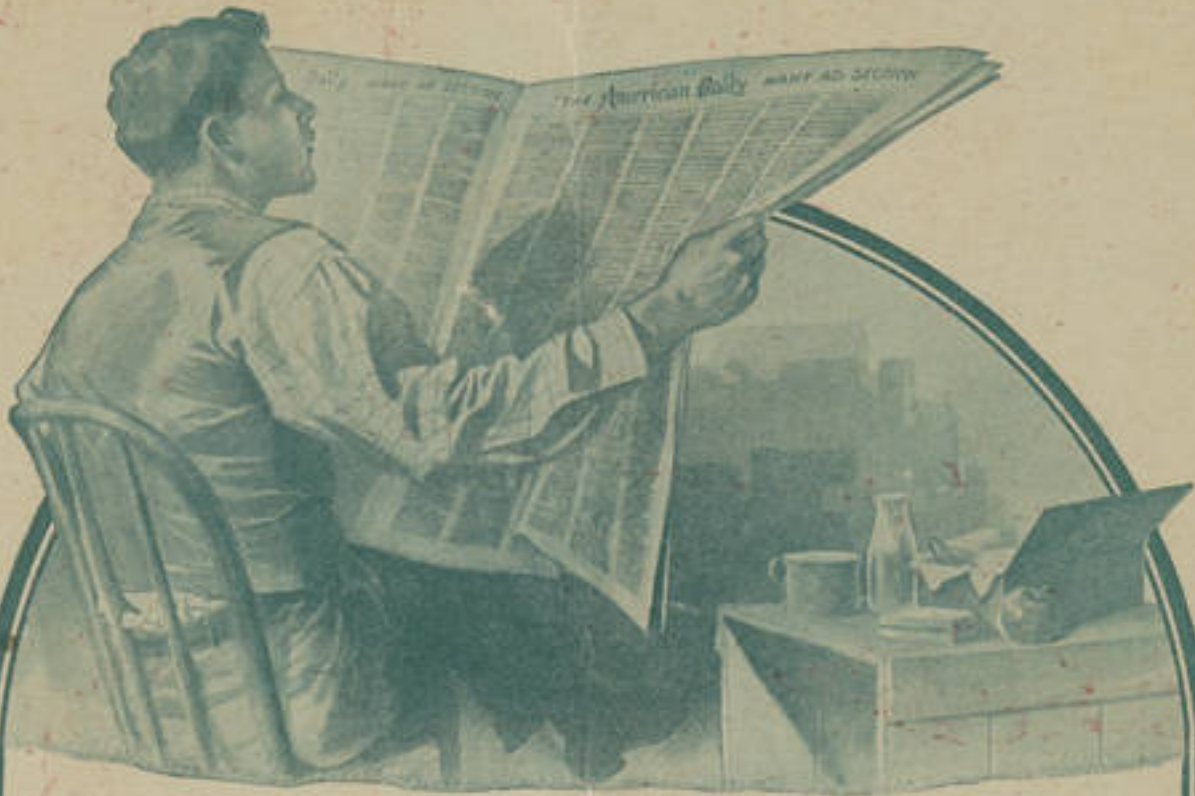




-SAVAGE-

Vacation Days Will Be Lots Sweeter—When the Nation Owns the Trusts.

HOPE



Trained Men Wanted

Every year thousands of *good jobs* are seeking *trained men* through the daily press. You won't have to look for a good job if you have the necessary training to fill one—the *job will look for you*—the "Help Wanted" columns in every daily paper prove this.

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The American School is an educational institution. No agents, representatives or collectors are employed. If you send us the coupon, we'll not bother you by sending an agent. All of our business will be carried on privately by correspondence.

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

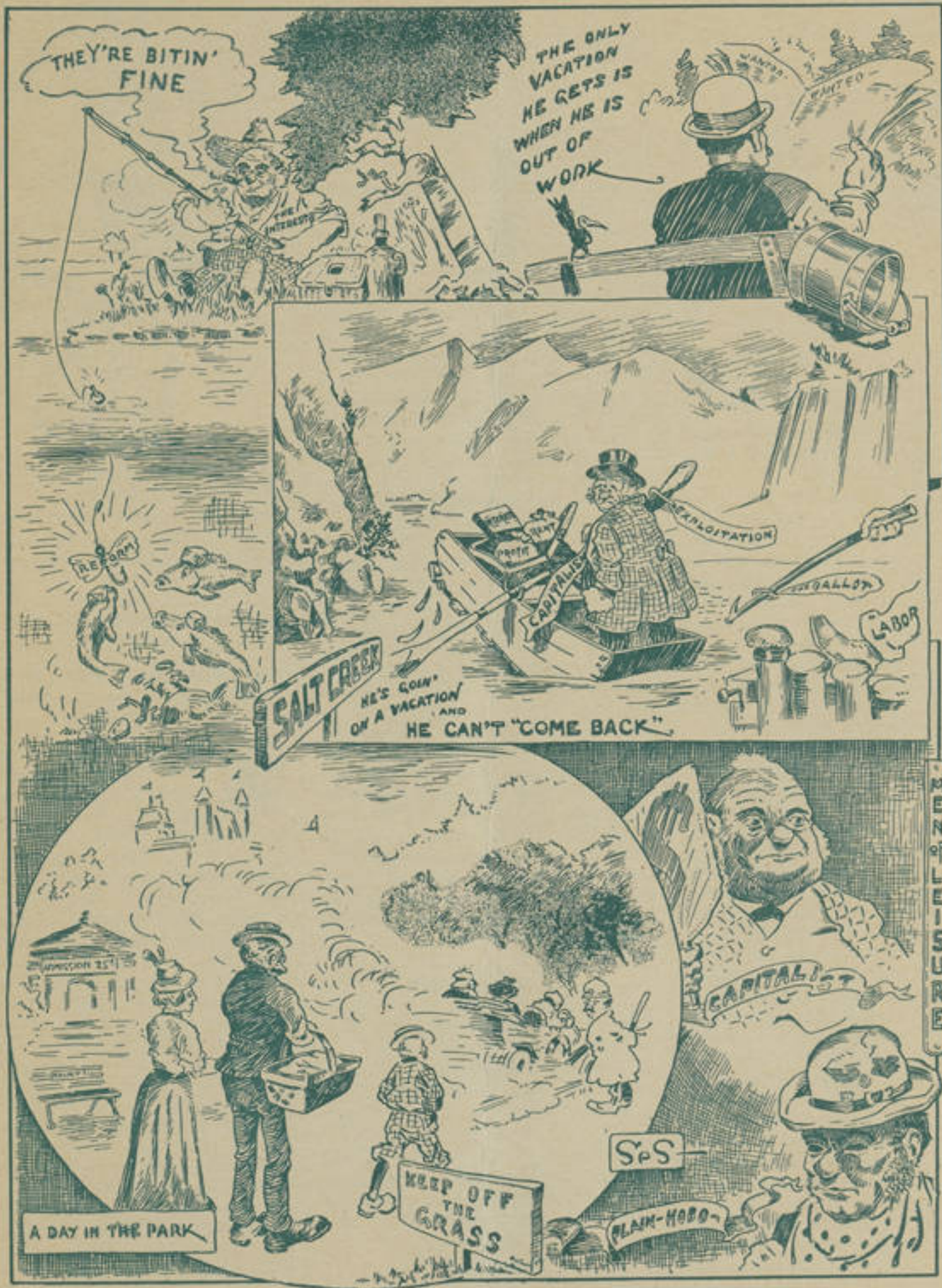
OPPORTUNITY COUPON

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." HOPE 8-11.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Bookkeeper | Fire Ins. Engineer |
| Architect | Telephone Expert |
| Building Contractor | Moving Picture Op'r |
| Structural Engineer | Bookkeeper |
| Civil Engineer | Stenographer |
| Electrical Engineer | Accountant |
| Elev. Light & Power Supt. | Cost Accountant |
| Boiler Mekanik | Certif'd Public Acct't |
| Steam Engineer | Auditor |
| Sanitary Engineer | Business Manager |
| Reclamation Engineer | College Preparatory |

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
OCCUPATION.....

