

THE
Little Socialist
MAGAZINE.
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1911

No. 4

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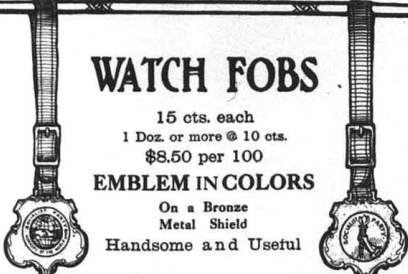
THE WOMAN'S PORTION

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History of Our Country for Boys and Girls.

By FREDERICK KRAFFT.

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

Of course like in all wars both sides stole all they could from each other. It need not surprise you to read the following letter, sent by a general of the Rebellion, as this war was called.

To His Excellency,
President Lincoln.

I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the City of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

W. T. Sherman,
Major-General.

Again it is plain that our government had a queer way of practicing Christianity, even about Christmas time.

It would also take up too much time to relate all the dishonest practices of our government in aiding one general and ignoring another. General Grant was favored by the government with the most soldiers and arms, and therefore he was able to pose as the best general when compared with the others.

The war ended with the surrender of General Lee of the Confederate or Southern Army on April 9, 1865. Over 500,000 lives and thousands of millions of dollars was the cost of this war, and for years after, in every part of the country, men could be seen with an arm or leg, or even both missing, and everywhere could be seen weeping mothers and children.

A few days later President Lincoln was shot in a theatre and died soon after. This caused all most every heart to stand still, for most people felt that this act might start another war.

During the war things up North went on as well as it could, but the South, where all the battles were fought and where all business and industry was at a standstill, was almost completely ruined.

Thru the death of Lincoln, Vice-President Andrew Johnson became President, and his administration had the difficult task of reconstructing the Union, which was in a chaotic condition. The first act was to issue a pardon to all who had fought against the Union, and later the thirteenth amendment was added to the Constitution, which abolished chattel slavery.

The question whether the Southern states should be represented in Congress again, caused a bitter controversy between the President and Congress, and he removed men from office whom he did not like. Congress passed a law forbidding him to do so without the consent of the Senate. The President disobeyed this law, and was impeached, and it lacked only one vote in the Senate to remove him from office.

The fourteenth and fifteenth amendment were soon added to the Constitution. The thirteenth made the negro free, the fourteenth made him a citizen and the fifteenth amendment made him a voter.

In 1867 Alaska was purchased from Russia for about \$7,000,000. The United States now comprised about 3,000,000 square miles, an area nearly equal to that of nearly all Europe.

By this time the country was fast recovering from the effects of the war and was rapidly paying off the debts which had been incurred. Those men who had remained at home were now laying the foundations for their fortunes which were destined to become the largest the world has ever known, and with their wealth they were now corrupting the legislators, and under the administration of Ulysses S. Grant, who was elected in 1868, scandalous dishonesty in public life was brought to light.

In 1869 the construction of a railroad from New York to San Francisco was completed. In the far West it climbed the Rocky Mountains. It now took no longer to ride this stupendous distance than it did in Colonial days from New York to Boston.

This engineering feat changed our relations with Asia. Teas, spices and silks from China and from the East Indies were conveyed to us by ships sailing around Cape Horn, which occupied five or six months. Now goods from China reach New York in one month.

Cities began to spring up over night in the far West, and in a year's time they had the appearance of having been in existence for many, many years.

THE BULL IS LOOSE!



There are many little boys and girls who are afraid of cows, especially such children who live in the city. This is very foolish, for cows are so peaceful and even timid. Have you ever seen how a little boy or girl can drive a whole herd of cows? That is because the cows are afraid of them. They will even run away if a tiny, little dog chases them.

It is the bull of whom we would warn you. He is an ugly fellow and never to be trusted. He is very strong and he can toss a person high up into the air with his horns. Daring men like to tease him and then run when the bull angrily chases them. Many have lost their lives for being so foolish.

But you must not be so foolish to run away every time you see a cow, because somebody tells you it is a bull. The cow is the mother-cow, but the bull is the father-cow. From the mother-cow we get the milk which is so useful in the household. Oh my, how would you get your ice-cream if it were not for the mother-cow.

Every animal has a papa and a mamma, just like every child. When we were babies our first nourishment was from our mother's breast, and baby-animals get their first nourishment in the same manner.

