



# THE Little Socialist MAGAZINE. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Vol. IV.

MARCH, 1911

No. 3

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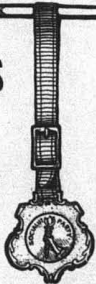
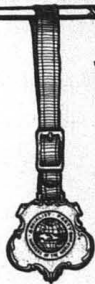
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Carricatures in the Paris Commune



You have perhaps heard something of the Paris Commune. Most people in this country know nothing of it. But of those, who do know, many are under the impression that it was a wild

mob which ruled Paris during the spring of 1871. In 1870, France was an empire, haughty and feared by the rest of Europe. Without almost any warning she started a war with

Germany. But Germany was well prepared for war, while France was not, altho her emperor, Napoleon III., thought so. It was a terrible war, and fought so quickly with such a

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dreadful loss of life, that emperor Napoleon was forced to give up at Sedan on Sept 2, 1870, in four weeks from the time the war started.

Now France was without any government, altho the war went right on, while Napoleon was detained as a prisoner in Germany. It is hard for you children to realize what it means when a people accustomed to a government suddenly find themselves without one.

Suppose, all the children should go to school some day and the principal and all the teachers would stay away. Everything would be topsy-turvy, would it not? So it was in France, only much worse.

Those of the nobility and the business men, who had been accustomed to rule, started a temporary government in Versailles, while those who belong to the professional and laboring classes had control of Paris. They started a government known as the Paris Commune.

Never before was a government managed so honestly and so ably, and it looked for some time as tho all France would be organized under such a form of government. The kings and emperors of Europe feared this, because they felt if such a government proved to be successful in France, then the people of other governments might take a notion to dethrone them and also start such governments.

Germany during this war had captured many hundred thousand French soldiers. Now when Germany saw what might happen in France, it promised to help the temporary government in Versailles if that government would promise to stop the war.

This they agreed to do and then Germany gave them back many thousands of the captive soldiers, and with these soldiers the government of Versailles slaughtered their own country-



men in Paris in a most horrible manner.

You have noticed in the daily papers funny pictures of leading men in politics. These are called caricatures. They are supposed to tell a story at a glance. Now during the Commune such caricatures were also drawn, which we publish here for our young readers.

In the large drawing you will see a woman representing the Commune, but there are two powers which are trying to destroy her. These powers are, ignorance and reaction. Ignorance is the greatest obstacle to good government. All monarchies exist only because of ignorance on the one hand and because there are always some people who are reactionists.

Reactionists are men who know that progress is necessary, but who also realize that it is to their personal advantage to oppose progress and to offer their services to the ruling powers. Reaction is here represented in the portrait of Thiers, the president of the Versailles government.

The other picture represents the City of Paris, being killed by the Versailles government. You will notice a pointed peak on top of the man's head. That represents the German soldiery with whose aid the Paris Commune was suppressed.

The third cartoon explains how things "actually" were at the time: The Versailles government, the government of the ruling class; the other, Paris, a government of the proletariat, the oppressed.

## Socialist School Commandments

By JIM

VI. Do not hate or offend anyone; do not seek revenge; but defend your rights and resist tyranny.

You remember that in the first of these commandments we were told to love our school-fellows; farther on we learned that we must be courteous to all men and women.

The commandment we are now considering follows the rule laid down in the two just mentioned. It tells us, however, that we must be prepared to defend our rights and resist tyranny.

We should not hate. When we hate others, we are ready to do them injury, and we hurt ourselves. The man or woman who hates others is always a mean, cowardly, sneaking creature. No great man or woman has ever hated others. When Abraham Lincoln was President, it used to be said of him that he was too soft-hearted. When soldiers deserted the army they were sentenced to be shot, and whenever Lincoln heard of such a case, he would pardon the deserter. Lincoln was a great and good man, and although he was President in time of a great war, he could not bear to see bloodshed. On one occasion an adviser criticised Lincoln for pardoning a deserter, and Lincoln replied: "For God's sake, aren't there enough wives weeping in the United States?"

