

The "Little Socialist Magazine"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Continued by Young Socialist Rev.

Vol. IV

MAY, 1911

No. 5

May Day

A May-Day Call to America's Youth

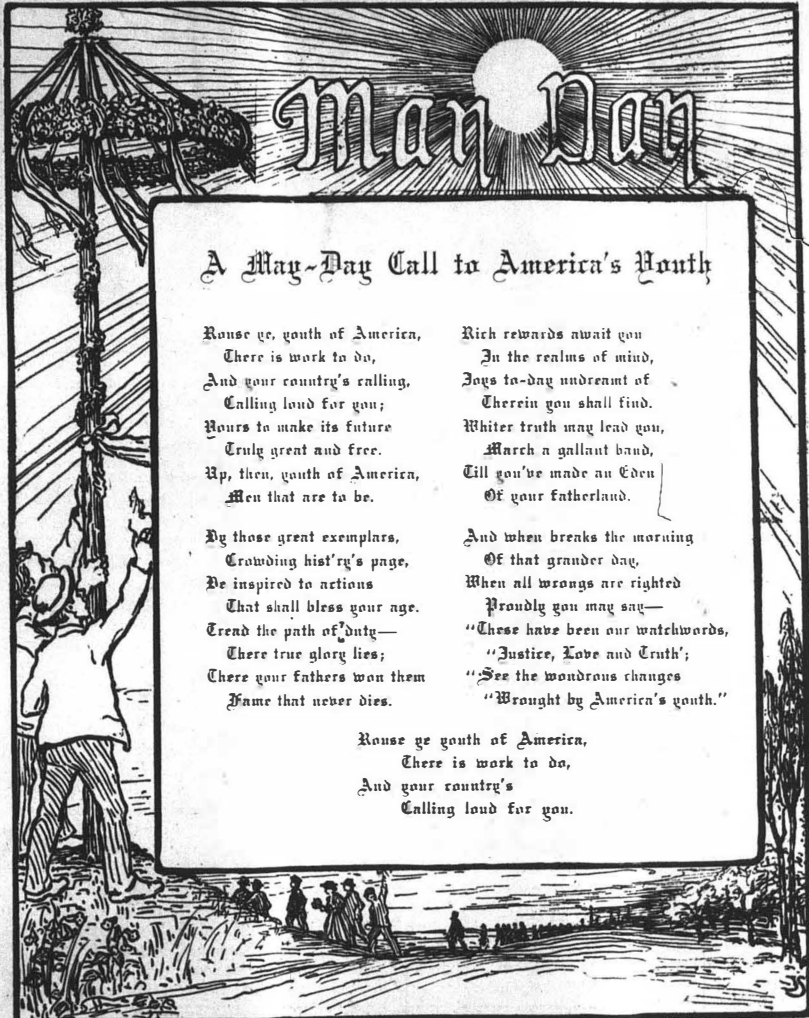
Rouse ye, youth of America,
There is work to do,
And your country's calling,
Calling loud for you;
Hours to make its future
Truly great and free.
Up, then, youth of America,
Men that are to be.

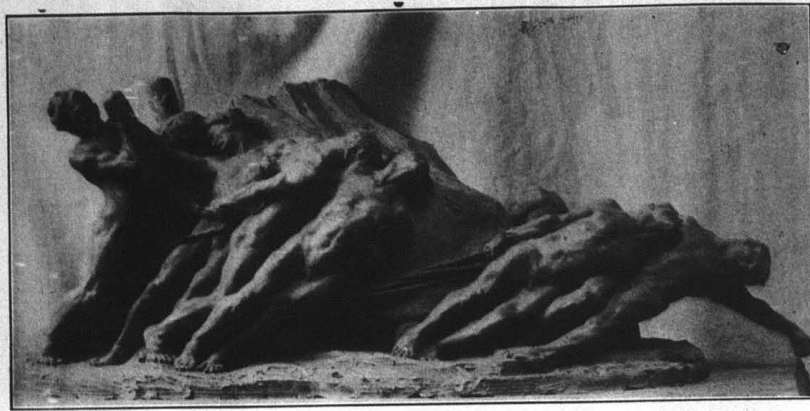
By those great exemplars,
Crowding hist'ry's page,
Be inspired to actions
That shall bless your age.
Tread the path of duty—
There true glory lies;
There your fathers won them
Fame that never dies.

Rich rewards await you
In the realms of mind,
Joys to-day undreamt of
Therein you shall find.
Whiter truth may lead you,
March a gallant band,
Till you've made an Eden
Of your fatherland.

And when breaks the morning
Of that grander day,
When all wrongs are righted
Proudly you may say—
"These have been our watchwords,
"Justice, Love and Truth";
"See the wondrous changes
"Brought by America's youth."

Rouse ye youth of America,
There is work to do,
And your country's
Calling loud for you.





In Unity There Is Strength

The 14th of July of 1789 and of 1889

By B. LOW

It may seem queer to write in an issue of the 1st of May about the 14th of July; but the reader will soon see why this is done.

The 14th of July of 1789 is one of the most important days of the history of France; it is the birthday of the great French Revolution. From that day, on which the Bastille, the prison of the political enemies of the king and the nobility, was captured and destroyed, a new period started for the French people; they conquered certain political rights, the right to vote, to organize, free speech and a free press, privileges which they had not enjoyed heretofore.

But the possession of such political rights was insufficient; they did not serve to bring about the kingdom of liberty, equality and fraternity, as so many had hoped. While a few are rich and the masses poor, miserable, and destitute, there exists no equality; while the propertyless millions depend

for their livelihood absolutely on the few capitalists, they do not enjoy liberty; while the greed for money causes the most relentless struggle of all against all, while bloody warfare among the nations has not yet disappeared, one cannot well speak of fraternity.

The propertied classes, the wealthy people could well be satisfied with existing conditions. They were able to enjoy all the pleasures of life, all the luxuries which were the result of the work and the sweat of millions. There was no king, no aristocracy to demand any tribute from them, or to exploit them, the French Revolution had given them full sway. So they could justly celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the French Revolution, on July 14th, 1889.

But the working class, the great masses who remained poor and oppressed, who were not allowed to participate in and had no advantages of the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century, began to understand, that if they wanted better conditions for themselves, they would have to force

the rulers to give them; that for this purpose they must stand together, just like the combination of many spokes are necessary in order to give the wheel the strength to carry the wagon; and that the workers of all countries must unite against their common enemy, the exploiting capitalist classes.

It was on the same day of July 14th, 1889, that this unity of the progressive workingmen of the world was accomplished. The International Workingmen's Congress met on that day in Paris, an event at least as important for the nineteenth, as the capture of the Bastille for the eighteenth century.

While the rulers of France and Germany were at that time preparing for war, a German and a Frenchman were both elected chairmen of the Congress, in order to show that the workingmen took no part in the criminal acts of their governments, and that Socialism embraces humanity regardless of race, nationality, or creed. The most important demand of the Congress was that for a legislation protecting the workingmen against

(Continued page 5)

The Future of the Little Socialist

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

When the workmen of the world set aside the first day of May as a day upon which to express with all their might the wishes of the working class, one of the important demands was for laws which would force the capitalists to protect the lives and health of their workmen and to take care of them in their old age. These demands are called legislation (laws) for the protection of labor and old-age pensions for workmen. Socialists are trying to-day to force the capitalist governments to pass such laws; and in a few countries, especially in Germany, they have succeeded in starting such legislation.

