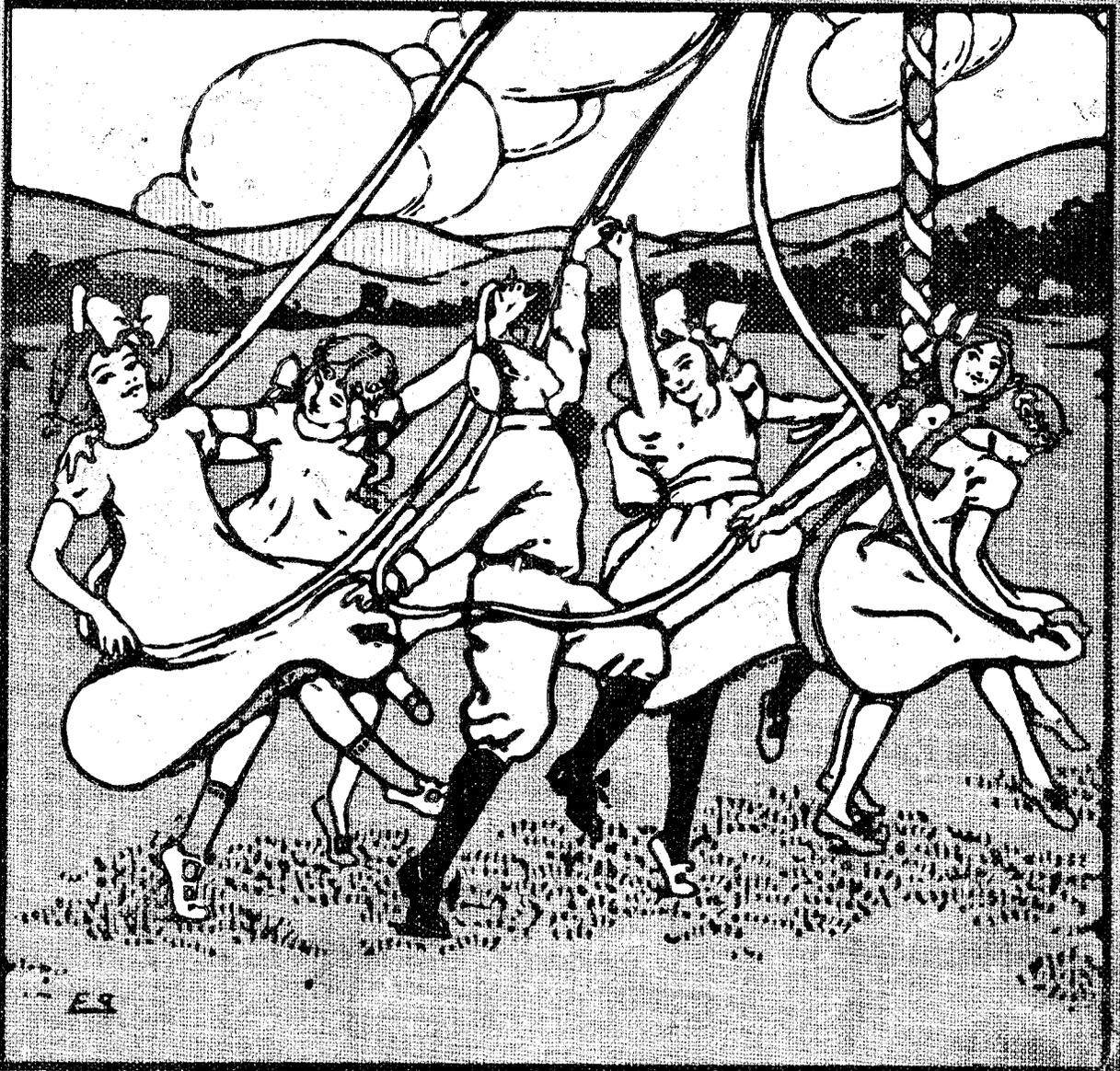


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SOCIALIST READINGS

For CHILDREN

By JOHN SPARGO



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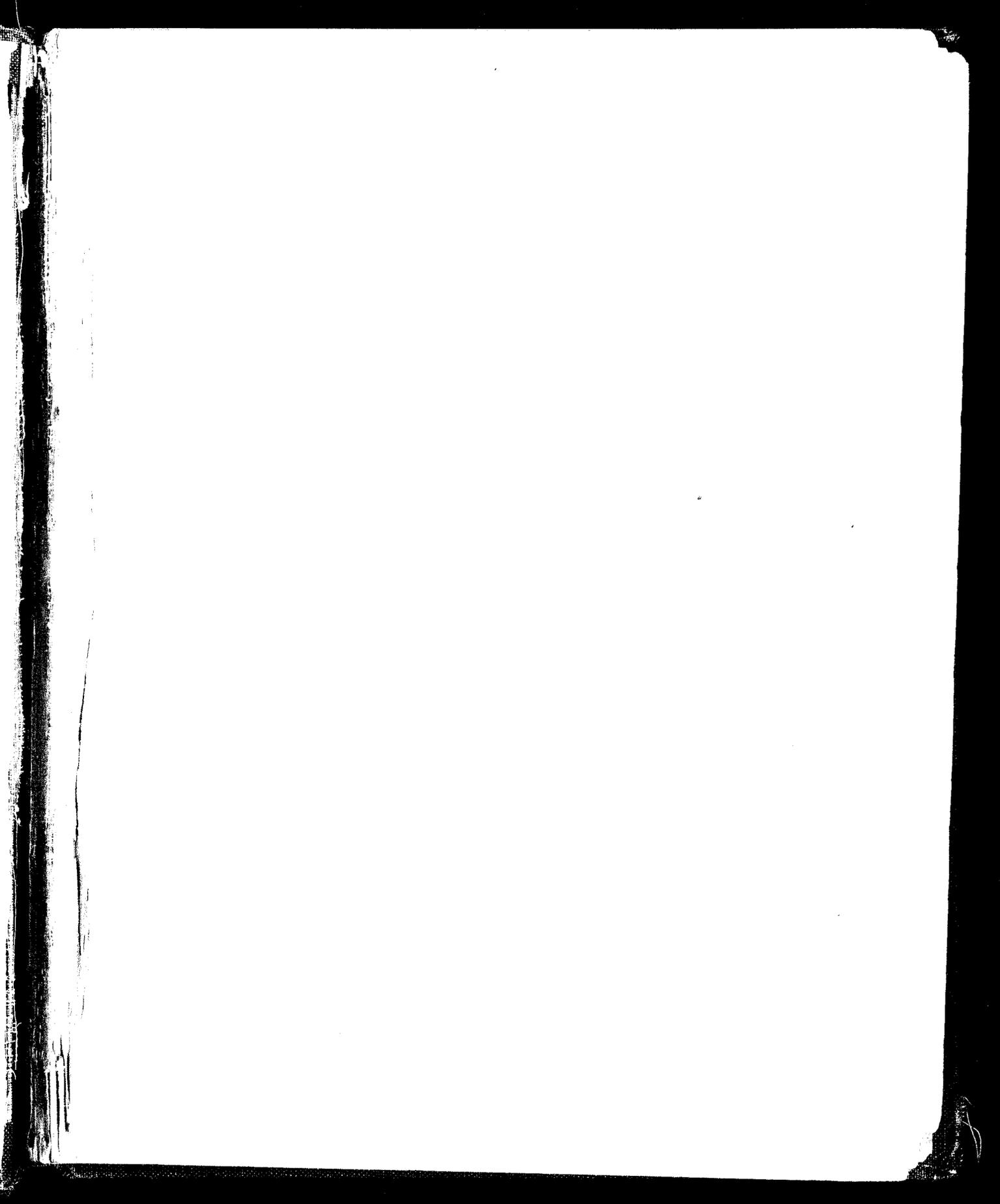


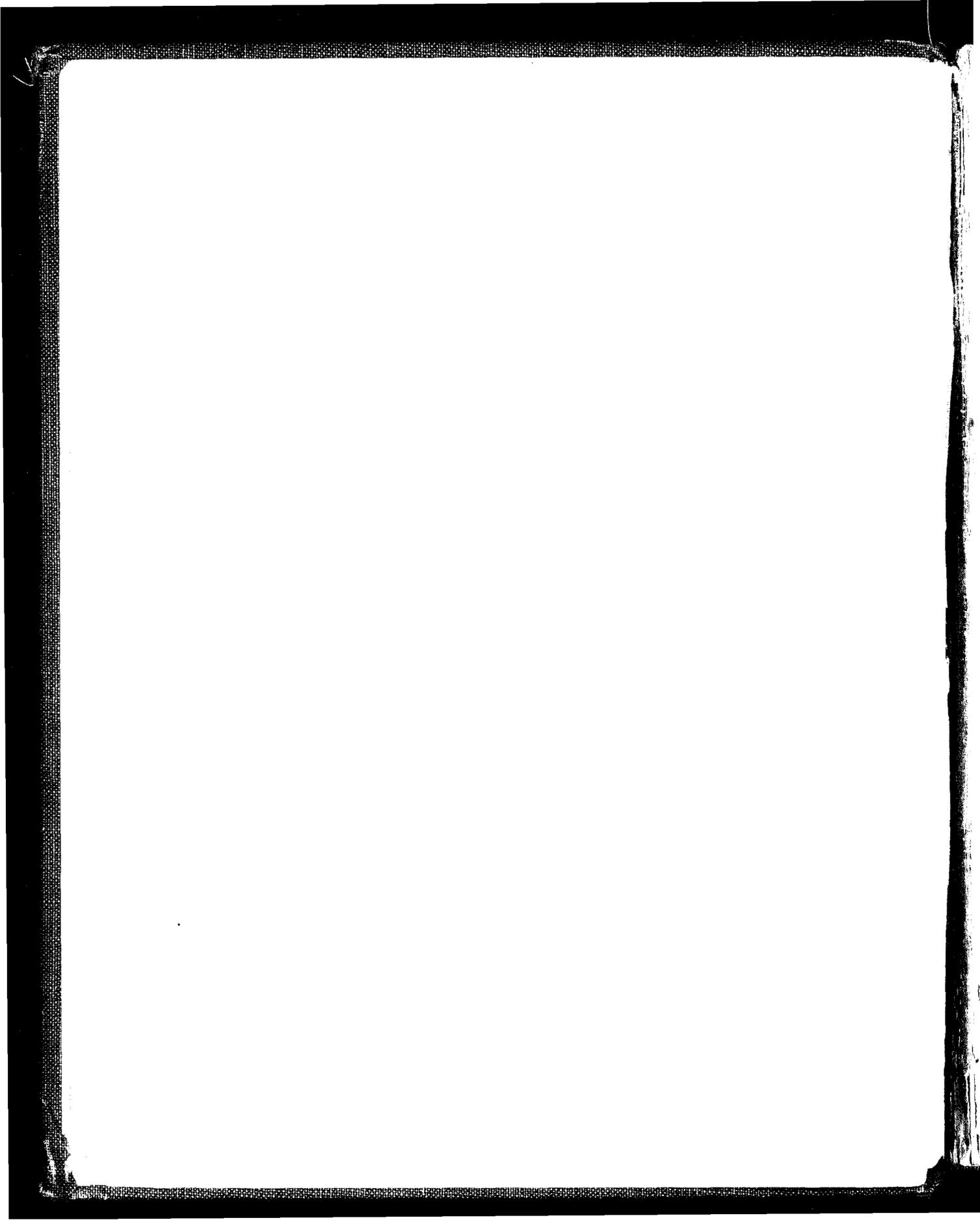
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Socialist Readings for Children

BY
JOHN SPARGO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
EDWARD SCHOLL



PUBLISHED BY
THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE
200 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

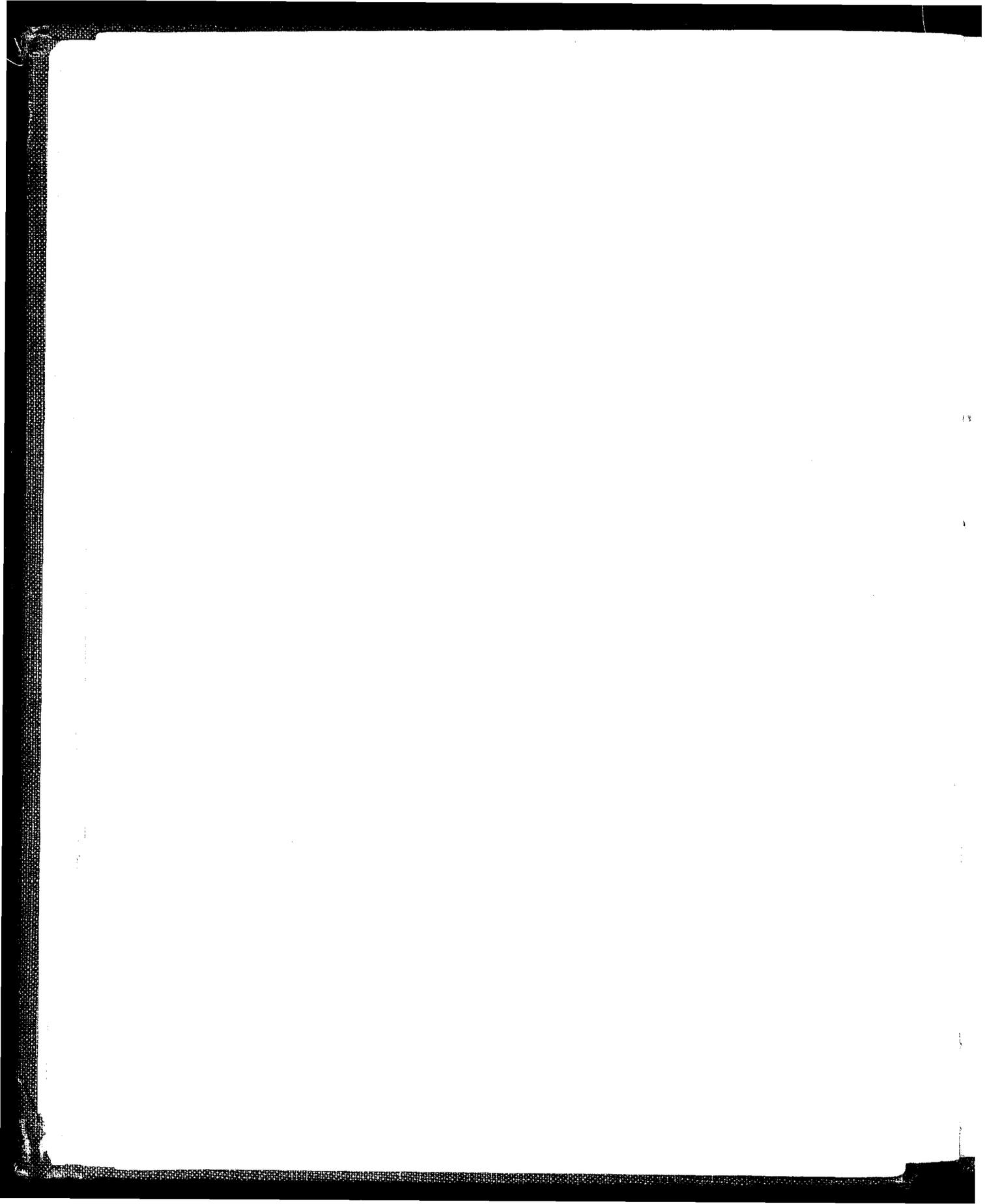


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To my children
GEORGE and MARY
and
all their little Socialist comrades



A BIG SECRET

Once upon a time I knew a little boy. Of course, I know a great many little boys, but this little boy was not like any of the others. His name was Samuel, but his mother and father called him "Sam." Well, Sam could not speak very well, for he was only a tiny chap, and when he was asked to tell his name he would say "Tam," and look as proud as if he were a Member of Congress—or a policeman.

"Tam" and I were good friends, and he used to come to the Socialist hall when I spoke there. You never saw a little boy sit so still in all your life! Well, one night as we were going home—"Tam" sitting on my shoulder—he asked me why I did not "w'ite a book wif pictures to 'splain the hard fings to little boys like Tam." He meant the hard things about Socialism.

I told "Tam" that I would do it, "honor bright." And now I have done it as best I can. But "Tam" has grown up to be nearly a man. You see, though I am a big, grown-up boy, I am like little boys, fond of putting off things from day to day. So "Tam" is grown up and I am afraid he will not like the book after all. But I hope you will. I've tried "to 'splain the hard fings for little boys like Tam"—and for little girls, too.

JOHN SPARGO.



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FIRST READING

THE FIRST SOCIALIST

Mr. Webb sat at a big desk in the middle of his cosy, bright study. He was busy writing a new book. You must know that Mr. Webb was a very learned man, who wrote books about the lives of people who lived thousands of years ago. As the sheets of paper, covered with fine, small writing, fell to the floor, they were picked up, very gently and quietly, by Miss Brooks, a pretty young lady, who then made neat copies of them upon the typewriter.

The click, click, click of the keys of the typewriter, and the tick, tick, tick of the clock upon the mantelpiece made the only noise in the room. People who write books cannot work well if they are disturbed by noise, you see.

The study was such a big room as only a few homes contain. The walls were lined with shelves of books. How many books there were in the room it would be hard to say. There must have been at least five thousand, and perhaps very many more. The books were of many sizes and colors. Some were big, heavy, ugly looking things in shabby black covers, not a bit nice to look at. Others were bright and cheerful volumes in green, red, blue, yellow, and brown covers. Some of the books were printed in English, but there were some in French, German, and other languages. The sunlight shining upon them made a lovely picture.

Perhaps you think the room looked like a bookstore, but it

did not. There were other things besides books, you see. Over the shelves there were beautiful pictures, painted by great artists, some of whom were Mr. Webb's friends. There were also handsome marble busts and bronze figures of animals and human beings. Some of these had been made by clever sculptors, and given to Mr. Webb; others were copies of famous Greek statues, thousands of years old. You have seen copies like them in the museum.

In a big glass case at one end of the room there were hundreds of fossils and all kinds of minerals. Some of the minerals looked just like the stones you see upon the streets sometimes, while others were very beautiful. There were bits of white quartz in which you could see the specks of yellow gold ore, and some looked almost like glass. These fossils and minerals came from all parts of the world.

Perhaps you will wonder why Mr. Webb had so many books, and fossils, and stones. Well, he was a very wise and learned man, as I have told you, and the pictures, and books, and stones were as useful to him as tools are to the mason or the carpenter.

The clock was just striking the noon hour when the door of the study was pushed open with a loud bang, and five children rushed into the room, making a great noise. If you could have seen Mr. Webb's face just then you would have known that he was not pleased, for there was a frown upon it. He was very angry. I think he was going to scold Rob, his oldest son, but he did not. You must know that the children were never allowed to enter the study.

But when Mr. Webb looked up, he saw that with Rob and his sister, May, there were their three English cousins, George, Agnes, and Willie. Mr. Webb knew then that his son and daughter were excited by the visit of the three cousins they had never seen before, and who had just arrived from England. So he forgave them for breaking the rule. He kissed May and Agnes and patted the three boys on their heads, saying a pleasant word to each of them. Like most great and wise men, he was very fond of boys and girls, and loved to join their play sometimes.

While Mr. Webb was asking George many questions about English life, and about the voyage across the ocean on a wonderful steamer, the other children were taking a good look at all the things in the room. Rob was looking at the fossils and minerals, trying hard to read the big Latin names printed upon the labels; May and Willie were trying quite as hard to read the titles of the books; Agnes was looking at a group of curious old portraits of men and women in queer dress.

"What a funny old man that is, uncle!" cried Agnes, pointing to one of the portraits and laughing loudly. "Do old gentlemen in this country all dress like that?"

"No, Agnes. That is not the picture of an American, but of a great man from your own country. At least, he came from Wales,



which is, as you know, united with England. But all good Americans think very kindly of him and honor his memory. He was a great and good man, and that is why I keep his picture there. His name was Robert Owen. He lived a long time ago, when old gentlemen in England and America wore those funny hats. He was, I have been told, the first man who ever called himself a Socialist."

"But, Uncle, you said he was a good man," replied Agnes. "I heard our minister at home say in his sermon one Sunday morning that Socialists are all very nasty, wicked people, who ought to be shut up in prison and given dry bread to eat. He said that the Socialists are enemies of the whole world, and that Socialism is an awful thing."

Mr. Webb laughed aloud at this, and so did Miss Brooks, who had stopped her work to listen. Then he took Agnes by the hand and spoke gravely:

"I suppose, dear, that your friend the minister is a very good man. There are many good people who believe that all Socialists are wicked people who ought to be kept in dark prisons. But I think they are mistaken. You do not know me well yet, but I assure you that I am not a very bad man—Am I, May?"

