

• BARBER SHOP NUMBER.



# HOPE

VOL. 1. No. 5

SEPTEMBER, 1910

PRICE TEN CENTS



*Miss Trusty Tootles, of the Gay Life Burlesquers, who never lets a Good Thing get away*



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

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

WARD SAVAGE  
Editor & Publisher

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 5110 WEST MADISON ST., CHICAGO  
Subscription Rate: \$1.00 per year; six months 50 cents; three months 25 cents

VOL. I. NO. 5.

### THE SPORTING AGE.

IT is rather hard to determine just exactly at what period of life human beings are the most sporty. Some persons are full of the gay life when in their teens, but after a few years, settle down to quiet repose and mollicoddism. Others lead quiet and urbane lives up to the age of sixty or sixty-five and suddenly kick over the traces and blossom forth in a way that makes the fast young man of the village look like a wall flower. The Americans are a sporty race as a whole. The inborn excitement of chance coming down from our ancestors, who devoted most of their time doing marathons with the festive redskin scalp hunter and the later struggle for existence, have sharpened our tastes for anything that relieves the humdrum of monotony. The American citizen, confined to narrow walls and cramped places, longs for the ozone and breadth of space necessary to sport. Hence the base-ball game has become the main object of interest in the United States to the sad neglect of other things that would affect a cure from the evils that now exist. If the American

people would only display the enthusiasm in the promotion of their own welfare, that they display in watching the sport of others, what a goose-egg would result for the whole aggregation of Capitalist prairie leaguers.

While the working man is a sport, giving up cheerfully his product to the Capitalist, the Capitalist isn't one. He is a piker. He never plays the game unless he has a lead pipe cinch for Profits. He is always ready and anxious to

play foul and recognizes no rules, except the rule of grab. Let's throw him out of the game.

### WHAT HE HEARS.



News Item—"Mr. Roosevelt has his ear to the ground these days."

### ON MORALITY.

IT'S peculiar what effect profit has on morals. Take the Johnson-Jeffries fight for instance. Before this encounter great preparations were made to make it live in history. All of the leading, safe, sane and conservative newspapers devoted page after page to every phase and detail of the fight. The moving picture privilege cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. The tobacco trust paid or is said to have paid fifty thousand dollars for the permission to have their sign at the ringside, included in the moving pictures of the fight. The moving picture concern behind the enterprise expected to make several millions of dollars from the pictures—if Jeffries won. Pastors even preached sermons on the manly art of self defense anent the great ring-side encounter BEFORE. It was even openly alleged by some that the fight was merely to be posed for the moving picture outfit. All of this didn't strike the press as immoral. But when the tables turned and the black man defeated the white man—a veritable bedlam broke loose. The people who had been endorsing the prize fight denounced it bitterly as immoral

degrading and degenerate. The moving pictures were "spoiled." Thousands of dollars of coveted profits were lost because the American public, educated to race hatred, would not pay to see the pictures of a black man beating a white man. As far as civilization is concerned it would have been just as well if the fight had never occurred, but it at least has shown one thing and that is that "morality" follows the coin.



### A BARBER-SHOP CHORD.

THE Chicago Tribune rejoices over its statement that only 100 members of the Painters' Union, which has a membership of 2,000 in Chicago, attended the meeting when the proposed endorsement of the Socialist Party was to be voted upon. "The rest were at the ball game," gleefully asserts the Tribune. It is highly possible that a great many were out trying to chase down the uncertain employment afforded by the system which the Tribune aids to perpetuate.



KID CANNON, A VETERAN OF THE (HIGH TARIFF) RING, WHO COULDN'T "COME BACK."

#### BUSINESS VS. LITERATURE.

CHICAGO is a business city. It has a business school board, which is headed by an officer of the beef trust, also a "business" institution. Everybody in Chicago talks business, thinks business, worships business. Nearly all the saloons advertise business lunch, and Chicago has a "business" city administration. That is, her administration makes it a business to buy coal for instance, at a very low cost and sell it to the city of Chicago for three times the market price. The head of Chicago's business administration is a man whose name sounds a little like business itself. The gentleman is Mr. Busse. Mr. Busse-ness loves graft but hates literature—especially Socialist literature. Mr. Busse-ness has the control of Chicago's thoroughfares and sidewalks. Now anyone who has ever been in Chicago knows that every available spot in Chicago, especially in the loop district, is occupied by some sort of a curb stone "grafter," who pays tribute to the Busse-ness administration for using the public thoroughfare to exploit the public. There are bootblack stands, slot-machines, shoe string peddlers, dark-skinned gentlemen who tell fortunes, ladies who read palms and do other things, fair-haired sons of Italy who sell bananas, extend their wares comfortably across the sidewalks. At every corner is a news-stand, operated by the newspaper trust of Chicago to the exclusion of all other papers not in the trust. In fact Chicago's streets present an appearance at all times like the bargain department of a ten-cent store—all paying a tribute to big Busse-ness. As we remarked before, Mr. Busse-ness doesn't like literature. He loves the Tribune, it is true, but that isn't really literature—anyhow the Tribune is so much bigger than Mr. Busse-ness himself that he has to love it, like the small boy loves his papa, when the latter commands him to do something and backs up his commands with a bed-slat.

HOPE



"A BASE HIT."

#### WANTED ADS.

Several nice old gentlemen present us financially but do but utter wise words and give us large dividend checks. Fifty to one hundred dollars a year.

Financier who will supply us with half-libraries while

Palm Beach in winter. Adirondack in summer.

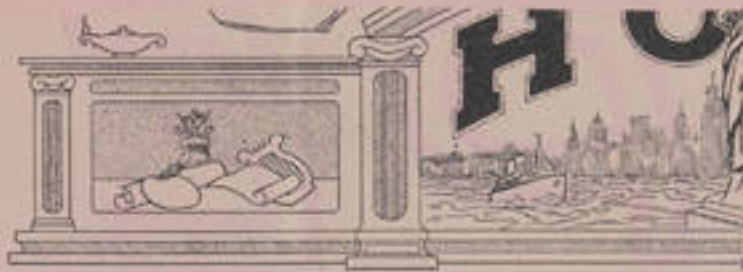
WANTED—A few select persons to represent us socially and do the things we haven't time for. No brains needed. All expenses paid. No worry.—ELLIS O. JONES, Successor.

MEDICAL Student—"What did

But Mr. Busse-ness doesn't like Socialist literature. If he had his way he would pack up Chicago tomorrow and move away and leave all the Socialist papers right here on a desert spot all alone. That's the way he feels about it. So naturally when Mr. Henry E. Allen, who had been to a lot of trouble and expense assembling extracts from 150 leading Socialist authors' works into a ten-cent booklet, and sought a permit from Mr. Busse-ness to operate some news-stands to place this booklet and Hope on sale, Mr. Busse-ness wouldn't permit it. No siree! It's all right to sell racing forms and make hand books in Chicago. But Socialist books—never. But just wait, Mr. Busse-ness, we have the pa-pairs, and will dispose of them to the gulled working class in spite of you.

