

HOPE

The National Cartoon Magazine



AN APRIL FOOL THE WHOLE YEAR 'ROUND
He's Getting Soaked and Hasn't Sense Enough to Put Up His Umbrella.



BUSY SCENE ENACTED DURING THE REMOVAL TO OUR NEW ADDRESS

WE ARE MOVED—Not to tears—far be it from such—but to a brand new, spacious modern building, located at 5407 West Chicago avenue, Chicago, which will be exclusively occupied hereafter by the offices and machinery producing this magazine.

This new location and increased facilities which are being installed will enable us to make improvements in HOPE

that were impossible in our former quarters, which happily have long since been outgrown. HOPE will be cheerier, brighter and better because of its new environment. It is the propaganda magazine that will stir up favorable comment everywhere it is displayed. Use it to interest non-believers and to make Socialist voters for 1912. "Now is the time to subscribe."

1912		APRIL					1912	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
28	29	30						

THAT POOR OLD RECALL

LOVERS of the existing disorders of society have a fearsome bogey. It is the vile Socialist "recall." Standpatters and the up-and-ins want nothing recalled, unless of course it might be some of the Socialists who are fast gaining control of national and municipal offices throughout the country. The hysteria of the old party pulpit and press over the recall is highly amusing to rational persons, who believe in getting satisfaction, or "their money back."

"The recall of the judiciary," hisses Taft, according to the dispatches, "how I hate it. It seems sacrilegious to mention judiciary and recall in the same breath."

He's right. Judiciary is an awful blasphemy.

"The recall should only be exercised by the legislature," says Teddy.

A fine thing for the people—and the Illinois jack pot legislature still under investigation.

Leslie's Weekly, the ultra reactionary organ of the republican administration, also voices its disapproval over this measure. "A short time ago, in South America, the president of a country was dragged out by a mob and lynched. That was the recall of the judiciary. A similar incident transpired in the South when three negro men and one woman were lynched by a mob. Another startling example of the abolishment of judicial temperament."

Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago adds his mite to the general hysteria which has been produced by the declaration of some persons in favor of recalling judges, who are unfit and replacing them with those who are qualified to dispense justice without prejudice.

The rabbi becomes quite rabid over the murder of the Virginia judge who was assassinated by a band of mountain feudists, (all whom no doubt if voters were good old democrats or republicans). Just how the rabbi is able to get any connection between a brutal murder committed by mountain barbarians, with a sane and business-like measure to be exercised by ballot—the recall—is hard to say. However, it takes "a man of the cloth" to concoct peculiar revelations.

The rabbi says: "The killing of the Virginia judge should bring home to the minds of the people the awful results of so-called 'judicial recall.'"

And so on ad nauseum.

In spite of the protests of these learned journalists, near statesmen and spiritual advisers, the demise of Capitalism is near at hand. When it is beneath the clods, the Socialist commonwealth will recognize Capitalism's present day loathing of the progressive Socialist measures and will no doubt erect a monument with an epitaph like this:

"HERE LIES CAPITALISM

Died a Natural Death.

AT REST

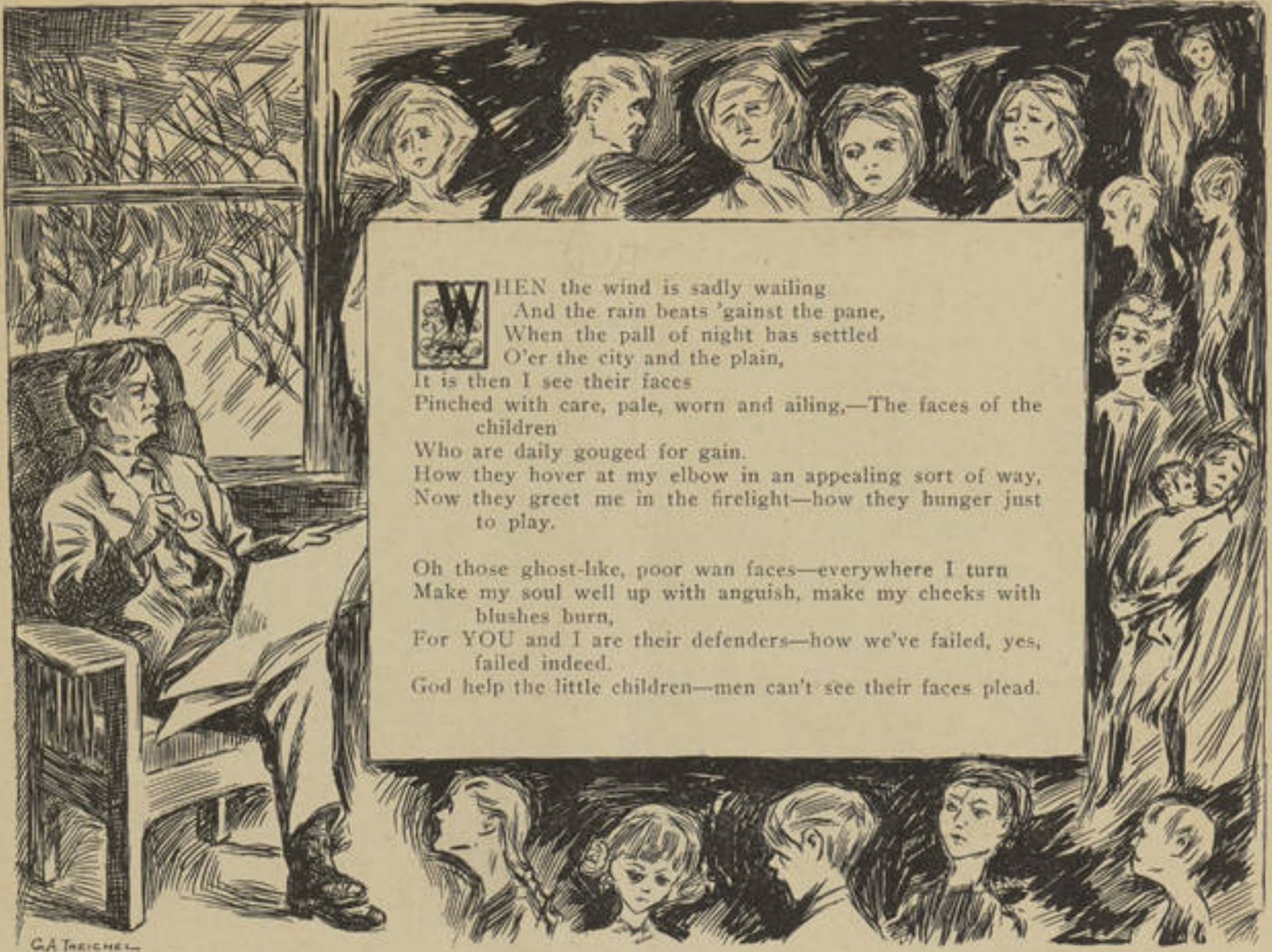
Gone Beyond Recall."

