



THE Little Socialist MAGAZINE. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1911

No. 1

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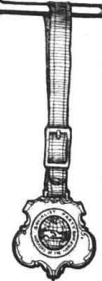
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The New Year—The New Time

In the last few hours of the thirty-first day of December all those, who are not obliged to work then, or who are not too poor, celebrate the dying of the old year and the birth of the new. They try to forget all the sad things of the passing year and to look forward with hope and joy to the year that will soon take the place of the old.

Old people celebrate New Year's eve with altogether different thoughts than the young. They look with smiling satisfaction upon all they have accomplished. They think of the many New Year's days which they have celebrated. Their thoughts revert to the many friends who have lived and died in that long time. The young people look only forward. They are yet too young to have a past of any consequence.

The Socialists enter upon the New Year with altogether different thoughts. They do not look back upon the past or the approaching year in particular. Their mental vision reaches back to the beginning of time and down thru the ages of human development to the present day.

They see how all that is around us today, rich and poor, armies and navies, rulers and subjects, poverty and crime has come into existence partly by the indifference and partly by the selfishness of men. They have learned that as humans have brought about all these things, so humans can also change them. Their greatest task is to overcome the dense ignorance which has been fastened upon mankind by the ruling powers.

Altho they do not measure the progress of the human race by the advance of one year, still the Socialists of this country have been greatly encouraged by the election of the first Socialist to Congress and many more to State legislatures.

All those who are weary and heavy laden, all those who are out of work and starving, all those who suffer illness and are unable to pay the doctor's bills, all the children in the factories, in short all those who have been stricken down by one of these afflictions and who have given heed to the new goddess of liberty—Socialism, are looking forward to the New Year as the dawning of a new future. And as Socialism points to the rising sun of a new era which shall make the whole world free, millions longing for freedom of body and soul rejoice.



*"War—What for?" Kirkpatrick. 350 pages. Cloth, \$1.20. Socialist Literature Co., 15 Spruce St., N. Y.

For Our High School Readers

WAR—WHAT FOR?*

The following is an extract from the book with above title, by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick. Every boy and girl of the high school should reread to read this wonderful book.

In 1898 a company of working-class volunteers was organized in a Western city to go to Cuba to slaughter the workingmen of the Spanish army and thus secure greater opportunity for American capitalists. On the day of departure of the volunteer company the people, thousands of them, assembled in a wide, public square, surrounding the volunteers. Suddenly a high table was rushed to the centre of the square and a lowly follower of the Peaceful Jesus—a preacher—took his place upon this table, his eyes flashing hate. All hats were off, and heads bowed. The preacher prayed, using the name of God and the ears of the people. That prayer was an assault—an assault upon the finest sentiments that bloom in the human heart, the sentiments of the brotherhood of man.

His ferocious rhetoric set on fire the gullible souls of young men, humble women, innocent small boys and tender little girls. With crafty eloquence he petted the working-class volunteers till they stood more erect in manly pride and licked their lips for the blood of almost equally ignorant Spanish workingmen. With flattering phrases he seductively praised the

plain women who bore these "brave boys" now ready to butcher, praised them till these gentle mothers were keen with a savage gladness that they had borne these men now burning to slaughter their fellow men. With artful power of phrase and voice the preacher praised the small boys present, praying for "more brave boys in future years to stand by the flag," caressed them thus that they too might rend the flesh of human beings in war—somewhere, anywhere, somehow, sometime. And then with cunning suggestiveness he invaded the holy of holies, the innocent imaginations of little tender girls present, brutally outraged the sacred instincts of kindness, till these young doll-lovers were half-excited with a dim but horrible hope, till their faces flushed in anticipation of the patriotic part they too in future years might have in sending their assassin sons to the front.

The prayer ended. The preacher rolled his eyes and fervently belated, "Amen!"

Doubtless many a shot-torn boy soldier, wallowing in his own blood, his chest crushed by the hoofs of galloping horses, his splintered bones grinding together at every move, the roar of cannons and the din of curses, prayers, yells, sobs, and groans of dying comrades crowding into his ears—thinks of that clergyman at home (and safe), who fired his and his fellow fighters' hearts with "lust of death and vulgar slaughter."

