

JUNE  
NUMBER

HOPE



-LE PEDMAN-

TEDDY'S HOPE.



# Independence Day Coming



Not merely the day we make a racket and injure our friends in memory of a revolution dead and gone but

## THE REAL NOISE

The day when old King Capital will go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. :: In the meantime, however

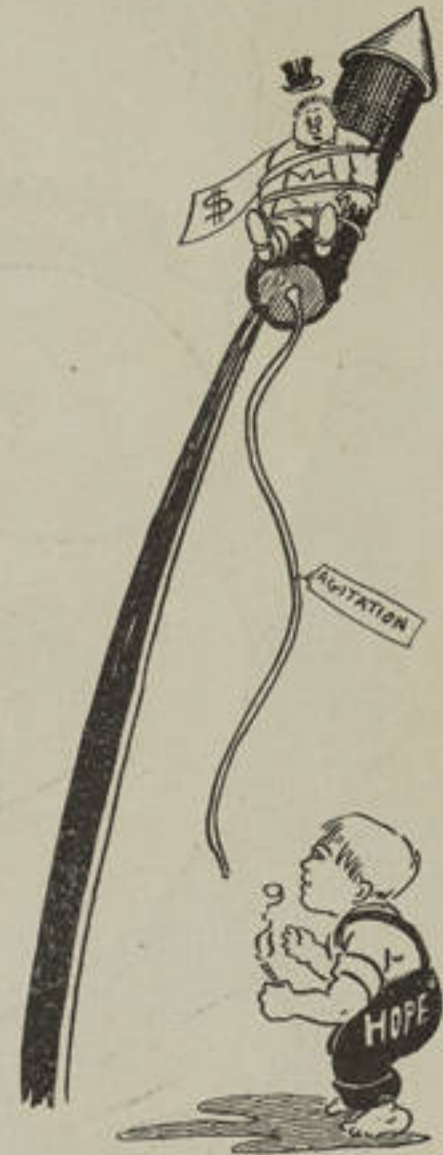
## CELEBRATE WITH HOPE

The victory our forefathers won over old King George and prepare for the victory to come

BY GETTING **THE JULY NUMBER**  
IT'S A SIZZER!

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### HE HAD DONE

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battle-field and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story told well, till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll be darned if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."—Success.



"HARD TO DEAL WITH."

### WHAT EVERY SOCIALIST KNOWS

THAT a capitalist can't help it.

That multi-millionaires are impossible without paupers.

That a Trust is better for those on the inside than for those outside.

That he comes about as near getting what he votes for as the majority of the people.

That the worst things that are said about him are true to a greater extent of Republicans and Democrats.

That our methods make paupers faster than charity can relieve them.—Life.

# HOPE



## "TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA TO SHOOT."

**P**ATRIOTISM in America is on the down grade.

That is, the kind of patriotism that leads healthy young men away to the fever ridden swamps of some foreign country to have their nerves racked with malaria germs and their bodies torn by brass-nosed bullets in the glorious interest of some far-reaching benevolent assimilation plan of a private monopoly. Such "patriotism" is dying, or worse still, is dead. Forward comes "Happy" Hearst, to the rescue with his plan for companies of boy scouts in every neighborhood (where the influence of his waning circulation reaches) to keep alive the idea that it is brave and chivalrous to skillfully butcher your father and brother over differences of opinion.

"Happy's" scheme is a good one, apparently, from the view point of some supporters of Capitalism, as we note with interest that the plan is spreading over the country and is being endorsed by the clergy, some army loafers and business men. What a wonderful metamorphosis has come over Hearst. Only a few years ago he was regarded by this same clergy, business fraternity, etc., as nothing short of a yellow peril, himself. But that was when he was assuming the role of the workingman's friend. Gradually he has in action and word lived down this awful reputation until he is now entrusted with the responsibility of keeping alive the entire patriotism of the country and incidentally assisting in the

slaughter of some of America's young hopefuls, who, imbued with the war idea, will probably take liberties with their baby brother's anatomy and father's shot gun.

