



THE Little Socialist MAGAZINE. FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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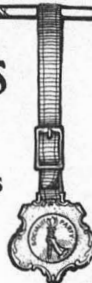
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History of Our Country for Boys and Girls.

By **FREDERICK KRAFFT.**

TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

In 1852 a new political party, the American party, came into existence. They were styled "Know-Nothings." Their motto was "America for the Americans." They tried to keep foreigners from voting until they had been in this country for many years. They also sought to prevent the power of the Catholic church from spreading. They molested and persecuted all foreigners, and the latter suffered very much under their cruel intolerance. Strange to say the government did not punish the Know-nothings as it justly should have done, for the reason this government is and thinks just like the majority of its people.

President Taylor, who had been elected in 1848, died, and Vice-President Fillmore filled the unexpired term. The slavery question was becoming more acute about this time and there were many heated discussions in Congress.

No other book, since Thomas Paine had stirred the American people with his "Common Sense," created such a stir as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. It reached the hearts of the masses, but it will never outlive Paine's book.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a law had been passed, that all slaves escaping from their owners into a free state, should be returned to the owners by that state. This law was openly resisted in many places, and on

the floor of Congress knives and pistols were drawn in personal fights of the members.

The northern business men feared that the southern business men, with the aid of slave labor, would be able to produce things cheaper than they, who had to pay high wages for labor, which was at that time very scarce, as most people were small business men then, who had only one or two persons to work for them. It was an easy matter then for an employee to leave his employer and to get work elsewhere.

The question of abolishing slavery was therefore, partly, a sentimental one among the general public, and, partly, among the merchants and manufacturers, a matter of business only. They cared nothing about the slaves or their sufferings.

Then as now it was claimed that this is a Christian country, and for fear that it might be overlooked, the words "In God We Trust" were stamped on United States coin. About election time especially the Christian spirit does not seem to be present in our day and neither in those days.

Nobody was foolish enough to go to an election-poll without carrying a weapon of some kind; houses were set on fire, and the crack of the revolver and rifle could be heard at all hours of the day or night. All manner of fraud, trickery and force was used to elect men, and when these men, elected by such foul and despicable means, assembled in the legislature, a minister of

Christ opened the session with prayer, invoking the blessing of heaven upon these rogues. The same farce is still practiced in our legislative bodies.

A great exhibition of the products and industries of all nations was held at New York in 1853. It was a surprise to the whole world to see how much human mind and human labor can accomplish when confronted with new problems and obstacles. The cultivation of land on a large scale called for machinery and appliances which could do this most effectively. It developed in this exhibition that the United States had invented the most practical farming implements.

It now became necessary to find buyers for all the things which this country produced and which our people could not all use themselves, so the government, thru the business men, always tried to make agreements and bargains with other nations, in other words, the country was looking for customers just as any business man is obliged to do if he wants to make money.

Thus this country made an arrangement with Japan, which up to that time had been closed to the whole world, to let our ships sell cargos to Japanese merchants.

Toward the close of Pierce's administration, there were bloody fights between several states. This had been going on with more or less violence for five years, and Kansas especially earned the name of "Bleeding Kansas."

COMING FROM MARKET



City children are sent to the stores by their mothers almost any moment when they are out of school. Mamma is perhaps cooking dinner and she finds that there is no salt in the house. She looks out of the window and calls Henrietta, who is just playing tag. Henrietta knows her mamma wants something, and sure enough she is told to get a bag of salt at the grocer's just across the way.

Mamma is just about to mend a patch in Arthur's pants, when she notices that she has only white thread when she needs black. She calls Arthur who is just kneeling down at a game of marbles, which will soon make more patchwork for mamma. Arthur, angry because he is disturbed at the game, very naughtily shouts back, "What do you want?"

"Get a spool of black thread at once."

Arthur pouts and grumbles.

"Do you hear me?" again his mother calls.

