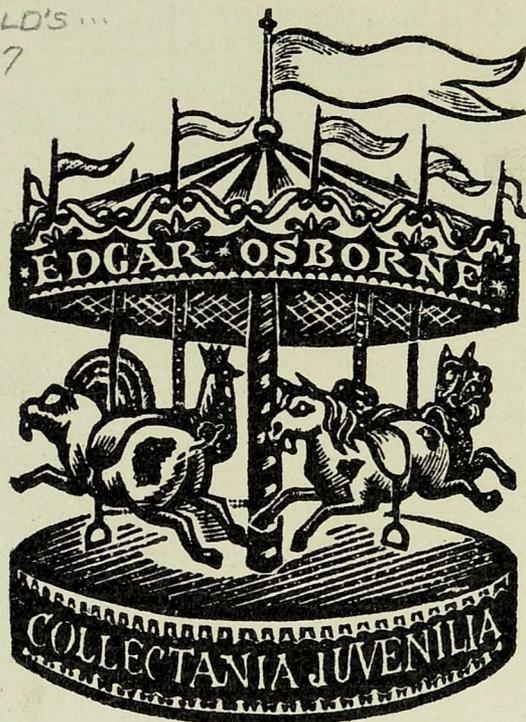


THE CHILD'S
SOCIALIST
READER



ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER
CRANE

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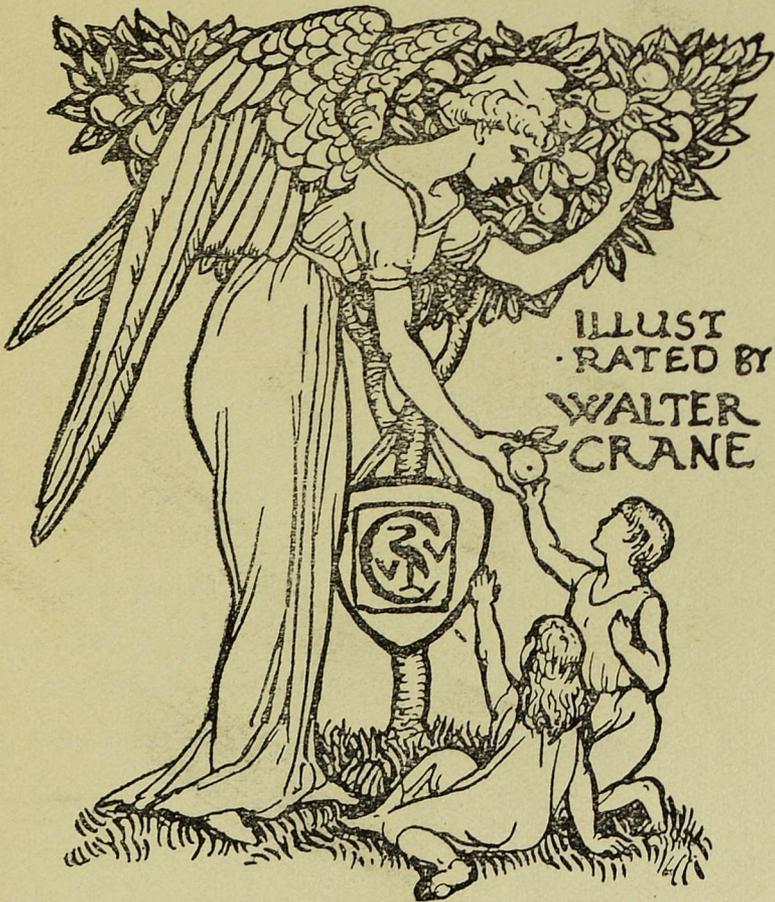


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THE
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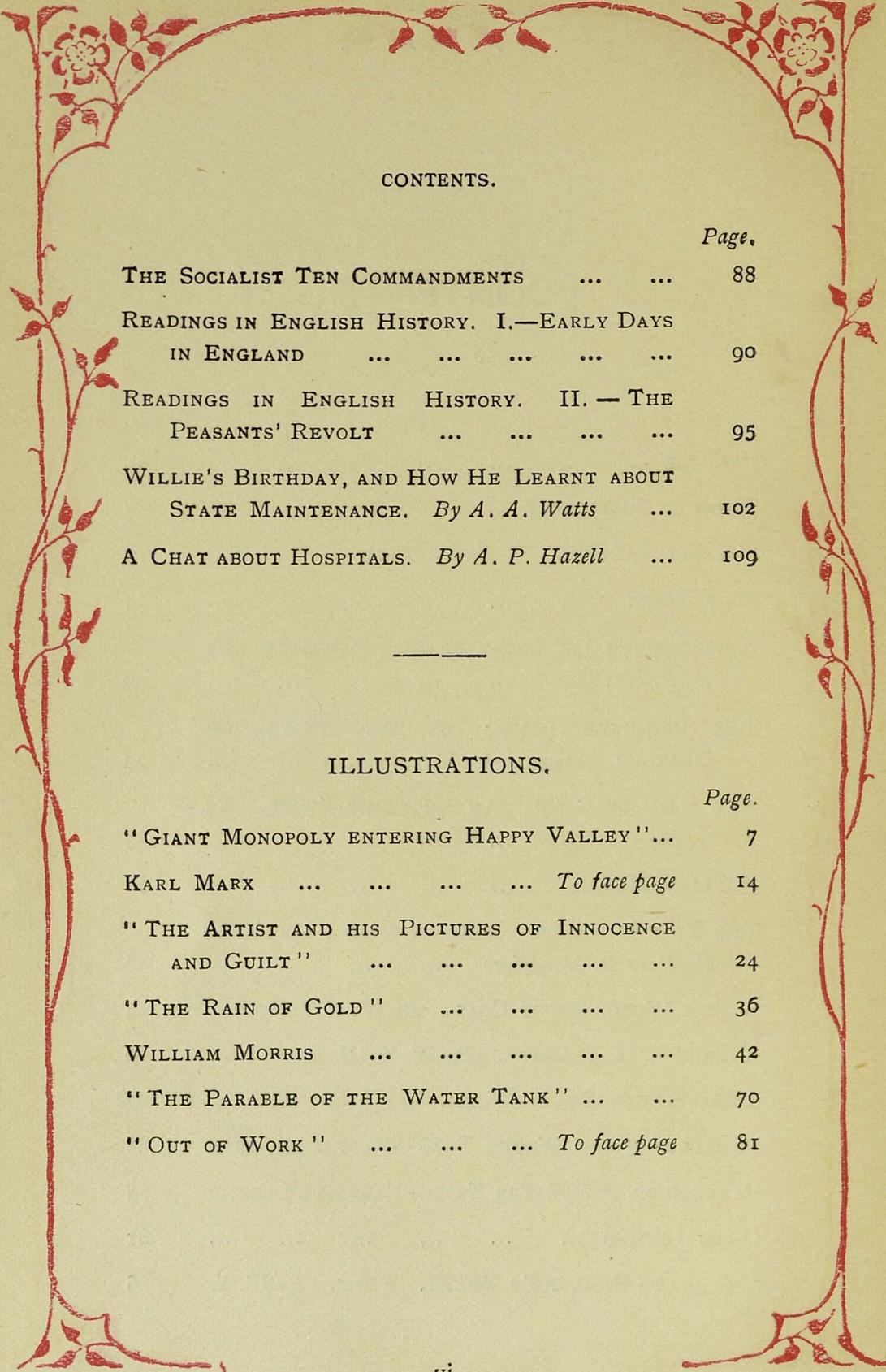


ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER
CRANE

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CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
PEEFACE	vii.
WHAT IS SOCIALISM?	I
“HAPPY VALLEY.” A FAIRY TALE	5
KARL MARX	14
ENVIRONMENT. A STORY OF TWO PICTURES. <i>By</i> <i>A. P. Hazell...</i>	20
THE PROMISED LAND; OR, THE POWER OF ORATORY. POEM. <i>By J. Leslie</i>	29
THE RAIN OF GOLD. AN ECONOMIC STORY. <i>By</i> <i>C. Buck</i>	33
WILLIAM MORRIS	41
THE TWO STEAMERS. A STORY WITH A MEANING. <i>By Dora B. Montefiore</i>	46
A FEW WORDS ABOUT COAL. <i>By W. A. Baker</i> ...	54
A TALE OF A TEACHER. <i>By H. W. Hobart</i> ...	60
A DASTARDLY DEED. POEM. <i>By J. Connell</i> ...	67
PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK—PART THE FIRST	68
PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK—PART THE SECOND	75
UNEMPLOYMENT	81
A CALL TO ENGLAND'S YOUTH. POEM. <i>By W. S.</i>	86