For centuries millions have thus been betrayed by the "followers of the Prince of Peace." Thus the cross dips to the cannon.

THE SNOW-MAN



It was the night after a snow-storm, when a number of boys decided to make a snow-man. They began by packing a heap of snow about as high as a man. Then they hammered this heap with the flat part of the shovels. The heap now was quite solid, and looked like all heaps of this kind, pointed at the top and getting wider and wider toward the bottom.

One of the boys, who was quite a little artist at school, then cut off those parts of the heap which were not necessary, until the heap finally had the shape of a human being. Then they rolled a snowball in the snow until it grew as big as a man's head. This they placed on the snow-man. Two pieces of coal were used as eyes, an old hat was placed on the head and a stick on the arm, and the snow-man was completed.

Oh, how the boys did work. That is because they liked the work. They did not get any money for working so hard. If their parents had ordered them to do so much work, they would have grumbled and perhaps even shed bitter tears.

This shows us that we all like work, if we are not forced to do it. But if we do the work for which we have a liking, it will be pleasure. Boys like to dig in the sand, or build houses and tents, and girls are fond of making doll's dresses or to cut out pictures for a scrap book.

After the boys were finished they went home, and, oh my, what an appetite they had from their labor!

It was growing dark when some girls, who were working in

a factory, came along. They had been in a dirty room, filled with the breath of hundreds of other beings. This made them sick very often. When they spied the snow-man, with a merry shout they threw snowballs at him. It was great fun for them, because they had very little fun, but so much more hard work which they did not like.

The girls forgot all about supper which was awaiting them at home, and they kept on snowballing the snowman until he fell over. Then they gave a great cry of delight and ran off.

That night their meals tasted better than ever before, because of the exertion in the fresh air, while at other times they came home tired from their work in the dingy factory.

OFF FOR PRISON

By F. POWERS

Henry Wilson was a good-natured little boy. He was never happy except when he could give something to another. Often, when playing marbles, (and he was a good player), and having won nearly every one from his playmates, he would give them back again after the game.

He was also a bright scholar and gave his teachers much pleasure. His penmanship, especially, was excellent, and visitors expressed their delight and wonder whenever his writing-books were displayed. In the drawing class he had no equal, and his teacher predicted a great future for him, as he recognized in Henry an artistic nature which only needed further cultivation.

Henry's parents were poor but ambitious that their boy should have an excellent education, so that he might have the best of opportunities to become a great artist. They did not do this to reap any benefit for themselves out of any fortune that he might make as a successful artist, but simply because, like all good parents, they wished their child both success and happiness.

When Henry completed his school studies he secured a position as apprentice in an art establishment, where all the handsome colored pictures are designed and printed which are found in the great illustrated magazines. Altho he did not get much pay in the beginning, still it was enough to pay his care and lunch. In

school, such as are to be found in the large cities.

He made rapid progress and finally he decided to become a painter, after he had been with the art publishers about five years. He was now twenty years old. Like in school, he was still the kind-hearted, modest fellow. He was naturally quiet and harmless.

Strange to say, the pictures he painted, altho they were highly artistic in every particular, did not find any purchaser. The few dollars he had saved were used to defray his meagre expenses. Being of a modest, retiring nature, his wants were few.

Just about this time he fell in love with a girl whose handsome features were used by artists for various subjects. Her classic, soulful countenance reflected the pure soul within her, and Henry was ambitious to obtain an income large enough to set up an humble home for her.

At last it seemed that fortune favored him, for an art dealer paid him a handsome price, which was large enough, in the opinion of Henry, to support him and a wife for nearly a year. So they married and a happier couple could scarcely be found.