WHERE HE'D BE

"NO MAN should receive a dollar unless that dollar has been fairly earned," says Teddy. If that was the case the Colonel would probably be in the breadline instead of the hot air line.



HOPE



WHEN the wind is sadly wailing
 And the rain beats 'gainst the pane,
 When the pall of night has settled
 O'er the city and the plain,
 It is then I see their faces
 Pinched with care, pale, worn and ailing,—The faces of the
 children
 Who are daily gouged for gain.
 How they hover at my elbow in an appealing sort of way,
 Now they greet me in the firelight—how they hunger just
 to play.

Oh those ghost-like, poor wan faces—everywhere I turn
 Make my soul well up with anguish, make my cheeks with
 blushes burn,
 For YOU and I are their defenders—how we've failed, yes,
 failed indeed.
 God help the little children—men can't see their faces plead.

THROWING DOWN THE BARS

JUDGE PAM of Chicago says that school children should be allowed to honor heroes of foreign birth instead of confining themselves to those of the home-grown variety. 'Tis well. For if we were by custom compelled to only recognize the deeds of local patriots, etc., several well known holidays, including St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Columbus Day, and Christmas would have to come off of the calendar. Likewise Thanksgiving would not be celebrated if the foreigners who made their pilgrimage to this country in 1620 had not been grateful that they landed here right side up. The fact that these foreigners later rebelled against the mother country enables us to enjoy the privileges of celebrating the Fourth of July. Wonder what would have become of our holidays anyway if it wasn't for these undesirable foreigners that we read about. The only really home grown American holiday we can claim for our own is April Fool's Day. It lasts the whole year round.

THE RAINY SEASON

Avalanches
 Puddles
 Rivers
 Inundation
 Lakes.

"I REMEMBER—"

THERE'S some harrowing tales in store for posterity. The winter of 1911-12 has made that one back in the eighties seem like a summer zephyr.

FOR MY COUNTRY'S SAKE

"FOR my country's sake," said George Washington as he declined a third term.
 "For my country's sake," says Teddy as he licks his chops and looks longingly at the third term plum.

A SAFE BET

THIS issue goes to press before the election returns in Milwaukee are in, but we wager a dollar to a doughnut that the working class wins if the Socialists are elected, and that they lose if the non-partisan old partyites ascend to power.

WRESTLING WITH WARREN

When some flabby government official feels physically indisposed and in need of some bracing exercise, he usually consults his physician, and something like the following dialogue takes place:

"I feel pretty bum, doc. Been hitting the booze pretty hard, my liver is on the bum, and I feel like the devil. Life isn't interesting to me."

"Hum," says the Doc, putting some antiseptic on his hands so he can handle the forthcoming fee of tainted money. "I think that you had better take a trip to the mountains and knock around a little."

"Been there, Doc, and it didn't do me any good—took on more flesh if anything."

"Ah, I think I will recommend physical culture."

"No good, Doc. It isn't interesting enough, I've tried it. I need some stunt that will keep me on the jump, and wake me up and stir up a sweat."

"I understand perfectly, now," said the doctor. Here, follow this prescription and I guarantee that you will not be troubled with ennui for a good long time."

The prescription read: "Try to put the Appeal to Reason out of business."

"Thanks, Doc. That looks interesting."

A few weeks later a thin wild-eyed creature staggered into the doctor's office and deposited itself in a chair. Weariness and fatigue and evidence of a combat were very prominent.

"Well," said the Doc.

"Ow," was the only sound the fatigued one emitted.

"Did you follow my advice?" asked the medical man.

"Yep," was the painful response, "and believe me, the cure is a darned sight worse'n the disease."

HOPE



THE TOTTERING THRONE

SOCIALIST MANAGEMENT ABOVE PAR

IN a statement to stockholders one of the large life insurance companies recently gave a list of its safe investments for the year passed. HOPE noticed with interest that quite a large block of the policy holders' funds was invested in Milwaukee municipal bonds. Another interesting feature proved that these bonds were considerably above par, while the municipal bonds of some other cities held by the life insurance company, especially in cities managed by the old parties, were from 10 to 20 below par value. Conservatives may rave and tear their hair and say that Socialist management destroys the financial standing of a city, that the Socialists will send city governments to the bow wows, but you can't deceive big corporations like the life insurance company in question. This company wants its funds invested where they will be safest, and no place will they receive better assurance than through the investments in public improvement bonds in municipalities managed by graftless Socialist administrations.

"MY FRIENDS must do the work," says Oscar Underwood, democratic aspirant for the presidential nomination, in an elaborate insert now being supplied to country papers in the South.

We don't know much about Oscar's friends, but we know that if he is elected president, the working-class will have to do the dirty work the same as always.

WE WILL even excuse a man for being an April Fool, providing he isn't a fool next November.

MY, MY. Spring is here—and the campaign is almost upon us. Have you selected your presidential nominee yet?

SOME SCALPS

The Socialist party of Seattle received 24,000 votes in the municipal election held there last month. There seems to be a lot of red-skins in the west yet.

THE FELLER ON THE FENCE

I like a man of courage, an' convictions good an' 'strong,
Though his judgment may be hasty an' his theories be wrong;
A man who'll come out holdly an' defend with main an' might
A thing in controversy if he thinks the thing is right.
I like t' measure words with one who'll parry, guard and
thrust,
Defendin' what he thinks is fair, an' fightin' what's un-
just.
He may hold views t' which my mind most stubbornly
dissents,
But I'm bound t' like him better than the feller "on the
fence."

The wishy-washy feller who when politics or art
Are subjects of discussion never cares t' take a part;
The man who when he's talkin' with his dearest bosom friend
Will state not his opinions lest the statement may offend
Offends me more by silence an' by sitting calm, inert
Than he would by fightin' back a bit, my views to controvert,
An' it doesn't stand t' reason that a man with common sense
Could feel much admiration for the feller "on the fence."