Now we hope you will know the mother-cow from the father-cow. You know how the cow is

milked, and therefore you ought to be able to see whether a cow or bull is in the field.

In Spain they use the bulls for bull fights. They tease the poor bull and even hurt him and then, when he runs blindly at them, they stab him with swords and spears. Sometimes a bull escapes to the street and then everybody is frightened, just as they are when a mad dog is loose.

WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.

Bill—Jake said he was going to break up the suffragette meeting the other night. Were his plans carried out?

Dill—No; Jake was.—*Life*.

OUR FRIEND, THE SUN

One day I sat at my window, and all of a sudden I felt a warm kiss on my cheek. Raising my eyes I saw the bright Sun looking down into my face as if he had something to say. With a smile I said: "Well, can I do anything for you?" With a merry twinkle in his eye and another warm kiss on my cheek, he said: "Yes; please listen. I want to send a message to the girls and boys." And this is the message he gave me:

"Dear children, I am your warm friend, the Sun. I am in the universe to make it better, and happier, and to spread sunshine. You may wonder how old I am. I have lived so many years I cannot remember when my first birthday was. I have such a sunny heart that my face is always shining, as yours will be, my precious children, if you will only have kind thoughts and do good deeds; and you may laugh, too, in the merriest way if you are kind and good. I give people some very broad smiles sometimes, and then I go on my way happier.

"I have been very busy to-day, and happy, too; but you know that busy people are always happy. I can always find plenty to do; but I am never too busy to visit my little friends. They sometimes say, 'What a long way you have come, and you never seem weary in well doing! If the rain clouds hide your face you never fret, but you wait patiently

till they pass by, when you seem to shine brighter than ever.'

"You see, I cannot help anybody unless I am happy. I cannot be happy unless I have a shining face. I cannot have a shining face unless I have a kind heart. A shining face and a kind heart do a great deal of good in the world. Many times doctors say smiles and sunshine cure their patients. Now, by this time, you know of some of the work I have been doing.

"The spring has come, and that has meant still more work for me; for I have had to wake up the flowers that are asleep under the sod, and the trees, bushes and grass must have a good shaking to get them fairly awake, for they are much like sleepy children. Sometimes I will work hard to rouse them, and then a chill at night, a few cold drops of rain or a handful of snow will make them hide their heads.

"I can never sleep, for I must all the time be doing good. Now, when you see me in the early morning with my head coming up the Eastern sky, you must not think I have crept out of bed, nor again when my head is disappearing down the Western sky, you must not think I am tucking the clothes around me for a long sleep; for I never close my eyes. I am always doing good somewhere."



The Farmer and the Boy

Boy—Why do you dig up the earth every year?

Farmer—I do this so that I may plant the seed.

Boy—But could you not plant the seed without ploughing up all the earth?

Farmer—The ground is too hard for planting.

Boy—I can hardly believe that, because it is often so soft that frequently I sink into it up to my ankles.

Farmer—But did you not notice that it becomes almost like stone when the sun dries it?

Boy—Yes, you are right as far as that goes, but that does not prevent you from planting when the earth is soft, as it is just now.

Farmer—That is all very nice, my boy; but when the earth hardens after the seed is in, the young, delicate plant cannot pierce it. The young plant, therefore, is smothered and must die.

Boy—Well, really, I never thought of that.

Farmer—But that is not the only reason why I must plough the ground.

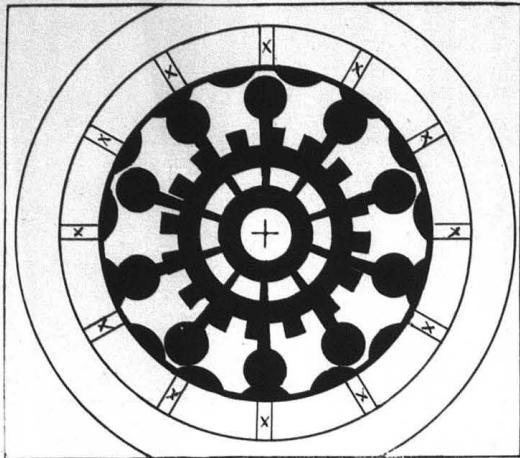
Boy—Oh, I wish I could learn some more from you, but I must now hurry to school.

Farmer—That's right, my boy. Learn all you can in school and do not forget that there is a good deal to learn everywhere.

