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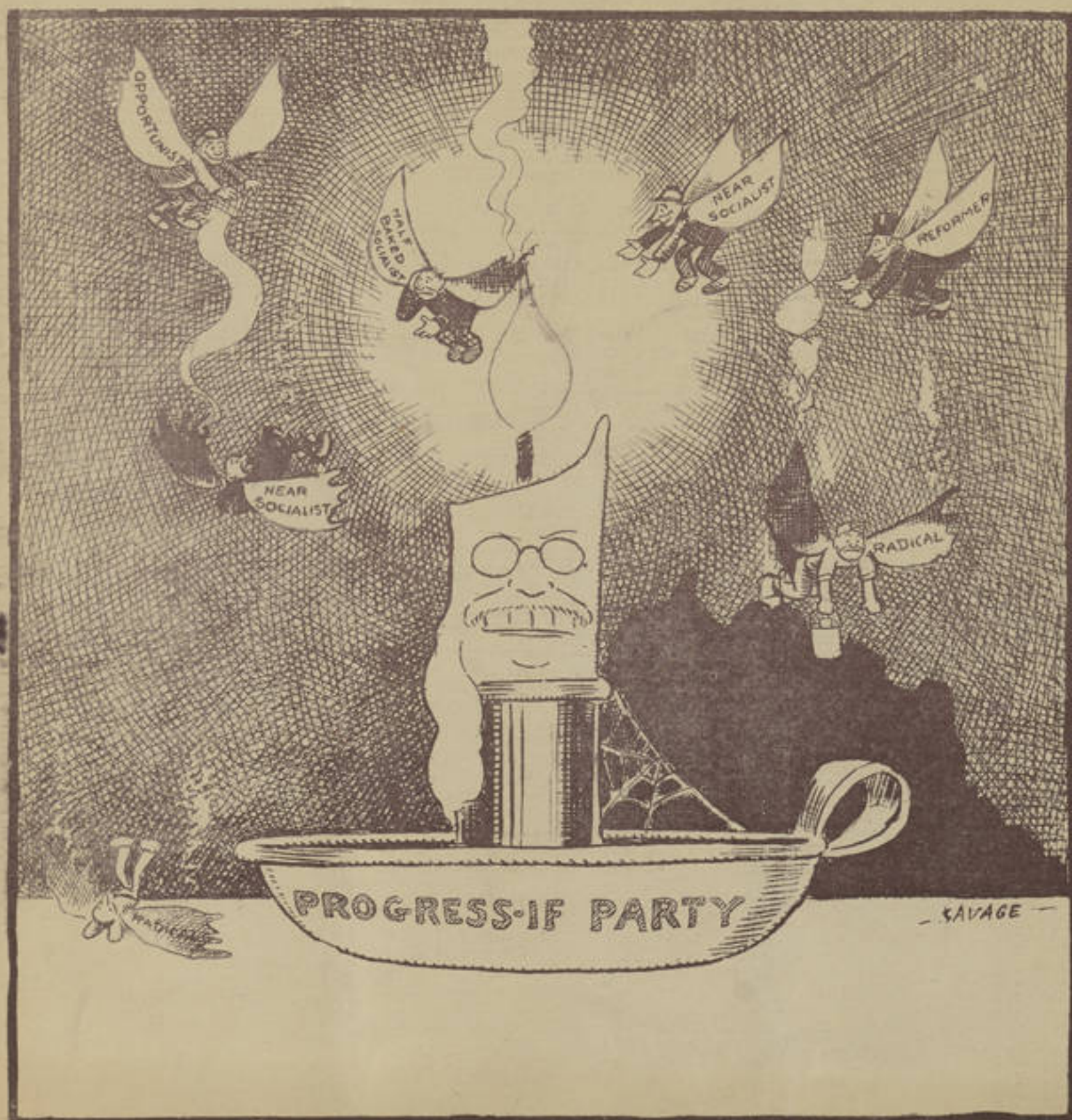
PRICE

TEN

CENTS

HOPE

The National Cartoon Magazine



FOOLISH LITTLE MOTHS!

EDITORIAL COMMENT



For President
EUGENE V. DEBS

they have never been before, the slaves of factory, mill and farm are bent on victory on every political battlefield.

For the first time in the political history of this nation the workers of every occupation are realizing the oneness of their interests and their cause, and they are recognizing as never before the common cause of their common impoverishment and oppression.

Capitalism stands revealed to the workers of the world as the incarnation of human greed, of human avarice, of human hate, of human slavery—the incarnate enemy of the further progress of the human race.

The issue is not Wilson and the democratic party, but CAPITALISM, the father of the democratic party and its politicians.

The issue is not Taft and the Republican party, but CAPITALISM, the father of the republican party and its politicians.

The issue is not Roosevelt and his so-called progressive party, but CAPITALISM, which spawns politicians and reformers of the Roosevelt type.

The issue is not the Tariff, but CAPITALISM, the father of all tariffs.

The issue is not Regulation of Corporations, but CAPITALISM, the father of all corporations.

The issue is not the punishment of malefactors of great wealth, but CAPITALISM, the father of all malefactors of whatever grade of wealth.

The issue is not Child Labor, but CAPITALISM, which is the father of child slavery.

The issue is not the prostitution of the mothers, wives and daughters of the workers, but CAPITALISM, which necessitates that prostitution.

The issue is not Poverty, but CAPITALISM, which demands the pauperization of the workers of the world in order that capitalism may flower and flourish.

The issue is not Morgan and Rockefeller and the ten thousand other millionaires who plunder the workers of the world, but CAPITALISM, which enables the Morgans and the millionaires to plunder the workers.

In plain, Socialism groups all the so-called "issues" of all the corrupt capitalist political parties of whatever brand or name under the head of CAPITALISM and it damns them to eternal political perdition for their hypocrisy, their gross political immorality and for their base betrayal of the world's workers.

The political harlots of Capitalism have raised a thousand false issues, and they have captained and led opposing armies of the world's workers upon a hundred thousand political battlefields where the only possible issue of the battle would be the defeat of the workers and the political and economic victory of the masters.

The workers were simply entangled in the miasmatic swamps of capitalist politics, and no matter how the battle went the workers lost.

But that day in American politics is gone forevermore. Socialism, full panoplied and full armed, has entered upon the field of battle. It declares the issue to be Liberty vs. Slavery, Socialism vs. Capitalism, Man vs. Mammon.

Under the calcium light of the political and economic truths of Socialism the warring elements in American politics are segregating.

On the one side are the disorganized, disintegrating cohorts of capitalism, with their cringing, cowardly leaders madly denouncing each other with a Niagara of personal abuse which exhausts the vocabulary of vituperation.

In the presence of the one supreme issue of half a century they are lost and impotent.

On the other side are the rapidly gathering hosts of Socialism, marshaling their legions in the orderly ranks of the Socialist party, with its chosen captains from its own class, serene and confident, awaiting the hour to strike that final blow for liberty which shall terminate the brutal rule of capitalist class, for

THE ISSUE—BY EUGENE V. DEBS

Liberty, divinest word ever coined by human brain or uttered by human tongue, is the issue in this campaign.

It is the spirit of liberty that today undermines the empires of the old world, sets crowns and mitres askew, and in its onward elemental sweep is shaking the institutions of capitalism in this nation, as frail reeds are shaken in the blasts of the storm king's fury.

It was Carlyle who said of the results of the French revolution that "democracy had destroyed the reign of the aristocracy of parchment and in its place had established the reign of the aristocracy of the money bag, the only compensating feature of which was that the reign of the latter would be of infinitely briefer duration than the former."

Truer words ne'er fell from human lips. Kingdoms and dynasties founded upon parchment have endured for a thousand years, but after a reign of less than half a century the kingdom of capitalism, the reign of the Money Bag in America, totters upon its throne and needs but the breath of a united proletariat to plunge it into that oblivion to which liberty has consigned the oppressors of mankind in every age of the race.