Hardly six weeks had passed when Henry, who had worked too diligently, was thrown upon a sickbed. For nearly three months he merely existed between life and death. Finally his youth

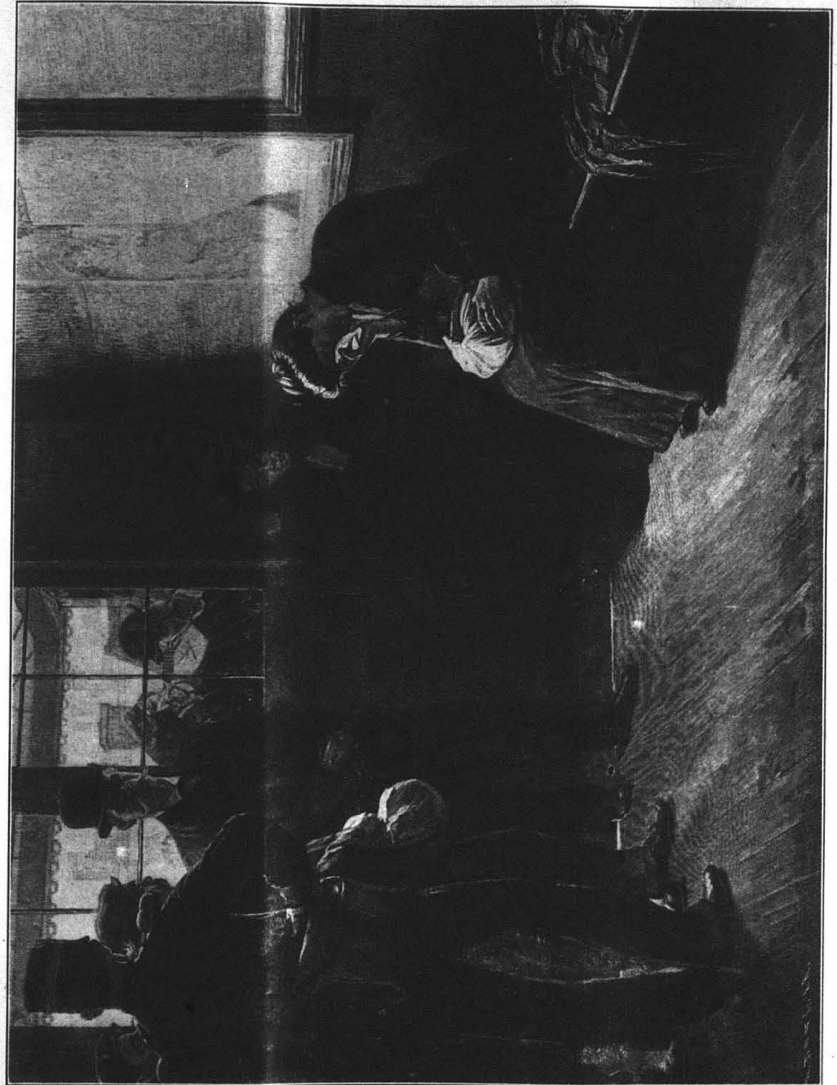
he was obliged to rest from his labors, so as to regain his former strength.

But his illness had exhausted all his money. This worried him so much that he could not recover. His young wife also was losing her strength and her beauty from the many weary nights which she had passed at his bedside.

Growing desperate at the sight of her failing health Henry, who was a skillful imitator of hand-writings, forged a check and came thereby into the possession of several hundred dollars. His wife was horrified when she learned what he had done, but she forgave him because she knew it was his goodness that drove him to this step.

But the law does not forgive. His forgery was discovered and he was sentenced to prison. Terrible was the day when they had to bid each other good-bye. Henry could not speak. His emotion fairly choked him. She wept bitterly, and not many weeks later she died, alone and friendless.

It is sad that a man must go to prison for doing an act prompted by desperation and by the kindness of his heart. Some day no one will be driven to such acts, because mankind will then have learned that all such sad occurrences are due to a wrong state of society. To make it plainer to our young friends, things must be so arranged that nobody need be poor nor driven



OFF FOR PRISON

The Little Socialist Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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



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on Socialist Sunday School work as will be
of general interest.

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under the Act of March 3, 1897.

TO OUR READERS.

Read the offer on page 16.

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

What are you doing for THE
LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGA-
ZINE? Did you show it to your
friends?

**A Happy
NEW YEAR
To All!**

EDITORIALS

TAKE NOTICE

With this number THE LIT-
TLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE
begins its fourth year. It is strug-
gling hard to get along. Its legs
are not very strong and it can only
walk alone if all its little and big
friends will help it to grow
stronger.