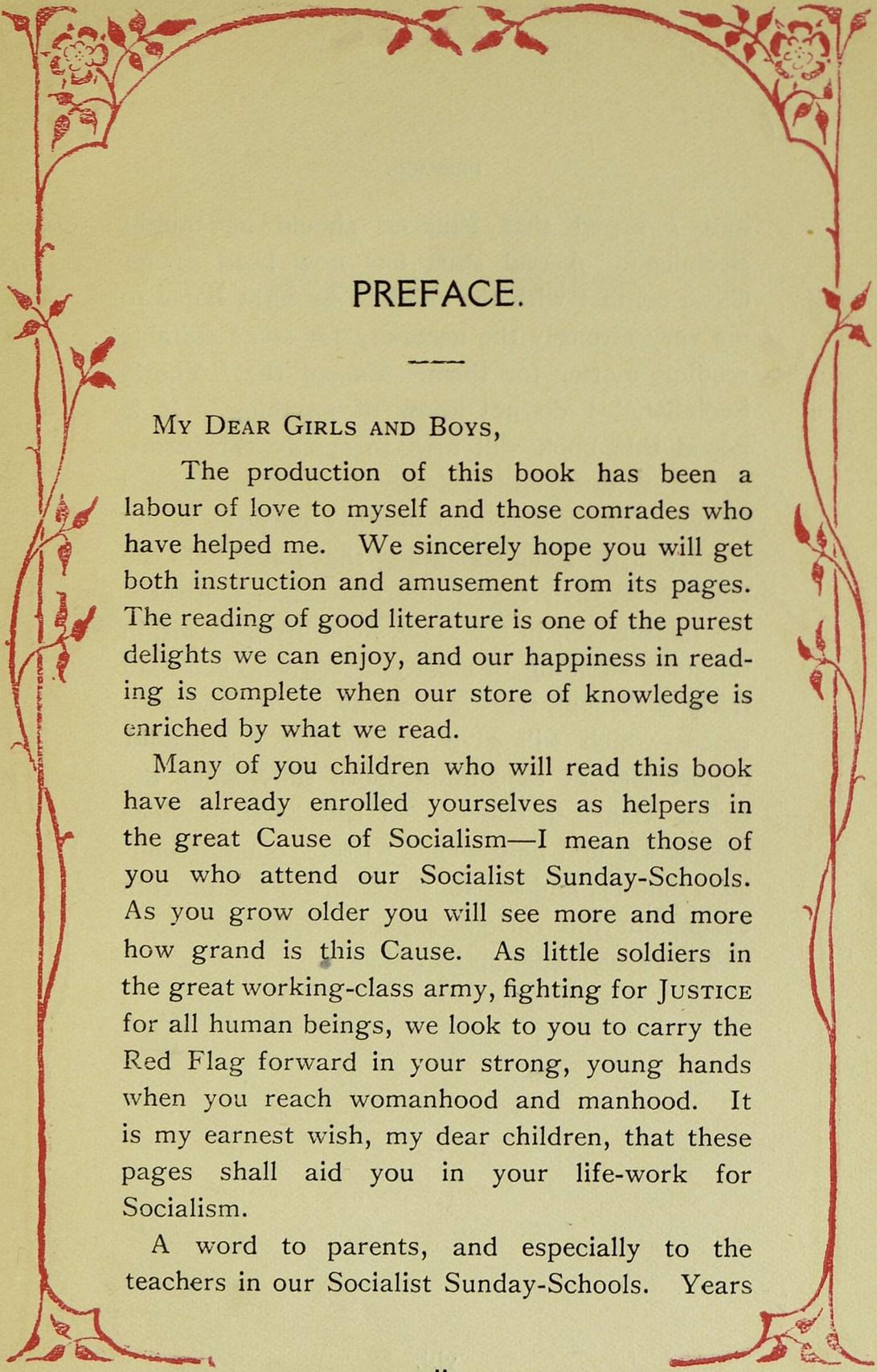


CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
THE SOCIALIST TEN COMMANDMENTS	88
READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY. I.—EARLY DAYS IN ENGLAND	90
READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY. II.—THE PEASANTS' REVOLT	95
WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY, AND HOW HE LEARNT ABOUT STATE MAINTENANCE. <i>By A. A. Watts</i> ...	102
A CHAT ABOUT HOSPITALS. <i>By A. P. Hazell</i> ...	109

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	<i>Page.</i>
"GIANT MONOPOLY ENTERING HAPPY VALLEY"...	7
KARL MARX <i>To face page</i>	14
"THE ARTIST AND HIS PICTURES OF INNOCENCE AND GUILT"	24
"THE RAIN OF GOLD"	36
WILLIAM MORRIS	42
"THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK"	70
"OUT OF WORK" <i>To face page</i>	81



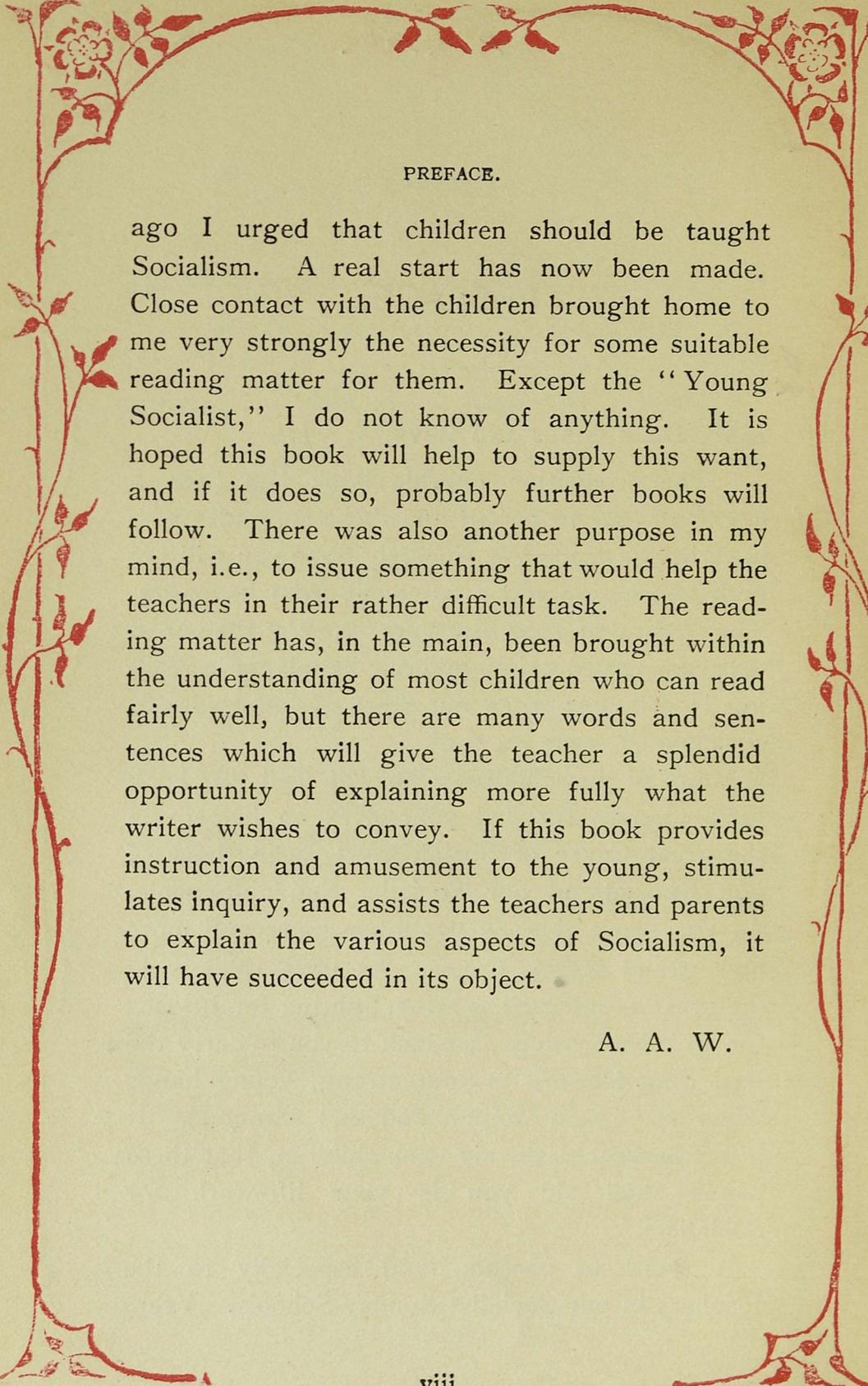
PREFACE.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

The production of this book has been a labour of love to myself and those comrades who have helped me. We sincerely hope you will get both instruction and amusement from its pages. The reading of good literature is one of the purest delights we can enjoy, and our happiness in reading is complete when our store of knowledge is enriched by what we read.