But they understand that legislation which will really help and protect the man who works in the factory, the mine and the railroad, cannot be had at the hands of capitalist legislatures and Congress. We will never receive more than a few crumbs from the table of the ruling class.

The working class must organize in strong labor unions, and political organizations, both of which will have to use all their power to teach the people to take control of the government. It is not enough to advocate old-age pensions, in the columns of THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE, when we know that not one in a thousand will live to be old enough to draw a pension.

The Socialists must teach the rest of the workers how to organize for self-preservation. Then no factory will be allowed to continue operations that will not pass expert

inspection, such inspection will not be left in the hands of politicians, but will be under the direct supervision of the workers.

Let the efforts of grown-up Socialists be concentrated on the goal of Socialism, and the future of the Little Socialists will be assured. The few improvements which the working class can secure to-day will dwindle into insignificance when on this May day, the international day of Labor, we clasp hands with our comrades across the seas, all striving for a World-wide Industrial Democracy.

MAY EVENTS

May 1, 1890—First international May day celebration.

May 6, 1906—Great Socialist victory in France.

May 8, 1901—Uprising of the workers in Barcelona, Spain.

May 14, 1771—Robert Owen, the great Socialist philanthropist, born.

May 16, 1901—Militia shoots at strikers in Albany.

May 22, 1898—Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," died.

May 28, 1871—End of the Paris Commune.

May 30, 1778—Voltaire, the great French author, died.

May 31, 1817—Geo. Herwegh, the Socialist song-writer, born.

BEASTS

Before a lion's cage in a Zoo stood a number of onlookers watching the keeper with great interest as he fed the beautiful animal. The lion pounced hungrily upon the great pieces of meat which the keeper threw in with a long iron fork, then lay down and, holding the meat between his claws, tore off great chunks from time to time.

Presently there came from some hidden corner a pretty little gray mouse. She ran to the lion without fear, climbing over a stone that lay at the big creature's feet, and began to gnaw at the same piece of meat.

The people outside became intensely interested. Everyone expected that the great, strong lion would crush the little weak mouse with one blow of his terrible paw. But nothing of the sort happened. The lion calmly ate his meat, grunted with satisfaction, and lay down in his corner. The mouse, too, was satisfied and now jumped down over the low fence to go to her nest, somewhere in the garden.

But the same people who had just admired the good nature of the lion, who, in spite of his strength, had not touched the little thief, hastened to kill the little mouse with umbrellas and canes. A large man stepped on her so that she was killed.

Who was the beast?

(From the German *Arbeiter Jugend*.)

CHILD LABOR

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—
Loud may our praise be sung!—
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

KARL MARX



When people complain of low wages, of high prices, of unjust laws, we always tell them that Socialism will remove all these evils. But has it ever occurred to you that there was a time when no-one knew this word, Socialism, when no-one seemed to know how the lot of the poor workman could be improved? People already began to realize that the capitalists or bosses were growing rich on their earnings, but did not know how to change this condition. Some people tried living together in colonies where they worked together and divided equally the money they earned. But this did not help matters very much.

It was during this time that Karl Marx lived. He was born on the 5th day of May, 1818, at a place in Germany called Treve (Trier). His father was a lawyer, a learned man, from whom Karl Marx learned much that helped him later in life. When he was old enough Marx went to college. He

too, was to study law, but could not become interested in it. Instead of studying he would read everything he could find about the workers of his country and their attempts to improve their condition. At the same time he did all he could to help them, indeed, did it so thoroughly that the Prussian government stopped the publication of the *Rhenish Gazette*, a newspaper Marx was editing. Marx, however, persisted in his agitation for the workmen and was at last forced to flee from Germany to Paris to escape punishment. But here, too, he was pursued, until at last, after living a short time in Brussels, in Belgium, he found a safe home in London. Here he spent many years in study, working out, bit by bit, the idea which we today call Socialism.

Perhaps he would never have succeeded had it not been for the help of a man of whom you all have heard, one of our greatest Socialists, Friedrich Engels. The

friendship of Marx and Engels is one of the most beautiful things that the history of Socialism has to show us. These two men, both with wonderful minds, worked together for many years for the welfare of the working class. While Engels lived in London they were together almost daily, so that Marx's children called Engels their second father. But even during ten years forced to go away, during ten years in which the two men were forced to live apart, hardly a day passed on which they did not write to each other. Marx did nothing before he had consulted his friend, Engels was always ready and willing to do everything for Marx and his family. Together they wrote a short book called the "Communist Manifesto," in which the idea, called Socialism, is clearly described. This book, with another, larger and more detailed, Karl Marx's "Capital," is the foundation for the work of the Socialists all over the world.

You children are too young to understand all that Marx's books did for the working-class, but you can learn lessons just as valuable from his life. You can see that an idea which makes possible a friendship so steadfast and firm as that of Marx and Engels must in itself be worthy of our support. And as beautiful as this friendship was Marx's love for his wife. Jenny Marx was the daughter of a wealthy German nobleman named von Westphalen. She had never known what it was to be poor, but she gave up everything to marry the wonderful man whom she loved, and went with him from country to country, living through days and weeks of fear and danger, until at last they found a home in the most miserable part of London. They were very poor. Marx wrote articles for newspapers, among them for the *New York Tribune*, which at that time, un-

(Continued page 13)

The May-Day of Life

By CARRIE W. ALLEN

Youth is the May-day of Life!

Youth is the time of expanding, budding growth.

Under normal conditions, youth means joy, happiness, high ideals and bounding health.

The children and youth of today are the men and women of tomorrow.

Upon their health and happiness, upon their education and ideals, the healthy life of the race depends.

What are we doing to assure this? Are we destroying or conserving this great force for the future? In an incredibly short time we have taken our place at the head of the great workshops of the world. Our industries, our railways, our factories and mills are the largest in the world. All the forces of nature have been utilized and developed. In our arrogant pride we point to these things and say: "Look at all we have done. Even in our youth, we have won a place for ourselves with the strong and mighty nations of the earth."

Curiously blind we seem to the fact that a terrific price has been paid for all the wealth and development of which we boast. We seem not to know that steel mills and factories, palaces, libraries and universities have been built at the expense of the children of the nation.

Thousands of children in this fair land robbed of sunshine and happiness, that a few may pile up colossal fortunes. Thousands of little ones herded in the cellars of life, that a few may bask in sunshine and gladness.

Thousands of fathers of the working class are forced to work

for starvation wages. It is impossible for them to put good food in the mouths of their children. It is impossible for them to put good clothes on their bodies. It is impossible for them to keep a decent roof over their heads. Education for their children is out of the question. Sheer necessity forces them to put their children to work.

Thousands of mothers of the working class, forced to spend weary hours in toil, are utterly unfitted to bring forth healthy children. Compelled to go out to work by the day, the mother can give no time to the training of the children.

"He couldn't tend six sides," said a small child slave of the cotton mills, when shown an ideal picture of the Christ child.