Upon a million hearthstones in America the newly lighted fires of liberty burn today.

With an inspiration born of necessity the toilers of America are uniting under the crimson banner of Socialism for the final struggle of human emancipation.

From factory and mine, from field and farm, the gladsome cry of freedom echoes on and ever on.

Faster and ever faster the battalions of labor's hosts are wheeling into action: with the irresistible onward sweep of the ocean's tide, the workers of the world march upon the political citadels of capitalism, the defiant cry of unconditional surrender upon their lips, the unquenchable light of liberty in their eyes.

No longer divided by the false political prophets of capitalism, united as



For vice-president
EMIL SEIDEL

THE MERRY GO-ROUND

G. O. P.—
Prosperity—
Got my goat—
Lost my vote.
Democrats—
See my slats?
Big "bread line"
Not for mine.
Prohibish—
Dry as fish,
Thirst a-naggin—
Fell off wagon.
Bull Moose—
What's the use?
Daily fare—
Plain hot air.
Socialist—
If you insist,
That's more my size—
I'm getting wise.

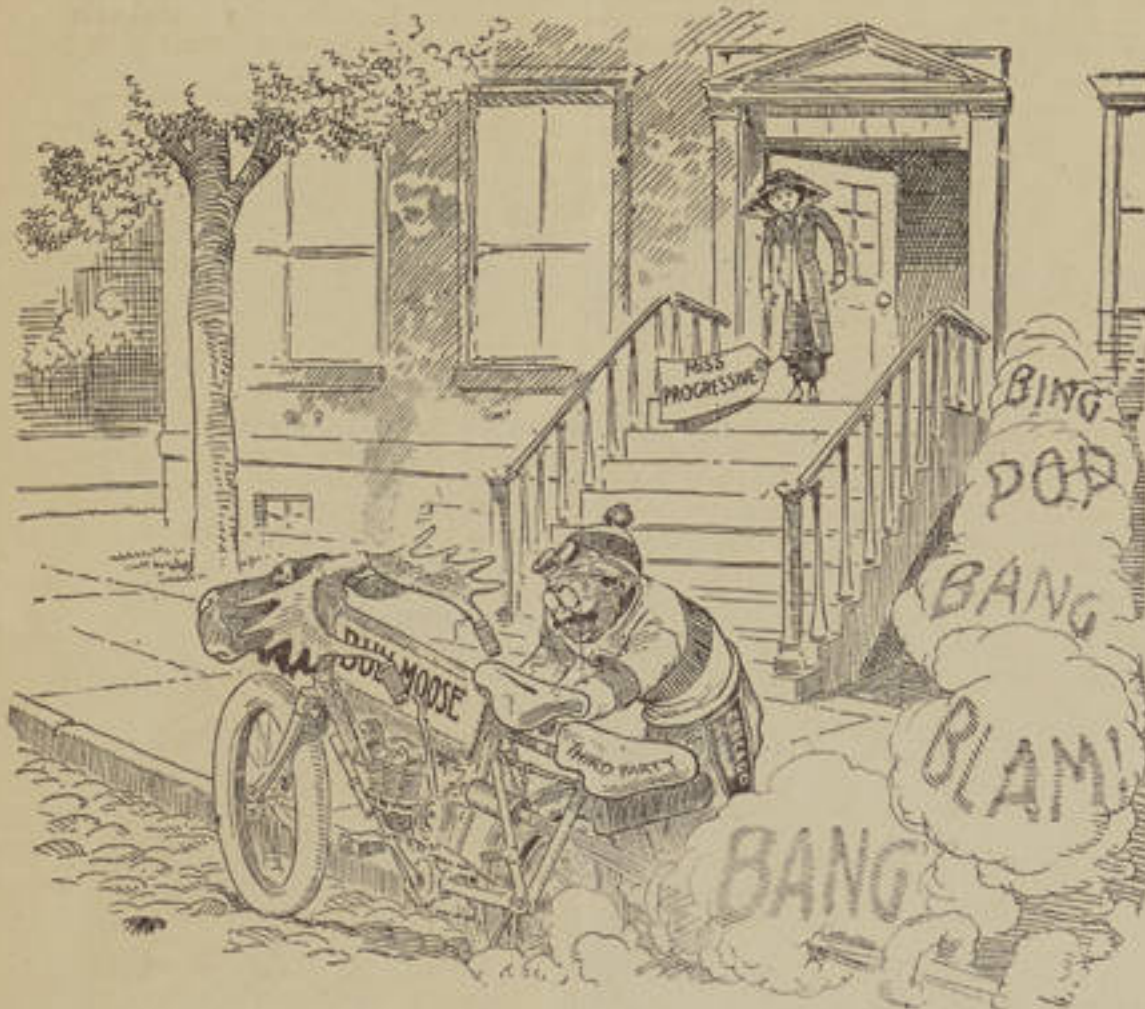
HOPE

the battle of the ages is at hand! Harken to the trumpet voice and usher in the reign of human brotherhood.

Close up the ranks, oh ye toilers of earth! Stand true to thine own liberty, for it summons you to the accomplishment of your own emancipation.

You are upon the eve of the greatest victory since the dawn of time. Millions of your fellows have died upon the gory fields of battle that this day of peaceful victory should be yours.

Your ballot is the flower of the struggle of the ages; its fruit shall be the emancipation of the race. Socialism bids you to claim your own in this election in the name of liberty and humanity.



WILL SHE GO?

—Columbus Dispatch.

SKINNING THE VETERANS

Just how much the great republican party appreciates the services of the men who saved the republic in 1861-5, was demonstrated when the board of control of the National Soldiers' home in Kansas refused to serve the old soldiers with butter at meals. Veterans and sons of veterans should remember this act of acute parsimony of the Grand Old Party. HOPE abhors war in all of its forms of hideousness, but we do not believe that the men who so valiantly shouldered J. P. Morgan's rotten guns, which would not shoot, lived on Armour's stagnant, decayed army beef, and faced death in swamps and battlefields that our republic could survive to be exploited by the stay-at-home capitalists, should in their last days be denied the luxury of a little cow grease with their hardtack. No doubt the republican officials were under the impression that their oily words would suffice, but the veterans refused to have their rations cut, and the board of control magnanimously restored butter to the fare—but only for two meals a day. Score one for Taft's great economy plan. As a substitute for butter, the vets are given a hog wash dubbed slippery elm. This is composed of bread swabbed in greasy pan grease and other oily leavings of the kitchen. A veteran of Sherman's march to the sea, in com-

menting upon the concoction, declares that it would gag an army mule and that better grease was used to swab out the six-pounders during the war. That the soldiers object to being robbed by the republican administration of their just and overdue increase in pension, and that they resent this latest insult to their devotion to the cause of the nation will show in the election returns next November. Veterans are lining up with the Socialist party all over the country. Ballots are taking the place of bullets. The boys of '61 are as ready to overthrow wage slavery as they were ready to overthrow chattel slavery. "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their livers."

WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?

Finding that "smashing the trusts" is an impossible task, the guinea-pig-power brained statesmen of capitalism are now turning their efforts to smashing socialism.

The Lutheran church has announced that it is launching a campaign to overthrow the baneful influences of socialism. It is really kind and Christian-like for these enemies of ours to give us advance notice of our downfall. Otherwise we might go right on adding up victory after victory and would never know that we were being demolished at all.

WANT ADS

WANTED—A muffler for Teddy's bazoo.

WANTED—Votes of capitalist-minded workingmen. Price, a mess of pottage.

FOR SALE—Delegates for republican conventions. Apply to Root, Parker & Co., Wall street.

LOST—Virtue, honor, decency and votes, at Chicago and Baltimore. Finder can keep everything and no questions asked if he will return votes to headquarters of Root, Parker & Co., political brokers, Wall street.