HOPE



THERE'S A REAL VACATION COMIN' BY AND BY

HOPE

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1911. No. 4

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WHEN MOTHER WILL GET A VACATION (And Dad Too)



THE day is drawing near when the last whistle of sooty old capitalism will blow, and its dangerous, death dealing machinery will be forever still. Starvation and want will no longer drive men and women to the grind of industry.

Instead, Phoenix-like, out of the ruins of the present industrial chaos will arise a new order. Industry will be relieved of its slave-drivers. Men will work—work eagerly through the inspiration of creative joy. And then will come rest—a rest as sweet as the sleep of a babe. Not the mere exhaustion from an overwhelming day of toil, as men rest today. But the blessed peace of mind and quiet that comes after a day's achievements. For every day will then be an achievement for those that produce. Tired mothers will rest—a rest that has never been known. With incentive for profit removed and with incentive for good installed, domestic devices will supplement the tired, bending backs in smudgy kitchens, laundries and homes, as well as elsewhere. Co-operation in its fullest sense, will relieve the individual monotonous never-ending struggle of Mother, and with the nervous strain of present-day attempts to make ends meet in spite of low wages and high cost of living eliminated—her well-earned vacation will be one continual round of joy. With all that makes life miserable removed, with plenty of food, shelter and clothing for her loved ones, in view, is it any wonder that mothers everywhere are interested and putting forth their efforts to bring about this wonderful co-operative commonwealth?

HOPE

"MR. TAFT—MR. BERGER,
MR. BERGER—MR. TAFT"



CONGRESSMAN Berger, the only man in congress who seems to represent his own state, as well as all of the others, paid his first visit to President Taft last month. To be sure it was a perfectly graceful call, although it is not chronicled that Comrade Berger wore a full dress suit or knocked his frontal bone on the threshold of the executive office before entering. This may be true of the old party office seekers who are looking for Taftian plums, but our energetic Milwaukee neighbor wasn't there to beg. He went upon important business. If there was a Socialist president in the chair, Victor could have saved his shoe leather, as a Socialist president would know without being told, that it was wrong for the Texas authorities to send a poor lad to the penitentiary for five years for stealing five paltry dollars, while rich crooks who steal millions go scot free and honored, but such is the case. Mr. Berger asked his excellency to pardon this wayward Texas boy so unversed in high finance.

He also told Mr. Taft that when a letter carrier, who is really a human animal in spite of some deductions of Mr. Hitchcock, lugs a mail sack with forty-six pounds of mail-order catalogs in it over six miles of hot asphalt pavement in the middle of August, and is compelled to wear an all-wool uniform with coat buttoned up, he is apt to feel uncomfortable. Victor suggested to Bill that he issue some sort of an order permitting the letter carrier to lay aside his stuffy gray coat in the good old summer time. In fact Victor left quite a few little human interest ideas with Mr. Taft, before he departed. After all there's nothing like having someone on the job who at least knows how to run the government. Call again, Vic.

VACATION TIME

Good for the railroads.
Good for the leisure classes.
Good for their health.
Good for their wealth.
Good for the summer resorts.
Good for everybody

EXCEPT

those that stay at home and toil and sweat and grind to produce the necessary things that make the joys of vacation worth while for the exploiters.

DEFINED

VACATION: A period of rest from labor.—WEBSTER.

We get the labor—the capitalist gets the REST.



MR. MORGAN: "Now, If I Only Had Some Place to Put It."

SOCIALISM means an everlasting vacation for exploitation, starvation and misery.

OH! GOODY, WE'VE GOT RECIPRO- CITY

(Now Watch Good Times Come—for
the Owners of the Machinery of
Production)



WITH much mental stress and effort, the great United States Senate last month placed its approval upon the Reciprocity agreement with Canada. Political managers of the republican party, with their usual coarseness have admitted that this move is the wisest the republican party has made for many years, which in the most does not indicate a very great deal of wisdom. They say it will stimulate trade and greatly revive the Taft boom for 1912, which has lately been looking as sad and wilted as a last year's jimson weed. That "reciprocity," whatever that may be, will revive the little fat boys hopes for four years more of the full presidential chair, we do not dispute. Whether it will have any noticeable pleasing effect upon the family pantry, or otherwise make life more worth living to the American and Canadian workers, is another question, which the smug politicians have failed to satisfactorily answer. We venture a wild surmise that the working class on either side of the boundary will get very little out of reciprocity after the respective Canadian and United States capitalists have had their share of the benefits.

H O P E

A LONG-NEEDED VACATION

Q N Monday morning at 8 o'clock the Co-Operative Commonwealth was ushered in. Mr. L. Omnia Vincit, the new proprietor of the nation, took his seat in the executive chair and looked sharply about him. Suddenly his glance fell upon a decrepit, flabby, puffy-eyed old individual sitting back in an easy chair—doing nothing. So he was summoned upon 'the carpet.'

"What are you doing here for the good of the country?" said Mr. Labor, sternly.

Capitalism growled, for it was he, "Nothing," he answered.

"What have you ever done for the good of the people?" said Mr. Labor.

"Nothing," murmured Capitalism.

"What do you ever expect to do for the good of the people?" said Mr. Labor.

"Nothing," snarled Capitalism, "because I am too worn out and need a rest."

"That being the case, I hereby grant you a six-months' vacation twice a year," said the new boss.

And pulling his old plug hat down over his eyes, Capitalism slouched out and slammed the door, and at last reports hasn't come back.

AT THE MINSTREL

Mr. Bones: "Ah say, Mistah White, why am de nether part of a lady's dress called a suburban train?"

Mr. White: "Well, really Mr. Bones, I knew it was called a train, but never heard it called a suburban train. Why is the lower part of a lady's dress called a suburban train?"

Mr. Bones: "Because it is on the outskirts! Ha! Ha!"

Mr. White: "Mr. Crusoe will now sing that touching little ballad entitled, 'We never miss the food till our meal ticket's punched out.'"

SOME WELL-KNOWN VACATIONISTS

(Who Can't Come Back)

Jim Jeffries.
T. Roosevelt.
J. Wesley Hill.
Prof. Mallock.
The Milwaukee Capitalist Politicians.
Wm. J. Bryan.
Good Old Prosperity.



WHERE THE WEARY WILL FIND REST

WHERE HE WAS

BINKS: "What is the longest vacation you ever had?"

JINKS: "Well, one time I stepped in front of a motorcycle and was out of the world for about a week."

Vigorous	Anaemic
Active	Cripples
Capitalists	Resignedly
Attempting	Obligingly
To	Sweating
Inhale	Toiling
Ozone	In
Neatly.	Capitalism

ROAD TO FAME

"I don't know what to do with this poem," said the discouraged wooer of the muse. "Even the magazine editors pronounce it slush."

"Old man, you're in luck," replied the horse editor. "Have it set to music and start it down the pike as a patriotic song."

There is an ad. in the Denver Post for a lost man "carrying his clothes in a gunnysack." Chances are he is sun-burned out of all recognition. Still it seems as if he would attract attention on the streets—unless at the rush hour.

GENE Debs says: "When the working-class wants Socialism there's going to be more pic-nics and less pan-ics."