HONESTLY, it pains us to write so much about Teddy Roosevelt, as nearly all of our readers are "next" to him anyway. A good many people, some of whom may see this magazine, still suffer badly from Teddy-ritis. Teddy-ritis is a delusion that the wheels of industry would stop, and the march of progress would cease if it wasn't for Teddy. These sufferers need the treatment, and we ask our regular readers to pardon us, if the cure at any time proves tiresome or nauseating.

A DISAPPOINTED, "dimmicratic" office-holder shot Mayor Gaynor of New York, in the neck, last month and now Gaynor's friends are booming Gaynor for president. Circumstances alter cases. Some politicians instead of running for president because they "got it in the neck," most generally "get it in the neck" because they run for president. Ask Bryan.



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNA

Entered as second-class matter June 18, 1910, at the

WARD SAVAGE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 51  
Editor & Publisher Subscription Rate: \$1.00 per year;

### THE SPORTING AGE.

IT is rather hard to determine just exactly at what period of life human beings are the most sporty. Some persons are full of the gay life when in their teens, but after a few years, settle down to quiet repose and mollycoddliness. Others lead quiet and urbane lives up to the age of sixty or sixty-five and suddenly kick over the traces and blossom forth in a way that makes the fast young man of the village look like a wall flower. The Americans are a sporty race as a whole. The inborn excitement of chance coming down from our ancestors, who devoted most of their time doing marathons with the festive redskin scalp hunter and the later struggle for existence, have sharpened our tastes for anything that relieves the humdrum or monotony. The American citizen, confined to narrow walls and cramped places, longs for the ozone and breadth of space necessary to sport. Hence the base-ball game has become the main object of interest in the United States to the sad neglect of other things that would afford a cure from the evils that now exist. If the American

### WHAT HE HEARS.

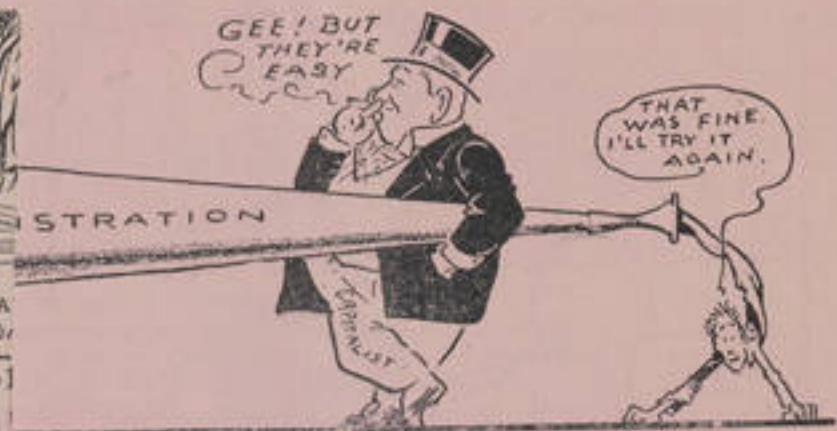


### LUNCH FOR TWO

YES, the one of them's rich, and he's pussy and fat,  
And his pockets are lined with the pelf  
That he's reaped from the work of the other poor dub,  
Though he's not earned a penny himself;  
He claims he's the brains of the whole bloomin' works,  
Without him the business would fail,  
He eats but choice viands, roast turkey and such—  
And the other eats out of a pail.

If the other would only rise up in his might,  
He could throw off the yoke in a trice,  
But as long as he wants to be skinned in this way,  
It's a cinch that he don't cut much ice;  
We have given him the tip what to do with his vote,  
So that far better times would prevail;  
He must like to be ridden for surely it seems  
That he likes to eat out of the pail

N. L. C.



### the Little End of the Horn

#### OPPORTUNITY AND PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE was walking along the road one day when she saw a piece of pure gold glittering in the gutter. Prejudice immediately closed her eyes.

"Why don't you pick it up?" asked Opportunity, who also was passing by.

"I don't see anything," replied Prejudice, squinting her eyes.

"You don't?"

"Not a thing."

"Oh! very well, then you won't mind it if I take the treasure that might have been yours."

And Opportunity got the gold.—CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

WHEN you see a man who is "agin" everything, a ranting gloom disseminator, blood-thirsty, anarchistic apostle of egotism and individualism, who declares he is a Socialist, ask him to tell you what Socialism stands for; ask him to show you his paid up card in a Socialist local; ask him what the word "comrade" means to him. Ten to one he is not a party member; hasn't any primary knowledge of what Socialism really stands for and hasn't a drop of the red blood of comradeship, or feeling for his fellow man in his veins. Show up these alleged comrades, who are "agin" everything.

It's a far cry from "grouch" to "Socialism."

UP to the hour of going to press, we have received no reports from the Copenhagen Congress excepting those which have appeared in the capitalist press dispatches. Not having time to sift the tiny grain of truth from this bunch of chaff, we will have to defer comment until next month.



"DRAWING ON THE BANK."

*The Working Class interests are usually "left at the post" when the Capitalist Politician is riding.*

**THE SONG OF THE BANKER.**

**B**ARBER, barber, shave a note,  
That's the way we get their goat.  
Six to twenty, that's enough.  
Take the interest—give 'em guff.

**P**LAY BALLot, Mr. Working Man.  
Don't let that Capitalist twirler  
put it over your Home Plate.

**S**OMEWHERE the band is playing,  
Somewhere the children shout.  
Oh there is joy in Capitalist-ville,  
Mighty Labor is locked out.

**A** GOOD example of real slavery is manifested in the big baseball leagues. The "heroes of the diamond" are practically owned, body and soul, by the big business interests who own the ball games, as well as everything else. A baseball player has about as much liberty as a trained monkey. He is bound out to make profits for the ball magnates and subject to heavy fines and oblivion for all offenses. Viewed from behind the box office of the national game, this great pastime is about as much of a real sport as the white slave traffic.

**R**AW! Raw! Hist! Hist! Hist!  
We're going to soak the capitalist.  
We'll soak him left, and soak him right.  
When the workers of the world unite!

**T**WO prisoners in the county jail at Atlanta, Ga., tried to commit suicide because they couldn't learn the election returns. What a great upheaval there would be in this country if the average workingman took as much interest in politics.



"A BASE HIT."

**PUBLIC WANT ADS.**

**W**ANTED—Several nice old gentlemen to represent us financially. Nothing to do but utter wise remarks and endorse dividend checks. Good wages, from fifty to one hundred millions a year.

**W**ANTED—A financier who will guarantee to keep us supplied with half-colleges and half-libraries while we supply the other halves. No experience required. Good rake-off.

**W**ANTED—At once. A large number of stockholders to take charge of our food supply and keep us from eating too much. No regular hours.

Palm Beach in winter. Adirondacks in summer.

