

# HOPE

## JULY NUMBER



SAVAGE

UNCLE SAM: — "HERE'S HOPING."

# ARE YOU CIVILIZED?

Of course YOU are, but a lot of things in the dear old U. S. A. are not. You will find these things graphically pictured in colors in OUR

## Barbarous America

NUMBER—OUT IN AUGUST

Something doing north of the Rio Grande that will interest you in this issue.  
GET IT.



### JOHNNY'S DEFINITION OF A COW

"A Cow is an animal with 4 legs, one at each corner, that can be milked."

### CAN YOU DEFINE CAPITALISM?

Did it ever occur to you that this fragile, rattle-ty bang, old system we are living under is a joke? It is the colossal laugh of the ages. Why, it's actually ridiculous to think that 90 per cent of the people will allow their destinies to be controlled by a measly ten per cent of our population. What do you think about it? Can you write a humorous definition of Capitalism? HOPE will pay

**THREE DOLLARS** for the most humorous definition of Capitalism composed of one hundred words or less, preferably less.

**TWO DOLLARS** for the next best definition.

**ONE DOLLAR** for the third best definition.

Anyone can compete for this prize. The only requirement for entry in this contest is that you must accompany your definition with 25c for a three months subscription or a three months renewal to HOPE.

**This Contest closes Wednesday, July 20.**

No definitions will be entered after that date. The best definitions and photographs of the winners will appear in the August Number of HOPE.

WRITE TO-NIGHT

Your indignation at Barbarous American conditions, which would make a naked cliff dweller blush with shame

### May be Suppressed

Now, but it won't after you see this next issue. You will arouse, think and act for better, more hopeful things.

**Order Now!**

**HOPE**

5110 West Madison Street  
CHICAGO

### BUNDLES OF HOPE.

Did you ever stop to think of how many people in the United States are without Hope? Do you know anyone who is without it? Of course you do. Why not bring a little cheer into their lives by sending Hope to them, or, better still, handing them a copy of this magazine? They will then get hep to Socialism—the real HOPE. It's worth your time and trouble any day to give Hope to the Hopeless. Write to us about Our Special Bundle Proposition. It will interest you. Address, Bundle Dept. Hope, 5110 West Madison St., Chicago.

### HEY, THERE, MR. BOY!

Say, you can make money. Not as much as "Old Baldy" John D. has cinched, perhaps, but enough to rattle in your jeans, which is about all the average working man has these days. Send your name and address to the Boys' Editor of Hope, 5110 West Madison St., and we will start you out in a proposition FREE of cost that will enable you to earn some money every month. Ask us how.



ADDRESS **ST** CARTOON SERVICE 5110 W. MADISON ST.  
CHICAGO.

# H O P P E



THE CELEBRATION AT "DOBBS' GROVE," AS WE REMEMBER IT.



**B**OB: "Mother, why don't they teach about Socialism in the schools? They teach us that it is patriotic to fight. Why isn't the Socialist patriotic. Isn't he a fighter?"

Mother: "Yes, he is Bob. The patriotism that is taught in the schools, is not patriotism but hatred for the people of other countries. This hatred is encouraged by the greedy men who control the public schools as well as the necessities of life. They are the ones that profit by war, by selling guns, ammunition and supplies. War is only for the opening and maintaining of foreign markets, Bob."

Bob: "But we have to send our exports to foreign countries, don't we mother? How would the workingman make a living if the manufacturers couldn't sell the products?"

Mother: "By using the goods at home, Bob. Millions of dollars' worth of goods are exported every year, while the workers who produce it are poorly clad, poorly fed and often die of starvation. These same workers are taught that trade follows the flag and that the American flag ought to fly in every country in the world. They then go forth and slay the workingmen of other countries so that the greedy men can make more profits, and no one is better



#### THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

**D**ON'T object to small wages—remember it costs your mistress something to wear diamonds.

Don't object to your hours—21 hours a day is not too long.

In case the grocery bill runs too high, make up the difference out of your own pockets—don't bother the mistress over such trifling affairs.

Keep down other deficits in the household in the same manner—remember you get your room and board free and your expenses are light.

Don't object to your mistress calling you a "cat" or a "miserable brute." Remember SHE is a lady.

Don't waste your Thursday afternoon off in the park, but mow the lawn or curry the horses as this saves your employer the necessity of hiring other people to do this work.

Don't object to scrubbing and doing the family washing. Remember "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Do not feel peeved if you fail to receive your salary for several months at a time. Remember, "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

off in the end, except the capitalists who make profits from everything."

Bob: "Would Socialism stop this, mother?"

Mother: "Yes, Bob. The producers would enjoy the product which is now being sent for exploitation by armed force to foreign countries. There is enough for all the world over. Socialism would put an end to war, so the greedy men don't want it to come about. That's why it isn't taught in the schools."

Bob: "George the Third, didn't want the revolution of 1776 either, did he, mother?"