Teacher—Now children, I want you all to write a good composition upon the subject, "Our dog."

Nearly all the children brought nicely written composition except Elsa. Upon her paper was simply written: "We have no dog."

Amateur Moving Pictures



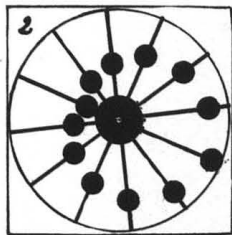
We have been informed by people who travel in this country that moving picture shows may be seen in almost every little town. But some of our little friends may live far out in the country, and for their benefit we shall provide a little moving picture-show.

We hope every one of you have a pair of dividers or some little instrument with which to draw circles. The only other thing necessary will be to get a nice piece of white cardboard. The back of a calendar, which is perhaps hanging on the wall, will answer the purpose.

Every movement which we see makes an impression upon our eyes, which acts upon the optic nerves for a short time afterwards. For instance, we see the

pendulum of a clock swinging to and fro.

Now suppose we divide this swinging motion into twelve parts, and make a drawing of each, then we will have different pictures of the pendulum in motion. If these pictures are passed before our eyes very rapidly, then one picture will pass into the other, so to speak, and the eye



will receive the impression of a pendulum in motion.

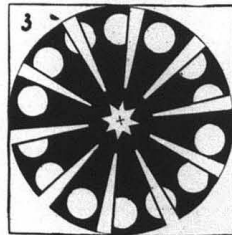
If you cannot draw these pictures yourself, then paste these pictures on the cardboard, put them into an old book, and place a heavy weight upon it and leave it in that position for a few hours at least. This will prevent the cards from curling as the paste dries.

When thoroly dry cut out round disks by following the line of the outer circle. (On the large picture cut on the line indicated by the outermost circle, but do not stop at the straight line, but complete the circle.)

On the large picture you will find 12 oblongs marked with an X. These must be cut out with a fine, sharp penknife. Then you can try your first moving picture. Now get a pin. One with a round, black glass head works best.

Stick the pin thru the centre of the circle and take hold of the pin and spin your cardboard around. Now hold it before a mirror and look thru one of the oblong holes which you have cut. While looking thru turn the disk and you see the drawing in the mirror twelve times. As you turn it rapidly it will appear as tho it was cut out only in one place.

On the outer edge are 15 small arches. While you are looking thru 12 holes, 15 of the arches flit



The Naughty Sunbeams

East to West. But one or two men reasoned that the sun did not move at all, but that it stood still and that the earth turned, which made it appear as if the sun moved.

Did you ever notice something like this when you were in a railroad car?



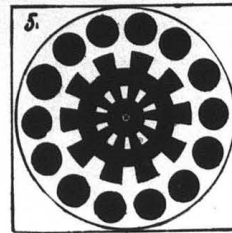
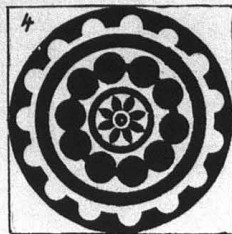
The Fireflies and the Stars

The sun was just going down in the West. The little birds and insects were looking for beds in the trees and bushes and also in the grass. But another army of animals began to wake up from the sleep which they had enjoyed in the caves, and on the underside of large and small leaves.

Some fireflies also awoke and blinked at each other. Soon more and more awoke, and before long they were busy calling upon one another in a friendly visit. They crawled around lively and they conversed with each other in such a manner that one would think something very important was going on.

At last, when it had grown quite dark they flew up, sometimes to the top of the trees, and spoke to the stars which had now appeared in the sky: "You dear little stars. You must surely be tired from your long watch every night. Go to sleep a little while and we will let our lights shine while you sleep!"

The stars smiled to each other and in a joke hid behind some clouds. The firebugs flitted about all night, opening and shutting their little lamps, and when the sun appeared in the morning they went to bed again, having believed that they had lit up the darkness of night.



by. The eye gets the impression as tho the edge turns faster than the disk itself.

Further you will find 10 balls which are connected by a rod with the inner circle. Ten balls pass 12 sight-holes, and the effect is produced as if the balls swing backwards.

Now take out the pin and place any of the other disks on the big disk and pierce the pin thru the centre of each, and then turn the big disk and the smaller disk will turn with it. Look thru the holes and you will have some more surprises.

