

October
Number

HOPE

Price
10 Cents



Here's Something That Will Make You See.

—SAVAGE—



"LET US GIVE THANKS"

That the days of Capitalism and the High Cost of Living are numbered.
THANKSGIVING DAY IS COMING—AND SO IS SOCIALISM!

The former will be here first however, from all accounts, and we are going to celebrate next month by a big

THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

All of the regular substantial Socialist Food for Thought will be on our bill of fare with plenty of Spice, and Cranberry Sass.

Other kinds of sass too.

Oh you MINCE PIE!

Hope hardly ever minces words, but we are handing out something between next month's crusts that will make every dyspeptic old capitalist

SIT UP NIGHTS!



A. S. BEILIN, Cartoonist.

You are invited to this Big Feast!

Get your feet under the table and your napkin on. It's on the way.

In order not to miss anything from Soup to Nuts, fill out the following blank:

Dear Hope:

I want to enjoy that Thanksgiving Feast, and become a regular boarder with you for 11 months more besides. Enclosed is \$1.00, your regular annual fee for a reserved seat. This is sent with the understanding that should I get the indigestion from overindulgence in the Thanksgiving number, you will guarantee that I will laugh it off in the succeeding 11 issues.

My name is I live at.....

MENU.

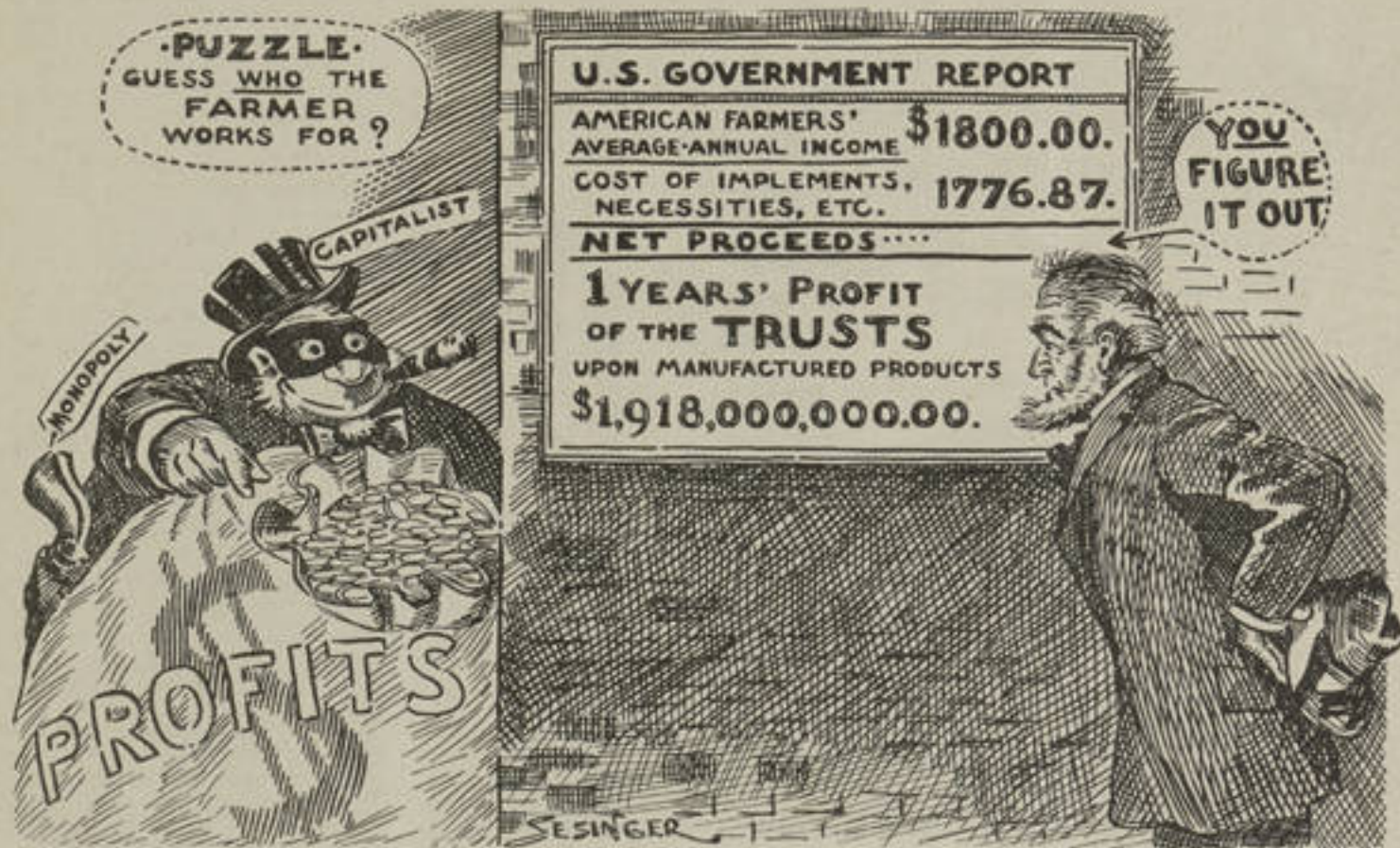
Teddy in the Soup.
 Roasted Capitalist, a la Hope.
 Stewed Reformers.
 Half Baked Up-lifters.
 Stuffed Stockholders.
 Pickled Plutes.
 Trussed Congressmen, a jus.
 Pinched Salary.
 Pure and Simple Nuts.



L. F. SESINGER, Cartoonist.

Address HOPE, 5110 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

HOPE



The Free, Untrameled Farmer.

THIS happened at an old soldiers' reunion at Buffalo, Kans. There were two speakers, a Republican and a Socialist. The Socialist was L. F. Fuller, of Girard.

"I am a poor man," said the G. O. P. orator, "because I never had brains enough to succeed in business." Later the speaker emphasized the fact that he was a Republican.

When Fuller took the platform about the first thing he said was, "The gentleman who preceded me has told you he was a poor man because he lacked the brains necessary to succeed in business; he has also told you he was a Republican. I have a great curiosity to know if he is a Republican for the same reason that caused his failure in business."

Most of the audience burst into tears—tears of laughter.



ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

The Bird in the Hand: "I may be as good as two in the bush, but, somehow, I fail to appreciate the fact."

A RATTLE FROM RATTLE CREEK.

New Item: C. W. Post has organized a "model labor union."

CHARLEY has a little union,
It's as meek as any lamb;
It dassent strike for higher pay
And isn't worth a damn!
For there's a reason.

Its leaders' heads are full of brains
Made from Charley's food,
Which is composed of peanut shells
And strips of sliced up wood.
There's a reason.