That tells the shameful story. The poor little morsel of humanity, robbed of all childhood and joy, could only express himself in terms of bobbins and spindles.

The majority of people do not seem to think it of importance to consider what kind of citizens will make these children.

What kind of citizens will the children of Packingtown make? What kind of citizens will the breaker boys make? What kind of citizens will all the army of children who come out of Gutterland make?

The captains of industry say, "Pass child labor laws, and our factories close." Why? Because the children are cheap. There is more profit to be made out of them. To them it is always a question of profits. What matters the destruction of the youth and the children.

so long as they reap profits, profits, profits.

So long as mothers are undernourished and over-worked, we will have weak, sickly children. So long as fathers are insufficiently paid, we will have underfed, poorly dressed children with starved brains and stifled ideals. So long as there is a profit system, we will have a pitiful army of child slaves.

We demand the wiping out of a system which reaps profit from the delicate flesh of children.

We demand the right of every child to be a child, not a slave.

We demand that all our boys and girls shall have a chance to develop full bounding health and life.

We demand an education which shall include high aspirations and ideals for our youth, so that the boys and girls of today shall be the clean-living, high-minded men and women of tomorrow.

Youth is the May-day of Life!

The 14th of July of 1789 and of 1889

(Continued from page 2)

brutal exploitation, and especially their children, so as to enable them to study and play, instead of working in the factories, and thus to become strong, intelligent, and brave fighters for the emancipation of the working class.

Because the accomplishments of the 14th of July of 1789 were insufficient for the working class, because the men who met on the same day in 1889 were determined that the working class should become free, and thereby liberty, equality and fraternity realized in the true sense of the word, the Paris Congress resolved to hold that important International Demonstration on the 1st of May, to which this issue is dedicated.

The Socialist Schools of Greater New York

By BERTHA H. MAILLY

Several years ago one of the Circles of the Workmen's Circle started a little weekly school in the City of New York where children of the working class could be taught the truth about life and the world they have to live in. Many children came to this school so that it grew fast. Then more were started and the Socialist party established several schools in Brooklyn and in Manhattan and the Bronx, until now there are 14 such schools in Greater New York.

The schools vary a great deal in the way the children are taught, but they all have a common aim. The schools all aim to teach the children *what* is not just and true and beautiful in things as they are, *why* there is no justice, truth or beauty in people's lives and *how* to bring justice, truth and beauty into the world.

They aim also to free the children from the many prejudices and the untrue and illogical standards of ethics and patriotism now taught them in the public schools and to introduce in their place a new social ethic founded upon the conception of a society in which profit and wage slavery are to be removed.

A little army of children go to the Socialist schools every week in Greater New York. Some 2,000 children in the English speaking schools, without counting at all the German Free Schools, nor the Lettish and other schools which use the foreign tongue, gather every week in Socialist Party headquarters, Workmen's Circle Headquarters or in halls hired for the purpose.

The East Harlem School, meeting at 143 East 103rd Street, was the real cause for the establishment of the fine headquarters of the

Workmen's Circle at that place. The desire to have a nice home for the 250 children who came to the school which this Circle started, caused them to raise funds for securing the present house, which has many bright, pretty rooms for the children's classes to meet in, a large assembly hall, and an outdoor garden with a little stage.

Out in Williamsbridge is another inspiring group of workers for the cause of the education of the children. Here a few Italian members of the Socialist Party requested the State Committee on Socialist Schools to organize a school for them. This was done and the school soon grew from a tiny group to a school of fifty children with an older club of young men, which has been conducted all winter by Lucien Sanial. This school has attracted the opposition of the priests of the Roman Catholic church in the neighborhood, and much trouble has been made for some of the families who permitted their children to go to a school which taught that "the world is our country."

These two schools are only samples of the others and if there were space, it would be inspiring to tell about each one. In many there are older clubs connected with the schools and it would be a splendid thing if there could be large branch or district schools where all the educational work of the children and young people, including the Young People's Socialist Leagues and Federation, could be organized and conducted together under one governing body of the Socialist Party.

The schools stand under the banner of the International movement, for here are Americans and Jews, Germans and Italians and Fins and Letts. Now let it be organized into

one great whole, with uniform methods of teaching and lesson outlines.

There is at present no uniform plan of lesson outlines. The State Committee on Socialist Schools has been formulating some tentative outlines during the past winter and these have been used in various schools. These have been merely tentative, however, and the only complete series published is Mrs. Bertha M. Fraser's Lesson Outlines for Socialist Schools.

DIRECTORY OF SOCIALIST SCHOOLS.

Manhattan and the Bronx.

East Side Socialist School, 183 Madison street, New York, Sunday, 1:30 p. m.

Yorkville Socialist School, 360 West 125th street, New York, Sunday, 11 a. m.

Workmen's Educational Alliance, 143-145 East 103d street, Sunday, 10 a. m.

Bronx Socialist School, Wendover and Park avenues, Bronx, Sunday, 10 a. m.

The Modern Progressive School, 214th street and Holland avenue, Sunday, 9:30 a. m.

Brooklyn.

Labor Lyceum Socialist School, Myrtle and Willoughby avenues, Sunday, 10 a. m.

Borough Park Socialist School, Fort Hamilton avenue and 27th street, Sunday, 10 a. m.

Brownsville Socialist School, 432 Hopkinson avenue, Sunday, 10 a. m.

Queens County Socialist School, Ridgewood Times building, Myrtle and Cypress avenues, Sunday, 10 a. m.

Alabama Avenue School, 309 Alabama avenue, Sunday, 10 a. m.

The Story Good Books Tell

By JACK BRITT GEARTY

Good books are like windows flung wide open to let in sunshine and fresh air, they open up new views of life for us, and fill our minds with new ideas, new dreams, new hopes. In them we can see all that man has ever feared and hoped. They tell the story of life on the earth. They tell the story of life's growth and of the growth of thought among men.

Nothing in all this wide world, except love alone, is more precious than good literature. What a girl or boy thinks and loves can be instantly learned by looking at the books they treasure and read.

No part of our education needs closer attention than the selection of our books. A few good books are worth more to any one of us than all the trashy books in the world. Great care should be taken in buying, or even in borrowing books.

Next to making sure that we possess only good books, the need of properly reading them is most important. One may read the best books in a hop-skip-and-jump manner, a few lines here, a paragraph there, a chapter beyond, and get no profit from the reading. We must learn to read so as to find the thought of the writer, so as to find the main thought in the book, for this is the only way we can learn what a good book really means.

Since our choice of books, as girls and boys, will have a great influence on our later life, the question arises: What kind of books shall we select for our reading?

All men are brothers regardless of race or the color of their skin. All literature is the result of common hopes and desires, a growth of ages just as our civilization is

the fruit of ages and ages of growth. Therefore, we must have such books as will give us a world view of life, and we must carefully read them. Such books will show us that life and thought, what we are and what we think, are fruits of ages of change and growth, the fruit of what scientists call evolution.

In the days of the childhood of the race the world's best literature was composed of myths and fables. Later great songs and poetry sprang into existence. Still later, as in our own days, we have short stories, novels, histories, geographies, books on travel, books on flowers, books on science, on birds and bees. This only goes to show that literature is like a river which starts in a bubbling spring and widens and deepens as it rushes on towards the great ocean.