Lincoln had many enemies, and there were many people in his time who did not like his actions. But Lincoln was too big a man to of-

fend his opponents. In debates he was always fair and courteous, while stoutly defending his opinions.

Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton hated each other. After many years of quarreling, during which both they and their followers fought duels, they met personally. Burr killed Hamilton and was looked upon as a murderer. But Hamilton was no better than Burr. He would have killed Burr if he could. Neither Burr nor Hamilton were really great men. Burr used his ability in putting through petty political deals, and Hamilton used his in fighting against the liberties of the people.

I have said that a man who hates others is apt to be a sneak. Hamilton was a man of strong dislikes and hatreds. And Hamilton, more than any other man, sneaked into our country's constitution some of its worst features, which keep ours from being a really free country.

William Lloyd Garrison was another man who loved his fellows. Many times Garrison's life was in danger, but he never insulted or offended those who attacked him. He fought chattel slavery tooth and nail, and defended his right to speak and write against slavery when it was dangerous to do so. He was no coward, but he never hated anyone. We Socialists honor Garrison for his courage, for his courtesy and for his love of fellow creatures, and I advise my young readers to learn more about the life of this truly great man.

(Continued page 13)

# Danger Approaching

BY FRITZ



Have you ever seen a stone-quarry? It is a place where large rocks are broken into small stone, to be used for paving streets or building houses.

We have here a scene in Hungary. This we see by the queer clothing of the man pushing back the frightened horses. The locomotive in the distance is also different from any seen in this country.

The men had just finished chiseling into shape a large boulder, which they had loosened from the side of a hill, and which they had hoisted with great difficulty upon a strong wagon especially built for such a purpose. See how heavily the wheels are built.

The stones weigh five or six thousand pounds. Perhaps you would like to know how we guess

the weight. What boy or girl can tell? Those having the same thought as the writer of this article will find their names printed in the next number of this magazine.

Just as they were crossing the track they heard the whistle of the locomotive. In an instant the driver took hold of one of the horses. But the horses are thoroughly frightened, and we fear that the approaching locomotive will kill either the man or the horses, because horses, when in great fear, lose all reason. Let us hope that the engineer is able to stop his train before it reaches them.

Before crossing a track always look to the right and left before you attempt to cross it, to see if any danger is approaching. No matter what you do, beware of

danger approaching. And above all listen to the warnings of those older than you, otherwise you will lose your reason when it is too late.

George—Missus, the little pigs be all dead!

Missus—Lawks, George! How did they die?

George—I think they died 'appy, missus.

Innkeeper—Going to make an early start to see the glacier today, I see. Do you know, it moves at the rate of only one foot an hour?

Tourist—Yes; but my wife is so slow getting ready that I'm afraid we'll miss it after all!

## History of Our Country for Boys and Girls.

By FREDERICK KRAFFT.

### TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

James Buchanan, the fifteenth president, was elected in 1856. Shortly after the Supreme Court rendered the following decision which created considerable excitement everywhere: (1) That a negro, slave or free, who descended from slave ancestors, was not an American citizen. (2) That therefore he could not sue (even for his liberty) in the United States courts. This is known as the Dred Scott decision, brought on by the trial of a negro by that name.

While the excitement was still high, another business disaster struck the country, beginning with the failure of a large banking house, which dragged many business houses and manufacturing concerns down with it. The panic was much worse than that of 1837. Everybody suffered terribly. Many were financially ruined. The motto, "In God We Trust," which was stamped on every coin, did not prevent this terrible disaster.

But as new fields of wealth were continually being discovered, it was easy to recover from these blows. Shortly after, in 1859, some of the richest silver mines were discovered in the mountain region of Western Nevada. One of these mines alone yielded nearly three hundred million dollars worth of silver. You may imagine how this helped to revive business.

August 5, 1858, marked a date of the greatest importance to the world, for on that day the laying of a monstrous telegraph wire

in the Atlantic ocean had been completed, which connected America with Europe. We of today can hardly imagine the enthusiasm and astonishment this must have created, when it became known that news could be transmitted from one continent to another in a few minutes.