**W**ANTED—A few select persons to represent us socially and do the things we haven't time for. No brains needed. All expenses paid. No worry.—**ELLIS O. JONES, Success.**

**M**EDICAL Student—"What did you operate on this man for?"  
Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."  
Medical Student—"I mean what did he have?"  
Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."—**The Christian Register.**



"Believe me, kid, I won't get tied up until I've got an income of \$10,000 per. a swell home of my own on the boulevard and a buzz-wagon to scoot around in."



**A FEW YEARS LATER:** "I'm glad I haven't got all kinds of coin to bother me; I'm pretty well satisfied with my \$10 per week and there's less housework for wifey to do."

**THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY.**

## BY PROXY



THE octopus sits on his soft leather throne  
 With dollar cigars in his vest;  
 He pushes a button and makes his wants known  
 And then he leans back for a rest.  
 He looks at the ticker to see who is bled  
 And who has lost out in the race,  
 And thus he waits patiently earning his bread  
 In the sweat of another man's face.

His hours are exacting from 10 until 2;  
 Of course if he doesn't come down,  
 His business goes on for his clerks see it through  
 The same as though he were in town.

He goes to the races, the play, or to bed;  
 To Europe or any old place,  
 But still he keeps patiently earning his bread  
 In the sweat of another man's face.

Ten thousand strong workers contribute their mite  
 To make him good natured and fat;  
 To keep the works going some labor all night  
 And live in a 2 by 4 flat.  
 By brains and sheer merit his nibs gets ahead  
 And coppers serenely the ace;  
 And thus he keeps cheerfully earning his bread  
 In the sweat of another man's face.

—Duncan M. Smith.



## HOW TO MIX DRINKS.

MANY persons who tend bar, particularly on the side of the bar where the brass footrail is to be found, have written us for expert advice on how to mix drinks. Here is our dope:

Never mix beer with whiskey. The Standard Oil, which composes ninety percent of the latter, is sure to come to the top.

Workingmen should never drink champagne from a dinner pail. It

shows low breeding and lack of refinement.

A good way to mix drinks is to take a half dozen high-balls, six gin fizzes and three fingers of 1776 apple brandy, then stand in front of an automobuzz-wagon. This is a sure way to mix 'em.

## HOW TO MAKE A SNAPPY DRINK.

Take a handful of brass-headed tacks; toss these into a cast-iron dipper, which has been cooled to a temperature of 32 degrees. Add a dash of nitric acid and a pinch of nux vomica and serve. (Also call the ambulance.)

## HOW TO MAKE A BULL-DOG.

Here is a concoction that will make a jack rabbit spit in a bull-dog's face. It is very popular among the capitalists, who after taking a drink, imagine the world belongs to them, and the big working boobs fall for the bluff.

Take a jigger of gasoline, stir well with a red-hot poker; drink while foaming. An asbestos auto coat and goggles should be worn while serving.

## CAPITALISM AS SHE IS.

By Monosabio.

Workers, it is no longer what the Constitution says you may do; it is what the courts will graciously permit.

Ho, Mr. Plutocrat: Legally you do not owe this poor man a cent—but morally? Just kneel down in your soft-cushioned pew and think it over.

Dear mother at the wash-tub, with the little ones around crying for the attentions which you cannot give them. Do you love Capitalism?

The old order can only be saved by curbing the trusts; the trusts cannot be curbed, and there you are. Could Socialism want a better opportunity?

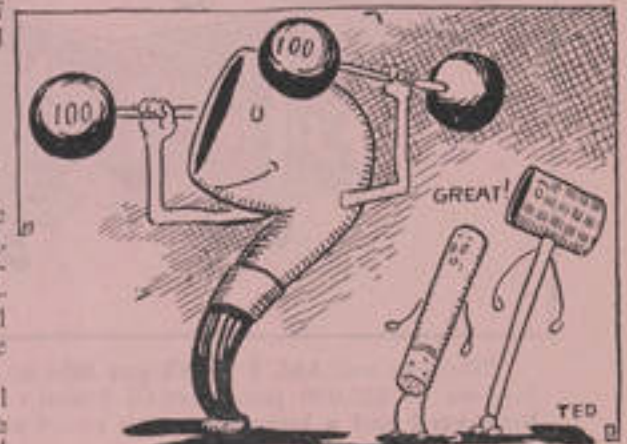
The breeding of police dogs is now a regular industry in Germany. If Socialism does not come soon, police tigers and elephants will be necessary for the man-hunt.

Always bragging about your beauty, and wealth and health, eh, hoary and decrepid old hag called Capitalism? No use knocking wood—your time is coming and it will not be a good time for you, either.

Arrests for short-weight and adulteration will soon be regarded as part of legitimate business, under the pure food laws, and each firm will have a go-to-jail member, whose duty it will be to pay fines and serve out sentences.

I imagine I hear the American workman say: "I may not be much on economic determinism, or other scientific terms, but it is beginning to dawn upon me that I am being robbed by Capitalism and that I have it in my power to stop it."

And there is religious Capitalism, too. It is at the bottom of the crisis in Spain, where the Holy Fathers exploit their monks and nuns and compete with free labor. The religious orders have invaded trade, is the cry of those who must live.



"A STRONG PIPE."



**THE WRECK OF CAPITALISM — By Nathan L. Collier**

With Apologies to the "Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow.

**I**T WAS the schooner Capitalism  
That sailed the troubled sea,  
And the skipper took his fair-haired son  
To bear him company.

Blue were his eyes as the fairy flax,  
His cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And his hands as white as the hawthorne buds  
That ope in the month of May.

Then up and spake "Big Business":  
Had sailed the Spanish main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane."

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed  
Then leaped her cables length.

"Come hither! Come hither! my own little son,  
And do not tremble so,  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