This union is an awful sham
It seems a shame to roast 'em;
Their hearts are weak, their brains
are dull,
We really ought to Post-um.
There's a reason.

It is better to vote for what you want and not get it, than to vote for what you don't want---and get it.—Barney Berlyn.



Cholly Longroll: "My, what a fine golf links those cornfields would make."

"WHO'S LOONEY NOW?"

CHARLEY POST has got 'em again—or rather yet. His latest periodical spasm, unless a new one has burst forth since this is written, is entitled "Bumfoozling Clergyman," and is a companion piece to the pathetic story Post printed in his paid ads in the capitalist press several weeks ago, under the caption, "Mob-coddling Congressmen." For silly blithering rot, both articles are the best we have ever seen. Whoever, bumfoozled a clergyman into preaching anything but love for the master—and master class. We have our first to see. The modern clergyman loves the poor workingman it is true. He also loves the sinner—they are his stock in trade. He also loves the Capitalist—'tis the latter who comes across with the fat check and sitteth on the soft cushions in the churches while the workingman, if present, is down in the engine room keeping up steam or pumping the pipe organ. The same with the mob-coddling congressman. Your congressman hasn't coddled you very effusively recently has he? It is true that some of them did TALK a little about making some labor laws, but talking is as near as they got to it. The only mob they coddle is the mob of piratical financiers who put up the dough for the inane mouthings of Post through the papers. There's a reason. These ridiculous attacks on labor are the more nauseating because they are made direct at union labor, and we wonder why the union printers and pressmen on the newspapers that publish these ads, continue to handle the

stuff without protest, and while the same men will go on buying Posts peanut-shell food when there is a concern owned and operated by workmen that manufactures superior foods under living conditions.

THE MAILS.

WHEN does a crime become punishable? When it is committed by mail. The mail is the most sacred thing known to the United States Government except itself. Nothing but treason surpasses in egregiousness the misuse of the mails. So far as the Federal authorities are concerned, one may steal, gamble and murder so long as it is not done by correspondence. Do ye whatsoever ye will, one unto another, but do not write it down and stick a stamp on the upper right-hand corner, for, if ye do, then, in truth, will all the demons of justice be unloosed upon your trail.—Life.

IN our great historical museum, we will have to add another group in addition to Napoleon Crossing the Alps, Washington Crossing the Delaware, etc. It is Roosevelt Bumping the Bumps in Milwaukee.

IN PIECES.

JONES:—"Naw, I don't believe in Socialism, it would break up the home."

Bones:—"That's no worse than capitalism, you can only get a home now on the installment plan."

YOU FLATTER US, LIFE.

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America.—N. Y. Life. HOPE is that exception.



Capitalism—That's All.

THE CAPITALIZATION OF THE G. O. P.

Once G. O. P. meant Grand Old Party.

- Now it may mean—
- Grafting Old Pirates.
- Gang Of Plutes.
- Guilty Of Perjury.
- Grind Of Poverty.
- Grouchy Old Pessimists.
- Going Out Party.
- Gay Old Politicians.
- Grafting Off People.
- Grafting Off Prostitutes.
- Grafting Off Paposes.
- Good Old Promises.
- Glow Of Pyrotechnics.
- Gong Of Prosperity.
- God Of Plunder.
- God Of Profits.
- Gas Of Pollution.
- Gory Old Parasites.
- Guild Of Physicians.
- Good Old Pistol.
- Good Old Poison.

When the awful Grind Of Poverty drives the Good Old People to suicide they have "Hobson's choice"—Gun Or Pistol—Gun Or Poison—Gas Or Pistol—Gas Or Poison—if up-to-date they turn the Gas On Purposely and their life Goes Out Prematurely and thus they reach the Gates Of Purgatory immediately if not sooner. One thing the G. O. P. don't like—Good Old Publicity.

It right has the working-an-up" and look respect-learn to read and write. be proud of his muscles, o produce profits for the ould never think of clean-ort or repose—that's in-As long as the mass of content to live in squalor spising everyone who can yond this cursed system; he workers are contented o the rough-necked, low-nal class, where they have l by their masters; and

with heads to the dust, paw the ground and bellow, "Let-us-alone," there is little hope for their particular salvation. But the real Socialist has higher aspirations. He recognizes that he is as good as the master class and a whole lot better. He's going to fight the devil with fire, supplanting art for art, action for action, until the working-class reigns supreme. Then after the battle is over and we have some time to devote to domestic arts and sciences we will devise some means of giving a much needed bath to some of our "great unwashed."



COMING AND GOING.

There was a man in our town
 And he was wondrous rash.
 He voted for a Republican
 And thus lost half his cash.

 And when he found what he had done,
 As guileless as a calf,
 He voted for a Democrat
 And lost the other half.
 —Ellis O. Jones, in Success.

IT'S an awful thing to be without dough—
 You really can't exist.
 So when he voted next time
 He was a Socialist.

MAYOR GAYNOR of New York, who was shot by a professed Catholic, democratic job hunter, now claims the latter's act was directly inspired by the cartoons of the Hearst papers of New York. How very similar are the religious beliefs and journalistic inspirations of the Gaynor would-be assassin with that of Czolgosz, the killer of McKinley. In both instances Mr. Hearst gets the credit. Just now he is engaged in advocating wholesale assassination of the working class through his murderous "boy scout" plan. He is indeed the real "yellow peril."

THE Socialist Congress at Copenhagen helped to sweep away some of those imaginary boundary lines that hamper international brotherhood, for the time being at least.



UNDER the spreading family tree
The village magnate stands,
In truth a mighty man is he
With stocks and bonds and lands.
He has no need of brawny arms,
For he has factory hands.

His hair is thin and so is he,
His brow is knit with lines.
His eyes are like a fox, his ears
Are like two dollar signs.
He never earned a cent because
He owns things, chiefly mines.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
We see this figure bent.
His good right hand cuts coupons
While the other counts per cent.
Singing in glee o'er what he's saved,
Lamenting what he's spent.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And tells the tender lads
To labor hard and long and shun
All fun and foolish fads.
And while they work he sits around
And gathers in the scads.



Talking, advising, harvesting,
Onward thru life he goes,
And while the common people work,
His credit balance grows.
He always has his reaper out
When anybody sows.

Like music sweet unto his ear
Is clink of yellow gold,
It makes him feel that with the gods
His presence is enrolled.
The devils that he curses are
Reformers bad and bold.