The great story of life as told in good books may be very roughly divided into seven periods or ages. These periods are named after the biggest work of their time, as: The age of myths, the age of Homer, the age of Pericles, the age of Virgil, the age of Dante, the age of Shakespeare, the age of Goethe, and the present day or age.

Follows a brief list of good books, some from each age or period, and with this I must close, or the editor will not invite me to talk to you, my young comrades, again:

Begin with a collection of the myths of Chaldea and Greece. Then, in the order named: Bryant's translation of Homer's "Iliad" and his "Odyssey." Fiske's "Myths and Myth Makers." Goethe's translation of "Iphigenia," and Lowell's translation of "Pro-

metheus." Howland's "Virgil," and Goethe's "Legend of Christ and the Horseshoe." Wallace's "Ben Hur." Some of the Nibelungen Lied. "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Schiller's "Veiled Statue of Truth." Seymour's "Stories from Chaucer." "Birds and Bees" by John Burroughs. Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales." "Little Daffydownilly" by Hawthorne.

Short as this list is, it contains something dealing with each of the literary ages already spoken of, and for further books treating any of these periods you may find help by asking your teacher, your school or public librarian. The aim of this little collection of books is, as I have before remarked, to show that literature as well as life is a continuous process of change and growth. Our aim in collecting books and reading should be to get only the best, to add to our little store of books only the best books. A small library well selected will fill our minds with fine, clean thoughts. If we are to help in making the world a better place to live in, we must know what the best men and women think, what the race has thought.

A WISH

I wish!
But what's the use of wishing?
Things never will come true.
'Tis just as bad as fishing.
When fish won't bite for you.
And yet I wish as much as ever,
There were a country without schools,
Where people might be just as clever
And not obey so many rules.

ELTON MAURICE.
(From *Child Lore*.)

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.
K. Ramm, Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION.—5c a copy, 50c a year.
In Canada, Mexico and Foreign Countries, 75c.

BUNDLE RATES.—25 copies for 75c, 50 or
more 2c. per copy.

ADVERTISING.—10c. a line, \$1.00 an
inch. For one year one inch \$10.00

Manuscripts must be accompanied with cash
if their return is desired upon rejection.

FOR SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS ONLY.
2 cts. per copy in bundles of 10 and over.

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.



IN THIS issue you will find a numbered coupon. The reader who presents three of these coupons with 75 cents in cash or stamps will receive postpaid a guaranteed Ingersoll watch.

This watch may also be secured by sending us seven new yearly subscribers for the Little Socialist Magazine.

If you want a solid, reliable watch, a little hustling for your magazine will get it for you.

COUPON

No 776

Current Events and Editorial Remarks



Victor L. Berger

When two people read the same thing, they do not always get the same results. Some people read only what is printed on the page, others read between the lines, that is, they use their brains to think out those things which the printed page does not tell them. Of course the person who reads between the lines learns a great deal more from his reading.

I hope you all read a newspaper. Every young Socialist should know what is going on in the world. Just as you always want to know how your brothers and sisters, cousins and friends are getting along, so you should also be interested in our great human family, especially those of this family who are working people like ourselves. Of course you will read a Socialist paper!

In our LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE we will write every month of the things which have occurred, which are of especial interest to young Socialists. And we

will tell you those things which we have read between the lines.

On the 25th of March the Triangle Shirt Waist Factory burned. In this fire 146 workmen and women lost their lives. About two weeks later a fire in a mine in Pennsylvania caused the death of 78 miners. The next day 118 miners lost their lives in an Alabama mine through a fire caused by the explosion of coal dust.

In one short month several hundred lives lost through the greed of capitalist employers. In the shirtwaist factory the fire escapes were too few, old and broken. It cost money to build new ones—so the old ones were left there. The fire hose were locked up and no one knew where to find the key. The doors of the factory were locked, entrapping the victims and forcing them to jump from the windows to certain death below.

In Scranton, Pennsylvania, the lives of the workmen who perished there could have been saved had they been called up when the fire started. But the mine owners preferred to leave them there in order that just a few tons of coal might be mined. When at last the workmen discovered the fire it was too late. There was no chance for escape.

The law demands that coal mines be sprinkled once a month, to prevent coal dust explosions. In the Alabama mine this had not been done for six months. The result was an explosion which resulted in the death of the men who were working there.

Of great importance to the American and to the International Socialist movement is the seating of Victor L. Berger in the Con-

gress of the United States. This places our country in line with the European countries which have Socialist representation in their national parliaments.

The first action of the Socialist Congressman from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was a demand to withdraw the soldiers who have been massed on the boundary lines of Mexico, evidently for the purpose of crushing the revolution against the tyranny of President Diaz and American capitalists who are under his protection. His second measure was not less important: a demand for a rewriting of the federal constitution, a document that our nation has outgrown and does not fit into the modern conditions of to-day.

Milwaukee has not been the only city to show splendid results. Daily we hear of new cities and towns where the Socialist Party has registered a tremendous increase. Among the cities which have in the last month elected Socialist Mayors are Butte, Montana; Berkeley, California; Flint, Michigan, and several cities each in Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, Michigan and Illinois. In numerous other cities and towns aldermen and other city officers were elected.

Just fifty years ago, on the 12th of April, 1861, the first shot of the Civil War was fired. In our next issue of THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE, which will be an anti-military number, we will have an article on the Civil War as the Socialists see it.

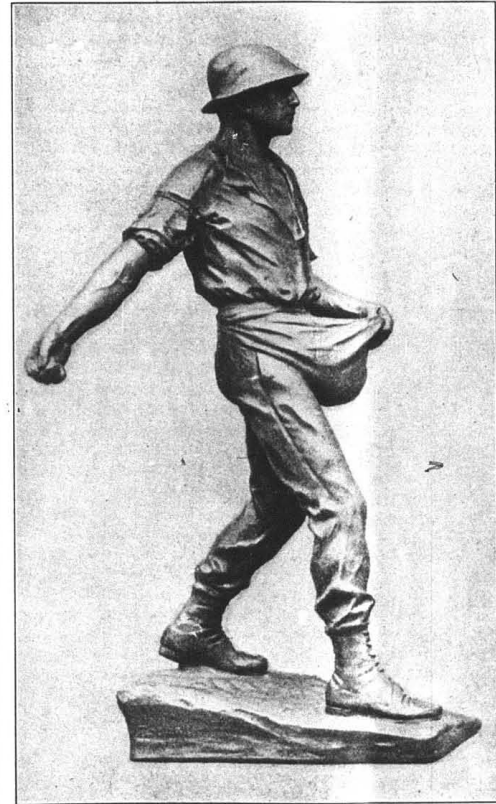
As most of our readers probably know, the former editor of this magazine is at present touring Europe and enjoying a trip to the old country which he had been longing to take for many years. The present editor hopes to have a report from his predecessor, describing what he saw and learned in Europe, and he is sure that the story will be full of interest.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE will in the future give a good deal of attention to our Socialist schools and "Freie deutsche Schulen" and will endeavor to have regular reports of the progress and doings of the schools on a page devoted especially to this purpose.

Another page will be regularly set aside for letters and stories

sent in by our young readers, and we will be able to offer for the best letter in each number a good book well worth trying for. We have already received German and English letters which will appear in the June number.