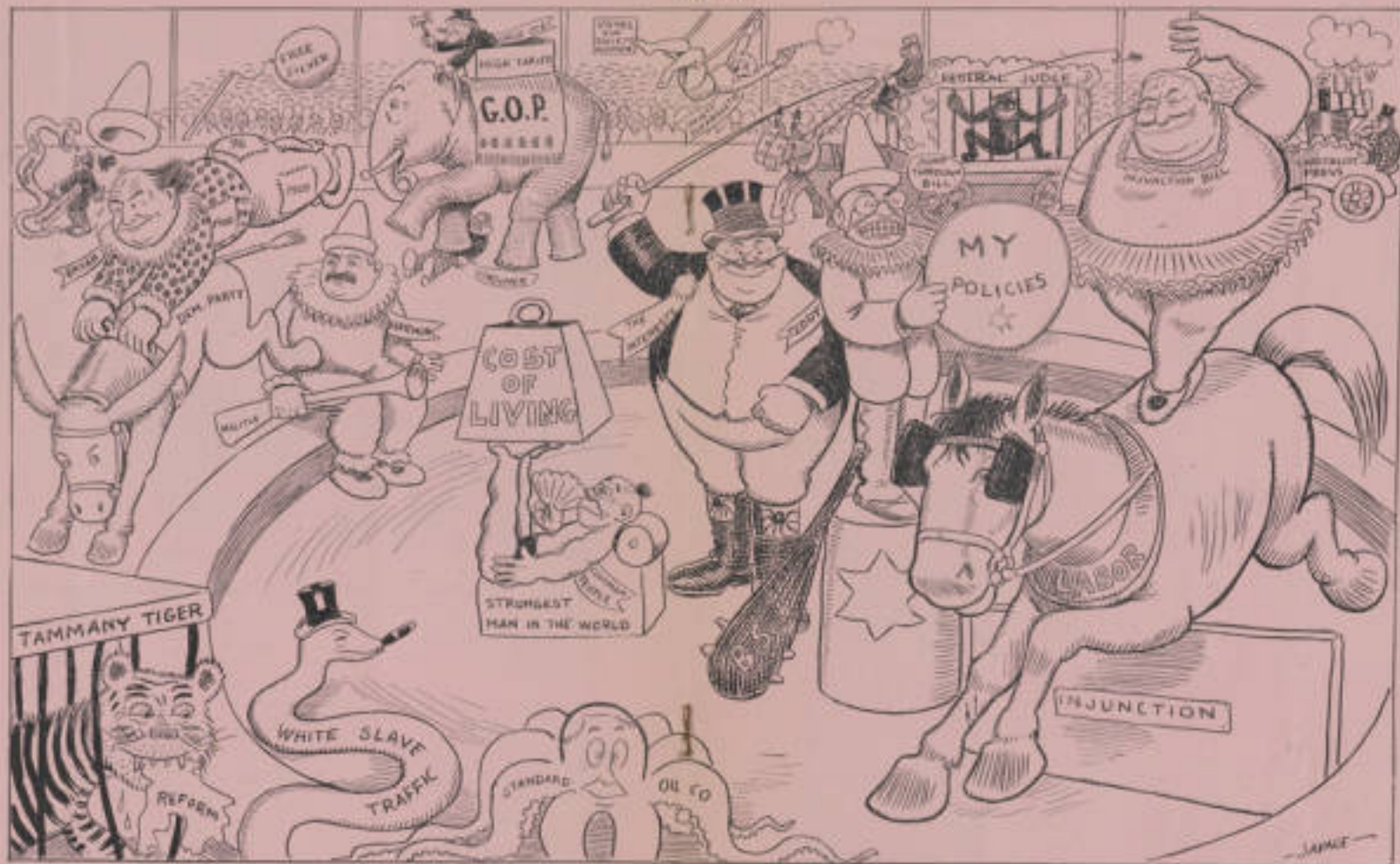
"Oh father, I hear an awful sound,  
Oh say what may it be?"  
"The working man's wild wail of distress,  
I fear they are onto me."

"Oh father, I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
For frightened bad was he.

And this is the wreck of Capitalism,  
Lost! Lost! on a wind-swept shore,  
Where giant boulders line the coast  
And white-capped breakers roar.

*The world has a few who are cunning, and a multitude who are fools.  
The fools do all the work and the cunning work the fools.—John A. Becker.*

H O P E



**THE GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS**

The Most Stupendous, Colossal Array of Aerial and Equestrian Feats Ever Assembled Under Canvas



## THE MODERN DICTIONARY—By J. H. Seymour

**AGNOSTIC**—A mean, contemptible creature who refuses to pray for the destitute, adopting instead the ridiculous expedient of buying them groceries.

**ALIENIST**—An accessory after the fact.

**AMERICAN**—A wonderful and awe-inspiring creature whose eyes are formed like magnifying lenses, which peculiarity enables him to see his native land as "the greatest country in the world."

**ANARCHIST**—Any man who refuses to believe what he is told.

**ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE**—A slap on the wrist of effect.



**ART**—1. The work of the artist who paints or draws pictures of the best seller. 2. Indecency in the homes and haunts of the rich.

**ATHEIST**—One so devoid of self-respect as to corner us every darned time we try to argue with him.

**ATTORNEY**—One who, if paid for his trouble, can prove that six and four make twelve. See **Knights of the Double Cross**.

**BANKER**—He who spends the money after the cashier goes south.

**BIBLE**—That by which we prove or disprove anything and everything as the occasion demands.

**BLUSTER**—A political asset.  
"I'll be the Great and only Buster,  
And win them by excessive bluster."  
—Teddy Ruse-whelp.

see **rag-chewing, hot air, strenuousness, etc.**

**BREAD**—That which will be the staff of life for the worker until the discovery of something cheaper.

**BUSINESS**—Business.

**CARTOONIST**—One who keeps us guessing whether he really means it that way or whether he tried to do better and couldn't.

**CHRISTMAS**—A day on which we honor the memory of a tender-hearted man by murdering even more animals than usual.

**CIGAR BAND**—The distinguishing mark of the fourfusher.

**COLLEGE BOY**—

(American) An ill-bred bundle of insufferable conceit and pitiable ignorance covered by ridiculous clothing. (Other countries.) A student.

**COMPANY**—A n alias.

**CONGRESSMAN**—A

victim of injustice; one who is compelled to pay ten cents per mile for transportation and to carry a pass as well.

**CONSTITUENCY**—That which pays the freight. See **suckers**.

**COURT**—That which restores the sight of the blind goddess.

**CRIMINAL**—One who cannot engage an influential attorney for his defense.

**CUSTOM**—That which teaches us that "it always was this way and it always will be."

**PLURAL**—That which protects us by raising the prices of our grub.

**DAGO**—An ignorant foreigner who manages to get into business while we continue to work.

**DETECTIVE**—One who can see thru a dollar note, but not thru a ten-spot. See **skunk**.

**DIVINE RIGHT**—A license to cheat,

rob and murder.

**DOCTOR**—A healer (not healer) who answers a call in excessive haste lest his patient be well ere he arrives.

**DOLLAR**—1. The halo above the cross.

2. A fair exchange for love, honor, virtue and all that is good.

3. A salve used for healing the wounded hearts of those who lament the death of a rich uncle.

**EXCLUSIVE**—Pertaining to our set. See **snobbish**.

**FAITH**—That which causes us to sell our earthly happiness on a promissory note payable in Oblivion.

**FAME**—The reward of one who uses other people's money in the construction of libraries in which the other people may learn how not to get back at him.

**FOOL**—One who talks about things we don't understand.

**GENTLEMAN**—A masculine person possessing money.

**GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT**—A concealed weapon.

**GOSPEL**—Our own particular brand of hot air.

**GRAFT**—Money made by the other fellow.



**HELL**—That which is calculated to stimulate the imagination to such an extraordinary degree as to permit one to view a somewhere worse than here.

**HERO**—One who shoots a man in the back and brags about it.  
(Must not be confounded with **assassin**; i. e., one who uses a knife and says nothing.)

**HEREDITY**—The strength of the Democratic and Republican parties.

**HOBO**—A man whose numbers increase daily because he is unfit to survive.

**HOG**—An animal whose intellect, appetite and physical proportions render it eligible to the position of president.

**HONESTY**—That which, if we find it says, we use and then brag about it.

**HONOR**—The principal commodity of the auction house.

**HOPE**—That which keeps us chasing after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

**INJUNCTION**—A sword which injures the union man because he does not possess a shield bearing the mystic symbol \$, against which the injunction is powerless.

