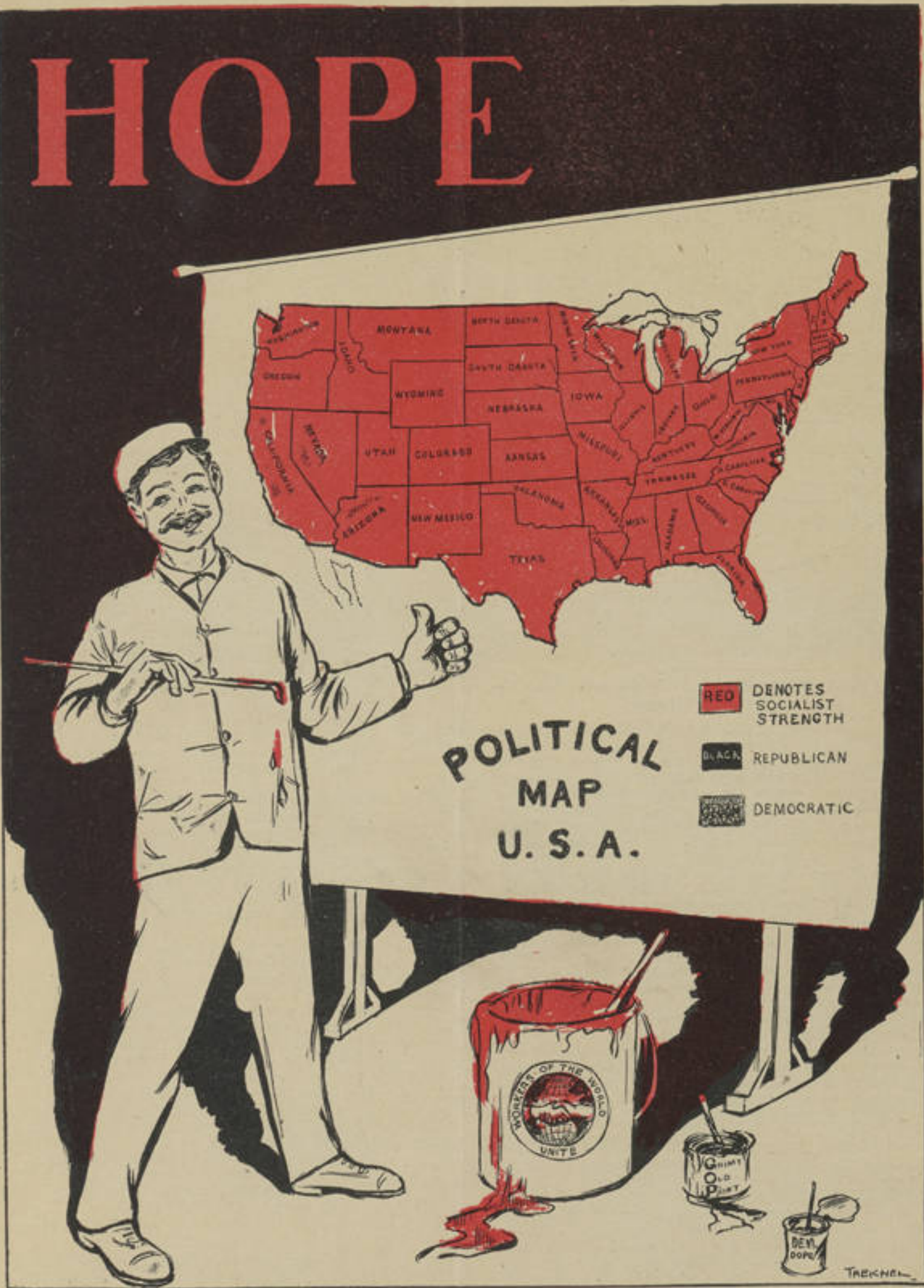


HOPE



IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK QUITE ROSY?



Daisy: "If you don't hurry up and accept that millionaire friend of yours he'll soon have one foot in the grave."

Mayme: "Oh, well, there's no rush about the ceremony; his money is accumulating interest right along."

HOPE'S BUREAU FOR OBTAINING SWEETHEARTS FOR SOCIETY GIRLS

Note.—Mrs. John Volk of Chicago, a wealthy club woman, has devised a plan for a municipal bureau to obtain sweethearts for working girls. Mrs. Volk's contention is that the working girl has little choice in her own love affairs or should have as she is apt to show little grace of selection—and choose someone she wishes to marry. The purpose of Mrs. Volk's plan is to establish a municipal bureau where husbands will be chosen for the girls who work, by a select committee of well-to-do club ladies. Thus the mating by choice would be put upon a more scientific plan—like the mating of other animals, cats, dogs, horses, etc. From the deductions of this "friend of the working girl," we are led to believe that the working girl is some sort of a dumb brute, with no regard for the higher feelings in life. HOPE does not believe this. We believe that the average girl who works knows just about whom she wants to marry, and as America is still a free country in some respects, she should be allowed to follow her own desires in this matter.

However, not to be outdone in benevolence by Mrs. Volk, HOPE has established a bureau for the selection of sweethearts for society girls. Our services are gratis and we are inspired from reading the press accounts of the actions of society girls that there is need of guidance in this matter. We will not do more than lay down a few parliamentary rules for these poor hothouse society buds. But a word to the wise is sufficient. Take it from us.

Girls, just because your papa is worth a million of dollars squeezed from the horny-handed workingman, don't think that you are better bred than the working girl.

Remember HOPE is wise to you.

Don't marry oftener than five times a year; it shows bad taste, and a bad taste is a fierce thing to have in your mouth after trying to drink up all the wine in town the night before.

Don't be anyone's soul mate. This stunt is so common with millionaires' daughters that it scarcely gets a press notice any more. Don't do anything common.

Don't smoke cigarets; they are bad for the complexion. If you must smoke (and all real society ladies simply MUST), get a good old meerschaum pipe and step out behind the garage and take a "drag" when you feel like it. Never chew tobacco in public—use snuff instead. This gives you a better chance to display your bejeweled snuff box.

Don't elope with your chauffeur. Have some respect for the honor of others.

Don't dress sensible. Always garb yourself in some diaphanous flowing attire that is as abbreviated as the law allows.