Arthur goes very slowly and highly indignant that he must stop his game for a few minutes, as the drygoods store is only a few doors away. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

If he lived in the country he would appreciate how easily everything can be had in the city, while in the country people have to drive many miles to the nearest village to buy something. When they do go they usually make a day of it and buy enough of everything to last them for weeks.

In winter especially traveling thru the deep snow with a wagon or on horseback is not a pleasant trip. Some farmers are even too poor to have a wagon and they ride on an old bony horse. If the wife goes along they take turus, one riding and one walking.

Every time a boy or girls pouts because mamma sends them on a little errand, they ought to be sent out into the country and forced to do some real, hard work. But we hope mothers will never have to complain about those children who read this.



Landlord—If that party on the top floor don't pay their rent on the first I'll dispossess them, and if they do, I'll raise their rent.

"Masha," or "A True Socialist"

By CELIA ROSASTEIN, age 13

Characters—Masha, a young girl of 18, exceedingly pretty; Nicholy, Masha's father, a little stout man wearing much jewelry; Katchinka, Masha's mother, a weak, little woman wearing a black gown with a long trail; her hair is touched with gray and her face shows much sorrow. Andrew, their servant, tall, fair and blond; Olya, Masha's friend; Ivan, Olya's husband. Officers and 4 soldiers.

Nicholy—"Stop, I say. Will you teach me what to do? Ha! Ha! what would the world say! Why, the world would say what I say, that I am right. Get rid of an accursed thing. She's no longer my daughter; she is a stranger. I do not know her."

Katchinka—(weeps).

Nicholy—"Andrew! (pause; stamps with his foot.) Andrew!"

(Andrew enters and salutes his master.)

Nicholy—"Bring the vodka." (Exit Andrew.)

Katchinka—"Nicholy, don't drink."

Nicholy (throws her aside)—"Go away. Andrew! Quick!"

(Enter Andrew; he puts down vodka and waits.)

Nicholy—"Go, go." (Waves to door.)

Katchinka—"Nicholy, I beg you, don't drink."

Nicholy—"Go away." (Drinks glass after glass and with a hoarse voice laughs) "Ha, ha, ha, a Socialist!"

Katchinka—"But she is so young. She will soon see her mistake."

Nicholy—"Never!" (With firmness) "Why, she is a disgrace to my name, my household. Would she had never been born."

Katchinka—"She is a mere child. Will you send her out into the world without a home, without friends? What will the world say about you? You, a father; ah, a lovely father!"

Katchinka—"What do you want Andrew for?"

Nicholy—"Mind your business." (Andrew enters and salutes.) "Send Masha here." (Exit Andrew.)

Katchinka—"Have you not changed your cruel plans yet?" (Puts face in her hands and weeps.) "I can't bear it."

Nicholy—"I have not changed my plans and I will not. I will have no Socialist in my house and now be so kind and drop the subject." (With sarcasm.)

Katchinka—"Drop the subject, indeed. (Shakes her hand with despair.) How can I when it concerns my only daughter, my darling child?"

Nicholy—"Shut your mouth, you fool!" (Enter Masha.)

Masha (runs to mother and kisses her)—"Good morning, mother." (Runs to father and stoops down to kiss him)—"Good morning, papa."

Nicholy—"Go away."

Masha—"Why, what is the matter, father?"

Nicholy—"Don't know what is the matter, eh? Will you kindly tell me where you were last night?"

Masha—"To a meeting."

Nicholy—"What kind of a meeting and where was it held?"

Masha—"A Socialist meeting."

(To be continued)

SCENE II.

(Same room in the morning.)

Nicholy—"Did she come?"

Katchinka—"Who? Masha? Yes."

Nicholy—"Andrew! Come here!"

THE DISSECTING ROOM

By F. POWERS

No doubt you have often wondered why a doctor knows what is the matter with you and how he is able to prescribe the medicine which goes to the proper spot in your body and relieves you of the pain there.