Many of you children who will read this book have already enrolled yourselves as helpers in the great Cause of Socialism—I mean those of you who attend our Socialist Sunday-Schools. As you grow older you will see more and more how grand is this Cause. As little soldiers in the great working-class army, fighting for JUSTICE for all human beings, we look to you to carry the Red Flag forward in your strong, young hands when you reach womanhood and manhood. It is my earnest wish, my dear children, that these pages shall aid you in your life-work for Socialism.

A word to parents, and especially to the teachers in our Socialist Sunday-Schools. Years

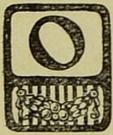


PREFACE.

ago I urged that children should be taught Socialism. A real start has now been made. Close contact with the children brought home to me very strongly the necessity for some suitable reading matter for them. Except the "Young Socialist," I do not know of anything. It is hoped this book will help to supply this want, and if it does so, probably further books will follow. There was also another purpose in my mind, i.e., to issue something that would help the teachers in their rather difficult task. The reading matter has, in the main, been brought within the understanding of most children who can read fairly well, but there are many words and sentences which will give the teacher a splendid opportunity of explaining more fully what the writer wishes to convey. If this book provides instruction and amusement to the young, stimulates inquiry, and assists the teachers and parents to explain the various aspects of Socialism, it will have succeeded in its object.

A. A. W.

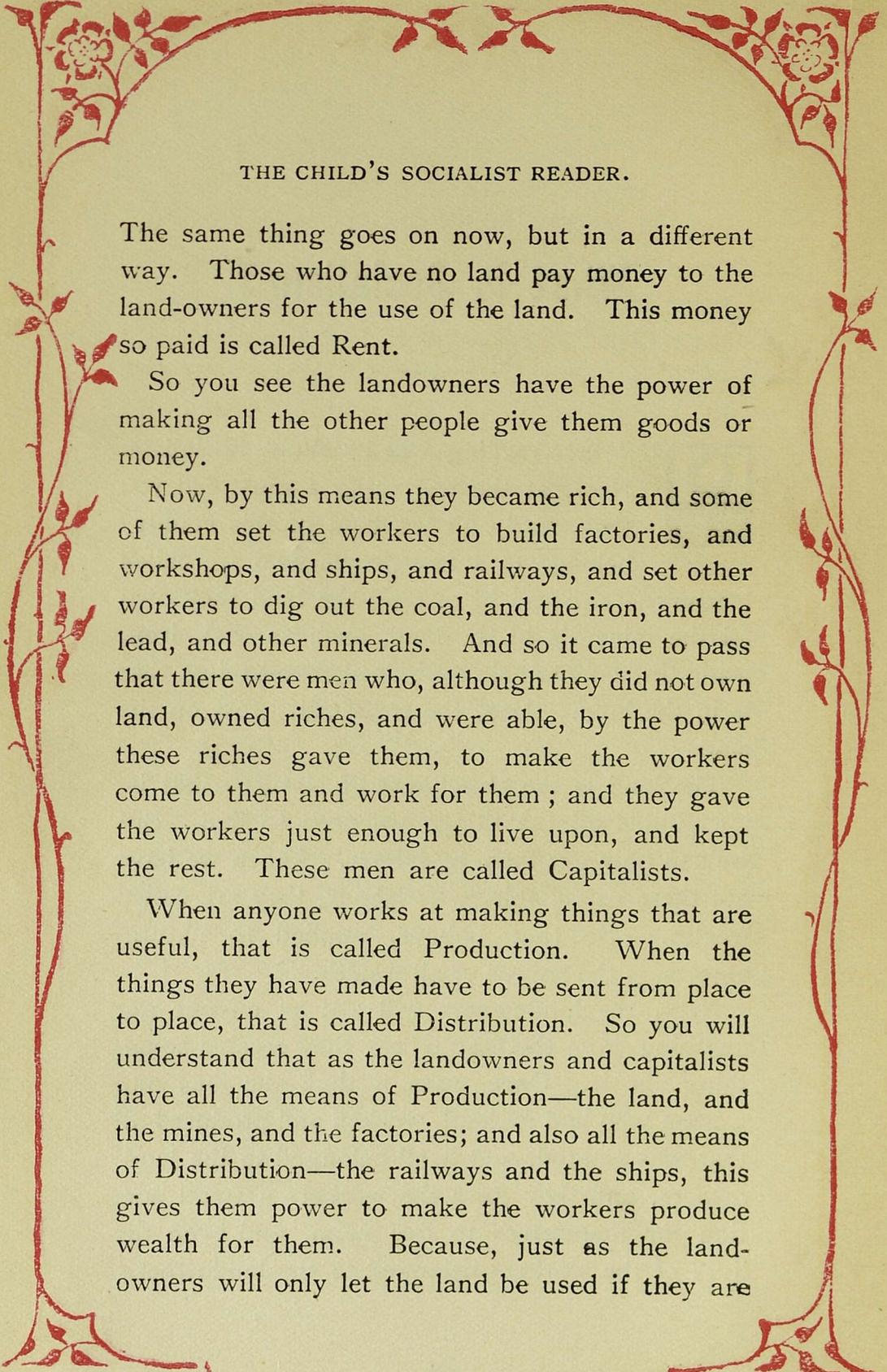
What is Socialism ?



YOUR first reading will be about Socialism. Now, at the beginning I must tell you that nearly all the land of this country belongs to a few people who are called land-owners. And in owning the land they own all the minerals in the land, such as coal, iron, lead, tin, copper, slate—indeed, everything that is in the land. Also, the trees that grow on the land.

The land is the storehouse of Nature—that is, it contains all the things we need to live. But we can only get them by labour. When we have got these useful things by labour, they are called wealth. So that Labour, applied to natural objects, is the source of all wealth.

Now, the landowners will not let anyone get anything from the land unless they receive something for it. Once upon a time the men and women who had no land, worked and produced all that was wanted, and it all belonged to the land-owners, and they gave the workers a small portion for themselves to live upon, and even the lives of the workers belonged to the landowners.



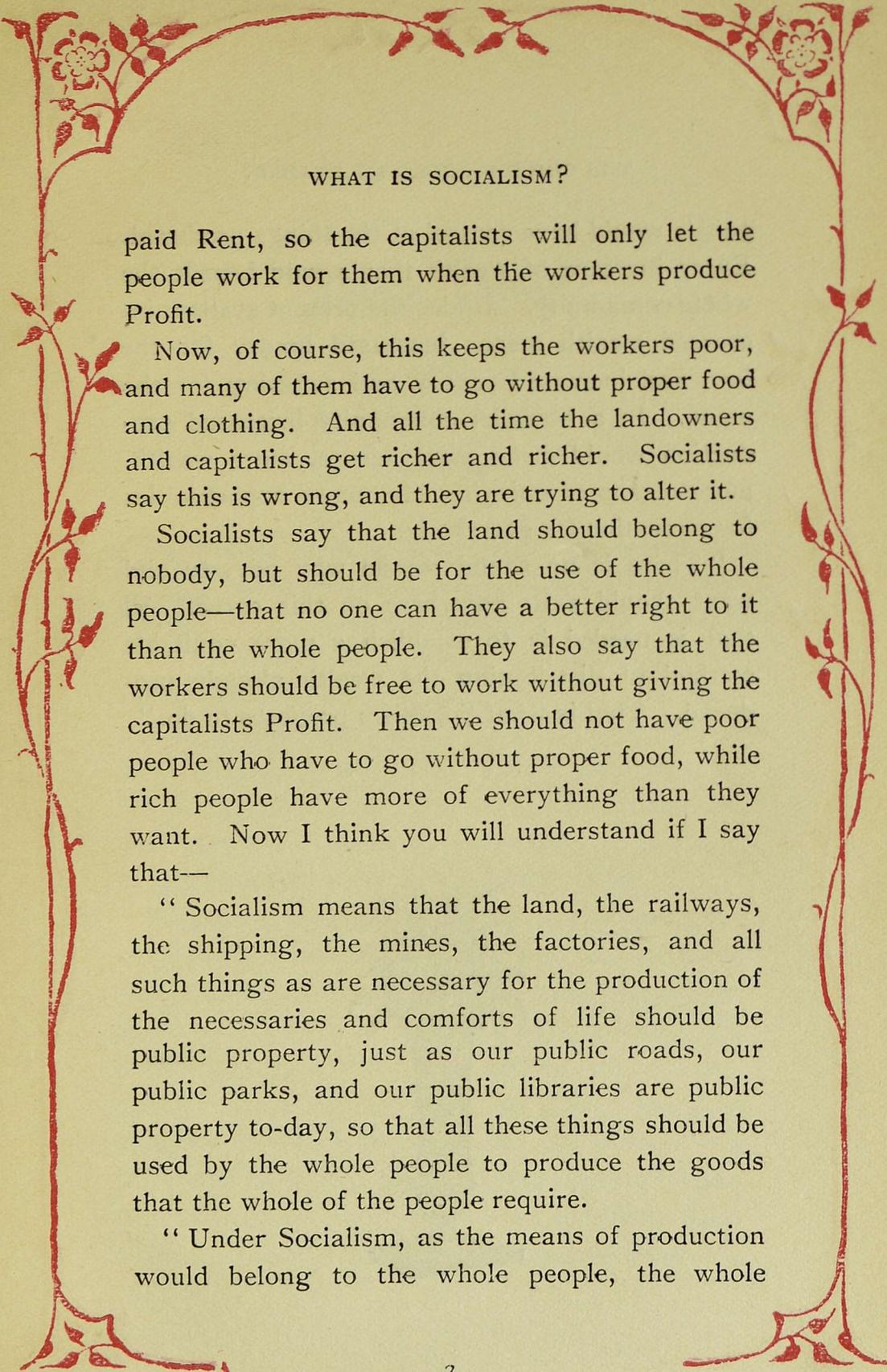
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