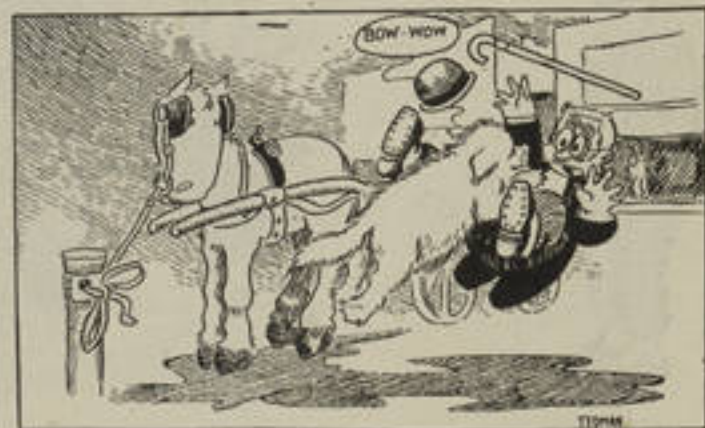
Mother: "No, Bob."

—Harold Hart.

#### ANIMATED LAP ROBE.



Near Sighted Old Party: "Someone has dropped their lap-robe. I'll pick it up."



Near Sighted Old Party: "Hey, guess I don't need to. It's alive. Wow!"

## EXTRACTS FROM THE KORAN.



TRANSLATED BY H.G. CREEL.

Give ear to the Prophet, O True Believers, that ye follow not after infidels who walk in ignorance and night like unto the darkness which pervadeth a mosque equipped with capitalist daylight prisms.

Know then that in the latter part of the eighteenth century much tribesmen shall revolute against Sheik George III. For he shall be an unjust sheik, demanding profit, rent and interest of his subjects and that without representation.

And the tribesmen shall take council together to learn if so be they can put the merry kibosh on such business. And they shall lay in wait and plunder his caravans; they shall appropriate his camels; verily shall they dump his taxation-without-representation-tea into The Harbor which is a great pool in Boston oasis.

Then shall the sword bearers of Sheik George III and the revolutionists mix it on the battle field good and plenty. And the rebellious ones shall triumph. They shall take from their



own ranks Abd'laziz Uncle Sam and make him sheik.

And it shall come to pass that the fourth of July shall be set aside for all the tribesmen to gather and proclaim themselves revolutionists and the descendants of revolutionists. And this shall continue from generation to generation.

But watch ye! O True Believers. For though the tribesmen of Sheik Uncle Sam apply the governmental sandal to Sheik George's official anatomy, yet shall the game of profit, rent and interest—and that without representation—go cheerily on under Capitalism. The children of the revolutionists shall pay tribute to Abdul Food Trust, Akhdar Shelter Trust and Bab-el-Clothing Trust. And the bedouins of the tribe of Trust, whose father is Profit, shall tax the people unmercifully. And mark ye! they shall stand for this, O Defenders of the Faith, while loudly declaring themselves revolutionists against taxation without representation. Yea, on each Fourth of July shall they poney up their shekels to Caliph



## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

The Girl: "And perhaps some day you may be president of the firm."

The Man: "Yes. Why, just think, I've only worked for them ten years, and I am assistant shipping clerk already."

Powder Trust for permission to celebrate the revolution of their fathers.

And the tribe of Trust, whose father is Profit, shall fasten upon the tribesmen of Sheik Uncle Sam the same conditions which brought about the revolution of '76.

And they, the victims, shall be blinded to this till the coming of the Socialist simoon—which is another chapter.

Golden Text: 1776 was a long time ago. This is 1910.

## MUD.

**M**UD is found at the bottom of lakes, on roads, and in political assemblies and newspapers. It is also used to bathe in and to make pies of.

It is composed of the same materials that human beings are made of, viz.: dust and water.

Mud is at its best in the spring of the year. At this period it is largely used by automobiles. It is good for rheumatism and turtles. In Pittsburg and St. Louis it is taken with meals.

Mud is a counter-irritant for armies. Hannibal encountered it and Napoleon was delayed by it, but Roosevelt didn't mind it. It has often been mixed with the best thought.

The earth has been trying to get rid of its mud ever since it began, but it still sticks, in spite of countless revo-

lutions. Besides, if it fell off there would be no place for it elsewhere. Some men have been named after it.

Mud is used by plebeian clams, who live in it in flats. It is also used by rivers to make deltas of. A respectable delta can be made by any hard-working river in about a thousand years, working night and day.

Mud is a great traveler. New Jersey mud can be frequently seen sauntering up and down Broadway.

When dust gets uneasy and wishes to be made into mud, it prays for rain. Then it lies in the sun and becomes dust again. This gives it that variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life.

Mud is no respecter of persons.—  
Life.



"PINCHED"



"SURPLUS VALUE."

HE swelters in the summer  
Because he can't buy ice,  
And freezes in the winter  
Because of coal's high price.

