

HOPE



"TRADE FOLLOWS THE FLAG"



THE MINUTE MAN.

PATRIOTISM.

IN this, the age of boneheads, the word patriotism is often misused and misapplied. Patriotism, we are taught, is always synonymous with the spilling of gore. A patriot, according to popular legend, is one who never "asks the reason why," but only goes forth "to do and die" at the call of a superior officer, never questioning the right or wrong of his fight.

This blind "patriotism" is the folly of fools that has filled the national cemeteries of nations for ages, has bleached the hostile shores with grinning skulls and broken bones. Never was there so great a misnomer. It is the warwhoop of the bully, the pillager and the trader. The man who refuses to "ask the reason why" is not a PATRIOT. He is a solid ivory BONEHEAD. The real patriot is the man who for his country's sake, his wife's sake, his children's sake and his own sake, asks the reason WHY. WHY is war, why is strife, why is blood shed? WHY? WHY? WHY? The Socialist is a million times greater patriot than the soldier. The Socialist is a conservationist, a builder, a creator of commonwealths; the soldier a destructionist, terrorist, creator of murder and anarchy, riot and death. The Socialist advocates peace. The soldier advocates plunder. The Socialist WOULD DEFEND HIS COUNTRY by purging it of wrong.

The soldier WOULD DESTROY his country by forcefully maintaining injustice. The Socialist is the true patriot. Are you a patriot?

BERGER IN CONGRESS.

WELL, he's in, boys, and hard at work. So far no barricades have been built in the lobbies of the House, and the Washington "commune" hasn't begun yet. But don't be impatient for fear Victor won't make good. He did that when he climbed over the old party ramparts, November 8, 1910. He is now in the enemy's country and already has sent the icy shivers down the backs of those representatives of the Interests, clamoring for war in Mexico. The demand of the Socialist party for the withdrawal of American troops from the Mexican border, even if it avails little, against the overwhelming odds, will ring out for ages in "Milwaukee accents" through the musty old halls of Congress as a challenge, a battle cry and an eternal def of a working class, revolting from wrong and injustice.

ONE YEAR OF HOPE.

IT is particularly fitting that the Patriot's Number of HOPE should appear on our first anniversary.

HOPE is truly patriotic. We stand holdly and wisely by the



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29

real patriotism commonly known as S-O-C-I-A-L-I-S-M. Even a one-year-old can see that these things are identical.

But there can be no real patriotism while the masses are held in ignorance and blind prejudice by those who place private ownership above the best welfare of the nation.

It is HOPE'S mission to open the eyes of those discouraged ones who are yet somnolent, and like any other healthy youngster "crying in the night" to keep 'em open.

Already our voice is heard in every state in the union and those who never knew or expected any hope for better things have taken up our cry. We are not ashamed of our first twelve months.

Ours has been a steady, healthy growth and our circulation, now numbered in five figures, is making the old party political quacks scratch their heads in their effort to diagnose our case.

But as thousands of admirers are singing our praises we will cut short this little autobiography and, with best wishes and fondest hopes for the cause we all love, will remain,

Yours ever hopefully,



AGE ONE YEAR.

A TOAST.

HERE'S to the noble patriot
Away he'll never roam—
He loudly yells for war and gore,
But safely stays at home.



THE SPIRIT OF 1911.

HOT-HEADED YOUTH.

OVER one-half of the two million enlisted soldiers in both armies in the Civil war were boys less than 21 years of age. If these foolish lads could have only looked forward into the future—those that escaped death by ball and sword, and could have seen how badly they need, as the veterans of today, the health, vigor and limb, left on the swampy battlefield, perhaps they would have listened to cool reason. The old soldier today, crippled and broken, who fought to save the

union, now struggles against the tide of capitalism: in gloomy barracks, unable frequently to work, he lives on the dribbles of a "pension" and the glory of long ago. His torn battle flag is folded. Save on Decoration Day and for political purposes, when he is brought out and exhibited, he is forgotten. The dashing youth that marched away with steady tread to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is no more. Racked with lifelong ills, scarred with wounds, lured with mental pictures of slaughter and horror, he is condemned to die a

broken wreck that greedy capitalists, who do not fight, might live and enjoy the fruits of his sons' and daughters' toil.

The poet may sing of—

"Fame's eternal camping ground where the silent tents are spread,"

but that is only in imagination. The fame of song and story is not practical enough to suffice for the present-day needs of the "Boys of '61," who one by one are joining the army across the great divide.

HOPE

HE HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT.

"I must confess," said a capitalist, "that I find some of the arguments of these Socialists mighty hard to answer."

"I don't," said another, "I can settle any of 'em in two seconds."

"I wish you'd tell me how."

"With pleasure. When a Socialist tackles you, don't you attempt to reply to him straight—if you do you'll get knocked out. Just ask him if he owns any capital himself. If he says 'no', then you say, 'I thought you didn't. If you did you wouldn't talk that way. You've got no stake in the country, and no business to say anything about it.'"

"But how if he says 'yes.'"

"Then profess to be greatly astonished, and say, 'what, you own property! Why don't you sell it and give the money to the poor? You've no business to be a Socialist.' That settles him—especially if you walk away while he's trying to explain himself."

"But suppose there are two of them, one a property owner and the other not?"

"Ah, there you've got me. I hadn't thought about that."

—*New World.*



"Ah, a scholar, I see. What class are you in, my little man?"

"I belongs to de workin' class, but me dog's a 'ristocrat—don't do nothin' but jest live off'n us mud sills."



A HUGE trust is said to be buying up all of the radical magazines. But there is HOPE—not to mention the other Socialist publications—which calls to mind an interesting episode. A "Cleveland Citizen" harkening unto the "Clarion" "Call" of a "Comrade" who was a "Chicago Socialist," went forth to "Review" the "World," where he met a "Progressive Woman," who listened to his "Appeal to Reason," whereupon they decided shortly to take "The Next Step" in the "New Era." This they discovered could only come through a "Free Press" and "Political Action." So taking a "Rip-Saw" in one hand, a "Lantern" in the other, the "Pioneer" went forth with the "Masses" to "Labor" in the "Toiler's Defense" and to "Herald" the "New Times" and the "Coming Nation."



"I Wonder If It's Loaded?"



HOT CINDERS.

By E. N. Richardson.

Be a noise, but don't be an echo.

Be as good as you can, but remember you have three meals a day coming to you.

A good word for your neighbor is always a good investment.

One may fall into a rut, but to stay there is a disgrace.

Happy is the dreamer of dreams; no matter what may be his material losses, he always has his dreams.

Nothing is certain but the unexpected.

Anything you can't see over is supernatural to you.

Men cheat themselves more than they are cheated by others.

A man's greatest asset is his ability to inspire human confidence.

I love a truthful man, but it's awfully embarrassing sometimes to have him around.

No one ever falls much below or rises much above the standard one builds out of his own thought-fabric.

HOPE



BETWEEN TWO BULLS.

American Capitalist: "Hey, watch out where you fall or I'll have my dawg chaw you into mince meat."

FREEDOM SHRIEKS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

UP here in the village we're wonderin' why
The President's callin' the army out.
Thar ain't war cloud hoverin' nigh
An' folks is askin' what's all about.
But John P
Robinson, he
Sez President T's helping President D.
'Twas at Si Baskin's store t'other night,
We wuz talkin' over this very same
An' wonderin' if we wuz goin' to fight
Or if we wuz only playin' a game.
But John P
Robinson, he
Sez we ought to trust Morgan and
President T.

One hundred and thirty-five years ago
There wuz somethin' doin' in this here
land
Like what's goin' on down in Mexico—
Fur Freedom our people wuz takin' a
stand.

But John P
Robinson, he
Sez Freedom is now an exploded idee.

It looks as if Diaz was in a bad fix,
And on this p'int we wuz all agreed;
It's the same old spirit of Seventy-six,

Tho' the folks down thar is a differ-
ent breed.

But John P
Robinson, he
Sez George and Andy are now N. G.

We know from the tales that our sires
tell
How Freedom once shrieked through-
out the land,
When noble and brave Kosciusko fell—
She's shriekin' again on the Rio Grande.

But John P
Robinson, he
Sez let her shriek and be d—d.
—New York World.

WHAT IT SPELLS.