"No, indeed, you are not, papa: You are the best man in all the world, I believe," replied May with earnest voice, at the same time placing her cheek against his.

"Yes, that is what Mamma has always told us about you, dear Uncle," added Agnes.

Of course Mr. Webb was very pleased by the children's

praise. Then he said very gently: "I hope you will not have to form any other opinion of me, Agnes, than that which May has. I want so to live that you will always think so kindly of me. But I am a Socialist, my dear. For many years I have been trying to teach Socialism to others."

"Then it cannot be a wicked thing, after all," said Agnes. "And it was very wrong of our minister to say such things."

"Dear little one," replied her Uncle, "he was sincere and meant well. He thought he was right, I have no doubt. But there are many very sincere people who are not very wise, I am sorry to say, and we must try not to judge them unkindly when they make mistakes. There are also many people who are good and wise as well as sincere, and still make mistakes. There are so many things in the world to study, you see, that no one can ever learn them all. I used to think that Socialism was a very bad thing myself, until I read many books about it and learned how good and noble it is."

"But Uncle," said Agnes quickly, "is it not very wrong to judge anything until we know all about it? Mamma always says we must not say that a thing is wrong until we can prove that it is wrong. And I feel sure that it must be wrong to call people hard names unless you can prove that they deserve the names."

"That is true, dear Agnes. Your mother is a wise woman," said Mr. Webb. "I hope you will never forget that. As you grow older, new and strange things will be said to you, some wise and some foolish; some good and some evil. It will be hard to make up your mind sometimes. But do not judge hastily. Do not condemn people or ideas until you understand

them. Keep your mind open to the truth. Do not approve a thing until you are sure you understand it, and do not condemn a thing until you know it to be wrong. If all people were as wise as your mother, and acted in that spirit, this world would be a very happy place to live in, Agnes."

Just then the bell rang, calling them all to lunch.

"Come, children, we must all go to the dining-room for our lunch," said Mr. Webb.

"Oh dear, I am so sorry," said Agnes. "I wanted to hear about Robert Owen, the man in the picture, and about Socialism. I wish you would tell us something about them this afternoon, uncle."

"Yes, papa, please do," cried Rob and May together.

Then Mrs. Webb spoke. She had come to bid the children hasten to their lunch and heard their plea. Placing her hand upon the head of little Agnes and speaking very gently, she said: "I know, dear Agnes, that your uncle will not be able to give you any of his time this afternoon, for he has much work to do. But I have time enough, and, if you will let me, I shall be very glad to tell you about Robert Owen. I am a Socialist too, you know, and I am very fond of talking to boys and girls about Socialism. Will you all come with me for a walk in the park, where we can sit under the trees and talk about this very wonderful man?"

"Oh yes, thank you!" cried the two little girls, clapping their hands. "You are very kind, dear aunt," said Agnes, as she kissed Mrs. Webb and gave her a great big hug. Rob and George thanked her, too, but not so loudly as the girls. Willie, I almost forgot to say, was too much interested in the bronze bust

of President Lincoln to notice the talk. But of course he went with the others to the park after lunch.

Later on I shall tell you the story Mrs. Webb told her children and their English cousins as they sat upon the grass under one of the big oak trees in the park. I think you will like the story. Robert Owen was not the first man in the world to have Socialist ideas in his mind, but he was the first man to call himself a Socialist. That was long ago, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

QUESTIONS

What was the name of the funny old man in the picture? Was he an American? What did he call himself? When did he first use the word "Socialism"? What did the minister say about Socialism? Is it wrong to say that anything is bad unless you are quite sure? What were the children to go to the park for?

SECOND READING

THE STORY OF ROBERT OWEN

When Mrs. Webb and the children reached the park they went at once to a quiet, well-shaded spot where they could sit upon the soft green grass and watch the big white swans swimming gracefully on the pond. A giant oak tree spread its branches over the spot, keeping the grass cool and making a shelter from the burning rays of the sun.

"This is beautiful," said George. "It is quite like a bit of English country. See, there are buttercups, too."

"Yes, it is something like home," Agnes said slowly, "only I miss the skylark. When you go out and sit under the trees in our old home in the daytime, you can always hear the skylarks singing away so sweetly. Sometimes they are so far up that they look like little black



specks against the sky. That is why they are called skylarks, I suppose. Have you no skylarks here, Auntie?"

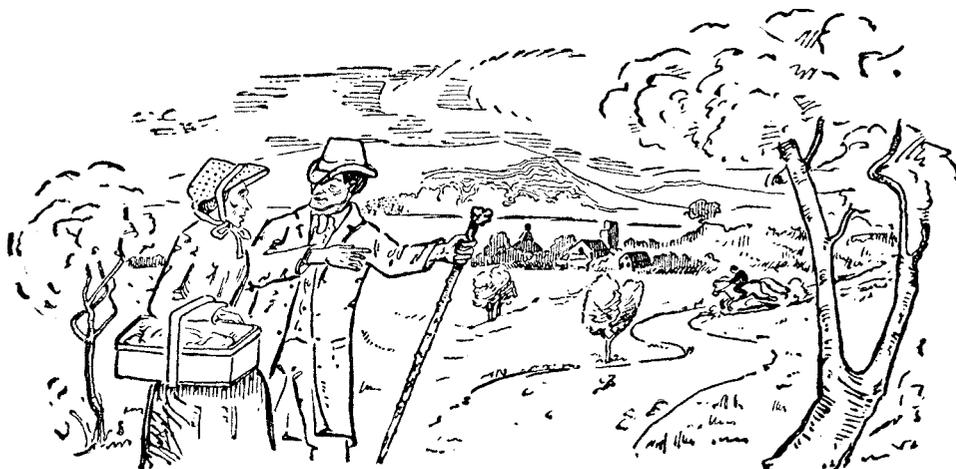
"No, dear, I am very sorry that we have not," replied Mrs. Webb. "I often wish we had, for though I have never seen a skylark, or heard one sing, I know that the song must be very sweet and happy. I have read many times the "Ode to a Skylark," by your poet Shelley, and I know that Shelley could never have written verses so beautiful if the song of the skylark were not sweet and happy. But shall we talk about skylarks and poetry this afternoon, or about Robert Owen?"

"Oh, about Robert Owen, please, Aunt," said Agnes, and all the other children said that they, too, would rather hear the story of Robert Owen. So Mrs. Webb began the story:

"Robert Owen was born in a little town in North Wales, in 1771, when our country was still under the rule of the English government."

When Mrs. Webb had got to this point, Rob, just to show his cousins how well he had learned his history lessons, said "Yes. We were under King George then, for the Declaration of Independence was made in 1776."

"You are quite right," said his mother sweetly. "Robert Owen was a very little fellow, only just five years old then. He must have been a sharp little fellow, for when he was not more than seven years old he could read and write and do sums which were quite hard. All the people in the village thought he was a very clever little boy, and when he used to go through the streets of the village riding upon his father's cream-colored pony, of which he was very fond, many of the people would say that he



was very clever to be able to read and write, and that some day he would be a very wise man."

"And did he really grow up to be a very wise man?" asked Willie.

"Yes, dear, but you must not ask questions about the end of the story. If you do, it will spoil the story, you see. Well, when little Robert was only eight years old he could read and write so well that grown-up people who could not read or write would get Robert to read the news from the papers for them, and to write letters for them."

"But, Aunt Mary, I thought that all grown-up people could read and write," said George. "Why were these people unable to read and write?"

"Well, dear, you must know that in England in those days, and even in America, there were no public schools, such as we have to-day. Only the people who could afford to pay for having

their children taught were able to send their little boys and girls to school. Most of the poor people never did send their children, so when they grew up they could not read or write. It is different now in England and in this country, for schools are built so that every child can get some education.

Little Robert Owen was always reading. Books were not so cheap in those days, you know, and most people, except the very rich, had only a few books. But the people in the village were glad to lend what books they had to little Robert, for he was a very good boy and never tore the books or made them dirty. They were glad to help the boy because they thought that he would one day be a very great man.

“Robert wanted to be a very wise man. If any of the people asked him what he would like to be when he grew to be a man, he would say, ‘To be the wisest man in the world.’ And if any one ever asked him what he wished most of all, he would say, ‘To go to college and learn.’ But Robert’s father was not rich enough to send him to school very long, and to college after that. He would have liked to send the boy to college, but that cost a great deal of money, and Mr. Owen was a poor man.

“What a big shame!” May cried out. “But if he had no money to pay for sending Robert to college, could he not have gone to some rich people and begged the money?”

“Perhaps he could, dear. I do not know about that. But it is not a nice thing to beg, unless one is really sick or hungry. Mr. Owen was a good man, and I suppose that he would much rather that Robert did not go to school or to college than beg for the money to pay for it. So that when Robert was not more

than ten years old he was sent to work. He was sent away to London, where one of his brothers lived, and became an apprentice to a draper. Of course, it was very hard upon little Robert, but he was not so much to be pitied as most small boys and girls were who had to work in the factories. They were beaten by cruel men when they made mistakes, but Robert was treated kindly by Mr. McGuffeg, his master.

“He had to work very hard, but at night, when the shop was closed, and on Sundays, Robert was given a chance to read as many books as he could read from his master’s library. He was so much in earnest, so anxious to study, to become a wise man, that he never missed a chance to learn any new thing. It was very hard to study without a teacher to help him, but Robert kept on. And by the time he was a man, though he never went to college, he knew a great many things. This shows us that a boy can do much if he tries with all his might.

“We have not time this afternoon to follow him through all these years, but you will be glad to know that when he was just eighteen years old he had made so much progress that he was in business, and by the time he was twenty years old, he was manager of a big cotton mill with more than five hundred work people under him. And perhaps you will be interested to know that the very first cotton from America ever used in an English mill was used by Robert Owen. He was the first to spin any of our American cotton into yarn.

“I have said that many poor children had to work in the factories, and that they were often beaten by the cruel men who took charge of them. Robert Owen saw this. He saw that in

the mills, of which he was manager, there were little boys and girls not more than six years old working. Of course, he would not let the men in his mills beat little children, but he could not stop the men in other mills from doing it. He joined with a number of other good men and started a movement for reform. They did not stop until they had a law made which put an end to some, though not all, of the evils of child labor in the cotton mills."

"Then I am sure that he was a very good man," said Agnes, "and that our minister at home was wrong when he said that all Socialists are wicked, nasty people."

"Yes, Agnes, Robert Owen was a noble man. I cannot tell you of all the good things he did, for that would take too long. When he got a big factory in Scotland, he did many things to make the work-people happy. He built nice houses for them to live in instead of poor houses; he had schools started for the children, so that they could get education free. I think the free schools he started for little children were the first of the kind in Great Britain. And once, when the cotton mills were closed for four months, and all over England there was great poverty and suffering because so many people were out of work, he gave all the people in his mill their wages every week, so that they did not suffer at all.

"Of course, he was loved by all his work-people after that. They knew how good and kind he was. And all the people in New Lanark, which was the name of the place, were so much better off, and so happy, that wise men from all over the world used to go there to see just how Owen had made things so much

better than they were in any other place where there were cotton mills. One of his best friends was the Duke of Kent, the grandfather of King Edward of England, Agnes.

“But Robert Owen knew that there was still something wrong, even at New Lanark. He knew that the people who made all the cotton yarn from the raw cotton fibers were poor, and that made him wonder why. He wanted to know why the people who make all the good things in the world, all the clothes, shoes, houses, ships, and so on; who do all the hard work, are so often poor, and why people who do not work hard are very often rich. He thought about it all the time, and even dreamed about it. Then, one day, he said he had found out a way by which all people could be made happy, and he called the plan Socialism.

“He thought that if, instead of a few people owning the land and the mines and the factories, all the people owned them together—just as all the people own this park between them, and own all the streets, then all the people would work, and all would enjoy the good things they made, just as all the people in the city can enjoy this park, or the public streets.

“He tried to prove that such a plan would be possible for the whole of England and America by starting little colonies. In these colonies there would be a lot of families, and all the men would work the same number of hours, and then all the goods would be divided up. If any were sold, then the money would be divided among the people, so that all would have the same share. If that plan were followed, he told the people of England and this country, there would be no poverty in the world and vice and crime would be done away with.

“He started one of these colonies in this country, on the banks of the Wabash river, in Indiana. He named the place New Harmony, because he believed that there would be harmony and peace among the people. He started a very wonderful free school for children, and there was a boy living not far away who wanted to go to New Harmony in order that he might be able to attend the school. He was like Robert Owen had been when he was a boy: he wanted to be a wise and learned man. And though he could not go to New Harmony, he did become a wise and learned man, one of the very wisest and noblest men America has ever had. Can you guess who it was, Rob?”

“Was he a soldier?” asked Rob.

“No, but he was the President of the United States.”

“Was it President Lincoln?” asked Rob then.

“Yes. It was President Lincoln who, when he was a boy, longed to join Robert Owen’s Socialist colony in order that he might go to school there. I sometimes wonder whether the ideas which he got at that time from all the talk about Robert Owen and his plan to bring about Socialism made him the great and good man he was. I like to think that if President Lincoln were living to-day he would be a Socialist.

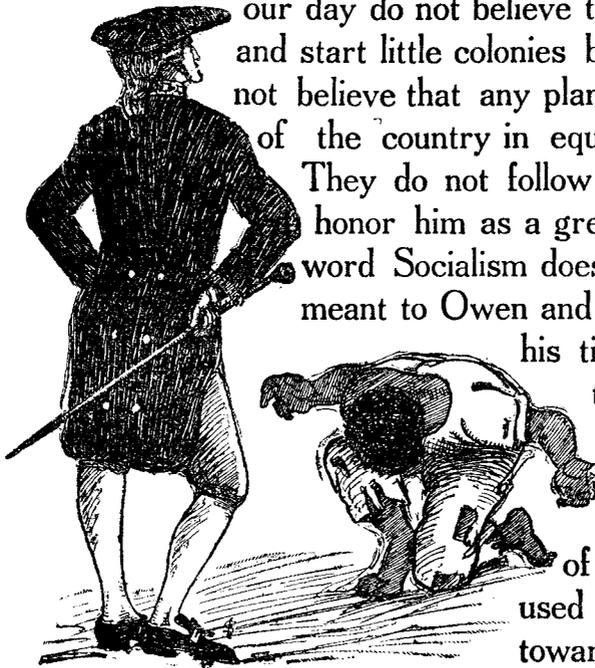
“Robert Owen worked hard to make a success of his colony at New Harmony, but he failed. Some people were lazy and would not work; some were selfish and wanted more than their share of the good things; some were unkind to their neighbors, and so the plan failed. I have brought with me a picture of New Harmony as it used to look in those days, long before the Civil War, so that you may see what a beautiful place it was.

You can see the river and the homes in which the people used to live."

All the children gathered around Mrs. Webb to look at the picture of New Harmony, and Willie made the others all laugh by asking his aunt if the man in the picture, so small that you could hardly see him, was Robert Owen. Then, when they had all looked at the picture, Agnes asked whether all Socialists believe in Robert Owen's plan, and whether Socialism means that all the people in the country must work so many hours each every day and then divide up all the money and all the good things, and that if papa has more money than somebody else he must give up part of it.

"No, Agnes dear," replied Mrs. Webb. "The Socialists of our day do not believe that they should go away and start little colonies by themselves. They do not believe that any plan for dividing the wealth of the country in equal shares will succeed. They do not follow Owen's plans, but they honor him as a great and good man. The word Socialism does not mean to us what it meant to Owen and the people who lived in his time. For words change their meaning, you know.

When anyone calls a man 'Mister' to-day, that is simply a term of respect, but it was once used only by slaves or serfs toward their masters.



“So the meaning of the word Socialism has changed since Owen used it. The Socialist of to-day wants to see poverty done away with, as well as all crime and vice. He wants to see all people happy and free; to do away with the great evils which come from some people owning all the land, mines, railroads, and factories. We do not want all people to be equal, and we know that they cannot be. We do not want to divide the wealth of the world in equal shares among all the people. What we want is to get a change made in the government of the country which will give every child born into the world an equal chance to live and grow, and to lead a happy life.

“We want the land and the mines, the railroads and most of the big factories and stores, to be made the property of all the people, so that all may enjoy the benefits of them. We do this now in a great many things—in our public parks, our streets, our public schools, our museums, and very many other good things which are founded on the principle of Socialism. And we want this done by the people through the government of the country.

“I think we must be going home now, for it is getting late. If you want to know more about Socialism, I will try to tell you what you wish to know to-morrow afternoon. We are all to go for a sail upon the river, and we can talk about it as we sail along. Do you think you will want to talk about it again, or would you rather talk about something else.”

All the children said they wanted to talk about Socialism, and to learn all about it. Then they left the park and went home. Mr. Webb met the party at the door and asked the children what they had learned about Robert Owen.

"He was a good man," said Willie.

"He could read and write when he was only seven years old," said May.

"He started free schools for children in England," said George.

"President Lincoln wanted to go to Robert Owen's school at New Harmony when he was a boy," said Rob, proud of his new learning.

"He was a good man who loved the little children, and tried to make the world happy," said Agnes very gravely. "I think that all Socialists must be good people, Uncle."

And Mr. Webb smiled as if he were well pleased with what the children had said.

QUESTIONS

In what country was Robert Owen born? Who ruled America then? How old was Robert when he learned to read and write? Did he go to college? Why? What law did Owen and other good men get passed? What did he do for his work-people in Scotland? Where did he start a colony in America? Who wanted to go to school there? Do Socialists start colonies now? What do Socialists want?

THIRD READING

A SAIL ON THE RIVER

Mr. Webb was a rich man, as you may have guessed when I told you of the beautiful things in his home. There were many people who could not understand why a rich man should be a Socialist. They thought that only very poor people who did not have nice homes to live in, nice food to eat, and nice clothes to wear, could be Socialists.

When these people asked Mr. Webb about it, he would always say: "I cannot be happy with all my good things so long as there are other people who are poor and hungry and sad. I am a Socialist because I believe that every man and woman, and every child, ought to have a chance to enjoy the good things of life. All people ought to have good homes, good food, and good clothes. Some day, when we all become wiser, and kinder to each other, there will be no poor people in the world. That will be Socialism."

When Mr. Webb talked to people like that they would often become Socialists too. Then they would call him "Comrade," the name which all the Socialists give each other. The word "Comrade" is used by Socialists all over the world, and means that those who are called by the name are friends, devoted to one common cause. Some of the people who called Mr. Webb "Comrade Webb" were very poor, and lived in poor homes, but they did not think about that when they met, and it made no difference to their friendship.

Being a rich man, Mr. Webb had many things which poor men cannot afford to buy. He had an automobile and a steam yacht. The automobile was a big red touring car with brass lamps. The steam yacht was a beautiful thing, painted white and gold. Mr. Webb was very proud of the yacht, the name of which was "Freedom." I think Mr. Webb chose that name for his yacht because he thought that Freedom was the most precious thing in life. And then, also, when people read the name upon the yacht they would sometimes talk about freedom, and that led them to think about Socialism. For there will never be true freedom for all the people until we have Socialism.

But I must not keep on talking about Mr. Webb, for you want to know about Mrs. Webb and the children and their sail upon the river. Well, just as they were getting ready to leave the house, Mr. Webb joined them. He had two big baskets in his hands, and they were full of nice things to eat. There were nuts and fruit, as well as many other good things. When the boys and girls knew that he was going with them, they were very glad and clapped their hands in glee. They all loved him very dearly, you see.

But they were even more happy when they saw the automobile stop in front of the house and heard it go "honk," "honk," "honk." George, Agnes and Willie had never been in an automobile in their lives, and it made Mr. Webb very happy to see how excited they were about it.

Rob and George got in front beside the driver. May and Agnes got in the two little seats, and then Mr. and Mrs. Webb, with Willie in between, got in the last seat. The driver moved

a lever, and off they went, with a "honk," "honk," "honk," making dogs and cats run for their very lives. Away they went, down the avenue, past the park, through a cross-street into a part of the town where the houses were all poor and ugly looking. Great big tenements they were, with iron fire escapes in front. The streets were very dirty and crowded with little children. Mothers sat in the doorways holding their babies. Most of the babies were crying because it was very hot.

They had to go slowly through this part of the city, for fear that they would run over some of the children who were playing in the street. I don't think the boys took much notice of anything except the manner in which the driver steered the machine. They were busy asking questions about all parts of the automobile. But the girls were all the time watching the little children on the streets.