Like every new invention this did not work smoothly in the beginning, and in a few weeks the cable became silent, and not until 1866, when a new cable was laid, did things work properly.

The invention of the telegraph brought about new lines of industries, such as the manufacturing of telegraphic instruments, telegraph linemen and telegraph operators, practically a new class of people.

There lived at this time John Brown, a man with a great heart and courage. He pitied the negro slaves and decided to free them by organizing them, and with their aid to strike a blow for their liberation. So in October, 1859, Brown, with twenty companions, seized the U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, stopped railroad trains and cut the telegraph wires, so that the news of his acts should not reach Washington.

But he thought most people were as desirous as he to free the slaves. He soon found out he was mistaken. He was overpowered and hanged with six of his companions.

This incident brought the excitement in this country to a white heat, and everybody was

determined to express his opinion by his vote at the next election. As a consequence four presidential candidates were nominated, and Abraham Lincoln was elected. A few weeks after, South Carolina seceded from the Union, and in several months other southern states followed.

As most all able-bodied men were engaged in war, there was a stand-still in business and in manufacture. There was also a great deal of trouble with money. There was money issued in the North, and money issued in the Southern Confederacy, as the combined states of the South called themselves.

There was such a scarcity of money that postage stamps were used instead. It was comical to see how the stamps stuck together in damp weather. Of course all this was nothing as compared with the horrible scenes of the war.

It was not long before the Christian people of the United States were slaughtering each other in horrible fashion. They kept this up for over four years. The North went to church asking God to help them whip the South, and the South prayed that God might aid them to lick the North.

The saddest part of the whole war was that the common people believed that they were fighting for a good cause, and many noble, good men lost their lives, while political rogues remained at home and became wealthy thru the war.

## The Little Socialist Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Organ of the American Socialist Sunday Schools and Young People's Federation

Published Monthly at

15 Spruce Street, New York  
by the

Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Co.  
John Nagel, Pres. O. Knoll, Sec'y.  
E. Ramm, Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION.—3c. a copy 30c. a year.  
In Canada, Mexico and Foreign Countries, 75c.

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Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter March  
18, 1909, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### TO OUR READERS.

Read the offer on page 16.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE does not organize scouts to get subscribers. It simply asks its young readers to show the magazine to their friends, and we are sure if they make a little effort they will be able to increase its circulation very much. But THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE will have nothing to do with the word "scout." It reminds us of a sneak, of one who is spying upon another for the purpose of injuring him.

## EDITORIALS

### The Ides of March

"Beware of the Ides of March." These words are reported to have been said to Julius Caesar by a sooth-sayer, or fortune-teller. The Ides were about the middle of a month, and Caesar was warned that something tragic would happen to him about that time.

He was assassinated by the Roman senators as was predicted. No doubt the fortune-teller had heard about the plot to kill Caesar, and he used this information to show how well he could prophesy. Caesar's death marked the beginning of a revolution, and it is a remarkable fact that we find uprisings and revolutions occurring in March.

It seems that mankind is affected by nature just as nature itself is affected by the approach of March, which marks the beginning of Spring.

When the sun begins to warm the earth sufficiently to melt the snow, there is an awakening of nature. Every being feels this. There is a feeling of relief that the hard and cruel winter is past and that the approaching spring will call everything to life again. The buds begin to show, insects peep out of their winter-beds, and the shoots of plants break the earth and greet the sun.

Human beings, therefore, who have endured oppression remain inactive during the winter months, but when the Ides of March approach they are ready to fight for their rights; like the plant pushes the earth aside so the nations rise up and break their chains.

### BOY SCOUTS

You have been shown by us that the organization of the boy scouts is a very bad thing, because it makes the boys think only of bloodshed, but those who organize the boy scouts say that this organization is simply for the purpose of making the boys good, noble and true.

In the scout law it reads: "If a scout were to break his honor by telling a lie, he would cease to be a scout." Now as long as people were civilized it was considered wrong to tell a lie. It was not necessary to organize the boy scouts to prevent lying. Those who organize the boy scouts are the biggest liars, because their purpose in organizing the boy scouts is not as above stated, but is plainly for the purpose of raising soldiers to kill their fellowmen, and perhaps their own fathers and brothers, as is shown by a bill which has just been introduced in Congress, "authorizing the detail of army officers, army transportation and army equipment for the further instruction of the boy scouts." The cat is out of the bag now.