Powder
Asininity
Trouble
R
I
O
T
Idiocy
Suffering
Murder

"WALL," drawled Farmer Waffles to
the group in Dobbs' grocery, "if them
capitalist fellers depended on me to do
their fightin' and be a bullet stopper,
history would be one blank page after
another."

ROTATION.

HERE has been a lot of talk in
the Socialist party recently in
favor of "rotation" in office.
Some comrades have even gotten
so wrought up over the subject that
it was found necessary to take a refer-
endum vote on the question to decide
whether or not Socialists should remain
in office for more than one term.
HOPE'S position in the matter is that
no Socialist should fill more than one
executive position at one time, but we
are against "rotation" in office. We
believe that every executive position
in the United States, from President on
up to dog-catcher, should be filled
constantly, persistently and efficiently
by a Socialist and only a Socialist. There
has been entirely too much "rotation"
in the past—the Republicans and the
Democrats "rotating" in, and the
Socialists "rotating" out.

WE ARE WILLING.

THAT eminent authority, Gen. W.
T. Sherman, once said: "War Is Hell."
Now, since "war is hell," and the
business men want hell and the
politicians declare hell, why not let
these gentlemen go to hell?—G. R. Kirkpatrick.


HOPE



IN THE SWEAT OF OTHERS' BROWS.
How the Noble Capitalist Turns the Soil Into Productiveness. Easy, Isn't It?



SAVE OTHERS; CANNOT SAVE SELVES.

 **M**AGINE the feelings of a down-trodden Insurrecto, a brown-skinned Filipino, a Cuban reconcentrado when he sees an army of American wage slaves, most of whom don't have a week's pay between themselves and starvation, generated by their masters, marching forward to "free" the above mentioned victims of tyranny. How can his feelings be other than that of contempt for those who "would free others, but cannot free themselves?"

SOME BATTLE HYMNS.

Sung by a Capitalist War Statesman, Five Thousand Miles From the Front.

*Oh! Say can you see, by the ticker's long tape,
What so proudly we hailed at the market's last closing.
* * * The stars and bright stripes * * * in the perilous fight
Gave proof through the night * * * that our flag is still there * * **

(Aside) for if it isn't the bottom will drop out of the market and the boys on Wall street will never forgive me.

*Yankee Booodle comes to town;
Yankee Booodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step—*

But let the working class dubs do the real scrapping; we can't go to war or commercialism would suffer.

*Just before the battle, mother,
I was thinking most of you,
While upon the field they're watching
With the enemy in view.*

Of course I won't hustle off to war like a big boob, and leave the dear old lady with only a few million dollars in her purse and only a carload of provisions in the pantry. She might starve. No, siree, it's me for home and mother. Go it, you laboring man—the flag! the flag!

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He has loosed the fearful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
He is tramping out the vintage, where his grapes of wrath are stored, as he goes marching on.*

None of that stuff for me. Little old Washington is reasonably safe from that sword-swallowing stunt, and as for the grape, well, I'll take Mumm's Extra Dry. March on, workers; don't you see duty calls?

*Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up comrades, they will come
And beneath the starry flag
We will breathe the air again
Of freedom and our own beloved home.*

Bah, I don't like that comrade business. It sounds too Socialistic. Can't tell when them durned Socialists might get started to marching—and then it will be good-night to your Uncle Sorghum.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

THE American flag is a queer composite. However, it is not difficult to analyze. Taken as a whole the three colors, flaunted in the face of a hungry mob, by an impassioned orator, may lead to visions of everlasting, undying glory. To wave a red flag—a flag containing only the red alone, is often the signal for an attack of the bull-brained police and hair-trigger patriots, although every real patriot, from Jesus Christ on down, knows that red has always stood for brotherhood and nothing else. To wave a flag of white alone means to surrender. The people of this country surrender over 83 per cent of all they produce to the capitalists annually, hence the thoughtfulness of someone in embodying this color in our national emblem. As for the blue, our analyst has been unable to discover any basis for this color, unless it was put in to typify the feeling of the average wage slave who is without HOPE.



"Help! This dam thing can't hold together much longer."



THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

THERE are many kinds of flags. The one we hear the most about is the "Grand Old Flag." The grand old flag is not limited to one certain country. It is limited only to the country in which you live—"our country." Flags of other countries are not "grand old flags" to us. Our flag is not a grand old flag to persons living across imaginary boundary lines. For instance, an Irishman can get "patriotic" by looking at a flag of green cloth; patriotic enough, in fact, to go out and lick an Englishman whose "grand old flag" is red, with a few intertrimmings of other shades; in turn, the Englishman gazing fondly on the "grand old flag" of England, can get "patriotically" peeved enough at a German, who has red and white and black in his "grand old flag," to make faces at him and build a dozen or so Dreadnaughts, just for spite. In turn, the German, under the due influence of the

ruling forces of "his country," can probably get patriotically mad enough at the "grand old American flag," which has the red and white of the German flag, but substitutes the blue for the black, that alarmists almost fear to tell us what would happen to our banner if the Germans ever cut loose. At least a few stars would fly, they say. To the old party politician "the grand old flag" means another term in office, if properly waved. To a George M. Cohan it offers a wheezy nasal substitute for legitimate music compositions. It is against the law to use "the grand old flag" for advertising purposes (on a small scale), although Mr. Morgan and his army are using it as a good come-on for business in Mexico. Old soldiers love to relate how they got shot for "the grand old flag," and battle hymnists always sing of one country and one flag. Owing to the great contention and variance of opinion as to which flag is really "the grand old flag," we suggest that all workers of

the world whose blood is red adopt a universal banner, if banners still continue to be needed.

Let our slogan be "one world—one flag." This would at least be puzzling to old-party politicians and save a lot of wear and tear on battleships, etc.

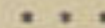


NURSING THE WAR-SPIRIT.

THERE could be, it seems, no anguish more keen than for a mother to lose by death her little child, but think how many mothers are foolishly and patriotically harboring the war germ in their breasts that will eventually cruelly destroy their own children and countless thousands of others.

This is particularly manifest in such societies as the "Daughters of the Revolution," "Women's Relief Corps" and other senile military female organizations, which once had sincere although mayhap deluded aims and purposes, but are now merely used to breed the viper of war, and foster the dying embers of conflict under the warmth of woman's touch.

HOPE looks forward to the day when such organizations and other by-products of militarism will no longer exist, to thrive only on tales of bloodshed, and the military connection of relatives who were foolishly drawn into armed conflict against their brothers. "Relief Corps" were well in their place, while men spilled each others blood, but some one should quietly inform these old sisters that the war is over—and if the working class has any sense whatsoever, it's ETERNALLY over. Hence the proper thing for these militant ladies to do would be to hammer their swords into frying pans and wisely consider the ways of the busy little ant.



ALL IN FAVOR SAY "AYE."

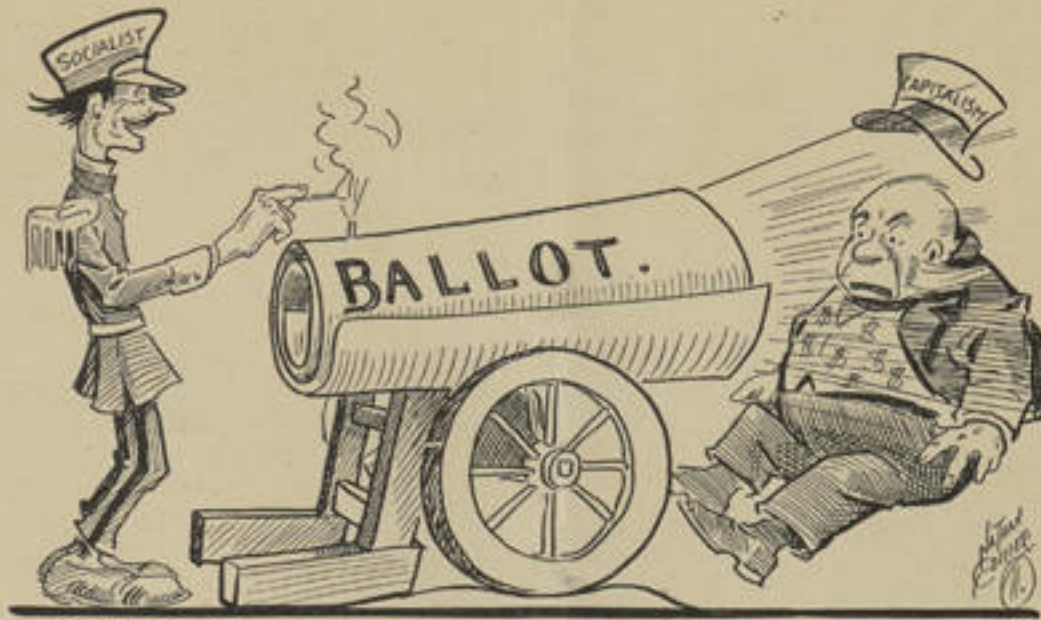
WHY not pass a law requiring that all Senators and Congressmen who vote for war and thus "declare war" shall be forced, according to this law, to instantly resign their offices, and by special draft provided for in this law be forced to join the army immediately, infantry department, and with the common instruments of war (rifles, swords, etc.) fight on the firing line, as privates, without promotion, till the war is finished or themselves are slaughtered?