The next issue will show the barbarism of war and the danger of the American Boy Scout movement to the character and morals



THE SOWER

of the youth of the United States. It will be richly illustrated and well gotten up.

The editor and the publisher plan many other improvements and hope to gain more and more the confidence and co-operation of the young Socialists of this country.

It is up to you, boys and girls, to tell your schoolmates and friends about this magazine, to work for new subscribers and to do all in your power to increase its circulation. If you have any suggestions to make write to the editor. He will be glad to hear from you.

Never believe anything simply because you heard it, but think about what you heard and try to reason whether it is true, false or ridiculous, ask about it and do not rest until you are satisfied with your search.

The pen is mightier than the sword. How often you have learned this in school, but how much more the teachers praise the heroes of the sword than the heroes of the pen. Something is wrong somewhere.

The new singing teacher had put on the board two quarter notes followed by two half notes, all in the same position on the staff.

"Now, sing, children," she commanded.

The children sang, "Do, do," and stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked the teacher.

After a pause Randal raised his hand and said, "Please, we don't know how to sing the notes that aren't stuffed."

Johnny: "Mamma, I wish I had a little sister."

Mamma: "Why do you wish that, dear?"

Johnny: "'Cause I'm tired of teasin' the cat."

Socialist School Commandments

By JIM

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

(Continued from last month)

Everything comes from the earth. But in order that we may use the products of the earth workmen must prepare them for use. Metals and coal must be mined, grain must be cut down, threshed and ground, wood must be chopped down, sawed, planed and cut into correct shapes and sizes. But in each case labor had to be used on the natural article, in order to produce the finished article, ready for our use.

But wait. This labor cannot always be applied directly. In order to mine coal machinery of many kinds is necessary, grain has to be ground in great mills, wood is sawed in gigantic saw mills. Everything is done by immense machines.

The workman, of course, is too poor to buy these machines. So unless he goes to someone who owns such a machine, he cannot work. We call this man who owns the machine a capitalist.

If the capitalist owns the things which we must use in order to work, he owns our right to work or, to put it in plainer words, he owns our jobs. And if he owns our jobs, and we cannot live without working, he owns us. This is what Socialists mean when they say the workers are "wage slaves."

When your father works in a factory, he makes not only enough

goods to pay his wages, but also enough to pay all the capitalist's expenses as well as a profit to the capitalist. The worker lives on wages, which he makes, and the capitalist lives on profits, which the workers make for him. And this is because the capitalist owns the capital, with which we must work.

From the profits he buys new machines at which other men will work. So you see labor really produces all capital.

Therefore all capital should belong to labor—to the workmen who produced it. That is what we Socialists want. Do you not think it is perfectly fair?

If you want to read more about the Socialists and what they want to do, there is a very good book called "Socialist Readings for Children," written by John Spargo. There are many other good books, which you can buy very cheaply from the Socialist Literature Co., or can get by sending in subscriptions for THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE.

A spider performs operations which resemble those of a weaver, and a bee puts to shame the human builder by the structure of her wax cells. But one thing places the poorest builder above the best bee, the fact that the former has planned the cell in his mind before he executes it in wax.—Karl Marx.

Workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain.—Karl Marx.

THE RAINBOW

By SOPHIE REINHEIMER (From "The Gleichheit")

Mother Sun was having a hard time of it. Heavy grey rainclouds hung in the heavens, since early morning. She could not find the tiniest crack through which she could have looked down upon the earth.

But behind this wall of clouds stood more than a thousand little sunbeams, in their golden shirts and were very cross because they could not get down. Will you leave those clouds in peace, scolded old mother sun as a few mischievous rays tickled the clouds to make them go away. You should be glad that the poor thirsty earth is getting something to drink, you heard yourselves how everything was drying up and soon the poor people will have nothing to eat. Would you like that?

"No," said the rays, a little shame facedly.

"But why must we stay at home whenever it rains. Why can't there be rain and sunshine at the same time."

"You foolish children," they would dry up everything that the rain had wet, and then it would have been entirely useless."

The rays had to admit that of course, but they were far from satisfied. They thought it would be charming to go down to earth with the rain-drops.

They hardly knew them, the little rain-drops. They were not allowed to play together on the earth and up in the sky the little rain-drops were always locked up in the great thick clouds. In fact some of the little rays didn't even know how rain-drops looked.

"Do they wear pretty dresses like ours?" they asked.

"Dear me, no, they have no dresses at all. They are just rain-drops."

The rays who said this had once been down on the earth shortly after a rain shower. They had seen a few drops falling from the trees.

"No colors? How uninteresting," said the others. "I suppose then they look like dew-drops?"

"That's right, just like dew-drops."

"Oh! Oh!" cried a beautiful golden sunray. "Dew-drops, I know them."

"Early yesterday morning when I was shining on the meadow there was a dew-drop on every blade of grass. And when I went near them and my golden sun-dress touched the little drops they suddenly glittered in all colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. It was beautiful."

"I'll tell you what we'll do! I'll be one who was particularly clever. If the dew-drops who after all are only water-drops shine in such beautiful colors when we touch them, then the rain-drops will also. Let us go down and bring them beautiful dresses, out that they almost forgot to rain."

"How do you do? We want to play with you," said the little rays.

"What do you want to play?" asked the drops.

"Let us build a bridge."

"We do not know how. You will have to show us."

"Yes, yes!—just hang on to our skirts, we will show you. But quick, before mother sun sees us!" said the naughty rays.

The drops did as they were told, and behold what was that? Suddenly everything shone in the most beautiful colors. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. It was a beautiful sight. They had built a bridge, so beautiful, so glorious, as no builder on earth had ever made one.

And when the people on earth who had been forced to look at a grey sky all day, suddenly saw the beautiful colors they were greatly delighted.

"A rainbow, a rainbow! Look children, come to the window! But quick, quick, before it disappears."

The workman has no fatherland. You cannot take from him what he does not possess.—Karl Marx.

A kindergarten teacher has been strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence. The morning of the big snow storm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one tot, named Willie. When asked for his, he said: "I did ferdit it."

He was cautioned to bring it the next day.

The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read:

"Dear Miss C—: Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. J—."

History of Our Country for Boys and Girls.

By FREDERICK KRAFFT.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER

In 1868 Ulysses S. Grant was elected President, because he had been a successful general in the war, altho only because the government gave him the most help. It was very foolish to elect him, for a President should be much more than a butcher of men.

On May 10, 1869, the last spike was driven which completed a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The time from New York to San Francisco was now no more than it was from New York to Boston in Colonial days.

Ever since the war the government kept soldiers in the South, who molested the people on every occasion. These troops were withdrawn under Hayes' administration, who was elected president in 1877. From that time the negroes had very little protection and were not allowed to exercise their full right as citizens. The government does not worry about that war, and the negro is more of a slave now than he was before the war, for which so many sacrificed their lives.

The long years of peace developed the industries of this country, but those who controlled them with their money were determined to take all the profits. The railroad workers demanded better pay and treatment, and because this was not granted, they left their work and told the railroad owners to run the railroads themselves. Many coalminers, whose lot was also a very miserable one, joined the men who went out on strike, in all about one hundred and fifty thousand men.