Animals sometimes are hurt while roaming around in the forests, and it has been noticed that they seem to find the medicines which they need. They will eat this or that herb. Human beings, when mere animals, had also learned to do this, and we find the "medicine man" in every savage tribe, who is oftentimes the priest also.

Now, thru the experience of one person, who told what he had learned to another, mankind thru the ages began to discover more and more about the properties of different herbs as medicine, but it took thousands of years before men really understood the uses of the different organs of the body. Those who had a burning desire to learn about the inside of the human body, began to open the bodies of dead persons to make their studies.

The Church, especially the Christian Church, opposed this bitterly. The priests said that if the body was cut up it could not be resurrected on judgment day, and strange to say, millions believed this. But there are always some men who do not believe everything they hear, but think for themselves. These argued that if the priests were right then everybody who is burnt up in a fire or is devoured by wild ani-

mals can never get to heaven. So they kept on, often at the risk of their lives, to examine corpses, for if they were caught they were imprisoned and even put to death.

So it happens that only for the last two or three centuries physicians are beginning to understand the causes which produce sickness. Before 1616, for instance, nobody understood the wonderful functions of the heart and how thru it the blood flowed back and forth in the body. Before that time people only knew that there was blood in us; nothing more. Thru this wonderful discovery of the circulation of the blood by William Harvey, the beginning was made for more wonderful discoveries in anatomy.

In former times whenever a physician had to amputate a part of the body, the patient had to suffer intensely. His shrieks could be heard for many blocks, and everybody who heard them was horrified. Now, however, thanks to those fearless men who are not frightened by religious bigotry, drugs and gases have been invented that a person may be operated without pain. Surely they have done more for mankind than the Church, which has burned innocent people, and poor old women as witches.

And then, with the microscope, physicians can detect diseases in the blood, in the urine, or in the saliva, and after they have detected it, they are then enabled to find a remedy. Of course, men will keep on studying and not

only will disease be prevented, but remedies will be discovered of which we hardly dream today.

The place in which medical students experiment on dead bodies is called a dissecting room. Our picture shows a student who is horrified to find on the dissecting table the body of a young woman who had been his playmate in childhood. He does not like to touch her, but he knows that the examination of the causes which led to her death may be of benefit to millions of human beings.



FEBRUARY EVENTS.

February 3, 1757—Volney, author of "Ruins of Empires," died.

Feb. 7, 1649—Monarchy abolished in England.

Feb. 9, 1849—Proclamation of the Roman Republic.

Feb. 12, 1809—Chas. Darwin, author of "Origin of Species," born.

Feb. 19, 1473—Copernicus, the great astronomer, born.

Feb. 24, 1848—France declared a republic.

Feb. 26, 1802—Victor Hugo, the French novelist, born.