However, Mr. Hearst shows wonderful business foresight in connection with his self-assumed duties as "patriotism promoter." Being in the kind of newspaper business that is kept alive by sensation, murder, war and blood-shed, any little mishaps that may occur to the youthful patriots can easily be converted into live reading matter by the watchful Hearst. Perhaps it will be a common occurrence in the near future to pick up a Hearst paper, or, better still, look at it some distance away, and see in letters several inches high that:

**"BOY SCOUT KILLS BABY BROTHER."  
VICTIM REFUSED TO GIVE "COUNTER-SIGN" AND IS EXECUTED.  
SAYS HE DIDN'T KNOW GUN WAS LOADED.  
"HARROWING DETAILS, ETC."**

Or may be in light of the recent experiences at the Hearst Homestake mine lock-out, Mr. Hearst deems it advisable that the youth of the land, who shun old Dead-Shot Dick for the Hearst Headlines, should hear more about patriotism and the art of murder than they should about the brotherhood of man and trades unions.



Mrs. New Junk: "Mercy, Mary, don't slop things—so. I detest a careless, slouchy woman. My, these working girls will nevah get any culchaw!"



Mrs. New Junk, in action, a few days before her rich uncle died and left her a small fortune.

#### LETTERS OF O. U. GRUMP. By Nicholas Klein

mr. Editor:—I want 2 make a good suggestshun 2 your komic paper., a suggestshun witch will meet the approval of all the peepul & bring in many a subskripshun. as i said in my larst letter, i air a fare man and will go out of my way to do my friends a favor., so here you air mr. Editor.

i suggest that you get out a speshul edishun of "Hope" to celebrate the arrival of the worlds gratest citisenz the hon. Toreador Ruzvelt hoo led the troops up Sant Wan hill and lickt the spanyards into a "cockt-hat" so 2 speak. as you well no, this same Ruzvelt invented the spelling sitem, he konkered the trusts, he diskovered Wilyum Houward Taft, he showd up the arikan hiphipoutimus, & was 1 of the best roolers that this grate & gloryus nashun ever had sinz the birth of the U. S. Konstitushun & its Amendmints.

i am aiming to go 2 new York & B at the docks when our "Toreador komes sailin home," 2 use the exact words of 1 of our grandest riters to wit; Mark Twane hoo died of late. I warn you soshulists now if you dont welkome this grate hero the furrin nashuns will notiz it & the result will be homogenyus 2 say the leest. if your new York fellers fale to cheer at the given signal, some of them may dy without benefit of klergy & no mistake.

it will be the proudest moment of my life when our own Toreador komes up 2 me & patting me on this yere back, will say in his most gentlest tones—"mr. Grump, how air



you"?, "how air krops up your way?", air the children doin well?", "do you still hold 1st prize as the premyar blacksmith of this grand & Gloryus nashun by virtoo & perseverenz sutch as only the peepul of my nashun can show?" "Watt B your rates now for your grand work, mr. Grump"?

i no Toreador as well as i no anybody; in fakt we air on good terms having Xchanged pictoors. wile he was far away in dark and hidden Africka he wiled away his idel ours, looking at my picktur, wile i was doin my grand work in Byesville with a life pictoor of him in my parlor. only for 1 moment did this foto leave my sight, and that was when 1 durn soshulist hoo kares nothing for the konstitushun & its Amendmints pasted 1 of Bluejean v. Debs over it, with the follerin words to wit:—"workers of the world good-night, you hav nothing to lose but your brains etc, etc".