THE government is trying to bust the Beef Trust again.
How much waste of time, energy and bluster, with
so little good accomplished for the people. The Trusts
cannot be "busted" as long as the Trusts own the gov-
ernment, that is, "prosecuting" them. Let the people own
the government and the government own the Trusts, and
some good will be accomplished.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.
It's time to lay in your winter's supply of coal.

LABOR omnia vincit," which translated by our foreign
editor means "Labor always wins," is a nice motto
for organized workers, but is a little lacking in veracity
at times. In the particular instance of the Buck Stove
Boycott and the recent coal strike, it is very applicable,
although it should read, "Labor always wins when solidi-
fied."

LABOR'S demands to capital are always met in the
following manner: First, by bluff; second, by force;
third, by entreaty; fourth, by trickery; fifth, by crawfish-
ing, and lastly, if labor keeps up a bold front, by abject
surrender. Are you wise?

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nal in the world.



OLD Party Politician: "Vote for me Mike."
Mike: "Shure and I couldn't trust such a party as
that, sor."
Old Party Politician: "Oh you needn't trust, we pay
cash."

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Under Socialism G. O. P. would mean
God Of

- Peace
- Plenty
- People
- Prosperity
- Posterity
- Physique

Garden Of Paradise.

—H. B. PORTER.

THIS champion of purity, this roarer for political virtue, is the man who was for years, when in public life, hand in glove with the worst political corruptionists of his day; who toadied to Platt, who praised Quay, who paid court to Hanna; under him as president, Aldrich rose to the height of his power, always on good terms with Roosevelt; it was Roosevelt who, in 1906, wrote an open letter urging the re-election of Speaker Cannon, against whom mutterings had begun to rise; it was Roosevelt who asked Harriman to come to the White House secretly, who took his money to buy votes in New York, and who afterward wrote to "My Dear Harriman"—reviling the capitalist to whom he had previously written, saying: "You and I are practical men." If Roosevelt is the great cincher of crooks, why didn't he cinch them when he was shaking hands with them.—N. Y. Post.



THE ASCENDANCY OF WINDY TEDDY.

A FIT REPLY.

By Hobo Poet.

A workingman was walking down the street,
His shoddy clothes were very poorly made;
The worn and battered shoes upon his feet
Matched well his pants with edges badly frayed.
He passed a club which drew its full support
From wealthy fathers thru their college sons;
The latter, thinking thus to have some sport,
Indulged in what they thought were clever puns.

The worker heard them call his coat a "fit"
And winced beneath their loud and silly jeers,
Then at his young tormentors gazed a bit,
At lofty collars reaching to their ears;
He noted padded coats of ugly crash,
Their flowered socks, then said in grim disdain:
"These clothes of mine are worn thru dearth of cash,
But yours are worn thru woeful lack of brain."

USUAL INTELLIGENCE.

HARRY," said the young wife who was trying to become interested in current events that she might discuss them at the women's club, "what does the paper mean when it says the Social-Democrats have carried Milwaukee?"

"Why, just what it says. It's plain enough."

"But what are the Social-Democrats, Harry?"

"Why, they're—er—er—they're the party that carried Milwaukee."

"I should think you might be more specific, Harry. You know I don't understand anything about politics. To be sure, I know what Democrats are. They're the people that want Bryan to be President. And I know what socials are. We have them at our church every month, and they're awfully stupid. I wouldn't go near them if it weren't a religious duty. But what are Social-Democrats? Does it mean that the Democrats held socials and got people to vote for them by not charging anything for the ice cream and cake? I should think that was real corrupt."

Harry looked at her with the amazement of one who had received a new revelation of the wonderful accuracy of woman's intuitions.

"Yes, my dear," he said at last. "That's about right. Only there's a little more to it. These Social-Democrats promise to establish a kind of government in which ice cream and cake shall be free to everybody who will eat them and only millionaires shall have to wash the dishes."—Buffalo Express.



ROOSEVELT, THE NOISY ONE.

In the fitness of things Theodore Roosevelt should have made his entrance into the world to the strains of "There will be a hot time from now on," played by the massed brass bands of the United States. He thinks noisily, speaks noisily, acts noisily. This accounts for the present condition of mind of a large portion of the public. Amidst so much noise they find it impossible to think and not thinking, take Roosevelt at his own valuation. Roosevelt's idea of Utopia would be a Cowboy Republic with himself as Boss of the National Ranch. Twice in his career he has had a foretaste of what must be his idea of Hell—a quiet job. He was Civil Service Commissioner for a time, and later Mark Hanna and Tom Platt, in a spirit of revenge that was almost devilish shelved him—as they thought—for a period of four years in the quietest political corner of the United States—the Vice-Presidency.

Fate, however, intervened and in a few months Roosevelt became the twenty-sixth and noisiest President of the United States. For seven years his life was just one long noisy noise and when he left the job he retired to the noise of the jungle where the monkeys chatter by day and the lions roar by night. This kept his nerves in such good shape that when he emerged from his retirement and appeared in Egypt he celebrated his

arrival by verbally "shooting up" the Nationalists. Crossing over to Europe he injected his noise notes into the religious quiet of the Vatican. Passing noisily and rapidly from country to country of continental Europe he made his last and noisiest grand-stand play in the old world at the Guildhall in London. Taking ship for the country he had noisily fooled and ruled for nearly eight years, both the place of his departure and that of his approach were for about forty-eight hours filled with almost a holy quietness, broken in the United States by the crash of the electric sparks from every wireless station as the vessel bearing the Noisy One approached its shores. All the noise of the country headed by a band of cowboys was focused at the port of New York to receive its noisy divinity with noisy honors. There was a period in our history covering the administration of one of our early presidents that is known as "The era of good feeling." It is said that during this time most men suspended their political animosities. The administration of Roosevelt, both official and unofficial, will doubtless be known to posterity as "The era of noise" in which most men suspended their thinking.

"For in and out, above, about, below,
Tis nothing but a noisy, faking show.
Played in a box whose candle is the sun
Round which the buncoed humans come and go."
—Omar (Revised).

THE CROWING CHANTICLER.

Chanticleer mounted the fence post and crowed lustily. "I am the cock of the walk," said he, "and ruler of the roost. I run things my own way, and there is nobody but stands around for me." Just then a hand slipped up behind him and grabbed him by the leg. A few minutes later he was flopping on the ground minus a head.

"You were cock of the walk, were you?" remarked the Farmer, as he watched the headless body flapping; "well, you are not cock of the walk at present. There is no master who is safe, for his turn is sure to come."

—C. L. Phifer.

**SCRAMBLETON CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
Rapid Fiction Course.**

Lesson H, Series 44A—The Story of Action—Model Story.
THE ENIGMA.



I.