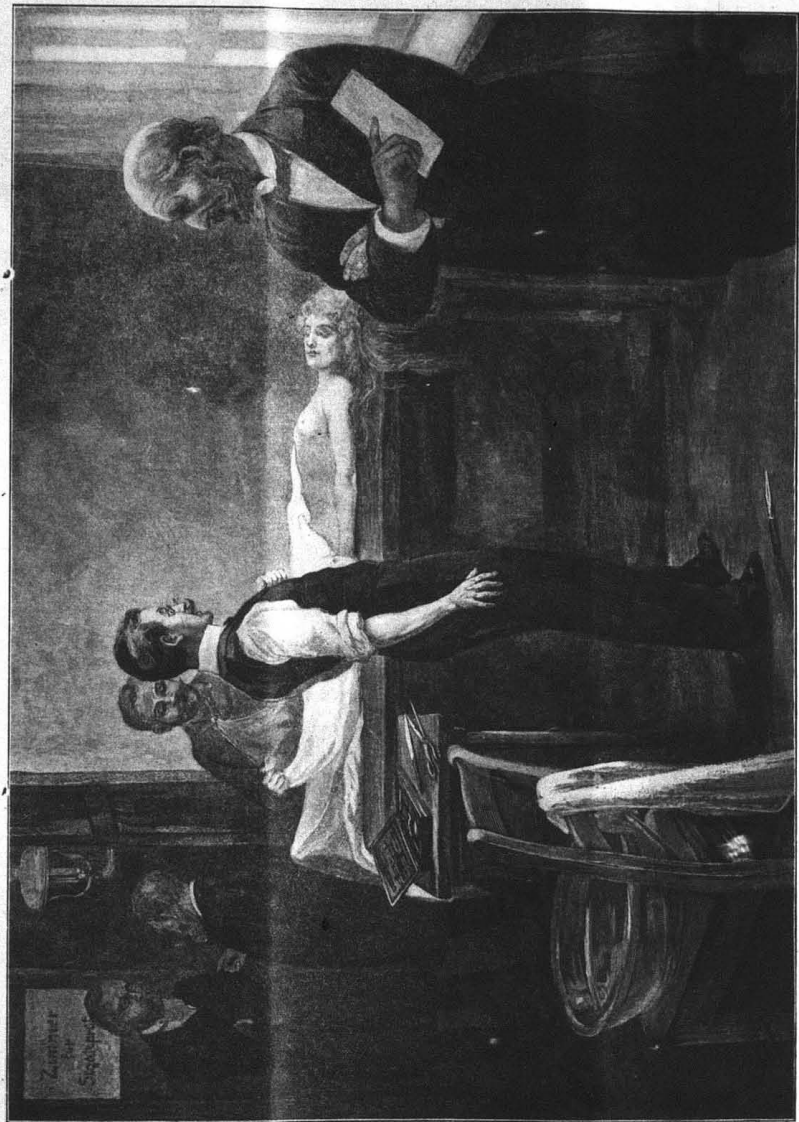
Feb. 28, 1880—The wonderful St. Gotthard tunnel finished.



"What is the best way to beat an egg?"

"I don't know any particular way."

"Why, simply run ahead of it."



THE DISSECTING ROOM

For Our High School Readers

From Maitland Varne, by Du Bois H. Loux, who recently resigned from the pulpit in Connecticut.

A great length of garden vista stretched before my eyes. It was in a pinery, with clematis brushing my head. It was a spice-scented Georgian forest glade. Everywhere the waving of Southern mosses in interlacing boughs, varied with clematis and ivy. As I advanced the promenade broadened, and was luxurious now with holly and laurel, wintergreen and mistletoe. It was a feathery welcome, natural almost to the extent of defying its artificiality. I stood enchanted. I was in the Everglades. The great cypress trees bending over stalwart palms, whose lighter green mingled with the darker shades of orange trees, filled the room. Garlands of smilax and clusters of Virginia vines quickened my Southern blood. It was as if the vision had been created for me.

I wandered in the intoxicated air in blissful pleasure, for the thought of meeting Marguerite in the enchanted woodland filled me with ecstasy. There were grottos to the side running off from the promenade, with the softest light filtering thru the vines overhead. And far beyond in the vista gleamed the beauty of an open garden. The red and white berries of wintergreen and mistletoe swept up my face as I passed an odor of hyacinths mingled with the spicy exhalations of the forest trees. I heard a mel-

*Maitland Varne, by Loux. Cloth, \$1.50. Socialist Literature Co., 15 Spruce St., New York.

low, gurgling voice of laughter as I approached the garden.

A boy darted out to meet me as I came close to an open bank of daffodils, whose golden masses lightened with borders of pale yellow primroses and the loveliest white jonquils. I knew it was the half-wit in an instant. He carried a bunch of violets in his hands, which he held up with delight.

"See, sweet gardener!"

I bent down, attracted by the beautiful pale face of the child.

"Eyes! Beautiful eyes! You see them in the flowers?"

I stooped lower, for an unnatural light was in the great orbs of the boy.

"Aren't they beautiful eyes? Aren't you glad, sir?"