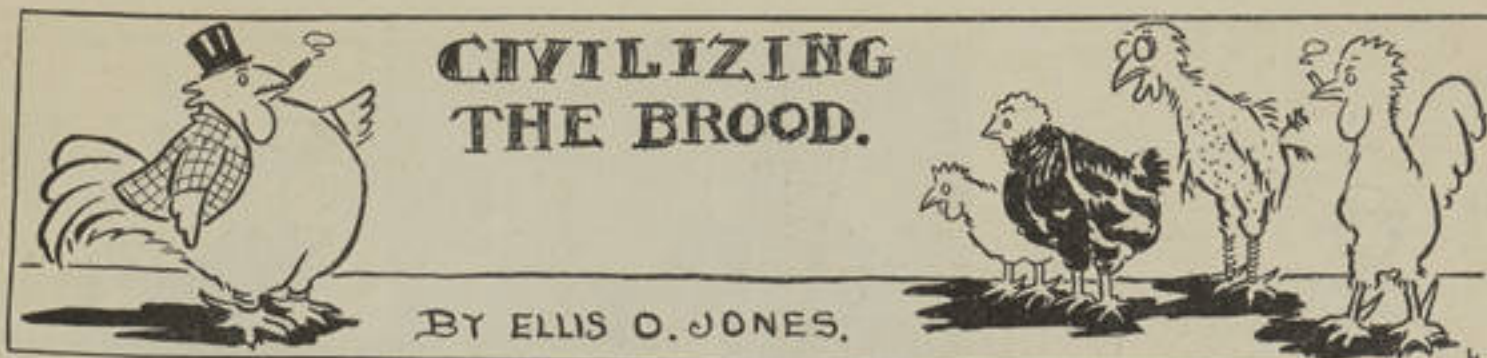
1 thing i must tell you b4 i klose & that is this. keep your Milwaukky mare under kover. Toreador shall no from my lips watt has happent 2 this nashun sinz he left us. i shall say "Toreador, sinz you hav went from our mist, a dire kalamity has happent, the soshulists hav taken the city of beer, to wit Milwaukky".

Toreador will look his maddest, and in his orfullest tone he will say—"sushulists hav biznes peddling wood, selling tracks, making speeches, shinin shoos, leckturing 2 there long hared sons & there short-hared dawters, but feller citisenz, a soshulist has no biznes bein a mare", "its a mistake". "it shall happen no more wile i air in this nashun—you bet not".

this is the kind of a man we need for our president, mr. Editor. i urge every soshulist, if any there B hoo air paytriots, 2 cheer for this grate man. lets put our shoulders 2 the weel & in the words of the immoral Shaksbeer, "grate men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime, & wen going leave Bhind us, sandprints on the feet of time".

cheerily Yures

O. U. Grump, esq



“Now the trouble with you fellows,” said the Cock of the Walk to the contented brood as they busily scratched in the farmyard, “is that you do not pay any deference to social distinction. There is no class differentiation which must, of course, result in a dead level of mediocrity.”

“What have you to suggest?” modestly inquired the Wet Hen.

“Please do not interrupt me. Consider the American Beauty Rose. Do you not see that it is necessary to sacrifice many an ignoble species in order to reach such a stage of perfection?”

“It is all too true,” remarked the Bantam admiringly. “What would you, O Sage? Speak on.”

“Listen,” continued the Cock of the Walk. “As it is now, each of us does his own scratching and gathers his own worms. Thus none of us is free to seek the higher things of life, such as art, literature, the sciences, etc., which leisure alone can afford and which is impossible when one has to spend one’s whole time getting a living.”

“It is easy enough to find fault,” said the Picked Chicken. “But what is your remedy? What is the use of upsetting things, if you have no remedy to offer?”

“Back to your dung-hill,” commanded the Cock of the Walk, imperiously, “and wait till I’ve finished. I was going to suggest that some of us work a little harder in order that others could get an education and do a little traveling. I believe that would solve the chicken problem.”

“I believe so too,” broke in the Game Rooster. “For a long while I have wanted to devote my time to physical culture and the manly art of self-defense. Suppose you give me control of yonder dung-hill and let me charge you a small per cent of the product for using it.”

“Well, what do you think of the nerve of him?” ejaculated the Cock of the Walk. “Who discovered this system, I’d like to know?”

“I could use a little leisure myself,” suggested the Wet Hen tentatively.

“Me too,” said the Picked Chicken and the Bantam in unison.

“And then,” went on the Cock of the Walk with great diplomacy, as he saw things were getting away from him, “the best chicken would have the honor of being first served on the master’s table.”

“Oh, indeed,” said they all as they renewed their scratching.

Moral.—The best rose is the first plucked.

OUR DUDE ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE "CLASS STRUGGLE."



CONCERNING BOYCOTTS.

IN this age of “killing” trusts and monopolies, it is interesting to note that boycotts are in order, and no doubt are very interesting in a way.

A boycott may teach the Trust Magnates a good lesson, and it may help to awaken the Common People to the full realization of their real strength, but this is all.