(Introduction; Weaving of the Plot) "BOOM!..." Just as Sal with a lissome grace flung the dish-water on the ash heap, a dull roar reverberated far toward the west. "Gee!" mused Sal dreamily, round her wad of Pepsin. "Gee! Sounds like the Nitro Works has went off! Which of 'em's on th' day-shift, Bill or Sam? Lemme think!" Coily scraping out the dish-pan with her digit, she reentered the culinary department.

II.

(Evolution; Development of Heart-stress) Time passed, also a coal-train on the Q. J. R. R. just back of Sal's domiciliary establishment. A trifle later, and "Thud! Thud!! THUD!!!" Something has fallen in the garden, just beside the poultry-dormitory. Sal peered out, with throbbing cardiac arrangements. Again the thuds! Stones, beams, sections of anatomy now quite obscured the *parterres aux pommes de terre*. "What luck!" smiled Sal with girlish glee. "Not a stick

of ligneous mater in th' shed, an' our last hunk o' salt-horse fried this noon! Let's pipe th' lay!..."

Seizing a basket she tripped with maiden modesty out past the porcine lodgings.

III.

(Denouement; Finale) On the hearth a fire was blazing cheerily; a cricket was thrilling his lilt (or, liting his trill. Cricket optional). The pot au feu was bubbling cozily. Appetizing odors filled the warm old-fashioned room.

Sal, rocking by the window, waited. As she waited she sniffed—sniffed with rapture, with ravishment, with, etc., etc.—(See Thesaurus, Scrambleton Edition, pp. 453-467 inc.)

"Reckon that'll taste some good!" she opined, laying down her Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics (Scrambleton Ed., 75c., net).

She gazed with moist, tender eyes at the pot—eyes like a fawn, a deer, a—etc., etc. (pp. 248-50).

"Only one thing worries me, though, and it's this—was it Bill, or was it Sam, or both or neither?"

"Mighty inconsiderate of 'em not to have wore distinctive whiskers! Now I'll never know! Never! . . . Never! . . ."

Bowing her swan-neck (cf. "Fowls, aquatic" for development of this theme), she let a fat tear drop languorously into the cloisonne cuspidor.

"Muh Gawd! . . ." she murmured. "Why, oh why did I make 'em shave? . . ." (See "Use of Suggestive Style, Lesson E, 27-F).

Rising, she swept with queenly grace toward the pot-au-feu, soup-plate in lily hand.

"Oh, for an egnion to go with Bill—or Sam!" sighed she.

Finis.
—George Allan England.



THE MEETING OF THE LOCAL.



News Item: "Spain is Tottering."

FERRER.
By Hobo Poet.

A year has passed, and still the very air
Is pregnant with the spirit of Ferrer,
His voice reverberates thruout the land,
Our fingers feel the pressure of his hand;
We feel the thrilling presence of his eyes,
The sprouts he planted now about us rise;
To cheer the plodding slave
They spring from out the grave,
Where freedom's latest martyr murdered lies.

The time has come, ye victims of despair;
Arouse and fight the battle with Ferrer.
Together all! against the pointed cross
That pierces brains to education's loss!
Our crimson shields and helmets let us don;
Let "Vivan las escuelas!"* lead us on.
Inscribed upon our flag
"Twill let no footstep lag,
But make us shout in confidence,
"Vivran!"**

* Long live the schools!
** They shall live!



AS FAR AS THAT GOES.

"Do you believe in evolution?"
"Well, I've seen a lot of working-men who didn't have as much sense as monkeys."

THE workin' class is dead," said Mister Pessimist Glum,
"They never know what ails 'em, for they're naturally dumb,
They holler for "prosperitee" and yell for "God Knows" Taft,
And whoop it up for Teddy when he wants his piece of graft,
So I guess I won't be down tomorrow evenin'.

"The workers fall for everything, the plutes have got them cinched,
They fawn upon their masters, while their chains are being clinched,
Their hearts are in their dinner pails when nothing else is there,
And at a hired ball game when the cupboard isn't bare,
So I guess I won't be down tomorrow evenin'.

"Why should I be a 'martyr' then?" said Pessimist Glum,
"This game of prodding bone-heads simply keeps me on the bum,
The game is all against us, we're a small minoritee,
And there isn't half a chance for us to save societee,
So I guess I won't be down tomorrow evenin'.

"Hurray! Look here, old pal," whooped Mister Gladiolus Grin,
"The way this country's warmin' up is somethin' nigh a sin,
D'je see how monkey-shooters get the frost in Seidel's town?
Oh, it tickled me to see the way he called the braggart down,
We must all be on the job tomorrow evenin'.

"In Texas fifty thousand farmers hit the trail to town,
To hear our old soap-boxers do the plutocrats up brown,
The Oklahoma Repocratic party's on the hike,
We're gaining in the country—keep your eye on Uncle Pike,
For the farmer's on the job tomorrow evenin'.

"It's a cinch for us to send to Congress five—and maybe six,
If we put into the propaganda work our hardest licks,
So shed your foolish fears and get behind a grin like mine,
Around the world the Sun of Hope has just begun to shine,
We must all be makin' hay tomorrow evenin'.

—Lee F. Heacock.



THE MODERN ATLAS.

I came, I saw, I shut up like a clam," Teddy, in "Downing Socialism at the Cream City," pp. 23, chapter 23.



HIS REASON.

Lady: "Why don't you vote the Socialist ticket?"
Tramp: "Say, dat's against my interests. The capitalists and us ain't looking fer work—we're dodgin' it—see."

HOPE



The Regular Meeting of The Local.



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

Entered as second-class matter June 15, 1910, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE WORLD'S WORKERS UNITED.

At Copenhagen's congress
Their flag of brotherhood unfurled
Here orient met occident
And hands were clasped around the world.

WITH the closing of the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, Denmark, another milestone in the upward march of progress and universal brotherhood, has been passed. It must have indeed been a thrilling sight to see the representatives of the working class of nearly every nation on the globe, banded together with a common purpose—the greatest good for the greatest number. It is true that emissaries of many nations have met before, but outside of these congresses of the working class, their meetings are only held to advance trade, improve exploitation or to end foolish wars caused from these sources. It remains for the workers of the world—through whose veins runs a blood of but one color—to meet and propose, devise and put into effect plans that will some day free the world from bondage and serfdom, and develop a race of real men and women. May the sun never set upon the flag of a united working class.

ON BEING A MARTYR.