—G. R. Kirkpatrick.



BETSEY ROSS would turn over in her grave if she could see how Mr. Morgan & Co. have changed the design of that old starry banner.

HOPE



! ! * BLOO-EY ! ! * !



HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the valley of death
Rushed the four hundred.

Forward the Plute brigade!
As if they were not afraid,
Into the valley of death
Rushed the four hundred.

Forward the Graft Brigade!
What a fool charge they made,
Yes; and the hoboes knew
Each one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to quit and die.
Into the valley of death
Rushed the four hundred.

Socialists to the right of them,
Socialists to the left of them,
Socialists in front of them,
Ten million numbered.
Oaths fell like shot and shell,
Graft did its work so well.
Into the valley of death
Rushed the four hundred.

Garments torn—cupboards bare—
Children with naught to wear;
Freedom songs upon the air
Capitalists crying,
Because they had blundered.
Freedom from want and woe,
Lay the usurpers low
Weeping in anguish.
Downward with crushing blow
Shattered and sundered.
None will come back you know
Of the four hundred.

Dollars to the right of them,
Dollars to the left of them,
Dollars behind them.
All the world wondered.
Stormed at before they fell,
By those who'd worked so well;
All had plundered.
Clenched teeth and livid brow,
It's almost over now,
Thus Capitalism fell—
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Not one was left of them,
Of the four hundred.

How did their glory fade!
Oh the fool charge they made!
All the bunch blundered.
All hail for Freedom's rade!
Down with the Gold brigade!
Capitalist four hundred.

EVERY true American patriot should read "War!—
What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick, especially
the patriots who are overzealous to answer the
capitalists call and go forth and be separated from
their vital extremities, by modern methods of butchery. This
book makes the writers of the standard school histories look
like inmates of the Asylum for the Feeble-Minded.

HOPE



"Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag" (she said).

THE SMUG COLONEL.

"I am not an aspirant for anything because I have had everything," said Colonel Roosevelt. "No other man alive has had such a good run for his money."—*Press Dispatch.*

SOME self-complacency that. Here is a down-and-out monkey shooter, who relegated to the rear some months back—completely frazzled as it were, now comes forth with the statement that he is perfectly satiated with glory. He has reached, so he modestly declares, the pinnacle of achievement, to which no other man living or dead, ever longed for, much less attained.

Our hat goes off to the colonel. He is truly in a class by himself. Here are some of his unequalled achievements:

Exhibit "A." Reformed Spelling. (Lasted two months.)

Exhibit "B." Shooting Spaniard in Back.

Exhibit "C." Elected Vice-President by Predatory Interests.

Exhibit "D." Elected President by Czolgosz.

Exhibit "E." Helped Harriman Mulet Alton Stockholders.

Exhibit "F." Persecuted Labor and Socialist Leaders for Seven Years.

Exhibit "G." Stormed Unavailingly at Interests for Same Length of Time.

Exhibit "H." Relinquished Throne to Injunction Bill.

Exhibit "I." Makes Personal Pronoun Famous.

Exhibit "J." Goes to Africa and Commits Unjustifiable Fratricide Among the Monkeys.

Exhibit "K." Tells Europeans How to Run Their Establishment (in spite of fact he couldn't run his own).

Exhibit "L." Triumphantly Returns to America. Received loyally by Senator Lodge, J. P. Morgan and other patriots.

Exhibit "M." November 8, 1910. Frazzled!

Truly, an enviable and beautiful list of accomplishments, and entirely satisfactory to such a great personage as Theodore.

SUGGESTED FOR THE HALL OF SHAME.

THE inventor of the Gatling gun.

The inventor of the Maxim.

The inventor of the Krag-Jorgenson.

The inventor of the torpedo.

The inventor of the 13-inch gun.

The inventor of armor plate.

The inventor of "Peace Tribunals."

The inventor of Embalmed Beef.

The inventor of Jingoism.

The inventors of dynamite, lyddite, gun-cotton and all other murderite.

Andy Carnegie, Bill Taft, Teddy Roughneck, Bill Hearst and J. P. Morgan.

HOPE

A LOST CAUSE.

ALL over the country celebrations are in progress commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the bloody conflict that tore the nation asunder for "freedom's sake" and the abolishing of slavery, in '61.

Fifty years ago the great United States government issued a call to arms for brave men to go forth and fight that the shackles might drop from the wrists of the dark-skinned negro slaves. To-day the same government has ordered out its standing army to the southward that slaves of a complexion much nearer our vaunted white shade than that of the negro may be kept in bondage by the world's bloodiest despot. Boys in blue who died in the trenches at Shiloh, Bull Run, the Wilderness, your blood was spilled in vain. Yours—not the Confederacy—is a lost cause. While you fought and bled and died for what you believed was right, and succeeded in freeing the negro from chattel slavery, the men higher up, some of them the same soulless creatures that sent you to die in the Civil war, are sending your sons today to keep in chattel slavery our neighbors on our southern border, and to hold all of us in the land of the free and the home of the brave in a worse slavery than the happy-minded negro of the south ever endured—the nerve-racking, life-dwarfing, hopeless reign of WAGE SLAVERY.

HE'D BEEN THERE!

"If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not for mine! I had one of them things put on a tooth once by a dentist."

A SUCCESSFUL RESCUE.

(Only the Victims Were Drowned.)

WASHINGTON, April 13.—President Taft made a brave attempt today to save the lives of a small negro boy and his mother, who threw the child into the tidal basin of the Potomac and jumped in after him. Mother and boy were drowned.

While riding at the eastern end of the speedway the President's attention was drawn to a number of men who were raising a commotion on the bank of the tidal basin. He hastened to the scene, and on being told of the circumstances sent his orderly to the nearest police station to summon aid.

—Press Dispatch.

Here is a picture for the hall of fame—at least our robust President should have a Carnegie hero medal. Think of him, while others foolishly splashed into the water, standing on the cushions of the official motor car, coolly ordering the noble Captain Butt to the police station to call out the reserves. What a



A SHAME TO SPOIL THE FUN.

"Say, why don't you give a feller a hand?"

"'Cause I'm getting too much enjoyment out of your present position."

daring attempt. And the beauty of it all is, His Highness Bill never even got his feet wet.

THE SONG OF THE UMBRELLA.

D
r
i
p,
drip,
drip! The
April days
have come, And
me you'd better
always take, When-
ever you leave home.
For when the sun is
shining bright, And down
the street you trip, An
April shower may come up,

D
r
i
p
.
d
r
i
p
.
drip!

—Little Socialist.

WHEN YOUR SENATOR GOES TO NEW YORK.

THE magnificent residences on Washington's fashionable avenues were characterized as useless monuments of extravagance and ostentatious rivalry by Senator McComber of North Dakota in a speech on the reciprocity agreement. Senator McComber was arguing from the farmer's standpoint, and deplored the "monstrous extravagance of the city." Mr. McComber quoted the ordinary expenses of a senator, on a day's trip to New York, in familiar farm products. This is the way they look to the senator from North Dakota:

Cab to hotel, six bushels oats.
Tip to driver, fifteen cabbages.
Tip to elevator boy, two dozen eggs.
Tip to bell-boy, one and one-half bushels barley.
Breakfast, one-fourth ton of hay.
Tip to waiter, two bushels of potatoes.
Luncheon, one sheep.
Tip to waiter, one and one-half bushels of carrots.
Dinner, four bushels of rye.
Tip to waiter, one bushel of onions.
Room, one-half car of turnips.