FOUND—Bag containing political bunk. Also visiting cards of Mr. Perkins, address, Steel trust; Mr. McCormick, address, Harvester trust; also T. Roosevelt, c/o either of above addresses. Owner can recover same by applying to Socialist headquarters and acknowledging ownership.

FOR EXCHANGE—Most magnificent collection of political hypocrisy and glad-hand friendships ever offered in this nation for workingmen's votes. Apply Roosevelt, Johnson and Beveridge.

As to Teddy's party being termed the "Bull Moose," we are somewhat confused. Naturally we understand the "bull" part, but don't quite see where the moose comes in.

What wonderful symbols of intelligence typify the voters who follow the old parties' elephant, camel, bull moose and the jackass, and the greatest of these are the jackasses.

There is something fascinating about science—one gets such wholesale returns of conjectures out of such a small investment of fact.—Mark Twain.

Instead of repulsing Socialism with great slaughter, our enemies convulse us with great laughter.

The dollar is the capitalist's god; how to get it his religion.



Hobo: "Dese Socialists makes me tired tryin' ter equalize work. Youse and me both works and just who we works is nobody's business."

SPREADING THE GLADSOME TIDINGS

By FRANCIS M. ELLIOTT

THE HOME OF THE TAR-HEEL COW

Comrade George Gobel of New Jersey has probably traveled more miles, made more speeches, and sold more literature and subscription cards than any organizer ever sent out by the national office. In fact Gobel prides himself on grabbing every possible sub in every possible place and in every possible occasion, and he seldom takes no for an answer.

His experiences in this line of work on his tour covering almost every state in the nation and Alaska, would make a book, but the following is perhaps as amusing as anything that ever happened to him:

While on a speaking trip covering the mountain regions of eastern Tennessee, Comrade Gobel employed a mule, hitched to a buckboard, as a means of locomotion. The people of the section were poverty-stricken beyond description. The land was poor and rocky and so hilly that it was a common observation that the people farmed both sides of the land. In fact the farms were patches on the mountain side and stood practically on end.

Driving along a lonely mountain road one day, Gobel heard a thumping and pounding over the rocks high above his head on the side of the hill. He stopped his mule and listened. A woman's voice came floating down through the brush and timber which hid the "clearing" from view.

"Whoa, thar; giddap, gee, whoa, haw, Jim," were the words that the comrade heard.

Here was a chance for a sub not to be overlooked. Hastily hitching his mule, Gobel made his way to the edge of the clearing just as the strangest outfit that ever came down the pike, turned the end of a corn row.

Hitched to an old-fashioned shovel plow was a lank, wizened mountaineer, about five feet two in height. Behind the plow, with lines about her waist, strode a six-foot woman, built like a pile driver. As she caught sight of the good comrade she yelled "Whoa, Jim," and gave a yank on the lines that brought hubby to a standstill.

"Wall, stranger," she saluted.
"Howdy," said Gobel, eyeing the amazon at a safe distance.
"What yer want?" came from the woman.

Gathering all his courage, Gobel commenced his spiel about Socialism and the revolution. As he warmed up, Gobel noticed the man watching him out of the tail of his eye, though he had not spoken a word.

"The workers must educate themselves," said Gobel, as he unfolded a paper. "For 25 cents you get the great Appeal, for—" but he never got any farther; a gust of wind caught the sheet from his hands, blew it up past the man's head like a balloon—and—the man ran away.

Away they went, thumpity-bump, across the corn rows, with the old woman sawing on the lines and yelling "Whoa, Jim!" at every jump. The whole outfit finally hit a stump and landed in a heap in the edge of the clearing. 't

cost Gobel "six bits" to settle the damages, and he proceeded on his way, pondering on how long it would require to construct the cooperative commonwealth out of the timber at hand.

DOWN IN THE OZARKS

While touring the Ozark country of southwest Missouri, National Organizer Ralph Korngold had many amusing experiences. Most of the country can only be traversed on horseback, and you take your chances on securing lodging wherever night overtakes you. Happily, the people of this section are the most hospitable on earth—even if they are not the best informed upon political parties and events.

In journeying from Ava, the county seat of Douglas county, to Hartsville, a distance of forty or fifty miles, Comrade Korngold lost his way. As the shades of night were falling, Ralph drew rein in front of a small, dilapidated log cabin beside the trail, and at his "Hello!" several times repeated, a tall, gaunt, lantern-jawed woman, with a snuff stick in her mouth, opened the door.

"Howdy," saluted Korngold.
"Howdy, mister; light," replied the woman.

"How far is it to Hartsville?" enquired the comrade.

"Don't know, sah; nevah was thar."
"Lived here long?"

"Bawn hyar."
"What county is this?"

"Don't know sah!"
"Any Socialists around here?"

A look of blank amazement overspread the woman's face.

"Any what, sah?"
"Any Socialists?"

"Any what did you say, sah?"
"Any Socialists?"

"Wall, strangah, I've lived heah all my life, an' I nevah hearn tell o' any, but my ole man keeps a powerful pussel o' houn's an' if you'll light an' go back to th' barn you all 'ull find one whole side kivered with th' hides of all kinds of varmints, but I don't think tha's a single Socialist thar."

And Korngold nearly fainted.

OSCAR'S GLAD HE DIDN'T GET SKUNKS

Oscar Ameringer, the Bill Nye of Socialism, says that he never realized what real, downright moneyless poverty was until the national committee sent him on an organizing tour into the White mountain district of Arkansas.

Oscar's engagements were forty to fifty miles apart and the distance had to be traversed on horseback through a sparsely-settled mountainous country.

One night darkness overtook Ameringer half-way between speaking points, and he sought the hospitality of a mountaineer's cabin. He was made welcome, and next morning enquired the damages. "Nawthin', stranger, nawthin'; come agin," answered the native. But Oscar wasn't satisfied, and insisted upon paying for his entertainment. Finally the host suggested that if his guest insisted on paying, he could give the "ole woman" a dollar.

Not having the change, Ameringer handed the lady of the house a five-dollar bill. After skirmishing around all over the premises, the woman finally appeared with three dollars (mostly in nickels and dimes) and a big coonskin, which she said "passed for a dollar in these here parts."

Being equal to the occasion, and not wishing to offend his hosts, Ameringer pocketed the three dollars, tied the coonskin to his saddle and rode on his way, determined, however, to cash in at the very first opportunity.

In the course of an hour the good comrade happened upon a country cross-roads grocery store. Here was his opportunity.

Hastily hitching his horse, he untied his coonskin, boldly stalked into the store and threw it upon the counter, with the remark "What's she worth?"

"Passes fur a dollar here, mister," replied the native.

"All right," said Oscar; "gimme a couple of five-cent cigars."

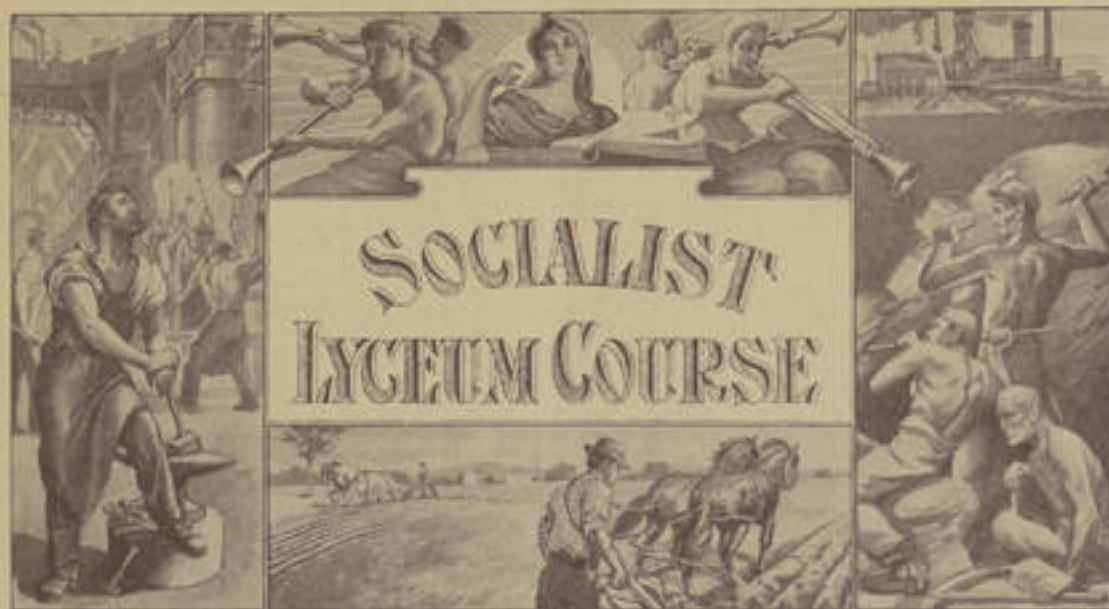
Handing out the stogies, the store-keeper hung the coonskin up, reached beneath the counter and threw Ameringer NINE POSSUM HIDES for change.