IT is strange how the martyrs of the world have always come from the ranks of the working class. It is about time there was a change in this line of procedure. What's the use of a useful workingman wasting his time, neglecting his family, breaking up his home to become a martyr, when there are so many members of the leisure class sitting round, not doing anything. Let's let the leisure class be the martyrs hereafter, and if there is a cause or an imaginary cause that calls for the persecution, starvation or ostracization of some one, instead of offering up a stalwart member of the working class, let's drag out some of the idle and shiftless and let them "mart" while the rest of us enjoy life. Again there are too many imaginary martyrs in life. Lots of fellows are assuming this role when there isn't anything for the good of the movement to be gained by it. Anything that pains us is a self-inflicted martyr. There have been very few real martyrs in the world. Most

of these would have preferred some other occupation. There has been little accomplished by any one man, taking the burdens of the world on his shoulders—much can be done when there is a general resistance made to evils that beset us. Let's refuse to be martyrs—and be men instead. Our hide should contain other ideas than that of furnishing fuel for a wage system torch or sport for a capitalistic holiday.

IT ISN'T THE HAT—IT'S WHAT'S UNDER IT THAT COUNTS.

THE Socialists of Chicago held a picnic the 18th of September. Gene Debs was the orator of the day. The Chicago Tribune, at loss for argument to meet that of Debs', which impressed many thousand hearers, had to content itself with ridicule of our Gene's personal make-up. It was Mr. Debs' head-gear that was the center of assault from the capitalist press. Did you ever notice, how it is always the little personalities of the defenders of the people that draws the fire of the enemy and not the issue itself. Here is the only argument against Socialism that the Tribune was able to rouse up:

"At the Riverview picnic Eugene V. Debs, tall, ministerial leader of the Socialists, flaunted no other head-gear than a straw hat. It was the only one in the crowd and the eighteenth of September. The hat had seen better days. Weathers had stiffened the crown; the brim had dropped flexible with many handlings—the whole was

yellow and old. It was the mellow memory of a departed age."

Suffering cats. How do they expect a workingman to garb; in a full dress suit and stove-pipe hat? Not much. Perhaps straw hats are out of season with the plutes, but they are right in style with the song the working class is singing just now. It goes something like this:

Put on your old straw bonnet,
With a RED ribbon on it,
We'll hitch old Debbsey to the shay;
And we'll drive up to Washington
And do the things that need to be done
Before a distant day.

CONCERNING HOPE.

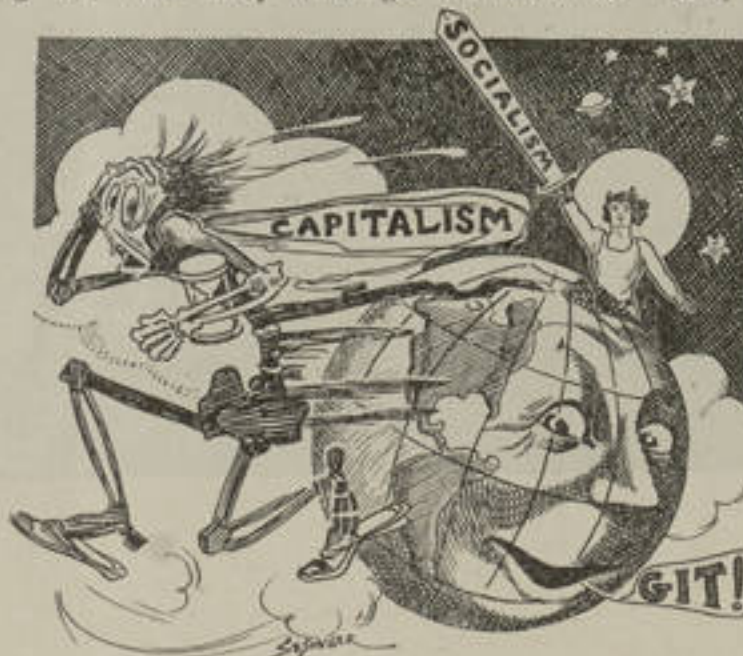
THE fall (of the year) is here and in keeping with other great institutions, Hope is taking an inventory of itself. Six months old this issue, we are beginning to creep upward in circulation and size in the most approving manner. Over three thousand five hundred subscribers proves that there is a demand and a need for a publication like Hope—or rather Hope itself. While not claiming a monopoly on all the truth and virtue in existence Hope's steadfast policy is to spread enlightenment; expose hypocrisy outside the party and in; to overthrow capitalism, establish domestic tranquility, promote welfare, hope and happiness and many other things mentioned in the constitution of the United States but neglected by its upholders.

In taking inventory we find among other things a versatile assortment of stuff, literary and pictorial to last all winter. However, we are not going to make it last all winter, as our genius department is working overtime every month to turn out material that will be right up to the minute and that is guaranteed to make Socialists.

We have made quite a few already and can show many letters from readers who just happened to get a hold of a copy of Hope and for the first time learned the truth about the capitalist class.

"I was always prejudiced against Socialist papers through the coachings of the capitalist press," writes a convert, "and didn't know Hope was a Socialist paper when I picked it up in the barber shop where I get shaved. Its pictures struck home their argument to me in a way nothing else could, and the result is that I have joined the party and believe that Socialism is the only thing that

will save this country from the eternal bow-wows."



Avaunt, Spook!



LO, THE POOR POSTAL EMPLOYEE.

THE U. S. post-office is often held out as an example of how the government can own and operate industry. However, Socialists should take care to explain that government ownership under Socialism would be vastly different than government mismanagement under the auspices of the G. O. P. There is perhaps no worse "sweated" class of employes in any industry than those of the postal service. Absolute despotism on part of the officials reigns supreme. Little or no regard is paid to the care of the postal clerk's health, and conditions that breed infirmities, loss of eyesight and disease are found on every hand. No labor organization is permitted, and employes are subject to dismissal at the whim of petty officials who secure their appointment from the corrupt gang of Republican jack-potters who rule the land. It is a sad thing to see such an enormous body of intelligent men in a condition of abject slavery. Their only hope is in the ownership of the government by the people, instead of the Gang Of Plutes.

THE "CHARGE" OF THE DOCTOR'S TRUST.

"Half a brain, half a leg,
Half an arm and onward
Into the valley of death they send
Many a hundred.
'Tis not theirs to reason why
'Tis only theirs to cut and pry
Often they've blundered.

Facts to the left of them
Facts to the right of them
Are volleyed and thundered
Still undismayed the M. D. Trust brigade
Has plotted and plundered."