Always talk loud and coarse and slangy; this will let folks know that you're not a working girl, but can make a noise.

Don't be afraid to paint your face; anything that will cover it helps your prospects.

Never do anything reasonable or natural—it is so bourgeois to act civilized.

Whatever you do, keep your name in print by some means, as this will enable you to pick up some worthless titled foreigner who will not hesitate to marry you, providing you are properly rated in Bradstreet's report. Whatever you do, always do something rash. This is the best way to gain notoriety and to shock modest people. And no society girl should think of marrying for good until she has done this.

"WE NEVER COULD AND NEVER CAN"

"We never could and never can,"

Was said in every age,
Twas said by prehistoric man,
Just past the monkey stage,
Before real words from lips e'er fell,
With becks and signs they used to tell,
How man in caves would always dwell,
"For you can't change human nature."

"We never could and never can,"

So said the wise men to
Columbus when he went to man
His outfit with a crew,
They said this world could not be round,
And ships could not sail upside down,
Besides no crew could e'er be found,
"For you can't change human nature."

"We always have and always will,"

The superficial cry,
"What grandpa did we're doing still,
And shall do till we die."
They even tried to get the goat
Of Fulton when he built his boat,
And said, "No one would trust the float,
"For you can't change human nature."

"We always did and always must,"

The tyrant used to sing,
"I'll hold this bloody throne or bust,
We're bound to have a king,
Besides, I'm going to have my pelf,
And won't be laid upon the shelf,
For a mob like that can't rule itself,
You can't change human nature."

"We never could and never can,"

The saphead still will say,
"Although I like your way and plan,
It won't come in our day,
Although you have the problem solved,
With every question that's involved,
Yet in my own mind I'm resolved,
That you can't change human nature."

Just what we've done, and always will,

To you I'll try to state;
We've always changed, we're changing still,
We're changing up to date,
We change our lands, machines and tools,
We change our customs, laws and schools,
While all men change except damphools,
With damphool human natures.

—James W. Hughes.

WUXTRY! WUXTRY!

As we shuffle to press the "Common Cause" was still killing Socialism. No definite date has been set for the wake. Full obituary later.

"CONVERT AMERICA!"

The chill, damp shadow of Rome still broadens across America. No doubt the national capitol at Washington could be remodeled into an ideal cathedral.



HOPE



THE WOLF KILLER

THE PARTY EMBLEM

The Daily Socialist suggests a lion as the emblem of the Socialist party. HOPE objects. "Lion" should be, and is, confined strictly to the old party politicians. Leo may be king of beasts, all right, but the hope of labor is to rise above its present bestiality. We have had enough of beasts ruling our nation. The thick-skulled elephant and the eloquent jackass have made us lose faith in the animal kingdom. Let's have a real man with a horny hand and a discerning mind as our party ideal and emblem.

NOT BRAGGING, BUT—

HOPE prints more illustrations in one issue than any other Socialist publication in America. Our colored supplements during the campaign will be prized for their propaganda value by every worker for the cause. Special improvements of the art and color work in HOPE are now under way and will probably be ready for our next issue and will remain a permanent feature thereafter.

A CATHOLIC priest says that Socialists are the mad dogs of society and should be silenced with a bullet. If a mad dog bit a priest no bullet would be necessary—the result would prove fatal—to the dog.

Forcing your argument with bullets, our "holy fathers" should remember, though, is a nawsty game at which two can play.

STRETCHING A POINT

It does take a lot of imagination to write stirring things about the "solidarity and class-consciousness" of labor, when one sees a union man wearing union shoes, a union hat and a union suit walk up to the polls and vote a scab ticket.

SHORT DIVISION

Just because you run a small store or one-horse factory, don't be afraid the Socialists are going to divide it up. We're not that good in mathematics.

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST—ETC.

The Chicago Daily Socialist had to suspend publication one day this month. This caused great glee among the capitalist dailies of Chicago, who rejoiced exceeding glad that the Socialist was "down and out." The next day they were not laughing quite so hard. It is true that the Daily Socialist was "out" but none of the other capitalist dailies were able to get out an edition—the pressmen's strike having caused a "crisis" on all of the "world's" greatest newspapers that would have made a poverty-stricken Socialist editor blush. A "crisis" in newspaperdom verily is not confined to Socialist publications. There is no worse crisis than when labor shows up its usefulness in the industrial world—by simply stopping work. The sight of citizens of Chicago buying the editions of the Chicago Daily Socialist to the tune of 100,000 copies in a single day, while the trust press of Chicago couldn't operate a press, was enough to fade the "yellow press." The suspension of the Chicago Capitalist press shows that Capitalism has failed miserably. The "comrades" of Capitalism have fallen down on the job. Hurro! hurrah! hurrah!

JUST how a Socialist can shout for the workers of the world to unite and turn about and argue the fallacy of "one big union" is one of the little perplexities and paradoxes of life.

CONVENTIONS may come and conventions may go, but agitation goes on forever.

DON'T be a radical 364 days out of the year and a conservative on election day.

WHAT if you do throw your vote away—voting for what you believe to be right. There are plenty more where that one came from.

HOPE



WHEN THE TOIL OF DAY IS O'ER

DROPS OF WISDOM FROM AN ARCHBISHOP

In an address entitled "Some Problems of Democracy," Archbishop Ireland said, recently:

All men are born equal; democracy is the government of the people for the people. Therefore, say some, there should be equality of possession; and the office of government is to lend its authority to the enforcement of this equality.

All men are indeed born equal, equal in the meaning of the declaration of independence, equal so far as the laws of the land may reach, equal in rights derived from government, equal in such opportunities as government creates or is enabled to create. But all men are not equal in nature's gifts, physical and moral, and equality of this kind no government can create, no government is allowed to presuppose.

Democracy has this value over other forms of government, it increases to the individual the field of opportunity. With good reason, it may be named opportunity, opportunity given equally to all.

To attempt the use of powers of a government, be that government the freest of democracies, in order to make the world of men other than what nature has willed it, is the most futile of tasks, doomed by nature to failure, sure, if long pursued, to destroy the government itself and the social organism in whose behalf it was instituted.