IF THE LITTLE SOCIALIST
MAGAZINE asked you to start a
baseball team, it would perhaps
not take long before you would
have one organized, and our little
girl friends would not lose much
time to get up a surprise party for
some one, if they were requested to
do so, but neither of them seem to
care when their magazine urges
them to try to get more readers
for it.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST
MAGAZINE feels dreadfully lone-
some in New York where it lives,
because it has most of its friends
in other states.

Horrible Accident

A few days before Christmas
there occurred a terrible explosion
right in the heart of New York
City. In a moment there were
many dead and wounded in the
neighborhood and countless win-
dows were smashed, houses and
trolley cars wrecked, and every-
where could be seen frightened
people with blanched faces, running
to and fro in frantic confusion.

The newspapers were filled with
accounts of the accidents. Sad
stories were told of those who were
torn to pieces and scattered all
over the neighborhood, of the suf-
fering of the wounded and of the
lamentations of the grief-stricken

relatives, who were anxiously try-
ing to find their dear ones or who
learned of their sudden horrible
death.

All over the city, yes, all over
the country people were talking
of this dreadful accident; but this
occurrence is nothing compared to
war which so many boys and girls
seem to think is such a nice thing.
An accident like this ought to prove
to everyone that we should despise
everyone who wants war.

Winter Sports

This is the time of the year
when boys and girls enjoy skat-
ing and coasting. Nearly every
boy or girl has a pair of skates or
a sled. They are so very cheap
compared with those of twenty-
five or fifty years ago.

Boys then often tied a piece of
hard wood under their shoes to
answer the purpose of a skate,
and straps were so dear then that
ropes were used for this purpose.
And oh my, you should have seen
the sleds! The runners were noth-
ing but two boards, with boards
nailed across the top.

The reason these are so cheap
now is because they are made by
machinery, but as machinery has
put many people out of work we
still find many poor, even more
poor people than formerly.

As our readers grow up and
look back to their childhood they
will find things very much
changed also. They will also be
surprised that so many children
will not believe them, just as we
find children today who think
they know more than their elders.

Black Moves and Wins

BY FRITZ



In the winter the evenings are
very long because the little boys
and girls cannot play in the open
air as long as in summer, when
the sun sets very late. In the
cities the children do not notice
this so much, because as soon as
it grows dark all the stores are
lit up, and thousands of electric
lights make the streets as bright
as day, but in the country it is
quite different.

In the country as soon as the
sun has set, even before it is dark,
all the poultry march into their
coops to roost for the night. The
birds also seek their nests, and
soon everything outside is dark

and quiet, especially in winter. In
summer, however, all those ani-
mals who are asleep in the day,
begin to wake up and fill the air
with many sounds, so that they
form one grand lovely chorus.
Oh, how we wish that all those
many thousands of children, who
live in cities, could hear it!

Mandy Johnson, a little colored
girl, had to go on a long errand
for her mother, who was too
tired when she came home at
night from her work, which con-
sisted of washing and ironing for
wealthy families in the neighbor-
hood, who gave her very little
pay for such hard labor.

Mandy was also a tireless little
worker. She was a regular lit-
tle housewife. She swept and
scrubbed the floor, washed the
dishes and very often cooked the
meals. She had very little time
for school, and altho she de-
lighted to learn, still she was not
overanxious to go to school, be-
cause her white schoolmates
treated her very shabbily, and we
are sorry to note it here, they mo-
lest and beat her at every op-
portunity, so that she went home
crying bitterly on many occa-
sions.

When she came home from the
errand just mentioned, which was

on a nasty, rainy day, her mamma had made a fresh, cheerful fire, close to which she hung Mandy's wet clothes. After Mandy had finished her supper, her mamma said that because she had been such a good little girl, she would play some games of checkers with her, for she knew that Mandy could not employ her time in the evening reading nice books, for she had none. So nothing pleased Mandy more than to play checkers, at which she was quite clever.

Oh, how she would laugh and clap her hands gleefully when she had made a move which sorely puzzled her mamma. It seems to us that Mandy is about to make a move which will win the game for her. See how her mamma is watching her, wondering whether she will make a mistake this time.