"To wake the **injunction** his powers were lent,

And Labor in gratitude rose,  
And in his delight on to Washington sent

The man who admits that God knows."  
—Charlie, Lord Batkrekke.

**INSURANCE**—A preventive for the unwelcome extravagance of wash-women.

**INSURGENT**—(Colloquial) One who wants a tyrant downed so he can sneak into the tyrant's place.

**INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE**—(Improper noun). The culmination of financial negotiations in which a worthless title and the body of an equally worthless woman are the prime considerations.

**JOURNALIST**—A rummy who hypnotizes himself into the belief that he is a newspaper man.

**JUSTICE**—(Obsolete) Real meaning unknown or conjectural. Supposed to have existed on the planet Uranus in the year 41144 B. G.

**JUSTICE OF THE PEACE**—A discerning gentleman who knows whence come the costs.

**KING**—A ruler whom we refuse to tolerate because he is nearly as expensive as a captain of industry.

**KLEPTOMANIAC**—A judge-owning thief.

**LABORER**—A necessary disgrace; a coarse, vulgar person.

**LATIN**—That which multiplies the value of river water used in prescriptions.

**LEADER OF SOCIETY**—An exceptionally offensive odor in the stinkpot of caste; a high muck-a-muck or head of Swelledem. Hence, **swell-head**.

**LIAR**—One who tells what we wish to keep hidden. (A short and ugly word.)

"A **liar** he who says I steal  
And profit by the Alton deal."  
—T. R.

**LIBERTY**—An intangible, invisible something which, tho always with us, never let's its presence be felt.

**LIGHT**—That which occasionally appears in the tenement district and raises the rent of the particular pigeon-hole it happens to enter.

**LOVE**—That which sometimes figures in marriage after the disposal of monetary considerations.

**LUNATIC**—One who votes for that which he does not want in order not to lose his vote.

**MODEL EMPLOYEE**—One who works himself to death in order to live.

**MEDICINE**—That which sometimes allows you to get well in spite of it.

**MEXICO**—A republic!!! See also **Russia** and **Pennsylvania**.

**MILITARISM**—The Armour process applied to the higher forms of life.

**MILWAUKEE**—A seething bed of anarchy; a city without homes.

**MOLLYCODDLE**—One who does not enjoy the suffering of others.

**MORALITY**—A matter of geography.

**MORGANATIC**—Of or pertaining to harlotry that is not harlotry.

**MURDER**—The taking of human life by one not a regularly appointed officer of the state.

**NIGGARD**—One who is all right in his place; one whom we love, suh, so long as we can keep ouah heel in his neck.

**OPTIMIST**—1. One who has plenty of this world's goods and no reason to kick. 2. One who is too ignorant to kick.

**ORGANIZED CHARITY**—A contract for the distribution of money and supplies to the needy on a commission of 55 per cent.

**PATRIOT**—One of the faithful; a supporter of the national conceit. See **boy scout**.

**PHILANTHROPIST**—A hold-up man who gives you back a nickel for car fare.

**POETRY**—That which furnishes to the manufacturer thereof a plausible excuse for not doing something useful.



**POLICEMAN**—A public employe who earns his salary by rapping his employer over the head during the strike.

**PREACHER**—A soldier who aims and fires at the minds instead of at the bodies of the enemy. See **woolputter**.

**PRESS AGENT**—One who can make a great man of the biggest braggart and numbskull that ever shot a Spaniard in the back.

**RED CROSS**—That which shows its great love for humanity by advocating bloodshed and furnishing the bandages.

**SABBATH**—A day on which we seek forgiveness of God for all sins committed during the six days preceding.

**SALVATION ARMY**—An organization which assists the needy by the laudable and Christian method of selling them cast-off garments which otherwise they would receive gratis.

**SAVAGE**—One who cannot be induced to purchase shoes from us.

**SEX**—That which helps to determine the rights of a human being.

**SOCIALIST**—(Definition unmailable and therefore omitted.)

**SOCIETY**—Us; the four hundred; those of our set.



"Smiling Bill" Taft.



WILLIAM Howard Taft is president of the largest industrial corporation in the world. The shares of this corporation are divided among the entire population of the United States. These shares consist of preferred and common stock. There are about ten shares of the preferred to each ninety of the common. The preferred stockholders are confined strictly to share in the assets of the corporation, while the holders of the common are restricted to the liabilities. The preferred select the officers of the concern and the common elect them. This prevents the assets from getting mixed with the

liabilities. A few achieve preferred stock, but the large majority of the lucky ten are born to it. Taft belongs to the latter. Upon leaving Yale, an institution devoted mainly to training the sons of the preferred, he was apprenticed to the legal department of the business. At quite an early age he was advanced to the judicial division of that department. He attracted a great deal of favorable attention from his superiors by taking an old piece of judicial machinery called an "Injunction," and remodeling it so efficiently that it performed work never dreamed of by the original inventor. When the United States opened a branch establishment in the Philippines Taft was sent out as general superintendent. So successful was he in increasing the assets of the preferred and the liabilities of the common stockholders in this new enterprise that when a vacancy occurred on the staff of the President at the home office, Taft was appointed to it. When the time approached for the election of a new president Taft was selected to be elected. A recent quarrel over the division of the assets has disturbed somewhat the usual placidity of "Smiling Bill." A small group of the preferred has "absorbed" an undue share of the assets. At least the balance of the lucky ten so assert. True to his instincts Taft has championed the cause of the smaller group. The motto of the House of Taft is,

"Always faithful to the preferred," and its worthy son has been faithful to both its letter and spirit. He is the full-blown political flower of a Billiken civilization.

AS THE DOG RETURNETH, ETC.

CHICAGO papers, full of stories daily concerning the grafting of Democratic and Republican officials, "higher-up" and "lower-down," are a mere reflection of the continuous inroads now being made into the public resources by the minions of capitalism. The reports in their own press are enough to turn the stomach of a carion with the corruptness of it all. But the great American voting mule has a strong bread-basket and goes blinking along his regular ruts.

THE PLAINT OF THE SECOND-STORY MAN.

TEDDY'S in the Alton Steal  
Taft's in the "canal,"  
Sherman's in the Indian Deal  
That's going some, eh pal?  
All the fellers higher up  
Are getting theirs—but me,  
I'm only getting 20 years,  
I'm a common "burg" you see.



THE demure ladies of the W. C. T. U. and Anti-Cigarette League are shocked—not to say flabbergasted and clear tuckered out over the actions of "Princess Alice" Longworth (nee Roosevelt). Sh! Come closer! She smokes cigarettes. Ain't it awful? It's a wonder her papa—the strenuous one—hasn't taken her to task about this. For some people say that cigarettes dull the mind, break up the home, cause a lack of incentive, ruin the health and do a lot of other things that Teddy says Socialism might do if he would let it come.