The same thing goes on now, but in a different way. Those who have no land pay money to the land-owners for the use of the land. This money so paid is called Rent.

So you see the landowners have the power of making all the other people give them goods or money.

Now, by this means they became rich, and some of them set the workers to build factories, and workshops, and ships, and railways, and set other workers to dig out the coal, and the iron, and the lead, and other minerals. And so it came to pass that there were men who, although they did not own land, owned riches, and were able, by the power these riches gave them, to make the workers come to them and work for them; and they gave the workers just enough to live upon, and kept the rest. These men are called Capitalists.

When anyone works at making things that are useful, that is called Production. When the things they have made have to be sent from place to place, that is called Distribution. So you will understand that as the landowners and capitalists have all the means of Production—the land, and the mines, and the factories; and also all the means of Distribution—the railways and the ships, this gives them power to make the workers produce wealth for them. Because, just as the land-owners will only let the land be used if they are



WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

paid Rent, so the capitalists will only let the people work for them when the workers produce Profit.

Now, of course, this keeps the workers poor, and many of them have to go without proper food and clothing. And all the time the landowners and capitalists get richer and richer. Socialists say this is wrong, and they are trying to alter it.

Socialists say that the land should belong to nobody, but should be for the use of the whole people—that no one can have a better right to it than the whole people. They also say that the workers should be free to work without giving the capitalists Profit. Then we should not have poor people who have to go without proper food, while rich people have more of everything than they want. Now I think you will understand if I say that—

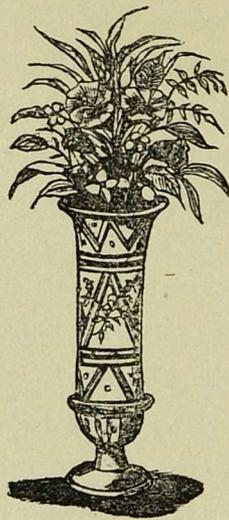
“ Socialism means that the land, the railways, the shipping, the mines, the factories, and all such things as are necessary for the production of the necessaries and comforts of life should be public property, just as our public roads, our public parks, and our public libraries are public property to-day, so that all these things should be used by the whole people to produce the goods that the whole of the people require.

“ Under Socialism, as the means of production would belong to the whole people, the whole

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

people would have control of the things produced. Every increase of wealth then would benefit the whole community. Under the present system, increased wealth means increased luxury for the few, and increased penury and suffering for the many. In a Socialist community increased production would mean more leisure, more wealth, more means of enjoying life, more opportunities for recreation for everybody.

“There is no sound reason why poverty and want should exist anywhere on this earth. All that is needed is to establish a more equitable method of distributing the wealth already produced. That is what Socialism proposes to do.”



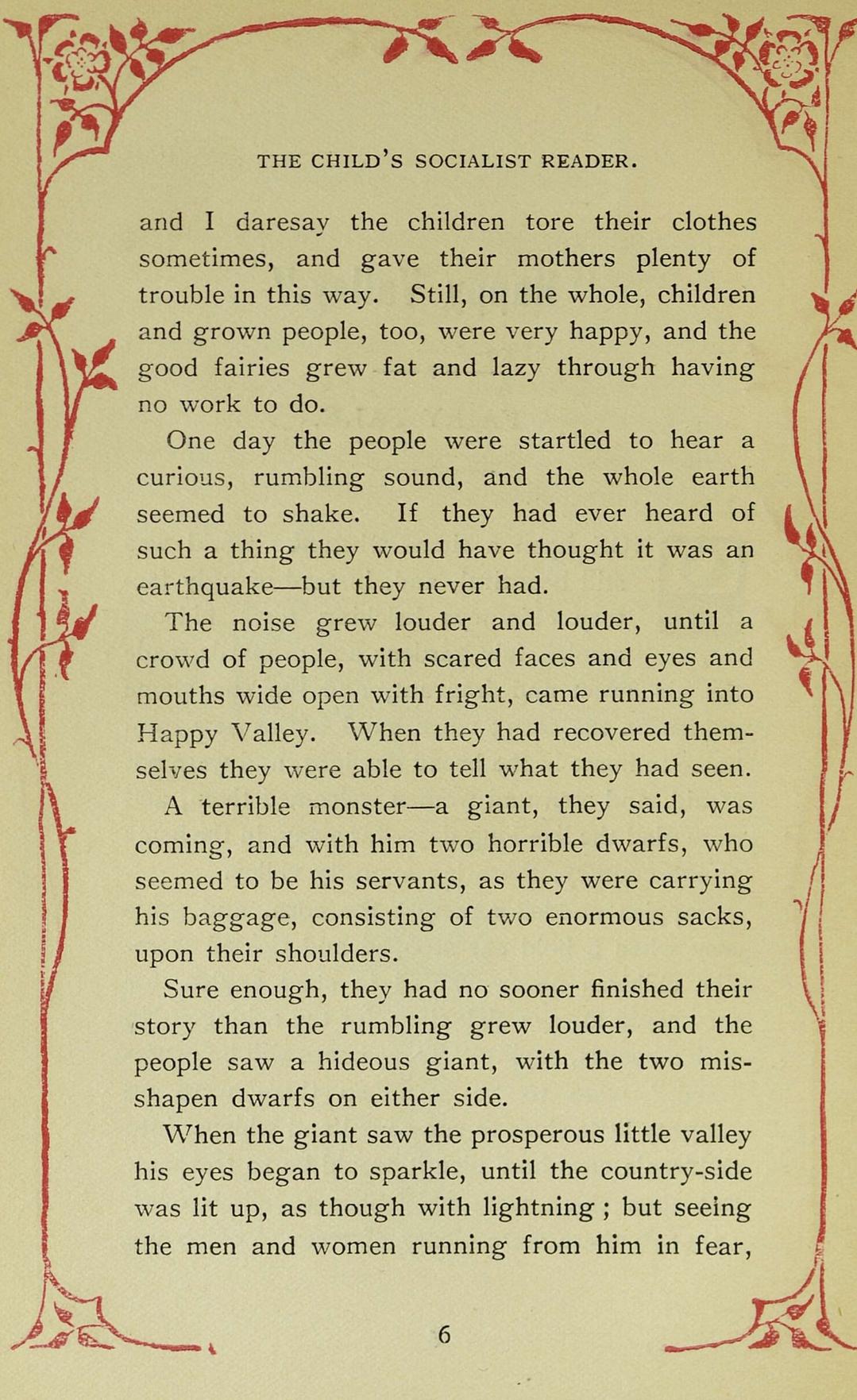
“Happy Valley.”

A FAIRY TALE.



ONCE upon a time—when the world was still beautiful, and, instead of ugly factory chimneys belching forth hideous smoke, fair gardens and orchards made the air sweet and fragrant, and the sun shone golden on the corn; when good fairies flew from home to home in the broad daylight, and were not afraid, and men and women welcomed them, and were glad the live-long day—far away, in the heart of the country, there lay a pretty valley.