Nine-tenths of all his product  
Goes in the bosses' sack,  
And with what he has remaining  
He tries to buy that back.

He breathes the city's foulest air,  
His life has ne'er a song,  
Oh, the poor get little here below  
Nor have that little long.

## PROTECTION.

THERE'S a doctor in the "saddle"  
in our legislative hall,  
And he's fixing up the bills, to hit  
both great and small;  
He says it's "to protect," but listen  
now to me:  
The only things protected are the  
doctor and his fee.

No more may sweet old grandma give  
the baby catnip tea;  
It's forbidden by the doctors, and  
against the law, you see;  
"Call the doctor," says the statute,  
"for he alone can know  
If you need a course of physic, or a  
rag around your toe."

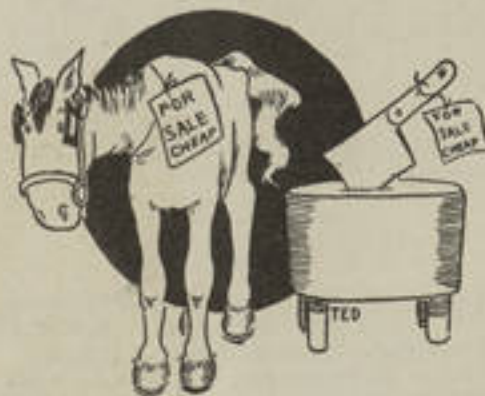
No more may kindly mothers, who  
have raised their children all,  
Respond to call of neighbor, when  
the baby gets a fall;  
For the fine will be so heavy, and the  
jail you're bound to see,  
If the help you give a neighbor makes  
the doctor lose a fee.

Now the doctor has his uses, but I  
surely fail to see  
Why a law should make him master  
of either you or me.  
What he knows is very useful, and  
his study is profound,  
But most of his mistakes are hidden  
under ground.

—Twentieth Century Magazine.

## HOPE'S HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How to Reduce the Cost of Living.



ONE of the large insurance com-  
panies advertises these pointed  
facts:

The vast majority of men die poor.  
Two only, out of one hundred, suc-  
ceed in business.

Ten to one, they support the sys-  
tem which makes the vast majority  
die poor and which makes men pay  
three dollars for one in effort to allay  
the insecurities of modern capitalism  
through the insurance game.

## SOME SLIGHTLY ALTERED FABLES

## THE FOX



## AND THE GRAPES

AN Old Working Class Fox, while passing through a Capitalistic vineyard, once spied a fine bunch of grapes. They looked very sweet with Luxury, Refinement and Plenty shining out from their Purple sides. The Hungry Old Fox was about to seize Some and Devour Them When He was approached by the Wise-Acres of the animal Tribe. "Those Grapes Belong to thy Rich Neighbor, the Peacock. To Lust for Them is Sinful," quoth the Rev. Hyena.

"I will sentence you to Jail for Contempt, if you touch them," said Judge Owl, the Wise Old Bird.

"They will make you sick. You can't stand such dissipation. Why, don't you know that Wealth brings Unhappiness." "They are out of your reach," piped the Press Magpie, "you would look ridiculous trying to acquire anything of that kind."

"I guess they must be sour, anyhow," said the Old Fox, discouraged at the loss of his meal. Just then along came Brer Fox, his young son. "Hello, Pop. Got anything for dinner?" "Nothing but prospects and poor ones at that," said the Old Man. "Guess I'll Help Myself to some Grapes," said the Younger Generation. "Mercy, no," said old Renyard. "They won't agree with you. They're only for the Peacocks and Upper Classes." "Well," said the young one, "I'm hungry enough to eat Peacock and All. At any rate they seem to agree with the Owl, Hyena and Mag-pie." So brushing these aside, he seized the Whole Bunch of Grapes and, strange to say, they pleased his appetite to a Queen's taste.

## "YOU CAN'T CHANGE HUMAN NATURE."

A WORKINGMAN, staggering along the road, bearing on his back a huge, fat Capitalist, met a Reformer and a Socialist.

"My poor man," said the Reformer, "let us see if we can not induce your passenger to dispense with his cigaret, and thus lighten your burden." And he looked at the Socialist for approval.

"Dump him off," said the latter, "and let him walk."

"There you go," replied the Reformer. "Instead of assisting us in our efforts to do something practical for the oppressed, you are forever advocating some such impossible, Utopian scheme. Don't you see it is the nature of the one to be carried, and of the other to furnish the transportation; and don't you know you can't change Human Nature?"

But, realizing the impossibility of answering such logic, the Socialist was already on his way.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

## EASY FOR HIM.

Tommy's Mother: Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie B Jones?

Tommy: Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.—Philadelphia Record.

## THE NEW DECLARATION.



TYPES OF LABOR.  
NO. 3, THE SHOP GIRL.

IN 1920.