It will not be many years before every young man will be forced into the army, just as is done in Europe, and then there will be "wailing and gnashing of teeth."

The boy or girl sending us TEN new yearly subscribers will receive a handsome story book.

What are you doing for THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE? Did you show it to your friends?



## Only A Scrubwoman!

Only a scrubwoman! How often we hear people say that who think themselves much more than a scrubwoman.

And yet, is the scrubwoman not one of the most useful and beneficial persons in the world? If you go into the houses of the rich or into the business houses and offices you will hear the scrubwoman mentioned quite often.

The rich lady who does not wet her fingers except to wash them is very indignant if she finds her parlors dirty and her windows foggy. "Where is the scrubwoman?" will be her first words.

The business man comes to his office from his pretty and comfortable home on Monday morning. Woe to every one around the place if he finds that the floor has not been thoroughly cleaned or that his desk has not been dusted. "Confound that lazy scrubwoman, hasn't she been here today?"

The poor, poor scrubwoman! We would all soon be sick and many of us would die, if it were not for the scrubwoman, who, with soap and hot water, destroys and scrubs away all the germs of disease which settle everywhere.

Yes, the scrubwoman can enter the parlor of the millionaire and make everything ready for the "ladies and gentlemen," who will call in the afternoon or evening to enjoy the work of the scrubwoman.

But horrors! How all these "high-toned" people would shrink away, how indignant they would all feel if the scrubwoman came in just then.

Never mind, poor hard working scrubwoman! We will all strive to make your lot a better one. Some day there shall not be ladies to look down upon you with a haughty look. We will not rest until people will honor the woman who works, and despise and shun the lazy lady.

Do you notice how "lazy" almost looks like "lady"? There is only a difference of one letter.



## CONFISCATED!

**The Austrian Government Does Not Like the Truths It Found in the Little Socialist Magazine.**

In our November issue we wrote an article in German on Portugal. This pleased "Der Jungendliche Arbeiter," a juvenile magazine published in Vienna, that the editors published the article also.

That was too much of a good thing for the government officials, so they went to the office of "Der Jungendliche Arbeiter" and took out every copy that contained the article.

Now, many of you cannot read the German page of our magazine, but you are surely anxious to read the article which we translate herewith:

You have probably heard or read that Portugal has been proclaimed a republic. This is an important occurrence, which shows that the people are growing more and more tired to be ruled by a King or an Emperor, especially when such rulers are silly boys.

Outside of Portugal no one had an idea that the King would be forced to flee over night, and that a republic would be proclaimed. From this you can learn that a King is an ordinary human being like yourselves. Any one of you could be a King or an Emperor. If thousands of soldiers take a sacred oath to defend you with their guns and cannons, then you could rule over a people, which have no arms, with the greatest ease.

If you then give order that every one must bow down before you, then every one will have to bow. If you squander your money, you need only to say you

need more money, and your subjects will have to furnish it out of their own pockets, and if they refuse you can throw them into prison. But if they should collect in masses in the streets to fight against this outrage, you can have them shot down by your soldiers.

The churches will then also be on your side. They will tell the people to pray for you, and to beg God to punish all those who wish to drive you from such a nice life.

So you see it is child's play to be a sovereign. One must only fill the people with fear. But should the people ever have no more fear, then the King will have "ausgespielt," as the saying goes.



## March Events

March 1, 1895—Insurrection in Cuba.

March 7, 1782—J. Herschel, the great astronomer, born.

March 10, 1902—Terrible mine explosion in France, nearly 1,200 killed.

March 14, 1883—Karl Marx died.

March 17, 1776—The English evacuate Boston.

March 18, 1848—Revolution in Berlin.

March 23, 1801—Emperor Paul of Russia assassinated.

March 26, 1827—Beethoven, the greatest composer, died.