—Farmers' Journal.



"TO ARMS! TO ARMS! THE REDS ARE COMING!"



THE MOOSE LEXINGTON
 "Behind the Trees of Barren Wall
 The Rebels Give them Ball for Ball"

HOPE

OFF WITH THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact it was an "off" year, the results of the spring elections were astounding. Nearly a score of American cities stepped from the ranks of oblivion and joined Milwaukee in a blaze of undying glory by throwing off the old party yoke. Perhaps this is why the capitalist politicians call it an "off" year.

Let every election be an "off" election in this regard, and make our list of victories look like a facsimile of the atlas of the world.

A PLEASANT REGRET.

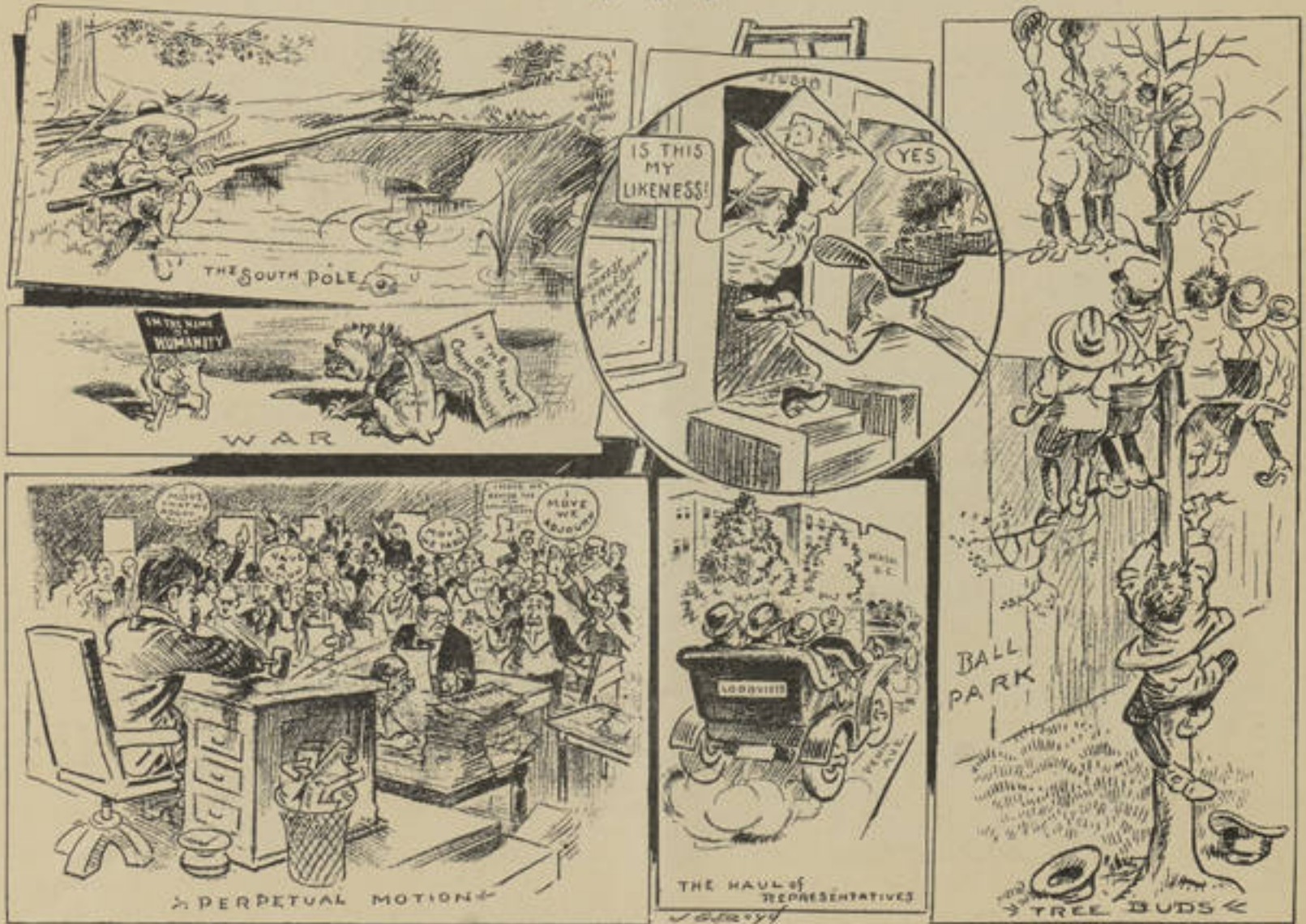
IT is with extreme pleasure that we regret, owing to *lack of sufficient space*, we are unable to publish the list of cities where **SOCIALISTS** were victorious in the recent election.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
This Old Victory Cut Is Getting to Be a Regular Feature in HOPE These Days.

In all the world there is nothing quite so difficult as just be one's self.

Worse than getting in debt to others is getting in debt to one's self. Never owe yourself anything you can't pay.



HOPE'S ART GALLERY.

GIRARD, KAN.

Special Wireless to HOPE:

We elected a Socialist mayor here yesterday and, much to the surprise of our **BEST PEOPLE**, the sun is shining, the grass is growing and the birds are singing just as usual this morning.

E. N. R.

"THE world is all gates, all opportunities." It is we who sit drearily, never hoping that that great glorious gate yonder would yield to us, and that that golden opportunity might be ours. Begin to hope as you never hoped before, and the great agencies and powers of life will be put in motion toward you.

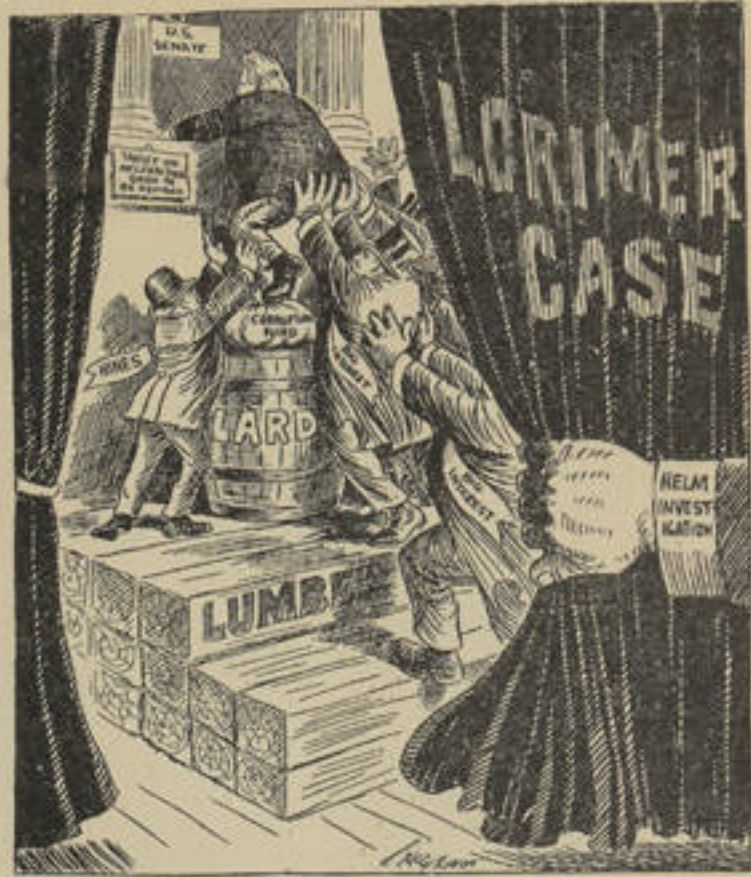
PATRIOTISM is patriotism only when in support of existing orders, and becomes "treason" whenever it menaces the reign of tyrants.

—Frederick F. Berry.

HOPE



WHEN WILL THIS JOY-RIDING STOP?
—J. F. Hart, in *New York Call*.



HOW LORIMER GOT IN.
—McCutcheon, in *Chicago Tribune*.



EVEN A WORM WILL TURN.
—Porter, in *Boston Traveler*.



THE INTERESTS IN MEXICO.
—Walker, in *Coming Nation*.