POINTS OF VIEW

First Calman: "Paper says there's 'ole districts of London where you couldn't find a 'andson if you wanted one."
Second Calman: "Bloomin' lot more difficult to find the bloke as wants one."—Punch.

HOPE



HE EXPLAINS THE PICTURE

Arthur Brooks Baker Elucidates the Design on the Lyceum Ticket, Incidentally Telling Us What It's All About

Your question is anticipated, gentlemen and comrades. No, the lady is not married. She is not even engaged. She is a handsome girl, well educated, vivacious and charming; she belongs to no church, she doesn't chew gum or wear hobble skirts; but she talks more than forty-seven phonographs, usually debouching, on an average, six hundred thousand words per evening.

Her name is Lyceum, and you pronounce it with the accent on the *see*. The book she is turning is history, and the next page is socialism. The Lyceum is coming to it right away, now.

The artist put the sunrise behind her from force of habit, I guess. All the artists I know seem to have just so many sunrises in their systems, and they gurgled them forth and splattered them on cardboard or canvas, no matter what the occasion. It seems foolish to doubt that the sun stood still for Colonel Gideon when there are so many artists who can make it rise at all hours, day and night.

After you get through looking at the sunrise, please take in the four gents who are blowing their horns. They are angels who have had a wing-shave and haircut. They are *not* Lyceum lecturers, as some vile persons suspect. Lyceum lecturers *never* blow their horns. They are so modest that they will chase a reporter all over town just to tell him how bad it hurts to be interviewed and how much they'd rather not talk about themselves.

But back to the gents with the blowpipes. See the one with his horn impolitely trained on the blacksmith's ear? He is waking up the blacksmith gent, who is going to stand right there and not hit another lick until the Lyceum lady turns the leaf to Socialism. What a marvelously flexible language we have which permits us to pursue a policy of circuitous, procrastinating, tortuous inactivity, and call it "direct action!"

Now observe the gents who are doing the mining. Edward has his trombone right in the miner's face. (Let me explain that the south angel looks as though his name were Edward.) Ed is tooting until his eyes almost pop out of his head, while Mister Miner is busy driving his cold chisel into the rock, and his partner has his crowbar stuck in between four dollars' worth of lead and

Mother Earth. He'll pry that four dollars' worth loose from mother, and be paid about sixteen cents for his work. I guess he likes it—it develops the muscles so well, you know.

But the gent with his hand on the pick is the busiest one of all. He doesn't give a damn about the women, or the sunrise, or the farmers over there in the west eighty acres, and if the barbered angels bust he won't know about it, and he won't care. He's looking at that vein of lead and thinking about his boy, who was killed by a piece of lead fired from a soldier's gun during the strike. He knows that working men dig the lead to make the bullets, and forge the steel to make the guns, but he doesn't comprehend it all. And just because he doesn't comprehend it, woe to the man who stands before him in the day of his vengeance!

Then see the merry farmer gent and the happy look on his face. He has just been talking to Henry Geiger, the R. F. D. driver (he has gone on past, now, and you can't see him in the picture), and Henry told him what the he-angels are trying to blow through their horns, to wit, and viz: That the Socialist Lyceum lecture course is coming to town. It is, as the circus spieler would say: "Posi-

tive-ly won-der-ful, gents, pos-i-tive-ly won-derful! Sixty speakers, sixty full-blown orators, breathing blazing words and sizzling sentences, ponderous paragraphs and pyrotechnic perorations, resounding rhetoric and spifflicating screams; these sixty separate speech-makers will hurl against the rugged ramparts of corrupt capitalism the most terrific thunderings ever thundered forth from sixty first-class thundering machines. The tyrant trembles and the queen climbs a tree.

"Yes, gents, sixty speakers all talking at once. You would say, gents, that such would cause confusion, but it is not the case. Pos-i-tive-ly not. Not at all. The sixty speakers are in sixty different towns, talking to sixty different audiences, of which each and ev'ry person, man, woman and child, has yielded up for this special occasion fifty cents, or one silver half-dollar.

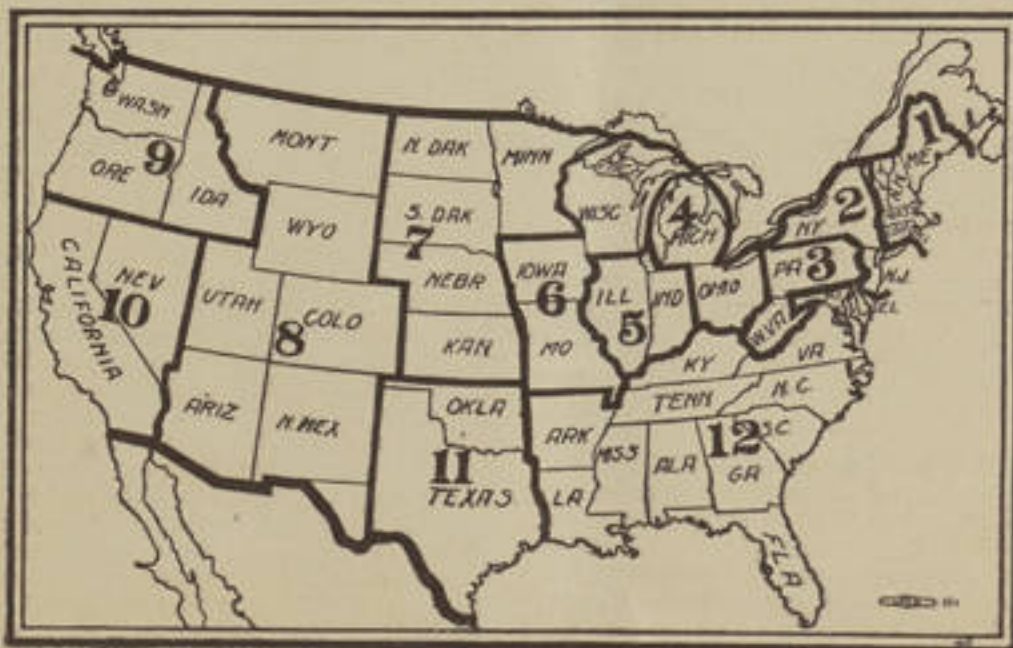
"For this remarkably small sum, gents, remar-ka-bly small, you get a half-dollar's worth of Socialist books or periodicals, and with it, as free as the wind that blows through the republican platform, you get a ticket entitling you to sit, listen and learn during five of the famous lectures by five of the famous speakers."

This, comrades, is the secret of the picture with the lady turning the book, the angels blowing the horns and the laboring people who are supposed to hear the horns but don't. That picture will be printed on 2,000,000 Lyceum course tickets this year, and before the farmer raises the crop of wheat for which he is plowing, some fifty thousand new members will have been garnered into the Socialist party.

ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER.

Roosevelt says that we are in the midst of a great economic evolution. Ted isn't a southerner, but he dropped a big R off of that sum up.

The Bull Moose says we must conserve our resources. Doesn't practice what he preaches. Hot air is Teddy's chief asset, and he isn't a bit saving with it.



MAP OF THE TWELVE CIRCUITS, SEASON 1912-1913

The above map shows, approximately, the territory allotted to each of the twelve Lyceum circuits. Five speakers are assigned to each circuit.

HOPE



THE SHELTERING WINGS

ANYBODY WANT A CLEAN PLATE?

The moral and spiritual advisers never tire of praising the goodness of the working class. They concede the persons that toil all of the goodly virtues; the sinful capitalist is willing to take his mantle of shame and the coin. Thus we hear frequently of the poor but honest laborer, the virtuous and home-loving (but not home-owning) working class, and immediately associate wine, women and song with anyone possessing wealth. This associating of poverty ever with virtue recalls the story of the little girl whose mother was entertaining friends at dinner. Eager to see that all the guests were well provided for, the mother overlooked feeding the little girl. The little maiden bore it bravely for quite a while, then spoke up in a shrill voice: "Does anybody want a clean plate?" It is about time for labor to speak up. Our record is scrupulously clean, but that doesn't help our empty stomachs much.

AT THE CORNER STORE

"A feller hasn't got the chance to get rich like he had back in forty-nine," commented Uncle Obadiah. "Nope," replied his listeners attentively.

"Now, why in them days storekeepers used to get rich just weighing out gold dust for the miners—used to let their finger nails grow long and every time they would weigh a bunch of dust they would manage to let some stick under their nails—didn't take long fer an enter-

prising feller to gather in a bunch of gold that way."

"Well!"

"Well, now," continued Obadiah, looking at the unmanicured paws of his audience, "about all some fellers can collect under their nails is real estate, and it's a rather slow way of gittin' enough to do any good."

IS IT THE MAKE-UP OR THE MAN?

A Chicago saloonkeeper, a good Catholic, shot his ex-partner, also of the only true faith, recently. Naturally a priest was needed to administer to the dying man. The "holy" father prevailed upon to perform the service is very fond of horseback riding, and when approached was in his riding togs, ready for a refreshing little ride down the boulevard. No doubt he was very much annoyed at being interrupted; at any rate, he refused to administer his blessing, until he had divested himself of his riding habit and donned his black Mother Hubbard and crucifix. This propounds an interesting query. Could the holy father have worked his divine influence in ordinary jockey clothes, or is it absolutely necessary to wear a prescribed uniform to get proper connection with the saints? We had always been led to believe that the divine power rested within the priest, or rather was administered to him through the pope, but it seems like there is a consideration of clothes in the transaction, and that without the sombre-shaded

raiment and other regalia the unfortunate victim would have had an open right of way to hades without even stopping to whistle at purgatory. Will some member of the only true church enlighten us? Wherein lies the power of absolution? In the priest, or in his fine apparel?

WHERE TALK WASN'T CHEAP

Open hostilities between the Protestants and the Catholics in Ireland once reached a point where it became necessary to curb enthusiasts for their vigorous espousing of their cause. Crowds of Protestants would pass a group of Catholics and shout derisively: "To h— with the pope."

"To h— with the Protestants," would come back a ready response, and a general free-for-all shindy would be the result. So the guardians of the peace decided to impose a fine of \$10 on each person uttering either of the above cries on the public thoroughfares. This naturally interested the constables, who began to watch zealously for disturbers. One night an Irishman who had been imbibing too much whiskey attracted a constable with his loud cries of: "To hell with! To hell with!"

Eagerly the constable, scenting a fine, approached the bibulous one.

"To hell with—!" shouted the drunk.

"To hell with who; to hell with what?" queried the constable, eager to assist his prospect.

"Aw, finish it yerself," replied the Irishman, "it's too domned expinsive fer me."

HOPE

A POSSIBLE REASON

"I wonder how Adam and Eve came to name their eldest son Cain," said Wattles.
 "They probably knew what they were raising," said Dingbats.—Harper's Weekly.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

"Is there anything in your past that is troubling you?" asked the preacher, as he bent over the dying man.
 "No, doctor, I have nothing to regret. I never wore a silk hat with a sack coat."

DRESSING NOT ON

Entering the kitchen, the woman said to her new servant, "Mary, did you put the dressing on the salad?"
 "No, mum," replied the girl; "it's still in th' nude, mum."
 —Judge.

HEREDITARY

Miss Snowflake: "Yo' beau am a very literary sort ob a pusson!"

Miss Johnsing: "Yais. It runs in de fambly. He says his grandfather was one of de six best sellers in slavery days."—Puck.

WELL BALANCED

And it came to pass that the great and only Theodore passed through the pearly gates. He cast a glance of contempt over the place and said gruffly to St. Peter: "I don't like the music here, we will have to re-arrange the choir. Get me ten thousand sopranos."

"But my dear Theodore, I don't know whether we have that many—I'll see what I can do."

So he scouted around and finally brought forward the desired number.

"Now bring me ten thousand tenors," shouted Teddy in his well known manner.

After much difficulty Peter brought in the required number.

"Now get me five thousand altos," exclaimed the strenuous one.

After tedious search through heaven Peter much exhausted brought up five thousand altos.

"Bully," said Teeth-ajar.

"But," stammered St. Peter, "how about the bass?"

"Hub," replied Teeth-ajar, "I sing bass."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Teddy showed himself up as an undesirable citizen as well as a traitor to his country, by attending the Catholic priests' jubilee in Wilkesbarre, Pa., last month. He just can't keep away from flourish, four-flush and humbug.



Son (from the town, to his mother): "And this is my fiancée."

Mother: "Well, she's better looking than the one who came with you last year, anyway."

—Sourire.



ROCKING THE BOAT

WHY THEY OBJECT

The fight some of the near-capitalists and capitalist-minded workers put up against joining with their fellows in the Socialist campaign probably has about the same foundation that the fight which a son of the old sod put up against two holdup men, had.

Pat was crossing a field at night, when he was suddenly confronted by two highwaymen who commanded: "Hands up!" Instead of complying, Pat put up the fight of his life. After beating him around all over the lot the ruffians finally subdued their victim and went through his pockets, getting as a reward for their pains a single dime.

With an exclamation of disgust, one of the robbers exclaimed: "Why in hades did ye put up such a fight, if that's all ye've got?" To which Pat replied: "Sure, it wasn't the tin cints Oi cared about, but Oi didn't want to expose me financial condition."

JUSTICE

The workman lost his good right arm in the service of his boss. 'Twas not his fault he came to harm, although he bore the loss. His boss refused to pay a cent, and so the workman sued to get enough to pay his rent and buy his children food. The jury listened to his plea, and granted his appeal; the boss declared most bitterly, he'd "go up on appeal." The judges pondered on the suit in mighty thought immersed, and then, upholding their reputations, they sent it back "reversed." So it was tried, and tried again, appealed, delayed, demurred, reversed some seven times or ten, and once again re-heard. And while the judges sought the flaw which led them to decide, by grace of all our courts of law the workman's children died. But after years and years and years he won, by court decree, a verdict that (three rousing cheers!) would pay his lawyer's fee.—Berton Bralley, in Minneapolis News.

Uncle Rube was crossing the street when he received a bump by an auto which sent him sprawling to the pavement. He was arising, when a motorcycle bumped him another direction.

As the speeding motorcyclist disappeared in the dust of the autoist, Uncle Rube got up and rubbed himself with the exclamation: "Gosh Almighty! Who'd ever thought that thar auto had a colt?"

SAFETY

"Do you think it is possible to make an airship absolutely safe?"

"Sure," replied the mechanic.

"How?"

"Disable it before it gets a chance to leave the ground."—Washington Star.