HOPE

DISCREDITING MILWAUKEE

ENEMIES of Socialism, particularly the Catholic church, are doing everything possible to discredit the Socialist city administration in Milwaukee. Mention the Milwaukee Socialists to a non-Socialist and he will immediately say: "I hear they are not making good," or "I see by the papers that the Socialists are losing out in Milwaukee," or something equally discouraging. Follow him up for the source of his information and you will find it comes from the capitalist press direct, or if it comes from residents of Milwaukee, it is stimulated by those who are blind with Romanism or else from some disgruntled tax-dodger, who has been made to pay what the law demands. As far as we have been able

to learn, and we have investigated the matter thoroughly, the working class of Milwaukee, whom the Socialists are sworn to represent, are MORE THAN SATISFIED with the Socialist administration. It is only the exploiters and their deluded dupes who are kicking. What better testimonial of successful administration of Socialist principles would you want than a yell of dissatisfaction from the plutes. The louder they holler the more we know they are getting what is coming to them. In fact, we would feel a little suspicious ourselves if the Milwaukee administration was PLEASING the powers that be, it would show that it was either inactive or corrupt. Happily the wild plutocratic wails of despair emanating from the Cream City ably controvert either of these suppositions.

Detective Burns applauds it

THE GREAT WEAPON FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE HOME

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

THE ONLY WEAPON OF WHICH AN AUTOMATIC REVOLVER IS MADE. THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IN THE HOUSES OF THE RICH AND THE POOR.



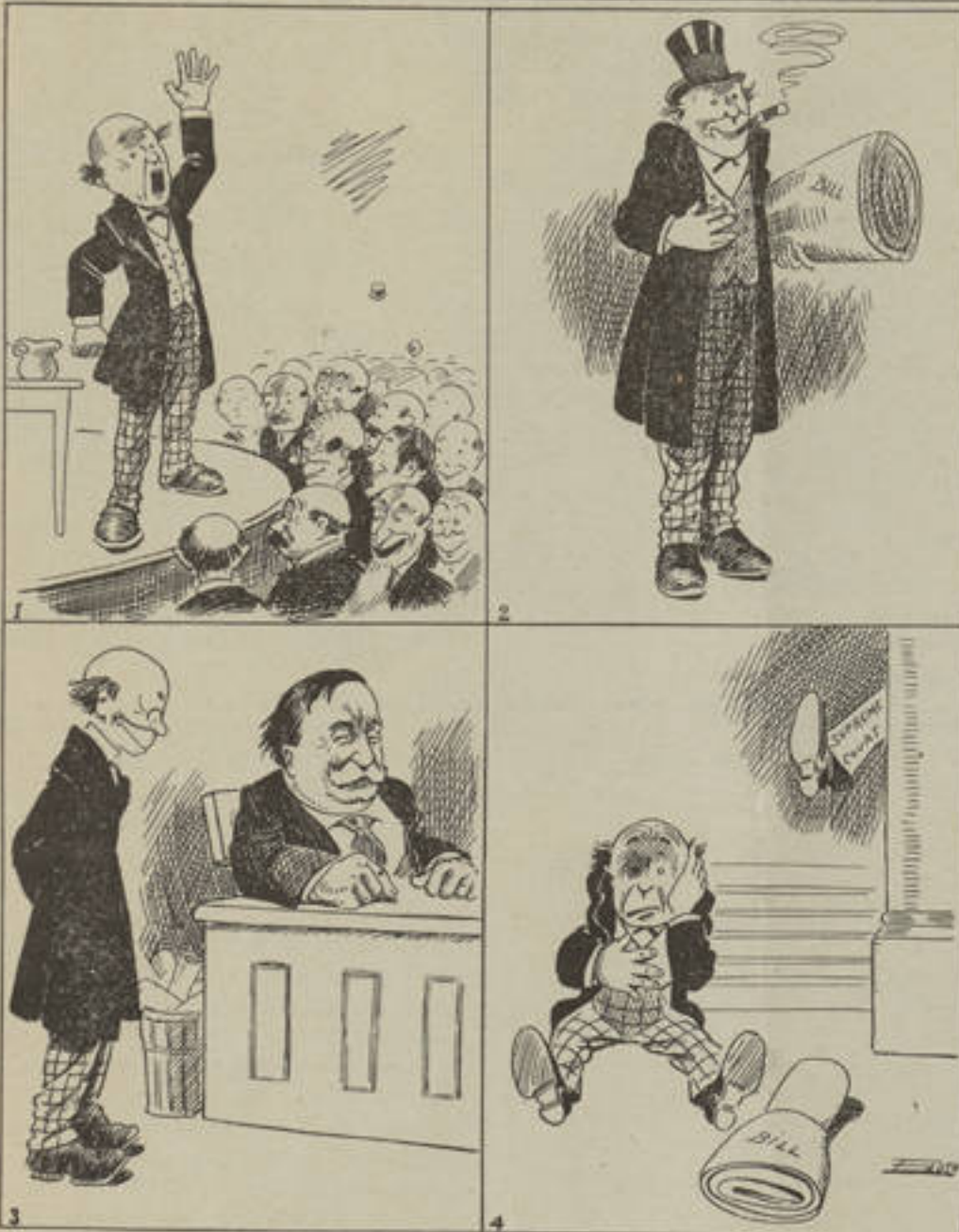
PROTECTING THE HOME

ON this page is reproduced the head lines of an advertisement for a well known manufacturer of an automatic revolver. This weapon is the most deadly pocket instrument of destruction ever invented. It will fire at one pressure of the trigger ten shots in about one second's time. In the hands of a thug, bully or criminal it exemplifies his ability for slaughter by 1,000 per cent. Hence it is with interest that we read that Detective Burns applauds it, as well as W. B. Masterson, Teddy's friend; Buffalo Bill, W. A. Pinkerton and others who have shed human blood. "The greatest weapon for the protection of the home," says Mr. Burns, as heavily armed with a couple of these weapons he kidnaps McNamara and breaks up his home. That he does this without violent remonstrance on the part of his victims shows that the working class has no use for such murderous inventions. They are used almost exclusively by such "gentlemen" whose wonderful endorsements appear above. Detective Burns applauds it—says the manufacturer. Further proof of this weapon's murder dealing possibilities is unnecessary—unless the manufacturer might add the testimonials of the Chicago car barn bandits, and some lesser murderers and hold up men to the distinguished list of endorsers.

HE'S PEEVED

FORMER SENATOR W. A. Clark, of Montana is spending his vacation with his wife in England. Mr. Clark, who hails from Montana is a copper magnate—or maggot as some folks call 'em. While in London he was very much grieved over the fact that the American people were beginning to show signs of human intelligence. "The trouble with America," he said, "is that there is too much politics and too many Socialists in high places.

That's not the trouble with America, Mr. Clark, although we know that one Socialist in a high place is too many for you. The trouble with this country is that there isn't enough Socialists in high places and too many capitalist politicians there.



No. 1. He Proposes a Bill to Curtail the Bad Trusts.

No. 2. Congress Passes It and He Is Greatly Pleased.

No. 3 Mr. Taft Signs It as He Has to Do Something to Earn His Salary.

No. 4. It Becomes a Law, but the Supreme Court Kicks It Out. PUZZLE:

WHO OWNS THE SUPREME COURT, MR. REFORMER?

HOPE



H.C. Jewessok

HAPPY VACATION DAYS

There'll Be No Child Labor Factories When Socialism Comes.

We're Going to Win

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"
The Socialist hosts are gathering fast,
We're going to win, we're going to win!

All lands resound our bugle blast,
We're going to win, we're going to win!
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
From rapturous heart, from saddened soul,

The gladsome strains triumphant roll—
We're going to win, we're going to win!

Greed's cruel sway stirs every land,
We're going to win, we're going to win!
Toil's deepening woe speeds helping hand,
We're going to win, we're going to win!

Our children's wronged and stunted life,
Exploited brother, burdened wife,
Spur heart and brain to glorious strife;
We're going to win, we're going to win!
Life's destined heights we dare attain,
We're going to win, we're going to win!