March 29, 1826—Wilh. Liebknecht born.



Child—Oh, mammy, look, what luck; I almost found a four-leaf clover; it's got three leaves already.

## "Masha," or "A True Socialist"

By CELIA ROSATSTEIN, age 13

(Continued from last month)

Nicholy—"A Socialist meeting, eh? I thought so, and where was it held?"

Masha—"Father, I will answer any question but that. I am a Socialist and will not betray my comrades. Now do what you want about it."

Nicholy—"Ha, ha, how haughty. Well, we might as well settle the matter now (Pause; they look at each other.) From this minute you no longer are my daughter and I no longer your father. You are a stranger; understand? (Shakes his finger in her face.) I do not want to see your face again." (Exit Nicholy.)

Katchinka (runs after him)—"Nicholy, Nicholy!"

Masha (embraces her mother)—"Do not weep, mother, I am young and can take care of myself. I have a future before me."

Katchinka (looks around as if in fear)—"Here, Mashinka. (Gives her a purse.) You will need it, dearest."

Masha—"Thank you, mother." (Kisses her; enter Nicholy.)

Nicholy (points to door)—"Go, I say."

Katchinka—"Are you so mean that you will not let her stay a few minutes longer?"

Nicholy—"Go, I say." (Stamps with his foot.)

Masha (goes to mother; they embrace)—"Good bye, mother." (Mother weeps; Masha turns to Nicholy and puts out her hand.)

"Father, let us part as friends, not as enemies."

Nicholy (turns his face away)—"Go away, you fool. You ought to be hanged. Ha, ha, she wants me to shake hands with her, with a dog."

Masha—"Good-bye, father."

### SCENE III.

(A small room—a table in the center, chairs on either side, a lamp on the table, red flag on the wall, on opposite wall a picture of Karl Marx. Masha, Olya and Ivan with five more people sit around the table.)

Oya—"Did you hear what the foreman said?"

Ivan—"No, what did he say?"

Oya—"He said we must work overtime."

Masha (listens, then gets up)—"Comrades! (They listen.) We must fight for our rights. We must teach people the truth. Did you hear what the foreman said? Imagine, when everybody will be home resting, we will be in the factory working. Do you call this fair? Do you call this justice? No! We must strike! (Suddenly a sharp laugh comes from outside. They turn around but see nothing.) We must strike! Go, comrades, and tell our fellow workers to strike. I will go with you." (Sits down.)

All—"We will strike, we will strike."

### SCENE IV.

(Same room next day. Masha and Ivan read; Olya sews. A knock is heard at the door.)

Masha (gets up)—"Hark! what is that?" (They all get up.)

Ivan (goes to door and comes back)—"Oh, it is nothing, only the wind." (Sits down and reads.)

Olya (listens)—"It is something. It is—it is—it is the gen—gendarmes. Run, Masha, run. They come for you."

Masha—"I do not care who they are. If they are the gendarmes I will go with them. If my comrades can, so can I." (She hides books behind picture. Meanwhile the door is pushed open and an officer enters.)

Officer—"In the name of the Czar, I must search this house and its occupants." (He whispers to two soldiers, one stations himself at the door, the other at the window. The officer throws the things around. He throws down the picture, finds the books and puts them in his pocket. Meanwhile Masha runs and takes down the flag. One of the soldiers whispers to officer. The officer goes to the door and comes back with two more soldiers. He himself grabs the flag out of her hands. She makes a dash and they struggle. Masha gets the flag and the officer the stick, because the flag is broken. Masha waves the flag and sings: "The people's flag is deepest red.")

Officer—"Shut your mouth!"

(Continued page 13)

# The History of "Buttons"

By GEORGE F. PAUL

In many of the swamps of Florida, Mrs. Alligator dwelt. She lived under a huge, upturned cypress which had been blown down by the fury of one of the tropical storms. When it had blown over it had made a large hole where the roots had been torn out of the ground. This made a cozy home for our amphibian friend.