"See how poor they are, and how ragged and dirty their clothes are!" cried May. "Poor little boys and girls, it is too bad that they cannot have nice homes to live in, and nice things to wear."

"Why are they so poor, Uncle?" asked Agnes. "Why do they have to live in such poor homes and to wear ragged clothes? Have they not got good fathers and mothers like other children?"

"Oh yes, dear Agnes," replied her Uncle. "Their fathers and mothers are just as loving and kind as the fathers and mothers of the richer children. Some of my Comrades live in these tenements, and I know that they are good men and women who love their children very dearly. Do you not see the mothers

sitting in the doorways nursing their little babies? See how tender and loving they look! But they are very poor. The fathers work hard and do their best for their children, but they get small wages, and so must live in these terrible places. I brought you this way just because I wanted you to see how sad and ugly the lives of many little children must be. Now you know why I am a Socialist, why I want the people to change these things. Under Socialism everything will be better."

"How will it be better, Uncle? What will Socialism do to make things better?" asked Agnes.

"There are so many ways in which Socialism will make things better for the people who live in these ugly places that I can hardly think of them all," replied Mr. Webb. "In the first place, under Socialism, there will be no such ugly homes as these, but all people will have homes as nice as our home. Then the little babies will have a better chance. They will not grow pale and thin and sick and die for lack of good air. Poor mothers will not have to sleep out upon the fire escapes, and even upon the hard sidewalks, as they do now during these hot nights. Fathers and mothers will not have to work hard for small wages, and so be unable to give their little ones good food and clothes, but all little girls and boys will be just as happy and well cared for as you are, my children."

"Oh, I do wish Socialism would come soon!" cried May very earnestly.

Just then they turned a corner and in another minute they were at the dock, ready to go aboard the yacht which lay waiting for them. The children were very happy as they got on the



E.S.

"WHY ARE THEY SO POOR, UNCLE?"

yacht, the boys rushing at once to watch the engineer. But May and Agnes were still thinking of the poor children in the streets. "Oh, I wish we could take all the poor little boys and girls with us!" said Agnes.

"Why, that would be fine!" cried May. "Could we not do that, Papa?"

Mr. Webb was very pleased to see that the girls were still thinking of the poor children. "No, dear, we could not take all the poor children in the city, for there are many more than our yacht will hold. But we could take a few of them, twenty-five or thirty, perhaps. That would leave very many thousands behind. Still, if you wish it, I shall arrange that you shall take as many as possible of the children of the tenements some day next week. I have many poor Socialist friends whose children would enjoy the trip.

"But, dear child, that is only charity. It only gives a little to a few, only one happy day to a few children. That is not enough, for we want all children to have all their days made happy. I want you to see that charity is not enough. It is good that those who have more than enough should give to those who have nothing, or very little, but we must try to make the world so good, and so just that no one will need charity. Your mamma will tell you how we think this can be done."

Mr. Webb walked away to the front of the boat and sat down in an easy-chair. When the children saw that he had begun to read out of a big book, they knew that he wished to be quiet and free from their questions. So they gathered in the stern of the boat. The boys came and said they wanted some-

thing to eat, so Mrs. Webb opened up the baskets and in a few minutes they were all eating nuts and fruit, making quite a merry party.

When they had finished eating, May begged her mother to tell them something more about Socialism, and all the others joined in the appeal. Whether the boys were simply anxious to be polite, or whether they were really more interested to learn about Socialism than in the engine of the yacht, I do not know. I only know that they asked Mrs. Webb to tell them about Socialism, and that they were very quiet, giving close attention to every word. I do not wonder very much at this, for Mrs. Webb was very kind and gentle, and talked in the most charming manner.

I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you all she said, in just her own beautiful words, but I can tell you the sense of it. She told them that the Socialists want to elect some clever and good man who believes in Socialism to be President of the United States, and other clever and good Socialists to make laws in the States and in Congress.

The laws that they would make would change things so that there would be no need for people to work for low wages, to be poor, and to see their little children suffer. They would do away with poverty and make the world a bright and happy place to live in. Then there would be no dirty streets with poor, ugly homes, and no children ragged and hungry like the little children they had seen that morning.

“Little children are like beautiful flowers,” said Mrs. Webb. “Flowers cannot grow and bloom in their full beauty unless they have loving care, good air and light, and good soil from

which the little roots can draw their food. And little children must have loving care, good air and light, and plenty of food. If they do not get these things, they either die or grow less strong and lovely than they ought to grow. Under Socialism all little human blossoms will be cared for as tenderly and wisely as the wisest men and women in the world know how to care for them.

“We want to make the laws so that a few rich people will not have the power to take most of the good things. We have something like the kind of order we want in our homes now. When we have beautiful things in our homes, we do not let two or three of the biggest and strongest children take them away so that no other members of the family can enjoy them. If papa buys a fine picture, he does not allow Rob to take it and shut it up in his room and tell May that she cannot see it. Robert can have his own things, and May can have her own things, and these do not belong to anyone else. But the home itself and the beautiful things are for the good and joy of all.

“So when we sit down to the table for dinner. All the nice food is placed upon the table, and there is always quite enough for each one. It would not be nice if, when the food is placed upon the table, all began to fight for it, each one trying to get it all and to keep the others from getting any. That is the way dogs behave over a bone when they are very hungry, but it would not be right for human beings. No nice boy or girl would want to act like that.

“But that is the way we fight over the good things of the world, outside of our homes. There is enough of all things for

every man, woman, and child to have plenty, but a few strong and clever people strive to get most for themselves, so that the rest of the people cannot have enough. Socialism would give all a chance to have enough, just as when we sit down to dinner each can get enough to eat. There is enough in the world for everyone if we share it fairly as we do the food at home."

"Do you mean that the laws must be changed so that the wise men who govern us will take everything and give each one a share, just as papa serves out our dinner at table, and as our mama gives us our clothes?" asked May.

"No, my dear. That would be dividing the wealth of the country up in shares, and I told you yesterday that we do not believe in that. What we want is that the people, through the government, shall own many things which now are owned by a few people. We want all the people together to own the things which cannot be owned by a few people without injury to all the rest.

"Let us suppose that this noble river belonged to your father. He would have the right then to keep everyone else away from it. No one could use it without his consent. He could keep all other people from using it, or make them pay him for the right to take a swim in it, to sail a boat upon it, or to enjoy it in any other way. There are many beautiful places which are owned by rich men in that manner, and which no one else has a right to enjoy.

"But your father does not own the river. It belongs to all the people, and the government sees that no one keeps other people from enjoying its use. Well, we Socialists want to have

the land, the mines, the forests, the factories in which things are made, to be owned by the people in just the same way.

"We don't want the government to own everything. That would be quite foolish, even if it could be done. We do not believe that it could be done, and we do not want it. But where there are things which all ought to enjoy, or which all must share if they are to live happy lives, we want those things made the common property of all the citizens, and used for the equal benefit of all instead of for a few."

"I know what Aunt Mary means," said George. "She means that it is quite right for me to own my own bat and ball, because any other fellow can get a bat and ball for himself. But it is not right for me to own the field all to myself and to be able to stop other fellows from playing there, because it is not possible for every fellow to get a field."

"Well done, George!" cried Mr. Webb, who came up just when George was speaking. "Well done! That is the point. Your aunt must be a good teacher, for you understand the idea of Socialism very well. If you keep on like that, some day we shall have to get you to make a Socialist speech."

George was very proud, as of course any boy would be to be praised by such a wise man as Mr. Webb. Just then the yacht drew up to the dock, and all made a scramble for the automobile, which was there waiting for them. "Honk," "honk," "honk," went the horn, and in a little while the children were at home again, tired, but very happy.

At the door they were met by Miss Brooks and Mrs. Brown, the mother of Agnes and George and Willie. "Well,

children, what have you learned about Socialism to-day," asked Mrs. Brown.

"It means that all little children should be happy and have enough to eat," said Willie, which was not a bad answer for such a small boy to give.

"It means that all the people must have a share in the land, and the mines and the factories, and that they must not be owned by a few people," said Rob.

"I think it means that every little baby born into the world should be given a fair chance," said May.

"Oh, it means that there should be a law to keep some people from taking what all other people need, and to give each one a fair share," said George.

"I think it means all that Willie and Rob and George have said, and something else besides," said Agnes. "It means also that we should all be brothers and sisters."

"Yes, dear children," said Mr. Webb, who had been listening. "Socialism means just that."

QUESTIONS

What name do Socialists give each other? Why did Mr. Webb call his yacht "Freedom"? What did Mr. Webb say about charity? Why do Socialists want to elect a Socialist President? Do they want to elect other Socialists? Who? What sort of laws do the Socialists want? Do we want to divide up the wealth? Do we want the government to own everything? What did George say about the field and the bat and ball?

FOURTH READING

THE SOCIALIST MEETING

One evening, soon after the trip on the yacht of which I told you, Mr. Webb had to go to a Socialist meeting to make a speech. He made the children happy by telling them that if they would all promise to be very good, to sit as still as so many mice, and listen without going to sleep, they could go to the meeting.

The children were excited and kept asking Miss Brooks what a Socialist meeting was like. But all the answer she would give them was, "Wait and see." Of course, if she told them all about it that would have spoiled the evening for them, so I think she was very kind not to tell.

It was eight o'clock when they came to the place where the meeting was to be held. They saw a great big hall which Rob said must be the very biggest hall in the whole world. Of course, we know better than that. It was not the biggest hall in the world, but Rob thought it must be, because it was so many times bigger than the assembly hall in his school.

A seat had been kept for the children, their mothers, and Miss Brooks in the front of the gallery, where they could see all that went on and hear every word. The hall was filled with men and women, most of whom were using fans, for it was a very hot night. Upon the walls there hung many flags and banners, and these and the white dresses which most of the ladies wore made a pleasing picture in the bright light.

Soon all the people began to clap their hands and to make a

noise with their feet. The children did the same, of course, because they thought it must be the proper thing to do.

Then some men stood upon their seats and began to cheer and wave little red flags. At first the children did not know what to think of it, but when they looked toward the platform they saw Mr. Webb bowing to the people. Then they knew that the cheers were meant as a kind greeting to him. If you could have read the secrets of Rob's mind just then, I believe that you would have said that he was the proudest boy in the world.

A man with a big, loud voice came to the front of the platform and rapped on the table, making a noise like a carpenter at work. He was the chairman of the meeting. He asked all the people to sing a song called "The Red Flag," and it seemed as if every man and woman in the hall sang and waved a red flag at the same time. Miss Brooks sang very sweetly, and Agnes made up her mind that she would learn the words, too, if Miss Brooks would help her.

When the song was finished there was more clapping and then the chairman made a little speech and told the people that the Socialists wanted everybody to be happy. Then he said that they would all be glad to hear "Comrade Webb" speak, and when he said this there was more cheering, louder and wilder than ever.

Mr. Webb waited until the cheers had died away. Then he began his speech, and the people became so quiet that had a pin been dropped to the floor it could almost have been heard. Only now and then, when Mr. Webb said something which pleased

them very much, they clapped their hands and cheered so that he had to stop and wait for them to be quiet.

Mr. Webb was a very good speaker. His clear, ringing voice seemed to fill the place like the music from a great organ. He spoke very simply, using simple and easy words, so that even little Willie could understand it all. Miss Brooks wrote down in shorthand all that he said, so I am able to tell you some of it in his own words. I wish I could tell you with the charm of his voice, but I cannot. Listen, and I will tell you some of the things he said:

“Comrades and friends: I have been told that you want me to tell in very simple words what Socialism means; what we who call ourselves Socialists want, and by what means we hope to reach the end we have in view. I shall try to do this so that even the boys and girls will know what each word means.

“This land in which we live is very rich, as rich as any land in the world. Nature has been most kind to us. In our seas and our rivers there are many kinds of fish fit for food; our mines are stored with coal and iron, copper and silver and gold; our hills and plains feed all the cattle we need; our fields and our gardens grow all the food we want. I think we can say that in America there ought to be no one in want of food.

“But in all our towns and cities there are many men and women and boys and girls, even little babies, who do not get the food they need, and who live in want and pain. We all wish that this did not need to be said, but sad as we must be when we think of it, we know that it is true.

“This ought not to be so. There is enough for all, and no

one should be so poor as not to have good food to eat, good clothes to wear, and a good home to live in. When we see that some have so many good things that they can never use more than a small part of them, we know that there must be something wrong in the way we live and use the gifts of Nature.

“All of us, if we are good and wise, must want to put an end to the wrong and to make life glad for all. That is why we have come to this meeting. I want to tell you why we have some very poor people and others very rich. And then I want to tell you what we Socialists think must be done so that all will be rich.

“What do we mean when we say that all should be rich? Well, we mean that all should have enough of the good things of life to make them glad; enough food and clothes, and enough rest, to make their lives happy and bright.

“You want to know if enough good things for all can be had. Well, let us think about it a bit. How are these good things to be had; how do we get them? If you think about it, you will see that they come from two sources. First, there is the part which Nature gives. Second, there is the part that comes from the labor of human beings. All wealth comes from human labor added to Nature’s gifts.

“Nature gives us the sea and the fish in the sea, but it takes the labor of human beings to catch the fish to make them useful as food. Nature hides the coal and the iron and the copper and silver and gold in the earth, but there must be human labor to dig them out and to make them fit for use. Nature gives us clay and stones and big trees in the forest, but it takes the labor of man to

make bricks out of the clay, to shape the rough stones, to cut down the trees and make boards, and then to make houses out of the bricks and stones and boards.



“So it is that all our wealth comes from the union of man’s labor with the forces of Nature. I do not mean hand labor only when I say this, for the brain labor which some men do is quite as useful as the hand labor of other men. Now, if people whose labor makes wealth were always rich, and the people who never make wealth were always poor, that would

not be so bad. But when we ask who are poor and who are rich to-day, we find that the poor are those who make wealth, and that those who do not make wealth are the rich.

“The next thing we have to ask is: ‘Why is this so: why do the people who make the wealth let the idle people get most of it?’ It is not that the work-people want to be poor, for they do not. And it is not because the idle people are wiser or better than the people who work hard.

“All the things which Nature gives, and which men must have to make wealth with, such as wood, coal, iron, stone, and many other things, belong to a few people. No one can build a home unless he has the land on which to build it. No one can dig coal unless he has the land from which to dig it. No one can grow food unless he has the land on which to grow it. All the people do not own land. Only a few of them do. And they make the many people who use their land pay them for that right. So the few do not need to work at all. They can get more by making those who do work pay them for the use of what Nature gave for all men.

“But land is not the only thing men must have to be able to make the things they need to live in comfort. There was once a time when all that man needed was the land and a few crude tools and weapons which he made himself. But that time is gone. To-day we must have great engines and very costly machines. We have to make use of steam and electric power; we must have factories and railroads. Now, these are owned by a few people, but the lives of all people depend upon them.

“The few who own these things permit the rest to use them

only when they agree to pay for the right. When a man goes to work in a shop or in a mine he has to agree to work for wages. What do we mean by wages? Well, we mean that a man is given so much money for working so many hours or so many days. He does not get the thing he makes in the shop, or the coal he digs out of the mine. These belong to the people who employ him, the people who own the shop, or the mine, and the machinery. They pay him wages and keep the result of his labor, which is worth a great deal more.

“You will see that people who own the land and other gifts of Nature, and people who own the factories and railroads and machinery can live and enjoy riches without doing any useful work, because they can make the people, who do not own such things, work for wages.

“How, then, can all the people hope ever to get rich, so that there will be no poor people? I can tell you that in a few words. All the people, as citizens, must own the land and all other gifts of Nature, and not let them be owned by a few people. And all the people must own the factories, the railroads, and the great machines which are used to produce wealth.

“We Socialists, then, are doing our best to make the people see that this is the only way to put an end to poverty and to make all rich and happy. When most of the people see this they will vote for laws which will take away the power from the few to make the many work for them. Then we shall all work. Some will work with their hands and some wise and gifted men will work with their brains. But all will do useful work, for the good of all, and no one will be able to live in idle ease on the

fruit of other men's labor, because no one will own the things which other men must have before they can work.

"And this is Socialism, my friends. That is what we must hope for and work for. We must get other people to hope and work for it as well as ourselves. Some day, perhaps long before the little boys and girls here to-night have grown old, we shall enter the Socialist life. Then our America will be a great and a happy land, and every child born in any part of the land will have a chance to live a glad, free life."

When Mr. Webb sat down there was much more cheering and clapping of hands. The people were very pleased and seemed to know the meaning of all that he had said to them. It was very good of Mr. Webb to make it so easy, for some of the people were very tired, and big words would have made it hard for them to understand. But I really think that Mr. Webb made his speech simple just for the sake of his children and their three little cousins. And they understood every word.

When they were going home in the car after the meeting the children talked about the speech they had heard. They talked so loud that anyone could hear what they were saying.

"When I get to be a man I shall vote for a Socialist to be President," said Willie. "Then we shall do away with poverty."

"I wish women voted," said May. "Then I could vote for Socialist laws when I get big. I think women ought to vote just as well as men."

"They will when we get Socialism," said George, "for Uncle said that Socialism would give equal rights to all men and women. I am sure he must have meant that they would have the

same right to vote. When I grow to be a man, I shall vote for Socialism and make speeches about it, like Uncle does."

"I think," said Agnes, "that I should like to be a clever woman and then to teach little boys and girls about Socialism. Then they would grow up to be good Socialists and would vote for Socialist laws. I think it is very wrong that the land and the factories and the other things we all need should be owned by a few people. Each ought to own only what he uses, and the things we all use ought to be owned by all the people."

"I think that is a very nice speech, Agnes," said her mother, who had been listening. "And now, Rob, what do you say about it?"

"Well, Auntie," said Rob, "I want to grow up a wise and good man like papa. Of course I shall vote for Socialist laws, too, but I should like to do much more than that, oh, ever so much more! I want to be the President of the United States, a real Socialist President. I would be like President Lincoln. He said the nation could not endure if half the people were free and half slaves. And then he set the slaves free. And I would say that we must not have half the people rich and half poor, and then I would make Congress pass laws to do away with poverty, so that all would be rich."

Rob's father and mother were greatly amused and pleased by his answer. "What castles you do build in the air, Rob," said Mrs. Webb with a kind smile.

Just then the car reached their corner and they all got off, and were soon at home. The children went off to bed at once, and I think that Rob dreamed of being President of the United

States, while Agnes dreamed of teaching little boys and girls about Socialism.

And now that you have heard about the Socialist meeting, and I have told you a lot of what Mr. Webb said, and what the children thought about it, I wonder what you think about Socialism, and what you want to do when you grow up?

QUESTIONS.

What song did the people sing? What did Mr. Webb say about Nature being kind to us? Ought there to be any poor people? What do Socialists mean when they say that all should be rich? What are the two sources from which wealth comes? Do Socialists mean that brain labor does not help to make wealth? What must we have before we can grow food or do anything? Do all the people own land? Do all the people own factories, mines, and machinery? When the people who work get wages, do they get more than they produce, or less? Under Socialism will women have the same rights as men?

FIFTH READING

THE RED FLAG



AGNES wanted to learn the words of "The Red Flag," the song which all the people sang at the Socialist meeting. She asked Miss Brooks to teach her the words. She knew the tune already.

Of course, Miss Brooks was very glad to teach Agnes the words of the song, for she was always very kind to the children. Then, too, she knew that Agnes could sing nicely, and she wished her to sing Socialist songs sometimes.

"Come to my room this afternoon for an hour, dear Agnes," she said. "Then you can learn the words and we can sing them. I can play the air upon the piano."

Agnes was very happy. To learn the words of the song would be a great joy to her. But to visit the room which Miss Brooks called her "den" would be even better. She had been there once when Miss Brooks gave the children a little party, and she thought it the nicest room she had ever seen.

"Thank you, dear Miss Brooks," she said, and gave her a pretty kiss.

That afternoon, wearing a sweet and simple pink dress, Agnes sat in the cozy little room of her kind friend. If you had been able to pay them a visit just then, you would have seen Miss Brooks seated in a great big armchair, reading. You would also have seen a very pretty little girl lying upon a rug, made from the skin of a big tiger, with her head resting upon the head of the tiger. Some little boys and girls would have been afraid of the fierce looking tiger's head, for it looked just as if the animal were alive and could eat one. But it was only the skin of a tiger and its skull. A clever man had made it look as if it were alive, and put glass eyes in it.

Agnes would read each verse of the song several times, and then she would close the book and say the words of the verse aloud to Miss Brooks. She learned all the verses in a very short time, much more quickly than most little girls would have learned them, I am sure. Agnes had a good memory and she could learn poetry very easily. I suppose that her great interest in the song helped her to learn it. It is never hard to learn things we are anxious to learn.