We've naught to lose, a world to gain,
We're going to win, we're going to win!
Oh, vision clear! Oh, glorious dream!
With justice throned and love supreme!
All earth with peace and joy shall teem—
We're going to win, we're going to win!

ABOUT the meanest man we know
is the employer who boasts of giving his
employes a "vacation"—without pay—in
slack times.

HADES NOT IN IT

They say hell is hot but if you can find a more realistic hell than the steel mills around Pittsburg this weather you will have to have a more vivid imagination than a Presbyterian preacher. Incidentally it may be remarked that the rich are able to escape the tragedy of this heat just as they escape all hardships under the present system of industrial life.

The irony of the situation is that the rich are able to escape this heat or its effects by means of the money wrung from the exhausted and parched bodies of the wage slaves who toil in the furnaces. Did the rich escape by means of wealth secured through their own efforts there would be some justice in the arrangement. Being the only element in society who does no useful work isn't the present system as well as the weather hell? When the workers see the useless members of society enjoying the good things of life without working and useful members of society sweltering and suffering in the heat baking for lack of ice, their babies dying like flies, is it any wonder they are not scared by descriptions of hell, fire and brimstone of another world.—Fred Merrick in Justice.



A CONSERVATIONIST

MR. BEE: "Dear Me! The Wastefulness of Those Silly Mortals. Now, There's an End to the Nicest Field of Clover."

HOPE

THE DREAMERS

By Herbert Kauffman

THEY are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn time.

The world has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and gibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from

the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the old world's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river bed and chain the islands to the motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disk of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?



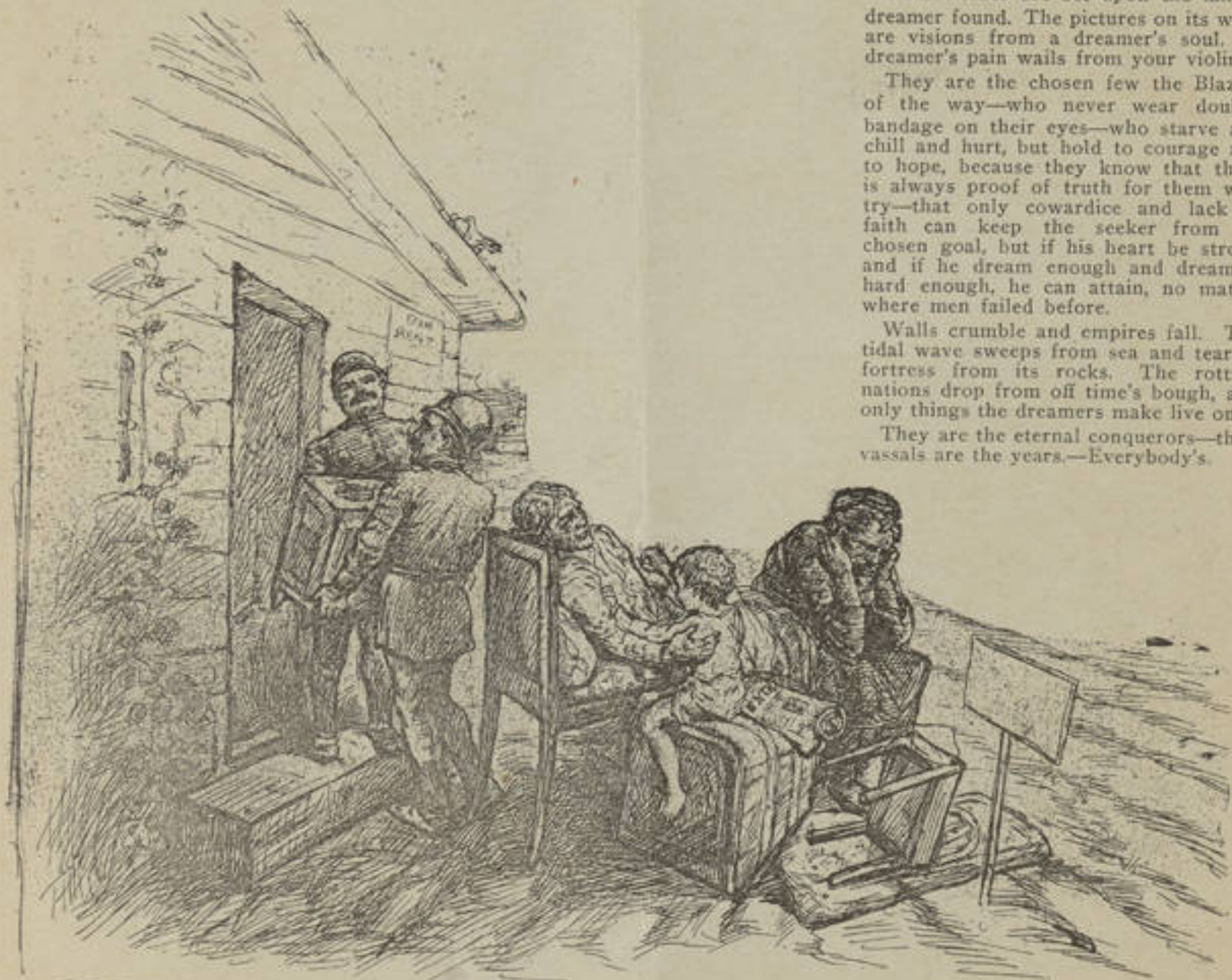
"I say, Mr. Farmer, I'm on Me Vacation, an' if Youse Needs a Husky Hired Hand, Why, I'm Yer Candy."

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few the Blazers of the way—who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the eternal conquerors—their vassals are the years.—Everybody's.



"BACK TO NATURE"

HOPE



PRAYING FOR THE LAKE BREEZE
—McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune.



PUBLIC PARK
COMFORT IN THE CITY
—Ruger, in New York Call.



SAFE
—Bradley, in Chicago News.



BOOZE—BUGLES—PATRIOTISM
—McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune.

H O P E



NOT AFRAID OF THAT OLD SEA-SERPENT

IS A PANIC COMING?

H OPE knows the plutocrats are more or less panic-stricken all of the time, especially as they see the "broad band of red" slowly but surely encompassing this old globe, but the question confronting the workers of America is: "Just when will the next panic occur?" That there is one on the way, no far-seeing capitalist or student of economics can honestly deny. Already this ominous specter has begun to show its head. Merchants and manufacturers everywhere during the past three months have been complaining of "dull business." Dull business means that the working class, which has not been paid the full product of its toil, is unable to buy back the products it has produced. Hence this causes what is known as "over-production," which in reality is nothing but under-consumption. With more goods on hand than he can dispose of, the manufacturer closes down his works, throwing men out of employment and decreasing the amount of money in circulation, and increasing the hardships of the propertyless wage workers, who must have either work or food and shelter, or die. Once commenced, this retrenchment becomes automatic, as

all industry is interdependent, and in a short time there exists what is known as hard times, or a panic. People everywhere are thrown out of employment, money becomes scarce, as it is hoarded as greedily by those possessing little as it is by those possessing banks full. Starvation and suicide follow, in spite of the fact that warehouses, shops and stores are filled with the necessities of life, created by those who are such fools that they manufactured more than they could buy, and gave it to a capitalist for his manipulation and private gain. Perhaps you may wonder what the Socialists have to offer as a remedy for this. To be sure, we don't advocate any reforms, or petty "saving at the spigot, while wasting at the bung-hole." The present system of industry is anarchistic, individualistic, planless. We Socialists have a very simple plan for the revolutionizing of this chaotic panicky state of affairs. Let every worker demand the full product of his toil, let the nation own and operate all industries, let the workers own the nation, and the waste and folly of over-production, under-consumption, suffering and hard times will vamoose forever.