Nearby on a little upraised ground she was watching a crude nest covered over with dirt, sticks and leaves. In this nest were two dirty white eggs which she had deposited some two weeks before; she had depended on the elements to hatch them for her. Another week and instinct told her it was time that those eggs were hatched.

Two wee alligators opened their eyes to the world one sweltering day in June. Instinct told them also that water was near and they wiggled out from under the sticks and leaves and made for it at once. Mrs. Alligator, who was basking on a log nearby, saw them and all was happiness. They looked like mammoth lizards with huge heads, big feet and a tail long in proportion to their little bodies. They were of a pinkish color, with little green eyes and tiny tusks, which soon would be called into use. They could swim as soon as they were in the water.

For the next few months they stayed very near their mother, for their tender flesh was eagerly sought for by cranes, kingfishers, snakes, and even their own kind. As they grew larger their skin began getting tougher and black, with rows of scaly looking buttons on

their backs and tails. Their mother fed them on choice bits of crawfish and turtles, on which she also lived.

Their names were Greedy and Buttons. One day while Greedy was playing in some shallow water, a big moccasin spied him and before he could reach deep water, his little life was brought to a tragic end.

Buttons was some two feet in length when his mother left him to look out for himself. He was very lonely for a while, but he stayed in the old home until he was nearly four feet long. Then he started out to explore. He traveled through the swamp until one day he found water that was, to his mind, very extensive, so he decided to stay for a while. There was no one of his kind there and he had it all to himself.

The next morning, being very hungry, he was on the alert for food and soon saw a large crane fishing near the bank. Silently he swam under the water, rising to the surface every few rods until he came very near his prey. Then, when he got within striking distance, his powerful tail was used; one blow and the helpless bird was driven into his extended jaws and all was over.

After having had his breakfast, Buttons wandered around until he saw something moving on a log that jutted out over the water. What was it? He had never seen the like before. It was on two legs and had a pole in the fore feet. It was walking upright and was say-

ing something to itself. Buttons swam up quite closely and viewed the object. His eyes were on a level with his nose, so only a very small portion of him was out of water. His curiosity got the better of him and he boldly swam within a few feet of it. It suddenly, without a sound of warning, turned square at Buttons, pointed a bright, short thing at him, and, well, he saw a flash, heard a deafening report, and something that hurt unmercifully stung him on the nose. He did not wait any longer, but left the forked thing on the log to its soliloquy. His nose was so sore that he could hardly open his mouth, for you know that his top jaw opens and his bottom one does not move.

In a few weeks his nose was well, and he started out to explore again. He had enough of this pond, so that night he started for a new one. Whether he could smell water or not, he traveled in the right direction and came to a lake much larger than the former one. Here he saw these two-legged objects going around over the water in big, flat, hollow logs propelled by sticks with a wide end. Buttons kept out of sight, for he had had dealings with these things.

He had been there some few hours when he saw one of his kind coming towards him. He knew what it meant—a fight for the supremacy of the pond. Now Buttons was nearly seven feet long and no mean adversary for any foe. They did not wait for any talk, but went at it "tooth and nail." His opponent was his equal in weight

and size. The water boiled and foamed around where they silently struggled. Finally he got his adversary by the head and hung on for grim death. But even then he was terribly lacerated and beaten by the tail of his foe. The tail is the most formidable weapon they possess and woe to anything that comes within its reach. At one blow it will knock even a horse's feet from under him like ten pins.

But Buttons was not caught napping. He whipped his huge tail viciously against his foe. At last as his opponent's struggles ceased, he knew that he was victor. There were some smaller alligators in the pond with him, but they kept out of his way. He was lord of all, with plenty to eat, and he had found his place to stay. Every day he would bask on the log with one eye shut and one open. There were plenty of hogs that came to wallow and many a one met a tragic fate. At night he would forge far and near, bellowing himself hoarse. He was very proud of his voice and he used it to good advantage.

One night he saw a light on the water. He stopped and it shone in his eyes. He had grown very cunning, had Mr. Buttons, but he had never been so fascinated before by anything as with this light. He seemed paralyzed; he could not budge from the spot, and it kept getting nearer and nearer. At last it was right upon him and then a blinding flash and all was over with him. Two hunters out after hides had shined his eyes, and Buttons met a tragic death as any he had caused.