Poppies nodded amongst the corn, and grew rosy when a bold ear stooped and tickled them. The children never wanted to steal apples, for they could always pick them for the asking. No notice-boards, saying “Trespassers will be prosecuted,” were to be seen, so there were no naughty little elves to run round and whisper into children’s ears how nice it would be to trespass. But then there were no fences to climb over, although there were plenty of trees to climb up,

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THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

and I daresay the children tore their clothes sometimes, and gave their mothers plenty of trouble in this way. Still, on the whole, children and grown people, too, were very happy, and the good fairies grew fat and lazy through having no work to do.

One day the people were startled to hear a curious, rumbling sound, and the whole earth seemed to shake. If they had ever heard of such a thing they would have thought it was an earthquake—but they never had.

The noise grew louder and louder, until a crowd of people, with scared faces and eyes and mouths wide open with fright, came running into Happy Valley. When they had recovered themselves they were able to tell what they had seen.

A terrible monster—a giant, they said, was coming, and with him two horrible dwarfs, who seemed to be his servants, as they were carrying his baggage, consisting of two enormous sacks, upon their shoulders.

Sure enough, they had no sooner finished their story than the rumbling grew louder, and the people saw a hideous giant, with the two misshapen dwarfs on either side.

When the giant saw the prosperous little valley his eyes began to sparkle, until the country-side was lit up, as though with lightning; but seeing the men and women running from him in fear,

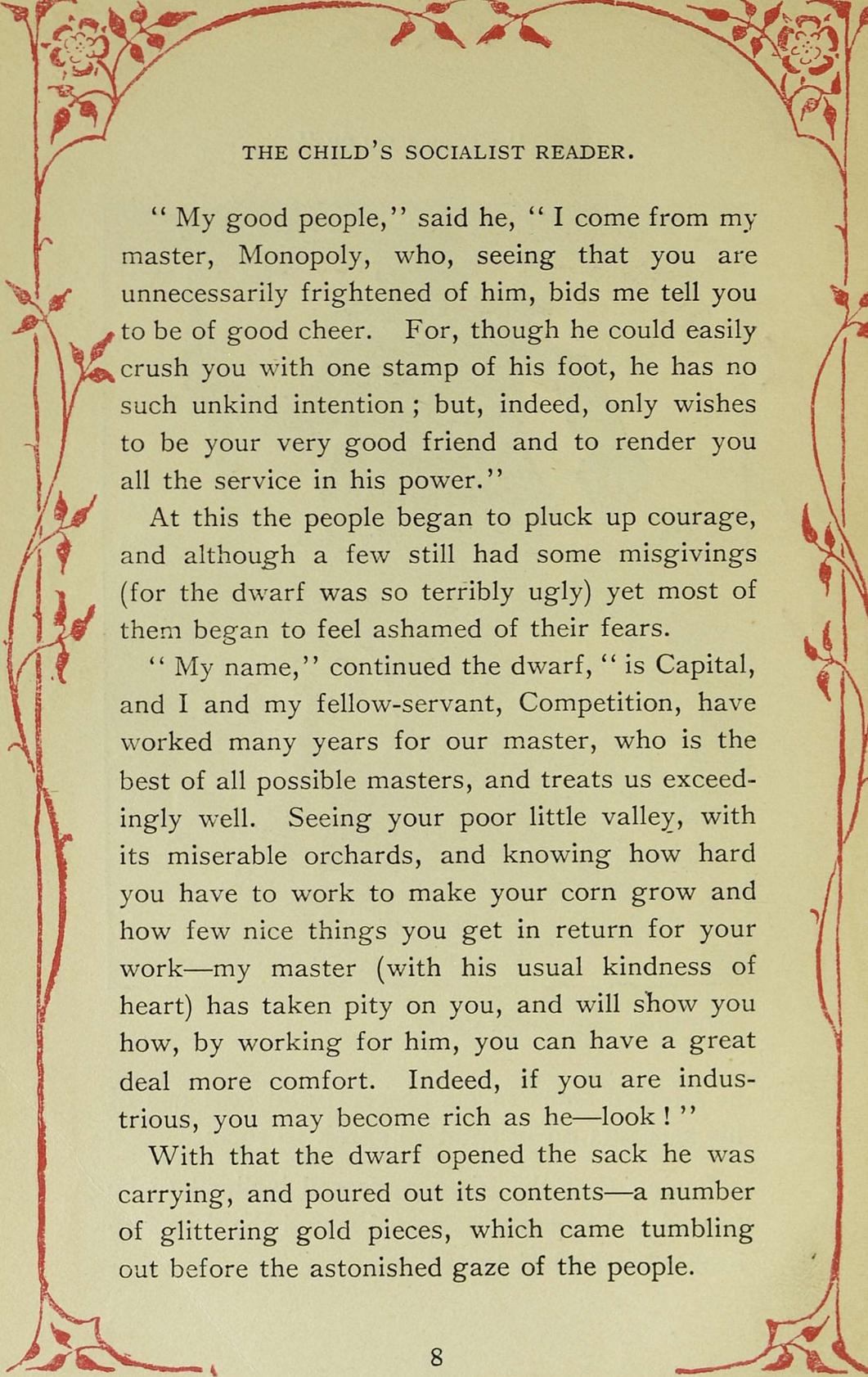
“HAPPY VALLEY.”



GIANT MONOPOLY
ENTERING THE HAPPY VALLEY

he stopped short in his descent, and sent one of his servants on in front to speak to them.

Seeing that the giant appeared inclined to be friendly, the people gathered round the dwarf to hear what he had to say.



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

“ My good people,” said he, “ I come from my master, Monopoly, who, seeing that you are unnecessarily frightened of him, bids me tell you to be of good cheer. For, though he could easily crush you with one stamp of his foot, he has no such unkind intention ; but, indeed, only wishes to be your very good friend and to render you all the service in his power.”

At this the people began to pluck up courage, and although a few still had some misgivings (for the dwarf was so terribly ugly) yet most of them began to feel ashamed of their fears.

“ My name,” continued the dwarf, “ is Capital, and I and my fellow-servant, Competition, have worked many years for our master, who is the best of all possible masters, and treats us exceedingly well. Seeing your poor little valley, with its miserable orchards, and knowing how hard you have to work to make your corn grow and how few nice things you get in return for your work—my master (with his usual kindness of heart) has taken pity on you, and will show you how, by working for him, you can have a great deal more comfort. Indeed, if you are industrious, you may become rich as he—look ! ”

With that the dwarf opened the sack he was carrying, and poured out its contents—a number of glittering gold pieces, which came tumbling out before the astonished gaze of the people.

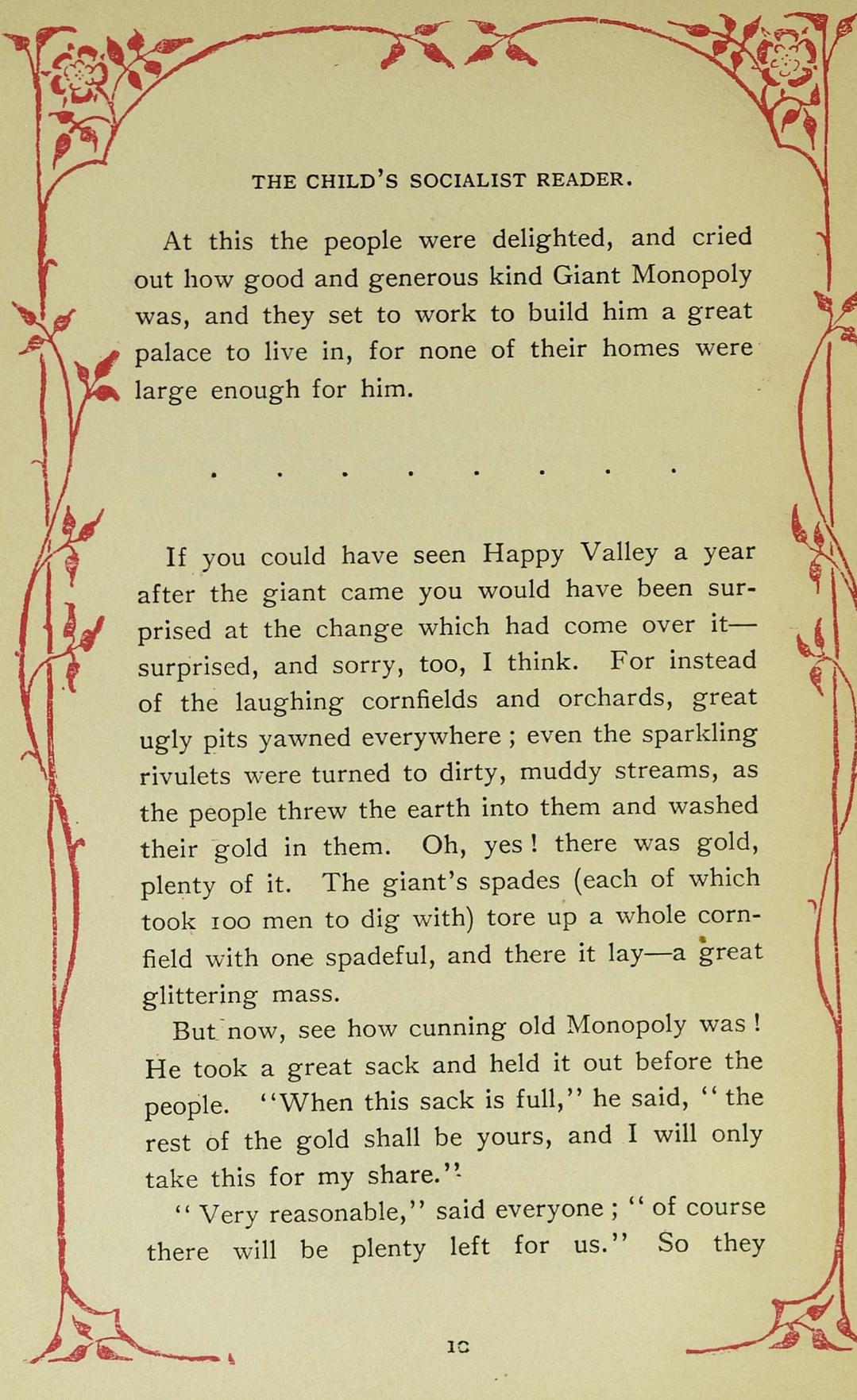
“HAPPY VALLEY.”