When she had learned all the words so that she could recite them without looking into the book, Miss Brooks played the tune upon the piano. Then they sang the song three or four times, until they were quite tired. I am sure you would have clapped your hands with delight if you had heard them.

Would you like to learn the words of the song, just as Agnes did? I have copied them for you, and hope that you will learn to sing them.

THE RED FLAG

The People's Flag is deepest red.
It shrouded oft our martyr'd dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Within its shade we'll live or die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.

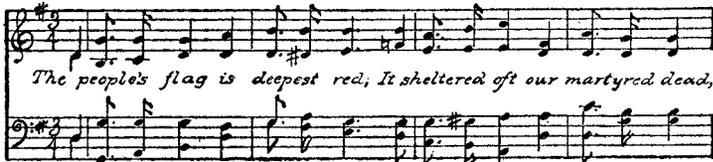
It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its color now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.



THE RED FLAG

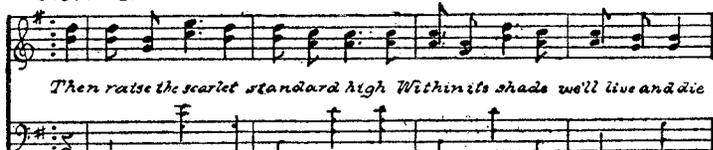


The people's flag is deepest red; It sheltered oft our martyred dead,



And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold Their hearts blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus:-



Then raise the scarlet standard high Within its shade we'll live and die



Tho cowards flinch and traitors sneer We'll keep the red flag flying here

When they ceased singing, Miss Brooks asked Agnes if she would like to know about the song, and why the Socialists have red flags at their meetings sometimes. Agnes said she would like that better than anything, better than the best story Miss Brooks could tell.

"The song was written by one of our Irish comrades, a man named James Connell," said Miss Brooks. "He wrote many other songs for us, but none of them ever became so popular as 'The Red Flag.' In England and Ireland our Socialist comrades sing it much more than we do in America."

"What does the verse mean which says that the red flag 'shrouded oft our martyr'd dead'?" asked Agnes. "Have people been put to death for being Socialists?"

"Oh yes," answered Miss Brooks. "In some countries, where there is not so much freedom as we have, many Socialists have been put to death. And in many countries our comrades have been sent to prison for teaching the people what Socialism means. But the cause of Socialism still keeps growing."

"How cruel the laws must be to punish people for being Socialists, to send them to prison for trying to make the world better!" cried Agnes.

"Yes, dear, such laws are very cruel and unjust," said Miss Brooks. "They are also very foolish, for they cannot stop Socialism. Men and women can be put in prisons, they can be beaten, or even put to death; but these things will not stop the spread of their *ideas*. For ideas cannot be put in prison, nor beaten, nor put to death by force. The only way to kill an idea is to prove that it is not a good idea, and to give the people some other idea in its place."

“And have they ever tried to do that?” asked Agnes.

“Yes, indeed, they have tried that a great many times, Agnes,” Miss Brooks replied. “Very clever men have written books to try to show that Socialism is not just or wise, and there are many men all the time making speeches against Socialism, trying to make people believe that it is wicked, or foolish, or that it can never be brought about. But they do not convince the people. More people become Socialists each day.”

“Of course they do not succeed because they are wrong,” said Agnes. “Socialism is true and no one can stop the truth. Mamma always says that.”

“Yes, Agnes, that is so,” Miss Brooks said. “All their wise men have never been able to answer the books and speeches of our comrades. Your uncle wrote a book on Socialism years ago which has made many people join our movement, and none of the enemies of Socialism has ever been able to answer it. That is why all the comrades love your uncle so much.”

“But why is the Socialist flag red, Miss Brooks? Would not some other color be better than red? I do not think red is a nice color, and then it makes one think of the red flags men carry on the railroads as danger signals. I think a white flag would be much nicer.”

“But a white flag would have no meaning for us, my dear, while a red flag has,” replied Miss Brooks. “You know that Socialism is for all people of all races. We do not want the white man to fight the black man, or the yellow man, but that all should be brothers. We want to do away with war and to have all the people in the world live in peace as brothers and sisters.

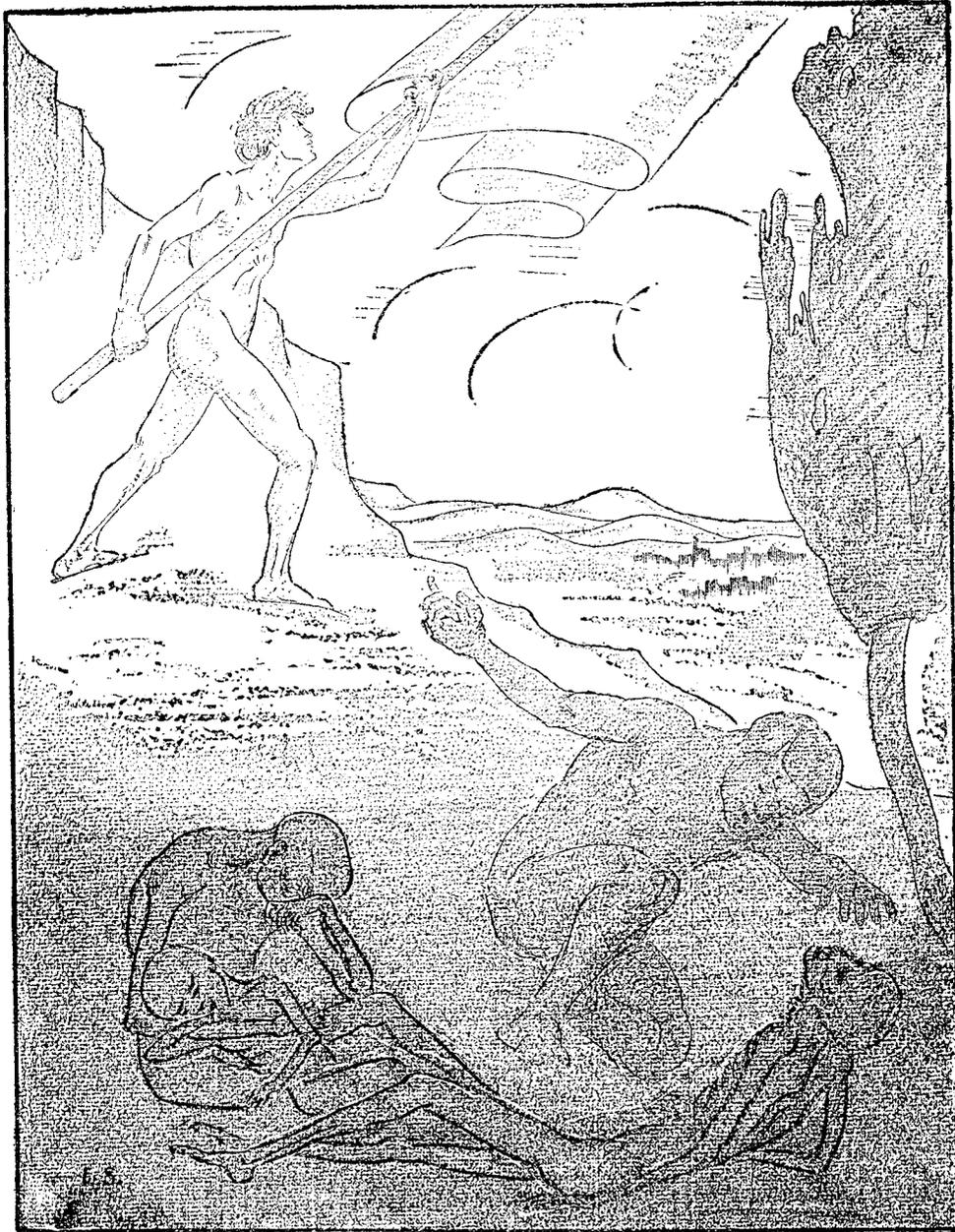
"Now, red is the color of the blood of all people. Rich and poor, black and white, wise and simple, we have all the same sort of blood, the same color. So we have chosen red as the color of our flag to represent the idea that all the nations are of one blood; that Socialism stands for all mankind alike."

"Why, that is very noble and beautiful," said Agnes. "I am sure that if people only knew that, they would honor and respect the Socialist flag, and not hate and despise it."

"Well, dear Agnes, there is only one thing we can do," said Miss Brooks. "We can tell people what our red flag really means. We can do our best to make them understand that Socialism stands for the good of all mankind."

"But there are other reasons why our flag is red. Long, long ago, much longer than our histories tell us about, the people who lived then made flags to signal to each other. Wise men who have made a study of the subject think that the first flags must have been red, that men made them red to look as much like fire as they could make them. One of the reasons why they think that is that the word 'flag' in our English language is the same as a Latin word which means 'flame.' So red is the color which was first used for flags."

"That is not why we Socialists have red flags. I thought only that you would like to know what wise men say about the red flag, and why the first flags men used were red. But I want you to know that for thousands of years red has been the color of the banners of poor people who were fighting against tyrants. In the old Roman days the rich and powerful people always bore white flags, while the poor working people always bore red flags."



'IT GIVES THE HOPE OF PEACE AT LAST'

Perhaps it does not really matter at all, but I like to think that we who are Socialists are bearing the same banner which all the people fighting for freedom have borne for thousands of years."

"Yes, it is nice to think that the Socialist banner not only means peace among all nations, but that it is just like the red flags which people trying to make themselves free have always used. And do the Socialist comrades in other countries use the red flag also, Miss Brooks?"

"Yes, dear. Do you not remember the second verse of the song?" asked Miss Brooks. "You know it says:

'Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.'

"You see, the poet could not put all the names of all countries in the song, but he names Frenchmen and Germans, Russians and Americans—only to make his verse sound just right he had to use 'Moscow' and 'Chicago' in place of 'Russia' and 'America.' In every country where there are Socialists the red flag is loved. And yet, Agnes, I do not want you to think that the red flag is anything more than a sign of what we believe, for it is not. It is really used to inspire people."

"I think I know what you mean," said Agnes. "In England the national flag is called the 'Union Jack,' and the beautiful American flag with its stars and stripes is called 'Old Glory.' The people of each land love their flag and show respect to it,

not just for its color, but because it represents the country. So we must love the red flag of Socialism, not for its color, but because it represents our ideas and our belief in Socialism."

"That is quite right, Agnes," said Miss Brooks, and anyone could tell by her voice that she was pleased by what Agnes had said. "It does not matter very much if we have a flag or not, so long as we are true to our Socialist belief.

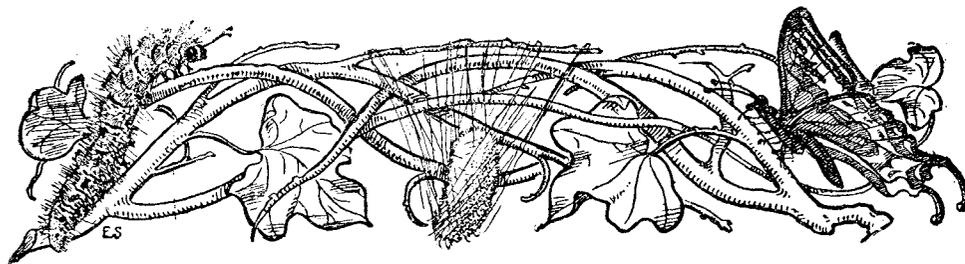
"Some people think that we cannot love our own country and its flag if we love the red flag of Socialism. That is why they are so often angry when they see us with red flags at our meetings, I think. They believe that we want to put our red flag in place of the flag of our country, 'Old Glory.' But that is a big mistake. When we carry our red flag in parades, or at meetings, we carry the flag of the country as well. One flag shows our love for our own land, the other shows that we want the people of all lands to love each other, so that there need never be any more war."

While they had been talking about the red flag, and singing about it, the clock in the corner had been working away, ticking just as fast as it could tick. Then it began to strike—One, two, three, four, five, six, it struck, and Miss Brooks and Agnes knew that they must hurry off to dinner.

I fancy they must have been late for dinner, too, for I heard the dinner-bell ring just as they left the room, and I know they were not ready then. But you may be sure they were forgiven, for Mr. and Mrs. Webb knew that they had been talking about Socialism.

QUESTIONS

What song do Socialists love to sing? Who wrote the song? Why is it foolish to punish people for their ideas? Why do Socialists have a red flag instead of a white one? What color flags did the rich and powerful people in Rome carry? What color flags did the poor working people carry? Do Socialists all over the world love and respect the red flag? If we love and respect the red flag, does that prevent us from loving our native land?



SIXTH READING

A LITTLE TALK ON EVOLUTION

Rob was reading a book about Socialism which his father had given him, when he came upon a new word. What the word meant he had not the least idea. Several times he spelled it out, letter by letter—E-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n, but that did not help him a bit.

None of the other children could tell him what the word meant. They were all younger than Rob—except Agnes, who was just the same age. Rob and Agnes tried very hard to understand it, and after a long time Agnes said that she thought it must be a word which no one used but Socialists.

But Rob was not content with that. "There is a book in papa's study which tells what every word means," said he, "but we cannot go in there to look at it, for papa is very busy. What shall we do?"

"Oh, I know what to do," said Agnes. "Let us go and ask your mamma. She will tell us, for she knows almost everything, I think."

Just at that very moment, in the nick of time, Mrs. Webb passed the door of the room. In the fairy stories the good fairy always comes at the right moment, so that we can play that Mrs. Webb was a fairy, if you like. Anyhow, she came out of the

study and began to go upstairs, but she stopped when Rob and Agnes called to her.

And she spoke just like the fairy in the story always does: "Well, children, what can I do for you," she asked.

"Rob has found a very hard word in the book uncle gave him," said Agnes. "We want to find out what it means."

"What is the word, Rob?" asked his mother.

"It is spelled E-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n, and I think the way to pronounce it must be *ev-o-loo-shun*, or something like that. But I want to know what it means," said Rob.

"You pronounce it very well indeed, Rob," said Mrs. Webb, "and all you need me to tell you is what it means. The word means growth from one state to another. If you put a seed into the ground after a little while the seed bursts. Then a little bit of green shoots its head above the earth, a little plant. The little plant grows and grows, and by-and-by buds come. And then, in a short time the buds unfold and blossoms come. That is a very simple form of evolution. But will you not read me the whole passage in which you found the word, Rob?"

"Yes, mamma. This is the passage," said Rob. He read: "Evolution is the law of all life, and the Socialist knows that he can trust that law to bring the change."

"Oh, that is too hard for you to understand without help, I am afraid, Rob," said his mother with a pleasant smile. "But if you will wait just a few minutes I think that I can spare the time to explain it to you. I have two or three little things to do first. If you will wait in your room until then, I will gladly come and help you."

The two children thanked her and went back to their room to wait. They did not have to wait long. In a little while Mrs. Webb came, bringing with her a big stone, which caused the two children to stare with wonder.

"Your book says that 'evolution is the law of all life,' Rob. That is the first part of the passage you read to me, and I want to explain that first," she said. "I have told you already that evolution means growth from one stage to another, as when a seed develops into a plant, and a bud unfolds and becomes a flower.

"The passage in your book means that all life has to grow and develop from one form, or stage, to another. Everything grows. An acorn grows and becomes an oak tree—that is evolution. Out of a tiny egg comes a wee bird, without any feathers and quite unable to see. It grows bigger and stronger, feathers come and at last the bird flies—and that is evolution. Babies grow in just the same manner and become men and women—that also is evolution."

"I think I know now what it means," said Rob. "A frog lays its egg in the pond and when these are hatched little tadpoles come out. Then, after a time, the tadpoles change into frogs. I have seen them many times. I suppose you would call the change from the egg to the tadpole, and from the tadpole to the frog, the evolution of the frog, mamma?"

"Yes, that is a very good way to put it, Rob. You are quite right. Now, very wise men have found out that not only do seeds develop into plants and flowers, eggs into tadpoles and tadpoles into frogs, but that one kind of animal develops from

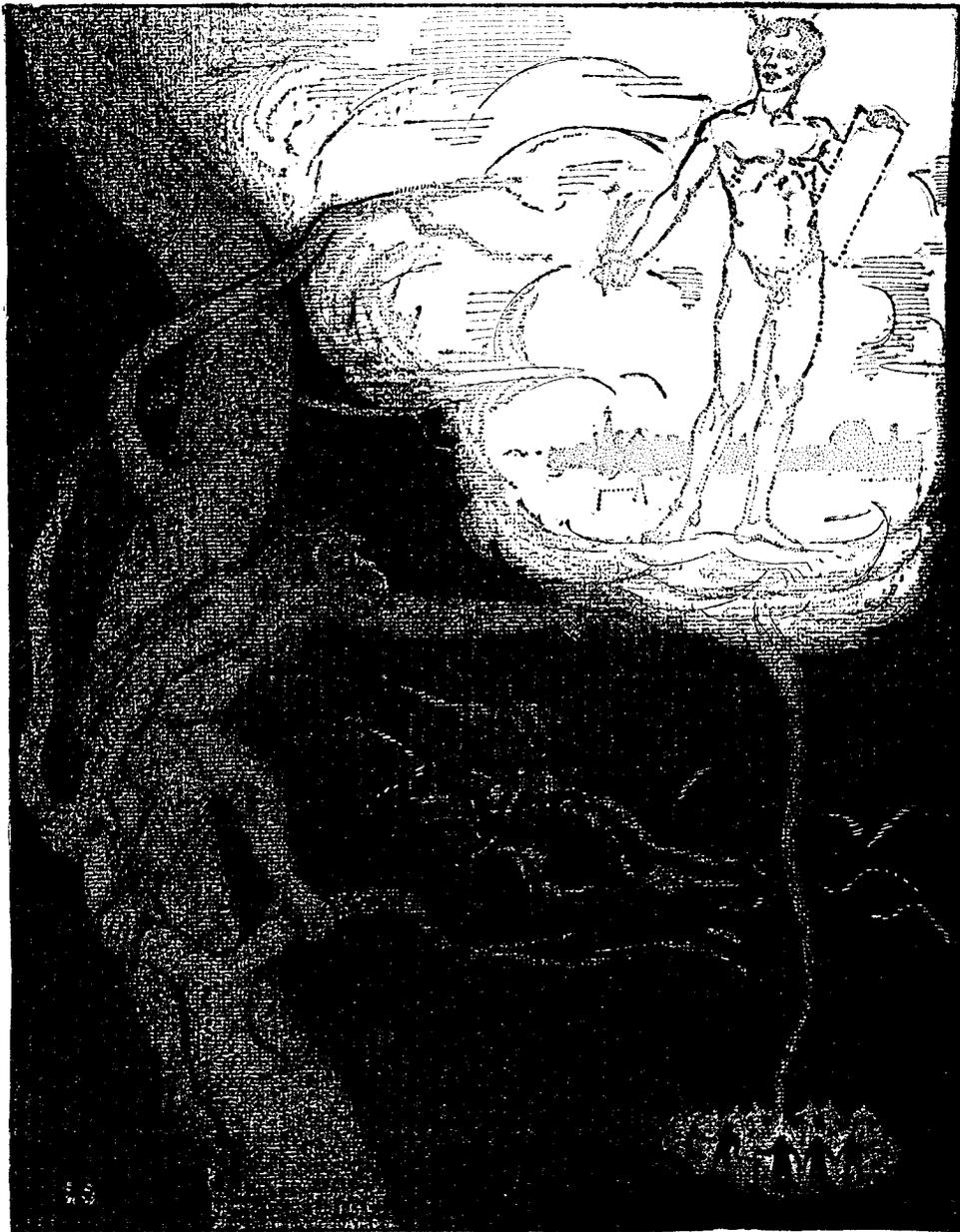
other kinds which are not at all like it, so far as we can see by simply looking at them.

“All the many kinds of pigeons we saw the other day in the pigeon show have come, these wise men say, from one common kind of pigeon; all the many breeds of dogs have come from the wolf. Even human beings must have been produced by evolution. The wise men say that millions of years ago there were only a few kinds of life in all the world. Then more forms came from these until, after long ages, monkeys were born from parents which were not quite monkeys. Then from the monkeys came apes which looked very much like men, but were not quite men. Human beings came later. They were the offspring of the apes which were not quite men.

“This is a very hard thing for boys and girls to understand, and you must trust the wise and learned men until you are much older. It is quite enough for you to know that it took thousands upon thousands of years of evolution to produce a human being. I can only explain to you now that the wise men know these things because they find in the rocks, and buried deep in the earth, the remains of many different kinds of animals—some of which do not exist any more—so that they can see step by step the process of evolution.