TEACHER—"Who discovered America?"  
Tommy—"Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am."  
Teacher—"Who landed on the Plymouth Rock and a lot of other hard propositions?"  
Tommy—"Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am."  
Teacher—"Who re-wrote the Declaration of Independence, was first in war, first in peace—first in the Alton steal?"  
Tommy—"Theodore Roosevelt, m'am."  
Teacher—"Correct, Tommy; you may go to the head of the class."

FOR to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion," saith the Good Book. Judging from this, the American workingman has a better chance of surviving Teddy, the Man on Horseback, than those poor African beasts had.

WHEN DOWN IN THE MOUTH=



THIS is the anniversary month of the birth of the Declaration of Independence, that brilliant document drafted some decades ago, presumably by Thomas Jefferson and some other zealous revolutionists, who believed that the written statement of their rights and demands, backed up by some muzzle-loading squirrel rifles would forever end oppression and tyranny in America. For a good many years lots of persons in this country believed themselves to be free and independent. Many still believe they are. The Lord knows how; we don't. With the cost of living soaring higher than a 75-cent sky rocket and wages dropping like meteors, the man who toils is having a strenuous time discovering his liberty. Unfortunately, the written decree of our forefathers has failed to suffice. But a new declaration has been made. This time it is in the form of a gentleman's agreement between the United Trusts of America instead of the United Colonies. Their struggle for supremacy is taking place all over the land. At the "Cradle of Liberty" only a few months ago we learn of these Trusts entrenched behind the barricades of the courts, the militia and police, slaying the descendants of the signers of the Declaration of 1776 in the streets of Philadelphia because these persons believed in the right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. And at New Castle, not far from the spot where the much-mooted declaration was signed, five American citizens were recently on trial for the "crime" of exercising "freedom of the press," and we venture to say that not only that, but more people have starved to death in six months, because of the greed of the United Trusts in the mining and steel industrial centers of Pennsylvania, than were even present at the terrible winter in Valley Forge.

The revolutionary spirit has been reversed in this country. The only personages who are enjoying life, etc., are the great free and independent United Trusts of America. But there is hope. When the despised, homeless "common people" throw aside their measly little pop gun of "prosecution" and take up the modern 13-inch breech-loading "Socialist ballot" they can capture the Trusts, bag and baggage, and turn their organization into useful work for all the people.

Only then will we be politically and economically free and independent, and then can the rusty-throated eagle scream.



A STRANGE SENSATION.

Workingman (who has gone to work at 3 a. m. each day for twenty years, is laid off and arises for once at 8 a. m.): "Lord, Mary, I feel like somethin' was about to happen."



"THE NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"





"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

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A SANE FOURTH.

THE big business interests of Chicago know how to celebrate a sane Fourth. Foolish inconsistent shooting of fire-crackers, pin-wheels and nigger-chasers in a desultory manner have been placed under the ban. This method of slaughter is profitless and rather crude. So the big business interests—not the fellow who runs a little dry goods store and lives in the back room with his family, but the big ones who own, or rather hold paper titles to the big mail order concerns, State Street department stores, factories, etc., got their heads together this year and decided a few things, in the way of a celebration. "Now they reasoned, a number of persons, mostly young men get killed every year anyhow, celebrating their independence—so why not crystallize this random thirst for blood, noise and confusion into the military idea. War is necessary to the extension of our markets, and of course in war—someone has got to get killed. It can't be us. We've got to stay home and watch the cash register, so why not let these young fellows who shoot each other with blank cartridge pistols on the Fourth of July, get killed in war, and in the extension of foreign business as long as Fate and Patriotism have decreed that a certain number will lose their lives every so often anyway. Let's get these young fellows interested in war. It's a jolly game—to look at from a distance—as long as you don't have to do any fighting and it is the "enemy" who has his carcass chewed by buzzards. Let's bring the soldiers here to Chicago and have a real sane Fourth of July. It won't cost us a cent. Our friend, Monty Ward, the mail order man, will let us use his lake front, and the government will furnish the soldiers, guns and powder. And you can bet your life for every young feller who gets interested in them shiny uniforms and crackerjack guns, there will be one hundred less Socialists and Union agitators when they get into action."

And that's the reason why Chicago boys receive their first lesson in a sane, capitalistic, military Fourth of July Celebration.



OUR FOOLISH FRIENDS.

SOME folks are born rich, others are lucky. Some are both, while still others are rich and lucky—but have foolish friends. By foolish, we mean the fellow who will blurt out a compliment which would sound all right out behind the barn, or if whispered in your ear, but would never do to shout in a crowded room. For instance, our ex-officio President Roosevelt, slayer of lions, and wielder of the big stick, for years has ascended to fame on his friendship or alleged friendship for the common people. "Malefactor," "undesirable" and those other high sounding phrases were always supposed to be hurled in defense of the property-less working-class, which constitutes 90% of



our population. Teddy—the workingman's friend—you've heard of that somewhere, haven't you? Yes. Well and good. Now for the story. Ex-Judge N. C. Sears of Chicago, a man in position to know, says of his friend, Roosevelt: "Theodore Roosevelt has done more than any 100 statesmen (count them) during the last century to make it possible that what property you have accumulated may be handed down in safety to your sons and daughters. His stand for righteousness and the golden rule makes more remote today the clash of those who have millions and those who have none."