But Teddy won't say anything. It's aristocratic to smoke cigarettes. All of the titled ladies across the pond do it. While the old women of the Anti-Cigarette League, who couldn't roll a "pill" if they had the makings, are fuming and revolting against our "Princess Alice," Princess Engalitcheff of Russia, comes to Alice's rescue. "Tell the public," she said to reporters in Chicago, "that it is all right. I smoke myself." It's all right, girls; smoke up!

**SOCIETY SUPFRAGIST**—A noble-minded lady who advocates women's rights for herself.  
**SOUL**—Something that is as nonexistent in corporations as in individuals.  
**T. R.**—An abbreviation, or elongation, of *tommyrot*.  
**TRINITY**—The union of the three disgraces: rent, interest and profit.  
**TRUST**—The abused and homeless orphan in the great tragedy, "The Busters," running 800 nights in the Congressional hippodrome.  
**UNITED STATES**—The greatest country in the world.  
Table showing greatness of the United States:  
Area (square miles).

U. S.: 2,958,236	Russia: 8,379,000
U. S.: 50,000,000	China: 424,428,200
U. S.: Abe Holzman	Italy: Verdi
U. S.: Gus Dirks	Belgium: Rubens
U. S.: Bertha M. Clay	France: Hugo
U. S.: Mrs. Eddy	England: Huxley
*Christian.	
U. S.: Lincoln Carter	England: Shakespeare
Representatives of people in Parliament.	
U. S.: 0,000,000	Finland: 81

WASHINGTON—A city periodically infested by the slothful servants of Mr. Peepull, a lax and unbusinesslike employer.

WEEKDAY—A day that is not Sunday; a day on which we need not avoid sin.



WHISKY—1. The cause of poverty.  
2. The indirect support of the W. C. T. U.

WOODSAW — An instrument of torture; a relic of the Inquisition.



**THEODORE, OUR THEODORE.**

Who starts the wars and ends them,  
 Who tells the kings what they're to do?  
 Theodore, our Theodore.  
 Who dumped Ireland's snakes into the ocean?  
 Was the Pied Piper when he took the notion?  
 In Africa's jungle caused such commotion?  
 Theodore, our Theodore.  
 Who beats George Washington telling the truth?  
 Who throws culture at the uncouth?  
 Who discovers every nature faker:  
 Is Catholic, Jew, Protestant, Shaker,  
 And is often taken for a Quaker?  
 Theodore, our Theodore.  
 Who is Republican and Democrat?  
 With the insurgents; and stands pat?  
 Who changed the tariff all around;  
 Who put the Spaniards under ground;  
 Who, with Columbus, America found?  
 Theodore, our Theodore.  
 Who turns the earth and lights the sun?  
 And has done so since the world begun?  
 So there's no use to fret and fuss,  
 It's better far to smile than cuss,  
 For Ted will run the world for us—  
 Theodore, our Theodore.

**SHOWS "MIDDLEMAN'S" PROFITS.**

A Chicago man bought a barrel of apples for \$4; inside he found a note reading: "Dear consumer, I received 75 cents for this barrel of apples; kindly let me know what you paid for them."—Appeal to Reason.

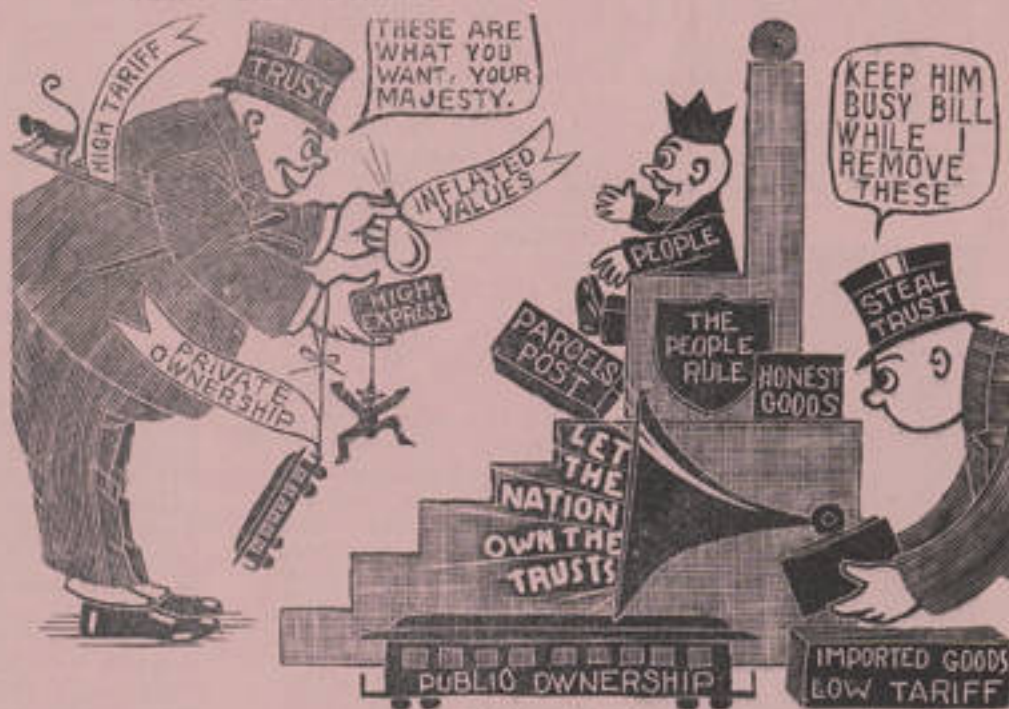
**WHAT HE WOULD BE.**



**CHOLLY**—"Why are you a Socialist?"  
**Bill**—"Cause my father was."  
**Cholly**—"Supposing your father was a thief, liar or a murderer, what would you be?"  
**Bill**—"I'd be a Democrat or Republican, most likely."

**WHY DON'T THEY?**

"If the people rule, why don't they get what they want."—SEN. OWEN.



—Walter F. Bartsch, in American Eagle.

The devil is the beginner or apprentice in a printshop, and presides over the "bell box," a box in which all printers dump their "pi" when too tired to throw it in the cases. It is the business of the "imp" of darkness to sort out the letters and place them in their proper cases and boxes, and as the p, q, b, d, are very similar he is told to mind his p's and q's.

The devil's occupation is to sweep out, build the fires, smear ink all over his face, keep the printers in an uproar, "pi" cases, borrow "italic

spaces" kill "type lice" and visit harness shops for "strap oil" for the foreman. The foreman and all printers feel it their special privilege to cuss the devil and blame him for all the ills and accidents that befall the office, and, on Saturday evening after the printers have been paid off (or stood off), and the editor finds himself with only one quarter left, he recollects that "there is the devil to pay," and that is how the phrase originated. Now the devil is not a writer or printer, but the printers are sometimes the devil.—Exchange.