This may well be said to the honor of the people of America—it is no wish of theirs that those who are the poorer shall be held to their poverty, that honest toil shall be barred from sufficient and adequate remuneration.

None in America will resent efforts put forth in fair play toward the social betterment of any class in the population, especially when



WHERE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY HELD FORTH

TWO KINDS OF CONVENTIONS

In April the Democrats of Chicago held a convention. At least it was announced as a convention. From the newspaper reports of the affair it had all of the ear-marks of a disgraceful riot of anarchistically-inclined barrel-house criminals—the followers of Hearst, Sullivan and—Thomas Jefferson. Two hundred and fifty police and a company of militia were prevailed upon to keep order at the convention hall. In this duty they failed, miserably, the police under the leadership of the Hearst faction finally battering down the doors of the convention hall with axes and overpowering and placing under arrest the "tin soldiers" guarding the interests of the Sullivan faction. Bloodshed and murder were narrowly averted, as members of both factions, so eager to espouse the principles of Thomas Jefferson, deceased, were heavily armed, with pistols protruding from their pockets. It is too bad with such a vivid description of violence that the capitalist press cannot work in Socialism somewhere as the cause of this unseemly outbreak of anarchy, but this was a DEMOCRATIC PARTY convention, engineered by respectable business men of Chicago, including the head of the gas trust. This was a business men's convention, not a meeting of laborers. No police or militia are ever necessary at a SOCIALIST PARTY convention. There are no threats of murder or arson, where special privilege and private gain are not struggling for a foothold. Where the interests of labor are identical and mutual as in a Socialist organization, these violent tactics and brutal bursts of force, familiar to all old party gatherings, are unheard of. Socialists are accused unjustly of being anarchists and violent disturbers. The compliment is an unjust one. We take off our hat and revert all of the ability in this line to the managers of the Democratic and Republican thugs and steam roller engineers. The only violence in Socialistic conventions is strictly vocal and oratorical.

that class includes those upon whom weighs most heavily the burden of human life, and without whose earnest and willing concurrence the talent of others is doomed to idleness and industry and enterprise put out of each.

What, though, most usually are the theories and the methods of Socialism? Here it is the absolute denial of the right to private property; "property," we are told, "is theft." There are such impediments to private property, such control and limitation, that few or none will toil to acquire it, few or none will be able to retain it.

These are the theories of Socialism, and the theories are preached broadcast. It is the bitter hatred of one class of citizens toward another. It is the reckless jealousy that pulls down and destroys; it is the defiance of law and social order; it is the menace of war, even unto the spilling of blood.

Socialism to day is the peril of America. They are blind who see not its workings.

Socialist editors lacking vertebrae who believe in turning the other cheek to all infamy heaped upon the Socialist movement by the Catholic church, in order that a few "Catholic Socialists" may possibly vote the ticket, should take great pride in the statement of the learned archbishop, when he states that Socialism is the peril of America. HOPE believes that the Socialist movement can well afford to spare men whose minds are so lacking in development that they can be led by such superstition mongers as the archbishop.

For an apostle of absolute tyranny, the Catholic church to prattle about democracy is novel, anyhow, if not ridiculous.



OF COURSE THERE IS A BASEBALL MONOPOLY

—Columbus Dispatch.

HOPE



ECLIPSED

PAT'S MISTAKE

At a little dinner, the other night, a wager was laid that Mr. Orooke, the entertainer, could not tell fifty parrot stories in succession. He did it without turning a feather, and so many of them were new that the man who came away and told about it, could only remember one.

It was of a parrot which escaped through a window, and perched in a tree. The owner's efforts to catch it, even with a butterfly net, were in vain. He stood at the bottom of the tree, swearing at the bird, when an Irishman came along.

"What is the matter?" demanded Pat.

"I can't catch that darned bird," said the man, "and here is a dollar for the man that can."

"I am the man," cried Pat, and he started up the tree.

As he climbed from branch to branch the parrot did the same. Finally, they neared the top and the branches began to wobble dangerously, the parrot was moved to speech.

"What the devil do you want?" it demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," cried Pat, already half way down the tree. "I thought you was a bird."

NOT THAT KIND

A Hebrew boy was a fever patient in a hospital, and had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge bath and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?"

Still whining, the youngster said: "No, Yiddish."

GIVE US BIGGER BILLS AND MORE

Secretary McVeagh of the national treasury has a scheme to make paper money in smaller sizes. Good heavens, Mac, a dollar bill is too small to cover anything with now.

JUDGE SEES HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM

Contrary to all indications, all judges are not knaves nor fools. Most of them are, but there's an exception occasionally. Judge Wanamaker of Akron, Ohio, seems to be one of the exceptions, in the matter of comment on the judiciary recall, at least.

He believes that the judiciary recall is a good thing for the improvement of the bench. And he admits that there is certainly vast room for improvement. He cites the chief reasons for present discontent with the judicial system, as follows:

"First—Too much delay.

"Second—Too much expense.

"Third—Too much uncertainty in the law.

"Fourth—Too much idolatry of ancient precedent, the more ancient the more sacred. If the ancient condition has long since passed the precedent should go with it.

"Fifth—Too many trials and appeals to the disadvantage of the poor and the advantage of the rich. Litigation is an expensive luxury.

"Sixth—Usurpation by courts of legislative right and power. No English king, nor court, though monarchical, dares to hold an act of the English parliament unconstitutional. Our presidents, governors and courts, with utter abandon, are vetoing and nullifying intelligent, conscientious public opinion, crystallized in their regular and orderly forms of law.

"Seventh—Too much regard for rule, too little for reason. Too much jugglery of the technical pleader, too little justice for the client.

"Who is responsible for all this? The judge, the court—chiefly the courts of last resort, whose decisions and judgments must be followed by the inferior courts, else the judgments below will be forthwith reversed and another trial granted.

"Now, what do the people propose to do? Simply propose to change the jury for removal from the legislature to the people themselves. Why, that is where we get all our juries from, anyhow—from the plain people. They propose to say to the legislature, 'You have not been faithful in the exercise of the right to remove judges; you have absolutely ignored your duty in that respect; you have absolutely failed to use it or try to use it. We now propose to try the experiment of using it ourselves.'