"JOIN THE PARTY"



FELLOW workingmen, we need you,
Join the party.
Would you make the tyrants heed you?
Join the party.

Scattered votes can never win,
Futile yours have ever bin,
Here's your party—come, get in,
Join the party.

Freedom's yours when'er you will
Join the party.
Here's your place, come now and fill
Join the party.
You have naught but chains to lose,
You've the human race to fuse,
Nobler work you ne'er can choose—
Join the party.

Would you see your sisters freed?
Join the party.
Would you help kill graft and greed?
Join the party.
Socialism's no disgrace,
If you'd help us win the race,
Get inside and set the pace—
Join the party.

Would you see class struggles ended?
Join the party.
See a world of brothers blended?
Join the party.
Get your shoulder to the wheel,
Heart to heart, as true as steel,
Labor for the common weal,
Join the party.

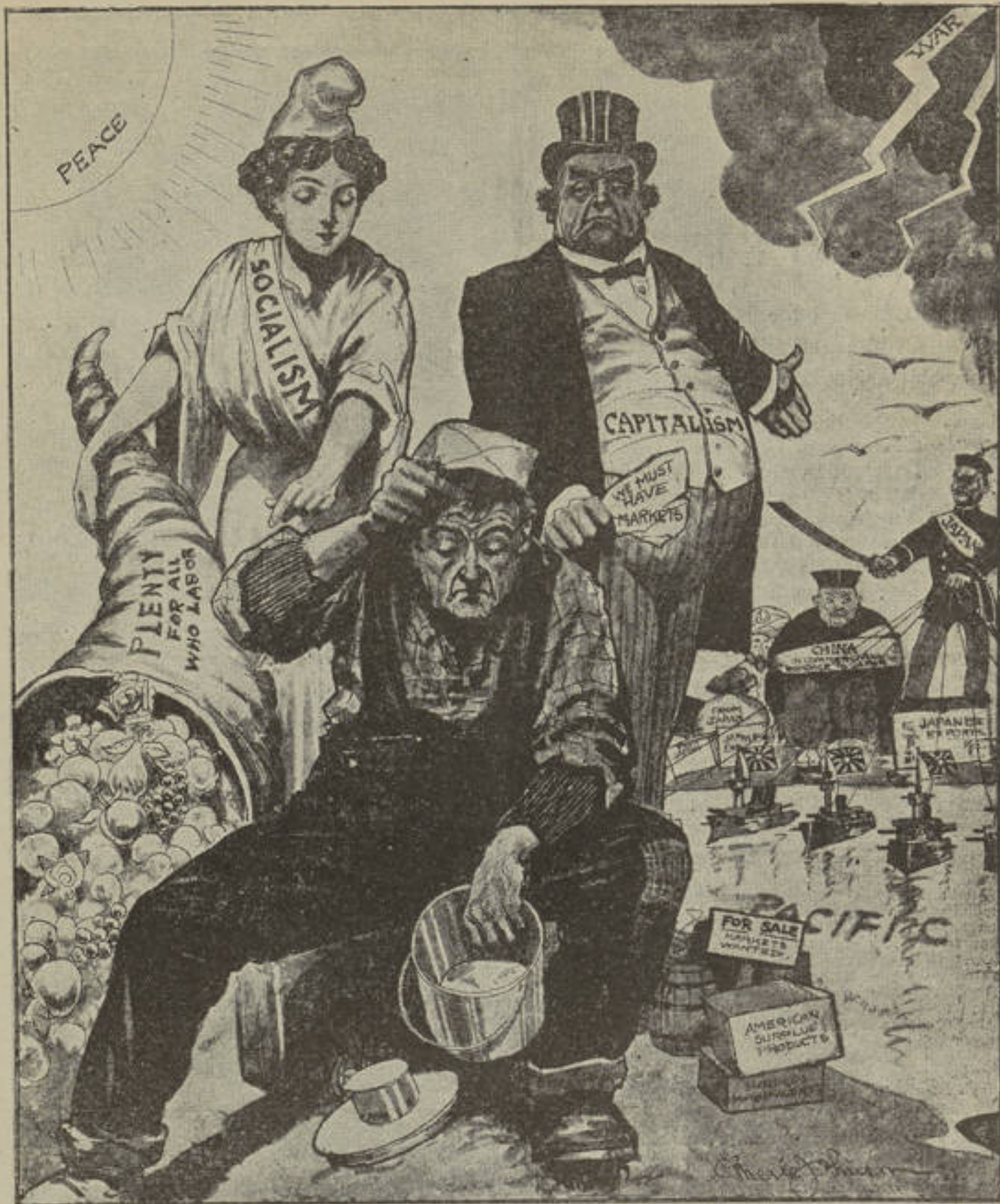
Do you want to help the workers?
Join the party.
Do you want to work the shirkers?
Join the party.
Now, don't stand back there and holler,
Just cough up a half a dollar,
Get your neck into the collar—
Join the party.

Do you want a better living?
Join the party.
Are you tired of charity giving?
Join the party.
And stop acting like an ass,
Join the party of your class,
And we'll win the world en masse,
Join the party.

—J. F. Mable.

BIG business is only a polite synonym for "Obtaining money under false pretenses."

HOPE



WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE, MR. WORKINGMAN—PEACE OR WAR?

—Oakland World.

HOW WE'D "DIVIDE UP"

SOME folks say that if the Socialists could do as they liked, everybody would have to work whether they wanted to or not, all of the time.

Still, others of our misguided critics insist that under a Socialist regime every one would do nothing but loaf. TAKE YOUR CHOICE. The real fact of the matter

is that now we have no system of working and resting—that is a universal one—only that the workers do all of the working and the shirkers do all of the loafing. Socialism would at least divide up the vacations and the work better than it is divided at present anyhow.

MR. MORGAN may not really own the earth, but he has a pretty good option on it.

TAFT is being "groomed" for re-election in 1912, according to the capitalist press. Almost a chance for a pun there.

AND then the workingman always gets a vacation when he can't pay his rent.

A live soldier is a hobo. A dead soldier is a hero. More monuments!

—Maoriland Worker.

HOPE



VACATION TIME

HOPE

Your Vacation Trip



"Back to Nature" in the Cool North Woods

A week or two in the lakes, woods, and mountains—fishing, sailing and swimming—will give the "business" man a better rest than he can make a year to keep in good fighting trim.

Go west to rough it before you're old. Good lakes are plentiful even in the heart of the city. The trip is short, train service the best.



There! That's what you should take these nerve-exhausting days



If you can't make a living in Eleven months you won't in Twelve

What have you done to replace the brain tissue and the rest frame that you have worn out? You are stale and stilled; you need an overhauling.

Go to Colorado

and make a new man of your old self. Take a Rocky Mountain air bath. Soak your pores in the tingling, ambition-sterile scene of the Rockies and return home with a balance in the bank of vitality, against which you can check out a full year of as hard-as-you-pitcan labor.

Shorten the Long Hot Summer With a Seashore Trip

Nothing like cool surf and ocean breezes to bring back energy sapped by city days. Atlantic City, Cape May and other Jersey Coast resorts, as well as New York City, can be visited at \$10.



GOING NORTH

Get Away From the Heat

See the Northwest's Wonderland on This Year's Vacation Trip

You will find a land of prosperity as well as scenery—a land of opportunity that beckons the traveler and frequently calls him back as a resident.



HOT WEATHER BUNK

It's Awfully Alluring to the Man Who Supports a Family on \$10 Per Week.