Now a curious thing happened—at the sound of the tinkling gold all the good fairies spread their wings and flew right away.

It was not long before the dazzled people were persuaded to accompany the dwarf to his master ; and, following the servant’s instructions, knelt at the feet of the giant to receive his blessing and words of advice. First he flattered them by telling them how sensible they were to come to him as they had done ; and the people were just beginning to think that they were very wise indeed, when he began to call them fools.

“See here!” he said, “have you not been spending all the best years of your life in growing a little corn and fruit for yourselves, when under your cornfields there lies a gold-mine, which would make you and your children rich for ever?”

At this the people looked at each other in astonishment, and some were for running to dig at once to see if it were true. But the giant roared with laughter. “Do you think, with your foolish little spades, that you can unearth the gold which lies deep hidden in the earth?” he said. “No, no! my friends.” Then, seeing their disappointment, he added : “But I will tell you what I will do. I will give you spades with which to dig all the gold you want, but I shall expect you to give me a share in return.”



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

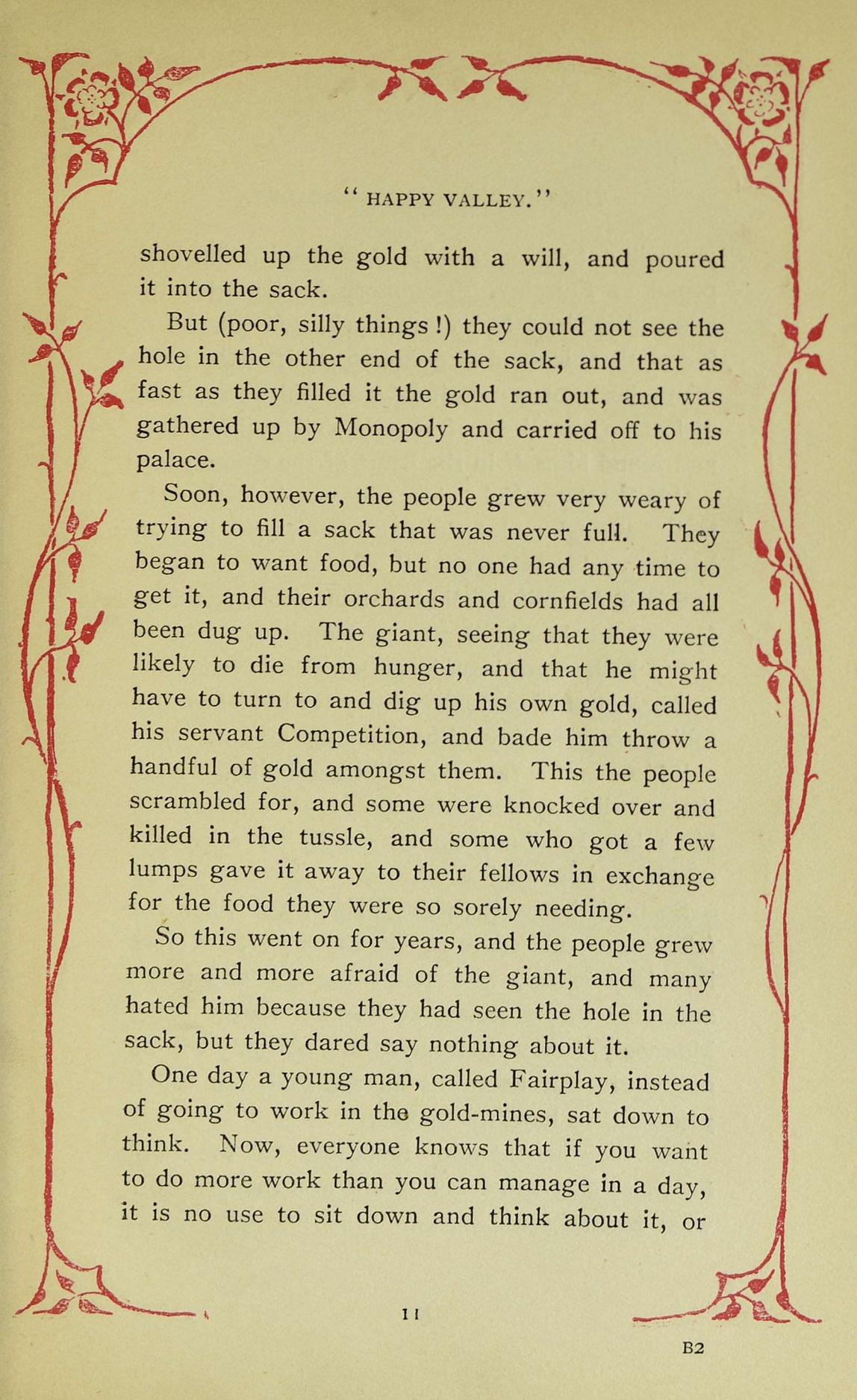
At this the people were delighted, and cried out how good and generous kind Giant Monopoly was, and they set to work to build him a great palace to live in, for none of their homes were large enough for him.

.

If you could have seen Happy Valley a year after the giant came you would have been surprised at the change which had come over it—surprised, and sorry, too, I think. For instead of the laughing cornfields and orchards, great ugly pits yawned everywhere; even the sparkling rivulets were turned to dirty, muddy streams, as the people threw the earth into them and washed their gold in them. Oh, yes! there was gold, plenty of it. The giant's spades (each of which took 100 men to dig with) tore up a whole cornfield with one spadeful, and there it lay—a great glittering mass.

But now, see how cunning old Monopoly was! He took a great sack and held it out before the people. "When this sack is full," he said, "the rest of the gold shall be yours, and I will only take this for my share."

"Very reasonable," said everyone; "of course there will be plenty left for us." So they



“HAPPY VALLEY.”