Of course we expect you to reason out the strange things you see. For many thousand years people believed the world was flat. But one or two men reasoned that it was not, and proved it.

Just as the disks deceive you, so the sun has made people believe that it was moving from

The little sunbeams assembled round the sun, to get their traveling orders for the day.

One sunbeam said: "I want to go into the palace." The second said: "I wish to run along the boulevard."

The third cried: "I want to roam on the fields." The fourth begged: "Let me float on the ocean bed."

All had picked out the loveliest places and hurried off from the sun. But the sun called them back again. "Hold on there, you little rascals, there is still one spot to be visited. It is the dingy prison cell, in which a lone prisoner sits sadly for years."

All the sunbeams thereat began to cry and they made a great noise.

"It is so dark in the prison cell; it is so damp in the prison cell; it smells so mouldy in the prison cell; we don't want to go into the ugly prison cell."

Such and other complaints were heard on all sides.

This made the sun very angry and a cloud passed over his face. He took hold of one sunbeam by the hair and said:

"You were very mischievous and naughty yesterday. You crept and peeped into many forbidden places. You stood on a looking glass and teased a little girl's eyes. Since you did not behave, you will have to go into the prison cell."

So the naughty sunbeam went into the hated prison cell, but the poor prisoner was overjoyed to see him. It was as good as a holiday to him.

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TO OUR READERS.

Read the offer on page 16.

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

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EDITORIALS

Fool's Day

"What fools these mortals be," Shakespeare wrote several hundred years ago, and if he were alive today he would be of the same opinion still. It was said by great men thousands of years ago. Is it not sad that people do not grow wise?

Shakespeare did not think of boys and girls when he wrote this. He meant men and women; they who ought to know better than to be foolish.

We are afraid that many people are foolish because they would not learn when they had the opportunity, or because they never had a chance to learn much. The more we know, the less apt we will be to act foolishly or to be foolish.

April 1st is considered Fool's Day. People act foolishly on that day, it seems to us, so that they may be considered sensible the rest of the year.

Just take notice how many people in this republic read with great interest accounts of the doings of the European nobility. Are not the people of Europe wiser, who are tired of these drones who will not work, but who constantly oppress the people and impoverish them?

What fools these mortals be, means today, all those people who believe that there should be rich and poor, and who declare that the rich are in this world for the benefit of the poor.

Visitor—How old is your little brother?

Boy—He isn't old at all; he's almost new.

Building of Character

Some of our readers are probably old enough to read the newspapers. We wish they were never able to read them, because there is so much falsehood and so much nonsense in them that it is a waste of time.

Goethe, the great German poet and thinker, once said: There are three things we ought to do daily; read something from a good book, say something sensible and do a good act.

Whoever does this all his life will build up a noble character. The world needs noble men and women. There are things which become almost worthless if there are too many of them on hand, but the world will never suffer if everyone were noble and true and willing to do the world's work.

Every reader of this magazine should make up his or her mind to follow the advice of Goethe. Furthermore they should ask their friends daily to read this magazine and we will be glad to send sample copies to their friends who might be interested.

If you're in earnest, seize this very minute.

What you can do, or think you can, begin it.

For indecision brings its own delays

And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.

—Goethe.

Son—Father, what is Hamlet?

Father—Why—er—a little ham, of course.

Roman Captives Before German Savages

By F. POWERS



You are all interested in stories about the North American Indian, and some of you perhaps have seen real Indians in full wardrobe. How frightful they look with their faces besmeared with paint, yet, after looking at them for a while, you will notice that they would hardly look differently from people you know, if they were dressed in clothes such as we wear, and if they cleaned their faces.

True, and if you could look into their hearts, you would find them just as good as ours. Indian parents love and smile upon their children just as white parents do, and Indian children think the world of their parents.

Savages laugh and cry, savages dance with joy and grow angry if teased just as you do. It is therefore foolish to consider them worse than we are, for they are not.

Remember also that you are the children of savages, for your ancestors thousands of years ago were savages. All the northern part of Europe was inhabited by savages when Rome and Greece were at their highest in art and literature, when the grand temples of antiquity were built.

The Romans endeavored to enlarge their empire, and for this purpose they made war upon the savages to the north of them,

seized their lands and brought the captive savages home as slaves.