In other words, Mr. Sears up and tells on Teddy. He says that he is doing what he can to protect the property class (which is composed of only 10% of the people of the United States, and is, while posing as a friend, openly betraying the other 90%). Mr. Sears goes on to say that Teddy's stand for righteousness and the golden rule (meaning a stand for campaign funds, probably) is turning aside the class struggle in America today.

Go it, Teddy. You've about as much chance turning back the class struggle as a louse has of throwing an express train off the track.

#### THE SONG OF HOPE.

Strike up the Song of Hope upon the horn,  
And let the harp strings tremble with delight.  
'Tis out of Hope the future will be born;  
'Tis out of Reason, Hope will see the light.

With harp and horn then let our voices blend,  
And we will sing in deep but gladsome tones;  
And out upon the welkin we will send  
The Song of Hope in ever-widening zones.

H. A. CRAFTS.

## "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."



IF we could remove the word Socialism from our national vocabulary, how it would simplify matters! No word in the dictionary is defined in more ways than this one. No word is responsible for fiercer warfare. Not even Socialists can quite agree as to its meaning, or so we have heard, and altogether the subject is the great American irritant. That is, if you permit it to irritate you. President

Taft has been troubled about it lately, but a few minutes of calm reflection will enable you to say that even he is worrying needlessly. President Taft sees in Socialism a national peril, which he loyally believes the Republican Party is best fitted to combat. He seems to forget that the Republican Party is itself committed to Socialist policies, judged by the standards of ten or fifteen years ago. Thus viewed, railroad regulation is Socialistic; so is a postal savings-bank; so is conservation. Judging the future by the present, some of "the perils" which Mr. Taft sees now in Socialism, a Republican candidate for the Presidency may yet eloquently advocate and a Republican platform assert in black and white. Mr. Taft will worry less about perils if he reflects that the idea of freedom for slaves was once regarded as Socialistic in the extreme, striking as it did at the most vital "rights of property." It is now the proud boast of Mr. Taft's political party that it did more than any other agency to transform that Socialistic notion of freed slaves into a glorious fact. The universal ballot, the right to vote, was another Socialist notion. So, before that, was free speech. Everything that makes for civilization and human rights was, is, and will be denounced as Socialistic by the people whose "graft" is threatened. Common honesty is Socialistic in some

quarters. We will do well to forget, if we can, for a time at least, that there is any such word as Socialism in existence, and learn to judge plans for civic betterment on their individual merits, irrespective of who advocates them. Mr. Taft in particular should forget. If it be true that he regards Socialism—whatever that may be—as a menace, then it is barely possible that he may come to regard himself as a menace next. The President reaffirmed recently his loyalty to the Roosevelt Policies, and unless we are losing our grip on facts, the word Socialistic has been applied to those policies on quite a few occasions. Where does Mr. Taft get off?—From Puck, the G. O. P. Humorous weekly.

TAFT is skeered of Socialism. Teddy is skeered of Socialism. The Capitalist interests and consequently the whole G. O. P. from Dirty Mouthed Joe, down to the most insignificant boot-licking petty office holder is skeered likewise. So forth comes Puck, the court jester, to put King Bill into a merry mood once more. Puck, the jester, brings forth the dusty old gag about Socialism not being Socialism at all, but something else. King Bill's faded smile begins to appear. Puck, the jester, says the republican party has always stood for what Socialism, which isn't Socialism at all, but something else, stands for. The King's smile gets a little broader. Bill knows a joke, even if it's on himself. Puck, the jester, says that a future G. O. P. platform may be composed of steals from the Socialists. We believe that. The republican platforms in the past have contained nearly everything that the people demanded before election, but were "only election promises" after the gang got into power and were not "legally binding." Bill remembers that even the working man has a memory and this jingle about swiping the Socialist thunder doesn't increase his smile. Puck, the jester, makes a final desperate effort. Teddy's policies, which Bill is now carrying out (to where? God knows) are Socialistic. This brings the broad smile to King Bill's dough like countenance. He has forgotten "Socialism." But will Socialism stay forgotten? Perhaps Mr. Taft will find where he "gets off" when this question is answered

## LETTERS OF O. U. GRUMP.

By Nicholas Klein.