I did not interrupt his long communion with the violets. Nor did I reply with other than a smile when he quickly noticed the violet shade in my own eyes. His rapt expressions, and the extreme delicacy of the child's frame, filled me with caution. I noticed his wonderful, gifted head, with its great abundance of hair. It spoke of his genius which he had inherited from a long line of composers and painters. Placed on so frail a body, it seemed that the vital thread, which united brain and heart, would break from the ponderousness of the connection.

After a time he took my hand and drew me gently toward a flower-bed, from a fresh spot in which he had gathered his violets.

"Come, I will show you where their mother sleeps!"

My obedience was instinctive.

"Hush! Soft! We must not wake her! She is so tired."

He kissed the blossoms and the leaves. "I see you! I understand! Of course you are lonesome! So am I. And so tired! Oh, so tired!"

He remained motionless for some time. Then his little form was shaking. I knew that he was crying softly. He was lisping something endearing to the planted violets. The trembling subsided in his frame. It was a lullaby that was humming on his lips. A mother's song to her little one at night.

An Historical Picture

(Continued from page 9)

A few hundred years from now somebody will print a picture of New York City as it looks today, in THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE, and all the children will smile to see the steamships, because people then may use only airships.

And perhaps all the houses will be torn down and residences far more beautiful than King's palaces will be erected in their place. Surely there will be more trees planted on the widened streets.

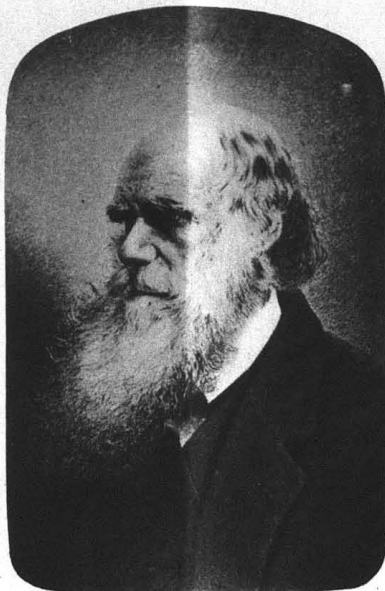
THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE may then be ten times as large as it is today, and may have beautiful colored photographs on its pages.

Teacher—What country is called the land of song?

Pupil—The Canary Islands.—*Punch.*

Charles Robert Darwin

BY FRITZ



down from one century to another, they will ridicule anybody and anything which threatens to prove such an idea or belief false. If you are a careful and diligent reader of this magazine, it will become plainer to you with each succeeding issue that great wars have often been the result of a new idea, or a new religion.

A large majority of church people tried to prevent the introduction of Darwin's book into the public libraries, but this made people only more inquisitive, and soon all over the world among educated people the Darwinian theory of the origin of life was discussed.

Darwin showed how life began and developed from itself, if that is clear to you. You have probably heard that cheese will turn into millions of little worms, so that there is a saying that "the cheese is old enough to walk away." He pointed out how human beings have evolved from a lower order of beings which came from a still lower order, and so on until it appears that everything came from nothing.

This theory it was that so enraged all believers in the Bible. If Darwin is right, they argued, then the story of the creation of the world in six days, together with making a man out of clay, and then making a woman out of one of his ribs, would be false. No, no, they said, the story in the Bible is true, and Darwin is the devil in disguise.

Darwin himself remained very calm. He knew that if what he wrote was false, it would be proven so. Year by year more learned men have become followers of Darwin, and now very many church people are convinced that the story of the creation in the Bible was written by ignorant men.

Remember this name. You will hear of it more than your parents have, because even at the present time, your teachers speak more of the men who have fought bloody wars than of those who have benefited mankind by the results of untiring study.

Books were written and lectures delivered against the ideas which Darwin developed in his book. The clergymen especially denounced it as irreligious and blasphemous. But that is not surprising when we consider that they also pronounced the first Bible printed, instead of written, "the work of the devil."