Let us carry the boycotting idea to it's finality:

1st—The Comon People will stop eating meats,

to “kill” the Beef Trust.

2nd—The Common People stop riding on railroads, to “kill” the Railway Trust.

3rd—The Common People stop using lumber and shingles to “kill” the Lumber Trust.

4th—The Common People stop using nails, tools or metal goods, to “kill” the Hardware Trust.

5th—The Common People stop wearing shoes, to “kill” the Leather Trust.

6th—The Common People stop reading newspapers and using stationery, to “kill” the Paper Trust.

7th—The Common People stop wearing clothing, to “kill” the Woolen Trust.

8th—The Common People stop going to theaters, to “kill” the Theatrical Trust.

9th—The Common People stop eating candy to “kill” the Candy Trust.

10th—The Common People stop using tobaccos, to “kill” the Tobacco Trust.

11th—The Common People stop sending their children to school, to “kill” the Book Trust.

12th—The Common People stop doing Anything, to “kill” any Old Trust.—NICHOLAS KLEIN.



BASE BALL TERM: "TWO FAST GAMES."



Prominent Citizen: "We must drive the labor unions from this country, by intrigue where possible, but with force if necessary." (Prolonged applause.)



Workingman: "Fellow workers, we must organize to keep from being crushed by the greed and tyranny of organized Capital."

Copper (with some violence): "Get out of here, or I'll arrest you for inciting to riot."

MORAL—It all depends on who's talking.

**DO CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN?**



BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Rich and Pious Old Landlady (viewing her slum tenants): "Poor things. They must suffer here, but, ah, me! Think of how happy they will be in heaven."

EXTRACTS FROM THE KORAN.



TRANSLATED BY HQ. CREEL.

**G**IVE ear to the Prophet, O True Believers, that ye follow not after Infidels who dwell in ignorance and night like unto the darkness which pervadeth a mosque equipped with Profit System daylight prisms.

Know then, that in the nineteenth century, in the domain of Sheik Uncle Sam, there shall be shot into the seat of the scornful one, Toothadore Roosevelt, president of the Ananias Club and a mighty liar. And by these signs shall ye know him; He shall shoot fleeing tribesmen in the back and boast mightily thereof; he shall condemn innocent men ere they are tried before the Chief Priests, likening them unto "undesirable citizens." Into a tribesman's harem shall he cast the eye of goo-goo by writing epistles to his wife, addressing her as "Dear Maria."

And if so be that a great battle taketh place, verily shall Toothadore prevaricate thereabout with exceeding great muchness. Watch ye! for in the

battle of San Juan Hill shall he prove himself of all liars the chief. For returning from the fight he shall declare himself unto the people, saying: "Lo, I am he who leadeth the hosts up the hill and putteth the enemy to flight." And Toothadore shall bask in the people's acclaim and lead the shout, crying, "Great is Toothadore." But in his own book, "Rough Riders," pp. 134-136, shall ye find:

"No sooner were we on the crest of Kettle Hill than the Spaniards from their line in our front, where they were strongly entrenched, opened fire upon us with their rifles and two pieces of artillery. . . . On top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, probably used for sugar refining. Several of our men took refuge behind this. We had a **SPLENDID VIEW OF THE CHARGE ON SAN JUAN BLOCK-HOUSE** to our left and a third of a mile to the front where the infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, **WERE CLIMBING THE HILL.**"

Mark ye, therefore, True Believers, that Toothadore, instead of leading or even entering the charge upon San Juan Hill, **WATCHED THE FIGHT FROM BEHIND A SUGAR KETTLE**, a third of a mile away—as becometh a coward.

Verily shall he become a "short and ugly word" to be spewed from the mouths of the enlightened.