Freight cars were plundered and machine-shops and other railroad buildings at Pittsburgh were set on fire by roughs, and it is very likely that these roughs were hired by the railroad owners. This gave the latter a plausible cause to ask the government to protect their property. This was done, and the president sent troops, who protected those who took the places of the strikers. The troops often shot down men, women and children.

The attention of Congress was called to the condition of the Mississippi River, which was constantly filling up at its mouth with mud and sand, so that it interfered with navigation. Capt. Fads, an engineer from St. Louis, offered to rectify this trouble. He knew that streams at their narrowest points never fill up, because the water rushes strongest there.

Congress reluctantly gave him permission. He built artificial banks near the mouth of the river, which took about four years, and the rush of the artificially narrowed stream carries all the sand and mud flowing down the stream right out to sea. Several million dollars a year are gained for commerce by this great work. He also built the great steel arch bridge spanning the river at that point.

During and after the war mostly paper money was used, even for three and five cents; the latter were about one-fourth the size of our present dollar bills. Paper money was called "greenbacks." In 1864, for instance, paper money was worth so little that it require

nearly three dollars in greenbacks to purchase as much as a dollar in gold would buy. This was because the government was deeply in debt from the expenses of the war, and people had very little faith in the words printed on the paper money which read: "The United States of America promises to pay the amount stated on this paper." When a person is head over heels in debt, we have our doubts when he promises to pay with something which apparently he does not have.

Since 1875 silver-money came into use again, when confidence in the government was restored, which enabled the government to issue silver money for money in the value of one dollar and less. Again the people were recovering slowly from the panic of 1873.

In the early sixties a talking machine was exhibited thruout the country and before school children. It consisted of various wind bellows which produced, thru an imitation of a human head, such words as papa, mamma and some small sentences. But there its powers ended, but in 1863 an instrument was patented which reproduced words which were spoken into it, but it was not until 1877, when Thomas A. Edison announced to the world that he had perfected an instrument which not only reproduced the words spoken into it, but that the voice of the speaker could be recognized. Every child now knows this instrument, the phonograph.

Hür unsere deutschen Leser!

Arbeiter, heraus!

Arbeiter heraus!
Lasset es schallen von Haus zu Haus!
Schreitet im Takte durch Eure Gassen,
Wecket die dunpffen, die schläfrigen Massen!
Arbeiter heraus!

Arbeiter heraus!
Lasset es schallen von Haus zu Haus!
Nimmermehr bleiben wir sklavische Knechte,
Fordern gewaltig wir unsere Rechte!
Arbeiter heraus!

Arbeiter heraus!
Lasset es schallen von Haus zu Haus!
Dass sich das Recht und die Wahrheit verbreite,
Schliesst die Reihen zum mächtigen Streite!
Arbeiter heraus!

H. J. B.

Der erste Mai

Von ALEXANDER JONAS.

Es ist unter den Völkern der Erde Sitte, dass sie gewisse Tage im Jahre festsetzen, welche die ganze Bevölkerung eines Landes gemeinschaftlich feiert. Sei es — von den religiösen Festen ganz abgesehen — zur Erinnerung an die Geburt von Menschen, die ihrem Vaterlande grosse Dienste geleistet haben, wie z. B. Washington und Lincoln, deren Geburtstag wir in den Fei. Staaten so gut wie allgemein feiern; sei es zum Andenken an grosse Ereignisse, die als segensbringend für die Geschichte eines Volkes betrachtet werden.

Für die Vereinigten Staaten bildet, wie allgemein bekannt, der 4. Juli, der Tag, an welchem die Unab-

hängigkeit der amerikanischen Kolonien von England proklamiert wurde, in dieser Beziehung das hervorragendste Beispiel.

An diesen Festtagen gedenken wir in Versammlungen oder durch Veröffentlichungen in Zeitungen und sonstigen Schriften der Verdienste jener Männer und der Wirkungen, welche die Ereignisse, um die es sich gerade bei den verschiedenen Festen handelt, für unser Land und für uns selbst gehabt haben und noch in Zukunft haben werden.

Es ist gleichsam ein grosser Gedanke, der alle die Menschen, die sonst im Leben getrennt sind und deren Aufmerksamkeit durch ihr tägliches Schaffen und Arbeiten auf die verschiedensten Dinge gerichtet wird, göstig zusammenführt; dass sie sich erinnern, wie sie eigentlich zusammengehören und im gemeinschaftlichen Wirken einem grossen Ziel entgegenstreben sollten.

Da nun aber die Ansichten der Menschenkinder, was ihnen zum Heile gereichen würde, sich im Laufe der Zeiten ändern, so ist es klar, dass auch von Zeit zu Zeit neue Festtage zur gemeinschaftlichen Feier eingesetzt werden, je nachdem sich inzwischen Ereignisse vollzogen haben, welche die neuen Ideen der Menschen fördern und sie zu ver-

Das grösste Ereigniss unserer Zeit ist nun aber die Verkündung der sozialistischen Lehre. Alles was sonst seit einem Jahrhundert in der Welt gesehehen ist, versinkt dagegen in nichts.

Das Ziel des Sozialismus, die Etablierung eines Reiches der Brüderlichkeit, begründet auf der gemeinschaftlichen Arbeitsweise, mit all' den segensreichen Folgen, die für die ganze Menschheit daraus hervorgehen und Not und Elend für immer aus der Welt verbannen werden — dieses Ziel ist nur zu erreichen durch Kampf. Durch Kampf gegen die dunklen Mächte der Unterdrückung und Ausbeutung. Und um diesen Kampf siegreich zu führen, müssen sich alle diejenigen zusammenschliessen, welche die Ziele des Sozialismus anerkennen; vor Allem

aber diejenigen, welche mit Hand oder Kopf etwas Nützlichtes tun oder hervorbringen, aber den grössten Teil des Wertes ihrer Arbeit an die kapitalistischen Ausbeuter abgeben müssen.

Und damit die Mahnung an dieses Zusammenkämpfen, an dieses brüderliche Streben nach ihrem grossen Ziele immer frisch bleibe und immer von Neuem angefeuert werde, haben die Arbeiter aller Länder der Welt und alle, die mit diesen sympathisieren, einen Tag im Jahre festgesetzt, an dem sie, wenn möglich, die Arbeit ruhen lassen und sich gleichsam die Hände reichen über Länder und Meere, über Gebirge und Wästen, nur von dem einen Gedanken besetzt, dass sie — nach den Worten des grossen deutschen Dichters Schiller, sind:

„ein einzig Volk von Brüdern, in keiner Not sich trennen und Gefähr!“

Dieser Tag ist der 1. Mai! Beim Hereinbrechen des Frühlings blüht auch die Hoffnung im Herzen der Menschen wieder auf. Und an jedem 1. Mai sagen sich, von sozialistischem Geiste erfüllt, Millionen von Arbeitern der verschiedensten Nationalitäten, in den verschiedensten Sprachen, dass sie heute schon ein Volk sind und nicht aufhören wollen, vereinigt zu kämpfen, bis die Menschheit von aller Bedrückung befreit ist.