But you will wish to know why Darwin created such a stir, so much discussion and opposition. Whenever people have grown accustomed to an idea or a belief, especially if it has been handed

The Step-Mother and the Wise Children

A PARABLE

There was a house in which there was nothing but cold stoves, in dread of a fire which might happen. The owner of the house was a miser. She often said:

"There are walls, ceilings and even a roof to this house. There are weather strips nailed to the doors, and a double set of windows to keep out the cold. Besides, every crevice is filled with putty and a good coat of paint has closed up even the pores of the wood. What more do you want?"

But her children cried and begged: "Oh mother, why don't you make a little fire at least in the play-room? It is so very cold that we are almost frozen to the bone."

But the stingy mother was not moved by their entreaties and simply replied:

"There, now, be quiet. Of what use is a stove? You are young and have good, fresh blood in your bodies. Do not stir the air, sit close together and you will warm one another. Winter will not last long, and when Spring comes you may enjoy yourselves in the fields. Don't expect me to burn up coal simply to warm up the chimney. No, no, you must be satisfied with things as they are and then you will enjoy the warm Springtime all the more."

She, however, wrapped herself up in furs, put on thick woolen stockings and stuck her feet into nice warm felt-slippers. Thus comfortably dressed she strutted about the room and scolded or advised the children.

"Why," said she, "I don't know

what is the matter with you! I feel real warm and comfortable."

Not only was the room cold and cheerless, but the children were in rags and the skin peeped thru many holes in their clothing. They suffered much and cried bitterly, but this did not move the old lady to pity.

One day the eldest boy had a splendid idea. He called his brothers and sisters together and said:

"Why should we freeze? Our very souls will freeze if we stand this much longer. We will die before Spring appears. I have a good plan, but if I carry it out alone, mother will punish me severely, but if you will all agree to help me, then we will be warm."

"We want to be warm! We don't want to freeze to death! Show us how to get warm!" So the different children cried out.

"Let us chop up all the chairs and tables and set them on fire in the stove and we will be warm and comfortable."

"Hurrah! That's what we will do!"

They were so cold that they were desperate. They did not care what their step-mother would do to them. Soon the wood was sputtering in the flame and the children danced around in glee.

"Oh, isn't this fine," they said. "We will call mother and tell her she may warm herself also."

Who knows what a parable is? And what does this parable teach?

Bulletin of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST JUVENILE ORGANIZATIONS

Austria.

An organization of 300 members was formed in Bosnia.

Germany.

A pamphlet, entitled "The Bourgeois Juvenile Movement," has been published. A similar pamphlet will soon be necessary in every country.

Italy.

Comrade Baldoni was sent to prison for 2½ months for publishing an article against the military.

Spain.

The juvenile societies are subjected to much persecution. In spite of this they are growing and at present have a membership of 2,000.

Was Lincoln a Socialist?

We all know about Lincoln; how from poverty he struggled upward until he became one of the world's most famous men. He had a great heart for the working class, and in many of his speeches he showed how this country and its people would gradually be owned by the rich. How prophetic he was!

Altho he was elected a Republican, there is hardly any doubt but that he would be a Socialist if such a party had been in existence in his day.—Russell Gibbs, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

"Mamma, did Moses have dyspepsia?"

"What makes you ask that, my dear?"

"Because the Lord gave him two tablets, our teacher said."

Socialist School Commandments

By JIM

V.

Do not be cowardly. Be a friend to the weak, and love justice.

It is not cowardly if you run away when some great danger threatens you. For instance, if you met a wild animal in the woods, it would be certain death for you to show your courage by standing still if you were not in possession of a loaded gun or if you were not a good marksman.

It would not be courage if you saw a house threatening to fall and you would remain, while the walls were leaning over, ready to kill you. Nobody would pity you if you were killed that way, because everybody would consider you crazy.