THE EVERLASTING VACATION

WE are all preparing to go on a long vacation. Some of us don't realize the preparation, but it begins at our birth. For the countless many, the preparation for our great journey, is filled with no joy, no hope. Day by day passes, the time to depart grows near, and yet in many hearts there is no gladness, no offering of brotherly affection to our neighbors who are making the great journey with us. Here and there a shout of joy, the warm hand clasp of brotherhood, the look of understanding by those who realize that this preparation for the long vacation is LIFE itself. How feverishly they who know work, that there shall be gladness in the departing—here—now. How fixed and strong is their purpose to make cheerful and gay the ever-moving throng. To them the preparation never wearies—the joy is in the passing—their concern not in the future. With bright

faces radiant with hope they bravely face the future—whatever it may be. Old Charon's excursion boat draws up beside the river Styx' dark shore. A crowd surges aboard and sails away to the long vacation in the great beyond. It is a vacation we all must take—in departing let us make the way brighter for those we leave behind. Then when our preparation is o'er with our Stygian bathing suit in our suitcase and with a one way ticket across the Styx, we will take our seat in Charon's dingy boat and sail away to our everlasting vacation—confident that we have at least done the best we could do to help our fellow man.

USUAL REASON

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Toledo Blade.

OUR ONLY WORRY

THIS is the time of the year when we see so many cute cartoons in the capitalist press on vacation topics. Father, mother and the girls are shown worried and perplexed over where to spend their summer vacation. Time-tables, prospectuses of swell hotels, resorts and pleasure trips are distributed about promiscuously. Father is strong for a cruise in the yacht, mother is heavy for an overland auto jaunt. Sister wants to go to Europe, sonny wants to go to the mountains. The sympathies of the working class should go out to such troubled people when they see their perplexity thus pictured. For the working class has no such troubles. It knows just where it would like to spend its vacation. The mere trifle of getting the mazooma to go there is all that bothers us.

WE know a workingman who is more interested in the vacations of the rich than he is in providing an outing for his own family.



The building is a large, classical-style structure with a prominent dome and a tall, slender tower. It is surrounded by a low wall and a paved area in the foreground. The architecture is reminiscent of a grand palace or government building.

The building is a large, classical-style structure with a prominent dome and a tall, slender tower. It is surrounded by a low wall and a paved area in the foreground. The architecture is reminiscent of a grand palace or government building.



The person is standing in a dark, possibly outdoor setting, wearing a dark coat and a hat. The person appears to be looking towards the camera.

HOPE



THE ICE KING

—Signed, in Chicago American.

LETTERS OF A CLASS-CONSCIOUS FATHER TO HIS SON

By H. G. CREEL, author of "Tricks of the Press."

John Carter and wife, residents of a small town, become converted to Socialism while their only son, Howard, is at college in the city. The boy leaves college thoroughly imbued with Capitalist ideas and secures a minor position in a city bank. Howard is twenty-three and ambitious. He is intensely devoted to his mother, and not above asking advice of his father. In an effort to awaken the boy to a realization of the class struggle the elder Carter writes this series of letters, agreeing with Capitalistic philosophy in the body of each, but tearing it down with a "P. S.")

LETTER NO 1

Dear Howard:

Your mother chased me to the post-office three times a day for your letter just received. Of course it took you some time to get located, and it's all right this time, but try to not keep mother waiting for letters longer than you have to. Both of us love you more devotedly than you'll ever know anything about until you have an only boy of your own.

There's not much news in the old town except that "Looney" Johnson got away from his nurses twice last week. He was gone all night the second time. They finally found him hiding in Pete Henderson's haymow. "Looney's" twenty-five now. They've had specialists here from all over the country and they say he'll never be "right." Poor fellow!

Mother dropped everything when I brought your letter. We sat right down and read it. Guess we've gone over it a dozen times. We're both proud and thankful that our boy's to have such a fine chance in life. Your job will throw you in contact with the biggest kind of

men, men who do things, financiers, the real backbone of the nation. It'll be the making of you.

That little talk the bookkeeper made you was a hummer! Wish you could have remembered more of it. He's right, too, when he says "the man who never does more than he's paid for will never be paid for more than he does." That's the soundest thing I ever heard. Remember it. It's hard, hard work, boy, that puts any man in a position of power. Whenever you see a man, old or young, at the head of an institution you can bet your last dollar he worked mighty hard to get there. And it keeps him hustling to stay there. The owner of a great business works harder at his desk in an hour than his teamsters do in a week. It's due to the tremendous ability of these commercial geniuses that the trade of the country thrives.

They deserve every cent they draw from their businesses, too. But for them there'd be no business. Never envy the man with great wealth. It's his by his own effort. Realize, as you were taught at college, that it's just a question of you working hard, sticking close to one job and saving your money till you, too, find yourself on top. Any young man can do it. All the big guns agree on this.

Work hard and long. You must learn from experience. You must be able to assume control of a business, you must be able to intelligently direct others before you can reap the reward of industry.

Lovingly,

FATHER.

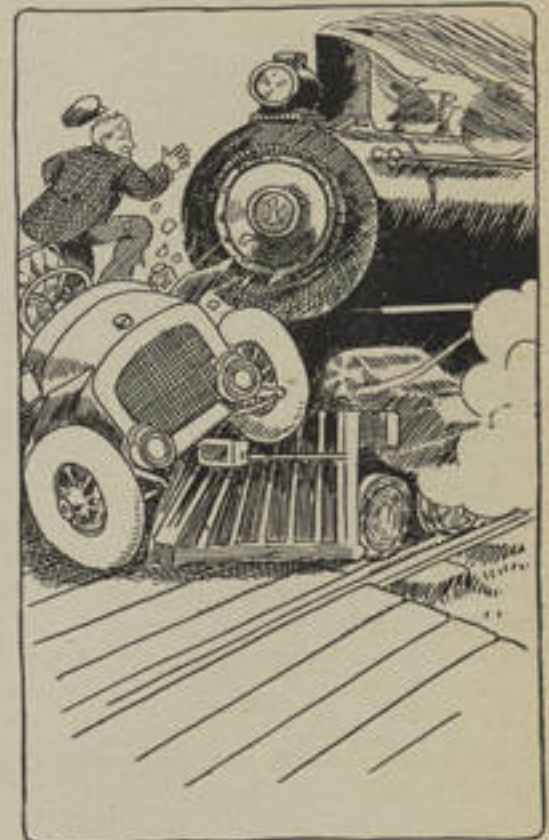
P. S.—The pottery is closed today. Captain Johnson died yesterday. His son "Looney" is now owner of the plant.

LETTER NO. 2

Dear Howard:

Yours received. Mother acts like a girl when your letters come. If you weren't my own son I'd be jealous.

Captain Johnson's funeral was held Wednesday. The pottery started Thursday as usual. On the way back from the cemetery and while crossing the railroad track north of town, County Judge Black's brand new \$2,500 auto was struck by the south end local freight. Fortunately there was no one in the machine but Geo. Williams, the judge's hired man, and he jumped in plenty of time. Judge and Mrs. Black were in the carriage with "Looney" and one of his nurses. They couldn't make the poor boy understand that his father was dead. He played with his dolls all during the ride—threw two of them into the creek. The nurse said "Looney" could stand the



expense. He owns the pottery now, you know.

I was much interested in what you wrote about putting that widow's account on the books of your bank. That money's going to mean a lot to her and her two babies. I suppose \$600 is more money than she ever had before at one time. All the same it must be terrible to be a woman left alone with two babies. But, like you, I believe in looking on the bright side of things. Of course the railroad company didn't mean to kill her husband. But all the same I'm glad we have lawyers and courts that adjust these things. I agree with your view. Her bank account's material evidence that any man or woman, no matter how poor can, through the courts, get justice even from a wealthy corporation. If anybody tells you that's not so just open the bank's books to that woman's account and show them.