The man's a moral coward who the topmost rail will choose
To perch on, wholly speechless, when you charge on him
with views.
A long-horn Texas bovine might there drive me to a seat—
But I'll ne'er from controversy with a palsied tongue retreat!
An' so, a man of courage, and convictions good an' strong,
I'll choose, although his judgment an' his theories be wrong,
His views be those t' which my mind most stubbornly dis-
sents,—
I'm bound to like him better than the feller "on the
fence."

HOPE

THE LIVE ISSUE

Once a month is too infrequent for the Social Reform Press (anti-Socialist) to fire its squirt gun at Socialism, so a new weakly has been put forth. It is entitled, "The Live Issue." In make up it is patterned somewhat after the style of the Socialist weekly publications, and is another gentle tribute to the success of the Socialist movement. Socialism formerly could be ignored. The old time capitalist editor merely passed it up, and thus sought by his silence to relegate it into oblivion, by not admitting that such a thing had any tangible form, or right to be on earth. Now that the whole capitalist horde is beginning to feel the gad from every side from this world-wide movement, "ignoring Socialism" is no longer possible. Saving their hides, is the main consideration of the capitalists and their nurslings, the capitalist editors. So fighting Socialism is the "live issue" of the day. It is easy for any intellectual prostitute to get into this game, and for a while it will pay. Simply get a press and some paper, and a title; learn a few old ones about the flag from a school history, then visit a group of trembly, nervous capitalists, paint a vivid word picture of the "red hell" that is about to break upon them and they will shake with much chattering of teeth and knocking of knees and produce the filthy lucre necessary to inflict your noble defence of existing disorder upon the very dear, dear public. If there is anything the public, that imaginary body of common people supposed to be neither toiler or capitalist, grass nor hay, loves to do, it is to know that some one is laboring hard to save it. According to the capitalist press it is never labor that suffers—always the "public;" if the coal miners are starving and ask for more wages they are urged to go back at once to the former grind, because the "public" might freeze its tootsies; the streets which are gobbled by traction companies and monopolized by automobiles of idlers, are the "public" highway, the parks belong to the "public," the schools belong to the "public," in fact, we find that nearly everything belongs to this hypothetical "public," although produced by labor and enjoyed by the capitalist class. So it is urgent that the "public" be saved from the biting attacks and discontent of the man with a heel in his face—the proletariat. The public must be defended from Socialism at all hazards, and a bunch of college professors and encyclopedia makers and other book-makers have gotten together and put forth their efforts into this latest scintillating defense of Capitalism. We will not say that the "issue" put forth by those refined and learned gentleman is not live. We will not say that it is not ripe. It is as live and over-ripe as a piece of limburger cheese.

OUT OF REACH

BOBBY: (studying history) "Mamma, why don't people use bacon, and hams for money like the old trappers used to do."

MAMMA: 'Because they cost too much, Bobby.'



SOCIALISM OFFERS HOPE FOR THE CAPITAL-LESS



THE KIND OLD MOTHER BIRD

ARE YOU AN ENEMY OF MANKIND?

- Do you want your babies brought up in a municipal nursery?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you favor the abolition of religion?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you want "free love"?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you want your home broken up?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you advocate race suicide?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you wish to see the Stars and Stripes hauled down and the Red Flag of Revolution raised?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you wish to see chaos and hell on earth?
Then vote for Socialism.
- Do you want to prevent these disasters?
Then, by all means, **don't vote for Socialism.**

—The Live Issue.

ARE YOU AN ENEMY OF PROGRESS?

- Do you want your babies brought up in an orphan asylum?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you wish to lose the right to choose your religion?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you want "free love" and free lunch?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you want your "flat" broken up?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you advocate child slavery?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you wish to see the Stars and Stripes used as a mop rag for Big Business?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you wish to continue in hell and chaos on earth?
Then vote for Capitalism.
- Do you want to abolish these evils?
Then vote the straight Socialist ticket and don't swallow the spew from the "Social Reform Press."

THE old party politician hates a Socialist like a thief hates a cop.



CAPITALISM'S PRIVATE GRAVEYARD.

MORGAN'S MODEST WANTS

My wants are few; I scorn to be
A querulous refiner;
I only want America
And a mortgage deed to China;
And if kind fate threw Europe in,
And Africa and Asia,
And a few islands of the sea,
I'd ask no other treasure.

Give me but these—they are enough
To suit my humble notion—
And I'll give up to other men
All land beneath the ocean.
Those vast, untilled, ungathered fields,
So fertile and prolific,
That untrod acreage of soil—
The bed of the Pacific.

I only want to own the earth,
And regulate and man it;
My wants are all contracted down
To just one little planet.
A desert tent was good enough
For Abraham and Sarah,
And I'd give all my fellow men
A house-lot in Sahara.
—Milwaukee Leader.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

The trouble with an individualist is that he reposes his confidence entirely in the keeping of one individual. The Socialist does not believe that one man alone can save the country—his confidence rests in majority rule. One man, elected on his own personality to a public office will fail to accomplish anything for the good of the people, although thoroughly honest, the people working co-operatively for the best good cannot fail. If one is weak it matters not—there are others stronger to aid, guide and direct. The failure of individual reformers, trust busters and egotists who have gone forth single handed to defy the world is too well known for comment.

THE POPE has issued a decree against hobble skirts, and all of his followers will have to take them off—or at least substitute them for a different style. The Catholic church has been the one big hobble on civilization from time immemorial.

THIRSTS IN KENTUCKY

Ollie James of Kentucky, recently a representative, but now a senator, tells of the time when he was driving through a hilly section of his native state, partly for pleasure and partly on business connected with his political hopes. He came to a farmhouse where there was a nice looking well and windmill, and he pulled in and asked the farmer if he might have a drink.

"Ah'm sorry, sah," said the farmer. "Ah'd suttently like to 'commodate you, but I cyant. If you all 'll jest drap into Jones' place, 'bout a mile further on, maybe you can git somethin'."

"But I thought I noticed a fine well here on your place," said the senator from Kentucky.

"Why, that's water! I didn't know you wanted water; I thought you asked me for a drink. You sure can have all the water you want."—New York Herald.

A YOUNG GRAFTER

Stranger: "Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?"

Street Gamin: "I will for a shilling."

Stranger: "A shilling! Isn't that too much?"

Street Gamin: "Bank directors always get big pay, mister."—Tit-Bits.

THE COST OF LIBERTY

OFTEN we hear some avowed Socialist say: "I'm tired of working for the cause and besides it's too expensive. Why I have been dishing out a dollar here and a dollar there for literature and lectures, etc., and it comes pretty expensive. Guess I'll let some of the other comrades do a little of the paying up hereafter." And so he lays down the job, expecting to be an equal owner in the good things that Socialism will bring, and not willing to pay for it.