◆◆◆◆◆

Madam—Mary, you have stayed out entirely too long to get that pint of milk.

Maid—Excuse me, madam; it was a quart I bought.

## Socialist School Commandments

(Continued from page 5)

We must of course be prepared to defend our rights. We must resist tyranny. If the rulers pass laws that prevent us from speaking our opinions, we must resist them. If they send troops against us, we must fight these troops. We must resist the tyranny of kings, of police, and every other form of oppression. But we must never give way to hatred.

Over one hundred years ago there lived a man named Thomas Paine. Paine, more than any other man in our country's history, helped secure our country's independence. After the Revolutionary War was over, Paine lived for some time in France, where he helped the cause of freedom, and became a member of the French Parliament. The French kings had long oppressed the people, till at last they rose against them. King Louis XVI. was placed on trial, and sentenced to be killed. Paine voted against this sentence, telling the people that they should kill the monarchy, but spare the monarch. The king, argued Paine, was a creature of the system, and was not responsible for it. The system was at fault, and that should be abolished. But the French people did not take Paine's advice. They killed the king, whose friends sought revenge. Then followed the period called the "reign of terror" in which many of the French people were murdered.

We Socialists believe, with Paine, that the system is at fault. We, therefore, fight to abolish capitalism, but do not wish to harm the capitalists. I am sure my young readers would rather fill with the examples of great men like Paine, Garrison and Lincoln, than of small, mean characters like Burr and Hamilton.

## "MASHA"

(Continued from page 11)

Masha (sings)—"It shrouded oft our martyred dead."

(He puts up his hand and wants to strike her.)

(Ivan takes a pistol and wants to shoot at the officer. One of the soldiers sees it and shoots him. He staggers. Olya takes him into an adjoining room, then comes back, picks up Ivan's revolver and wants to use it, when Masha throws it out of her hand. The soldiers move to the door. Masha runs to Olya.)

Masha—"Good-bye, Olya. Perhaps it is the last time we see each other. If I die, I die willingly. I wish I had more than one life to give to the cause. If I had I would give it. Ah, it is a glorious cause. Here, take this flag, Olya, and keep it. It stands for the "Truth." (They embrace. The soldiers lead Masha out into the cold night.)

◆◆◆◆◆

Tommy is a patient little boy and his mother thinks he will become a great man, because he made soap-bubbles nearly all morning and tried to tie a string to them.

◆◆◆◆◆

### TRULY MARVELLOUS.

A football player had three fingers badly smashed while playing in an exciting game. He called at a doctor's to have them attended to.

"When they are better, shall I be able to play the piano, doctor?" he inquired.

"Certainly you will," said the doctor.

"Then, doctor, you are a marvel, for I never could before," said the footballer.

## Für unsere deutschen Leser!

### Wilhelm Liebknecht

Vor halb hundert Jahren wurde Wilhelm Liebknecht geboren. Seine Mutter hat ihn erst fünf Jahre alt war. Er war ein fleißiger Knabe in der Schule und wollte viel lernen. Er war mutig und kräftig und ließ sich von niemanden beleidigen oder schlagen, ohne sich zu wehren.

Als er seine Schulzeit vollendet hatte, kam er auf die Universität, und hier lernte er wieder recht fleißig, so daß alle Leute ihn einen hochgebildeten Jüngling nannten. Zu dieser Zeit fand er, daß die Armen viel zu leiden hatten, und er dachte, wie viele andere gute Männer vor ihm, darüber nach, wie es kommt, daß man in der Welt immer Reiche und Arme findet.

Er hielt dann auch Reden, welche der Regierung nicht gefielen und wurde dafür arretiert, doch bald wieder freigelassen. Das ärgerte ihn sehr, und er begann sein Vaterland, Deutschland, zu hassen und wollte deshalb nach Amerika fahren, denn man sagte ihm, daß dies ein freies Land sei. Doch er schämte sich, Deutschland zu verlassen, er meinte, das wäre feige; er wollte lieber bleiben und kämpfen.