“For you must know that stones grow just like other things. Perhaps you think it funny to say that stones grow, but I have brought one to show you that it is so. This is one of your papa’s fossils. Do you know what a fossil is?”

“Oh, yes. A fossil is any sort of animal, insect or plant life



HUMAN BEINGS CAME LATER. THEY WERE THE OFFSPRING OF THE APES WHICH
WERE NOT QUITE MEN

that has been turned to stone. Most fossils are found in stone of the same kind as they are," Rob answered.

"Yes, that is very good," said Mrs. Webb. "Here is a fossil shell in a piece of limestone. You can see all the form of the shell, but it is really solid stone now, like the rest of the stone in which it is held. Now, how did that shell ever get into the heart of the rock like that? Of course, no one could put the shell into the rock. It must have grown there.

"Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, this limestone was not yet formed. There was a mass of mud at the bottom of a great lake, or perhaps of the sea. This mud was the floor of the lake or the sea, its bottom. When shellfish and water-insects died, their bodies or shells would drop to the bottom in the mud. Even big fishes and water snakes would die sometimes and their bodies fall into the mud. Of course, very often the bodies were eaten by creatures living at the bottom in the mud. But many were not eaten. They soon got covered with other mud, and in the mud they were kept in just the shape they were when alive.

"Then, in the course of a long, long time, the water left that place so that the mud which was the floor of the sea or the lake became land, and some of it got to be very hard. That is how great rocks were formed and how it comes to pass that you find fossils of fishes and shells and insects in them.

"Well, fossils are found in other kinds of stone as well as limestone. They are found also in coal. In the soft coal which is found in many places you can often find the forms of insect life, leaves of trees, and very beautiful ferns. I have found many

kinds of such fossils. Thus we know that stones grow and that coal grows. They are the results of evolution.

“But that is not all that the wise men have been able to find out. By the many different kinds of leaves found in the coal they have been able to tell us that millions of years ago there were great forests where the coal mines now are; that in these forests grew trees which do not grow any more, and that the climate must have been very different from what it is now to make such trees grow. And by all the different kinds of animals they have found in many parts of the world, and the footprints of animals, they have been able to tell us that there were very many kinds of animals on the earth thousands of years before there were any human beings.

“They have been able to show by the fossil remains of animals how man came to exist. First they find the remains of an animal only a little like a man; then, in some other place, they find fossils of animals much more like men, but still not men. Then, after a while, they find some fossils of animals which look so much like some kinds of human beings still found in the world that the wise men can hardly tell whether they should be called the remains of men who looked like apes, or of apes that looked like men.

“All this is very wonderful, as I am sure you will agree. It is also very strange and hard to understand. Even the very wisest men in all the world cannot explain everything, but they are always learning more about it. Of course, little boys and girls cannot hope to understand what the wisest men in the world cannot. But you can see that everything in the world has to grow;

that it is the result of evolution. When you are older you will be able to study and understand some of the things which cannot be explained to you now. Till then, dear children, you must trust the wise men."

"I am sure it is all very wonderful—more wonderful than any fairy story," said Agnes. "When I grow to be a woman I want to study and find out all about it."

"And I," said Rob, "want to become one of the very wisest men in the world, so that I can explain all about evolution to other people."

"Yes, that will be very fine, Rob," agreed his mother. "Now I must tell you about the second part of the passage in your book which you could not understand. It says, you remember, that the Socialist knows that he can trust the law of evolution to bring the change. What 'change' do you think is meant?"

"Oh, that is very easy," said Rob quickly. "It means the change to Socialism from the kind of life we have now. The book says that on another page."

"I am very glad you did not forget that, Rob," his mother said then. "So what the writer of the book meant was that the Socialist knows that evolution will bring the change to Socialism; that we shall grow to it. If you see a tadpole in the water you say that it will change and become a frog, that evolution will change it. And the wise men have found out that the ways in which people live in the world—their laws, their customs, their governments—change in just the same way. So they say that the manner in which we live is the result of evolution.

"The means by which the wise men are able to find out the

many changes that have taken place in the life of the human race are very much like those by which they tell just how human life came to exist, and how the different animals and plants came to exist. And they call this the study of social evolution—that is the growth of society.

“Of course, they cannot tell by fossils. There are no fossils of laws and customs kept for us in stones. But they can tell by means of other things, some of which they find buried deep in the earth. Others they find in the drawings and carvings made on rocks hundreds of years ago, or in the legends and folk-tales which have come down to us from the ages before men had learned how to write.

“Not long ago, in a village not far from New York City, some men were digging a deep trench, when they came upon the skull of a human being with some other human bones. The strange thing about the skull and the other bones was that they were not really bone at all. Once they had been real bones, but now they were all turned to stone, just like the shells in the limestone.

“The men who dug them up could not understand how these things which looked like the remains of a human being should be made of stone. But when wise men came and saw them, they were able to explain at once that thousands of years ago an Indian had died there and that his bones had been turned into solid stone. They knew it was an Indian by the shape of the skull.

“Now, when such human remains are found with the remains of tools and weapons it is very easy for wise men to tell

just what kind of a life the men who used the tools must have lived. If they find a lot of human remains buried in caves, and with them stone axes and stone arrows, then they know that the people must have lived in caves before the use of iron had been found out. So, if they find such remains with iron tools and the ruins of brick and adobe houses they know that the people must have been of a later stage of social growth, when the use of iron had been found out and houses were built.

“So it is with pictures on the rocks. If they find rude carvings in which there are figures showing men at work, or hunting, the wise men say that the figures show us what kind of life the people who made the carvings lived. And if in the folktales and legends, which have come down to us from many thousands of years ago, there are stories of how people lived then, the wise men can tell just what life was like in the days those tales tell about.

“By such means as these we know about the changes which took place before the art of writing was known, and before men could write their history. Of the changes which have taken place since men learned to write down their history in books we know from the books themselves.

“We know, as a result of the study wise men have made of the subject, that the human race has passed through many stages of evolution. There was a time in the very beginning of human life when people lived just like the animals. They rested in trees and in holes in the rocks. They had no property of any kind.

“Then there came a time when some of them learned to make fire and to use it to cook food and to keep away wild

animals, as well as to keep themselves warm. That was a big jump. Then, after a long time—it may have been many hundreds of years—they made tools and weapons, and some of the most wise and strong people went out to fight and made slaves of the people who were less wise and less strong. Then they made the slaves work hard for them.

“At another stage, some of the masters became kings and queens and made laws for all the rest. The people did not have any voice in making the laws then. The human race had not come to that stage in its evolution.

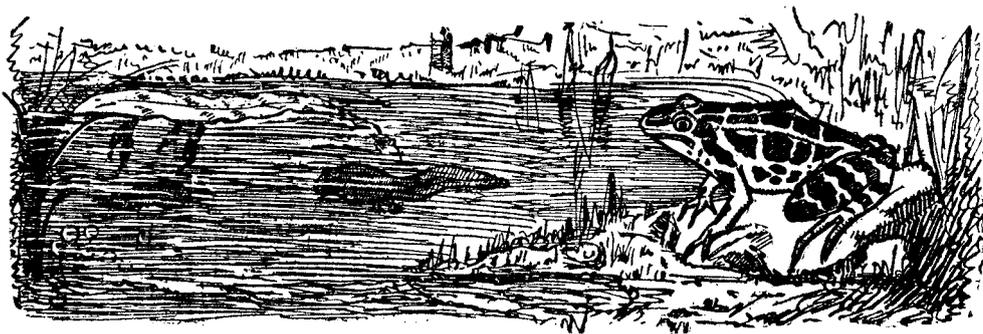
“I cannot stay to tell you all the stages of social evolution which the wise men have told us about. It will soon be time for dinner and I must make haste to tell you about the stage that we live in. We call the present stage of the growth of society ‘Capitalism.’ It began about three hundred years ago, when men invented very wonderful steam engines and machines. In this stage people are not made slaves in war and then forced to work. The people have everything to say about the making of the laws, so that they can change the government when they desire.

“Now Socialists believe that there will be another great change before very long, a change from Capitalism to Socialism. That is what the writer of your book meant, Rob, by the sentence which says that Socialists depend upon the law of evolution to make the change to Socialism.”

Mrs. Webb looked at her watch and found that it was time for her to hurry away. So she said good-bye to the children and left them to talk about the wonders of evolution.

“I think I understand it,” said Agnes. “Men get wiser and find out better ways of living, and so they make a change. After a long, long time, other men find still better ways of living and there is a change again. The Socialists are the people who have found out the way to make the next change.”

“Yes, Agnes, it must be something like that,” said Rob. “Only I think the change comes from better tools, better ways of making things and getting food. The changes come when men have made better tools or better machines. Socialism could only come after Capitalism, after men had made steam engines and machines. First there came stone tools, then iron ones; then came better tools of steel, and then steam engines and electric machines. It is just like the egg changing to a tadpole and the tadpole to a frog.”



QUESTIONS

What does evolution mean? What is the evolution of a flower? How did Rob use the tadpole to explain evolution? How do we know that stones grow? What is a fossil? Do we find fossils in coal? How can wise men tell that there were animals on earth before man came? Did human beings come from some other kind of animals? How can wise men tell that? What is social evolution? How can the wise men tell what sort of life people lived long ago? What do we call this stage of social growth? What will the next be?

SEVENTH READING

OLD PETER TELLS A STORY

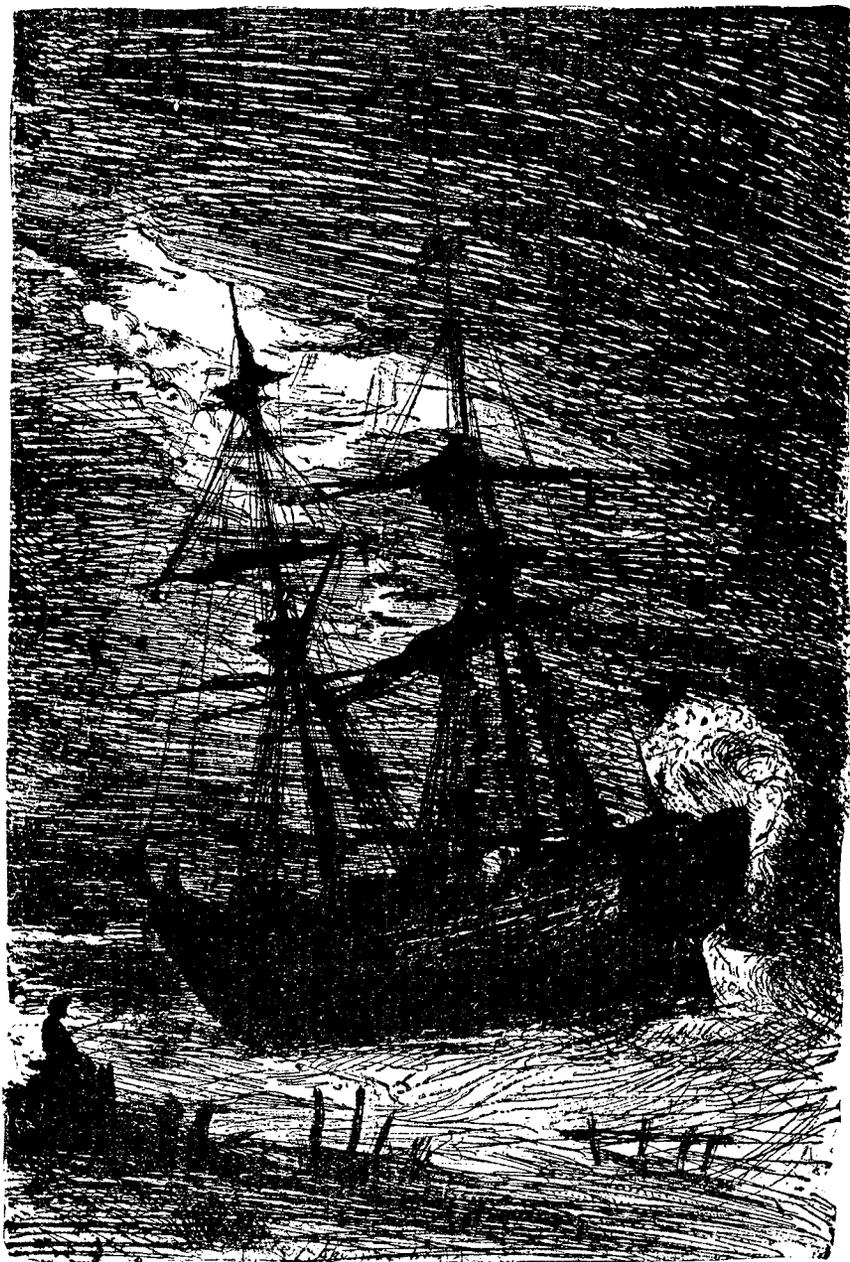
One of the best friends Mr. Webb had was an old man whose name was Peter. He used to mend shoes to earn a living. He was a Socialist, too, and it was his duty to visit all the members of the Socialist Party to collect the money which they gave every month to pay for books and papers to give to people who were not Socialists. As old Peter mended all the shoes for Mr. Webb and his family, he came to the house very often.

Mr. Webb was always glad to see the old cobbler. No matter how busy he might be, he was never too busy to have a little chat with "Comrade Peter," as he always called him.

Peter was not a very nice old man to look at. His clothes were very poor and shabby, and the work he did made his hands look very dirty. Of course Peter could not help this, but all the same it was not nice to look at. But worse than the shabby clothes and the dirty hands was the fact that when he was a young man he had lost his left eye, and he wore a big black shield over the place where the eye used to be. This made him look quite terrible.

That is all I shall tell you about Peter which is not nice. In spite of these things, he was really a dear old man. When he smiled, as he very often did, people would forget all about his poor clothes, his dirty hands and the black patch, and they would think only what a nice old man he must be.

Little children were never afraid of Old Peter, but were



"ALL THE PEOPLE MADE UP THEIR MINDS THAT THE SHIP WOULD BE LOST"

always glad to see him. When he walked through the city with shoes he had mended, all the boys and girls in the streets would speak kindly to him, and the tiny little children would run to take his hand. I have seen Old Peter going through the streets with shoes hung over each shoulder, and children holding both his hands and catching on to his coat behind.

One reason why the children loved him was that he would tell them nice stories. He could tell more stories than any one could count, I believe. In fact, he used to make up new stories for the children, for there were never so many stories for children printed as he could tell. Another reason why they loved him was the fact that he always had candy for the little ones in some of his pockets.

So you see that Old Peter was much nicer than he seemed to be when you looked only at his shabby clothes, his soiled hands and the funny black patch. And when I see a man or woman on the street who does not look nice, I always think of Old Peter the cobbler, the friend of the children.

Of course Rob and May knew Old Peter very well. They used to run to the door when he came and ask him to tell some new stories, and May never failed to give him a good, loving kiss. Rob, being a boy, did not kiss him, but you may be sure that he loved him just as much as May did.

Well, soon after the three cousins of Rob and May came from England, Peter paid a visit to Mr. Webb and stayed to lunch. So he met Agnes, George and Willie, who loved him at once for his kind words to them. They laughed till their sides ached when he told Mr. Webb a very funny story, and Peter was

so pleased that he promised to tell them a new story, all to themselves, after lunch.

So when lunch was over they all went into the playroom to hear Peter's story. Rob, just to make believe that it was a very great secret, took care to lock the door, so that no one else could hear the story. Then Old Peter told this story, only he told it much better than I can hope to do:

Once upon a time, a beautiful ship set sail from the Port of Hope, bound for a far-off coast, the Land of Heart's Desire. It is useless for you to look for this land upon any map, or for the Port of Hope, from which the ship sailed. Somehow, I do not know why, these places have not yet been marked upon any maps, although they are very important places.

There were more than two hundred and fifty people upon the ship when she set sail, and they were all very happy. The ship was decked with flags, and as she left the harbor bands played, and the watching crowds cheered. Never had any ship sailed from the Port of Hope in finer weather, or with more happiness among those on board. The name of the ship was Humanity.

The good ship sailed on for many days and all went well. Then, one night, while all except the crew were asleep, a big storm came up. Out of black, angry skies came fierce flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder. The wind rose to a great tempest, and the waves dashed up as high as the top masts of the ship. It really seemed as if upon the sea, which before had looked like a great plain of waters, mighty mountains had been raised. The captain and all the members of the crew said that they had never seen such a storm before.

Well, they all knew that no ship could stand a storm like that. Most of the rigging had been swept away in the first wild blast, and as the storm kept on hour after hour, getting worse each minute, all the people made up their minds that the ship would be lost. They got the small boats ready so that they could at least try to save themselves. "Perhaps we shall drift to the shore," they said.

All at once the brave captain gave the order to "Man the Boats!" The ship was sinking then. Of course the people lost no time in getting out the boats, for each one wanted to be saved. Now, perhaps you know that when a ship is sinking the first to be put in the boats are the women and children, with just men enough to row them ashore. After the women and children come the men passengers, and after them the crew of the ship. The captain stays till the very last. That is the law of the sea.

But I am sorry to say that in this case the first boat was taken by men, who pushed women and children aside, and even trampled some of them to the ground. They filled the boat and rowed away. Of course, the only excuse that any person could make for them would be that they were terror-stricken and did not know what they were doing.

Well, all the people got off the ship in the boats except the captain and crew. I am sorry to say that these never were able to leave the ship, for some of the boats had been swept away and there were not boats enough left.

But while all the people except the crew got into the boats, not all of them reached shore. How many were lost was never known. Some may have drifted to other places than that reached

by those about whose life afterward I am to tell you, but they were never heard of.

The only people saved of whom anyone ever heard were just a hundred men and women. These were in three boats and were cast upon the shores of an island, where they lived for years. There were no people on the island when these men and women from the sunken ship reached it, and no one knew its name, if it ever had one. So they agreed to call it "Capitalia," though why they should choose such an ugly name I cannot tell.

Now, I quite forgot to tell you that when the boats were cast against the shore of the island, there were twelve men who pushed and fought to get ashore before all the rest. I have always thought that they must have been some of the men who fought to get into the boats first from the sinking ship and trampled women and children down. Of course, I do not know that they were, but I think they must have been.

One strong man got off and ran ahead of all the others. "See! This is my island. I got to it first!" he cried aloud. The other eleven men picked up the food and water which were in the boats and ran ahead of the first man. And as they ran they came to an old hut, so that they knew some human beings had lived on the island. They rushed into the hut and found some very old and rusty tools, but there was no sign of any human being. They thought that some people might have been shipwrecked, like themselves, and lived on the island until a passing ship took them off. So they had gone and left the hut and the tools, being very glad to get away.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! we found the hut and the tools,

so they belong to us!" cried the eleven men. The first man, the one who said the island was his just because he got to it first, came up just then, and they told him that if the island was his because he got to it first, the hut and tools must belong to them because they found them first. "But if the island is mine," said the first man, "I will not permit you to live on it, or to keep your hut on it, unless you will do what I say."

You see, he wanted to make them work for him, to pay him rent for the use of the land to live upon. They were all very angry then and shook their fists at him as if they would beat him. They were ready to fight, when one of the men who had found the hut and the tools said: "Why should we fight? There is more than enough for all of us if we can keep it and make the other people from the boats work for us.

"I propose that we agree to pay our friend, who got the island first, rent for the use of his land. Then he can make the others pay rent, too, while we can also make them pay us for the use of the hut and the tools, as well as for the food and water we brought from the boats. These things are our capital, just as much as the land is our friend's by right. Let us agree that every man and woman of those left shall pay rent to our friend for the land, and interest to us for the use of our capital. We need do no hard work at all, for we can make them do all the hard work. Our only work will be to watch them and to direct and guide them so that they may work as much as possible."

When this clever fellow finished, all the others cheered and clapped their hands. And when the rest of the people got to the hut they were told that they could not stay there unless they

would do what the twelve men had agreed upon. They did not like this, you may be sure, but they were very tired and hungry, and the twelve had all the food. So they said that they would work and do just as the twelve had agreed.

And so, after that, the eighty-eight men and women used to do the work. They caught fish and hunted animals and cooked the food for all. They cut down trees and built houses. They dug the soil and planted corn and other good things. The first man, he who said the land was his, did no work at all. The other eleven, the ones who said they owned the hut, the food and the tools, gave the working people orders where and when to dig, and where and when to build houses, and so on.

It would take too long to tell you all about the way in which they used to live on the island. I can only tell you to-day that the place proved to be a very good home for all the people. They soon had a great many nice homes and rich farms. Very few of the people ever wanted to go back to their old home, though they did want to go to the Land of Heart's Desire, the happy land which they left their homes to seek, but failed to find.