Liberty is cheap at any price, and yet how many persons, even with a knowledge of the benefits of Socialism, begrudge the nickles, dimes and few dollars spent annually for the very things that will make them free. The sad part of it is that those who grumble about bearing the expenses of the fight against Capitalist greed, pay their heavy tribute to the Capitalist in the shape of rent, interest and profit, without a murmur. It is, seemly, a just and proper thing for them to do. Socialists must not lose sight of the fact that the devil must be fought with fire, and that it takes money, time and effort to establish an organization and a press that will make headway for economic freedom. If your income is limited and you are a Socialist stop paying tribute to Capitalist organizations, and stop buying Capitalist literature and you will find that your share of the expenses of maintaining the Socialist propoganda work will not bother you in the least. According to statistics the average worker pays more tribute to the landlord in one month's rent than he spends for Socialist literature in ten years. Don't be a piker, Comrade Socialist. Socialism is worth having, and what's worth having is worth paying for.

NECESSITY IS THE REAL AGITATOR

Socialists may get lax in their work of agitation, but hunger forever keeps the wage slave in rebellion against his master.

A FULL dinner pail may be carried by an empty headed owner.

A LITTLE TEDDY now and then,
Goes quite a ways with most of men.

NO, PERCY, the man who runs a little 2x4 general store and lives in the back room is not exactly a "capitalist." That is, he isn't in the class with Fields, Monty Wards' or Siegel-Cooper. He is hoping that he will be some day, though.

SAYS OBADIAH HARDCRABBLE: "I'm an old man, and have had lots of troubles, but most of them never happened."

HOPE



TWEET! TWEET!
HARBINGERS OF SPRINGTIME

HOPE



GIVING BILL THE "BLACK I"

THE DILATORY MAIL SERVICE

LET it be understood that HOPE is not running the postoffice. If we were perhaps we would do things a little differently than Mr. Frank Hitchcock; especially in the manner of delivering magazines. But we are not running the postoffice, so we must abide by the rules and even mis-rules of this branch of the public service. It pains us to constantly remind Frank that he has the wrong dope on the delivery of mail, especially the delivery of magazines. We dislike to put his name in the public prints in a criticising way. Sometimes we think that we should really ought to run down to Washington and have a personal heart to heart talk with him, and tell him about the careless, snail power delivery system he has installed for publications of the second class, but perhaps he would think we were too personal and anyhow we haven't got the carfare. But the fact remains that the delivery of second class mail is absolutely reckless when it isn't languid and indifferent. HOPE'S readers even accuse us of being selfish. They claim that we want to keep all of the magazines we print for ourselves, to paper the pantry shelves with and for starting fires and such like. But this is not the case. We welcome each subscription with open arms, address the magazines and rush with mad haste to the postoffice and Frank does the rest. Rather, he doesn't do anything. If he would only do something to insure prompt and safe delivery of the mail, we wouldn't have any kick coming. But as long as he decrees that magazines shall travel by freight, we must supplicate our readers to bear with us, and tell their troubles to Frank. It would be heartrending to publish all of the stories of the Hopeless who are languishing in different parts of the country, waiting, waiting, waiting for the arrival of the slow freight. Here are just a couple:

Dear Hope:—I have not yet received the January, February and March issues of HOPE. What does all of this mean? Suppose I should die and St. Pete would ask me some questions about the January and February numbers of HOPE? I'd be in a "L" of a fix. What's the matter?—R. I. H., Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

DEAR HOPE:—I have not received a copy of HOPE since the crime-breeding hatchery of Washington, D. C., put it on the slow freight. I want my paper and would like to know what the trouble is.—J. B. B., Canyon City, Ore.

In both the above mentioned cases these parties are on our mailing lists and their copies have been properly addressed and sent from this office. We are besieged with righteously indignant complaints of this kind from our subscribers constantly since the new freight shipment rule has been in force. Proper guaranty of delivery of magazines cannot be insured without the subscribers co-operation in this matter. Insist on getting HOPE. Insist on your relatives getting it, insist on your friends, wives, sweethearts getting it. Subscribe singly or in clubs and we will treat one and all with the same courtesy and consideration.

Then after you subscribe and wait say two weeks and receive no paper, no acknowledgment or "no nawthin'" here's what TO DO TILL THE DOCTOR COMES:

First: Jaw the postmaster or mail carrier in your town.
Second: Rake him up again. Tell him to go down to the freight depot and make inquiries of the freight handlers. Maybe the mail is under a box of prunes or behind a barrel of Standard oil.

Third: Make further inquiries at the postoffice.

Fourth: Write to the postmaster general and your congressman, if you have one; or the weather bureau. Government business is complicated, so try several places so you'll hit the right one.

Lastly: Write to us—don't "cuss" us. Talk soft. It will sound different. Remember we are not running the postoffice, and that's where the trouble lies. Insist on getting HOPE.

HOW THINGS LOOK

To the pessimistic Socialist:

Agitation is fizzling out.
The workingman is solid ivory and doesn't want better conditions.
The Socialist vote has reached its height and will go no higher. It will fall back, if anything.
The situation looks dark and gloomy.
There is no use trying to get Socialism.
We will never see it in our time.
It is good, but far, far away.
People will never wake up.
There is no hope.

To the optimistic Socialist:

Agitation is sizzling.
The workingman knows he's being stung and is striving for better conditions.
The Socialist vote is growing by leaps and bounds. It has just got a good start, and will never go back.
The situation looks bright and rosy.
Socialism is just around the corner.
Watch out, boys, she's coming.
Hurrah, three cheers for the commonwealth.
The world is waking up.
There is HOPE.



A WISE OLD OWL LIVED IN AN OAK;
THE MORE HE HEARD THE LESS HE SPOKE
THE LESS HE SPOKE THE MORE HE HEARD,
NOW WHY CAN'T TED BE LIKE THAT BIRD?

—Chicago American.

HOPE

WHAT CHANCE HAVE YOU GOT?

This is not a propaganda article by a fire-eating Socialist, but a cool, careful and conservative official report of the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York, showing just what percentage of persons in the United States die with any benefits to their families. In other words, this report shows just how slim a chance you have, under the present Capitalistic system of providing the necessities of life for your loved ones after you are gone.