2 the Editor of "hope" Chicagoe ill:—(i gave the follerin orashon on jewlie 4th, to a large & indiscriminat-in awjyence of my feller citizenz in Byesville ohio in front of the post-orfis. I was 20 minets, parsin a given pint. you will kindly note that i have made all korrekshuns be4 sending it to your paper, as i no that you fellers very ofting dont spell rite; dew no dout to overindulgenz in illinoise corn whisky et cetry, et cetry.)

feller citizenz & mr. postmaster:—its a grate honor 2 B calld upon to norate be4 you this grand day, & i want 2 tell you that i feel—that i feel,—feel ekal 2 the task.

feller citizenz, i dont want 2 go thru the birth of this here ripublick, from the time the pilgrims krost the delaware with plymouth rocks up 2 the present prosperus era of our grand & glorius nashun. Every skul boy nos about the birth of the godez of liberty on jewlie 4th under authority of the Konstitushun with its grate Mendmints. on this okkashun i want 2 kompliment mr. g. Washington & also mr. t. Jefferson who found this here government with the stars and strips. i want 2 kompliment them for this here nobel task, if they were in Byesville, they would have no troubel get-



ting any orfis within the gift of the peepul from township souperwizer to skul-trustee. they were grate men & they did much for this Yoonyun, they rote the deklarashun of independenz, that grate dockumint witch says that "all men air kremated free and ekal, & have certain unalinabel rites, that among this air, life, liberty & the just persoot of happingness."

coud there B any better sentimint than this 1, my feller citizenz? you bet not! coud anything B more radikal and progresif, more virtooes &

open?

these 4fathers of ours were plane men, they lovd the kommon peepul. g. Washington was not a politishner & his other habits were good, he was a big man & his hart went out—it went out—i say feller citizenz, it went out (here some fool of a soshulist in the krowd interrupted me by askin this: "mr. Speaker, watt did washington do with his smuglin?") i told him that as mr. Washington was not present, we woud have to refrain from respondin, 2 all of witch this soshulist objected in due form.

my feller citizenz; i dont want 2 take up any more of your time explainin anything more about our grand & gloryus nashun, all i arsk is that you go to your several homes & in the quiet of the rembranz of our 4fathers, read aloud the deklarashun & do your best 2 live up 2 its dock-trins.

with this thot in mind i leave you 2 your plesant thots, with joy in my hart & the smell of onyuns and freedom on my kloz, frens, goodbye, may liberty ever B in our mist! (tremendous cheers). yures,

O. U. Grump, esq.



"Strife," Act 3

By S. J. Samelow.

**S**LASHED! The theatrical syndicate is "busted." At least, it is hacked! The National Theater Owners' association, representing more than 1,200 theaters in the United States and Canada, dealt the fatal blow.

These theaters, representing a large portion of the business outside of the big cities, formed the essential part of the theater trust. Without them the organization of which Klaw & Erlanger, Charles Frohman and Nixon & Zimmerman were the head and tusks, is lifeless—at least as far as controlling the theatrical situation is concerned.

This leaves greater choice to the theaters as to what attractions they want to have. The new association is based on the "Open Door" policy, which does not bind the theaters to receive its plays from the trust exclusively. They have the privilege reserved to make contracts with any organization that can supply their needs.

**T**HE great event of the American stage is the rise of The New Theater Company, which has in the course of the few months of its existence demonstrated that higher art is not only indigenous to our stage but is demanded for it by a vast number of theater goers.

Its season in New York proved to be a source of enjoyment for a large class of cultured people—rich and poor. The engagement of two weeks in Chicago revealed play perfection that astonished even the most reticent critics.

So influential was the work of the institution that a cosmopolitan consciousness has developed for drama masterpieces—particularly masterpieces of the present—and conservatives were forced to admit that there are actors in our theaters of rarest genius and talent.

One of the most serious plays in the repertory of the company is "Strife."

**"S**TRIFE," played by The New Theater Company, is a remarkable labor play. It is based on the struggle of labor and capital and the tenseness of the struggle has never been visualized so colorfully as it is in this work of John Galsworthy.

As dramatized in "Strife," the divergent interests in industrial progress clash and crash. Strong, iron wills come into collision, and in the stress and strain that follow human life is crushed and institutions tumble.

The awesome reverberations of the conflict in the story thrill and enrage the audience, throw it into ominous meditation.

One of the characters in the play is a labor leader. Half-crazed by the needs of life, he demands greater returns for his work. The president of the mills, from whom the demand is made, constrained by financial economy to steel-keen sharpness, conserves the mill profits with logical severity.

The clash arising when the two strong minds collide leaves both leaders prostrate, with a new president and a new labor organizer at the head of each side, and the death of the laborer's wife staring them both in the face.

Galsworthy suggests arbitration as a palliative for the social obsession—industrial strife—but the preventive measures he leaves to the people to find. His mission is to bring to the attention of the partially conscious the human import of the strife that ruins industry and rends social life.