It seems as though the dawn is breaking and there is hope even for judicial temperaments.

If you don't believe that there is enough in this world so that we could all be rich, read your encyclopedia.

Don't be content to be poor. You and I have no right to be poor in this country.

Here's hoping capitalism will have a pleasant summer and an early fall.

Under the present system justice is more or less of an accident.
—Johnstown Socialist.



THE MYSTIC MAZE

—Syracuse Herald.

HOPE

BUTTON OF RED

Our brilliant comrade, Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-saw poet, is turning out classy stuff.

"The Devil sat in his brimstone room in a cosy corner of Hell, and grinned at the way he'd ran the earth since Adam and Eve both fell. He owned the rulers and owned the courts; he owned the churches and schools; he owned the scribes and he owned the press and all the rest of the tools. He had stoned the prophets and killed the Christ and buried the truths they told, and had finished instead a phony faith and a god that was built of gold. He had collared every old thing in sight, from who-laid-the-chunk to the throne, and was bossin' the job in his devilish style and bossin' it all alone. 'It's a cinch I have,' the Devil quoth, as he scratched himself on the chin, when a gust of sulphur blew on his tail and a scared-looking imp stepped in. 'What's the matter now?' the Devil croaked as he swatted a monster bat—and the imp handed over a button of red—'Your Majesty, look at that!' The Devil gazed on the crimson badge and the hands that clasped on it, and he knew in a jiffy what it meant and it threw him into a fit! 'Turn every demon loose!' he shrieked. 'Fight this at any damned cost! To earth, ye fiends! if the Socialists win, we're gone and Hell is lost!'"

PROVING AN OLD SAYING

"I sure believes dat dere's truth in dat old proverb what says, 'Heaven helps dose what help demselves,'" announced Wandering Walter, the Weary Wop.

"Wot mikes yer t'ink dat kinder dope?" inquired Ragweed Reggie, the Roving Reprobate.

"Becuz if we hadnter went an' helped ourselves to dat cold ham in dat summer kitchen we'd never have seen dem winter clothes hangin' there!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



THE MAKING OF A SOCIALIST

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SOCIALISM

1. Love your school fellows, who will be your fellow workmen in life.
2. Love learning, which is the food of the mind; be as grateful to your teacher as to your parents.
3. Make every day holy by good and useful deeds and kindly actions.
4. Honor good men, be courteous to all men, bow down to none.
5. Do not hate or speak evil of any one; do not be revengeful, but stand up for your rights, and resist oppression.
6. Do not be cowardly; be a friend to the weak, and love justice.
7. Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by labor; whoever enjoys them without working for them is stealing the bread of the workers.
8. Observe and think in order to discover the truth; do not believe what is contrary to reason, and never deceive yourself or others.
9. Do not think that he who loves his own country must hate or despise other nations, or wish for war, which is a remnant of barbarism.
10. Look forward to the day when all men will be free citizens of one fatherland, and live together as brotherers in peace and righteousness.—Minnesota Socialist.

NOT COMPETENT TO SPEAK

"Pa, do you know anything about the Thirty Years' war?"
 "No, son. Your mother and I have only been married fifteen years."



HOW JUSTICE IS DISPENSED

—Webster, New York Mail.

HOPE



—1912?

NOT INCLUDING THE MUD

Somebody has figured that an average man of 150 pounds contains the constituents found in 1,200 eggs. There is enough gas in him to fill a gasometer of 3,649 cubic feet. He contains enough iron to make four tenpenny nails. His fat would make seventy-five candles and a good sized cake of soap. His phosphate content would make 8,064 boxes of matches. There is enough hydrogen in him in combination to fill a balloon.

BUT IT IS STILL THERE

"Say, pa, what does it mean when it says the supreme court dissolved a trust?"

"Well, my son, you see, hum—ha—that's a sort of solution of the trust question."

"Does it fix it so there's any trust any more, pa?"

"Well, my son, when you dissolve a lump of sugar in water, the sugar is still there, but you can't see it."—Puck.

KNEW IT WAS SOLID SOMETHING

"Friends and comrades," said the chairman of the evening, who had the misfortune of sometimes choosing the wrong word, "I wish to introduce Comrade Jones, who will tell you about the 'solid ivory' of the working class."

And he sat down, and couldn't remember what he had said that made such a howling hit with the audience.

HEROES OF TOIL

We note no flowery tales of heroism about the grimy stokers and other workers in the pits, who went down with the ill-fated Titanic. Heroism, according to the daily press, is always strictly confined to the first-class cabins.

LEST WE FORGET

"People will soon forget. The Titanic disaster isn't hurting steamship traffic," said an official.

Everything suffers but the Profit System.

THE COWARD'S REFRAIN

He who jumps and rows away,
Will live like Owner Bruce Ismay.

A FULL DINNER PAIL

Are you going to vote for the full dinner pail party again, Mr. Worker? Have you no desire excepting to satisfy the cravings of your stomach? Are you going to sell your vote for the promise of a feed from a pail?

Why should you not have books and music, and pictures and good clothes and automobiles? Why should you not be able to take a vacation with your family the same as your boss?

If labor creates all wealth, then why should you who labor not enjoy the wealth? Why should you be satisfied with a full dinner pail, or rather with the promise of it, for you know that the term, "Full Dinner Pail" is only a deceiving bait as is shown in Akin's "speechless speech."

They are still promising you a full dinner pail but you have to get a pail about one-third the size you used to have if you want to keep it full on the same wages.

There is only one party that promises to pay you the full value of your vote. The Socialist Party proposes to give you all you produce. Not only enough to eat, but enough to satisfy every want that can be satisfied by the united effort of a united working class.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The times are always out of joint

For those who lack the wherewithal
To purchase pleasantries and pie,
Plush covered seats and schooners tall.

But for the man whose boodle bin
Can satisfy his every whim
The times are scrumptious enough
And everything looks good to him.

A BISHOP'S VETO

I have a dear friend, a Catholic priest, in Chicago, who proposed putting running water into his holy water troughs.

We talked it over, and the only objection I could see was how he could bless the H₂O without standing by all the time.

"Oh, that's easy," he answered. "I'll bless all of Lake Michigan and be done with it!"