HOW OUR CONTEMPORARY CARTOONISTS VIEW THINGS

HOPE



JUST LIKE PAT HENRY.

YOUNG man, the lowest aim in your life is to be a good soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizen, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the breast of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, conscience, aye his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer.

No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go.—*Jack London.*

THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING.

In our youthful days it was the custom of our maternal parent to give us a weekly bath. This bath was a thing of horror to the boyish mind. We have a distinct remembrance of at times violently objecting. We didn't want to be washed—and intimated the fact in every possible way. However, sad to relate, we were washed, anyhow. The stern, maternal tyrant would descend, grim of face and strong of arm, and that was the end of it.

The average grown-up human animal is in the same position with regard to the coming reorganization of human society. He is fearful of a revolution. He "does'nt want it." He is fearful lest he lose what he calls his property—a new

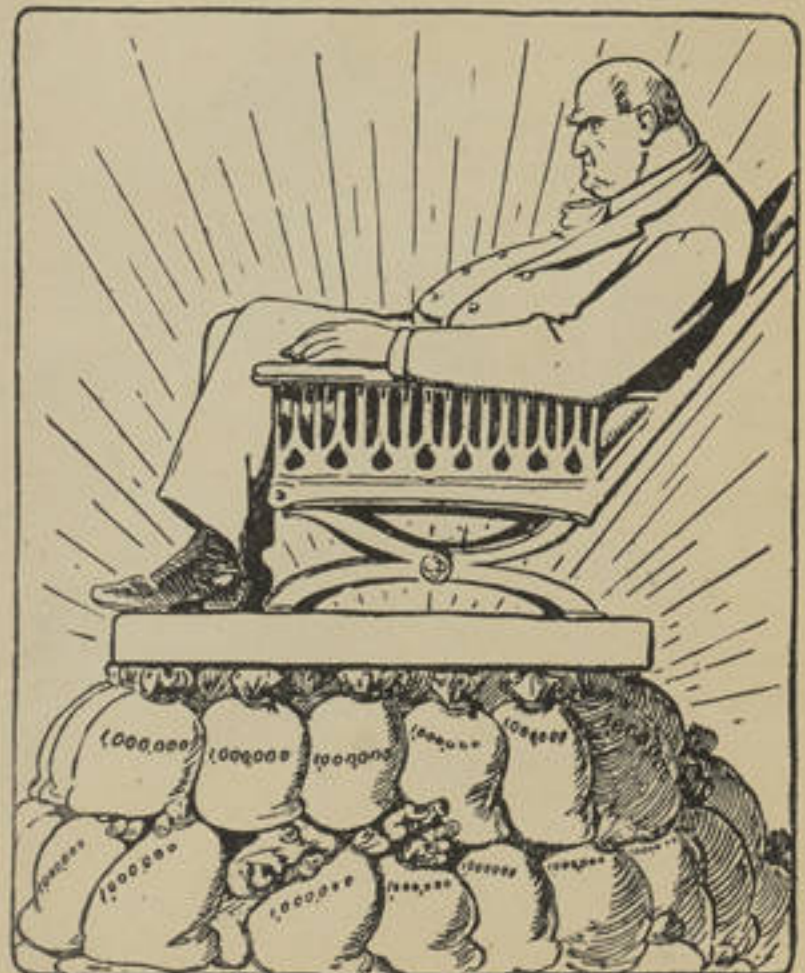
leather suitcase stuffed with might-be clothes, or may be an ought-to-be home, with some almost furniture—even as we in our boyhood days were fearful of parting with the dirt which hung to our hide.

Alas for our human. He is helpless. The force of evolution has him going. He howls. He squirms. He struggles. He kicks. "He doesn't want to go." But he is going anyhow. Poor insignificant insect, battering against a wall. Balking, hanging back. Were it not tragic it would be funny. Why do they not think and understand, and go willingly? Why not trail along, like a good little kid, behind maternal evolution instead of making her pull them along by the ear as a bad little boy.—*The Western Clarion.*

SOLDIERS WANT TO KILL.

IDLNESS is not the soldier's bete noir. Thus the encampment of 20,000 men along the Rio Grande, whether for mere practice or war, has its advantages in the fighting man's mind. The accompanying illustrations give a fairly accurate idea of what the military encampment in time of peace is like. One loafs a lot, does shifts of nonstrenuous duty, puts on a look of humorous ferocity, and waits for something to break. There is much polishing and furbishing of weapons, inspecting of hyper-inspected details, and an air of work and preparation that is only improved by its lack of seriousness.

Those who have the idea that the soldier goes to war or into battle itself with any serious mental preparation are to be undeceived. Generally the fight is the long hoped for relief from "ong wee." The best veteran gets a bit nervous when the steel jackets begin to pipe about him and smack the trees with axlike crashes. The first comrade to go down makes him bite his lip and shoot high at the coming enemy. Then he settles and begins really to fight. It is what he has wanted.—*Chicago Tribune.*



THE MAN WHO PROFITS BY WAR.
Far from the Maddening Strife.

HOPE



No. 1—Rudolph—"This war talk makes the patriotic spirit well up beneath my vest. I will hie me to Mexico and help Diaz quell the revolution, and no doubt he will reward me handsomely for my valuable services."



No. 2—Rudolph—"It's a mighty long walk to the land of the greaser and chili con carne, but I blew my last red cent for this cannon."



No. 3—Rudolph—"Aha! The Rio Grande at last. That must be the army loading around on the other side. I wish this old Mexican creek would dry up; I hate like Sam patch to wet my new uniform."



No. 4—Rudolph—"F'lor Mexico's sake I certainly hlope thlat thlis el'lek dlon't glet any dleeper—glugg—glugge—"



No. 5—Rudolph—"Ich bin liebe freunde. Gosh, I thought I was in Milwaukee. Here! Don't get so blamed familiar with that cheese knife. Caramba—senora choo chu—Gee, I hope he gets that."



No. 6—Insurrecto—"Can't you talk Eengleesh, you gringo? Fade away. We want no meddlers; skiddoo!"

GET-RICH-QUICK RUDOLPH TRIES HIS FORTUNE IN MEXICO.

TO THE SPOT-LIGHT SOCIALIST —VALE!

HAPPILY for Socialism, the day is passing when this important "step in evolution" has ceased to center upon a few posey, egotistic gentlemen, of freakish garb and mien. Other more important issues have developed, much to relief of the party members, and to the dismay of the individual lime-lighters, who in many cases have desperately shaved off their whiskers, discarded their flowing neckties, elongated their trousers, and have resumed eating real food and acting like just "plain folks."

We may even hope that some of them may consent to pose for the photographer without gracefully supporting their patrician brow, with the crutch of their lily white hand—even at the risk of loss of "intellectuality."

THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE.

HERE are rare luxuries,
Comfort and ease.
Warm cage, caressing words,
Sugar and seeds.

Why dash against the bars?
Why pine so long?
How, now, ungrateful bird,
Where is your song?

This is a cozy life
Just you and I,
'Tis so unfeminine
To wish to fly.

—Progressive Woman.

For outside the old cat—
The capitalist system
Takes birdies' necks
And sadly he twists 'em.

GEORGE ADE, the humorist, says if women had equal suffrage, the American flag would soon be a talcum powder rag. Better that than to be a mop to wipe up the bloody profits of the capitalist class, as some of the privileged ones would have it.

HOW "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

*Maud Muller on a summer's day
With long skirts raked the germs away.*

"THIS is strictly insanitary, and dry sweeping is contrary to the ordinance of the Board of Health," said Maud. So she bought a harem skirt, and this may account for the judge and some others looking down at her feet, as related by the poet.



FEAR—THE CRUEL MASTER.

NEVER AGAIN.

DICK HOUGHTON, Socialist, was elected mayor of Girard, Kan. Dick is very popular with the hickory-shirt boys of Girard and received a good many votes outside of the Socialist ranks.

When one Girard workingman handed his ballot to Comrade M. V. Tubbs, who was one of the judges of election, he remarked:

"I was afraid I might make a 'bobble' of it and I'm voting 'er straight, Mart, but it sure does gag me to vote the Socialist ticket. I wouldn't do it for any man but old Dick."

This workingman is a German; so is the defeated Republican candidate. They have always been good friends.