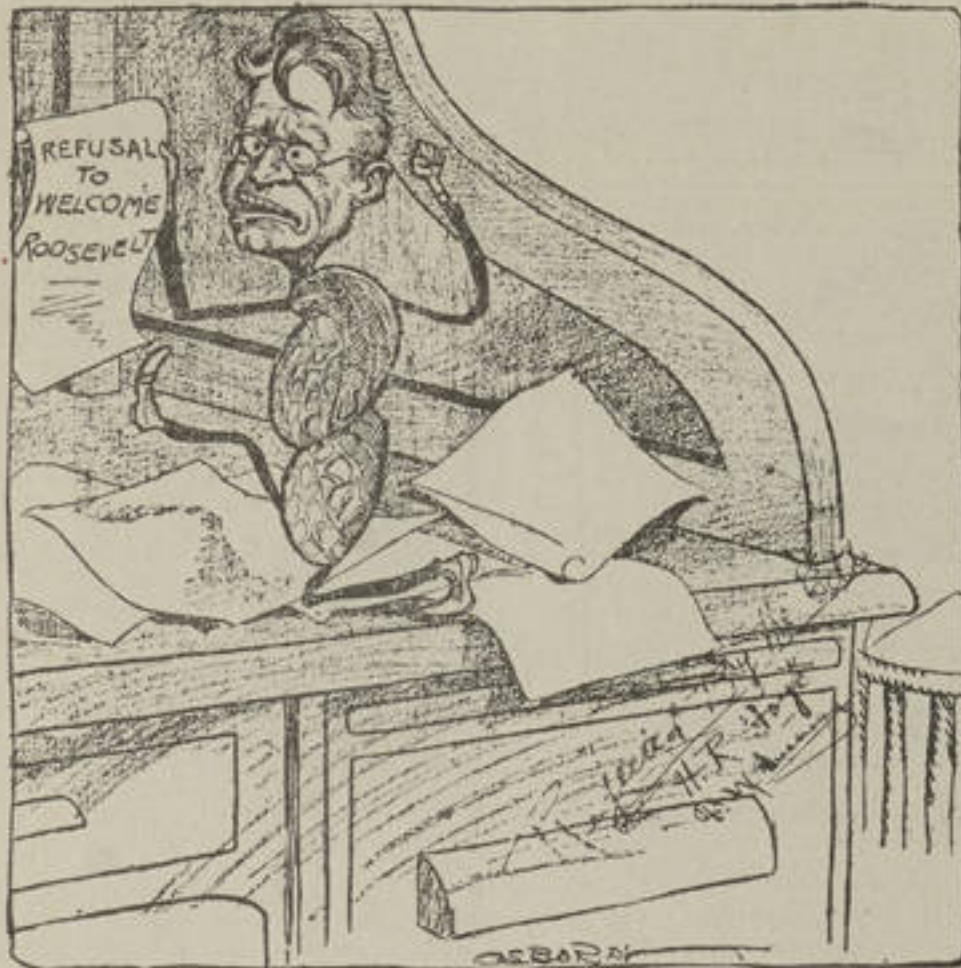
NOW in keeping with the cost of living, regulated by the food trust, the cost of dying, regulated by the funeral trust, comes a new trust that seeks to have a monopoly on both of these things, and wishes to have the option whether you shall live or die. It is the "Doctor's Trust." In many states an organization of the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic M. D.'s is trying to influence the legislature into passing laws to prevent the practice of the art of healing by those who do not wear the frock coat, the germ laden whiskers and



carry a diploma from the above schools of science or experiment. This will work a hardship on people who object to having their interior decorated with everything in the drug store from Arsenic to Zinc, by this particular branch of the "profesh" who believe in giving poison to cure poison. There are plenty of things wrong with this country and

its people. There is a social evil, which causes most of the physical disease. We cannot wait for the cure of this before we alleviate the pain of the unfortunate sufferers, and there should be absolute freedom of the people in the choice of healers. If a man is sick he should have the privilege of selecting whatever remedy he chooses to stop his suffering, and not be compelled to depend upon the legalized monopoly of a particular brand of dope slingers to aid or end his agony.

Hope has no preference in doctors—particularly those of the bitter pill variety. Good food, proper exercise, and above all, freedom from exploitation, will do more to rid mankind of disease than all the doctors in the world, but while capitalism lasts these things cannot be—so we do extend our admiration to the National League for Medical Freedom, which is altruistically waging a fight for the right of the people to select the kind of remedy they believe in.



WHEN the plutes are stepped on they growl. When Mr. Teddyferocious Roosevelt visited Milwaukee and sought to double-cross the Socialist administration by morally suading Mayor Seidel to act on a reception committee welcoming him to the city, and was told to go way back and sit down, he and his clique of boot-lickers, were "peeved." In a publication called the "Big Stick," printed for the occasion of Teddy's visit, appeared the above cartoon of Seidel as a "Peanut Politician." Granting that he is, for sake of argument, Teddy found it was one nut he couldn't crack. We are indebted to the Social-Democratic Herald for the reproduction of the above picture.

FOR THOSE WHO READ.

IF you haven't read Debs' "Hail to the Revolution" you had better send for a copy right away, unless you want to miss one of those peerless heart-to-heart, soul inspiring messages of the fearless champion of the working class. The book is illustrated by Ryan Walker and Edward Scholl. Price 15 cents, Progress Publishing Co., Box 309, Williamsburg, Ohio.

THE Library of Original Sources, consisting of ten handsome volumes, is highly endorsed by men prominent in the Socialist movement, as an invaluable aid to writers, students and thinkers, who wish to secure data, that is free from the capitalist interpretation. Full particulars regarding the purchase of this work may be had by addressing the University Research Extension, Milwaukee, Wis., publishers of the books.