The matter was explained to the bishop, and the plea was made that a trough of stagnant water in which everybody was dipping his pickers and snatchers could not be pure, no matter who blessed it. But the bishop, who really is a very sensible man, off duty, vetoed the move.—Philistian.



THE WHITE HOPE

HOPE



ANTI-SOCIALISTS IN PRIVATE LIFE

No. 1: The Rev. Mr. Piousme, who has written a strong article entitled "Why Socialism Would Destroy the Finer Esthetic Tastes and Reduce Us to Coarser Morals."

THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK

Even a worm will turn. Properly goaded, a jackrabbit can be forced to spit in a bulldog's eye. And when a comfortable seat in the White House is at stake, and presidential pie is slipping out of your hand, one cannot be blamed if the judicial temperament skids just a little. At least this was the experience of Mr. Taft, now residing in Washington and acting as president of the United States. Our phrases may be a little bit distorted, but someone has said that when "thieves fall out there comes a tug of war." At any rate, Sir Toothadore, who some time ago shied his rough rider bonnet into the ring, considerably ruffled up the feelings of Sir Bill, his understudy, who has been more or less carrying out Teddy's policies since the latter vacated the presidential chair. We gather from the press reports that Teddy, who has it figured out to a hairsbreadth that the country is going to the bowwows unless he secured another term, has for some time slightly irritated the fat boy of the White House.

Among other things he has intimated that Bill is a big boob, a dumb brute, a frazzle, a beef-head, a zero mark, hippopotamus, and certainly unfit for a second term. In this HOPE agrees with Theodore.

It took these things a long time to soak through Bill's hide, but finally he came to bat with the following:

That Teddy is "an over-ambitious man, who does not know what a square deal means; a traitor, a self-seeking hypocrite, a liar, plain and fancy, a braggart, a windy reformer and a poor loser."

In this HOPE agrees with Bill.

As the campaign waxes warmer, many more interesting and truthful statements will be aired by these angry politicians. Go to it, Bill; soak him! Get busy there, Teddy! Who cares?

THE TEST OF DEEDS

When a man has held office for seven and one-half years, and still wants more office, it is proper to ask what use he has made of his term of power. What he thinks, talks, wishes or hopes does not count. He had a chance to do. What did he do?

Mr. Roosevelt was president for almost two full terms. What did he do that another term should be given to him in violation of the nation's tradition against third terms?

He protected his friends who own the sugar trust from prosecution, while that trust was stealing millions of dollars from the government by means of loaded scales.

He ran up the expenses of administration to double what they had been a few years before.

He brought on a panic which caused hundreds of thousands of workingmen to be out of employment for months and spread ruin and bankruptcy all over the country.

He permitted the steel trust, in direct violation of law, to buy up its only important competitor.

He tried to revive the alien and sedition laws to abolish a free press and free speech.

He allowed the infamous tariff robbery to continue, not only unchecked, but unchallenged through his entire term.

His most intimate friends and his most trusted advisers were standpatters and beneficiaries of the robber tariff.

He was the best president for Wall street that Wall street ever had.

And yet, in some mysterious manner, Mr. Roosevelt has persuaded the country to believe that he is just the reverse of what his record reveals.—Chicago Daily Journal.

SUSPICIOUS

Bank President—What's the matter?

Bank Vice President—I was just thinking. I sat next to our cashier in church yesterday and I don't quite like the way he sings "Will They Miss me When I'm Gone?"

COULD SEE IT COMING

"Do you think we will have another panic soon?"

"Yes, about next fall."

"So soon?"

"Soon as ever the votes are counted. There will be a panic among the old parties."—Coming Nation.

POWERFUL DAD

A little boy who had often heard his father talk about the civil war finally asked: "Father, did anyone help you put down the rebellion?"



THE VICTOR

—Rhodes in the Milwaukee Leader.

HOPE

IS A DOLLAR A DAY TOO MUCH?



The veterans of the civil war want a dollar a day pension. The war is over, some fifty years back we believe, and the stay-at-home patriots have no doubt forgotten the beautiful and inspiring things they told the boys of '61—how to defend the nation's honor, fight for the emancipation of the slaves and defend old glory at the cost of their (the soldiers') lives. The war is over, and the nation has almost forgotten the men "who saved the country." This is true in all wars, in all of the battles for existence. The men who actually do the work are the ones who profit the least by it, while captains of industry, like captains of war, are honored and remembered. The boys of '61 are asking for an increase in pension. HOPE, while opposed to war as a relic of barbarism, believes that these veterans should have their dollar a day and MORE. Surely a man who loves his country enough to lay down his life and limb for it should be given the extravagant sum of one dollar a day in his faltering old age, especially when our fat, rubicund representatives in congress, who make wars and determine pensions are drawing several times this amount. We do not believe in pensions as a reward of war, nor to encourage persons to engage in war, but the civil war has already been fought—its benefits to the masses have been puny enough, while the masters have waxed fat. Give the old soldiers their dollar a day, congress. A dollar isn't an awful endowment for a national hero, with butter 35 cents per pound.

NOT FAST ENOUGH

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I follered the wotter for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labors.

DIDN'T KNOW ARTHUR

"Now," said the teacher, "suppose I should give you and Arthur an apple, divided into four parts, and Arthur was to take two of the pieces, how many would you have left?"

"None," answered the little girl.

"None!" echoed the teacher. "I'm afraid you don't know your lesson."

"It ain't that, ma'am; you don't know Arthur."

FOR ALL TIME

Mrs. Highupp—"The judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again."

Mrs. Blase—"Are they?"

Mrs. Highupp—"Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now?"—Puck.

POP WON'T STAY

Effie—"Do you think papa will go to heaven, Miss Hart?"

Sunday School Teacher—"Oh, ves, indeed, Effie."

Effie—"Well, if he doesn't have his own way there he won't stay long."

A FOREIGNER

"Who was the first man, Johnny?"

"George Washington," Johnny replied.

The teacher smiled. "Have you forgotten Adam, Johnny?" he said gently.

"Oh," said Johnny, with a sneer, "if you count foreigners!"

WHAT'S THE USE!

Lady of the House—"Have you given some fresh water to the goldfish, Anna?"

Maid—"No, ma'am; they haven't finished what I gave them the other day yet!"

