still;  
And there's very little stirring  
In the town of Louisville.

There's a howl from Cincinnati,  
New York City, Brooklyn, too;  
In Milwaukee's foamy limits  
There's but little work to do;  
In the face of all such rumors  
It seems not amiss to say,  
That no matter where you're going  
You had better stay away.  
—Kansas City Labor World.

THE WORLD IS OURS

One of the most difficult things for a non-Socialist to understand is why an American Socialist should rejoice because the Socialists in Germany have ascended to the majority. There is no more reason for us to rejoice, asserts this person, than for a follower of Taft to be happy because the Chinese "republicans" have made recent advances. To such a person it is almost impossible to explain that there is no east, no west, no north, no south to Socialism—that it is a world-wide movement—that the capture of Germany is only one, but an important one of the integral parts that make up the big world the working class is to gain, when we loose our chains. And the day when these victories taking place in every civilized country shall be welded into one, and the united hosts of labor shall march triumphant under the blood-red banner of a cooperative commonwealth is drawing nearer day by day.

O, Germany! O Germany!  
Why don't you set  
Der  
Kaiser  
Free!

HOPE

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WARD SAVAGE, Editor and Publisher



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LET'S BOOST FOR 1912!

That HOPE as a National Socialist Cartoon Magazine has an important mission to perform during the campaign of 1912, no Socialist will deny.

To improve the size and quality of this magazine means the further extension of the good work this publication is now doing for the movement. This magazine is now past the first trying years of the experimental stage. The struggles have been trying, but at no time have we attempted to burden the party members with our financial tribulations. And HOPE today equals, if not excels, any other contemporary. The publishers of HOPE are anxious to put into operation at once some splendid plans for improving HOPE. With a small effort on your part we can place additional features in this magazine that will attract thousands of persons to the striking Socialist arguments in picture and story and make HOPE, without question, the best magazine in America. This will require but little effort on the part of HOPE'S friends and readers. In fact, we are going to make it extremely easy for you. We have all arrangements perfected and only need a comparatively small sum above our current receipts to put these improvements in operation. To secure this additional income necessary for the direct improvement of the magazine, it has been decided to make an especially attractive subscription offer to all readers of this magazine.

It is this:

From February 15 to March 15 we will accept two one-year subscriptions, or one two-year subscription or renewal of any standing subscription for two years, for only \$1.25. (Bundle orders not included.) THIS OFFER POSITIVELY WILL NOT BE GOOD AFTER MARCH 15. All single subscriptions will be charged at the regular rate of \$1 per year.

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UNUSUAL

A South Dakota railroad is noted for its execrable roadbed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the center of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track, and slid along without a sound. Seizing his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door. "Jump for your lives," he shouted "She's off the track!"

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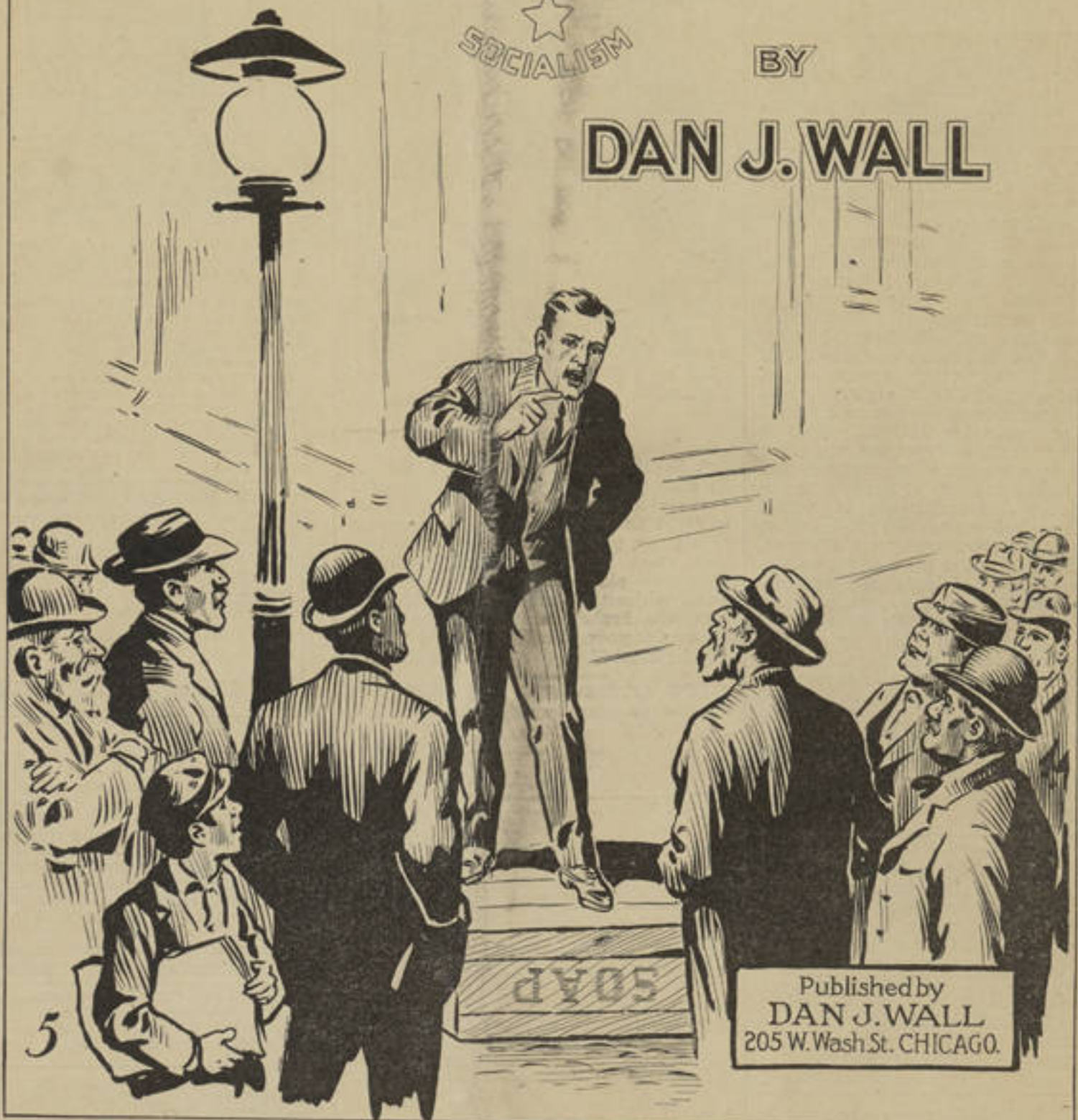
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