Read this statement:

"The examination of the surrogate's records for five years, shows that of the ADULT persons who died in that time:

- 85.3 per cent left no estate.
- 4.3 per cent left estates of \$300 to \$1,000.
- 5.3 per cent left estates of \$1,000 to \$5,000.
- 1.8 per cent left estates of \$5,000 to \$10,000.
- 1.8 per cent left estates of \$10,000 to \$25,000.
- 1.5 per cent left estates of more than \$25,000.

A lovely chance to get in the one per cent class or even the five per cent class, with your little weekly wage, and your pick and shovel, Mr. Workingman. Wake up. Get Socialism.

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM

Recently the superintendent of a large Chicago railway shop participated in a debate with a Socialist—the bone of contention of course being Socialism, with the superintendent on the negative side.

The next day after the debate one of the shop employes, evidently desirous of showing that his loyalty was with the company rather than with his own class, made the following statement in hearing of the superintendent: "I am a union man and will always be that and nothing more. I have thoroughly investigated the Social-Democratic party, the Socialist Labor party and the plain Socialist party platforms, but can see nothing in Socialism that will benefit the working class."

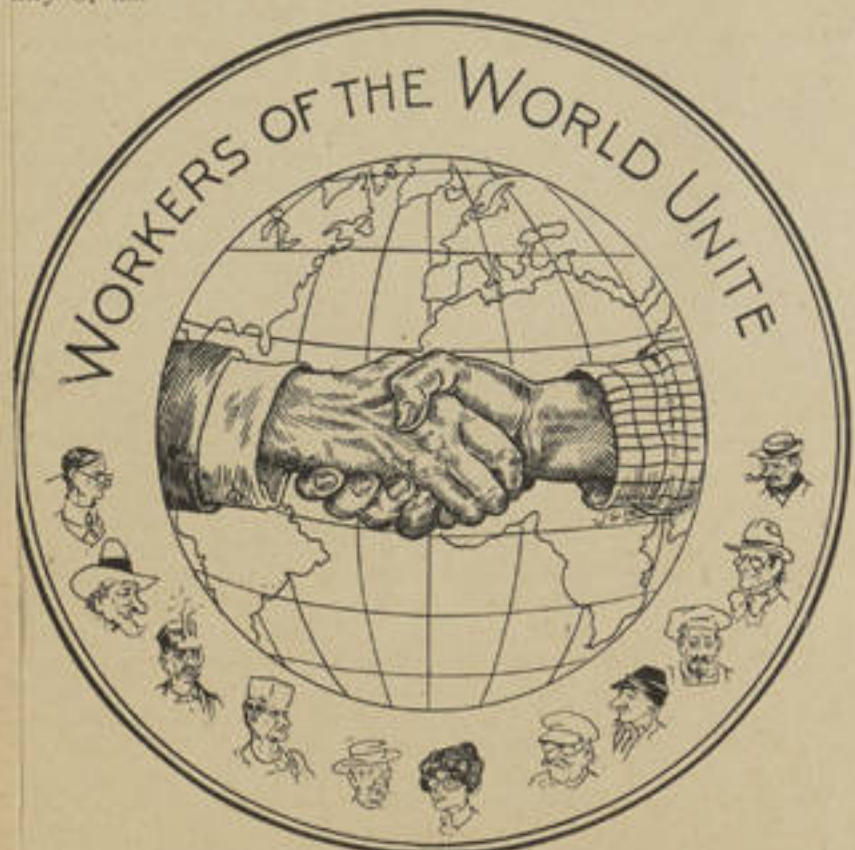
When he finished his speech one of his auditors replied: "Well, it seems to me that a man who has made such a study of Socialism and isn't a Socialist is either blind or a damned fool—and you know that you're not blind."

IN the Isthmus of Panama the United States government owns the railroads. Here the railroads own the government.

ECKENSTEIN:—"My vot a lodt of graft dere iss in America."

ROSENBLUM.—"Say, Ikey, you just shut up; dis it a free country, and ve do as ve have to."

"POLITICIANS TRYING TO GAG SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN," says the headlines of one of HOPE'S exchanges. Old party politicians are bad enough to "gag" any of us.



"BY THIS SIGN WE CONQUER"



NAUSEATING

"SEA SICK?"

"NOPE, WORSE THAN THAT—I'VE BEEN READING THE POLITICAL NEWS."

THE POOR, HAPPY HEATHEN

Mark Twain described a heathen temple in Honolulu as follows: "It is an interesting ruin—a place where human sacrifices were offered up in those old by-gone days when the simple child of nature yielding momentarily to sin when sorely tempted, acknowledged the error when calm reflection had shown it to him, and came forward with noble frankness and offered up his grandmother as an atoning sacrifice—in those old days when the luckless sinner could keep on cleansing his conscience and achieving periodical happiness as long as his relations held out; long, long before the missionaries braved a thousand privations to come and make them permanently miserable by telling them how beautiful and how blissful a place heaven is, and how nearly impossible it is to get there, and showed the poor native how dreary a place hell is, and what unnecessarily liberal facilities there are for going to it; showed him how in his ignorance he had gone and fooled away all of his kinfolk to no purpose; showed him what rapture it is to work all day for fifty cents to buy food for the next day, as compared to fishing for a pastime and lolling in the shade through the eternal summer, and eating of the bounty that nobody labored to provide but Nature. How sad it is to think of the multitudes who have gone to their graves in this beautiful island and never knew there was a hell."

SOME "SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT"

One cold winter day some railroad officials, while making an inspection of a large yard, stopped for a moment inside a switchman's shanty to get warm. Among them was a general superintendent, who was known to have a mania for "scientific management" and the reduction of expenses. As they were leaving the switchman asked the traveling yardmaster, whom he knew:

"Now, can ye be tellin' me who that mon is?"

"That's the general superintendent," the yardmaster replied.

"What do you think o' that? He's a fine lookin' mon, and ye never would believe the tales ye are after hearin' about 'im."

"What have you heard about him, Mike?" was the curious question.

"Why, they do say that he was at the funeral of Mr. Michael's woife, and when the six pallbearers come out he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on a minute, boys. I think yes can get along without two of thim.'"

HOPE

THE STORY OF BILLY SNOW

By EDWARD H. HIBBARD

There is a small town up in Wisconsin on the west bank of a large river. It is a beautiful place for a rich man, and he is there. The river is full of water-power. A large factory is built along the river's border, and it purrs and purrs many and many hours during about nine months of the year. It seems to purr with greater satisfaction during that portion of the day when the tail-feathers of the afternoon are slowly disappearing over the western horizon.