BUSINESS was invented for the sake of supplying the needs of the people. The needs of the people now exist for the sake of business.—Life.

A WOMAN WHO DEGRADES HER SEX

Mrs. Alexander Preston, Baltimore society leader and ardent anti-suffragist, does not believe in the unwritten law of the sea, "Women and children first."

"A man is a more valuable member of a community and of a nation than is a woman," she said recently. "I believe in looking at the thing in a cold, impartial light."

"Why should a man like Major Butt have to die with the Titanic to save an immigrant woman?"

"President Charles M. Hays of the Grand Trunk railroad was, by the law of the survival of the fittest, the ablest man of the thousands who work for his road. Any one of those thousands of men was worth more than a woman."

"Colonel Astor was a man of power. I believe that every man on that boat who died did what he thought best. They are heroes in every sense of the word. They regarded obedience to the unwritten law of the sea to be their duty. But the law is wrong."

HOPE believes that an immigrant woman, bearing the burdens and sorrows of the human race, is of far more value to posterity than any so-called captain of industry who lives from the toil of others. The fact of the matter is, no doubt, that the majority of the women steerage passengers were drowned like rats below the first-class decks, where the society leaders had a matter of choice between life and death. It is a fitting compliment to the cause of women's suffrage that a person with so infinitesimal mind as the Baltimore society leader is NOT with the suffrage movement.



THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT

HOPE



ANYTHING TO SAVE PROFIT

WHERE ALL MEN WERE EQUAL

We hear much about the "survival of the fittest." Smug and comfortably fixed persons tell us that in the land of the free and the home of the brave all have an equal chance for wealth and pursuit of happiness—that the successful are successful because of special effort on their part—the unsuccessful fail because of their own weakness and not through lack of chance and opportunity. The man who is rich usually looks with disdain upon his weaker brother who lacks the chance at the good things of life enjoyed by the former. When the Titanic sank in the briny waters of the Atlantic all men were reduced to a common level. John Jacob Astor, with a fortune of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, on land, where he could be especially protected by every force of society, was proven no better man than the penniless immigrant on the same ship when the fight for life was reduced to an equal contest for all. Astor on shore could command the energies of thousands—on a sinking ship he was no longer favored with the assurance and force synonymous with wealth. Astor on a sinking ship was of no more importance than the man who had just shined his shoes. He died like a man and not like a coward. This is to his credit. Shorn of the power of his wealth in his last moments he died bravely like hundreds of his fellow men, less prominent who drowned beneath the icy waves. In the seething cauldron of the sea, the pomp of power, the shimmering gossamer of wealth, wrung from the faces of sweated toilers, failed to suffice. It availed nothing. The sea knows no favorites in the final struggle. It offered only an equal opportunity for all and a millionaire's chances in the hungry deep were no better than that of any other man.

Unfortunately opportunities and chances for life and happiness on land are not so justly divided.

IT PAYS TO KICK

There lived two frogs, so I am told,
In a quiet wayside pool.
And one of these frogs was a blamed
bright frog,
But the other frog was a fool.

Now a farmer man with a big milk can
Was wont to pass that way,
And he used to stop and add a drop
Of the aqua, so they say.

And it chanced one morn, in the early
dawn,
When the farmer's sight was dim,
He scooped those frogs in the water
he dipped,
Which same was a joke on him.

The fool frog sank in the swashing tank
As the farmer bumped to town.
But the smart frog flew like a tug-boat's
screw,
And swore he'd not go down.

So he kicked and splashed and slam-
med and thrashed,
And he kept on top through all.
And he churned that milk in first class
shape
Into a great big butter ball.

Now, when the milkman got to town
And opened the can, there lay
The fool frog drowned, but hale and
sound,
The kicker, he hopped away

Moral

Don't fret your life with endless strife,
Yet let this teaching stick.
You'll find, old man, in the world's
big can,
It sometimes pays to kick.

—Cotton's Weekly.

It is a very easy matter to throw mud at earnest workers in the cause of humanity, but it needs brains to do something useful.—New Zealand Worker.

"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!"



—Chicago Daily News.

HOPE



WHY ARE WE HERE?

—The Masses.

THE CURE AS BAD AS THE DISEASE

Two holdup men in Paris, barricaded in a garage, were surrounded by the police. They refused to surrender and M. Lupine, head of the Paris police department, ordered that they be blown up with a dynamite bomb. This was done and both criminals were torn to pieces. The newspapers next morning referred to the holdup men as "anarchists." What would you call the bomb-throwing police?

TO THE CAPITALIST CLASS

We have fed you for a thousand years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the worker's dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on a crimson wool,
For if blood be the price of all your wealth
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

There's never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of our accursed wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike of a week ago.
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God, we ha' bought it fair.

BLAME IT ON THE SOCIALISTS

"John Fisher, the 17-year-old youth who ran away from home, has returned. 'John seemed to pick up some Socialistic ideas while in school,' said his sister, 'and that had something to do with his running away.'"—Item in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That is cruel if not unusual. Our impression of Socialists was that they did anything but run away; they are pretty good stickers when it comes to a showdown, but see how it affected poor John. Always a slow, plodding and perhaps, stupid youth, never went much out of a walk, or a dog trot at the most. Hears of Socialism, and see how it affected his locomotion. Made him want to run—yes, run. "Walking was too conservative and too slow, says John. "I know about Socialism and I want to RUN." So he started out and ran away from home. There is only one consoling feature about this sad affair. It didn't make him want to run for office.

THE ANTI-SOCIALISTS

The following persons may be expected either to oppose the Socialist movement tooth and nail or prove unfriendly to it.

- The employers of labor.
- The bankers, investors, financiers.
- The legal profession.
- The old party politicians.
- The merchants, manufacturers and business men.

- The large taxpayers.
- The high salaried workers.
- The frivolous, the ill-informed and the cowardly.

All those whom Socialism will deprive of unjust wealth and power.