**T**HE Orchestra hall audience—when Raymond Duncan's production of the "Elektra" was viewed—was divided into three classes. They were Greeks, scholars and curious spectators—but the greatest of these were vegetarians. Little Menalkas Duncan sat in a box swinging his plump little arms over the railing. He was unmindful of the "barbarians" with stiff bosomed shirts around him and listless of the bemantled and betuniced revival on the stage before him. He exclaimed, "That lady there" as plainly as his father beseeched the audience for a helping hand for his self-inflicted mission—a modern child in spite of his ancient garb and his uncovered feet. As a revival of a classic, Duncan's production of the Sophocles tragedy was great art. But as a step of the "Renaissance" which the draped scholar-actor aspires to initiate, was an advance, it must be feared that will not take him far. In its onward march, civilization may be accelerated or retarded. But it cannot be stopped or disintegrated for the re-introduction of ancient life. Old nations have fallen for new nations to rise, and new nations never were submerged in the revival of the old peoples—even in a premise the Duncan idea is absurd.

Hence the exotic interest concentrated around his work. The play must remain archaeological and its reproduction merely a scholarly feat.

**T**HERE is quaint cynicism in the farce, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" But the author hurls his bitter jest at society good naturedly. It is this way. Some good people discover one day that they are not legally married to their life partners, because a provision in the marriage code was overlooked. Taking advantage of this technicality, nearly everybody in the good community separates himself from his helpmate.

The men desert the women and the women leave the men—all for "decency" sake, of course.

Living apart, the good people suffer the inconveniences and tortures of the lonely life. They reunite in the end—after the author has had a good laugh up his sleeve—not as a matter of form but because each finds keen need for the other.

The play is rather clever, while the theme is worked out with much humor.



"Treating Her Coldly."



Why is it some men will gladly pay ten dollars to witness an exhibition of brute strength, but—

#### WORDS OF HOPE

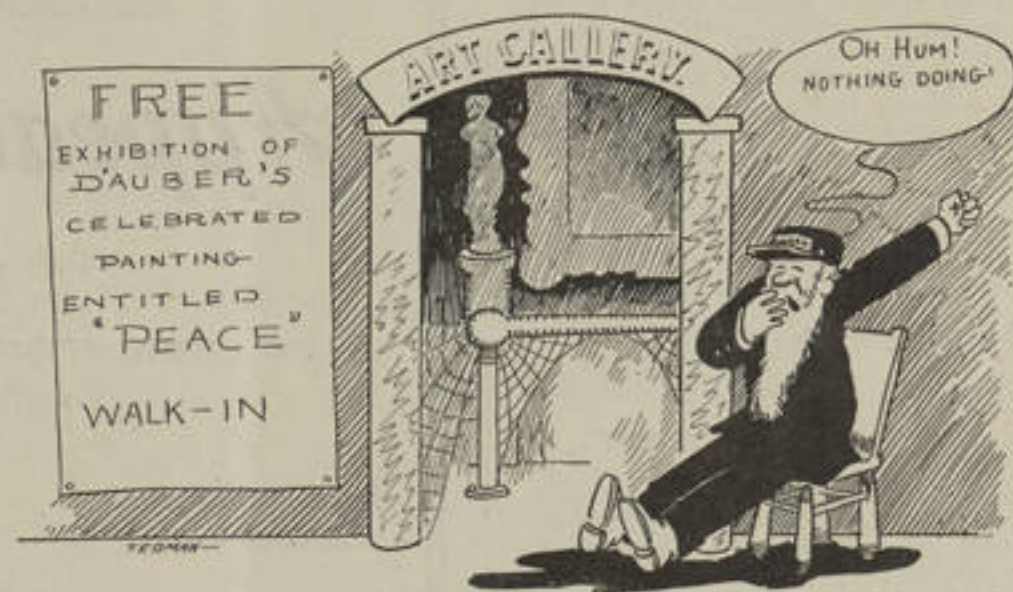
WELL, well. Hope is three months old today. Most cheerful sort of little fellow, too, despite this awful summer weather, which is supposed to be so hard on youngsters. Many of our kind friends have been worried, somewhat over our ability to stand the hot muggy weather, which works hardship even on our older brother and sister papers, but here we are on our third month as spry and chipper as we were in May. We've already been cutting some teeth in the way of circulation, and at the present rate of growth looks like we will be able to help Comrade Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia clean house this fall. Guess it needs it pretty bad. Those Capitalist folks have mussed everything up so that it's going to take a lot of hope and enthusiasm to get things in this country in proper shape again.

During our short stay on earth, like most youngsters, we have secured a lot of friends and admirers, some of whom seem quite pleased with our good looks, while others look forward to our future strength. Here's what they all say:

The morning's mail has just brought me the copy of your magazine. It is full of Hope in capital letters and of inspiration in capital cartoons. Accept my hearty congratulations. You have made a fine beginning and I earnestly hope that the comrades will rally to your support in countless numbers and that the Hope you have inspired may quicken the march of the revolution and hasten the day of emancipation. Yours for Hope and victory,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

I have just finished reading the June number of Hope and I must say that I am quite impressed with the paper which you have been able to



Wouldn't look at an exhibition of "Peace," even if they could see it for nothing.

get out. I think you are to be heartily congratulated. I believe a paper of the character of HOPE has a great future and if I can be of any assistance in pushing the thing along I hope you will count on me. With every good wish.