But it would be cowardly if you feared danger which could be met and turned aside, or if it threatened some one else, whom you could save by being courageous.

Just think how dreadful you would feel, if you were skating on the ice and broke thru. The first thing you would do would be to try to crawl out again, but if you found you could not do it, then you would cry for help. Now just imagine how you would be frightened to death to see every one of your friends running away and leaving you to drown.

Remember, that just as you would feel, so others would feel if you were a coward, where you could save somebody from trouble or even from death.

The worst kind of a coward, however, is the moral coward. Perhaps you do not understand what is meant by that. You are a moral coward if you feel ashamed that your father is poor and cannot dress you as well as other boys or girls are dressed. It may not be your father's fault that he is poor. On the contrary, you should fight everything that makes him poor.

You are a moral coward if you know that you are right about something, but because other people are ridiculing you, fear to say or act that which you know is right. Yes, then you are a moral coward.

If you are no physical or moral coward, then you will always be a friend to the weak, for you will always protect them. If you are not cowardly then you will love justice, you will protect justice, you will speak and fight for justice, yes, you will be ready to give your life for your fellowmen and for justice.

All great men and women have really fought and died for all mankind, even if they did not actually die on the scaffold. They died very often of neglect and starvation, because they were not noticed or appreciated. They died as moral heroes. Aim to be like them and you will make the world better for yourself and others.

To the Editor of the Little Socialist Magazine.

I write to you to tell you how my teacher spoke about the Socialist Party.

The following afternoon, after election, my teacher was speaking about politics, when she came to speak of the Socialist Party. Then she said: "Don't ever vote the Socialist ticket, when you grow up to be men. I think there isn't a boy in this class whose father votes the Socialist ticket."

I knew there was a boy in her class whose father voted the Socialist ticket, which was my father.

One little girl was courageous enough to defend the Socialist Party, and asked the teacher, why she condemned the Socialist Party and not the rest of the parties.

The teacher replied: "When Russian people land at Ellis Island, and they know not our language, then the Socialists force them to wear red flags, and to down the government."

The little girl asked: "What about child labor?"

The teacher replied: "You read the wrong paper, and you didn't read the answers in the others, as 'The New York Journal.' The teacher continued her conversation and said, 'The government of New York is the best in the world. Nowadays a poor man gets treated as good as a wealthy man.'"

The Socialists don't know what a good government is, and the last thing she said was: "I hope no scholar in this class, when he or she grows into manhood and womanhood, will vote for the Socialist Party or be an Anarchist."

Respectfully yours,

Hugo Haffner.



Für unsere deutschen Leser!

Horace Greeley.

Am 3. Februar sind es hundert Jahre, daß ein kleines Baby in New Hampshire zur Welt kam, das später den Namen Horace Greeley bekam.

Horace war ein braver und fleißiger Knabe, und jeder Mensch hatte ihn gern. Als junger Mann kam er nach New York und arbeitete in einer Druckerei. Abends las er fleißig Bücher und versuchte dann auch Neuigkeiten für Zeitungen zu schreiben. Was er schrieb, gefiel so sehr, daß er bald Redakteur wurde.

In seiner Zeit gab es noch sehr wenige Zeitungen in Amerika, und keine hatte mehr als vier Seiten. Er hatte immer seine eigenen Ideen, und weil seine Zeitung ihm gefiel, so gründete er die „New York Tribune“, dessen Gebäude neben dem „Little Socialist Magazine“ steht. Vor der „Tribune“ ist ein Monument von Greeley zu sehen. Ein anderes ist in Greeley Square in der Stadt New York.

Greeley war ein großer Freund und Verehrer von Karl Marx, von dem ihn doch wohl schon gehört hat. Marx schrieb etliche Jahre lang Korrespondenzen für die „Tribune.“

Greeley war ein wirklich großer furchtloser und edler Mensch. Er war Präsidentenwahlkandidat gegen U. S. Grant, doch wurde letzterer erwählt und Greeley, welcher geistig und an Charakter weit über Grant stand, farb wegen seiner Niederlage an gebrochenem Herzen.