HOW JOHN JACOB ASTOR MADE HIS FORTUNE

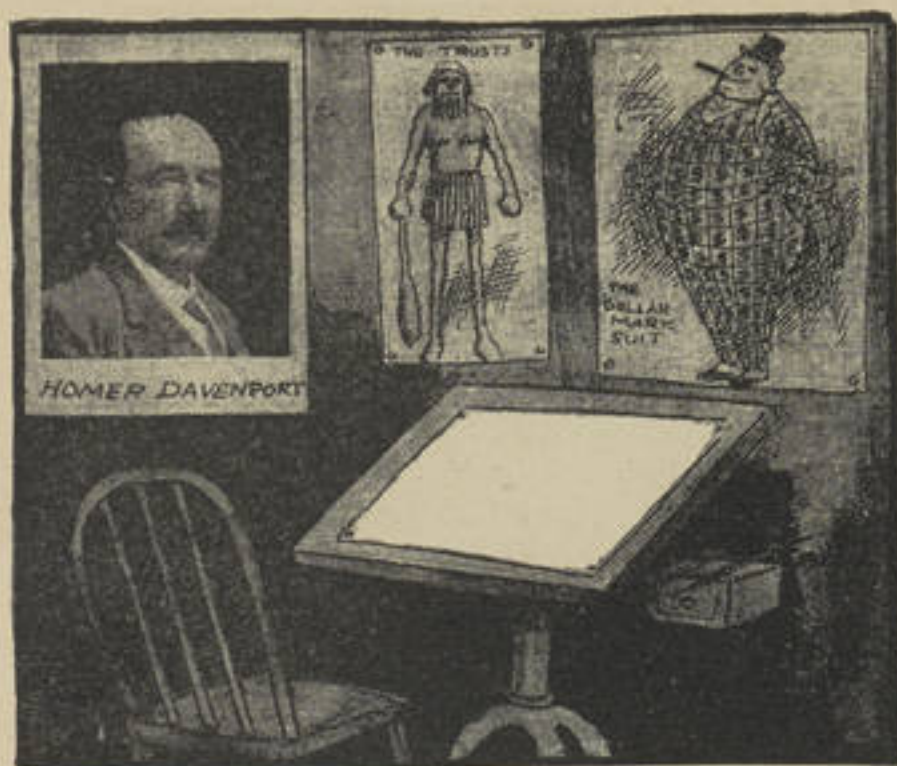
If there was any serious crime at that time (1823) it was the supplying of the Indians with whisky. The government fully recognized the baneful effects of debauching the Indians, and enacted strict laws with harsh penalties. Astor's company brazenly violated this law—the trader's ancient trick of getting the Indians drunk and then swindling them of their furs and land was carried on by Astor on an unprecedented scale.—From Meyer's History of American Fortunes.



DEATH THE GREAT LEVELER

"In the democracy of death all men are at last equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise and the songs of the poet are silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, and the worldling his pleasures, the invalid needs no physician and the laborer rests from his unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is explained, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity which makes life so cruel and inexplicable a tragedy, ceases in the realms of earth. The strongest has no supremacy and the weakest needs no defence. The mighty captain succumbs to the invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.—J. J. Ingalls.

With The Bookmakers



Homer Davenport, one of America's most virile cartoonists is dead. Davenport was the originator of the trust figure wearing a "Dollar-Mark" suit. This character has since been redrawn quite frequently by other cartoonists. The original model of the "Dollar Mark" trust was no less personage than Marcus A. Hanna, the republican boss, who so accurately prophesied that the main issue in 1912 would be Capitalism vs. Socialism. Davenport was an engineer before taking up cartooning.

PERIODICALS

Art students and others interested in cartoons should send for a specimen copy of "CARTOONS," the new monthly magazine, published at 320 West Washington street, Chicago. Single copies, 15 cents.

The Prophet and the Ass, G. H. Lockwood's clever little kicker, published at 124 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich., is climbing rapidly into popular favor. It has a circulation of 8,000 copies and is just six months old. Price five cents per copy. Clubbing arrangements with HOPE.

The addition of attractive illustrations on the cover of the Coming Nation, Girard, Kas., adds interest to the appearance of this handsome weekly.

The Milwaukee Daily Leader continues to improve in typographical style and editorial forcefulness. It is making good its claim as the "nation's best labor newspaper." For a limited time HOPE and the Daily Leader will be sent for one year for \$3, the price of The Leader alone.

The Johnstown Socialist, 78 Ellis building, Johnstown, Pa., is the title of a new monthly publication of merit. Price, 50 cents per year.

CHANGING DOCTORS

"What you need, madam, is oxygen. Come every afternoon for your inhalations. They'll cost you \$4 each."
"I knew that the other doctor didn't understand my case," declared the fashionable patient. "He told me all I needed was plain fresh air."

SOCIETY NOTE

"It seems such an appropriate match—that of Miss Packenham and young Sugarbeet."
"Yes. Their fathers were indicted by the same grand jury, I believe."

MISNOMERS

"Funny about those German baths, isn't it?"
"What's funny?"
"They call them all 'bad,' and then expect them to make good."

RATIONAL EDUCATION

From Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods comes a cloth-bound, gold-stamped gentle "coo" by Bruce Calvert. It is entitled "Rational Education." In this volume Comrade Calvert has outlined a system of education based upon lines surely more sane, hygienic and full of common sense than the average method in use in the public school. Nearly anyone excepting a board of education, could devise improvements in our national system of education, but this does not lessen the interest in Calvert's book, for he has gone into the subject thoroughly and not only criticises the present methods, but better still offers practical suggestions for something better.

"We have had enough of the authoritarian method," he asserts "Enough of education by force. We must come back to the great simple truths that love is the law of life. That we learn only in moments of joy. That the pupil will accept only that which his nature craves."

The book is interesting to all persons seeking enlightenment. Cloth bound, 89 pp. Price 50 cents. Bruce Calvert, Publisher, Griffith, Indiana. (Pigeon-Roost-in-the-woods.)

WORKERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Through nearly all Socialist literature nowadays there is showing a promising vein—that of hope and optimism. The literature of a few decades ago that chronicled merely the anguished cry from the depths of despair is passing in the gladsome triumphant upward march of the working class. "Workers in American History" by James O'Neal, while embellished with hard historical facts is portrayed in this optimism that smacks of ultimate victory and triumph. Beginning with the year 1348 the author, has chronicled accurately, step by step the progress of labor its hopes and ambitions and achievements down to the present day. Throughout the whole volume, placing fact by fact, one can see nothing but the ultimate victory of the working class.