Each year they used to divide up the wealth which had been produced. All the animals, fruit, corn, and other things had to be shared. Now, the ones who did the sharing were the twelve. And this is how they did it. When they were sharing out the corn, for instance, they put all the corn in bushel bags and gave the shares out as they agreed.

Out of every hundred bushels the first man, who owned the island, got fifty-five bushels for himself.

The eleven men, who owned the tools and other things, got thirty-two bushels between them.

The eighty-eight people, who did all the work, got only thirteen bushels between them.

They divided the animals in the same way: the man who said the land was his got fifty-five; the eleven men got thirty-two between them; the eighty-eight people got only thirteen to be divided among themselves. So you will see that the twelve men soon got to be very rich, while all the others were very poor. No matter how hard they might work, they were always very poor. Was not that a funny way for people to act?

"But, Peter, is that story really true?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, dear," replied Peter. "The story is all true, every word of it. Even though there was no such ship, and no shipwreck, and no such island, still every word of the story is true."

"Why, what can you mean, Peter?" asked the children all at one time. "How can the story be all true if there was no ship and no island?"

"Ah, that, my dear little friends, is a big riddle. You must find out what it means. Good afternoon," said Old Peter. Then he went away chuckling to himself.

For a long time the children sat there trying to find out what Peter meant. At last Rob spoke and said, "I know what it means. It is a fable, a parable, which Peter has told us. It is all true in one way, because it shows us just the exact truth. The ship is meant for the life of the people. The Land of Heart's Desire is the happy state of life which all good people hope for and want to bring about. The island which they called 'Capitalia' is the

condition of things which we have now, in which people are not all happy, some of them being rich and some poor and sad. Peter was only showing us just how the wealth which is made by the labor of many people is shared so unjustly that a few get most of it. So it is all true, just as he said, though there was no ship really and no island."

"Yes, Rob, I am sure you are right," said Agnes. "I see it all very clearly. I can understand things now which I never could understand before. Old Peter is a wonderful old man."

QUESTIONS

What did Peter mean by the Land of Heart's Desire? What was the name of the island? Why did the first man claim the island as his own? What did he want the people to give him for the use of the land? Would there be rent under Socialism? What did the eleven men claim? Would a few people own all the tools under Socialism? Would the people have to pay interest to the capitalists? How many bushels of corn did the people have to give the owner of the land for rent? How many bushels did they give to the eleven capitalists? How many did the eighty-eight people get among them? Is that the manner in which wealth is divided now? Do Socialists want to alter this? How would they alter it?

EIGHTH READING

THE MEANING OF MAY DAY

Every year, on the first day of May, the Socialists of all parts of the world hold great meetings. Sometimes thousands of people march to the meetings behind bands of music and carry many flags and banners with them. They call the day "Labor's holiday."

The children were eager to know why Socialists make the day a holiday, and they were very happy when Mr. Webb made a promise that he would explain it to them. There was to be a great May Day meeting at which Mr. Webb was to make a speech, and many Socialist children were to sing. Rob and May and their three cousins were all going to the meeting with their mothers and Miss Brooks. For more than a week they counted the days, so eager were they for May Day to arrive.

On the evening before the event, the last day of April, Mr. Webb told the children all about it. That day was May's birthday, and so the children held a little party. About twenty other boys and girls came to the party, all of them being the children of Socialists. Some of these little Socialists were very poor and had never before been in such a nice home. They were shy at first, but soon forgot their shyness in their frolic.

All the children called each other "Comrade," just like grown-up Socialists do. They had cakes and milk and ice cream, which they liked very much, and Mrs. Webb gave each child a nice toy. The little girls were given dolls and sets of dishes and

the boys were given tops and boats and kites. It was quite a merry party.

Then, before the party broke up, Mr. Webb came into the room and told them about the meaning of May Day. He told it in very simple words which the very youngest child could understand, and all the children kept quiet and still while he was speaking. This is what he told them:

“In the year 1888 the trades unions of America decided to make the first of May a great festival day for the workers. They thought that upon that day the workers in all the cities and towns should hold big meetings and festivals for the purpose of showing that all workers must unite in one great movement, no matter whether they belong to the same race or not. Workers from all countries, women as well as men, must unite and help to bring about peace and good-will among all people.

“In the next year, 1889, the Socialists of all parts of the world held a great meeting in Paris. They talked about many things which were for the good of the working-people. One of the things they talked about was the plan of the American trade unions to set apart one day in the year when the workingmen and women could come together and show their desire for the glad time when all people will live in peace as brothers and sisters. They all agreed that it would be a good thing for the workers to meet all over the world for this purpose.

“Each year since then May Day has been a great Socialist event, a day set apart for meetings and joy. In most of the big cities meetings are held at which speeches are made to the people by wise and good men, telling them how the Socialist cause

grows, and asking them to do their best to bring about a Socialist victory. Very often the speakers come from different countries, and speak in different languages, just to show that Socialism means happiness for all men and women in the world.

"I do not know why the first of May was chosen as the day for this festival of the workers. Perhaps it was just by chance that they chose a day which for many hundreds of years has been looked upon as a day of joy and blessing. For you must know that May Day is really one of the very oldest festival days in the history of the world.

"Thousands of years ago the Romans had a feast called the 'Floralia,' which means the gala of flowers. The Romans, as I suppose you all know, used to worship all sorts of gods and goddesses. When winter died away and spring came they held a feast in honor of their goddess named Flora, who was supposed to bring life to the trees and to give flowers and fruit. The 'Floralia,' then, was a great feast in honor of Flora, the goddess of spring. It lasted three or four days, and all the people decked themselves with pretty blossoms and played beautiful flower games.

"Wise men tell us that the people of India had a feast of the same sort many hundreds of years before the Romans. They tell us that May was looked upon as a sacred month, because it was the month when all the trees and flowers seemed to waken into life again. It was called the Month of the Mother, just because the buds which came in May were looked upon as little babies of the flowers, and the month in which they came was looked upon as the mother of these little baby buds. Even to



ES.

"FLORALIA"

this day the people who live in Catholic countries call May the Month of Mary the Mother.

“This is a very nice thought, and I am glad we have chosen May Day as the great Socialist holiday, for Socialism is the only movement which wants to give to women the same rights and the same honor as to men; which really and truly honors motherhood.

“Just as the Romans had their feast in honor of their goddess Flora, the mother of spring, so the people who were called Celts, the people who lived in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and parts of England and France, had a festival called the ‘Beltein.’ The Celts used to worship the sun, and when in the spring the days began to lengthen and to grow warmer, they held their ‘Beltein’ festivals. Great big bonfires were kindled upon all the hills, and the people danced around them in their joy.

“Later on, all through the Middle Ages, May Day was made a very beautiful holiday. All the men and women and the boys and girls in a town or village would get up very early in the morning, as soon as it began to get light, and go into the woods and fields to gather flowers and branches. Such a happy time this was! All the people would be very merry, some of them singing sweet songs, others playing popular tunes upon flutes and whistles. Almost always there was an old fiddler who went in front of the party playing his fiddle.

“At this time the hawthorn was in blossom in most places; so it got to be called ‘May,’ and when the people brought home great branches of hawthorn and baskets of flowers, they used to sing

'Here we come bringing home flowers and May.'

When they got home with their loads of branches and blossoms they went through the streets, decking every door and window with them, making the houses look very beautiful. Then there was more music and dancing, and the young woman or girl who was most beautiful, or best loved, would be made the Queen of May. The boys and girls would make a crown of hawthorn blossoms and flowers and put it upon her head. Then there was always a great dance, in which the May Queen led.

"Of course, to be chosen as the May Queen was a very great honor, and any girl would be very proud of it. The English poet Tennyson has written of a little girl who was to be the May Queen, and shown how eager she was to be in time for the big day, as eager as most of you are to be up early when you are to go on a picnic. There is not time for me to recite all the poem for you to-day, but I shall give you two verses, and hope that you will read and learn the whole of the poem for yourselves:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

"There's many a black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

"Well, dear children, I am sure that by this time you must

have thought that the May parties which you have every year, when you go into the parks or the woods and crown your May Queen with garlands of flowers, are something like these old English May festivals. They are something like them, and I have no doubt that the idea of holding such May parties as we hold for children in our cities comes down to us from those old and happy festivals of hundreds of years ago.

“But I must tell you about the May-pole and the May-pole dance—an old English custom which ought to be revived. Some day, when people all live happier lives than they do now, when we have Socialism in fact, I hope that we shall go back to the past and take up some of their old joyful customs, and the May-pole dance is one of these.

“In front of the village church, or upon the green, or in the middle of the town square, the people used to set the very biggest pole they could get. Often the pole when set up was a great deal higher than the church steeple. The pole was set in a great heap of stones which was covered with moss and flowers, and there were steps leading up to it. Sometimes the May-pole was painted with stripes of red, white, and blue, just like barbers’ poles are now painted. Always the pole was covered with leaves and flowers, so that it was a most beautiful sight.

“Then, when the May Queen had been crowned, came bands of music followed by the Queen and all the young people of the village. They marched around the May-pole singing and playing the songs which all knew and loved. Then came the dance. The May Queen chose her partner, and together they led the dance, all the people except the very old, the sick, and

the lame joining in. There were some very old people living in the English villages, only a few years ago, who could remember the May-pole dances of their childhood.

“I have told you all this about May Day customs simply because I want you all to know that our Socialist festival-day is a very old one, which once had a very happy meaning. I want you to think of it as the day which, for many thousands of years, people in all lands and of many religions have given to the joyful welcome of new life upon the earth; the day when men and women have felt the gladness of life, and sung and danced with a common joy. I am glad that the day which the Socialists of all the world have chosen for their festival has a history so full of happiness and beauty as May Day has.

“We do not set up the May-pole in the streets, and dance around it in glee, as people did long ago; we do not go to the fields and woods with glad music, picking flowers to bedeck ourselves and our houses as they did. I think that is because most of us have not got the happy spirit and the love of Nature’s beauty which people had in those days long ago of which I have told you.

“But some day, I hope, when we have won our fight against greed and ignorance and other evils which make the world so sad, and when there is no more poverty in the world, people will again be merry upon May Day. I hope that even you boys and girls will live to see the May-pole dance become a common joy.

“But to-day our Socialist comrades have given May Day to a very serious purpose. They meet to tell of the new life of Socialism, and of the happy days to come when all will be rich

and none be poor. They tell of the great number of Socialists in every land who are working to make life free and glad and full of beauty for all. They ask all who will listen to them to join in putting an end to war among the nations, so that all may live in peace like a happy family.

“The hope of these things will be in the heart of every Socialist this May Day. We shall be made glad by the story of the great progress of our Cause in our own and other lands, and we shall feel that our hopes are not in vain, but that some day men and women will become so wise that there will be no more war and bitter strife, no more poverty and misery.

“These things shall be! A loftier race
Then e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flower of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.”

QUESTIONS

What day do the Socialists of the world keep for a festival? Who first proposed that the workers should keep May Day as a holiday? When? In what year did the Socialists agree to keep the day? What do they do on that day? Is May Day a very old festival day? What was the feast which the Romans held in May called? What was the name of the goddess of spring? In what country did they have a feast of the same kind many hundreds of years before the Romans? Why has May been called the Month of the Mother? What sort of a festival was the “Beltein”

of the Celts? Through the Middle Ages people in England and other countries made the First of May a holiday—what did they do? Why were girls made May Queens? Do our May parties come from the old custom? What was the May-pole? What did people do when the May-pole was set up? What is it that Socialists want to bring about?

NINTH READING

AGNES WRITES A SOCIALIST STORY

One morning as Mrs. Webb came out from her husband's study Agnes ran after her. The child's face was flushed and she was almost too excited to talk. Mrs. Webb was afraid that her little niece must be ill. "Why, what is the matter, dear Agnes?" she asked.

"Oh, Auntie dear, I have such a big secret to tell; a secret all my very own!"

"And do you intend to let me know your great secret, Agnes?" asked Mrs. Webb with a gentle smile. "Will you tell it to me, and must I keep the secret all to myself and never tell anyone about it?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know if that would be right," said Agnes very gravely. "Perhaps I ought not to tell even uncle, or mamma, or perhaps I ought not to tell anyone—not even you."

Then a smile lit up her face and she asked Mrs. Webb to stoop so that she might whisper the wonderful secret in her ear. Mrs. Webb stooped down as Agnes had asked and the secret was told. No one but Mrs. Webb could hear what was said, but if you had passed by just then you would have known that what Agnes told her aunt must have been very nice, for Mrs. Webb clapped her hands in glee and kissed Agnes very heartily.

What do you think the secret was? Well, I am sure that you will never be able to guess, so I will tell you. I would not tell you at all if it were still a secret, for that would not be

right. But you see Agnes changed her mind about it and said that it could be told to anybody, so that it is not really a secret any more.

"I have written quite a long story to teach little boys and girls something about Socialism. A story about wild beasts in the forests." This was what Agnes said to her aunt. So now you know what the great secret was, which was not a secret after all. Agnes had written a story all by herself.

Mrs. Webb asked Agnes if she might take the story and read it to Mr. Webb. At first Agnes was afraid, because she did not know whether such a very wise man as her uncle would like a simple story written by a little girl. But at last she said that her aunt might do what she thought best with the story.

Well, Mr. Webb was very greatly pleased with the story and promised Agnes that he would get it printed in one of the papers for Socialist children. You can imagine for yourself how proud little Agnes must have felt when, in a week or two, the postman brought a paper for her and she saw in it her story, printed just as she wrote it, with her name on top. I think that any girl or boy would have been proud to have written a story, without any help from anybody, and then to have had it printed, don't you?

But even better than that, Agnes got a nice letter from the editor of the paper, saying that the story was very good, and that it would help other little children to understand Socialism. No gift she had ever had gave Agnes half so much joy as that letter from the editor.

Yes, if you like I will copy the story for you, just as Agnes

wrote it. I hope you will like it as much as I do. But first of all I must write down the title, just as it was printed, in nice, big capital letters:

A FAIR DIVISION

Once upon a time, when the winter was very bitter, the animals of the forests suffered greatly from hunger and cold. The rabbits and the squirrels and other small animals were all safe and snug in their little homes deep under the great drifts of snow. But the bigger animals were hungry and fierce. Their long fast had made them so fierce that they were always fighting.

One December morning, when the sun rose in the sky and lit up the snow crystals which covered the ground, the Lion, king of the forest, stalked out from his den with a proud look. Raising his head, he looked with disdain at everything around him, and then gave a loud roar that was heard far away in the remote parts of the forest. It was a call to the members of his council. Now, all the animals of the forest knew the voice of their King, and they could tell by his roar whether he was in a good or an evil temper. They knew that this time their King was in a good mood, and that they need not be afraid. They wondered at this, for they also knew that he must be hungry.

All the animals who were members of the King's council made haste to obey the call of His Majesty King Lion. The first to appear on the scene was the Tiger. Making a few circles

around the spot where King Lion stood, he bent his head very low, as if to say, "Well, Your Majesty, what can I do for you?"

Then over the crackling snow came another animal. Wagging his bushy tail from side to side came Reynard the Fox, most cunning of all the animals of the forest. Bowing low before King Lion, he humbly kissed his forepaw. Then he made a low bow to the Tiger. Close on his heels came the Dog, looking very hungry. He stopped at a distance from the rest, either because he was very modest or because he was afraid of the Tiger. There were some other animals, too, but we do not need to name them. They have nothing to do with our story.

Then King Lion made a long speech to his loyal subjects. Of course he could only roar and roar and roar, but the animals understood what each roar meant. This is what he said to them:

"Friends: We are living in very bad times. Our lot is a very hard one, but we should be worse off if we should do like our cousins, the human beings, and injure each other. We must live in friendly relations with each other. You know that you cannot get a better ruler than I am; that none can strike so great a blow as our friend the Tiger in a fight. Our friend the Fox is very wise and shrewd, and the Dog is also wise and swift.

"Now, we must all work together and be good friends. We have the same common interests. Our friend the Dog must make it his duty to go through the forest to search out the prey. Then, when he has found it, with the aid of his sharp nose, he must tell friend Fox, who will use all his cunning to lure it into the open, where the Tiger will pounce upon it with his strong

paws. Then the prey must be brought to me and I will divide it justly, like a just King should."

I ought to say that all the animals thought King Lion was a very wise ruler. When he got through with his speech they all



agreed that the plan was a very good one. Even the Fox agreed to it, but anyone could tell that he was afraid to disagree and to say what he really thought.

Then the animals set off to do what they had been told to do by King Lion. The Dog had to wade through the deep drifts of snow in search of the lairs of small animals. He kept at it for many weary hours, the Fox and the Tiger following at a distance.

Next to the Dog came the Fox who had to hurry to keep in sight of the Dog. Then came the Tiger who followed the others very steadily.

Behind them all came King Lion, walking very slowly. He did not hurry, because he knew that whatever the others caught would be brought to him to be divided in shares. And he smiled as he walked, as much as to say, "I'm a very clever fellow to make them get my living for me, a very clever fellow indeed!"

Suddenly the Dog stopped and began to dig the snow. He gave a long, loud howl, as if to tell the others that some prey was near. Then a young wolf jumped out from behind a briar bush, as if he thought the howl was his mother's voice calling him. When he saw the Dog he was frightened and dared not move, so afraid was he. Then the cunning old Fox went up behind him and said, "You sweet little fellow, you need not fear while I am with you. Come, I will take you where you belong."

The poor young wolf thought the Fox a very good friend and was grateful for being saved. He was just thanking the Fox for saving him, when bang! down came the Tiger's paw, knocking him senseless. The fierce and cruel Tiger then gave the victim another blow to kill him, and ordered the Dog and the Fox to drag the corpse to King Lion.

In a very little while they came to the place where the King stood waiting. "Well done! Bravo, my good fellows!" he cried, and then he began to divide the prey. He cut off the head first, then the tail. After that he cut the body in four equal parts.

"This belongs to me because I am King," he said, taking up one of the four pieces and putting it out of reach. "This also

belongs to me," he went on, taking another of the four pieces, "for it was my brain which made the plan of the hunt. I am also fairly entitled to this piece," he added, as he took up the third piece, "because I followed you to see that you did just what I told you."

By this time the Tiger thought that King Lion meant to take everything. He became very angry. His eyes shone like great balls of fire, and he gave a terrible roar which the King knew to be a threat.

"Have patience, my friend," said the King. "You are not to be left out. This is for you," saying which he gave the Tiger the last of the four quarters of the body. He added in a whisper which the Tiger did not hear, being busy over his meal, "Your blows hurt and I must avoid them if I can."

Now only the head and the tail were left. Up spoke the Fox: "Your Majesty," he said, "pray do not forget your humble servant whose brain has so often served you." The King of the forest looked at the Fox for a moment with a grim smile. Then he said, "I have not forgotten thee. As thou must depend chiefly upon thy head thou shalt have the head to feed on. We need more brains of thee." Then he flung the head of the wolf to the Fox whom he had fooled.

All this time the poor Dog stood at a distance with his head and tail both hanging very low, not daring to raise his voice in protest. At last, by moving about, he managed to get the King to notice him.

"Humble friend!" cried the King then, "I had quite forgotten you, and that you, too, must have a share. I am very glad

to notice how patient and respectful you are." Picking up the tail of the wolf he said, "Here, my friend, is your share. Eat it and keep lean, so that you can run well. Too much food would disable you and make you unfit for your position in life."

"Your Majesty is very wise and knows what is best for us," said the Dog, humbly bowing before King Lion. Then he walked away to chew the tail and keep lean.

* * * * *

Of course, my tale is only a fable really. And like all good fables it has a moral. When the wealth which the working-people produce is given over to the powerful to be divided, the powerful will always keep most of it and give the least and the worst to the workers. When the workers are strong enough and wise enough to protect their rights, like the Tiger in the story, then they get more than when they are weak and humble like the Dog.

And when the rich and powerful capitalists try to make the workers believe that both classes should unite, that they have the same interests, the workers should always think of how the Lion fooled the other animals. If they do not, they will be fooled, too, and get treated as the Fox and the Dog were treated.

QUESTIONS

What was the interest of the Lion in the story? If the Lion's interest was to get food without the trouble of finding and killing it for himself, what was the interest of the other animals?

Are the interests of the capitalists and the workers the same? What is the interest of the capitalist? What is the worker's interest? Why did the Lion give the Tiger one of the big pieces of meat? Do the workers get most when they are united in unions so that they can fight, like the Tiger, or when they are weak and humble, like the Dog? If the workers should believe that the capitalists are their friends, and join with them, what would happen to them?