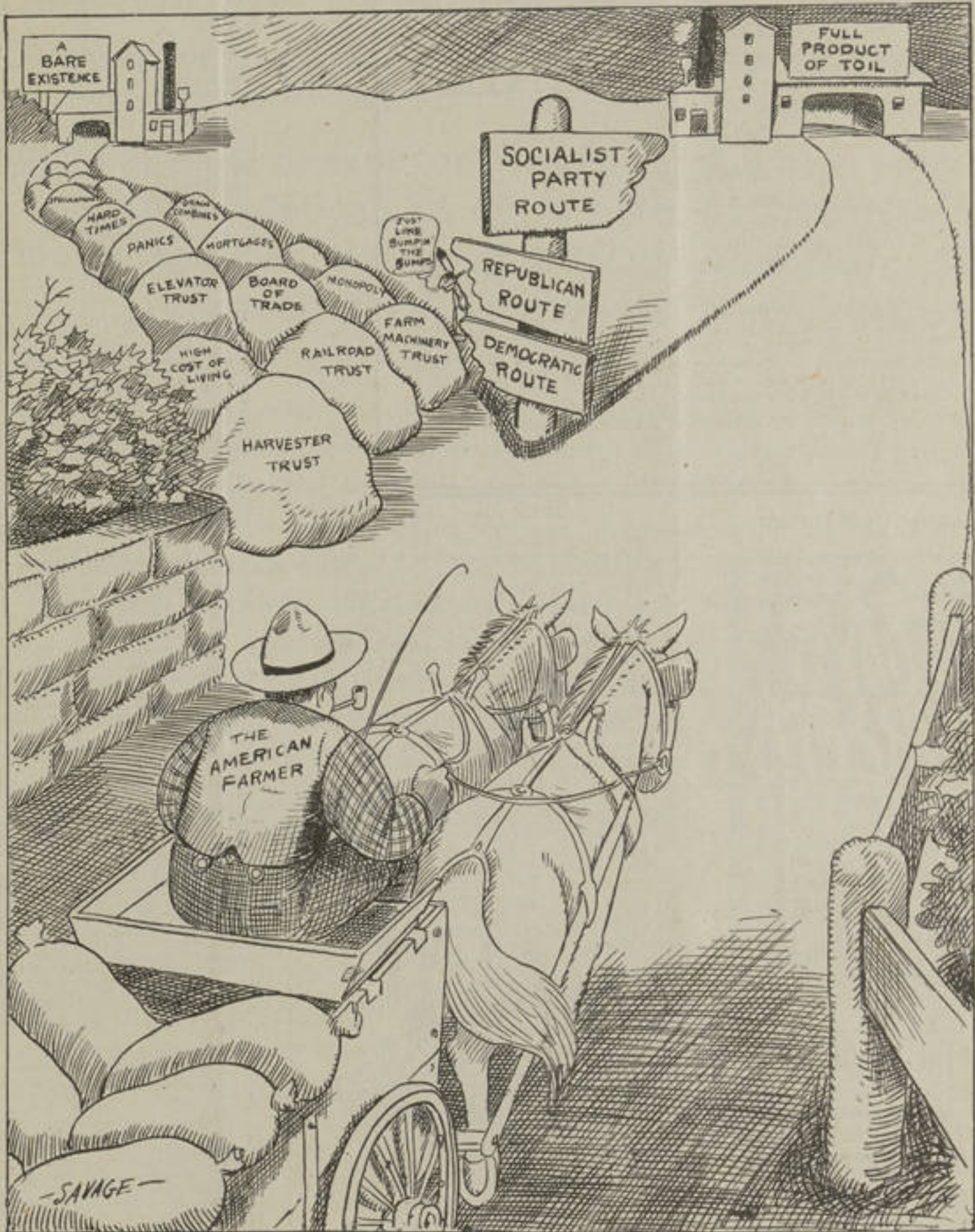
THE revival of the "Coming Nation," in new high class form, with J. A. Wayland and Fred Warren as publishers and A. M. Simons and Charles Edward Russell as editors, was an event of interest last month. The new publication will appear weekly and will cover a field of interest to Socialists, not being touched by other publications. Among other features will be the reproductions of photographs of subjects of interest, which cannot be found in the illustrated weeklies of the capitalist class. With a battery of such literary stars as Simons and Russell in the editorial sanctum, the Coming Nation will take its place in the foremost rank of journalism.



THE POPULAR IDEA OF SOCIALISM—AND WHY.



HIS SOLE IS MARCHING ON.
Bradley, in Chicago News.



Why the Farmer Should Be a Socialist.

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HALLOWEEN FANCIES.
Seeing His Affinity in the Mirror.

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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 130 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.

"How Children Are Poisoned!"

It is the moral duty of parents to prevent the poisoning of their children. But, alas, many parents are too indifferent and negligent in this regard. The Little Socialist Magazine for October contains an article entitled, "Would You Be A Soldier?" which ought to be handed to every child in the country. Socialist organizations should purchase quantities for distribution among the American Boy Scouts. The magazine which is now in its third year, may be obtained from the publishers: The Socialist Literature Co., 15 Spruce Street, New York City, N. Y.

When Writing to Advertisers Kindly Mention Hope.

What Will the "Political Doctors" Do Next?

Misrepresentations of The National League for Medical Freedom, now in circulation, make the following statement of facts necessary:

The National League for Medical Freedom has one hundred thousand members, of every school of practice, of all religious denominations, and of every political faith. It was organized to insure to all citizens the right to medical freedom. Its funds are contributed by its members.

The League is not the creature of the "proprietary medicine interests." Its funds are not contributed by those interests. The League is not the servant of the "interests," but of the people.

The League is not opposed to necessary sanitary or health regulations, properly and lawfully enforced by State and Municipal Health Boards. It is opposed to the assumption of such State functions by the Federal Government.

The League does not claim that the "health" legislation which is advocated by the American Medical Association and its allies would *create* a "medical trust." It claims that the "doctors' trust" *already exists*, and that it would dominate the national department or bureau of health, if created.

Reasons why you should join the National League for Medical Freedom and give it your moral support in its educational campaign against medical legislation infringing upon individual liberty

1. You should oppose the granting of a monopoly of the healing art to any one school of medicine.
2. You should oppose those who desire to take from you your inalienable right to employ the physician of your choice.
3. You should oppose the establishment of State medicine. This is seriously threatened and is the eventual purpose aimed at by the leading advocates of the legislation opposed by the League. State medicine would be as dangerous as State religion.
4. You should help to expose a scheme whose advocates claim that "**Compulsion, not Persuasion, is the Keynote of State Medicine.**" No condition could be more dangerous than State medicine with compulsion as the keynote.
5. You should oppose the centralization of power in the hands of a body of men whose profession, admittedly, is largely experimental. This is vital to your very existence.
6. You should oppose all legislation giving the Federal Government the right to interfere in health affairs of the State.
7. You should do your share to prevent the further aggrandizement of power by that school of medicine whose members already fill every medical position maintained by the United States, and control the thousands of municipal and county health boards of the States.
8. You should not be taxed, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of raising funds for distribution by the Government of millions of pamphlets monthly, dealing with disease, theoretical and otherwise, in the interest of a medical propaganda.
9. You should be thoroughly posted at all times regarding attempted medical legislation inimical to the welfare of yourself and the public. This information the League will furnish.
10. You do not obligate yourself to devote either time or money to this cause. Both are voluntary, not obligatory.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LEAGUE ARE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

THE MEDICAL LEAGUE FOR MEDICAL FREEDOM

B. O. FLOWER, President

Metropolitan Building

NEW YORK

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR MEDICAL FREEDOM, Metropolitan Bldg., New York City.