It shows us, however, that the brains can be as bright in the head of a little picaninny, as negro children are called down South, as in the head of any little white boy or girl. Colored people have just as much right to get an education and a chance to get along in the world as anyone else.

The other day a young colored man called at the office of The Little Socialist Magazine, who was born in Germany. It was queer to hear him speak an elegant German. He was a machinist, who had received his education at a school of technology in Hamburg. He was surprised to see how cruelly his race was treated in this country, while in Germany the people do not think less of people because of a different color.

Every color of the rainbow is just as good as the other, is it not? There are flowers of different color, but all are pretty. There are people of different color, but all are good and useful.

Socialist School Commandments

By JIM

IV.

Strive to be happy by performing each day a good and useful action.

Last month the editor of THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE said to his young readers: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." This advice was in line with the spirit of the Socialist School Commandment given above.

The happiest people in the world are those who are constantly doing something to make others happy. It may be in helping our parents, or in being courteous to others, or in doing something to help Socialism, (by distributing literature, for instance), but whatever the action, if we feel it is useful, we are bound to be the happier for the performance of it.

Socialist boys and girls should always be considerate of their

The large hall of the New York Labor Temple was jammed when the Socialist School held its Christmas entertainment. The Kindergarten did excellent work. Two playlets were produced in which solos were sung. The gymnastic classes also delighted the audience with calisthenics, building of human pyramids and exercises on the parallel bars. Other New York Socialist Schools also gave delightful entertainments.

The Socialist School of the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum also

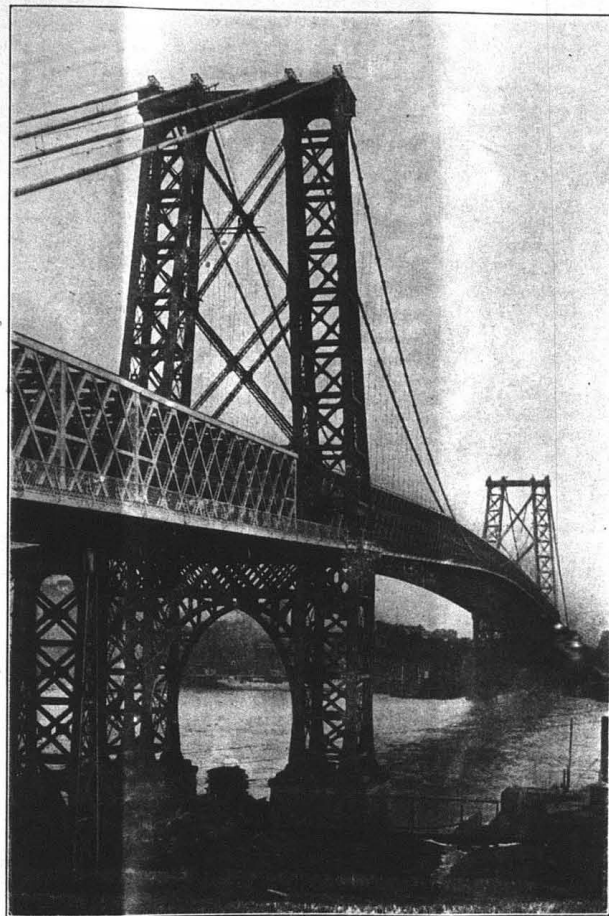
parents, and do all they can to help them. I say Socialist boys and girls especially, because they can realize better than others how hard their parents have to work for them. The young Socialist will therefore perform the household "chores" willingly.

There is still another reason why you should be helpful to your parents. The men who oppose Socialism say it will "break up the family life." And many people who do not know any better believe them. But when these people see that Socialist families live happily together, that parents are interested in helping their children and children in helping their parents, they will not believe those who lie about our movement. So you can see that by observing this commandment you will be helping not only yourselves and those around you, but the cause of Socialism as well.

proved that it was one of the best progressive schools in the country. This school thru its teacher, Comrade Jülich, does a great deal for THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE and we wish that other teachers would imitate him.