TENTH READING

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT KARL MARX



The children had often heard about Karl Marx, of whom a large portrait hung upon the wall in Mr. Webb's study. Agnes grew to love the picture and felt as if she knew the man. "I think he must have been a lovely old gentleman," she often said.

One day the children had a little meeting in their play room. Just for fun they made believe that it was a very important matter

to hold such a meeting. Rob was the chairman and May wrote down all that was done. Then they elected Agnes and Rob as a committee to go and ask Miss Brooks if she would be kind enough to come and give them a little lecture about Karl Marx. You see, they had heard that the Socialist comrades often elect committees to invite people to lecture to them, and thought that they would do the same.

When Agnes and Rob told Miss Brooks about it and asked her to lecture to the children, she was very much pleased and told them that she would lecture to them in the play room the next evening. "I am very glad you want me to talk to you about Karl Marx," she said, "for he was a wise man and a great friend of little children."

Agnes and Rob thought that it would be very nice if they had tickets for the lecture, just like grown-up people do. So they asked George to print some nice tickets on his printing press, and George was very glad to do it. He really loved to print and was always very careful not to misspell the words or to put small letters in place of capitals. This is what the tickets said and how they looked:

MISS EDITH BROOKS
— WILL GIVE —
A Lecture to Boys and Girls
— O N —
THE LIFE OF KARL MARX
In the Play Room on Wednesday Evening
Half Past Seven
Rob will take the chair and each person must pay Ten Cents

I suppose you will think that they really charged ten cents for the tickets, but to tell you the truth that was just make-believe. Instead of ten cents the children paid each other bits of paper or stone for the tickets.

When the time came for the lecture the play room was

looking very bright and nice. Rob and George had made a stage at one end for Miss Brooks to stand upon, and put bunting all around it to hide the wood. The girls had filled a big vase with flowers and placed it upon the table on the stage, and Mr. Webb had brought the big picture of Karl Marx and hung it above the stage, so that all could see it. The room was a very pleasant sight. The children had invited a number of their little friends, and there were also present Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Brown, Old Peter the cobbler, Lizzie the cook, and quite a number of other people whose names I do not know.

Rob was chairman and made a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are glad to welcome you here to-night. We are only children, but we are trying to learn, so that we will grow up to be wise men and women. Miss Brooks is going to lecture to us about a wise man called Karl Marx, and everyone must be quiet while she talks." All the people clapped their hands when Rob finished his little speech and again when Miss Brooks rose to begin her lecture. I am sorry that I could not write down all that Miss Brooks said, but I will tell you as much as I can remember of her lecture:

"There is a very old town in Germany, in the province of the Rhine, called Treves. It is, I think, the oldest town in all Germany. There are some fine old Roman ruins there, which show that it was once ruled by the Romans.

"In this old city, in the year 1818, a little baby boy was born of Jewish parents. The father and mother were very happy to have a little baby boy, and wondered what name they should give him. They agreed at last that the child should bear

two names of which the German people are very fond—Karl and Heinrich. So little Karl Heinrich Marx was named.

“When his parents used to call him they did not often use both names. They called him Karl, and there were many who did not know that the child had a middle name.

“When Karl was just able to talk and run to meet his father, the little curly-headed fellow would climb upon his papa’s knee and ask him to tell nice stories. Now, Karl’s papa was a very wise man. He was a lawyer and fond of reading very big books full of hard words. But he knew all the folk-tales and legends which little boys and girls in Germany love to hear, and he could tell them to his little boy in very simple words. There was nothing which Karl liked so much as to hear his father tell these stories. By the time he was big enough to go to school, little Karl knew a great many stories and legends. He knew most of the fables and fairy stories his father used to tell.

“When Karl was big enough to go to school he had a little friend called Jenny, with whom he used to play. Karl’s papa and Jenny’s papa were very dear friends and they were happy when the two children grew to be playmates. Jenny’s papa was a good and wise man, half German and half Scotch, who was very fond of children. Like Karl’s papa, he loved to tell stories to children. So when Jenny’s papa told stories to his little daughter Karl was nearly always there to listen; and when Karl’s papa told stories to his son, Jenny was nearly always by his side.

“Jenny’s papa was a rich nobleman, named Westphalen, and little Jenny Westphalen was one of the prettiest girls in the town. She had lots of friends, but the friend she loved best of all, her

constant playmate, was the boy Marx. Mr. Marx read to the two children, when they grew big enough to understand them, stories and poems from the writings of Voltaire and Racine, two famous French writers. Jenny's father read to them stories from Homer and Shakespeare, wonderful stories which the children listened to with eager interest.

- "Karl was a very clever boy, and at school was always at the head of his class. He was quite full of mischief, however, and loved to play pranks upon the other boys. One thing he did which made all the other boys afraid of him was to write verses making fun of them. I suppose he learned to write verses from hearing his father and Mr. Westphalen read so much poetry. Some of these verses which he wrote about his school-fellows are still remembered in Germany, so clever were they.

"Karl went to college when he was old enough. He studied hard and became a very learned man, a Doctor of Philosophy. The word 'Doctor,' you must know, is not only the title which is given to men whose work is to heal the sick. Long before it was given to such men, it was the title of the very wise men who taught people to understand many difficult things. So Karl Marx was called 'Doctor Marx' because he was learned and wise and able to teach other young men and women in the colleges.

- "He was grown to be a man now, and little Jenny had put away her dolls and toys and become a woman. They say that she was one of the most beautiful women in all that part of Germany. She and Karl still loved each other very much, and one day they got married. I think there was never a happier bride

than Jenny was, and Karl Marx, or Doctor Marx as we ought to call him, was the happiest man to be found anywhere.

“Some people who are very happy when they are first married do not remain so. They cease to love each other and become very unhappy. But Karl Marx and his wife were always very happy and loved each other dearly. They lived together nearly forty years, until Mrs. Marx died, and I am sure that in all that time they were lovers just as they were when, on their wedding trip, they went to Bingen on the Rhine together.

“To tell you all the story of the life of this wonderful man would take far too long a time, and there are some things which you would not be able to understand. I hope that when you are grown up you will read the story of his life for yourselves. To-day I can only tell you some of the things he did which have made all the Socialists of the world honor his name.

“Soon after they were married, Marx and his wife went to live in Paris, the capital of France. He was not a Socialist then, but was very much interested in Socialism. You children will remember that when I told you the story of Robert Owen I said that Socialism in those days meant starting colonies and sharing the work and the wealth equally. Well, Karl Marx could not believe in that. But he did believe that the world was all the time growing nearer to a social state in which there would be no poverty, and in which the people would own, through their governments, the factories and mines, the railroads and other things which are used by capitalists to get profits out of the labor of other people.

“So Karl Marx wrote very learned books to show the

working people that they could not improve their condition in life by trying to make little colonies and dividing the wealth to make all men and women equal. He showed them that they must work to get the people as a whole, through the government, to own the land, the mines, the factories, the forests, the railroads, and other things which, when they are owned by a few people, give the owners the power to get rich without working, and to make the working people poor.

“He showed that great ‘trusts’ would grow up and so give a very small number of people the power to rule the lives of all the rest. I suppose that you do not know what is meant by a trust. Well, it is very hard for boys and girls to fully understand these things, but I will try to tell you so plainly that you will know something at least of what is meant. I will take the coal trust for an example.

“In the old days, the days when Karl Marx lived, each mine was owned by a different man or company. Sometimes coal would be sold more cheaply at one mine than at another, because each company, or each mine owner, tried to sell more coal than the other. If a merchant wanted to buy coal for sale at a certain mine and found that the price was too high, he would go to some other mine where he could buy cheaper. That was called competition, a very long word which I am afraid you will not be able to remember, but it is the only word I can use. Try to remember it, then — c-o-m-p-e-t-i-t-i-o-n.

“Well, Karl Marx told the people in his books that some day the owners of mines would give up this way of doing business. Some would have to sell so cheap that they could not

afford to work the mines. Others would find out that it would be easier to agree with each other, so that all would charge the same price. Then, he said, it would not take very long for many owners and many companies to join together in one big company. Then, when a few men control all the coal mines, they would be able to make people pay high prices.

“The clever men who lived then nearly all thought that Marx was wrong. They called him a dreamer. But to-day we know that he was right. We have coal trusts, sugar trusts, flour trusts, oil trusts, and many others, which means that these things are under the control of little groups of men, and that all the rest of the people are obliged to pay just what the trusts say. So we know that Marx was right. In all parts of the world now the very wisest people all admit that Karl Marx foretold just what has really taken place. So they say that he was a great genius and one of the wisest men who ever lived.

“But Karl Marx did more than that. He told the working-men of Europe and America, just how they could form political parties and movements to bring about better conditions. At first he had only a few followers, but to-day there are many millions of working-people who are doing just what Marx advised. They are working to bring about Socialism.

“I do not think that I need tell you any more about his work, because, as I have said before, it is very hard for boys and girls to understand these things. But I am sure that you will want to hear something more about the kind of man he was. He was not only a very wise man, but was also very kind and loving.

“He was very poor. Sometimes he and his wife did not

have enough food to eat, and they were forced to live in very poor homes most of the time. Because the rich and powerful people of Germany and France were opposed to him, and did not want him to teach the working people the truth, he was not allowed to live in either of those countries.]

“If the police knew that he was in Germany, the land where he was born, they would tell him that he must leave or go to prison. If he went to France to live the rich and powerful people there made the police send him out of the country. So most of his life after his marriage was spent in England. The rich and powerful people in England would have been glad to send him away, too, but the laws of England did not permit that, the English people being more free than the people of most other countries.

“Perhaps you wonder why such a clever man should have been so poor. I can tell you that in a very few words. He need not have been poor. If he would have done what the rich men wanted him to do he could have been very rich. Once Prince Bismarck of Germany offered him a big salary if he would only edit a paper for him and give up his work for the poor and oppressed. Marx refused the offer, although at the time he and his wife were living in great poverty. He would not serve the rich, but gave all his life to the cause of the poor and the suffering. That is why he was so poor and that is why, too, the working people have come to love and honor his memory.

“Karl Marx was very fond of little children. To his own children he was always a companion as well as a father. He loved to play and romp with them, and visitors to his home often found him upon his knees playing donkey and riding the children



AND VISITORS TO HIS HOME OFTEN FOUND HIM UPON HIS KNEES PLAYING DONKEY AND RIDING
THE CHILDREN UPON HIS BACK

upon his back. Even the children on the streets of London, where he lived, got to know him and love him as their friend, and he would often stop and play with them. When they saw him coming, the boys and girls used to shout, 'Here comes Daddy Marx!' and run after him. And the great man, one of the wisest men in all Europe, would take them upon his shoulder, or in his arms, and let them play with his long whiskers.

"Those boys and girls did not know that the man they loved and called 'Daddy Marx' was one of the wisest men in London, nor that his name was known all over the world as a great thinker, but they did know that he loved little children. He died in the month of March, 1883.

"I am sure that you will all agree with me that Karl Marx was a wonderful man; that he was as good as he was wise."

When Miss Brooks finished speaking, all the children and all the grown-up people clapped their hands. They all thought that she was right in calling Karl Marx a wise and good man.

Agnes walked up to her very shyly and gave her a loving kiss. Then she said, "I know that Socialism must be a grand cause, Miss Brooks, for it was Socialism that made Karl Marx the good man he was."

QUESTIONS

When was Karl Marx born? Where? What was the name of his little playmate? What did he do at school? What title did he obtain in college? Whom did he marry? Were Marx and his wife very happy? Did Karl Marx believe in Socialist Colonies

like those Robert Owen used to believe in? What did he want people to own through their government? What was it that he told the people would grow up and give a few people the power to rule the lives of all the rest? What is a "trust"? Did trusts grow up as he said they would? Where did Marx live most of the time? Why did he not live in Germany or France? Marx did something else besides writing books for the working-people—what was it? Was he rich or poor? Why was he so poor? What did Prince Bismarck offer him? Why did he refuse the offer? Was he fond of little children? When did he die? What did Agnes say it was that made Karl Marx the good man he was?

ELEVENTH READING

OLD PETER'S STORY OF A STRANGE LAND

The children were all at the window one wet and stormy day, watching the rain as it fell in torrents. The gutters were full of thick, muddy water rushing along like so many rivers. There were not many people upon the street, only now and then a draggled and mud-stained man or woman, dripping wet, hastened along.

Somehow, in a way I cannot explain to you, the wet weather seemed to spoil the day for the children, even though they were all inside, in a nice, bright, warm room, with all sorts of games and books. The rain outside seemed to make them feel sad and dull.

"Oh, I wish that Old Peter would come to-day," said Rob after a while. "It would be so good to have him tell us a new story upon this nasty, wet day."

"Yes, I wish he would come," said May. "It is never dull when Old Peter is here. Rain or no rain, he would make the day a very happy one. But even Old Peter, who loves rain and wind, could not come in this storm."

"Why, there he is coming!" shouted George, clapping his hands. "See, there he is now!"

It was really true. Old Peter was coming, just as if some good fairy had sent him. He wore a long raincoat which reached down to his heels and did not seem to mind the rain a bit. Just as he got to the door all the children began to tap the

window panes and to wave their hands in warm welcome to him. And Old Peter smiled back to them and kissed his fingers and made believe that he was throwing kisses to each of them.

Old Peter was a very queer fellow. He really loved to be out in the rain and to feel the strong wind against his face. He was very happy when the storm seemed to take away his breath. "It's good for a body to be washed and blown a bit by Mother Nature," he would say when asked about it.

You see, once, when he was young, Peter had been a sailor, and he loved to feel the gale. Perhaps it made him think of the days when he was young and enjoyed the rough storms at sea. I only know that every time there was a big storm Old Peter would cease working and go out for a walk. And upon this day he could not work, even though some of his customers wanted their shoes in a big hurry.

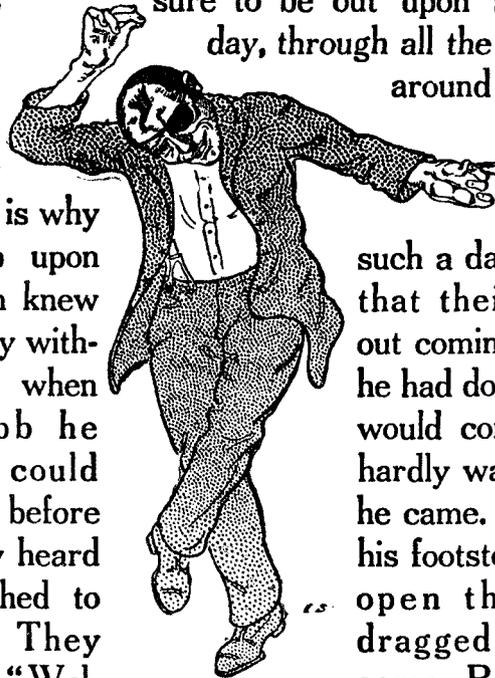
There seemed to be voices in the storm which called him away from his bench. "Come away, Old Peter! Come with us! Come out into the wind and the rain and be happy!" they seemed to say to him. At first Old Peter tried not to listen to the voices which spoke to him out of the storm, for he was really anxious to finish the shoes for his customers. But the voices would not be still. "Come, Peter! Come and be happy! Why are you working in that musty old shop when there is such wonderful wind and rain? Come and feel free and young, Old Peter!"

So at last Old Peter threw down his hammer and the shoes, put on his coat and hat and went out. But he did not walk about without purpose. Nobody ever knew Peter to do that. He was all the time doing something. When you met him on the street,

if he was not carrying shoes to or from the homes of his customers he was sure to be out upon some Socialist errand. So to-day, through all the rain and wind, he was going around to collect the money which the Socialist comrades gave to pay for papers and books. That is why he was calling upon Mr. Webb upon

The children knew would not go away with- They knew that when with Mr. Webb he them, but they could such a long time before

At last they heard door and all rushed to welcome him. They room, shouting, "Well-tell us a new story!" And Old Peter, just to show how happy he was, danced around the room singing:



such a day. that their old friend out coming to see them. he had done his business would come upstairs to hardly wait. It seemed he came. his footsteps outside the open the door and dragged him into the come, Peter! Come,

he was calling for papers he was calling

"Ho! Ho! The wind and rain for me!
Wind and rain are always free!
Song of wind and kiss of rain
Bring my young days back again!"

"Well, my little friends, what sort of a story shall I tell you to-day," asked Peter when he had finished his song. "Shall I tell you about giants or goblins?"

"Oh, Peter, tell us about some of the wonderful things you saw when you were a sailor," said Rob. "Can't you tell us about some of the strange lands you visited and the funny people who live there?"

"Why, bless my life, the very thing for a day like this!" cried the old man. "A day like this is the best for a sailor's yarn. I've been to a country many times bigger than the United States and seen wonderful things there. Yet you never hear a word about that great land in the schools, and there is no map of it anywhere. And though it is the oldest country in all the world, I believe, most people know nothing about it, and even say that no such a place exists. Shall I tell you about it?"

All the children wanted to hear about the strange land and told Peter so. Only George wanted to know the name of it first. Old Peter smiled and said, "No, my lad, not yet. When I have told you all about my life there I want you to guess if you can what its name is. So listen to every word of my tale."

In a moment all the children were still and quiet. Then Old Peter gave a sly little chuckle and began:

"I was a very young chap when I landed in the most beautiful country in the world. It was when I was going to sea. I was cabin boy upon a ship called the Polly Ann, and we went upon long voyages. Sometimes we were away from home for more than a year. The Polly Ann was a sailing ship, you see, and could not go so fast as the new ocean steamers do. It was very rough sometimes, but I loved the life.

"The best friend I had among the crew was a sailor named Hope. He was quite an old chap, but he took a great interest

in me and treated me very kindly. Sometimes when there was not much to do he would tell me stories about strange places and people he had seen. Such yarns he could tell! Sailors can nearly always tell good stories, but Hope could beat any fellow I ever heard.

"There was one place he was never tired of talking about. He said that he had been to a big country which no ship could reach, because there was no sea near it; which no railway could reach, and to which there was no road that any man could walk on. When I asked him if he went there in a balloon, he only laughed and said, 'No, sonny, I just found myself there in a beautiful garden.' And though I tried many times, I could never get him to tell me more than that about the way to get to the strange land.

"Now, I got so much interested in this land that Old Hope spoke about so fondly that I wanted to go there. But I did not know how to reach it, and he would not tell me. 'Ye could not find it by searching, but ye may get there some day without trying,' he would say to me sometimes. So you may be sure that I was puzzled worse than little boys and girls are when they see the man in the show take real live rabbits out of people's hats or pockets. But I made up my mind that some day I would set off on a voyage of discovery, like Columbus did, to seek for the wonderful country.

"One day I found myself right in the country Old Hope was always talking about. I found myself in a beautiful garden, just as he had said he found himself there. I was doing a chore on deck, and thinking how good the sea was, when I heard a

whisper in my ear, 'Look, Peter, this is the land you seek,' was what the voice said, and when I looked around the ship was gone! There was no sea to be seen! I was in the midst of a splendid garden, and all around me, in the distance, I could see great mountains with their peaks hidden in the clouds.

"There were many people in the garden, men, women, and children. I noticed at once that all the people looked more beautiful than any that I had ever seen in my life. Not one of the children was pale or weak, but all were strong, ruddy, and happy as the birds which sang so sweetly over my head. And the grown-up folks were just the same, all strong, beautiful, and happy. Not one of them had a sad or careworn look; not one looked sick, or tired, or poor.

"And everything around seemed to me as lovely as the people were. Never had I seen the sky look as it looked then. Across a wide expanse of the most wonderful blue sky, which seemed to me to be endless, there floated great white clouds with parts which looked like sapphire and gold. I thought that the clouds took the forms of great castles with spires of sapphire and gold. It was something I had never seen before.

"At first I thought that I was dreaming; that it was not real. I rubbed my eyes, and even pinched myself, to make sure that I was awake. Then I knew that I was not dreaming; that the scene was quite real. I knew that I was in the land Old Hope had told me about so often!

"Well, very soon I made friends with the people. The first to speak to me was a little girl with golden hair and bright blue eyes. She asked me if I was a stranger, and I told her that I

was. Then she took me by the hand, past a crystal fountain, to her mother and father, who sat listening to a band of music. They made me welcome, and when I told them that I was the friend of Old Hope they took me to their home to live with them.

“It was a lovely home, set in a quaint old rose garden. At first I thought that my friends must be so rich that many people would envy them, but I soon found out that all the people in that great land had homes equally beautiful. My friends were dressed as I had never seen mortals dressed. Not even in the pictures of kings and queens and courtiers had I ever seen anything so rich and lovely as the dresses they wore. When I saw them first I thought that they must be the members of the royal court of the land, and wondered if a very tall man I saw was the king. But I soon found out that everybody in that country wore beautiful clothes, and that the oldest person there had never seen shabby or poor clothes upon anyone except a poor stranger like myself.