The next morning he met the defeated Republican candidate. He accosted him in the usual way. "Hello, John," he said, "How are you feeling this morn-in?"

John wasn't feeling very good. To be defeated was anything but pleasant,

but to be defeated by a Socialist was the limit.

"Go to blazes, you —— Socialist," is what he handed out to our workingman friend.

Never, oh! never again will it gag this man to vote the Socialist ticket.

* * *

ANTE-MORTEM.

When I cash in and my game's all played,

With the last white chip stacked up and paid;

Don't shove me under the smug green turf

In the town where I am an office serf;

Don't put me down in a dinky pot

Where they bury 'em several to a lot.

No; ship me back to the hills I knew
Where I was a Man, and a good man,
too,

A sort of a king in a vast demesne
Not simply a cog in a huge machine;
And plant me up on the mountain side

Where the cliffs are high and the view
is wide

And the wind blows swift and keen
and thin,

When I cash in.

When I cash in, though my ears will be
Quite deaf to the wind's shrill min-
strelsy,

And the sounds I love I shall not hear,
I want to lie where the trail is near,
That the tread of the old prospectors'
feet

May shake the walls of my last retreat;
And the puncher, humming a careless
song

May stir them, too, as he rides along;
And even the thud of the miner's blast
May rock the ground where my bones
are cast;

And I shall share in the miner's quest
And know their luck in my place of rest
Whether they lose the game or win,

When I cash in.

—By Berton Braley, *April Pacific Monthly*.

HOPE

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From Our Readers

NO LIMIT HERE EXCEPT SPACE

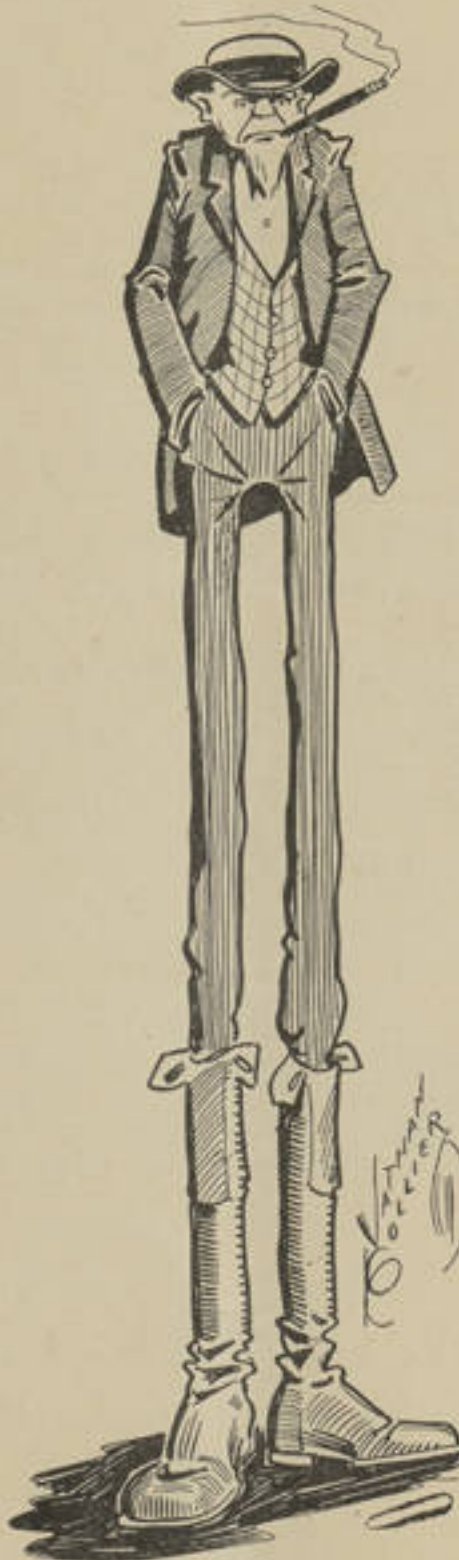
A WAIL FROM THE UPPER DOG.



T this age we millionaires and masters seem to be in great disfavor. We do not hesitate to tell you that it is not right that you should have such a bad feeling toward us, for millionaires and masters own the things you need to live upon—that is, the land, the machines, the mines and factories—and we tell you that if we did not own these things so that you could work for us and use them, you would starve; therefore, you should treat us kindly and be our servants, for, remember, the great book, the Holy Bible, says: You should obey your masters always and be satisfied, even though your lot be small down here below; remember that your reward in heaven, beyond the pearly gates of that great celestial city, on whose pavements will patter your tiny angel's feet on its cobblestones of solid gold, and from its silvery fauceted fountains your ruby lips will sip sweet nectar and drink unadulterated wines. Here in this land of

silent repose after death you will have the pleasures we enjoy alive.

We know our wives and families have the best of the world's goods, while you have not a sufficiency. We live in ease and leisure while you must work. We have all the good things in life, while you and yours are in poverty, but now you should not be angry over these things, for, as we have told you, if we did not own all things so that you could work for us, you would starve, therefore, you see, you are better off even though you must suffer than you would be if we did not own the world, so that



This durned Socialism is only another dog-goned scheme to get a feller's money."

you could work for us in order that we might pay you wages.

—Murray Youts, Cleveland, O.

* * *

AN OPEN LETTER TO ELBERT HUBBARD.

DEAR ELBERT:

I am not a constant nor even a regular reader of "The Philistine," and much regret the fact, as I am always entertained when I read it, often amused, and sometimes instructed. In looking over a number of "The Philistine" of several months ago, I noted the following statement from your pen: "We are all of us fools a certain portion of our time."

In a later number you partially verify the truth of your contention by writing an article on Socialism. Now, Elbert, this seems to me a needless humiliation on your part, and I beseech you, I beg of you, and in this I am joined by a goodly number of your well wishers: *Please don't write another article on Socialism during that particular "portion" of your time.*

Yours solicitously,

L. F. FULLER,
Girard, Kan.

* * *

THE MUSHMEAL PROFESSOR.

ITY "Hope" couldn't have had the latest pronouncement of Harvard's gifted (?) "Professor of Dietetics" for the "Blockhead" issue. This foolish-wise man, this ignorant "servant," giving him the benefit of the doubt, perhaps means no harm in his periodical manifestos advising those who employ him that 10 cents a day is enough for a working man to live upon.

Even if it were truth, and it isn't, that one could purchase the commodities the professor recommends at the prices quoted, he makes no allowance for the requirements of preparation of his dope, as yeast and labor in bread making, and no consideration of the personal taste—the palate of the subject.

His recommendation of the cheapest flour as most nutritious, and, in a former manifesto, "some cheap syrup"—glucose, is like the rest of it, a gratuitous insult to the workingman.

History may never repeat itself exactly in all details, but for less ill-advised utterance better men than this fool were led to the guillotine a hundred years ago, and the present temper of the unemployed and the starving workers, long suffering and already exasperated, is a thing evidently not apprehended by this "wise man," who may yet have to eat his own dope, just as the other wise man, Taylor, may have to serve time under his own "system."

—W. B. Nickerson.

Elegant Oil Finished Paintings

\$1.00



Size 16 x 20 in.
The picture shown here "The Doctor" and a few other good ones, such as "The Horse Fair," "An Interesting Society," "Homeward Bound," "Angels," "Gleaners," "The Ford," "King of the Field" (dog picture), "The Milkmaid," "Love Making," "Harvesting."

Any of these make an Ideal Ornament for office, library or waiting room. These are not cheap varnished prints, but oil finished in rich artistic colors and mounted on cloth. A handsome 3-in. gilt frame to fit picture for \$2.00 extra, if desired.
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"The Whole Family Can Play It."

This game is played with colored markers on a chart divided into 100 unequal spaces, through which winds a path starting from Capitalism and leading to Socialism. The pictures and lettering are full of suggestions, helping young people realize the facts of the Class Struggle. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. Agents Wanted.

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A fine deck of 53 playing cards, standard size and extra quality, with which any ordinary card game can be played at sight. But the Kings are the Trusts, the Queens are the Capitalistic Virtues, the Jacks are the Policemen and their assistants, judge, soldier and professor, and the Aces are the organizations of the working class. The other cards stand for as many different types of working men and women. Each card carries a bright verse by Mary E. Marcy; the drawings are by R. H. Chaplin. The cards will afford no end of entertainment, particularly if you can induce a non-socialist to take a hand in the game. Price, 25 cents postpaid. Agents wanted.