One day they were terribly defeated by the Teutons, or Germans as they are now called, and many Romans were taken as captives, also Roman women. But the German chiefs treated the women with great kindness, whereas the Romans had made slaves of the captured German women. So you see savages sometimes have gentler and greater souls than civilized people.



For Our High School Readers

Extract from *Martin Eden*, by Jack London. *Martin Eden* is but another name for the author himself. This book should be read by every high school scholar.

Several weeks went by, during which *Martin Eden* studied his grammar, reviewed the books that caught his fancy. Of his own class he saw nothing. He made another discovery of treasure-trove in the library. As the grammar had shown him the tie-ribs of language, so that book showed him tie-ribs of poetry, and he began to learn metre and construction and form, beneath the beauty he loved finding the why and wherefore of that beauty.

Another modern book he found treated poetry as a representative art, treated it exhaustively, with copious illustrations from the best in literature. Never had he read fiction with so keen zest as he studied these books. And his fresh mind, untaxed for twenty years and impelled by maturity of desire, gripped hold of what he read with a virility unusual to the student mind.

When he looked back now from his vantage-ground, the old world he had known, the world of land and sea and ships, of sailor-men and harpy women, seemed a very small world; and yet it blended in with this new world and expanded. His mind made for unity, and he was surprised when at first he began to see points of contact between the two worlds. And he was

Martin Eden, Jack London. Cloth, \$1.50. 15 Spruce Street, New York.

ennobled, as well, by the loftiness of thought and beauty he found in the books. This led him to believe more firmly than ever that up above him, in society like Ruth and her family, all men and women thought these thoughts and lived them. Down below where he lived was the ignoble, and he wanted to purge himself of the ignoble that had soiled all his days, and to rise to that sublimated realm where dwelt the upper classes. All his childhood and youth had been troubled by a vague unrest; he had never known what he wanted, but he wanted something that he had hunted vainly for until he met Ruth. And now his unrest had become sharp and painful, and he knew at last, clearly and definitely, that it was beauty, and intellect, and love that he must have.

During these several weeks he saw Ruth half a dozen times, and each time was an added inspiration. She helped him with his English, corrected his pronunciation, and started him on arithmetic. But their intercourse was not devoted to elementary study. He had seen too much of life, and his mind was too matured, to be wholly content with fractions, cube root, parsing and analysis; and there were times when their conversation turned on other themes—the latest poetry he had read, the latest poet she had studied.

His swift development was a source of surprise and interest. She detected unguessed finenesses in him that seemed to bud, day by day, like flowers in congenial soil. She read Browning aloud to him, and was often puzzled by the

strange interpretations he gave to mooted passages. It was beyond her to realize that, out of his experience of men and women and life, his interpretations were far more frequently correct than hers. His conceptions seemed naive to her, though she was often fired by his daring flights of comprehension, whose orbit-path was so wide among the stars that she could not follow, and could only sit and thrill to the impact of unguessed power.

Sometimes he questioned and induced in her mind temporary doubts as to the correctness of her own definitions and conceptions of music. But her singing he did not question. It was too wholly her, and he sat awfully amazed at the divine melody of her pure soprano voice.

APRIL EVENTS

April 1, 1789—The first House of Representatives meets in New York.

April 4, 1704—First newspaper published in America.

April 7, 1906—Destructive eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

April 11, 1825—Ferdinand Lassalle born.

April 13, 1598—Religious edict at Nantes.

April 15, 1881—Nihilists executed in Russia.

April 18, 1906—Terrible earthquake in San Francisco.

April 22, 1724—Kant, the philosopher, born.

April 30, 1924—World's Fair opened at St. Louis.

Passion is a guest; if you show him any hospitality, he will become the houseowner.

Unloading a Vessel

By FRITZ



There is perhaps no boy or girl who does not desire the opportunity to see the world. It must be delightful to see the beauties and the wonders of nature, the different cities and the strange peoples.

Yes, it is certainly one of the greatest enjoyments to travel for pleasure, and to observe those things which are strange to us. When a Chinaman comes to our country he finds everything comical as compared with his country, and so we find the habits of other peoples queer.

There is one thing, however, which is about the same in all countries. That is that everywhere are to be found men, women and children who work very hard, in summer or winter, by day and by night. Not only are they obliged to toil from morning until night, so that all their bones ache, and often they faint from overwork, but they re-

The Manager—Can you make quick changes and double in a few parts?