It seems to purr louder on sunny days, and if you look closely you can see that the elongated shadow from the neighboring church steeple is apparently rubbing the back of this huge factory, as though it were in accord with its hum and grind, and approved it caressingly, buttons, boots, long hours and all. Perhaps it does.

Anyway, the rich man has a fancy window in that church, put there in memory of his dead daughter, and when wives of factory workers go to church on Sundays they look at this window with bright eyes, and say, "What an angelic creature she was."

Then there is a bank, a town hall, an electric light plant, and a medium-sized cold-storage affair. It is generally conceded that the rich man is the mainstay of the town. He owns the factory, electric light plant, bank, and some trembling souls are brave enough to say (in a whisper) that he controls the cold storage plant. He is the mainstay of the church, his foreman is mayor, his confidential man is president of the school board, and all in all, he seems to be a public benefactor, which he is—NOT. All this creates an atmosphere, however, and children are brought up in it; men and women live and die in it, and no wonder. So the rich man thrives, but that is his business, and everybody seems to attend to it for him.

But, on a certain crisp autumn morning last October Billy Snow was sixty years old. He had worked in that old factory for twenty-six years. When he arose, he did not prepare for work. He had told the good wife he intended to take a day off and celebrate his anniversary. It was pay day at the factory and he went over and drew his money. As he was going out, the foreman of the rich man called Billy into the office and discharged him. This was not done because Billy was taking a day off, but because age was telling and he could not jump and see as well as of yore.

It was not done to darken his anniversary. Wage slaves are not supposed



DEY-LIGHTED!

to have anniversaries. It just happened that way.

So Billy started home. Shadows seemed to be gathering along his pathway. He tried to think, and as he neared home he encountered an old horse, nipping grass at the roadside. The horse raised its head and cast what seemed to be a look of surprise into Billy's face. It was a look of tired, sheepish kindness and so Billy stopped.

"Hello, old hoss," he said. "What's the matter, fired?"

"Yes," grunted the horse. "I'm turned out for good."

"So am I," said Billy. "We're two of a kind."

"Not on your life," snorted the equine. "In the first place, my master paid a bonus for me."

"In the second place, I have not worked half as long as you have."

"In the third place, I got a massage every night and morning."

"And last, but not least, I made them put on my harness every time I worked."

Moral—The human animal is the only one that will put on its own harness.

It is notorious that many of the manufacturers most highly "protected" by the tariff pay the poorest wages. The steel trust is one of these.—Sacramento Bee.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."

"MYSELF AND ME"

I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late,
And I find myself a bully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,
I'm as trustful as can be;
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself, and have
A pal that's all your own;
To be such company for yourself,
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
And you'll find the crowds a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well your-
self
Will like you if you do.

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW

There is one person in the United States who can tell you right now, positively, who will be the next president of this country. He is no fortune-teller, in the sense that this title is usually implied, either. He is an adept at guessing just who will fill all of the elective and appointive offices of any consequence. Eight years ago he guessed that Roosevelt would be the next president, and lo! it was so. Four years later he "guessed" that Taft would be the lucky one and the day after election, wonder of wonders! it was so. Now he guesses that will be the lucky one and this party will be the one that gets it. He has a perfect method in his guessing and can't miss. We will give you one guess who this great prognosticator is. His initials are J. P. M. and his office is in Wall street.

TEN MEN FOR NINE JOBS

There are at all times in Chicago 100,000 men who want employment but can't find it. So says the official report of the free employment commission of Illinois, filed at Springfield last week. Yet idleness is explained by laziness, poverty by unthrift, labor tyranny in conserving jobs by crafty labor leaders, and labor dynamiting by wanton wickedness. "What fools these mortals be," to be sure; these mortals who, when their own hearths are heated and their own bellies filled, think the whole world warmed and fed.—The Public.

HOPE



"DID THAT FELLOW ASSAULT YOU?"
 "NAW, HE NEARLY KICKED IN MY SLATS AND SMASHED MY BAY WINDOW, DAT'S ALL."

"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE"

This is a true story. If we told it for a joke you would not think it very pointed, but being true it will no doubt interest you without embellishment, as who is there of us that does not ever yearn to hear the sweet words of truth? This is the story of a bar-room. We might call it "Ten Minutes in a Bar-room." Two workingmen were standing at a bar in a Chicago groggery. They were guzzling cheap suds, wrapped up in a long package with a high collar at the top.

Says Workingman No. 1: "Well, I voted the republican ticket last fall, but I am going to vote for the democratic alderman this spring."

"So?" said the other.

"You bet; why I was in his place last night and he wouldn't let me get away. He's a prince, he is. He gave me four whiskies, two beers and a cigar—all on the house. He gets my vote."

This should make women suffragists blush at their frailness. No sovereign woman voter could begin to consummate such a deal in exchange for her ballot. No suffragist would even attempt it. So much for women's suffrage. It takes a man to get something for his vote, although we sometimes wonder if such a price, four whiskies, two beers and a cheroot isn't a little too cheap, when the working class could sign themselves a title to the ownership of the country with the same kind of scratch that makes the bartender loosen up a little corn juice. You've got to be mighty careful which ballot you mark though, Mr. Workingman. Better go into the subject pretty closely.

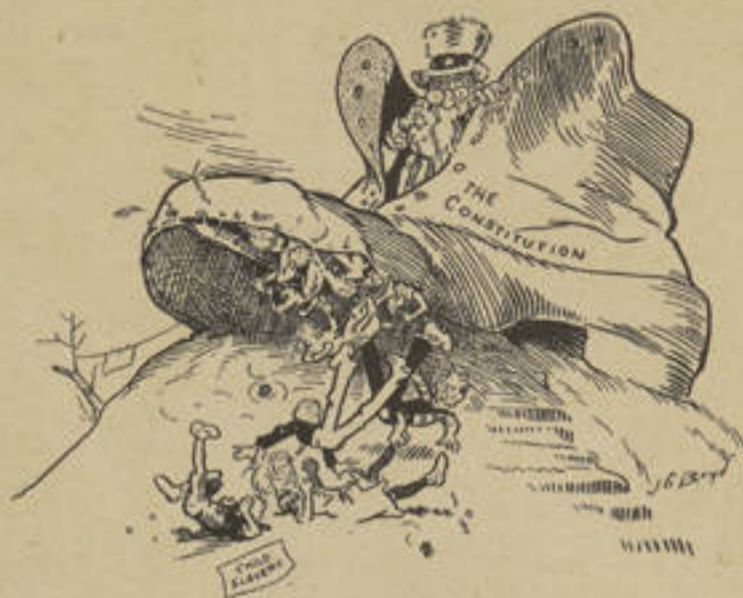
AN ANARCHIST shot at the king of Italy last month, and now the king is more popular than ever. We scent the fine Italian hand of a press agent.