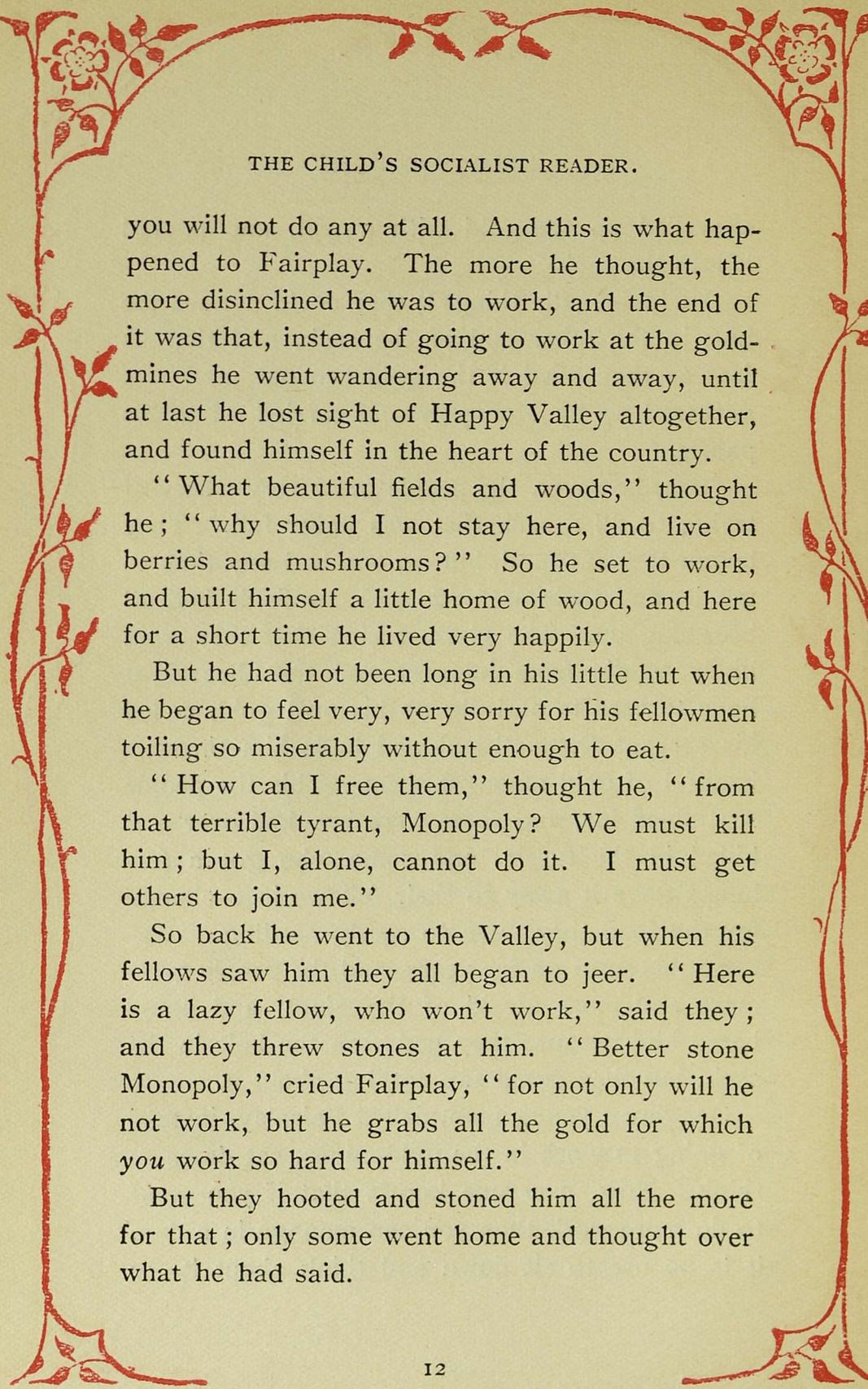
shovelled up the gold with a will, and poured it into the sack.

But (poor, silly things!) they could not see the hole in the other end of the sack, and that as fast as they filled it the gold ran out, and was gathered up by Monopoly and carried off to his palace.

Soon, however, the people grew very weary of trying to fill a sack that was never full. They began to want food, but no one had any time to get it, and their orchards and cornfields had all been dug up. The giant, seeing that they were likely to die from hunger, and that he might have to turn to and dig up his own gold, called his servant Competition, and bade him throw a handful of gold amongst them. This the people scrambled for, and some were knocked over and killed in the tussle, and some who got a few lumps gave it away to their fellows in exchange for the food they were so sorely needing.

So this went on for years, and the people grew more and more afraid of the giant, and many hated him because they had seen the hole in the sack, but they dared say nothing about it.

One day a young man, called Fairplay, instead of going to work in the gold-mines, sat down to think. Now, everyone knows that if you want to do more work than you can manage in a day, it is no use to sit down and think about it, or



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

you will not do any at all. And this is what happened to Fairplay. The more he thought, the more disinclined he was to work, and the end of it was that, instead of going to work at the gold-mines he went wandering away and away, until at last he lost sight of Happy Valley altogether, and found himself in the heart of the country.

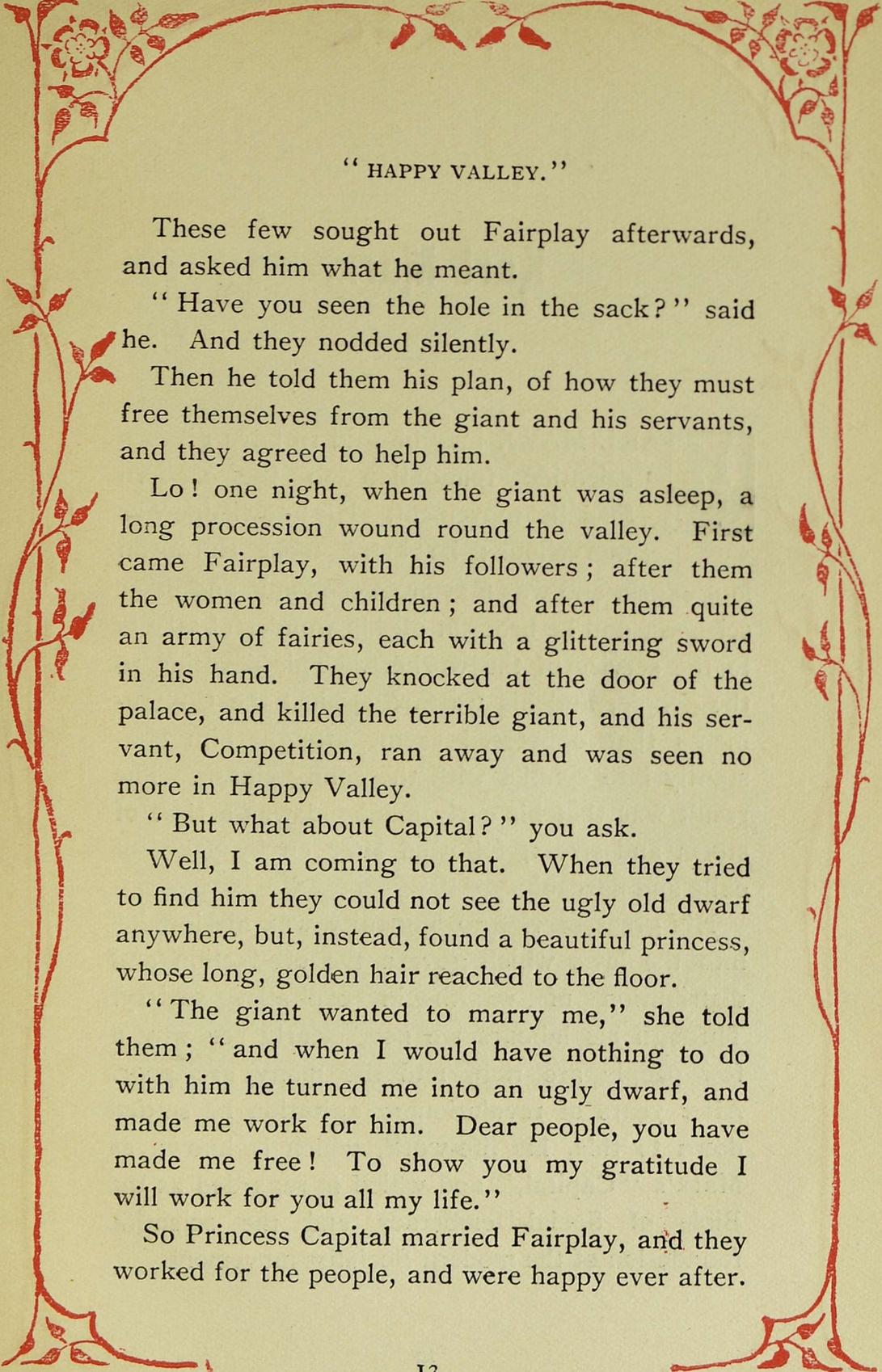
“What beautiful fields and woods,” thought he; “why should I not stay here, and live on berries and mushrooms?” So he set to work, and built himself a little home of wood, and here for a short time he lived very happily.

But he had not been long in his little hut when he began to feel very, very sorry for his fellowmen toiling so miserably without enough to eat.

“How can I free them,” thought he, “from that terrible tyrant, Monopoly? We must kill him; but I, alone, cannot do it. I must get others to join me.”