Darum ist dieser 1. Mai von jetzt an der grösste Feiertag, den die Welt noch je gesehen. Denn woran er gemahnt, betrifft nicht nur ein einzelnes Volk, sondern alle Völker, die ganze Menschheit.

Und die Jugend sollte ihn vor Allen feiern; sie sollte daran denken, dass ihre Zukunft, ihr ganzes Leben sich um so herrlicher gestalten wird, je früher es den jetzt Lebenden und Kämpfenden gelingt, den sozialistischen Zielen nahe zu kommen.

Und einst wird der 1. Mai als Siegestag gefeiert werden, als eine freudige Erinnerung daran, dass nach unsäglichen Kämpfen und Mühen die Befreiung der Menschheit gelungen ist.

Und so mancher Knabe und manches Mädchen, die an den jetzigen Maiafest der sozialistischen Arbeiterschaft teilnehmen, werden — so hoffen wir zuversichtlich — jenen Siegestag noch erleben. Und dann werden sie der dann lebenden Generation erzählen von den schweren Kämpfen ihrer Zeit und wie sie zum ersten Mal zur Erkenntnis dessen gekommen sind, was der 1. Mai bedeutet, und von jenem Tage an der grossen Sache des Sozialismus treu geblieben sind, bis das Ziel erreicht war.

Ein Blick in die alte Welt

Von JOS. JODLBAUER.

Wer möchte gerne eine Reise machen? Alle jungen Leser und Leserinnen des „Little Socialist Magazine“ werden mit Begeisterung antworten: „Ich möchte reisen!“

Zum wirklichen Reisen gehört Geld, mehr Geld als in dem Heim armer Leute anzufinden ist. Das ist das Hindernis, weswegen Arbeiter und ihre Kinder so selten zu einer wirklichen Reise kommen. Mangel an Geld verschliesst ihnen alle Schönheiten der Welt.

Wenn wir nicht wirklich reisen können, so gibt es ein Etwas, das dafür einigermaßen entschädigt: Man kann reisen im Gedanken, es ist möglich, mit den Sinnen die Welt zu durchfliegen.

In wenigen Tagen bringt uns heute einer der neuesten Riesen-dampfer über den atlantischen Ozean. Von dort, gleich an welcher Stelle der Küste Europa's wir ankommen, bringt uns das Dampfross in 20 bis 30 Stunden bis in das Herz eines der herrlichsten Gebirge der Welt, in die Alpen.

Eine der schönsten Städte der Alpen ist Graz, die Landeshauptstadt der grünen Steiermark, die ein Kronland des Hauses Oesterreich ist. Dort wollen wir aussteigen und einer Einrichtung der sozialistischen Arbeiterschaft einen Besuch abstatten, die jungen Sozialisten und Sozialistinnen Freude in das Herz bringt. Diese Einrichtung heisst: „Arbeiterverein Kinderfreunde.“

Wir kommen in der von waldigen Bergen umsäumten Stadt jetzt im schönen Monate Mai an. Es ist Sonntag, 6 Uhr früh. Auf ein paar herrlichen Ulmen des inmitten

des Arbeiterwohngebietes gelegenen Parkes, „Volksgarten“, pfeifen massenhaft Amseln. Im Morgensonnenschein jubiliert ein Heer von Singvögeln, während es in den Gräsern glänzt als ob Milliarden von Diamanten ausgestreut wären.

Kaum hat es sechs Uhr geschlagen, beginnt in den Kieswegen ein eigenartiges Leben. Kleines Volk ist es, das amarschiert kommt. Knaben und Mädchen, 6 bis 14 Jahre alt. Sie alle strömen auf einem Platz zusammen, wo man ab und zu eine Tafel sieht mit der Aufschrift: „Spielplatz des Arbeitervereins Kinderfreunde.“

Mittwoch und Samstag nachmittags, an welchen Nachmittagen es in den Volksschulen keine Unterrichtsstunden gibt, und an Abenden herrscht auf diesem Spielplatz munteres Treiben. Im Sommer bei Spielen aller Art, im Winter bei Eis- und Schneesport vergnügen sich hier die Kinder des Proletariats. Die Aufsicht führen erwachsene Personen, zum Teil Lehrkräfte der staatlichen Volksschulen. Weithin schallendes, silberhelles Lachen legt Zeugnis ab, dass sich das kleine Volk in der ozonreichen Luft des Parkes, fernab von den Gefahren der Strassen, wohl fühlt und köstlich amüsiert.

Doch da wir kommen ist Sonntag. Die Hunderte von kleinen Leuten, die wir bei unserer Ankunft um 6 Uhr morgens schon zusammenströmen sehen, stehen heute vor Grösserem. Kühn und lustig glänzen die Augen in den Gesichtern; die Ränzlein auf den Rücken geht es hinaus in Hügel und Wälder.

Ein Trupp von Jungens, Mitglieder des Verbandes jugendlicher Arbeiter Oesterreichs, sind schon früher amarschiert. Ihr Weg führt sie stundenweit von der Stadt fort. Sie, die schon den Staub der Werkstätten und Fabriken schlucken müssen, pumpen ihre Lungen jeden Sonntag gehörig aus. Das Angenehme und Nützliche nach allen Richtungen verbindend; erhalten sie dabei, durch hierzu befähigte Kräfte, Anschauungsunterricht auf zoologischen, botanischen und geologischen Gebieten. Sie lernen dabei die Augen offen halten, logisch denken, die Wirklichkeit richtig einschätzen.

Auch die „Frühaufsteher“, die als Schützlinge des Vereins „Kinderfreunde“ in die schöne Natur hinausmarschieren, bleiben nicht ohne praktischen Anschauungsunterricht,

wenn auch ein grosser Teil der Zeit, die an den einzelnen Rasenpunkten verbracht wird, mit den verschiedensten Spielen ausgefüllt wird. Diese Jungens und Mädels sind noch Kinder, sie haben ein Recht darauf, sich auszutollen; wo bekäme ihnen dies besser als unter den Bäumen des Hochwaldes und auf den duftenden Waldwiesen?

Noch ein zweitesmal wird es an Sonntagen auf dem Spielplatz der Kinderfreunde im Grazer Volksgarten lebendig. Es ist Mittag vorüber. Die Sonne hat den Zenit verlassen, ihre Strahlen fallen schon etwas schräge und ihre Wärmewirkung ist etwas geringer geworden. Die am Morgen verhindert gewesenen Kinder, auch Babies von 3 bis 6 Jahren, kommen angetrippelt, sie wollen noch erhaschen, was an Freude an der Natur, an Spiel und Lust bis zum Eintritte der Dunkelheit sich noch erhaschen lässt. An einem schönen Plätzchen, das so gelegen ist, dass es von den schon morgens ausgewanderten Kindern und Jungens auf dem Heimwege berührt wird, in nächster Nähe der Stadt, kommen auch sie noch auf ihre Rechnung.

Weithin schallende Signalhuppen, die auch im Walde Ordnung schaffen, ertönen! Die Trupps, bei denen sich auch immer viele Erwachsene, Aufsichtspersonen und Eltern, befinden, treffen sich. In langem Zuge, fröhlich plaudernd, begeistert von den Erlebnissen des Tages, geht es dem Ausgangspunkte der Touren im Volksgarten zu. Ein herrliches Abschiednehmen . . . bald schliesst der Schlaf die Augenlider!