Free German School, Long Island City, had a late Christmas entertainment on New Year's day. Beside recitations and songs a nice little play, entitled "The Reward," was acted with much skill.

A New York Suspension Bridge



Many of our little readers may never see this wonderful bridge, which is one of several spanning the East River, on the eastern shore of New York City. It is a

all their lives in one place, and others in another. This prevents them from seeing many nice things.

A bridge like this is one of the wonders of the world. It has been

created and erected by the combined labor of thousands of men. Perhaps you think it stands on the surface on either shore. My gracious, no! It is made all of steel and weighs millions of

pounds, and would tumble together even before the uprights were put up.

It is necessary to dig down sometimes more than a hundred feet until solid rock is reached. It is impossible to describe to you the difficulties of such digging. You must remember that whenever the least hole is dug at the shore of a large body of water, water fills up the hole at once. Now just imagine, if you can, what immense contrivances must be used to get water out of a hole as big as perhaps a big house about five stories high.

◆◆◆◆◆

SOCIALIST SCHOOLS.

There was a composition prize contest at the West Hoboken Socialist School. Beatrice Paine, 14 years old, won the prize. She gave an excellent definition and description of the Class Struggle.

◆◆◆◆◆

The Free German School (Bronx) had no Christmas celebration this year, because it had to move out of its old quarters just a few weeks previous.

◆◆◆◆◆

All the Socialist schools of New York and vicinity had fine Christmas entertainments. There were very many children there from other schools who were surprised about the new and interesting things they heard there.

◆◆◆◆◆

"Hurry, give me a glass of water. Quick!"

"Are you in such a hurry?"

"Why, yes. I've got to drink another glass of it after that!"

◆◆◆◆◆

The poor make; the rich take.

Socialist Young People's Organizations.

Secretary's Office: Robert Danneberg, Vienna, I. Wollzeile 19.

4th Year.

No. 9.

November 15, 1910.

United States of America.

The young people's movement has lately received a fresh impetus. Our Chicago comrades are trying to create a national federation.

Germany.

The German young people's movement is progressing in a way which is most disagreeable to the ruling classes, in pursuance of which our young comrades are exposed to an increasing number of vexations. In a large number of cases pupils of technical evening schools have been forbidden to affiliate with our societies and to buy or even to read the "Arbeiterjugend."

NETHERLANDS

The Dutch Social-Democratic Young People's Federation "De Zaaier" ("the Sower") held its fifth annual congress at Leyden recently. The situation of the federation for the present is far from being satisfactory.

AUSTRIA

A meeting was called for the young military recruits. This was forbidden by the government. The party papers were also prohibited from announcing such a meeting. Nevertheless a meeting was held, but the government seized all the papers which published this news.

ITALY

After a long debate it was decided that no member of the Socialist Juvenile Organizations shall join in the Freemasons.

In 1950 millions of children will be living who may never see a steam-engine of any kind. You, who read this now, will then be, if living of course, fifty and more years old. Those children will be surprised about all the things which you will be able to tell them, just as you are when you hear anything of 1850. Many of you have never seen a horse-car, but it is not so many years ago since they were used.

◆◆◆◆◆

"Johnny," asked the teacher, "what keeps the sun from falling down?"

"Why, the beams, of course," said Johnny, and he was surprised when all the children laughed.

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean?

Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.

◆◆◆◆◆

JANUARY EVENTS.

Jan. 1, 1863—Abolition of negro slavery.

Jan. 3, 1521—Luther excommunicated by the Church.

Jan. 13, 1825—Abolition of slavery in Mexico.

Jan. 18, 1871—The new German empire proclaimed.

Jan. 20, 1783—The Union recognized as a republic by England.

Jan. 22, 1905—Massacre of workmen in St. Petersburg (Bloody Sunday).

Jan. 28, 1878—First appearance of the *N. Y. Volkszeitung*, the German Socialist daily.

Jan. 29, 1737—Thomas Paine, the great revolutionary author, born.

Jan. 30, 1894—Grand demonstration of the unemployed in New York.

History of Our Country for Boys and Girls.

By FREDERICK KRAFFT.

TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER

The emigrants who had been coming to this country ever since its discovery, were, as you have already learned, from Christian countries, and styled themselves Christians. But they had no distinct conception of the teachings of Christ after whom they named themselves. Some believed in this, the others in that portion of the book which is supposed to contain the foundation of the Christian religion. This book is known as the Bible.

Out of the Bible we learn that the early Christians practiced communism, that is they tried to own all things in common, and they did this to the best of their ability. Now, many Christian emigrants, who were unable to carry out the idea of communism in Europe, because Church and State were against it, formed communistic societies in this country.

One of the oldest of these societies was the one founded by the Shakers, so called because at their religious ceremonies they danced for hours, shaking their bodies in a peculiar manner.

The Harmony Society was formed by Germans. They located in Pennsylvania. They did not believe in marriage; so almost the entire community consisted of old bachelors and old maids. The Zoarites also hailed from Germany. They, at first, also practiced celibacy, which means they remained single.

Many more could be mentioned. One thing may be said, although they

were strictly religious, they were kind-hearted and sensible and never practiced the bigoted cruelty known among the Puritans. All these societies flourished more or less as long as land was to be obtained for almost nothing, and even for nothing.

After the Thirty-Year War of the two large Christian organizations, the Catholics and the Protestants in Europe, which had almost depopulated that continent, industry and everything connected began to recover and soon new conditions arose which puzzled the people. Many people, who had personally suffered under that terrible war, became disgusted with religion, and many brilliant men wrote against the wrongs of Church and State. But while some did this, others fought against wrongs and still others tried to bring about conditions in a practical way to abolish wrongs. Foremost among the latter was Robert Owen.

Robert Owen was born in England in 1771. He came to the conclusion that the only way of making better people was to improve the conditions under which they live, and he organized and carried out a plan which enabled people in his neighborhood to work and live much better than before.

His fame spread to all countries, and many of his admirers started communities on his plan in this country. He also came here and directed their management. He was very active and died

eighty-seven years old. Books are written on Owen and his communities, so that any one who chooses may get an excellent idea of what has been accomplished by them.

One year after Owen was born, Charles Fourier was born in France. He argued that much of human misery is mainly due to a lack of system; that too much is carelessly wasted. He mapped out such a perfect system that his fame also spread to this country.

Albert Brisbane introduced his ideas in America and succeeded in interesting Horace Greeley, founder of the New York Tribune, a man of great eloquence and character, and who was nominated for the presidency of this country in 1872 by the Democrats. Some of the most brilliant men of America, in the middle of the nineteenth century, became adherents of Fourier and joined the New Harmony Society as it was known.

But while all these communities and societies contained people from all walks of life, and largely of a higher intellectual standing, the increasing use of machinery often threw many people out of work, which of course brought suffering into many homes, and those who suffered began to wonder how they could prevent such occurrences.



Für unsere deutschen Leser!

Das Telephon.

Es war im Jahre 1864, als Philipp Reis ein Instrument hergestellt hatte, mit welchem man mit Hilfe eines Drahtes ungefähr von einer Straße zur anderen sprechen konnte. Ach, wie freute sich der arme, blasse Mann, welcher viele Jahre an dieser Erfindung gearbeitet hatte, als er die ersten Worte durch dieses Instrument vernahm. Der Draht ging in seinem Hause von einem der unteren Zimmer hinauf in sein Dachzimmer, wo er an seinem Instrument experimentierte hatte.

Seine Frau sprach unten: „Die Sonne ist aus Z u d e r gemacht,“ und er verstand oben: „Die Sonne ist aus Kupfer gemacht.“ Das Instrument arbeitete noch nicht ganz richtig, er fing also wieder an, es zu verbessern; doch strengte er sich so sehr dabei an, daß er schwer krank wurde. Er bekam die Schwindsucht und verlor schließlich seine Stimme, so daß er monatelang vor seinem Tode nicht sprechen konnte.