**READ THE NEW YORK CALL**

Published Daily at 409-415 Pearl Street

**NEW YORK CITY**

Contains all the News and Special Articles of interest to Socialists and Trade Unionists. Indispensable to those interested in the progress of the Socialist and Labor Movement.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE**

For One Year, Daily and Sunday.....	\$6.00
For Six Months, Daily and Sunday.....	3.00
For Six Months, Sunday Edition Only ..	1.00
For Six Months, Week-Day Only.....	2.25
For One Month, Daily and Sunday.....	.50

**WRITE TO-DAY FOR SAMPLE COPIES**

*"What's the use of living, just to make a living for some one else?"*

# THE VALUE OF OPTIMISM

By WARD SAVAGE

**T**  
○○○○○○



WARD SAVAGE

HERE is a vast amount of pessimism in the ranks of the Socialists in America. This must be overcome before we go forward to victory. A well known physician recently said that the reason Jeffries went down to defeat before his dusky skinned antagonist was because he sapped his vitality by fretting and worrying over the contest. He was grouchy and gloomy from the day he began training until he stepped into the ring. On the other hand, the negro was as cheerful and complacent as if he was on the end seat in a minstrel show. The result was that the negro had perfect control of every nerve and muscle—and Jeff couldn't come back.

We musn't allow ourselves to get peevish. Be cheerful; be optimistic. The Capitalist system is such a ridiculous thing we ought to laugh it out of existence. There is hope! And don't be downcast if you don't get Hope when you want it. Papers are often lost in the mail—especially Socialist papers. Sometimes this is due to lack of proper organization on part of the paper, and sometimes is due because the subscriber writes his name illegibly or doesn't give a sufficient address. If you don't get your paper, don't tell your friends that even Hope is dead—because it is not.

Several of Hope's readers and friends, who for some reason failed to get the great August number, instead of kicking to the postmaster about it, gave way to that awful pessimism that hampers Socialism and wrote us sad, gloomy letters, bewailing the fact that Hope—so promising—had passed away. We were also much shocked, as Hope was indeed alive and stirring up its old comrades, Faith and Charity, with every issue. As Mark Twain once said, "The reports of our death are greatly exaggerated." No doubt our comrades, who paid us such nice post-mortem compliments were greatly surprised, and no doubt pleased when they peeled the jacket off of that great August number.



J. G. BOYD

So much for that. We are not going to stop with one great number, but are going to make each one a special number, whether so labeled or not. Perhaps you noticed that picture in this issue of the working man coming out of the little end of the horn, drawn by J. G. Boyd, a real artist and a Socialist. There is more compact truth in that small picture than in a whole rift of reading matter. Show it to your non-Socialist friend. Ask him what he thinks of it. He'll probably say "That's the truth, all right." Try and get him to subscribe for Hope. If he isn't a Socialist, Hope's pictures will make him see the light. Pictures get "into their skulls," as Mother Jones says, better than anything else. Seeing is believing.

Among other things this month we present "The Modern Dictionary," by J. H. Seymour, the "Hobo poet." When old Noah Webster cashed in his checks he thought he had said pretty nearly everything. But Comrade Seymour has appended quite a few definitions that Noah overlooked or wrongly defined. Speaking of poets, we have discovered something superior to a combination ice box and fireless cooker. It's a combination cartoonist-poet. He's a good one too. Name is Nathan Collier—Nate for short. Nate says he has always been more or less short under capitalism, but hopes that his pictures and poems will rouse up his fellow wage slaves so that they will get more joys out of the old world as she goes rolling along through space.

Every month finds some new feature in Hope. The October number, while not a special issue, will contain a handsome painting by Howard Jones that will warm the heart of many an old war-horse in the movement who has fought for the things we are soon to enjoy. C. W. Ervin will present the second of his series, "Who's Really What." Ellis O. Jones contributes some verses, entitled "The Village Magnate." They're humorous. Lee F. Heacock has another enjoyable article in preparation.

H. G. Creel is working hard over some mysterious Alcoranish hieroglyphics, which when translated to plain English will contain many things of interest to the working class.

O. U. Grump has followed Bill Taft's advice and has taken a couple of months' vacation, but has promised to let us know the news from Byesville, etcetera, before the first frost gets on the pumpkins. For those who like fables we might add that we have some a coming by "Push" Phifer that make old Aesop look like a mere short and uglier. It's strange, but there's a lot of truth in "Push's" fables too. The October Hope, is going to be printed in colors, and if you want it, better order now as the June, July and August numbers of Hope were quickly exhausted. Be on the safe side—subscribe! \$1.00 per year, clubs of 6, for one year, \$5.00. No extra charge for foreign postage. Bundles of 5 or more, 5c per copy, payable in advance.



NATHAN COLLIER



HOWARD JONES

Address HOPE, 5110 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

## CLASSIFIED

## BOOKS.

Are you interested in "Today's Problems"? If so, send ten cents, silver, for a copy of fifty page book by this title. It is written by 150 of the world's famous Socialist writers. Address Book Department, Hope, 5110 W. Madison St., Chicago.

"Socialism; the Main Points," by Wilbur C. Benton. A large, comprehensive treatise on Socialism for beginners. Finely printed on heavy paper. Price ten cents, silver. Address Book Department, Hope, 5110 W. Madison St., Chicago.

## PRINTING.

We print pamphlets, booklets, letter-heads, cards, envelopes and job work of all kinds. Write or call for estimate. Strictly union shop. Kain & Son, Printers, 267 So. Clark St., Chicago.

## PUBLICATIONS.

The Little Socialist Magazine, an ideal paper for boys and girls. 50c per year, 5c per copy. Special rates for Socialist Sunday Schools. Address 15 Spruce St., New York.

Read the Chicago Daily Socialist. The only daily paper in the English language printed in Chicago, that is owned by or champions the cause of the working class. Better news service than any other paper in America, because its news columns are not controlled by the advertisers. Subscription price \$3.00 per year; six months 50 cents. Address 180 Washington St., Chicago.

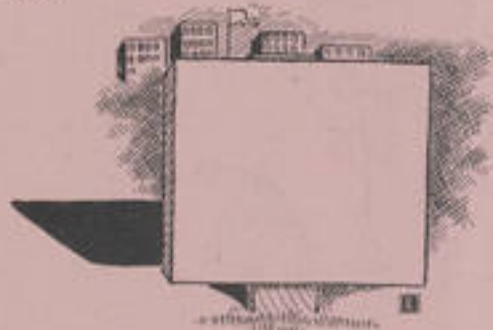
The Progressive Woman leads the way for up-to-date women. See one copy. After that you will want to see them all. 50 cents a year. Published by Josephine Conger-Kaneko at Girard, Kans.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pennsylvania Comrades Attention. The great need of the Socialist party of Pennsylvania is a state wide means of expression, a state paper. Wisconsin, Oklahoma, and several other states have proven this the most effective method of building up our organization. The Comrade has answered the call, and hereafter will be published as a state paper. Subscription price per year 50 cents, six months, 25 cents. Get busy comrades and let us build up a circulation and organization that we can be justly proud of.—The Comrade, 122 West Twelfth St., Erie, Pa.