Dass diese Kinder auch im Winter keine Lust zum Stubenhocken haben, braucht wohl nicht erst erschildert zu werden. Der Spielplatz des Sommers wird zur spiegelglatten Eisfläche gemacht, auf mässigen Hügeln geht es auf schnellen Schlitten abwärts, und ein wie prächtiges Baumaterial ist der Schnee für junge geschickte Hände! Ist es draussen gar zu schlimm, gibt es Märchenabende, belehrende und belustigende Stereoptikbilder, auch eine grosse dem Zwecke angepasste Bibliothek wird fleissig benutzt.

Könnten wir länger verweilen, würden wir noch viel des Schönen sehen und hören können. Aber auch für diese frohen Kinderscharen kommt ein erster Tag. Mit 14 Jahren verlassen sie die Schule, der

Ernst des Lebens beginnt. Eine erhebende Feier, die Jugendweihe, vereint die an diesem wichtigen Lebensabschnitte angelangten Knaben und Mädchen noch einmal mit den Gespielen ihrer Kinderzeit.

Festlich gekleidet und geschmückt, ziehen die Scharen diesmal in den Festsaal. Bisher war es noch immer der herrliche Stefaniensaal, der die Ausscheidenden mit den Bleibenden ein letztesmal vereint. Wichtig brausen die Töne der mächtigen Orgel durch den Raum. Die Arbeiter-sänger weitere mit dem gewaltigen Instrument. In schlichten Worten nimmt der Obmann des Vereins vom Podium aus Abschied von den Scheidenden. Aber auch väterliche Ermahnung wird den neuen Kämpfern im Lebenskampfe zuteil. Bei allen bisherigen Jugendweihen fand sich Genosse Pernerstorfer, Vizepräsident des österreichischen Parlaments, aus Wien in Graz ein. Seine hohe, aufrechte Gestalt, sein weisser Bart, tragen nicht wenig dazu bei, die Worte, die sein klangvolles Organ spricht, den Jungens und Mädels unvergesslich zu machen. Kämpfer für eine neue, bessere Welt sind der bleibende Gewinn, den das Proletariat aus diesem Wirken zieht.

Wenn wir nach diesen Erfahrungen wieder in das Getriebe der neuen Welt zurückgekehrt sind, könnten wir einmal fragen, warum es in Amerika ein solches Wirken nicht gibt. Ungezählte Massen von Proletariatskindern haben hier nicht weniger Sehnsucht nach Freude und Lebenslust, als die Arbeiterkinder der alten Welt.

AUFLÖSUNG

des Rätsels und der Rätselfragen in der vorigen Nummer.

1. Freier.
2. Eins; nachher ist er nicht mehr mühtern.
3. Der Schlüssel.

RAETSEL.

Mit „F“ in Gruben und Kerkern,
Mit „S“ in Stuben und Erkern,
Mit „K“ über Stecken und Feuern,
Mit „N“ hinter Hecken und Scheuern.

RAETSELFRAGEN.

Wohin ging Karl als er zwölf Jahre alt war?
Was entsteht, wenn man vor eine Wand ein Licht stellt?

Mai-Feier der Kleinen

Von LUDWIG HAND.

„Zieh mir die neuen Kleider an,
Zur Mutter spricht's der kleine Jan

Mit einem Freudenschrei.
„Heut ist der Erste Mai!“

„Zieh mir die neuen Kleider an,
Zu meinem Lehrer sag ich dann:
Die Eltern sind zu Haus,
Wir gehen heute aus!“

Zum Vater trippelt Lehnchen hin.
„Ich sag zu meiner Lehrerin:
Die Eltern haben frei,
Wir feiern Ersten Mai!“

Der Vater hebt den Liebling hoch.
„Trotz alledem! Wir feiern doch!
Wir feiern unsern Mai,
Die Arbeit werde frei!“

Die Sonntagskleider holt herbei,
Es ist ja heut der Arbeit Mai!
Zum Maientag geschmückt,
Die Kinder in die Schule schickt!

Karl Marx

(Continued from page 4)

Horace Greeley was very favorable to the Socialist doctrine. His ideas, however, were not of the kind that the great wealthy newspapers wanted. Just as to-day they wished to please the men in power, the capitalists, against whose interests Marx was fighting. So his work was poorly paid and his family had to struggle hard to keep alive. But they gladly bore everything to help their beloved father. For despite his great work which took almost all of his attention, Marx found time to be a close friend to his children. Often visitors found him crawling on the floor with one of them riding on his back or romping around like a child with a happy group of young-

sters about him. He never ordered his children never found it necessary to use the word „forbid.“ For they loved him so sincerely that they did everything in their power to please him and never tried to do anything which might cause him displeasure. He had five beautiful children, but two of them, a splendid boy and girl, died as a result of the hard times they had to live through. The death of his children affected Marx very deeply. Each time one of them was taken from him it seemed as if all joy had left his life, and only his intense love for all humanity, his desire to help the great working class kept him ever hopeful at his work. But when, after forty years of faithful love and self-sacrificing service at her husband's side his wife, Jenny, was torn away from him, Marx seemed to lose all interest in life. His health failed rapidly, and he died soon afterward.

The family life of Karl Marx is a beautiful example of what Socialism will do. It will bring helpful consideration, and loving understanding where to-day there is constant strife and misunderstanding.

Karl Marx's daughters have been faithful to his memory. Only three of them reached the age when they could continue the work their father began, and they did it splendidly. All three married prominent Socialists. The one daughter, Eleanor, became the wife of Dr. Aveling and rendered valuable service to the party movement in England. She died several years ago. Jennie married Comrade Longuet, but died a few years afterwards. The only living daughter, Laura, is the wife of one of our leading French comrades, Paul Lafargue, and is giving all her energy and power toward carrying on the work her father so nobly began.

A PRIZE FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Every boy and girl who sends fifty cents for ONE NEW subscriber will receive, on request, one of the following books:

"Wendell Phillips" "Now and Then" "Shoot to Kill"

For the amount of FIVE NEW subscribers we will send one of the following fine novels:

"Looking Backward" "The Sea Wolf" "The Son of the Wolf" "The Jungle"
 "Call of the Wild" "Daughter of the Snows" "Little Brother of the Rich"
 "The Sale of an Appetite" "Evolution of Man" "The Iron Heel"

For TEN NEW subscribers either of these:

"Forgings of the New" "Love of Life" "The Spy"

For FIFTEEN NEW subscribers sent in within one year we will present these beautiful story books.

"The Money Changers" "Mother" "Lost Face" "Revolution" "Martin Eden"

Every book on the above lists is highly entertaining and instructive. NOW LET US SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR US AND FOR YOURSELVES.

Write name and address of yourself and that of subscriber plainly and do not forget to write City or Post Office and the State, and STATE WHAT BOOK YOU DESIRE.

Little Socialist Magazine
 15 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK

Every Mother and Father should read:

Bebel's Masterpiece
WOMAN AND SOCIALISM

510 Pages, Elegantly Bound. Postage Prepaid \$1.50

The Sexual Question as viewed by Church, State, Science and Pathology
 in the PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE.

SOCIALIST LITERATURE CO.
 15 Spruce Street, New York