The Actor—Can I? Say, you know the scene in "Love and Lobsters" where the hero and the villain are fighting, and a friend rushes in and separates 'em? Well, I played all three parts one night when the other two fellows were ill."—*Toledo Blade*.

Mrs. Slowboy—How is my son getting along at school, professor?

Professor—I have great hopes of him, madam—great hopes. He's the laziest boy I ever saw.

Mrs. Slowboy—Then why do you say you have great hopes for him?

Professor—Because if he ever begins to study he's too lazy to stop.

THE SONG OF THE UMBRELLA

D
r
i
p,
drip,
drip! The
April days

have come, And
me you'd better
always take, When-
ever you leave home.

For when the sun is
shining bright, And down
the street you trip, An A-
pril shower may come up.

D
r
i
p,
d
r
i
p,
drip!

Maggi & Wheeler Ross.

Something About A Great Painter

More than three hundred years ago, in the old city of Antwerp, a little boy was born, named Anthony Van Dyck. Where he lived, there are many walls or dikes to keep out the sea, so the name, Van Dyck, means "on, or near the dike."

Anthony must have had plenty of good times, for he had eleven brothers and sisters. It was lucky for them that their father was rich so that he could take care of them all comfortably.

Anthony had a pretty, dainty mother, who liked to do beautiful embroidery, but she died when he was only eight years old.

Even while Anthony was a very little boy, he loved to paint pictures, and when his father and mother noticed this, they sent him to an artist to learn how. In a short time he was allowed to study with the greatest painter of those times—the famous Rubens.

There were other boys learning to paint with Rubens, and sometimes when the master was out, they used to have great fun together.

One day when Rubens had gone for a horseback ride, they were scuffling about roughly in the studio and Anthony fell over backwards against the picture that Rubens had just left to dry. The paint all came off on Anthony's clothes and the picture was ruined. Anthony quickly seized a brush and painted the

picture as well as he could remember it. The boys praised his work, but they were so afraid of Rubens' anger that they all climbed out of the window in a great hurry just before Rubens returned. The next day, they had to stand in a line while Rubens questioned each one. Anthony confessed that he had painted the picture, but, instead of scolding, the master laughed and said that Anthony's picture was better than his own.

After that, Anthony was made first assistant, and painted so well that many people asked him to paint their pictures.

Then Rubens became a little jealous and advised the young man to go to Italy to study. Van Dyck agreed and started off, riding on Rubens' own saddle horse.

After four years he went back to Antwerp, and this time had a studio of his own where he painted court ladies and gentlemen of the Netherlands. Later he went to England, where he painted nearly one thousand portraits. His monument is in the great cathedral of St. Paul's in London.

◆◆◆◆◆
The vine carries three grapes; the one brings joy, the other sorrow, the third crime. (Epictetus.)

◆◆◆◆◆
Most people live more according to fashion than to reason.

THE LEAF

Jane had the habit of breaking off leaves and flowers, as she went through the garden, and tearing them into small pieces and scattering the bits all along the pathway. Her mother spoke to her of this, as a bad habit. "But," said Jane, "what is the use of such a little, mean thing as a leaf? It might as well be destroyed as not."

"Do you call a leaf mean?" asked her mother. "Why, my little girl, no man, if he studied ever so hard, and is ever so skillful, can make anything half so beautiful or perfect as a leaf."

Jane looked as if she did not understand; but a few days after her mother took her to a friend's house, where there was an excellent little contrivance for making things look larger, called a microscope. This friend told Jane to bring a leaf which he put under the microscope.

How astonished Jane was at the wonderful thing she saw! What fibres! What veins through which the life blood that nourished the leaf seemed to run! What fine holes, through which it seemed to throw off part of the sap! The friend called these pores. The leaf was all covered, too, with little bristles or hairs, as if for protection and clothing. Jane never again called a leaf a "mean thing."

◆◆◆◆◆
He—I sent you a thousand kisses over the phone this morning.

She—I know nothing at all about it.

He—Then the telephone operator must have stolen them.

Socialist School Commandments

By JIM

VII.—Remember that all the products of the earth are the results of labor; he who enjoys these goods without working, robs the worker of his bread.

This commandment is very important. If we understand it thoroughly, we are well-informed Socialists. If Socialists did not know that all things of value are produced by labor, there would be no Socialist movement at all.