Dann aber wieder nahm er sich vor in Amerika eine Kolonie zu gründen, wo keine Armen und auch keine Reichen leben sollten. Da entstand eine Revolution im Jahre 1848 in Deutschland, und Liebknecht blieb zurück und kämpfte wieder mit. Und seit jener Zeit hat er unermüdblich für Menschenrechte gekämpft.

Als er starb, trauerten Arbeiter in der ganzen Welt. Kein Kaiser und kein König Europas hat je ein so großes Leidenbegräbnis gehabt wie er. Sein Name lebt nicht nur für alle Zeiten fort, sondern auch in seinem Sohne weiter, welcher auch furchtlos für Freiheit kämpft und ein großer Freund der Kinder ist.

### Der Specht

Der Specht ist ein sehr nützlicher Vogel, welcher auf englisch "wood-pecker" heißt. Wenn man auf dem Lande ruhig unter einem Baume sitzt, hat man oft Gelegenheit, diese fleißigen Tierchen zu beobachten.

Ich hatte schon oft ein rasches Klopfen gehört, als ob ein kleiner elektrischer Hammer "ta-era-tat" auf Holz schlägt. Eines Tages aber bemerkte ich einen niedlichen Vogel, der an der Seite des Baumes rasch hinaufkrochelte und ebenso rasch pötte, wodurch das Geräusch entstand.

Er frisst alle Insekten und deren Eier, welche er in den Vertiefungen und Ritzen der Rinde findet, wodurch er den Baum vor vielem Schaden schützt. Daß er in seinem Schnabel eine große Kraft hat, beweist nicht nicht nur das starke Gehämmern, sondern auch, daß er in California Löcher in die Baumrinde damit bohrt. Diese Löcher bohrt er in verschiedenen Größen.

Nun sucht er sich Eichen, und weil die selben doch auch verschiedene Winter haben, so legt er die Eichel in das dafür passende Loch hinein. Gewiß glaubt ihr nun, er tut das, damit er etwas im Winter zu fressen hat. Bis zu einem gewissen Grade habt ihr ja auch recht. Dieser Specht sorgt nicht für den kommenden, sondern für den zweiten Winter, denn im ersten Winter wird die Eichel durch und durch feucht und später sehen sich die Würmer hinein, welche dann dem Specht im darauffolgenden Winter zur Nahrung dienen.

Ein kluger, kleiner Kerl, nicht wahr?



Jeder nach seinem Sinn  
Wählt seiner Freunde Ort;  
Der Rosenläufer hier,  
Der Misthaufträger dort.

R i c h t i g.

### Der Sternenhimmel

Heinrich sah eines Abends zum Himmel empor und sagte: "Ach wie viele Sterne, und wie sie so schön funkeln. Vater, sag einmal, wie sind denn alle diese Sterne dort hingelommen? Sind sie an eine schwarze Wand angeklebt?"

Heinrich's Vater lächelte.

"Lieber Heinrich, das kann ich dir nicht in kurzen Worten sagen. Die Sterne sind keine kleine, runde stählernen Glas oder Silber, wie du vielleicht denken magst. Jeder Stern ist eine große Welt, und manche Sterne sind viel größer als die Welt, auf welcher wir wohnen.

"Aber sie sind doch so winzig klein", sagte Heinrich, "die sind doch nicht größer wie ein Zehntelstüd."

"Doch du schon ein Haus in ganz weiter Ferne gesehen, Heinrich, und hast du nicht bemerkt, wie winzig klein ein solches Haus dann zu sein scheint? So ist es auch mit den Sternen. Die sind tausend, ja oft Millionen Meilen von uns entfernt, und deshalb sehen sie so klein aus."

Heinrich dachte ein wenig nach.

"Wie kann man aber solche große Welten an die schwarze Wand befestigen?"

Der Vater lachte laut auf.

"Das denkst du bloß. Das Schwarze ist keine schwarze Wand. Das ist Luft, in welcher die Sterne schweben. Doch jetzt ist genug für heute. Das will ich dir später erklären."



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