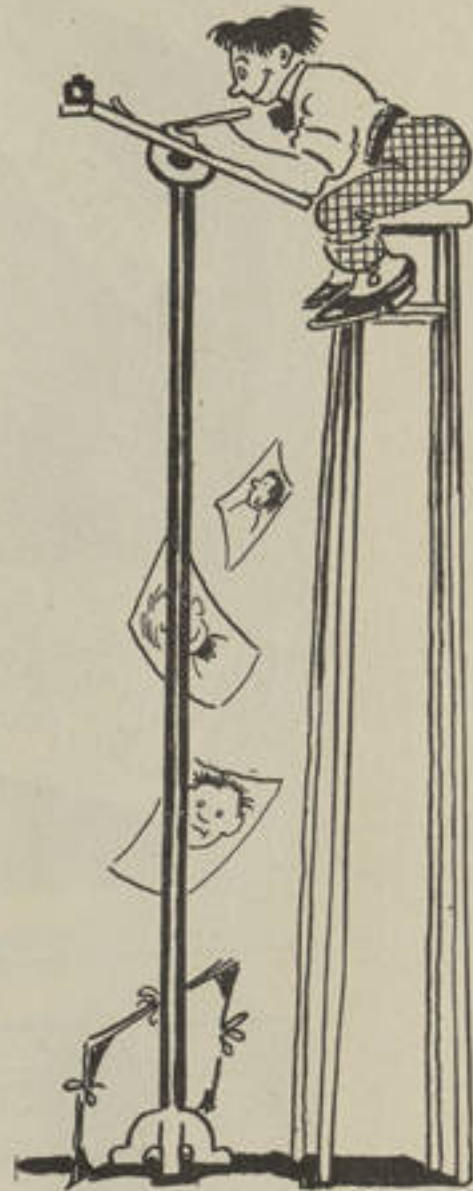
Golden Text: The Alton Steal ye have with you always.

FORGOT THE JUDGE.

**T**WO lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Wasp.



"HIGH ART."

ANCIENT.

"John, that's a very shabby office-coat you're wearing."

"Yes, sir," said the old clerk meaningly. "I got this coat with the last raise you gave me."

HOPE



- WHEN WILL SHE ANSWER THAT QUESTION? "





"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

WARD SAVAGE  
Editor & Publisher

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VOL. I. NO. 2.

WELCOME, TEDDY



THINGS have been pretty dull since you went away, Ted. We undesarables long for the flash of your innuendoes and the warmth and inconsistency of your logic. How the poor cartoonists and overworked paragraphers will lift their faces in hope, at the sight of your new eyeglasses and pearly teeth. What a relief from the ox-like dumbness of your understudy in the White House. Why, our heads fairly itch for a crack of the big stick because we will be able to return the compliment, now that distance and excessive cable foils no longer bar us.

"HONESTY THE BEST POLICY, ETC."

THE "dear public" has recently been treated to a most interesting if not edifying spectacle entitled, "When Thieves Fall Out," with the Honorable William Lorimer, Illinois' peerless senator, sometimes known as the "Blond Boss," as the villain and the Chicago Tribune, that sterling champion of truth and virtue as the hero.

It seems (according to the Tribune, which ought to be more familiar with bribers than we are) that said Lorimer purchased his seat in the senate, according to the good old G. O. P. custom, but for some reason a goodly share of this tainted currency failed to reach the till of the Tribune's cash register. Hence the flying of blond fur, etc. In its effort to pull Mr. Lorimer's chair from under him the Tribune circulated through the mails a reward offer of several thousand dollars for the capture of Lorimer's friends, who put up the necessary mazzooma.

"Um, let's see. That is quite similar to that—Warner, no I believe it is Warren or some such a name case—where the editor of a labor paper circulated a reward through the mail for a capitalist politician who was wanted for murder, and he got into all kinds of trouble about it. Maybe the Tribune editor never heard of that or he'd be skeered of going to jail for doing the same stunt. What's that—the Tribune is a REPUBLICAN paper. Oh, excuse me—that's different."

IF congress refuses to dip its scoop shovel into the public crib for Taft's traveling expenses, he might try the justly celebrated side door sleeper which comes cheaper.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

VACATION for the more fortunate boys and girls is here. The swimming hole, the picnic ground and the shady nook beckon them with glad-some call. "Oh, to be young again," sighs the careworn man and woman, as the soft breezes stir the green leaves, and the warm sunshine sends a desire for relaxation and play creeping through our veins. The lucky little fellow shoulders his fishing pole, takes a can of worms, his ball bat or other paraphernalia of childhood joys and tramps merrily away to sport,



while the unfortunate child of the working class takes up his lunch box and trudges away to the cotton mill, the department store, the factory or wherever his vacation time can be converted into profits for greedy men, and an increase in the family pittance of wages.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"