FOR PRESIDENT: Teeth-ajar Roosevelt. Four years more of the open-work countenance.

HOPE



TWO OF A KIND

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Opposition's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowing pour
From shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn
To each man born,
Be free as warmth, in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.
—Charles Mackay in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NO CREDIT

An impersonator at a recent election, when arrested,
asked what crime lay at his door.
"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having
voted twice."
"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner; "that's odd.
I expected to be paid for it."

The Chicago Tribune has been running an interesting
series by prominent persons, entitled: "How to become
a millionaire." Have you been interviewed yet, Mr.
Hornyhandedsonoftoil?

LITTLE TRIBUTES TO DEBS

An' there's 'Gene Debs,
A man that stan's
And jest holds out
In his two han's
As warm a heart
As ever beat
Betwixt here an'
The jedgment seat.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

In an Indiana city
Where the Wabash flows and ebbs
There lives a model statesman
And his name is Eugene Debs.
He is fighting for the people,
He believes that they are right,
Neither can you scare nor bribe him,
He is always in the fight.
—Brooks.

DISTRIBUTION OF EFFORT

"I put a lot of work on that speech of mine," said the new
member of congress.
"Of course you did," replied the veteran. "After you have
been here a while you'll learn to put less work on your
original speech and save yourself for the explanations."

EVIDENT

De Quiz: "Do you believe in palmistry?"
De Whiz: "Yes; to some extent."
De Quiz: "Do you think the hands can indicate that a
man is about to acquire wealth?"
De Whiz: "I do in the case of pickpockets."

TRANSPPOSED

When Tommy had the tummyache
And the doctor came, said he,
"Are you in pain?" and Tommy sobbed,
"No, sir; the pain's in me."
—Lippincott's

UNNECESSARY ADVICE

Tatters: "Dat's a funny sign yer got up dere, boss."
Housekeeper: "What? 'Look out for the dog?'"
Tatters: "Yes; dat dog's big enough and ugly enough ter
look out for himself."



"This is unfortunate for you, doctor, to have
your family ill while you are on your holiday."
"Well, you see, my time is so much taken up
by my patients the rest of the year that they
thought they would take advantage of my leisure."
—Pele Mele.

HOPE



GOOD NIGHT

A LITTLE TOO SPICY

The wild-eyed Progressives who have been praying that Roosevelt would steal all the planks possible from the Socialist platform evidently got an overdose. They are very much in the position of Old Bill Jones, an impious and profane old sinner, who lived in the Missouri Ozarks. Bill had been suddenly converted to religion at a camp meeting conducted by an itinerant evangelist in his neighborhood.

Sunday following, Bill gathered his numerous progeny about him and offered his first supplication to the Divine giver of plenty.

"Oh, Lawd," prayed Bill, "send us a bar'l o' pork, an' a bar'l o' flour, an' a bar'l o' sugar, an' a bar'l o' salt, an' a bar'l o' pep—oh hell, that's too much pepper." And so the progressives got more near Socialism than they wanted.

BOOKS AND NOVELTIES

An assortment of pocket knives that will cut, bearing excellent photographs of Debs and Seidel, and Socialist mottoes are on the market. E. H. Randall of Springfield, Ohio, is the dealer. His announcement appears in this issue.

TO ROOSEVELT

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL—the platform or the planks of the platform of the Socialist party.

DUBIOUS

We Socialists accept the protestations of the capitalist politicians' faith toward the workers with about the same degree of scorn as did the little newsy the biblical story of the birth of Moses, about which the lesson centered upon a certain Sunday.

Can anyone in the class tell me who was the mother of Moses?" inquired the blushing teacher, of her Sunday school class of street urchins, at a certain Los Angeles mission.

Up went the hand of the brightest, dirtiest and youngest of the bunch, a black-eyed seven-year-old.

"Well, Jimmy, whom do you think was the mother of Moses?"

"Why, sure, Pharaoh's daughter was."

"No, Jimmie, she only found Moses in the bullrushes, don't you remember?"

With a look of unutterable contempt for the unsophistication of his teacher, Jimmie replied: "Huh! Dat's wot she said!"

The Money Trust is a luminous pamphlet, just issued by Karl F. M. Sandberg, 2850 Logan boulevard, Chicago. If you have been missing your share of the currency of the realm, you can discover where it has gone to by reading this booklet. Price 25 cents.

WHO ARE YOU?

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind was moaning sadly through the tree-tops. Not a sound was heard. Suddenly from out of the inky darkness came the sound of voices. They said:

"I'm the guy that put the 'ail' in the full dinner pail."—W. H. Taft.

"I'm the guy that threw the bull in Bull Moose."—T. R.

"I'm the guy that put the edge on knowl-edge."—Woodrow Wilson.

"I'm the guy that put the 'shun' in Prohibition."—E. Chafin.

"I'm the guy that put the (Bennet) will in William's pocket."—W. J. B.

"I'm the guy that furnishes Ted with the mun, see?"—Frank Munsey.

"I'm the mutt that put the nation in resignation."—ex-Judge Hanford.

"I'm the guy that put 'more' in Morgan."—J. P. M.

"I'm the guy that—" but the last assertion died away in the crash of thunder.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

If there were no capitalists, who would supply the money to pay the working-man's wages? writes an opponent of Socialism.

Answer:—"Under Socialism everybody would have to work, including the capitalist. Now the capitalist gets four-fifths of what the worker produces, just for acting as paymaster. Under Socialism the worker would receive the full product of his toil, and if by force of habit he felt that he had to have someone hand him his wages each Saturday night, he could employ, at nominal wages, some ex-capitalist to do this. This would enable the capitalist to imagine he was doing a service to the working class, and at the same time would save the worker the greater portion of his product which now goes to the capitalist for this meager service."

Question:—"If, under Socialism, I had two pigs in my family and you had none, would I have to divide up with you?"

Answer:—"It is very likely that this would never come about, as the passing of the hog tribe and Capitalism will be simultaneous."

Question:—"If the working class is so poverty-stricken from exploitation of the trusts, how can they ever get money enough to buy these institutions, as proposed by the Socialists?"

Answer:—"When you spend two cents for a stamp you don't purchase with that the trains, rails, mailbags, etc., necessary to send your letter across the continent, but 99,999,999 other free-born Americans, who, looking for a job, are answering the 'help wanted' ads every day, combined with your transaction does the work. The trusts can be bought for a song whenever the people so will it."

Question:—"under sochulism Whut recWard wud there bee fer brainey peepul?"

Answer:—"This shouldn't worry you in the least."

"The Life and Deeds of Uncle Sam," by Oscar Ameringer, is a humorous booklet just published by Political Action, Brisbane hall, Milwaukee, Wis. It is an interesting sequel to the common school history of United States.

HOPE



Policeman: "Hands up!"



Burglars: "What's the matter? Can't you see the moving-picture man?"

MAN'S WORLD

At last, farewell, the old; forevermore!
The iron law, menacing, strikes your door
Beside which Sorrow wept so long her tears
And Hunger begged, companion through the years.

How often arched bright rainbows in your sky,
Vain promises from sad clouds passing by;
Far from the human want as star-strewn ways,
As suns unseen that cycled through the days.

Garb thyself in Vanity's dying things;
The crime of hoarded gold, the pomp of kings,
Thrones, courts and crowns, crosses gleaming cold,
World-miseries, heartaches; Age of Old.

Served well the world; served well the best you knew;
In error, humankind no more could do;
But Progress, striking with almighty power,
Crushed out the Old, and in the Promised Hour.

Crushes out the Old; pass on O, hardened soul!
The race is swiftly moving to its goal—
That goal the Old could never understand—
Man's world of love, peace, plenty, freedom-planned.

—George Franklin Cable.

FOR THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE BEING BORN

The jolliest indoor games demand a floor, and the home that has no floor upon which games may be played falls so far short of happiness.—H. G. Wells in *Everybody's*.