EVEN the worm of the coal mine will turn.

AN OLD ONE

FIRST AUTHOR: "I know my work is stale, but the public only wants the old stuff."

SECOND AUTHOR: "Yes, I believe I have heard that before."



THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
 HE HAD SO MANY KIDS—THEY BEGAN TO FALL THRU

HIM:—"What did your papa say when you told him that my love was like a flowing river?"

HER:—"He said, 'Dam it.'"

JOHNNY:—"Father, what does 'Y. M. C. A.' stand for?"

DAD:—"Why it stands for 'Young Monkeys Carefully Assorted.'"

EASY

PHYSICIAN:—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

PATIENT:—"Yes, doctor. It hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician:—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

—Good Housekeeping.



"A SOCIALIST LAWYER, EH?"

"YEP, BELIEVES IN JUSTICE, EVEN FOR THE WORKING-MAN."

H O P E

THE SCUM OF THE EARTH

About the most despicable creature living is the "small" landlord. In the city of Chicago there are hundreds of these petty property owners who, by hook and crook, have obtained temporary divine right to collect rent from persons who must have abode. Usually the houses and flats of these miserly near-capitalists are in the worst possible conditions, insanitary, often lacking in toilet and bath facilities, and poorly ventilated in the summer and overventilated in the winter. Appeals to the landlords for repairs are always unavailing, as these persons, usually owning but one piece of property, have little means or disposition to properly improve it. Thus our insane system of private ownership compels the majority to live under the espionage of such incompetent owners or managers, to the detriment of the health of the race. A property owner owning a modern apartment, drawing several hundred dollars per month for which he does no labor, is a human being, compared to the measly little tumbledown shack owner who draws tribute for such flimsy shelters from the poor. The big apartment owner must at least give some service for the rent received. The little landlord gives none, and yet the fool proletariat suffers on, paying his tithe to these parasites, enduring all of the unhappiness of wretched abode, vainly attempting to save the ever-elusive wages that slip from his hands, and damning every person who offers a suggestion for the better day, when big fat hog landlords and little cockroach "shack" landlords will be no more—figuratively speaking, at least.

THE EDITOR

An exchange says: Most anyone can be an editor. All the editor has got to do is to sit at a desk six days out of the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months of the year, and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry.

"A mischievous lad of Poketown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday.

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week and fell striking himself on the back porch.

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square.

"Isaiah Trimmer of Running Creek was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda.

"Mr. Fong, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."

IMPORTANT

Mrs. De Style: "Marie, I shall take one of the children to church with me." The Maid: "Yes'm."

Mrs. De Style: "Which one will go best with my new purple gown?"—Boston Transcript.

Dennis: "And phwy are yer not working, Pat?"

Pat: "Faith, an' Oi was just thinkin' phwht a foine counthry it ud be if Saturday noight came around as often as Monday morning.—London Sketch.

THE RISING TIDE

The following towns and cities in the United States have Socialist Mayors.
Corrected January 1, 1912

Arma, Kans.	Manitowoc, Wis.
Amsterdam, O.	Milwaukee, Wis.
	Mindon, Mo.
Beatrice, Neb.	Minot, N. D.
Berkeley, Cal.	Martins Ferry, O.
Butte, Montana	
	New Castle, Pa.
Cradwell, Mo.	Neiderland, Cal.
Coeur d'Alene, Ida.	
Curranville, Kans.	O'Fallon, Ill.
Cuyahoga Falls, O.	
Crookston, Minn.	Pasadena, Cal.
Cedar City, Utah	Paxton, Pa.
Coquille, Ore.	
	Red Cloud, Neb.
Davis, Ill.	Rockaway, N. J.
Dexter, Kans.	
Dorrisville, Ill.	Spalding, Ill.
	S. Frankfort, Ohio
Edmonds, Wash.	St. Mary's, Ohio
Eureka, Utah	Salem, Ohio
	S. Connelsville, Pa.
Fostoria, Ohio	Schenectady, N. Y.
Flint, Mich.	Stockton, Utah
	Sugar Grove, O.
Gibson, Mo.	Shelburn, Ind.
Girard, Kans.	
Granite City, Ill.	Ten Strike, Minn.
Greenville, Mich.	Two Harbors, Minn.
	Toronto, Ohio
Jackson, Mich.	Tintic, Utah
LaPorte, Minn.	Victor, Col.
Lorain, Ohio	Victor, Kansas
Lima, Ohio	
	Wilson, Mich.
Mt. Vernon, Ohio	Wheatland, Pa.
Murray, Utah	Winslow, Ark.
Manti, Utah	Watts, Cal.
Mammoth City, Utah	

Total, 62

THE MAIN CHANCE

By BERTON BRALEY

Cut down the laborers' wage, raise up the rent if you can,
Hire a cheap child if there's ever a chance, since a child works for less than a man,
Make weary slaves of the children, give them no leisure to play,
Doubtless they'd waste all the time that they had and it wouldn't help business to pay,
All of this agitation is verily bosh and trash,
The mothers don't count and the babies don't count—there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the girl who struggles, what of the girl who falls?
None of your business, of course, we know; but somehow her fate appalls.
And the little wraith-like children, who toil in the roaring mills,
None of OUR business, of course, you say—and ever the toiling kills.
But one must have an income and wonderful gems of flash,
The mothers don't count and the children don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the crowded houses, what of the fetid slum?
What of the reeking courts and sinks where the great white scourge will come?
What of the children born there, with never a chance that's fair,
Who die or grow to a half-starved life in the poisoned tenement air?
Oh, let us be calm and patient, and let us do nothing rash,
The mothers don't count and the babies don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash!—La Follette's.

'TIS BETTER TO DIE

Is life but to slave and to starve that the few
Like Neros may revel? Despite all we do
To fill earth with plenty, they dole us a crust,
And that as though we were but cattle that must
Be foddered and sheltered at the smallest cost,
So none of their power to exploit us be lost.
From earliest years we've toiled, and toil still.
O God! Must we ever be grist for the mill?
Too long, the brute life they've compelled us to live,
Contending like beasts for the little they give
To feed us and warm us. Is the grave the goal?
Are we beasts of burden? No! We have a soul!
Awake, then, my brothers, and fight for your lives—
Your soul's salvation—your children, your wives!
'Tis beasts they'd make of us. The price is too high.
If we can't live like MEN, 'tis better to die.—M. J. Connolly.