There's a lot of nonsense going the rounds of some newspapers and magazines now about poor and rich "classes." As you say, all intelligent people know that's pure rot. The poor have had the same chance as the rich. All talk to

HOPE

the contrary is from a few incompetents who blame the world for their own shortcomings. And the courts do pass impartially upon all cases. Whenever you hear or read to the contrary just remember your depositor. Let them rant all they please. The great big fact is that the court compelled the railroad company to pay this widow \$600 for her husband.

Lovingly,

FATHER.

P. S.—Judge Black got \$1,000 damages. His auto was pretty badly smashed. The company settled.

THE VACATIONS OF CAPITALISM

Vacant minds.
Vacant hearts.
Vacant souls.
Vacant dinner pails.
Vacant chairs.
Vacant stares.
Vacant pocket books.

JUST LIKE ONE

"Your husband says he leads a dog's life," said one woman.

"Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."

THE VIRUS EVIL

Bobby: "What's a vacation?"

Ethel: "It's vaccination with the 'cin' removed."

FELLOW WORKERS! We must

Agitate.
Irrigate.
Co-operate.
Fumigate.
Eradicate.

Because this old system has begun to vacate.

SOCIALIST agitation never takes a vacation.

AN IRISHMAN, being arrested for striking a fellow workman during an altercation, said:

"Shure, yer honor, I didn't know there was any harm in it. I had nothing in me hand but me fist."

WANTED PLENTY.—Milliner: "I am sailing for Paris next week for French plumes and trimmings. Could I purchase anything special for you?"

Mrs. Recent Rich: "Why, yes; you may bring me half a dozen of those nom de plumes I often hear spoken of."—Judge.

THE BANKER usually takes his vacation simultaneously with the bank's funds.



THUG: "What's that Diamond Worth?"
VICTIM: "F-five H-hundred Dollars, Sir."

THUG: "Well, Fork It Over—I Just Sold It to a Guy Down de Street fer Fifty, See."

POOR OLD DIVES

He was a fine old fellow, but the drink habit had him cinched. A friend who admired the old fellow's fine qualities of head and heart and was solicitous about him, said one day:

"Uncle Archie, why don't you let whiskey alone and stick to water? It's great—water is. Stick to it and it will make you feel lots better and give you prosperity."

"I am a close reader of the bible," returned Uncle Archie, "and the only place in it where I ever read of any one asking for water was—well, you know what sort of fix he was in."

A RATIONAL SOCIALIST

Victor Berger, former mayor of Milwaukee, Wis., the first and only Socialist to be elected to the Congress of the United States, differs much in his trend of thought and his public utterances from the itinerant orators—if they may be called such—who have visited Kansas City from time to time during the past decade or more and harangued street corner crowds.

With this irrational lead, The Home Friend, a Kansas City, Mo., publication prattles on with a column of the joyful bliss of ignorance about the conservatism of Mr. Berger, "former mayor of Milwaukee," at just what time the deponent sayeth not, although most any school boy could have whispered to the editor of the Home Friend, which claims a circulation of half a million copies, that Victor Berger NEVER WAS MAYOR of Milwaukee. The editor of the Home Friend, who really ought to feel quite foolish in front of his readers attempts nobly to show that because Berger in his maiden speech before Congress simply related the hard headed, logical principles that Socialists stand for, is not a radical. "His strongest points," asserts the Home Friend editor, "were lifted from the Democratic and Republican platforms. Mr. Berger's speech does not sound Socialistic at all," he continues. Of course not, not like the kind of Socialists that spring from the imagination of immature conservative editors. We do not deny Mr. Berger is a conservative. But what bothers the Plutes is that he wants to conserve the best things for the working class and not for the capitalistic horde.

WHAT HE SAID

Office boy: "The editor says he is very thankful to you for allowing him to see your drawings, and much regrets that he is unable to use them."

Artist: "Did he really say that?"

Office boy: "Well, not exactly. He just said, 'Take 'em away, Reddie, they make me sick.'"

—Voice of Labor.



UNCLE JEFF: "Great Scheme This! Blame Sight Easier Than Going to Church, and with Them Hats Up Thar, Durned if You Can Tell the Difference."

FROM OUR READERS

NO LIMIT HERE EXCEPT SPACE



editor of Hop, chicaggy, illinoise.
sur:

I of yure papers called Hop wuz left in the barbur shop here an I seen it, and seen where you was ishoooin a vakashun number, wherein i suppose you wil shed a lot uv teers fer the down trodding wurkin man an other soshulists who want ter divide up the property us hard workin dimmigrats and ripublicans have earned by the swet of our browse. i want ter say right here now that we don't intend ter let the worthless hired hands of this country tell us what ter do and i don't like yer old hop paper either. When i fust picked it up i thought it was an almanack fer old doc munyun or something youseful and woudn't have looked at it all if it hadn't been full of them funny pictoors which made me laff, whitch is something i ain't done fer many a yeare owin to the tariff bein the way it is etcetery. if ther durned fule workin clas hadnt walked up to the poles an voted the ripblican ticket, they would have more vakashuns like we had in 1893 and other notabel times when the peerles leeders of demockrassy were in the whit hous. when the ripublicans is in, the workin man has ter work all the time to get a livin with never a vakashun, but when the dimicrats (whitch i am proud ter be i) is in all the factories clothes down and every day is a vakashun, so if you hop fellers an sochiulists are lookin fer a steady vakashun and no wurk vote the strate dimmicrat ticket an shet up yours truley,

O. U. GRUMP.

P. S. Jest watch wilyum Jennings Brine defeet the intrusts in 1912.



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HOPE MAGAZINE

5110 W. Madison Street

CHICAGO

Dear Hope: I could no more get along without Hope now after taking it ever since it first came from the press than I could get along without preaching Socialism. When I am all in, down and out I pick up hope when I glance through Hope.

Yours for the revolution,

GREELEY BAKER,

Pocatello, Idaho.

KEPT HIM BUSY

"Old Balobones doesn't go in for golf like other millionaires."

"No, he is getting plenty of exercise."

"What doing?"

"Dodging taxes."

—Coming Nation.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Two brothers down in southern Illinois run a country store, and they have a large trade in wool, on barter. One of the brothers joined the church and became exceedingly religious. He soon got a habit of talking to his brother about the beauties and comforts of religion, and tried to persuade him to join the church.

"Yes, brother Jim, I know that it must be comforting, and altogether helpful to body and soul to be a good church member," said John, "and I would like to join. But jest look ye, Jim, there has got to be somebody here, of the firm, to weigh this yere wool."

Our Financial Advice

The market closed last month rather bullish. Pork jumped over the fence. Eggs refused to be interviewed; butter was strong; beef jumped over the moon; flour turned to dough, all other lines of food stuffs aviated greatly. The only things that were weak were milk and ice tea. Wages dropped a few points.

At a meeting of the Chicago Landlords' association it was decided not to increase the price of rent. "Rent will remain the same as before," said a member. "We will merely reduce the size of the flats."

INVESTOR: We wouldn't advise you to invest in child-labor factories. The indication from every election where Socialists are successful shows a decline and deterioration in child labor industries.

CAPITALIST: You are right. There would be no "unearned increment" under Socialism. No way of putting it over.

INQUIRER: We cannot class the purchase of Mr. Lorimer's seat as a profitable investment. Too much reclamation, white-washing and rehabilitation has been necessary. Good senators can be purchased in the open market for much less money.

TOM JOHNSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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BIRDS OF A FEATHER

DEPOSITOR. We cannot tell the exact date when the panic is coming, but there is certainly one on the way. Would advise you, if you don't care about eating during the coming financial flurry, to put your money in the bank or to patronize the postal savings banks, so the government can loan it to the bankers. If you have a desire for food and shelter during hard times, better put your cash in a sock, and wear the sock.

SPECULATOR. You ask if 6% is extortionate interest. It all depends whether you are loaning or borrowing.

STOCKHOLDER. No doubt your investment in the Rainbow gold mine will prove an interesting "experience." We can promise nothing further at present.