By labor, I mean not only bodily work, but all kinds of useful effort. Doubtless many of you have seen men at work putting up a large building in the city. Some men place a heavy chain around a great girder. Another at an engine pulls a lever, and the girder is hoisted to its place. Here other men are busy with hammers and rivets, to fasten the girder in position.

In this way, the frame, or we might say the skeleton of the building, is finished. For the steel frame of a building is to the building what bones are to the human body.

While this is going on, there are other men mixing and hauling mortar and bricks, and still others are laying the bricks in place.

You also notice some men who are not working with their hands or at machines, but are telling the others just what to do. These men are foremen, or superintendents, whose duty it is to direct the others. Their work, for work it is, is just as necessary as that of the others.

But none of these men could work together properly if there

had not been some one to plan the building. This man we call the architect. The architect also had men working for him, called draughtsmen, who had to draw the plans. Prints of these drawings, called blue prints or brown prints, were also made, so that the men working on the building would know how it should be put together, and how it should look when finished.

But this even is not all. For the bricks had to be made, iron had to be mined and turned into steel, and then these things had to be brought to the city by railroad.

And so I might go on. But you can see from this that millions of people gave their labor to putting up that building, some of them without ever knowing it. You can now see what is meant by labor.

It is so with everything that is produced, even those things which grow, or are found in the earth. For example, unless people tend and kill cattle and bring their meat to us, we cannot eat meat; unless men mine coal and others haul it from the mines, we must go without coal. So for everything we need, we must depend on labor.

And our mother's work at home is equally necessary. For she mends our clothing, cooks our food, takes care of us, and does many other things that make it possible for us to live and to work. Sometimes poor mothers and even children must go to work in factories, and so help directly to produce wealth.

Our commandment also tells us that "he who enjoys these fruits without working, robs the worker of his bread."

Are there such people? Yes, dear readers, and we call them capitalists. Next month I will explain to you what a capitalist is, and how he lives by "robbing the worker of his bread."

(To be continued.)

◆◆◆◆◆
"Why are you making so many dumplings for your husband?" a newly-married wife was asked.

"Because I am not quite sure whether I am baking them right. Perhaps one or two will turn out all right."

APRIL

◆◆◆◆◆
April is at hand. All the children know that. Most people wait impatiently for that month, because "April showers bring forth May flowers." But not everybody. Not everybody has time to think of it. It is true that in April Spring has begun in earnest. The rich people rejoice. They know that they are going to the country the following summer. And the little country girl also waits for it impatiently, for she wouldn't have to go to another place to enjoy it.

But the poor man that lives in the city doesn't think much of it. No! Not at all. He hasn't very much time to think of it. He is only thinking of the dingy shop where he will have to work day in and day out. And many times his limbs ache him very much after his day's work. For he works very hard. He doesn't think very much of the pleasant spring. Poor man!

IDA WEITZMAN,

Age 12,

Member of East Side Soc. Sunday School.

Für unsere deutschen Leser!

Etwas Wunderbares

Im Frühjahr machen viele Insekten aus ihrem Winterflügel auf und andere kriechen aus den Eiern, welche die Insekten im vorherigen Sommer gelegt hatten.

Es ist schon wunderbar, wie die Eier im Körper entstehen. Gewiß habt Ihr schon einen Eierstock in einem Huhn gesehen, wenn die Mama es ausgekommen hatte. Da sieht man große und kleine Eier mit einer dünnen Haut umgeben, und manchmal findet man ein Ei mit einer harten Schale im Leibe des Huhns.

Wenn Ihr nun genau unterfucht, so werdet Ihr finden, daß das Ei durch einen Schlauch, welchen man Darm nennt, aus dem Leibe schlüpft. Das Ei schlüpft aber nicht von selbst heraus, sondern es befinden sich harte Muskeln im Darm, welche arbeiten, kneten und drücken, bis sie das Ei herausgedrückt haben. Das ist doch wunderbar!

Bei vielen Insekten liegen die Eier zwischen zwei Hornhüden, welche das Tierchen zusammenklappen kann. Es kann damit Holz oder Blätter anfeilen und auch Löcher bohren, in welche es dann die Eier legen kann. Ja, manche haben eine scharfe Spitze an den Hornhüden, womit sie größeren Tieren einen Stich in die Haut machen und dann die Eier in die Wunde legen.