Franz und der Sturmwind.

Franz war ein recht fauler Junge. Sein Vater rief ihn morgens, ehe er an die Arbeit ging, doch das half nichts. Nachdem der Vater schon längst fort war, mußte Franzens Mutter noch dugend Male rufen und schelten ehe er langsam und mißmutig aus den Federn kroch. Es war einmal ein besonders bitterer, kalter Tag im Februar. Ein starker Wind heulte wärend der vorhergehenden Nacht und hatte alle Wolken vertrieben, denn keine konnte seiner Kraft widerstehen.

Der Wind hatte schon oft von dem faulen Franz gehört, und so nahm er sich vor, denselben einmal recht früh aufzuwecken.

Die ganze Nacht hindurch heulte er ganz traurig und rüttelte und schüttelte die Fensterläden, so daß Franz doch endlich davon erwachte, und jedesmal, wenn er wieder einschlafen wollte, schrie der Wind ganz laut und schaurig: Huh! Wihuh! Und dann schlug er gegen die Fenster, als ob er sie aufschlagen wollte.

Der faule Franz bekam solche Angst, daß er nicht mehr einschlafen konnte, und er freute sich nicht wenig, als er bemerkte, daß es nach und nach heller im Zimmer wurde. Das hatte er noch nie gesehen. Jetzt aber wollte er wieder einschlafen, da bemerkte er, daß seine Schlafstube einen rötlichen Schimmer anzunehmen fing. Erstauent sah er zum Fenster hinaus und erblickte, was er noch nie gesehen hatte, die aufgehende Sonne.

Ihm wurde ganz besonders wohl dabei. Er stand auf und fühlte sich so frisch und frei. Den nächsten Morgen stand er wieder auf und freute sich noch mehr. Da er auch besser geschlafen hatte, war sein Kopf klar, und er lernte seine Aufgaben mit Leichtigkeit, und seitdem ist er ein anderer Mensch geworden. Und das alles hatte er dem Sturmwind zu verdanken.

Trotz alledem.

Ob Armut euer Loos auch sei,
Nehmt hoch die Stirn trotz alledem!
Weht kühn dem feigen Knecht vorbei,
Wagt's atm zu sein, trotz alledem!
Trotz alledem und alledem!
Trotz alledem und alledem!
Der Rang ist das Gepräge nur,
Der Mann das Gold trotz alledem!

Und sitzt ihr auch beim fargen Mahl
In Joida und Lein' und alledem,
Gönnt Schurken Samt und Goldpofal
Ein Mann ist Mann trotz alledem!
Trotz alledem und alledem!
Trotz Prunk und Pracht und alledem!
Der brave Mann! ob dierfig auch
Ist köniq doch trotz alledem.

Deiht „gnäd'ger Herr“ das Bürcschchen dort!

Man sieh't's am Stolz und alledem,
Doch lenkt auch Hunderte sein Wort;
'S ist nur ein Tropf trotz alledem!
Trotz alledem und alledem!
Trotz Vand und Stern und alledem!
Der Mann von unabhäng'gem Sinn
Sieht zu und laßt zu alledem!

Drum jeder fleh', daß es gescheh',
Wie es geschieht trotz alledem!
Daß Wert und Kern, so nah wie fern,
Den Sieg erringt, trotz alledem,
Trotz alledem und alledem!
Es kommt dazu, trotz alledem,
Daß rings der Mensch die Bruderhand
Dem Menschen reicht, trotz alledem!

F. Freiligrath.

♦♦♦♦♦ Rätsel.

Nimm mir ein Ru,
So bleib ich ein Ru.

♦♦♦♦♦ Rätselfragen.

Wo sitzt der Hase am festesten?

♦♦♦♦♦
Hübsch aufgemerkt! hübsch nachgedacht!
Welch Eisen ist von Blech gemacht?

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