ONE hopeful sign of the times is the way some well known travelers of the broad path have become penitent and are now headed along the straight and narrow way. From the press dispatches we glean the information that "Injunction Bill Taft, Theodore, the monkey killer, Porfirio Diaz, and William Jennings Bryan have followed in the steps of the immortal John D., and have become honorary members of the World's Sunday School Association. How the union men, who have suffered in the bastille on account of Taft's injunctions, the survivors of the monkey tribe, the half starved peons of Mexico, and Roger Sullivan and other paragons of virtue in the Democratic party will fall on their knees and offer up thanks for the redemption of some heretofore seemingly lost souls. For many are called but few are chosen.

"INJUNCTION BILL" Taft has just discovered that "Socialism is one of the greatest problems confronting the Republican Party to-day." Really, Bill, you are beginning to show signs of human intelligence.



"WHO ENTERS HERE LEAVES HOPE BEHIND."



TYPES OF LABOR.  
NO. 2. THE BOX-MAKER.

Editor's Note: In presenting this series of posters we are attempting to differentiate from the magazines of the leisure classes, with their "Auto Girl," "Golfing Girl" and other types of idlers, and instead will picture the attractive types of the much degraded working-class men and women.

THE man who has the ballot  
And doesn't have the heart  
To use that ballot for himself,  
He must be mighty smart;  
The wonder is that he attains  
The sense to come in when it rains.

The poor are always with us,  
And jammed in hovels thick,  
You bet they will be with us  
Until they learn to kick.

The jackass doesn't have a vote,  
So burdens heavy he must tote;  
He toils all day and for his pay  
Gets nothing but his oats and hay,  
And water, all unboiled and cheap,  
And in the stable he must sleep;  
All through the long and dusty day  
He hauls a wagon or a dray,  
Or acts as motor for a plow;  
Man wouldn't stand it, would he now?

—Duncan M. Smith.



Mr. Foot Pad: "Guess I'll quit the biz, Bill, and be a Capitalist."

His Pal: "What fer?"

Mr. Foot Pad: "Why, it's right in my line of work; brings in a bigger swag, and, anyhow, I want to settle down and be respectable."

NO FRIENDS OF MINE.

(With apologies to an unknown army poet in the Philippines.)

"Senator Aldrich," the President said,  
"Is a mighty good friend to me."  
Then he patted him gently on the head

As a token of amity.  
And it may be true, for the friendship graft

Is right in the Aldrich line;  
But though he's a friend of William H. Taft

He isn't a friend of mine.

He isn't the sort of man I'd choose  
To succor the patient poor;

He isn't the doctor I would use  
The nation's ills to cure;  
I wouldn't want his hand to draft  
The latest reform design.

He may be a friend of William H. Taft.

But he isn't a friend of mine!

Because of the tariff bill he's made  
I'm robbed wherever I turn;  
The "benefits" he has gained I've paid  
With every penny I earn.

Whatever bears his handicraft  
Has proven, for me, a "shine";  
So he may be a friend of William H. Taft.

But he isn't a friend of mine!

Then there is Cannon, and Tawney,  
too,

Ballinger, Payne, and Crane—  
Taft holds them up to the public view  
As part of his friendly train,  
But they're stabbing his measures "to the haft"

And ripping them up the spine,  
And they may be "friends" of William H. Taft.

But they'll never be friends of mine!  
—Puck.



"A RUNAWAY MATCH."

THE most spectacular gambler of the year, we observe, is also the gasoline tank for one of the toniest churches in Evanston, Ill. Will a scrawny and undeveloped race one day point with pride to the fact that their ancestors once cornered wheat just as some men today insist that their place is in good society because their ancestors were pirates? We think not. The pirate was a sport. He took a chance and decorated many a mast yard for his trouble. The big gambler in the necessities of life has a cinch or he won't prey.



"JUST WAIT TILL THE NEXT TIME."



By S. J. SAMELOW.

IN "A Man's World," woman once more raises her voice in remonstrance against the dual moral standard for men and women. The injustice develops in Malcolm Gaskell, as the type of man who seeks the purest woman as the mother of his children, while he himself has committed a sin against society for which he refuses to accept the responsibility.