Special Offer—For thirty days from the date of this advertisement we will send a dozen decks of the cards and a dozen of the Class Struggle Game, by express, prepaid, on receipt of \$2.75. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 118 West Kinzie St., CHICAGO

WHEN IN ROME DO AS ROMANS DO.



IN the spring election at Milwaukee, party lines were withdrawn and only one ticket went into the field against the Socialists. It was called the non-Socialist ticket. The election, to choose school supervisors, was won by the non-Socialists, which significantly comprised the entire Catholic church of Milwaukee. The issue was open—the Socialists standing for PUBLIC SCHOOLS, the Catholics demanding that the state support the parochial schools.

Those religious Milwaukee comrades who were so strong for "tolerance" with the Catholic church should now sit up and take notice. That "tolerance" is all one-sided. The "Romans" won't "tolerate" Socialism if they can help it.

MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

There were no vacant seats in the car, but as a comely-looking woman entered an elderly man near the door attempted to rise, but she at once forced him back into his seat. "Thank you," she said, "but please don't do that. I am perfectly able to stand."

"But, madam, allow—"

"I insist upon your keeping your seat," interrupted the woman, with her hands on his shoulders. The man continued his efforts to rise, saying: "Madam, will you kindly permit me to—"

With another push the woman again forced him back, insisting that she couldn't think of accepting his seat.

With one supreme effort the man forced her aside. "Madam," he exclaimed, "you have already carried me three blocks beyond my destination. I don't care a tinker's thingumbob whether you take my seat or not, but I wish to leave this car."

THE EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

EDITING a paper is a nice thing and no mistake! If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't, we are fools. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain in the office, we ought to be out looking for news. If we go out, then we ought to be attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we are extravagant. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely someone will say that we purloined this from another paper. SO WE DID!



MONTE CRISTO MONEY-BAGS.
"The World Is His."



AMERICA.

OUR country 'tis of thee,
Land of prosperitee;
Where whistles blow,
Where children work all day,
No chance to run or play;
Where greed and might hold sway—
Thy name I love.

Almighty gold to thee—
Buyer of liberty—
To thee we sing,
Our land is filled with graft,
And William Howard Taft,
Who's smaller fore than aft,
Our mighty king.

FINANCING.

"Willie," said Willie's mother, "don't you think it extravagant to put both butter and jam on your bread?"

"No," said Willie, "I think it economical; the same bread does for both."—*Farm and Fireside.*

CHANCE FOR A NEW FAD.

Tramp—"I haven't had food for a week."

"But how do you exist?"

"Well, it's like this. When I think of my bad luck a lump rises in my throat and I just swallow it."

THE MACHINE AGE.



MACHINERY is rapidly displacing every kind of physical labor. Just as fast as the capitalist class discovers that it is cheaper to produce certain articles by machinery than by human endeavor, the progress of that invention goes forward. That machinery can entirely displace hand labor is conceded by the thinking hand-tool workers, who are striving eagerly through political organization to secure the national ownership of the machines. To the professional man, Socialism has not appealed greatly. He apparently rests secure in the delusion that machinery cannot displace the delicate details of his profession, whatever it may be. Machinery, he thinks, may dig a ditch or bore a mountain, but it can never paint a landscape or pull a tooth. Maybe not, but let's see. A few years ago "acting" was a divine art—individuals high in the profession often drew enormous salaries for their individual effort. Their endeavor was limited by the capacity of one theater, and admission price restricted audiences to a fortunate few. Now, all that is necessary to see an evening's entertainment is to pay 5 cents, step into a nickelodeon, and wonders more dazzling and entrancing than ever were shown by actors on a legit stage will appear before you. And this performance is not limited to one theater. It can be produced simultaneously in countless places. The same is true of the great soloist, the grand opera musician, the monologists. Why spend ten dollars to go to grand opera to hear one great star warble when you can buy a barrel of graphophone records containing the voices of them all and play 'em at home in your privacy—and the beauty of it is that you can SHUT 'EM OFF whenever you want to. This is more appreciated when you remember you can secure the orations of old-party political leaders, and do likewise. Machinery has progressed wonders in art. The photo-engraving process has almost entirely displaced the wood engraver's art, producing in a few minutes what formerly required days of painstaking and tedious labor. Household devices are limited only by the lack of organization on part of housewives, who remain content to do things the way grandmother used to, in spite of the fact that machinery now invented can do everything, from baking apple pies to spanking the kids and sending them to school. While we have yet to hear of a machine for producing original oil paintings, there is a process of printing that can duplicate any oil painting at the rate of 1,000 copies per hour that is so exact in every detail even to

the palette knife dabs of paint, that an expert can scarcely detect the difference.

And, as for pulling teeth, the machinery that does this ticklish job is so perfected and accomplishes the task so easy and painlessly that we are afraid to tell you what it is, for fear you will part with your ivories just because you don't believe that it can be done.

The professional person shouldn't deceive himself. His day of individual effort is fast on the decline.

The day is coming when art, surgery, theatricals, music, housekeeping and other individual professions and sciences will, together with oratory, be gathered into the fold of the commonwealth and no longer remain incumbent upon the puny efforts of individuals.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

"James, did you put the cat out?"

"He hasn't been in all day, dear."

"Then bring him in and put him out again; we've got to show that beast we're his superiors."

"EAT GERALDSON'S FIGS"

Clean Wholesome Delicious

A valuable food. An ideal
SYSTEM REGULATOR

10 lbs. for \$1.00

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY
Newcastle, Cal.

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HOPE

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The Unlucky Number

BETTER WATCH OUT, MR. CAPITALIST
YOU'RE HOODOOED

DEALERS SHOULD ORDER **NOW**
YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE

TO AVOID ANY MISHAPS

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

LIFE is one damn thing after another—mostly advertisements.

"YES," said the Modest Economist, "what we need is class-conscious Socialists. So far I have been able to discover but two in all history—er, that is myself and Karl Marx."

CHEER up, children, we can take our minds off reciprocity, Mexican revolution and other trivialities. Baseball is here.

NOT SEEING THINGS ANY MORE.

A young man, a great lover of nature, went to the seashore for a holiday and, approaching a typical fisherman, said:

"Ah, my friend, how well you must know the face of Nature, and know it in all its moods. Have you ever seen the sun sinking in such a glare of glory that it swallows up the horizon with fire? Have you not seen the mist gliding down the hilltop like a spectre? Have you never," he went on, impassionedly, "seen the moon struggling to shake off the grip of the ragged, rugged storm-cloud?"

"Nope," responded the fisherman. "I'm on the wagon now."

THEIR FATHERS WERE PATRIOTS



THEY never knew what war was for; they listened to the impassioned oratory of hired preachers, jingo statesmen and prostitute editors—then shouldered their guns and marched away to be riddled and disintegrated by modern murdering machines. NOW the children of these patriots must forego their youth, play and sunshine and struggle for existence in child-labor factories.

WOULD YOU SELL YOUR LIFE AND THE LIVES OF YOUR LOVED ONES FOR \$13 PER MONTH?

WOULD YOU FIRE UPON INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN IF ORDERED TO DO SO BY A "SUPERIOR"?

If you intend to enlist in any army, DON'T DO IT—at least until you have read

"WAR, WHAT FOR"

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This book is not a rhetorical rant against war. It is a gold-stamped clothbound volume of 350 pages, filled to bursting with interesting data, and comments against the barbarism of war gathered from the world's greatest authorities, and supplemented by telling phrases, by America's foremost author, Mr. Kirkpatrick.

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HAVE THE BEST MAKE-UP AT THE BALL!—Our Tricot Masks cover the entire head; only \$1.25 each; ordinary mask, 25c; all postpaid. Catalogue theatrical wigs free. Address Percy Ewing, Decatur, Ill.

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THE ROADMAN'S GUIDE tells you how to make money at picnics, carnivals, barbecues and street fairs, with shows, stands, games, etc.; where to get supplies, how to get up new games of amusement; explains new plans and schemes for making money easily. Price 50 cents, post free. Send for it or write a postal for free circular. Address F. Wagner R., 2714 Gamble St., St. Louis, Mo.