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Please enroll me as in sympathy with the purposes of your League and send literature.

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State

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ONE OF HOPE'S READERS WRITES AS FOLLOWS:

YOUR September issue is surely a pippin. I sell Florida land for a living and I really ought to give you a punch in the ribs for that back page pictorial write up in the August issue, entitled, 'Just Wait Till the Next Time,' but instead I'll send you a dollar for a year's sub. About a year ago I got disconnected from my job and for a while I considered taking up burgling for a living but was some fearful that the night air might not agree with me so I turned real estate agent. I've looked up the records and find there are fewer real estate agents in jail than any other class—I believe in taking the line of least resistance. I'm not saying that it is anything to the real estate agent's credit because so few of them are in jail but am just handing you the facts. Optimistically yours, E. N. R."

Some folks can't help from thinking that everything is perfectly all right in America—the greatest country on earth. "I showed a friend that cartoon comparing the slums, police tyranny, and other effects of Capitalism compared with Barbarous America, which appeared in the August number," writes another subscriber. "My friend looked at the picture long and thoughtfully, then gravely exclaimed, 'That's handing it to Mexico, all right.' He couldn't see how anything could be wrong close at home." He was just like the workingman pictured in the cartoon at which he was looking.

Dear Hope:

Please find enclosed check for \$1 for a year of Hope. Like the old farmer that ate up the side dishes at the hotel, we like our three months' samples fine, now you can bring on the grub. We like the cooking splendid, and there is plenty of spice and other seasoning to suit our taste. We really believe that every copy that we receive, which of course we pass on, will be very nutritious to the growing Socialist sentiment in these parts. Yours till Teddy's converted, U. S. Barnsley.



THE HOBO JOKE.

"Say, Willie, I guess we don't do much good in dis world."

"Aw, I don't know. We furnishes dem comic joke artists wid a means of makin' a livin', anyhow."

When Writing to Advertisers Kindly Mention Hope.



CAPITALISTIC APPRECIATION OF ART.

"Say, feller, if ye paint a pictoor of me and the mare a gallopin' around the forty-acre lot, I'll give yer a chaw terbaccy."



He'd Been Reading the Barber Shop Number.

Barber: Has the razor a pull, sir?

Patron: "Yes, in this capitalistic age, every thing is 'pull' and graft."

SAYINGS CHASTISED

"The man who has no enemies has never done anything."

The rich man's son has never done anything, still, see all the enemies he has made.

"Half a loaf is better than none."

But, why the half, while the whole loaf is possible?

"Every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The only trouble is that the first is generally denied us, which annuls any of our further rights.

"A fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in an hour."

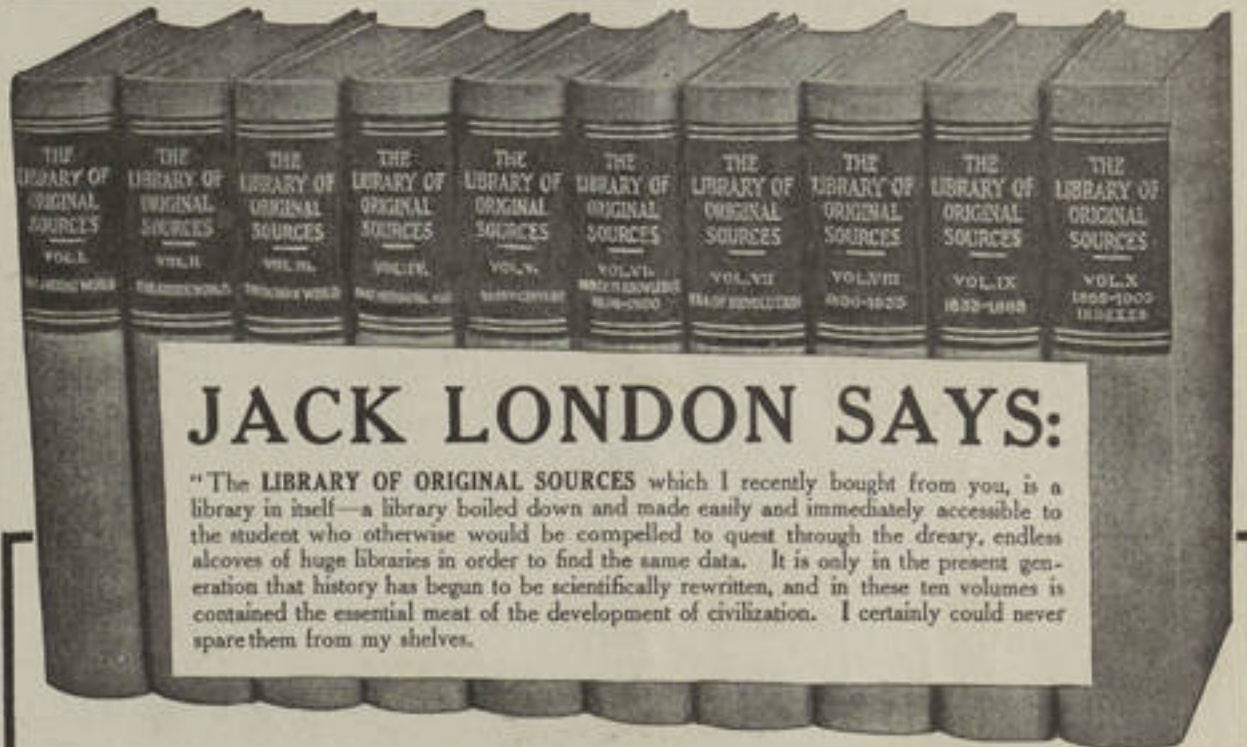
A very natural thing. Doesn't it take longer to answer a question than to ask one?

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

But, where are those, who really believe and practise this?

"Speech is silver, silence is gold."

Oh, what mountains of wealth us Capitalists could pile up, if you Socialists would only shut those traps of yours.
LOUIS WEITZ.



JACK LONDON SAYS:

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was won because of the vigorous educational campaign carried on by the socialists of the city. They have been years preparing for this victory, studying not only Socialism but all phases of economics. As Victor L. Berger says in writing of the Library of Original Sources—"Socialists are coming to understand that they must know something of the economic development of the past—how one system has grown out of another, feudalism out of slavery, capitalism out of feudalism, and how the Socialist Republic will gradually evolve out of the present system. To Show this Evolution is the Purpose of the LIBRARY OF ORIGINAL SOURCES." Every Socialist who wants to help the cause should have the work. You can get it on a co-operative basis while the introductory edition lasts.

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