Moral.—Take pains to be born into a family that can afford to rent a floor for you to play on. Otherwise you may "fall far short of happiness," and even be forced into the streets.—La Follette's.

"Now, my little son," said Mr. Winks softly, "you must remember that wherever you go and whatever you do, there is always an eye that is forever fixed upon you. Do you know whose eye it is, Bobbie?" "Yeth, popper," lisped Bobbie, "Mithter Roothvelth."

THE PARASITE

Half-clothed in brief authority,
This fragment of the mass,
In cunning mediocrity,
Is several kinds of ass.
His gait's a sort of business jog;
His aim, the nimble dollar;
He helps hold down the under dog;
He wears the system's collar,
And, glorying in its motto "Hog,"
He waves the system's banner.
Oh, little soul, oh, little mind,
Some day you may confess
You lived a traitor to your kind,
A Judas, nothing less.

—Will Herford.



AWKWARDLY PUT

The chairman (finishing up eulogistic speech): "Our dear old friend here has lived amongst us for forty years, is living with us now, and, as he says, hopes to live amongst us for many years to come. Gentlemen, I can only add that we are all looking forward to burying him here."

A DEVOUT YOUNG MAN

When on his way to evening service the new minister of the village met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

AN APPRECIATION

Dear HOPE:—I cannot refrain from complimenting you upon your stand regarding the attitude of the Catholic church towards the government, etc. It is so seldom that we see such editorials as yours upon the subject elsewhere. Most of our writers of all political beliefs act the part of the cheerful idiot who is optimistic because he lacks knowledge. The Socialist party has only TWO dangerous enemies: Catholicism and Puritanism. A superstitionist, no matter to what sect he belongs, should have no place in the Socialist party—a modern movement of enlightenment and progress. "Christian Socialist" is a paradox. A man who understands the materialistic basis of Socialism can not have another theory but the materialistic as to the causes of our social ills. A man who calls himself Socialist and waits for a phantom in the sky to change things is a mental infant, or he is not sincere. Christian Scientists, Christian Socialists and Christian "moralists" are in a class by themselves. Only native stupidity and mental indolence will qualify a man as a member. For instance, one preacher wants all old maids deported to an island. (For stupidity and heartlessness this has not been approached by any edict in history.) Every observer knows the palpable fact that nine out of ten unmarried women are single, not by choice, but compulsion. Other clergymen declare with fanatical Puritanism that free motherhood is the depths of woman's degradation. Perusing the daily papers one finds more absurd statements credited to preachers, due to ignorance of vital facts in all lines of human knowledge and endeavor, than all the rest of men put together. Is Puritanism a kind of insanity.

VERDA FRANCES,
Fairgrove, Mich.

GOOD IDEA

Jones was at the theater and behind him sat a lady with a child on her lap which was crying unceasingly.

Unable to stand it any longer, Jones turned smilingly to the lady and asked:

"Has that infant of yours been christened yet, ma'am?"

"No, sir," replied the lady.

"If I were you I would call it 'Good Idea,'" said Jones.

"And why 'Good Idea'?" said the lady, indignantly.

"Because," said Jones, "it should be carried out."

It was Jones who had to be carried out.

HOPE

HE HAD RED BOOKS

When I read the story in last month's HOPE of the Kansas woman who burned up her roomer's Socialist book it reminded me of an incident in my experience some years ago in Chicago.

I had returned to Chicago after a lecture trip and rented a room from a lady who turned out to be a very devout, if not wise member of the Catholic church.

After I had been there a short time the woman who kept the newspaper and cigar stand near by, asked me one morning when I called for my paper if I had received notice to vacate my room yet. When I replied in the negative, she told me the following story:

The store was headquarters for neighborhood gossip, a kind of local information exchange. Among things that Miss B. contributed to the general fund of the mutual news agency was all the good and bad points about her roomers.

In discussing what she had observed of my character and habits she had no fault to find but she still expressed the opinion that she would be compelled to notify me to vacate. Since she had no desire to do me an injustice this was all the information on the subject she gave to the general members of the association. But later, in awful secrecy and trembling she unbosomed her suspicions and fears to the lady proprietor of the store.

In whispers of horror she informed her that she suspected she was harboring a dangerous anarchist.

When questioned as to the grounds for her suspicions she informed the lady that the evidence was overwhelmingly against me. Then looking all around and lowering her voice to a whisper she said: "He has a lot of red books that he sits up nights and reads."

Both the room and landlady being satisfactory to me for the time being, and not desiring to move I laid a little plain to allay her fears and suspicions.

I made an excuse to call on her under the pretense of getting some information and while there asked her to lend me some of her books to read. This she willingly consented to do, and highly recommended the reading of the lives and wonderful deeds of some of the Saints that she possessed.

Well, to make a long story short, since I did not show any aversion to reading the lives of the Saints recommended, paid my room rent in advance, and I never received the notice to move.

Later I tried to show her the difference between Socialism and anarchy, and I partly succeeded. I lived there a long time and parted the best of friends with my friend who was afraid of red books. But her parting words to me were: "You Socialists will never elect a president."

A. W. Mance.

WHY POINT IT OUT

At the art museum the sign "Hands off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

"Anybody could see that," she said dryly.



Sportsman: "What do you want?"

Villager: "I'm the man you wounded at your last shoot."

Sportsman: "Ah, I remember; but I gave you compensation at the time."

Villager: "Yes, as I heard you were going out again today, I thought I would ask you for a little in advance."—*Lele Mele*.

"MYSELF AND ME"

I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late,
And I find myself a bully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,
I'm as trustful as can be;
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself, and have
A pal that's all your own;
To be such company for yourself,
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
And you'll find the crowd's a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well your-
self
Will like you if you do.

Woodrow Wilson's speech of acceptance should have been boiled down into the following eight words: "I want the job—so help me God."



"Hallo, Harry, old lad! Fancy meeting you outside."—*London Opinion*.

HOW WILL IT STAND THIS YEAR?

The following is the presidential popular vote for 1908:

Taft (rep.)	7,687,908
Bryan, (dem.)	6,409,104
Debs (socialist)	420,794
Chafin (prohibition)	253,840
Gillhaus (S. L. P.)	13,825
Watson (populist)	29,100
Hisgen (Hearst's league)	82,872

Total vote cast 14,888,442

Of the above candidates, Taft, Chafin and Debs are entered in this year's race. Mr. Hearst's private candidate is out of the running and Hearst is lending his rather crippled support to Wilson, who takes Bryan's place on the above list.

The populist support is more or less pledged to the bull moose party, who has a Mr. Roosevelt of New York as candidate. It is in fact the entry of this retiring young man into the political arena that complexes the situation. For sake of argument we will concede that the total vote this year will be the same as that of four years ago. Just where will Mr. Roosevelt draw his support? Which of the above columns will suffer the most—if any? Figure it out yourself.



FORCE OF HABIT

The London policeman takes a holiday.—*Punch*.

Something Every Socialist Should Have



This Shows

one side of a Pocket Knife that I am selling. On the other side is printed the Karl Marx motto: "Workingmen of all countries, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

The regular price of this Knife is \$1.30. I am selling it at the following prices:

One No. 511 Debs and Seidel Knife.....\$.82

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Five or more at one time for 72 cents each.

Here is one more offer:

HOPE, one year (monthly), and one of these No. 511 knives by mail for \$1.50. (At regular prices these would cost you \$2.30.)

Samples of this and other knives can be seen at campaign headquarters, 111 North Market street, Chicago, at 629 Woodlawn avenue, Springfield, Ohio, and other places. For further prices or particulars address

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629 Woodlawn Avenue, Springfield, Ohio

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Geraldine: "What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?"

Gerald: "He gave me a delightful travel talk."—Judge.

"Begin at the bottom and work up, Patrick; that is the only way."

"It can't be done in my business. I'm a well-digger."—Life.