BONDBUYER. Buy bonds in the Hotair Realty company, by all means, if you are so anxious. Wall paper will eventually prove cheaper in the long run.

WORKINGMAN. Wouldn't advise you to load up too heavily with Standard Oil Company shares. Don't buy more than a thousand blocks, at least until November. This company is due to dissolve that month, and is not a good risk.

TAXPAYER. You can hardly be recognized as a prominent citizen because you pay your taxes. In fact, with most prominent citizens, the contrary is the case.

PROLETARIAN. No. Banks won't loan you over \$10,000 without at least identification of some sort. Not even other people's money.

CAPITAL AND RESOURCES—\$1,750,000.
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CONSOLING

Sweltering Passenger, on railroad train: "This window sticks so I can't get it up."

Conductor: "Yes. Wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days."—The Pathfinder.

HOPE



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FICKLE REFLECTIONS

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A risk with a capitalist is not always a sacrifice.

Some people love liberty so much that they won't permit others to share it.

Loose talk sometimes gets us into tight places.

Our board bill reflects our income.

Narrow-minded people make broad statements. **LOUIS WEITZ.**

THE AWAKENING

The unrest of the world is solely attributed to the influence of the public schools—the better education of the masses.

Workers are a thousand times better off today than a thousand years ago—yet they are infinitely more discontented. Reading has enlightened them and they feel that they are men—where before they were taught and believed they were mere cattle.

In all the history back of us church and state were used to keep the people in ignorance and servitude. Cheap printing and the public schools have created or developed their intelligence and they see through a glass that is not so deeply colored.

Long enough have the masters reaped where they have not sown. The generation now at school will make greater changes than have any previous generation. Talk to them and you will see that they care nothing for the superstitions and prejudices that influenced you and I when we were their age. They are to emerge into the rights of manhood and do their own thinking.

Woe to the masters on that great day. The Golden age is just ahead of us. We older ones may not live to see its full orb'd glory, but we will see the light coming up and help that our children may enjoy it. And that is to live to some purpose.—Appeal to Reason.

SOME JOKES

A capital joke—JOKE.

A passable joke—J "o.k." e.

A tipsy joke—j Ok E.


A standing joke—J
o
k
e
.

Half a joke—Jo.

The other half—ke.

A bad joke, but no worse than his party—Joke Annon.

—Chicago Daily Socialist.



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THE RIVALS

Riggs: "Singular, isn't it, that neither of your stenographers want a vacation this year?"

Griggs: "No; it is easily explained. I recently took a good-looking young man into the office and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."—Boston Transcript.

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WONDERS AND SECRETS OF HUMAN MAGNETISM and five Occult Stories; 5 cents. New Man Publishing Co., Dept. 9, Ravenna, Neb.

TOO SERIOUS

A negro bricklayer in Macon, Ga., was laying down during the noon hour, sleeping in the hot sun. The clock struck one, the time to pick up his hod again. He rose, stretched, and grumbled: "I wish I wuz daid. 'Tain' nothin' but wuk, wuk from mawnin' till night."

Another negro, a story above, heard the complaint and dropped a brick on the grumbler's head.

Dazed, he looked up and said: "De Lawd can' stan' no jokes. He jes' takes ev'ything in yearnist."

TO HOPE'S FRIENDS

If you cannot secure HOPE from your newsdealer, you will favor us by sending in his name and address. We have a proposition that will interest him in the display and consequent sale of this magazine. Just drop us a postal—we'll do the rest.



DID HE FALL OR WAS HE PUSHED?

This is the question our descendants will ponder over in the future, whenever the sad demise of Capitalism will be discussed

Lots of Things Are Falling Now! Among these are

The Temperature *Wages* *Leaves*
Politician's Hopes *Stocks* *Socks*

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY—BUT IT FELL IN ONE NIGHT

Some people fall in love, others fall in debt, others likewise fall in the mud.

But if you are interested in seeing old Capitalism taking the biggest and hardest fall of all—fall in line and get

"The Fall Number" of HOPE

OUT NEXT MONTH

WATCH FOR THE COLORED COVER

MAKING SURE

In the wild and woolly west a band of vigilantes were ridding the community of a pair of horse thieves. It was a necktie party and the place for the festivities was the middle of a trestle-bridge across a swift, deep river. In swinging off the first air-dancer the knot slipped on the railing, the swinger fell into the river and promptly swam ashore and escaped, amid a fusillade of revolver shots. While the rope was being tied around the neck of the party of the second, part he complacently remarked:

"Say, partner, please be sho' to tie that good an' tight on the rail, when you let me go over; I can't swim a d—n lick."

—Arkansaw Traveler.

MAKING HIM OVER

"You can't change human nature," exclaimed the scoffer who had a windpipe full of stock arguments that he was always ready to shoot off at the least provocation.

"Oh yes I could, if it were worth while."

"I'd like to know how you would go about it."

"Well, we will say for the sake of argument that you are a pretty decent fellow now. Suppose I put you next to a million dollars. You would think at once that you were made of different clay from the rest of us."

—Coming Nation.

OUR IDEA of nothing to do, is to read that the idle rich who have done nothing all year, are "on their vacation" or resting in the summer resorts.

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PROGRESS OF THE PRESS

"The Prophet and the Ass" is the title of a new and interesting little magazine of philosophy and observation combined with a good bunch of kicks against the injustice of the present system. It is published by the Lockwoods of Kalamazoo, Mich. The office of publication is located at 124 Main street in that city. Single copies are Ten Cents each; annual subscription price, \$1.00

"The Rebel," with T. A. Hickey as editor and publisher, is the appropriate name of a live and breezy weekly now published at Hallettsville, Tex. It is consolidated with the Farmers' Journal of Abilene, Tex., whose editor, J. L. Hicks, takes charge of a page on the Rebel. Subscription price 50c yearly.

The bewhiskered old roo-back, "Socialism and anarchy are the same," is fast dying out. It is being rapidly discarded by the capitalistic enemies of Socialism as futile piffle. About the only persons now struggling to keep this idea alive are the anarchists themselves. A specific instance of this is shown by the periodical attacks upon the Socialist workers and press now being made by a mixed Mexican and English publication published in California under the title of Regeneration. This paper, edited by an avowed anarchist, at one time claimed to be a Socialist publication and received credence by Socialists. Eventually it has drifted into the control of direct actionists, whose physical beings and philosophy have no place in the logic of Socialism or the Socialistic movement. Finding that the Socialist party did not countenance any attacks upon the powers that be, other than united industrial and political action, the editors of Regeneration have attempted a silly effort to disrupt the Socialist party. Debs, Berger, Warren, the Appeal to Reason, have all come in for a share of the anarchistic Regeneration editor's bad grammar and vitriolic abuse, all because these Socialist agitators are engaged in working out the only logical solution to our economic problems—the might of the ballot. Curiously enough the "party of progress" goes majestically on, while the gibbering "direct action" editorial mudslinger sits in his sanctum exploding mental bombs and touching off imaginary infernal machines, and makes no "action" direct or indirect toward the freedom of the working class. Viva dose Socialistas, Regeneration, skidoo dose anarchistos. Sabe?



This is a picture of Samuel W. Ball of Chicago. Sam, for we know he will permit us the informality of abbreviation, is now traveling in Pennsylvania as an organizer, and incidentally if you see him, as you probably will if you are taking a vacation in Pennsylvania, he will be pleased to take your subscription to HOPE, as HOPE and organization go hand in hand. When we asked Sam what to put under his picture, he suggested the unfeeling title of "Bonehead Soap-Boxer," but we refuse to believe it, knowing Sam, and knowing that he knows more about the economic and political questions of the day than half a dozen college professors, and has a neat way of delivering what he knows. We see rosy prospects ahead in the Keystone state.

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