The complaint of Miss Crothers in behalf of her sisters is vital, although it has been made on the stage and from the rostrum many times. But she makes it rather feebly. Her arguments are portrayed in attenuated circumstances, not strongly defined characters and with rather undramatic climaxes.



THE absent-minded scholar, which has not amused audiences for some time, is re-introduced to the theatre world by Agnes Bangs Morgan in her play, "When Two Write History," and as George Arliss impersonates him in the Shubert production, he is a character of delightfully comic traits.

This effort of Miss Morgan is not original, but there is sufficient color in the play to keep it from boring the public. The situations are cleverly intermixed, and the romance is human enough to touch the heart. Miss Bertha Bartlett adds much to the character of the work as Ruth Fielding, who enters the life of the recluse.

The absent-minded scholar is John Remington, who writes a history of Egypt, embracing a period which had been impenetrable to historians. He discovers that the father of the girl for whom he feels a strong attachment writes a book on the same subject. Remington is a generous character, seen only among the men of highest culture. The book he works on would bring him fame and a professorship in Harvard, but the publication of it would ruin the cherished hopes of the older man. He therefore decides to suppress his work.

The self sacrifice is ideal. Fate soon removes the gray haired professor before he completes his labor of years, leaving Remington free to attain to the end he had desired. With the way to the Harvard professorship thus left open, he wins the girl who had given him his life's greater content.



GOTHAM is raving over a new vaudeville sensation. This time it is "La Somnabule," with the "Dance de La Robe de Nuit." The act is simply a pantomime of a "sleepwalker," who dances the dance of the nightgown.

Varying the craze of symbolic dancing, the sketch unfolds in pantomime a birthday party given by a loving husband to his wife, who after the dazzling evening performs a series of antics in ambulant sleep.

The terpsichorean episode of the somnambulist rises to a sensational climax when a guest of the evening intrudes upon the dancer's scene. The loving husband engages in a fight with the man, and the woman falls down a flight of stairs.

Nina Payne, a young woman of many graces, wears the night robe. The New York critics pronounced the sketch inoffensive. It was written and is staged by G. Molasso, who introduced the famous Apache dances into America.

The attraction will be seen in Chicago and other cities.



THE "Call of the Cricket," with Mable Taliaferro at the head of the cast, precipitated for Fredrick Thompson no storm of dollar bills in New York. Critics in that great theatre center despaired of its appeal to the "Canny and Materialistic" Broadway audiences.

Nor did the play stir Clark street audiences in Chicago. None of the critics in the Windy City lashed himself into a fury of delight when the attraction was here.

City theatre goers experience too wide a range of life to respond to a sentimental play of the most elemental type. A play of this type may sway village opera houses, but it fails to interest the city amusement seekers.

Miss Taliaferro is an elfish girl-woman of some appeal, but the part she plays does not make much demand upon her personality—not enough to make her rise above herself.

Some playwright should produce a suitable drama for this talented little girl, and bring great satisfaction to amusement lovers.



Hamm: "So the Tom Show stranded, eh. Was it a realistic production?"

Fatt: "Yep! Too realistic. Eliza insisted on crossing real ice, and the Ice Trust attached the show because we couldn't pay their high prices."



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### TWO REIGNS OF TERROR.

By Mark Twain.

There were two "Reigns of Terror" if we would but remember and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion; the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months; the other had lasted a thousand years. The one inflicted death upon 10,000 persons; the other upon 100,000,000. But our shudders are all for the "horrors" of the minor terror, the momentary terror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the ax, compared with life-long death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heart-break? \* \* \* A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief terror which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over; but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real terror—that unspeakable bitter and awful terror, which none of us have been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves. \* \* \* Nine hundred and ninety-four in each thousand furnished all the money and did all the work, and the other six elected themselves a permanent board of directors and took all the dividends. It seemed to me that what the 994 dupes needed was a new deal.

\* \*

IF you know why some men pass up literature, art and the multiplication table for the pink sheet, then you understand the popularity of Roosevelt. He is the sporting extra of the age. Thousands throw away the pink sheet without saying a word. That is why its readers appear in the majority.

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