## GET A BUNDLE.

Why not order a bundle of Hope each month, for sale in your locality. There are lots of places where voters congregate and reading matter is in demand. Hope sells on sight, even to non-Socialists. Can't you dispose of a bundle each month in your town? We will furnish Hope in bundles of five or more, prepaid to any address, for 5c per copy. All orders must be accompanied by cash. No return privileges are allowable.



## EXPIRATIONS AND RENEWALS.

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space above: YOUR subscription expires with this issue. Renew at once if you don't want to be without Hope.

## The Appeal for Oct. 22, No. 177

will give

## Your Congressman's Record

The way he voted on all progressive measures in now being copied from the official records. Special editions will be printed for all states in the union. Orders for bundles cannot be filled if received later than Oct. 15.



Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kas.

## A CHANCE TO MAKE \$100.00



For \$1.00 you will get 12 issues of the Students Art Magazine and a chance to work on over \$100 worth of cash art assignments. The magazine publishes the productions of Students Art Magazine readers, gives lessons in Cartooning, Designing, Illustrating, Lettering and Chalk-talk Lecturing. Especially valuable to correspondence Art Students or students learning at home. This magazine stands for a clean art and a clean life and for progress, artistically, intellectually, religiously and politically. It is a live wire. It costs but a dollar for a year's subscription of 12 issues and if you are not fully satisfied your money will be refunded. Address the editor,

Dept. 69. G. H. LOCKWOOD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## FLOOD THE COUNTRY WITH

## "POLITICAL ACTION"

## A NEW MILWAUKEE PUBLICATION

In leaflet form, 4 pages 9 x 12, worded in pointed, direct, simple English and modeled after the type which resulted in the great Socialist victory in this city. This four-page folder will supply consecutive, plainful, Socialist literature for universal distribution every two weeks and is the very thing practical Socialists in all parts of the country are calling for.

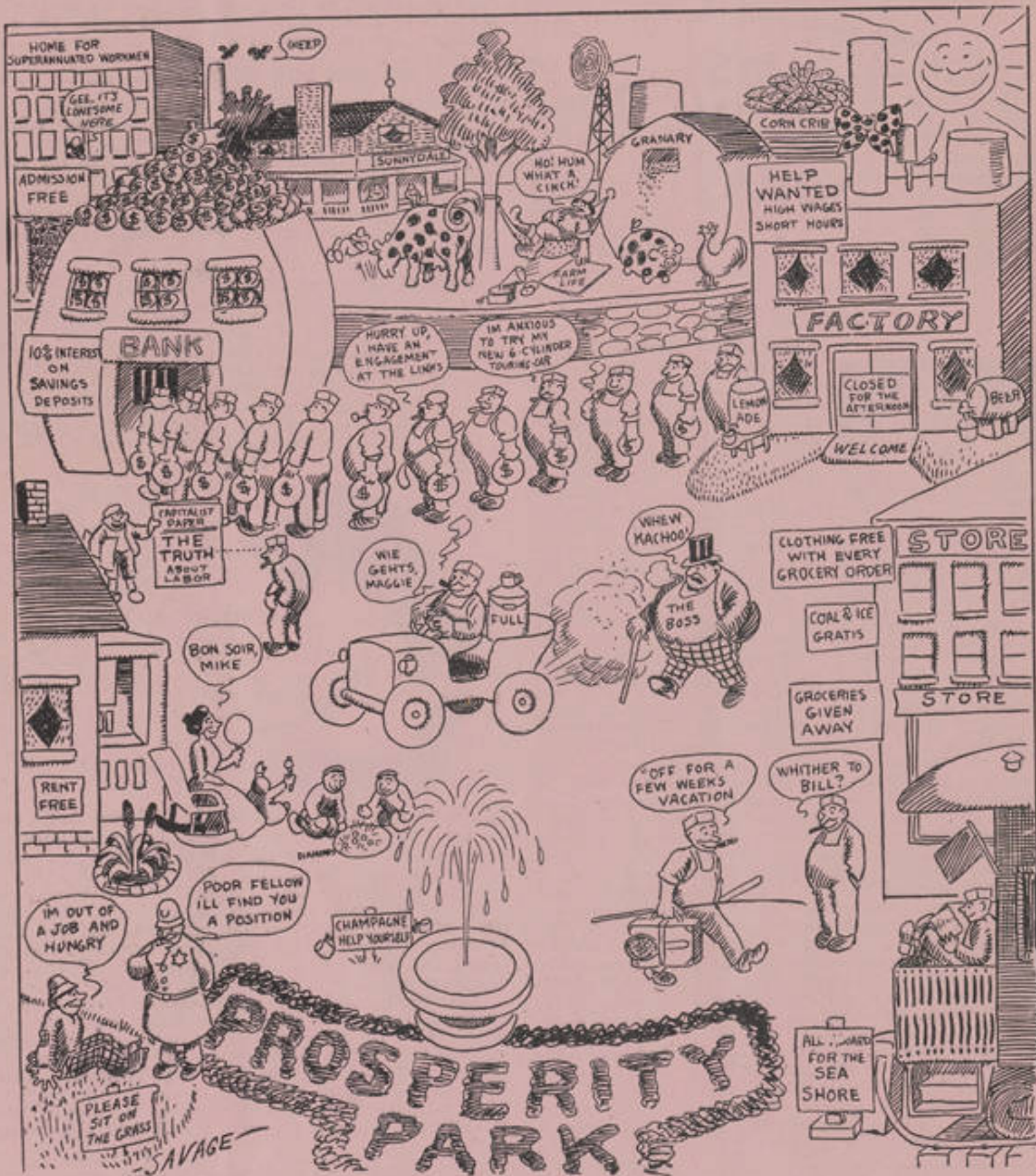
The ablest writers and thinkers on the continent will contribute articles on municipal, state and national questions of universal interest, which will cover the industrial, political and social problems which no less a person than President Taft says are now up for solution and must be solved in the near future.

Beginning with July 10, locals and individuals can secure the very things they are looking for in the form of Socialist propaganda and educational literature, printed on good paper, in clear readable type, at the lowest possible price.

## SEND IN YOUR ORDERS NOW!

Subscription price, 25 cents for fifty numbers; 1,000 for \$2.00; 25 cents per hundred. Send for sample.

Address: "POLITICAL ACTION," 344 Sixth St., Milwaukee, Wis.



### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF G. O. P. PROSPERITY

According to the Capitalist Press

#### OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

GENE DEBS has recovered from a serious operation. You can't keep a good man down.

The Appeal to Reason was fifteen years old last month. The "Let Us Alone" club held a meeting and

passed resolutions condemning the event.

A. M. Simons has resigned his position as editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist, where he has made good for four years. He will edit the Coming Nation, a new Socialist paper to be

published at Girard, Kan. J. O. Bentall is now editor of the Socialist.

The September number of Success Magazine devotes four pages of unbiased description of Milwaukee, Our First Socialist City. Nothing Succeeds like Success.