HOPE

WARD SAVAGE, Editor and Publisher
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IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW

There is one person in the United States who can tell you right now, positively, who will be the next president of this country. He is no fortune-teller, in the sense that this title is usually implied, either. He is an adept at guessing just who will fill all of the elective and appointive offices of any consequence. Eight years ago he guessed that Roosevelt would be the next president, and lo! it was so. Four years later he "guessed" that Taft would be the lucky one and the day after election, wonder of wonders! it was so. Now he guesses that will be the lucky one and this party will be the one that gets it. He has a perfect method in his guessing and can't miss. We will give you one guess who this great prognosticator is. His initials are J. P. M. and his office is in Wall street.

SOME JOURNALISTIC FEAT!

The proprietor of a certain Birmingham weekly stated a few days ago that he was "coming out" for the bond election. He did. A ten-year-old boy could tote his entire edition to the postoffice in his shirt tail.—Howle's Iconoclast.

One of the strangest things in this world is why the kind of woman who is proud of her intellectuality nearly always marries a man who likes to tinker with sick chickens.—Galveston News.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."

A vote for Debs means better times for yourself and family, Mr. Workingman, or don't you care?

Comrades:— Go to Your Next Local Meeting

You think this a strange request?

There is a *special* reason. We cannot afford space to tell the whole story here. We can give only a hint.

For months your Lyceum Department has been preparing this season's Lyceum Offer. A valuable package showing the result, has been sent to your Local Secretary to take to your next regular meeting for you to examine.

It calls for action. Be prompt.

If your Secretary has not received this package by September 8th, send his name and address, so that we can trace this package or send another.

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He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

—Lavater.



Bobby: "Uncle, couldn't a fellow have a fine Sunday's dinner if he was so hungry as me an' as roomy as you?"—Tit Bits.

GOING SOME

The motorcycle fiend was eating up the road at the rate of a mile every forty seconds. Finally he slowed up and stopped alongside of a farmer leaning over the fence.

"Guess I was goin' some, eh," he ventured.

"Well, I doan't know," replied the farmer.

"Did you ever see anything go faster than that?" explained the cyclist.

Well, I should say yes. You see that bull over there? Well yesterday he was frisking around in the field when he kicked up a nest of bumble bees. About sixteen hundred of them got their stingers out and they made him fly around that shed so darned fast that his tail slapped him in the face."

There's a certain lumbersome old elephant that is cutting up similar antics just now.



"If you don't like the baroness, why do you seek her society so much?"
"To make her tell me all her secrets, so that I am armed against her."—Fliegende Blätter.

PIGS AND CHILDREN

The following item from the Daily Columbus Citizen is herewith submitted, under the following heading:

"Young pigs must have unbounded freedom in Sun.

"Young pigs must have unbounded freedom in direct sunlight, and pure air for healthy, normal growth, says Swine Breeders' Journal. They must be able and induced to run and play at large range, for upon a strong physical constitution depends the future health and growing and fattening power of the older hog.

"Pigs confined in a small pen or house, where they are compelled to lie in bed all day, or simply walk about a little, cannot exercise enough to develop bones, muscles and all vital organs. All young animals must play during the early growing period, and the man who does not know this natural necessity and permit them wide room for play will soon be disappointed in them."

Great! Truly great! This civilization of ours. "Pigs must have unbounded freedom in the sun," while you, Mr. Worker, are doomed to eternal slavery in capitalistic hog pens.

In other words, you have changed places with the hogs. Pigs must be well taken care of in order to insure a future strong physical constitution, in order that the owner may reap a large per cent of profit.

You, Mr. Worker, are not as valuable as swine, because hogs are bringing a good price on the market, while your labor power, the only commodity you have to sell, is absolutely controlled by a few men who own the machines that you must use in order to produce wealth for society, thereby placing them in a position where they can absolutely dictate the price they will pay for your labor power.

Why not stop being classed lower than hogs? Why not take over the mines, mills and factories and make them the property of all the people, managed democratically and in the interest of all. If hogs need plenty of sunshine, how about the children of our cities who are crowded together in tenements and sweatshops?

What kind of a race of human beings do you expect we will have in the next generation if this damnable capitalistic system of exploitation is allowed to continue in existence?

Go to the ballot box and vote for Socialism, which is simply a new form of government that will guarantee to every worker the full product of what that worker produces.

HIT OR MISS

How wonderful would be a nation inhabited by citizens instead of by master and slaves.

Under capitalism no one can grow rich except many others grow correspondingly poor.

Lillian Russell is consuming pages in our up-to-date press over the question whether women are bow legged or knock kneed. Look in the mirror, Lillian, and give us a rest.

Greasy hands are not a badge of Socialism. It's your thinking coop that tells—nothing else, and it's up to you to show us.

—New Times.

Every Housewife

needs a **DUSTLESS DUSTER**. It saves you labor. It dusts, cleans and polishes in one operation, FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, BRIC-A-BRAC, etc. **DON'T DELAY.** Get rid of the germs. Buy a **DUSTLESS DUSTER** to-day, and be happy ever afterward. **SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!** For 10 cents in postage stamps we will mail you a four-foot **DUSTLESS DUSTER** and eight good reasons why the **SUPERIOR DUST ABSORBENT CLOTH** is the best in the market. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. **DO IT NOW!**



CLOTHES BRUSH

Our Clothes Brushes and Sink Brushes

are receiving the greatest amount of commendation of any article of their kind that has ever been placed on the market. **BECAUSE THEY ARE THE RIGHT GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE. DON'T FALL BEHIND THE TIMES. GET IN LINE.** Send us to-day 35 cents in postage stamps and we will mail you a fine **CLOTHES BRUSH** like cut, or send us 50 cents and we will mail you the Clothes Brush and a **SINK BRUSH** like cuts. This is an exceptional offer and is only made to introduce the goods. We will send you 5 Sink Brushes for 50 cents, or 15 cents for one.



SINK BRUSH

I Say, Mr. Everyman, Madam—

do you know that a man with a clean face will get more business, nine times out of every ten than the fellow that lets his beard grow for a week? It's a fact and can be proven. Don't be dirty—there is no need of it. Keep up a good clean front and you will be rewarded for it. **A CLEAN SHAVE IS THE THING THAT COUNTS.** Our **SAFETY RAZORS** are the best on the market at any price. **WAKE UP! SEND TO-DAY \$1.00** in stamps or postoffice money order and we will mail you a **SAFETY RAZOR** with one-half dozen extra blades, but up in a plush-lined leatherette case. You can always get new blades 12 for 50 cents. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. We also have a **SAFETY RAZOR** which we sell for 50 cents, put up in a nice clothette case, with one-half dozen extra blades. A great bargain.

stop cutting holes in that fine piece of goods with the scissors. There is no need of it. **BUY TO-DAY**

Our Sewing Companion

it consists of **ONE THREAD RIPPER** with **THREE EXTRA BLADES**, and **ONE STITCH PICKER**, put up neatly in a plush-lined leatherette case, with a button clasp. **AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT, JUST TO INTRODUCE THE GOODS,** we will send you **THIS BEAUTIFUL SET** upon receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

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Rationalist Association

3716 POLK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.



Aged Boatman: "Do you don't believe in Socialism?"
Cholly Neverstrain: "Decidedly not. Why, undah Socialism, I'd have to help row the boat."

ALL WRONG

A man who had been a long time as inspector in the immigrant service was given a desk at Ellis island. A secretary went with the job.

One day the secretary handed his chief a letter to sign. The chief read it carefully. He came across the word "erroneous."

"What's that?" the chief asked sharply.

"Why, it's wrong," the secretary replied.

"Yes," snapped the chief, "I know it's wrong; but what is it?"

SAVE A GOOD ONE

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

Whereupon one of our fair maidens, with a soulful longing, replied, "Save a good one for me."

A FLUSTERED BIRD

The dove of peace
Men like to boost,
But won't give her
A place to roost.