Wie traurig ist es doch, daß ein Mensch, welcher der Menschheit eine neue Stimme gab, seine eigene verstören mußte. Er wurde in Friedhof begraben, und die Geschichte seiner Erfindung wurde auf seine Grabstein eingemeißelt. Einige Jahre später verbesserte Professor Graham Bell aus den Vereinigten Staaten diese Erfindung und wurde ein reicher Mann dadurch, und jetzt gibt es große Telephon-Trusts, welche viele Millionen Dollars aus dieser Erfindung ziehen. Philipp Reis aber starb arm und elend, wie so viele andere Erfinder vor und nach ihm.

Es ist eine Schande, daß die Menschen, welche so viel Oufere für die Menschheit getan haben, so viel zu leiden haben, während andere, welche nichts dazu beigetragen haben, sich daran bereichern. Wir können das aber ändern, wenn wir nur wollen.

Erlo's Versprechen.

Es war ein schöner, kalter Tag im Januar, als Erlo mit seinem Vater einen Spaziergang durch den Wald machte. Ihn dahin zu gelangen, mußten sie zuerst eine lange Strecke mit der Trolleybahn fahren, denn sie wohnten mitten in der Stadt.

Der kleine Erlo ging seit September zum ersten Male in die Schule. Zuerst wollten die bösen Buchstaben gar nicht in seinen Kopf, aber jetzt konnte er schon ganz nett lesen und er freute sich sehr darüber. Jeden Tag, wenn er aus der Schule kam, buchstabierte er die Schilder an den Geschäftsäden, und wenn er ein Wort nicht verstand, so fragte er seinen Vater oder seine Mutter.

Als Weihnachten heranrückte, wurde Erlo ziemlich unaufmerksam in der Schule. Seine Gedanken waren immer bei dem Weihnachtsmann, den er auf Bildern und auf der Straße vor einem großen Spielwarenladen gesehen hatte. Auch dachte er immer an die schönen Spielsachen, die er dort gesehen.

Nun waren seine Weihnachtsferien vorüber und er mußte nun wieder zur Schule. Das schien ihm gar nicht zu gefallen. Deshalb nahm ihn nun sein Vater spazieren. Als sie nun auf der Trolleybahn fuhren, bemerkte Erlo so viele neue Dinge, über die er zu fragen hatte, und sein Vater erklärte ihm das so schön, daß Erlo bald wieder froh war. „Stehst Du,“ sagte sein Vater, „wenn Du hübsch fleißig in der Schule bist, dann wirst Du Vieles wissen, denn alles das, was Du wir en willst, kannst Du in Deinen Büchern lesen. Willst Du nun recht artig und fleißig sein, damit Du auch einmal alles weißt?“

Erlo versprach, das zu tun, und als sie nun in den Wald gingen, war Erlo so froh, daß er versprochen hatte, fleißig zu sein.

Rätsel.

Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein
In einem großen Haus,
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,
Die ganze Welt heraus.

Ein Maler sieht immer dort,
Kennt seine Kunst genau,
Malt alle Dinge fort und fort,
Weiß, schwarz, rot, grün und blau.

Ein Zauberer ist's, das sag' ich Ihnen;
Was saht der Erde Schöpfen,
Das malt er auf ein Fletchen hin,
Wie eine Erbe groß.

Auch was der Hausherr denkt und steht,
Malt er ans Fenster an,
Daß jeder, der vorübergeht,
Es deutlich sehen kann.

Und freut der Herr im Hause sich,
Und nimmt der Schmerz ihn ein,
Dann zeigen öfter Ferkel sich
An beiden Fensterlein.

Und geht des Hauses Herr zur Ruht,
Nicht braucht er dann ein Licht;
Dann schlägt der Tod die Läden zu,
Und ach, das Fenster bricht.

Ca e l l i.



Rätselfragen.

Warum ist der Tod der billigste Arzt?
Wie hieß der erste Dichter?



Kinder müssen immer fleißig sein.
Seht euch in der Natur um. Jedes Tierchen ist fleißig. Die Spinnne, die Ameise, die Vögel, die großen Tiere, auch die Fische im Wasser. Wer nicht fleißig ist, ist krank. Wist du krank?



Nichts führt zum Guten, das nicht natürlich ist. (Schiller.)

Sind Christ und Jude eher Christ und Jude als Mensch? (Jesing.)

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