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INTERVIEWING BILL

Breaking the custom that says the president shall not be interviewed, President Taft consented recently to talk with a reporter of Hope's staff.

The president was found on the golf links.

"Wait a minute," he asked, "till I hit it."

The reporter waited.
"What do you propose to do for the man out of work if you are re-elected?" was the first question.

"That I decline to answer," he said, assuming the judicial attitude. "I adequately replied to that in a speech made in New York. I said at that time 'God knows, I don't.' That matter, therefore, is in the hands of deity."

"Can you, if re-elected, return the component parts of a custard to their original state?"

"That's just like you anarchists," he said, somewhat angered by the sharp query. "Of course we cannot. We can't bust the trusts except for advertising purposes. Do you Socialists expect me to do nothing to be elected? I had to do something, and so we started to unscramble the trust omelet. It'll blow over after the election."

"What is the most important legislation before congress, or to be submitted to congress by you?"

"I think currency reform holds that place," he said, looking wistfully after the ball he had struck. "The boys in Wall street want a new deal on currency and we'll give it to them."

"Do you think there is any chance of a working man ever getting \$10 a day?"

"Never," he shouted. "That would be unconstitutional. It would undermine the foundations of our government. Lawyers, schemers, brokers, owners and bosses often get no more than \$10 a day."

"What will you offer the wageworker if you are renominated?"

"I'll offer him a chance to look for a job, and that is all he has a right to ask under our republican form of government."

The caddy was getting impatient, and the big president waddled on after the golf ball.

RADICALISM

"You Socialists are too radical," said a sympathizer. What does he mean?

To be radical means to have the nature of going to the root of things.

"A radical cure is one that goes to the root of the thing in question; and it is **entire** in the sense that by affecting the root, it affects in an appropriate degree the **entire** body nourished by the root." (From Webster's Academic Dictionary.)

My friend is like the gardener who would expect to gather flowers and fruit continually without considering the root that nourished the plant upon which the flowers and fruit developed.

GET OFF THE FENCE

The "half-wayers" are a greater curse to the working class movement than its enemies.

Are you for or against the working class?

"Madam," remarked the weary wayfarer with the bandaged eye, "I was not always as you see me now."

"I know it," replied the stern-visaged woman at the back door. "The last time you were here you had on a 'deaf and dumb' sign."—Puck.

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Mr. Drake also offers writers a chance to make money. He wants scenarios, or stories, for dramatization in moving pictures. He prefers them to be propaganda pictures, but will consider any kind.

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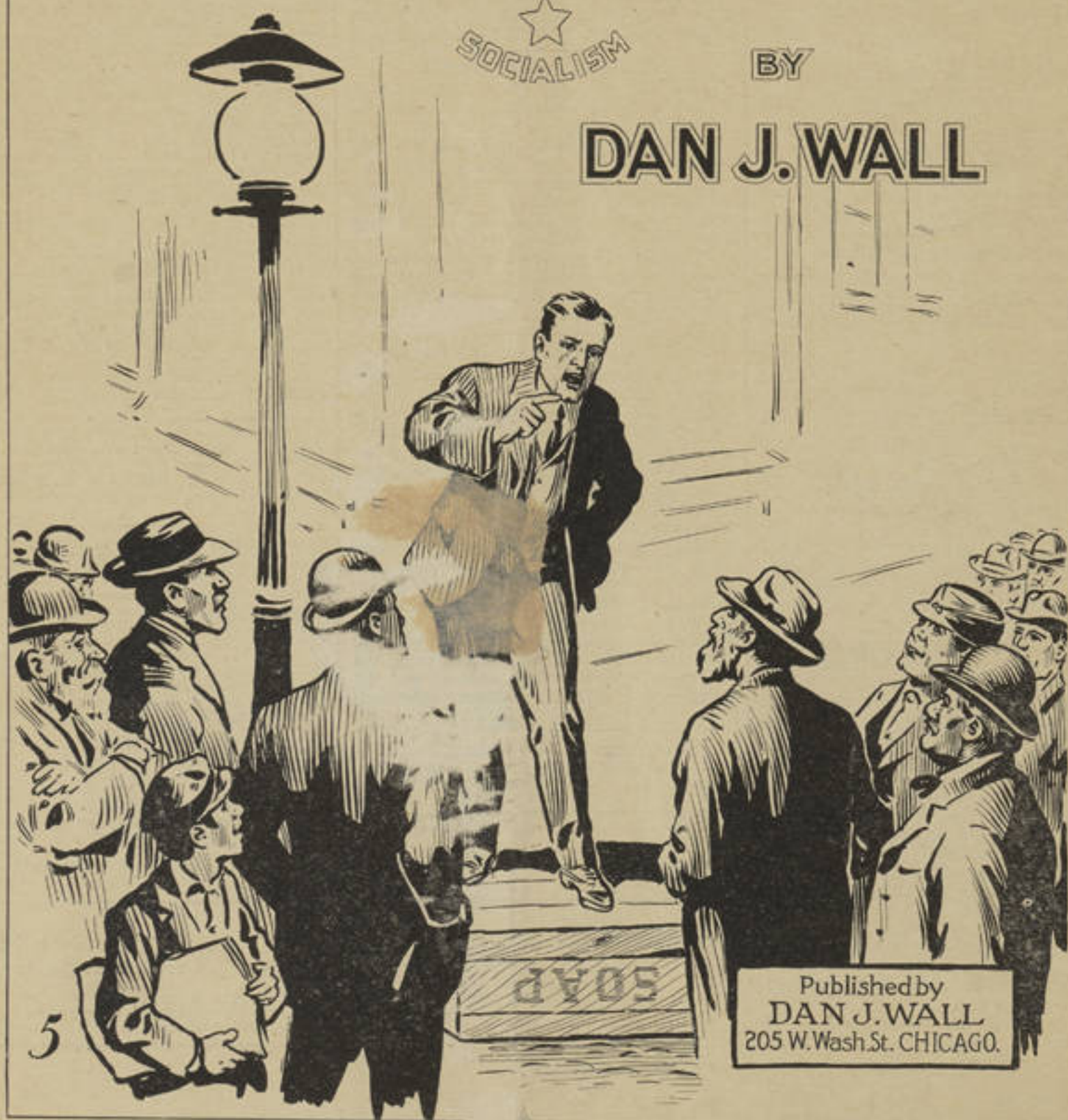
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