ROBERT HUNTER.

#### A GOOD IDEA.

Dear Hope: You have conceived an idea which I have long entertained—it is sure to win. I shall do all I can to help you—knowing that in so doing I shall assist in upbuilding the cause which is dear to me. I agree in your statement that 80 per cent of the wage workers are favorable to the principles of Socialism if we can by any means get them to read our literature. The humorous and illustrated magazine will catch thousands where other forms would fail.

D. L. HOFFMAN,  
Muskogee, Okla.

#### NEEDS HOPE ON THE FARM.

Dear Hope: I am one of those "Gee Haws," which the Socialist party members wonder and argue what is best to do with. Send me some hope.

M. HAMILTON,  
Sunny Home, Cumberland, O.

#### THESE "FOOL MORTALS" ARE GETTING WISE.

Dear Hope: Your magazine is what I have been looking for, that is a publication that stands for Socialism, in the way that Puck or Judge stands for the Capitalist parties.

L. FRANKENBERG,  
Cibola, Ariz.

#### THE CARTOON AS A STEPPING STONE.

I am a believer in cartoons. I was led out of the ruts of superstition by and through the cartoons of Watson Heston. GEORGE W. HALL,  
Laurel, Iowa.

#### IT'S A GOOD EYE-OPENER.

Please send me the new cartoon magazine, Hope. I am anxious to use it in my propaganda work here.

R. H. HARE,  
Kannapolis, N. C.

#### THERE'S NOTHING "HALF BAKED" ABOUT US.

A thoroughly radical and well executed cartoon publication if properly put before the public will be a great success for Socialism as many people who will not read will be taught by pictures. Wish you great success.

JOHN HEISSENBERGER,  
New York City.

Dear Hope: Allow me to congratulate you. I am sure you are filling a long felt want. We need fun in the movement. Here's one metal disk for a bundle of the June number. I will come again.

CHARLES ARBOGAST,  
Elkhart, Ind.

**FROM A FELLOW "INK-SLINGER."**

Please send me Hope for one year. I am a machinery cartoonist; in other words, mechanical draftsman. I love cartoons but Socialist cartoons best of all.

GRULEY BAKER,  
Pocatello, Idaho.

**LET US HOPE SO.**

Please send me Hope. I trust it will have the same influence upon its readers towards Freedom, that the comic capitalist magazines have upon their readers towards slavery.

W. H. CLIFFORD,  
Phoenix, Ariz.

**WE WON'T BUDGE, ALDRICH.**

Enclosed find ten cents for a copy of Hope. I don't want to miss a single number. The next time I'll hit you with a dollar.

ALDRICH EILERS,  
Mokelumme Hill, Cal.

**WE'LL JOG 'EM ALONG.**

Dear Hope: Picture things to the American "working mule" in such a manner that he may become disgusted with conditions and learn to vote for his own interest and for his children's interest instead of voting them into jails, penitentiaries or worse.

M. M. WADE,  
Trinidad, Colo.

**HOPE IS A CURIOSITY.**

Hope is the best thing that ever happened. I leave it on my show case and everybody studies it.

R. J. WARN,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**CARTOONS FOR BLAST.**

In blasting the capitalistic rock of ages, I find cartoons have their place and a voter, who will not read on account of prejudice, can often be induced to look at pictures and once vaccinated, uses his thought works and becomes a chronic "undesirable citizen."

E. BENTHALL,  
Royal, Iowa.

**CAN'T GET ENOUGH.**

Editor, Hope: I am enclosing one buck for which send me your villainous publication for one said year. I have been reading your pictures in the Socialist press for a long time and I guess I can stand a little more.

H. A. BOYCE,  
Augusta, Okla.

**DON'T BE AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT.**

Am enclosing my subscription to Hope. The last number was simply fine.

DAN K. KISER,  
Pittsfield, Ill.

**POETS NEED IT.**

I hope to see Hope, the number for June, coming to me through the post-office soon. If it proves as good as I think it will be, I'll take it a year or perhaps two or three.

J. W. NEFF, Ottawa, Kas.



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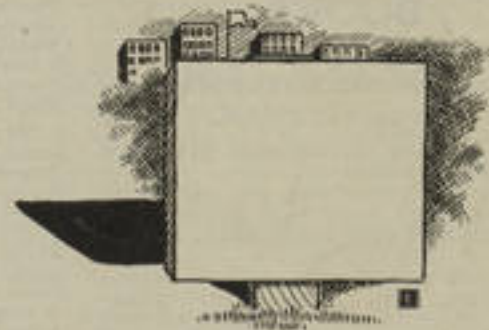
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