"Blunder as we may," says O'Neal, "we go down in defeat as often as we will, betrayed by some, deserted by others, and our advance retarded by the timid and faltering, the hour will come when the working class with its new ideals—the greatest known in history—will stand on the summit of the modern worlds. All will be joy-smiths and their task shall be to beat out laughter from the ringing anvil of life."

This edition, revised and enlarged, cloth bound, 232 pp. National Rip-Saw Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.

THE TORCH OF REASON

Frederick Forrest Berry is a writer with a punch. He is one of the few Socialist authors whose absorption of dry but necessarily vital statistics has not dampened the pleasant and soothing flights of fancy. His story begins with a battle among the wolves in the frozen north and ends happily amid the fragrance of blood red roses and soft music in the white house, with a red flag flying over the top, and plenty of excitement, love and pathos interspersed in the chapters between. Comrade Berry's attitude to the organized church and other enemies of Socialism is a very sanctimonious one. He believes that it is "more blessed to give than to receive" and therefore gives the religious mountebanks all that they are entitled to throughout the entire book. This book is handsomely illustrated with 15 full page paintings, and richly bound in gold embossed cloth. Price \$1.20. Published by Torch of Reason Publishing Co., P. O. Box 22, Latonia Station, Covington, Ky.

ROUGH ON THE RABBIT

The conjurer in the village school room had invited any gentleman from the audience to step up on the platform, and a rustic in a velveteen coat responded.

"Now, sir," said the professor, "I suppose you consider it a matter of impossibility for me to make that rabbit in the box on the table pass into your coat-tail pocket?"

"I dunno about impossible," came the reply, "but I wouldn't do it if I was you, sir."

"Oh, you'll be in no danger, I can assure you,"—smiled the sleight-of-hand man, airily.

"I worn't thinkin' about myself," the rustic answered. "I were studying the rabbit. I've got a couple of ferrets in that there pocket."

ADAM AND EVE

"I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position," said Eve, ruefully.

"I guess not," replied Adam. "They can't stop us from being one of the very first families, whatever they do."

"I don't find our names here in the Social Register," said Eve, looking the volume over.

"Look under Dilatory Domiciles, my love," said Adam, as he went out and named the jackass after himself.—Harper's Weekly.

A company is known by the men it keeps.—Wall Street Journal.

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CHILD LABOR

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

No fledgling feeds the father bird,
No chicken feeds the hen,
No kitten mouses for the cat,
This glory is for men.

We are the wisest, strongest race
Long may our praise be sung,
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young.



G. O. P.: "Expect to catch any?"
Democratic Jackass: "Well, they say there is a sucker born every minute."

GIVEN A STONE

A clever swindler was arrested in Chicago last month at the instigation of Father O'Brien of the Holy Name cathedral. This desperate character (the swindler), says the Chicago Tribune, was dining free at church socials, permission being granted to do this by persons hearing the criminal's hard luck story. It is not recorded that his depredations went further than the eating of the church food. It is not alleged that he took the spoons or robbed the collection box. However, when he appealed to Father O'Brien's church for a bite to eat, the holy father summoned the police and he was landed in a cell in short order. Bravo! A man who would go to a church social to get anything to eat ought to be arrested, or at least examined as to his sanity.

ALL THEY ARE GOOD FOR

At last some useful work is to be accomplished by the boy scout movement. The Glen Ellyn, Ill., branch of the organization is to devote the summer to a campaign against the ferocious housefly. Oh, Percy, isn't war awful? Previous to this announcement, we couldn't see what under the sun the boy scout movement was good for, but now we understand just what the little precocious youngsters are good for. No doubt swatting the fly will prove a much easier task than swatting the working class, which is the prime motive of the forces behind the boy scout movement.

OSSIFIED MAN NOT IN IT

Some one has said that a federal judge of Kansas is bone from the top of his head on down.
Later. All except his spinal column.



—Masher, Oklahoma Pioneer.
BATTY BILL'S ORATORY WAS TOO FLOWERY FOR
BEANY BOB

HOPE

BETWEEN LAWYERS

"I won't defend a man whom I believe to be guilty."
"Now, my boy," said the older lawyer, "you mustn't set your judgment up against that of the majority. I have defended plenty of men whom I believed to be guilty, but the jury decided otherwise."

THAT'S ALL

"So you don't have corporal punishment in school any more?" questioned the old man. "You're not punished at all, then?"

"Well, I should say we are!" answered the boy under torture. "We ain't whipped, but we're stood up in corners and made to stay after school, and sit on the edge of the platform, and be scolded and preached at and jawed at—that's all!"
—Coming Nation.

TIRED OF IT

Ancient Whale—"I hate to be seeming to put on airs, but when one has swallowed a live man, held interior communication with him for three days and then—"

Ancient Shark—"Now stop always throwing up Jonah to us, will you?"

THEIR WORTH

The girl had demanded her letters back and he was shipping them by express.

"Valuation?" said the clerk.

"What's that?"

"Valuation. What are the contents of this package worth?"

"Put it at 30 cents," answered the young fellow with a scowl.

REASON ENOUGH

Figg—"Don't you wish you could live your life over again?"

Fogg—"Well, I should say not. I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing this month."

A SOCIETY which is founded on the system of compelling all well-to-do people to live on making the greatest possible profit out of the labors of others must be wrong.—William Morris.

The Prophet and the Ass



LOCKWOOD'S PUB. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

IF YOU ARE A PROPHET, there's food for reflection in it.

IF YOU'RE AN-OTHER, you'll find it full of thistles.

THE PROPHET AND THE ASS is a big, helpful dose in a small package. It's worth \$5 a year, but the publisher charges you only fifty cents a year.

IT IS ONE OF THE BEST SELLERS OF THE SOCIALIST MAGAZINES.

BETTER RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO HOPE TODAY, OR SEND US \$1 AND A NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO HOPE AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PROPHET AND THE ASS FREE. NOT INCLUDED IN ANY OTHER SUBSCRIPTION OFFER WITH HOPE. THIS IS A SPECIAL. SEND THAT DOLLAR TODAY.

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

—Howlett, in the Prophet and the Ass.