“There was no king in the land, for it was a republic, just as our country is a republic. Every four years they elected a President, just as we do. All the citizens went out to vote on election day, the men and the women going together. It was a great holiday, and all the people seemed to be very happy, decking themselves with flowers and singing merry songs. I was lucky to be able to see an election take place. There was no anger or ill-feeling shown by anybody. Some people were in favor of one candidate and some were for another, but all wanted to elect a citizen who would be a good President. That year

they elected a woman to be President, and though it was the first time in twenty years for a woman President to be chosen, no one seemed to think it strange, because they were all used to having women take part in the government equally with men.

"No one ever saw a poor man or woman in the land, except a stray visitor from some other country, as I was. All were able to live in beautiful homes, surrounded by flowers, and to wear beautiful clothes. All the men and women except the very old and the sick worked for a few hours each day. After that they could do what they pleased. Some spent their leisure hours in the great public garden, listening to the band; others loved to climb the mountains or sail upon the great lakes. Then there were others who chose to paint pictures, or to write poems and operas, and books about important subjects.

"Everyone seemed to be very happy. There were newspapers just as there are in other countries, but I could not fail to notice that they were not filled with horrible stories of crime and other evil things as our papers are. Instead of these things, there were records of good deeds and happy events.

"I asked my friends how the people of the land could be so rich and happy, and they told me that it was because they had learned how to govern themselves wisely. Instead of a few people rich and many people poor, they had learned to govern themselves so that all could be rich. All the people, through the government, owned the land, the mines, the factories, and the railways. They believed that all the people ought to be ashamed to have even one poor and mean house in a city; that all ought to feel ashamed to have one poor and ragged or hungry.

"The wise men of the country were always glad to find out how to improve conditions. They had found out ways by which many of the diseases which used to kill men, women, and little children were done away with altogether; they had found out how to avoid many of the dangers to life and limb which used to be so common as they are with us.

"Of course, I knew then why all the people were so beautiful. They were free from disease and very happy. They did not have to worry as people do in our country. There were no poor people sad because they could not get enough good food to eat and enough good clothes to wear, and no one had to feel sad and bitter from seeing poverty and misery which he could not help to remove. There were no poor people hating the rich, as with us, or being hated and scorned by the rich.

"From the homes of the people, the parks and the public buildings it was easy to see that all the people loved their work, and that they tried to make everything as beautiful and noble as they could. Men and women sang at their work as if it gave them joy. I learned to love the refrain of one of their songs, and wish that we could hear it in this country, sung by people at their work. The words are:

"Oh work for love
And work with song,
Thus shall your life
And joy be long!"

"Above the portals of every public building, every school, and every college the motto of the country was carved deep in

the stone. I shall never forget that motto, for it seems to me to describe the spirit of the people. This is the motto:

WHEN ALL THE CITIZENS WORK TOGETHER FOR THE
GOOD OF ALL, THERE IS JOY AND PEACE IN THE LAND.

"Now, then, I have told you about the strangest land in all the world. How I got there I cannot tell you any more than I can tell you how I came back from there or how I return to it every little while. Perhaps some of you may go there some day and find yourselves in that happy garden of endless delight. I must go now, but first of all tell me if you know the name of the land I have been speaking about. Do you, George?"

"I think, Peter, that you have been telling a fairy tale, like the story of the enchanted garden," said George.

"What do you think the name of the land is, Agnes?" asked Old Peter then with a comical smile.

"I think you have been telling us another parable, Peter," said Agnes. "Your land is Imagination. When you forget all the pain and evil of life, and think only of what the world ought to be and what it will be when all the men and women are grown wise and good, then you enter your garden in the strange land. Is it not so?"

For answer Old Peter kissed her upon the cheek and called her a good little Socialist. You see, all the beautiful and good things which Old Peter saw in his land of Imagination are things which the Socialists are trying to make real in our country.

QUESTIONS

What was the name of the strange land which Old Peter told the children about? What do we mean by calling it so? Do Socialists want to make real all the good things Old Peter imagined? Why? Can you tell some of the reasons why all the people were so beautiful? What sort of a government did they have in the land—was it a monarchy, with a King for ruler, or a republic with a President? Who voted on election day? Who did the work? And what did the people do after their few hours of labor were over? Did some of the people have poor, mean homes, as they do in America to-day? Who owned the land, the mines, the factories, and the railways? What did the wise men do? Do you know what motto the people of the land carved over the doors of all the public buildings?

A SHORT CATECHISM

I—WEALTH AND LABOR

Q. *What is wealth?*

A. Wealth is the name that is given to all the good things of life which man uses to satisfy his wants and which can be sold.

Q. *Are not good things which are not sold—such as air and light and good health—called “wealth”?*

A. No. Only things which may be bought and sold are correctly called wealth.

Q. *How is wealth produced?*

A. Wealth is produced by the labor of human beings upon some object which is the gift of Nature.

Q. *What do you mean by the labor of human beings upon some object which is the gift of Nature?*

A. In a chair there are two elements. First, there is the wood which comes from a tree. That is a gift of Nature. Second, there is the labor which cut the wood and shaped it and formed the chair.

Q. *Can you give another example?*

A. Yes. Coal is a good example. Nature places the coal in the ground. So long as the coal lies buried deep in the earth it is of no use to man. Only when it is dug up does it become useful. It is dug up by labor. So we have the two elements, man's labor and Nature's gift.

Q. *Does labor mean only the work that is done with the hands?*

A. No. Some men work with their hands and other men work with their brains.

Q. *Is wealth produced by both kinds of labor?*

A. Yes.

Q. *Does all labor produce wealth?*

A. No. Some labor is quite useless, both hand and brain labor.

Q. *Can you explain that?*

A. Yes. A man may work very hard pulling up a farmer's growing wheat. Instead of making wealth, his labor destroys it. So a burglar may work his brains very hard to find out how to rob a house. His labor does not make any wealth.

Q. *What kinds of labor are useful in the world, then?*

A. All labor of hand and brain which increases the stock of wealth, or adds to the joy and comfort of mankind, is useful.

Q. *What kinds of labor are useless?*

A. All labor that is spent in destroying wealth and human life, as in war, is useless. So is all labor that is spent in trying to take away wealth from others, as by pickpockets and burglars. All labor spent on schemes to get others to give up their wealth to those who get up the schemes is useless. It does not produce anything.

II—SOCIALISM

Q. *Who was the first to use the word "Socialism"?*

A. It is said that the word was first used by Robert Owen.

Q. *When was it first used?*

A. In the year 1833.

Q. *What did Robert Owen believe?*

A. He believed that all people ought to live in colonies, or villages, in which all things would be owned by the people in common; that they should all share in the work to be done and that the wealth should be shared equally.

Q. *Were those the ideas which he called Socialism?*

A. Yes, so far as they can be given in a few words.

Q. *Do the Socialists of the present day believe in these ideas?*

A. No. The Socialists of to-day are not trying to start colonies; they do not want all things owned in common, and they do not want the wealth to be equally divided.

Q. *What do Socialists want then?*

A. Socialists want freedom for all. They want, instead of equal wealth, equal opportunities for all human beings.

Q. *Do they want to abolish private property?*

A. No. Socialists believe in private property and do not want to do away with it. But they believe that there are some things which ought not to be private property, because when they are owned by private individuals great evils result.

Q. *What do the Socialists want to do with such things, then?*

A. They want to make social property of them, instead of having them owned as private property, as they are now.

Q. *What do you mean by "social property"?*

A. By social property we mean things which all the people, as citizens, own in common, through the government.

Q. *Can you name some kinds of social property which we have now?*

A. Yes. The public streets are social property. No one owns the streets. They are owned by all the people, through the city government. All have a right to use them, the very poorest child as well as the richest man. That is social property.

Q. *Are there other kinds of social property?*

A. Yes. Very many. In most places the water supply is social property; in some cities the lighting system is. Public schools, libraries, parks, museums, art galleries, and many other institutions are public, or social, property.

Q. *What things do the Socialists want to make social property?*

A. All things which, when owned as private property, are used to benefit their owners at the expense of all the rest of the people?

Q. *Can you not name some of those things?*

A. Yes. The land, the mines, the forests, the railroads, the telegraphs, the oil wells, and the big factories.

Q. *Would that not destroy private property altogether?*

A. No. It would leave a great many things as private property. It would not prevent any person from owning anything which he could use himself, without injury to others in the city. To make social property of the factory in which clothes are made will not prevent people from owning their own clothes.

III—REASONS FOR SOCIALISM

Q. *Why are you a Socialist?*

A. I am a Socialist because I believe that the state which is called Socialism is the next step in human progress.

Q. But why are you not content with things as they are?

A. Because there is a great deal of poverty, sorrow, and pain in the world which need not be if people were wise enough to change the laws.

Q. What makes the needless poverty, sorrow, and pain?

A. The laws and customs which make it possible for a few to own the things which all depend upon for life—the things which Socialists want to make social property.

Q. How does the ownership of these things by a few make needless poverty, sorrow and pain?

A. Because when a few own the means of life upon which all depend those who do not belong to the class of owners must work for wages and make the owners rich. They have to toil hard and give most of what they produce to the owners and remain poor themselves.

Q. How are the owners of the things upon which all depend for life made rich?

A. The people who do not belong to the class of owners, and who have to work for wages, must produce more than they get in wages. The value they produce which they are not paid for is what the owners get. When there are many who work for wages, the owners get rich without working.

Q. How would this be stopped by making social property of the means of life?

A. Because then there would be no idle class to be kept rich by the toil of others. All would have to do useful work, and instead of the idle getting rich and the workers getting poor, all would work and get what they produce.

Q. Do you mean that each man would get just what he could produce?

A. No. Not quite that. Where people work together as they do in our great factories you cannot tell exactly how much each one produces. But it would be possible to share the wealth produced more justly.

Q. How would those who could not work, the aged and the sick, be provided for then?

A. They could be cared for by their friends, as at present, or out of the public funds.

Q. What is the present system of society called?

A. It is called "Capitalism." The things upon which the life of the people depends, such as land, factories, machinery, and so on, are called "capital," and the people who own them are called "capitalists."

Q. What is the difference between Capitalism and Socialism?

A. There are very many differences. Under capitalism things are made not because it is well and good that they should be made, but because the capitalists can make a profit. Under Socialism profit would be done away with, and things would be made because they were needed.

Q. Can you name some things which are made for profit under the present system which would not be made under Socialism?

A. Many working-people are to-day engaged in making guns to kill people with. This is not because they want to kill anybody, or help to kill them, but because they must work for wages

in order to live. The capitalist has the guns made simply because he can sell them at a profit. Under Socialism we should not have such industries.

Q. *Can you give other examples?*

A. Yes. Many men and women are employed making poor things, such as poor shoes, poor clothing, and impure food, not because they do not know how to make better things, but because the capitalist can make more profit by selling the poor things than the good ones. Under Socialism things would not be made for profit.

Q. *Would Socialism do away with war?*

A. Yes. Nearly all wars are caused by the desire of the capitalists to make profit. All such wars would be done away with entirely.

Q. *Would there be strikes and labor troubles under the Socialist system?*

A. No. We should not have a class of capitalists on the one hand trying to get as much profit as possible out of the labor of the workers, and paying as little wages as possible, and a class of wage-workers upon the other hand trying to get as much wages as possible and to keep down the profits of the capitalists.

Q. *Would Socialism do away with capital?*

A. Socialism would not do away with the *things* which are called capital to-day, but it would do away with their ownership by a class of men called capitalists.

IV—OTHER QUESTIONS

Q. *Has Socialism ever been tried?*

A. No. Socialism has not been tried, simply because we have not reached that stage of society as yet. But the principle of Socialism is seen in the social property we already have in the public schools, the public streets, parks, and other things.

Q. *Who will rule under Socialism?*

A. The people will rule under Socialism. Every man and every woman will have an equal voice in the making of the laws and the election of the government.

Q. *What will Socialism do with all the people who to-day are doing useless work?*

A. It will provide them with useful work, and they will be happier than they are now, because all people are happier when they are doing good work than when they are doing work that is not good.

Q. *How do Socialists expect to change things?*

A. By getting a majority of the people to vote for the change.

Q. *Is it the duty of every Socialist then to vote for the Socialist Party?*

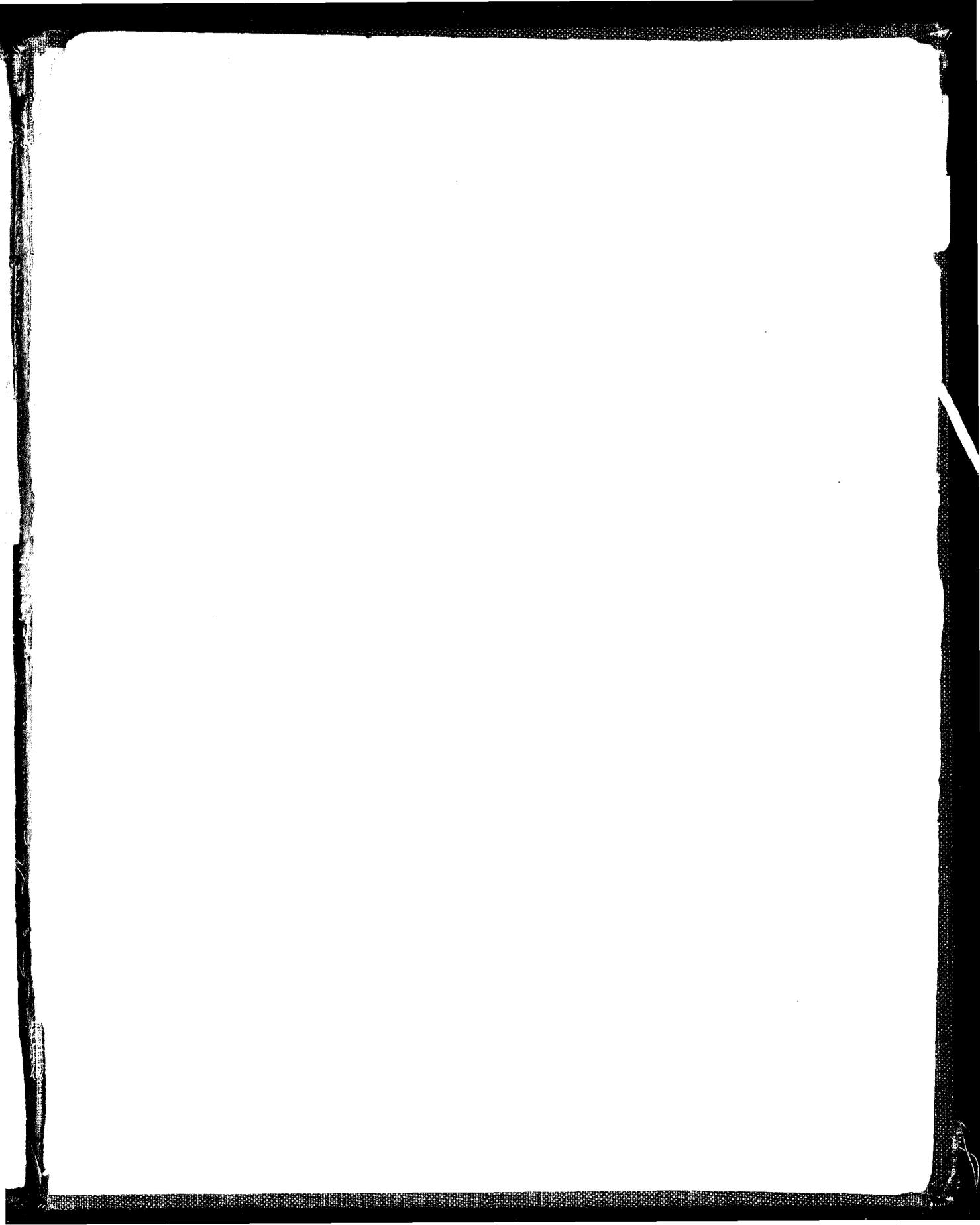
A. It is the duty of every Socialist who can vote to vote for the Socialist Party. But many Socialists cannot vote. This is true of women more than of men, because women are not allowed to vote in most places.

Q. *Is there nothing that women can do to help the cause of Socialism, then?*

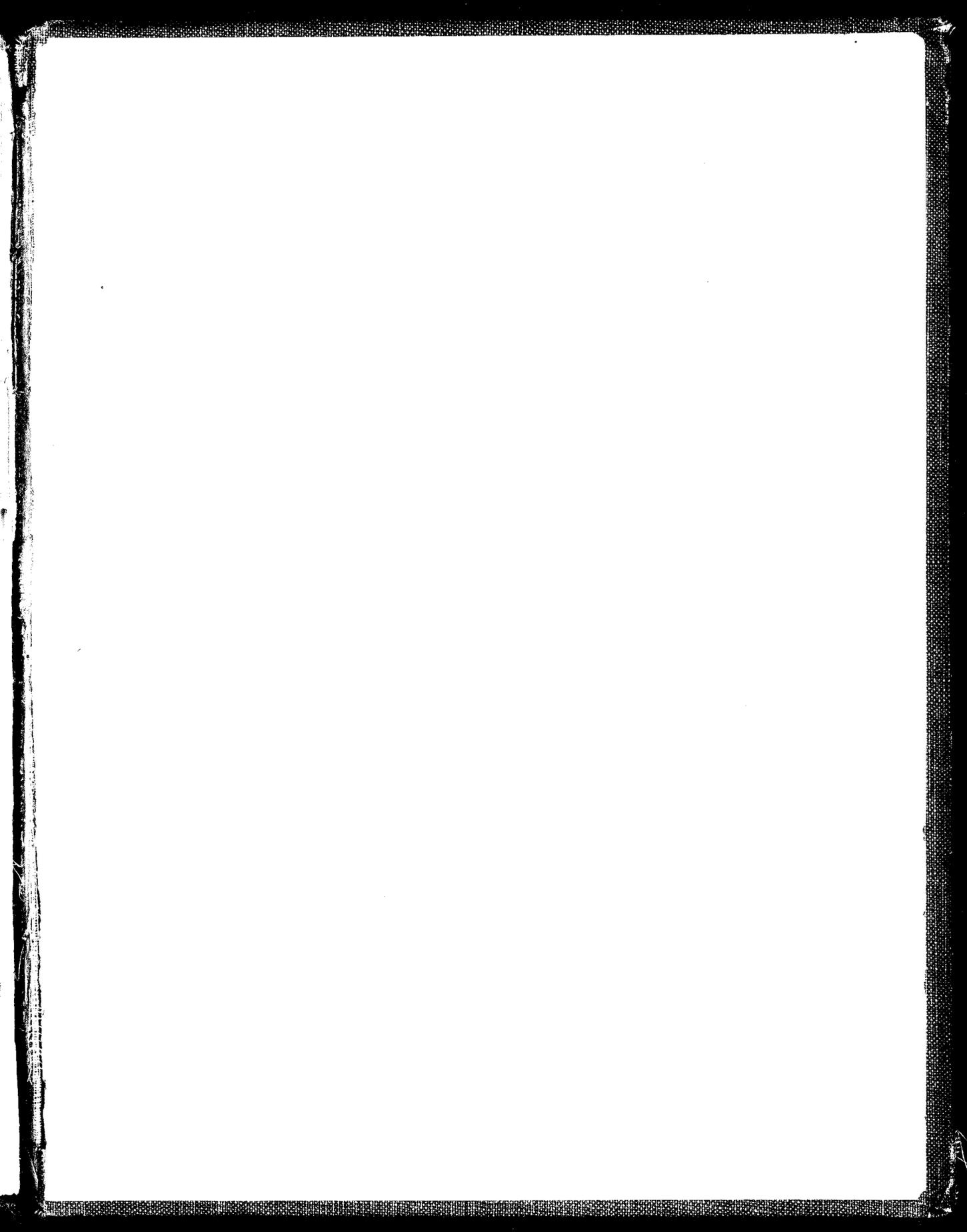
A. Yes. They can do a great many things. They can help to make people understand Socialism by talking to them about it, by giving them books and papers about it, and in many other ways.

Q. *What can boys and girls do?*

A. Boys and girls cannot do very much until they grow older. But they can do something. They can help their older comrades by carrying leaflets and books to people, and in many other ways. They can also learn about the subject now, so that when they are men and women they will be able to take the places of the men and women who are doing all the hard work for the cause now.



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