Jedes Insekt weiß genau, wohin es seine Eier zu legen hat. Erstens, damit sie richtig ausgebrütet werden können, und zweitens, damit die Jungen, wenn sie zur Welt kommen, auch gleich die Nahrung vorfinden können. Wo keine Nahrung vorhanden ist, sammeln die Insektenlarven dieselbe und legen sie neben die Eier. Wenn nun das Insektenbaby aus dem Ei kriecht, findet es den Tisch zur Mahlzeit schon gedeckt.

Ja, ja, die ganze Welt ist wunderbar, doch die meisten Kinder bemerken das nicht. Wie ist aber „Das Little Socialist Magazine“ lesen, werden sie Wunderbares und Interessantes zu lesen bekommen.

Die Pferdebremse

Die Pferdebremse ist ein Insekt, welches auf Englisch horse-fly genannt wird. Ihr seht die vielen Insekten allerlei Art, ohne darüber nachzudenken, wo sie eigentlich alle herkommen. Es ist ja ganz schön und gut, daß Ihr Euch mit allerhand Spielen im Freien von dem langen Sitzen in der Schule erholet, aber besser wäre es doch, wenn Ihr nicht so viel aus den Schulbüchern, sondern aus der Natur selbst lernen könntet.

Die Pferdebremse quält das Pferd sehr, und man muß sich fragen, wie es kommt, daß sie bei den Pferden zu finden ist. Die Pferdebremse sieht z. B. das Pferd in die Vorderfüße und legt ihre Eier in die Wunde. Das Pferd verspiirt ein Jucken und leckt die Stelle ab, wodurch die Eier auf seine Junge und durch Verfluchen in seinen Magen gelangen.

Dort kriecht ein Wurm aus dem Ei heraus, welcher sich an der Magenwand festhält und dort groß wächst, und schließlich mit dem Risse wieder in die Außenwelt kommt, aus welchem er dann in einigen Stunden als fertige Pferdebremse aufsteigt und das Pferd belästigt.

In der ganzen Natur ist ein solcher Kreislauf zu finden. Gerade wie Tag und Nacht, Winter und Sommer abwechseln, so kommen und gehen alle Menschen und Tiere. Aus dem Tode kommt das Leben; vom Leben geht es wieder in den Tod. Aber nirgends geht etwas verloren. Es bleibt immer in der Welt. Das heute Wasser ist, ist morgen Dampf. Weisheit ist daselbe, nur die Form ist anders.

Professor Urellius in Heidelberg wurde einst von einem alten Weintrinker gefragt, wie man eine rote Nase loswerden könnte.

„Welchen Wein trinken Sie gewöhnlich“, fragte Urellius.

„Weißer Wein“, antwortete der Mann mit der roten Nase.

„Na, dann trinken Sie roten Wein, dann werden Sie von der roten Nase befreit, und sie wird sicherlich blau.“

Der Himmel

Heinrich: „Ich glaube immer, der Himmel ist ein Dach über die Erde.“

Vater: „Nein, mein Kind. Das Blaue ist alles Luft, gerade wie die Luft, welche um uns ist.“

Heinrich: „Aber die Sonne, der Mond und die Sterne können doch nicht in der Luft sein, besonders wenn sie so groß, und noch größer wie die Welt sind.“

Vater: „Du hast doch in der Schule gelernt, daß unsere Erde rund ist und in der Luft schwebt.“

Heinrich: „Ja, aber ich kann es nicht begreifen. Wenn ich einen Ball in die Höhe werfe, so fällt er doch herunter, selbst wenn er fast so leicht wie eine Feder ist.“

Vater (lächelt): „Da hast Du recht.“

Heinrich: „Aber die Erde ist doch millionenmal schwerer wie ein Spielball, und doch fällt sie nicht. Das kann ich nicht begreifen.“

Vater: „Das ist es eben. Man kann etwas nicht begreifen, bis man es untersucht hat.“

Heinrich: „Aber wie soll ich das untersuchen. Ich kann nicht einmal sehen, daß die Welt rund ist. Sie sieht doch flach aus.“

Vater: „Das will ich Dir später erklären.“

Rätsel.

Einer ist es der kein Knecht ist und es nie will werden. Einer ist es, der kein Mann ist und es eben wünscht zu werden.

Rätselfragen.

Wie viel Eier kann ein Riese nuckeln essen?

Was kriecht ins Loch und wird doch nicht warm?

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