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TUBERCULOSIS CONQUERED—Unlimited, positive proof. Call or write for testimonials of prominent people and booklet, Why Nature's Creation Saves Consumptives. Reliable agents wanted. E. D. MORGAN, Hippodrome Building, Cleveland, O.

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"KREMOLA" makes the skin beautiful. A scientifically medicated snow-white cream that removes the old cuticle with ALL discolorations, leaving a beautiful complexion. Mail \$1.00. Booklet free. DR. C. H. BERRY CO., Chicago.

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HOPE'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

LITTLE VISITS WITH THOSE WHO HELP TO MAKE THE WORLD MORE HELPFUL.



No. 3. L. F. SESINGER.

HOPE'S Interviewer found "Ses" hard at work in his studio. That personage stopped long enough from the work of digging capitalist monsters out of placid white cardboard, and greeted the scribe.

"State your full name," said the interviewer.

"Lawrence Freedom Sesinger."

"Where were you born?"

"Several cities are clamoring after the honor of being my birthplace," modestly replied the cartoonist. "However, I first saw the light of capitalism in dear old graft-ridden Philly, in 1889.

"I passed through the usual school course of ordinary athletics, but later in life took up a post-graduate course in baseball and cartooning."

"I note several cartoonists have been former baseball players. Mr. Sesinger, what seems to be the connection?"

"Well, of course, both games are a little batty, but that is a merry quip."

"Seriously, how did you develop from a baseball player to an artist?"

"The School of Applied Art and the University of Hard knocks have assisted me very ably."

"How did you become a Socialist?"

"Easy enough. I've always been taught that art is but an expression of the joy of living, the sense of beauty developed. Every one admits that all nature is beautiful. It is capitalism, the present industrial system, that makes the face of nature hideous, wantonly destroying the forests of profit, polluting the streams, crowding human beings closer and closer by exploitation. Why man, this thing has got to stop or there will soon be no art. I have no greater ambition than to bring light into darkness, and hope to the hopeless through the power of the printed picture."

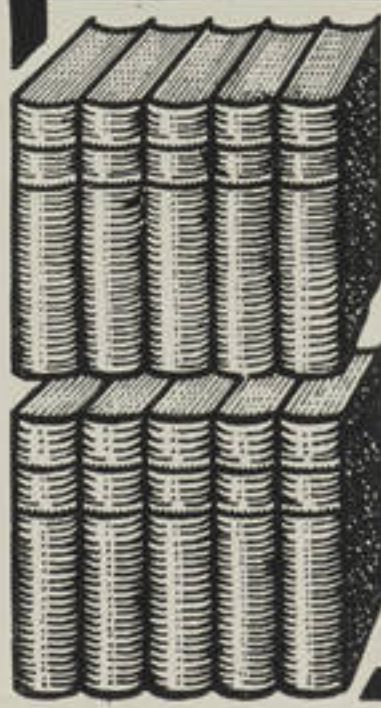
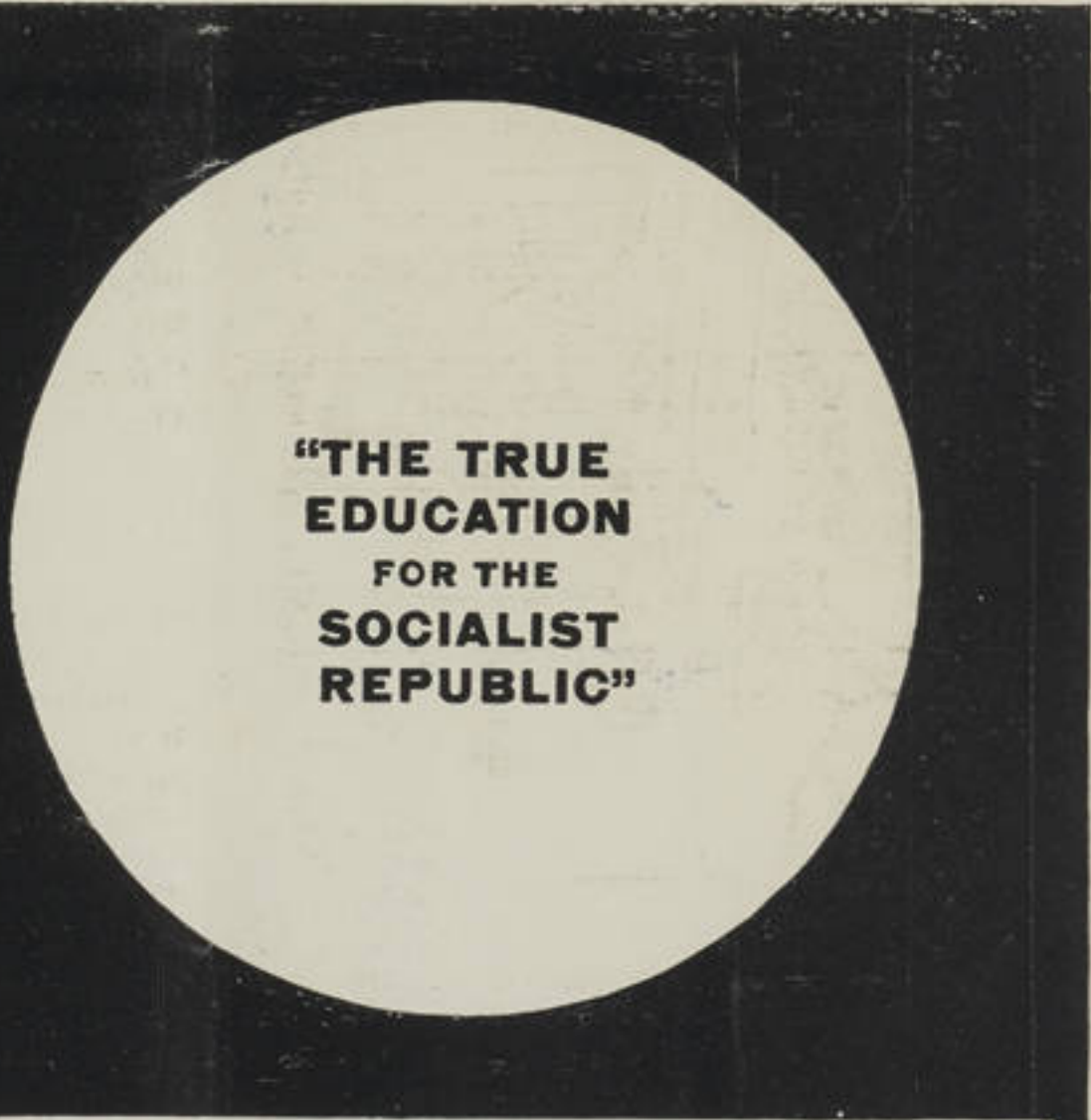


HOPE is an active and creative thing. Where hope is there are results. The vast deserts in the west were only dreams of waste sand and desolation until some one dared one day to hope that they might be turned into fertile valleys, blooming as the rose. It was then that energy got to her feet and called thousands of men from the ends of the earth, to lay plans, to dam up a vast body of water, and to turn from its course one of the greatest rivers of the world. For what purpose? To water the desert places, and to fulfill that original daring and wonderful hope. Such a hope goes before every great enterprise.

"WELL, stranger," said the shipwrecked sailor who had been marooned for twenty years, "has the United States Senate passed any laws for the good of the people since I have been gone?"

"Nope," replied his rescuer, "they haven't had time—still busy investigatin' the Lorimer case."

And taking a broad glance at the whitewashed shore, the isolated hermit begged to be left where he was.



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THE design on this page is from the cover of the "Students' Art Magazine" published by G. H. Lockwood at Kalamazoo, Michigan. This little magazine as the name implies; is especially interesting to art students who are studying art through correspondence. It is, however, interesting to all artists and people interested in art.

The magazine gives easy lessons along the line of Designing, Illustrating and Cartooning, it publishes and criticises students' work and also gives

cash art assignments. It is full of helpful hints and inspiration.

A number of the art contributors of "Hope" had their first pictures published in the "Students' Art Magazine." Most of them are students of G. H. Lockwood.

The subscription price is \$1.00 per year. If the magazine is not entirely satisfactory your dollar will be refunded on request. Do not fail to send in your subscription at once.

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