So back he went to the Valley, but when his fellows saw him they all began to jeer. “Here is a lazy fellow, who won't work,” said they; and they threw stones at him. “Better stone Monopoly,” cried Fairplay, “for not only will he not work, but he grabs all the gold for which *you* work so hard for himself.”

But they hooted and stoned him all the more for that; only some went home and thought over what he had said.



“HAPPY VALLEY.”

These few sought out Fairplay afterwards, and asked him what he meant.

“Have you seen the hole in the sack?” said he. And they nodded silently.

Then he told them his plan, of how they must free themselves from the giant and his servants, and they agreed to help him.

Lo! one night, when the giant was asleep, a long procession wound round the valley. First came Fairplay, with his followers; after them the women and children; and after them quite an army of fairies, each with a glittering sword in his hand. They knocked at the door of the palace, and killed the terrible giant, and his servant, Competition, ran away and was seen no more in Happy Valley.

“But what about Capital?” you ask.

Well, I am coming to that. When they tried to find him they could not see the ugly old dwarf anywhere, but, instead, found a beautiful princess, whose long, golden hair reached to the floor.

“The giant wanted to marry me,” she told them; “and when I would have nothing to do with him he turned me into an ugly dwarf, and made me work for him. Dear people, you have made me free! To show you my gratitude I will work for you all my life.”

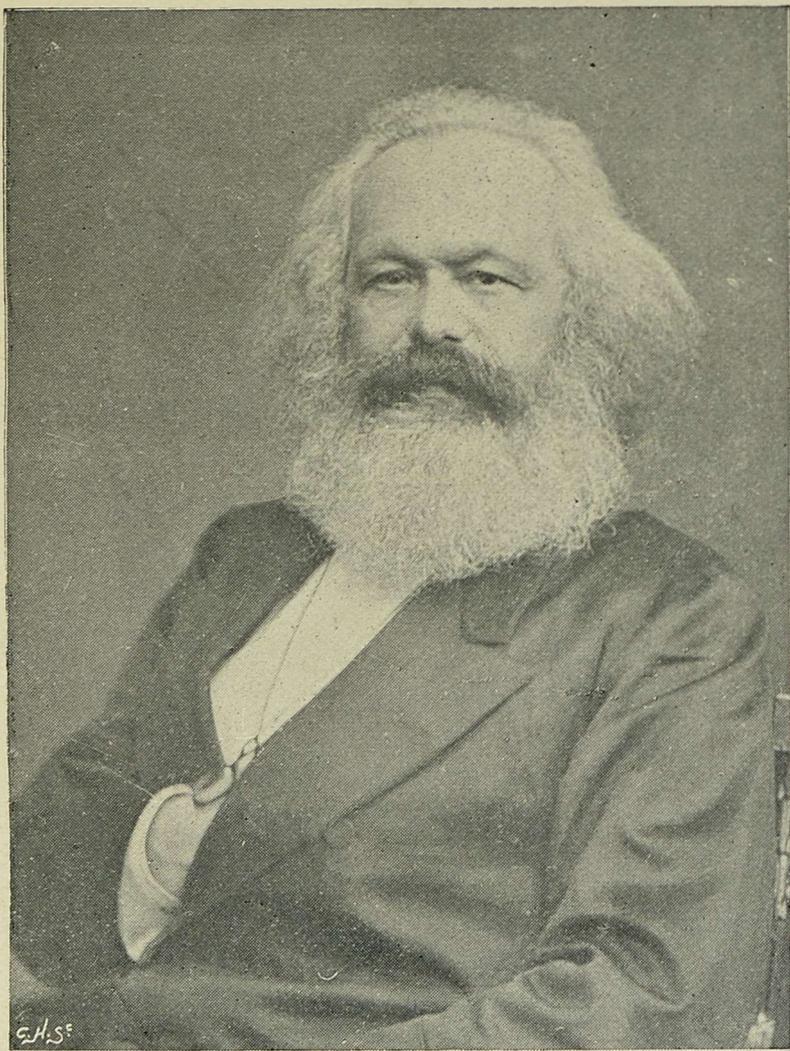
So Princess Capital married Fairplay, and they worked for the people, and were happy ever after.

Karl Marx.

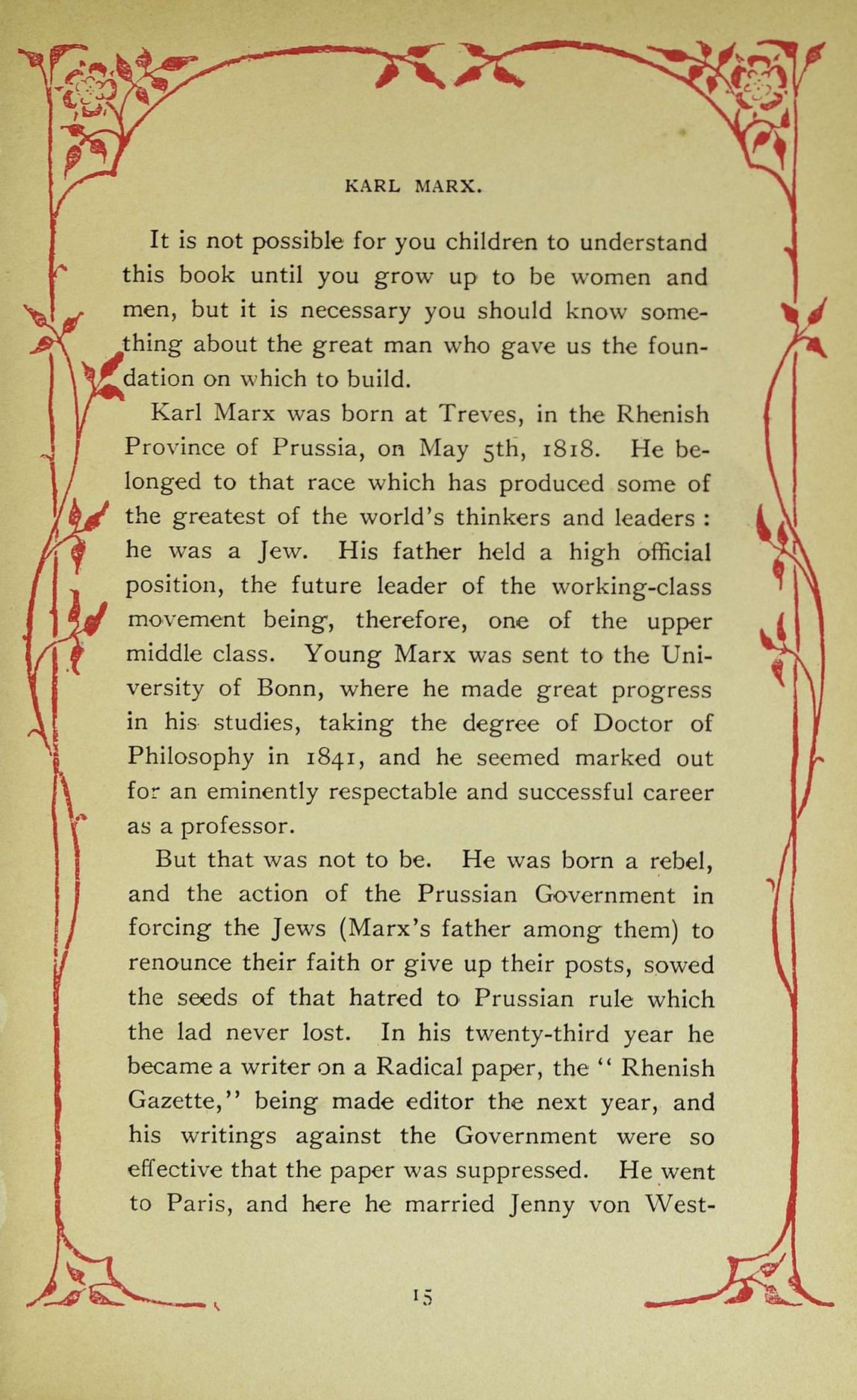


ARL MARX may be said to have given a scientific foundation to the modern Socialist movement. His knowledge was marvellous ; he knew most European languages, and was master of economic and other sciences, and he brought all his wonderful talents to the service of the workers. This devotion to the people, and his warfare against the Governments that oppressed them, brought him constantly into conflict with the ruling class. The result was that his early manhood was a time of storm and stress, followed later on by years of exile and hardship.

His great service to humanity was his inquiry into the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth in capitalist society. Through his labours we now clearly see why a few people are rich, and the many are poor. After years of revolutionary agitation he settled down to this, his life-work, which is known as Marx's "Capital," and which is regarded as the Bible of Social-Democracy and the scientific foundation of the modern Socialist movement.



KARL MARX.

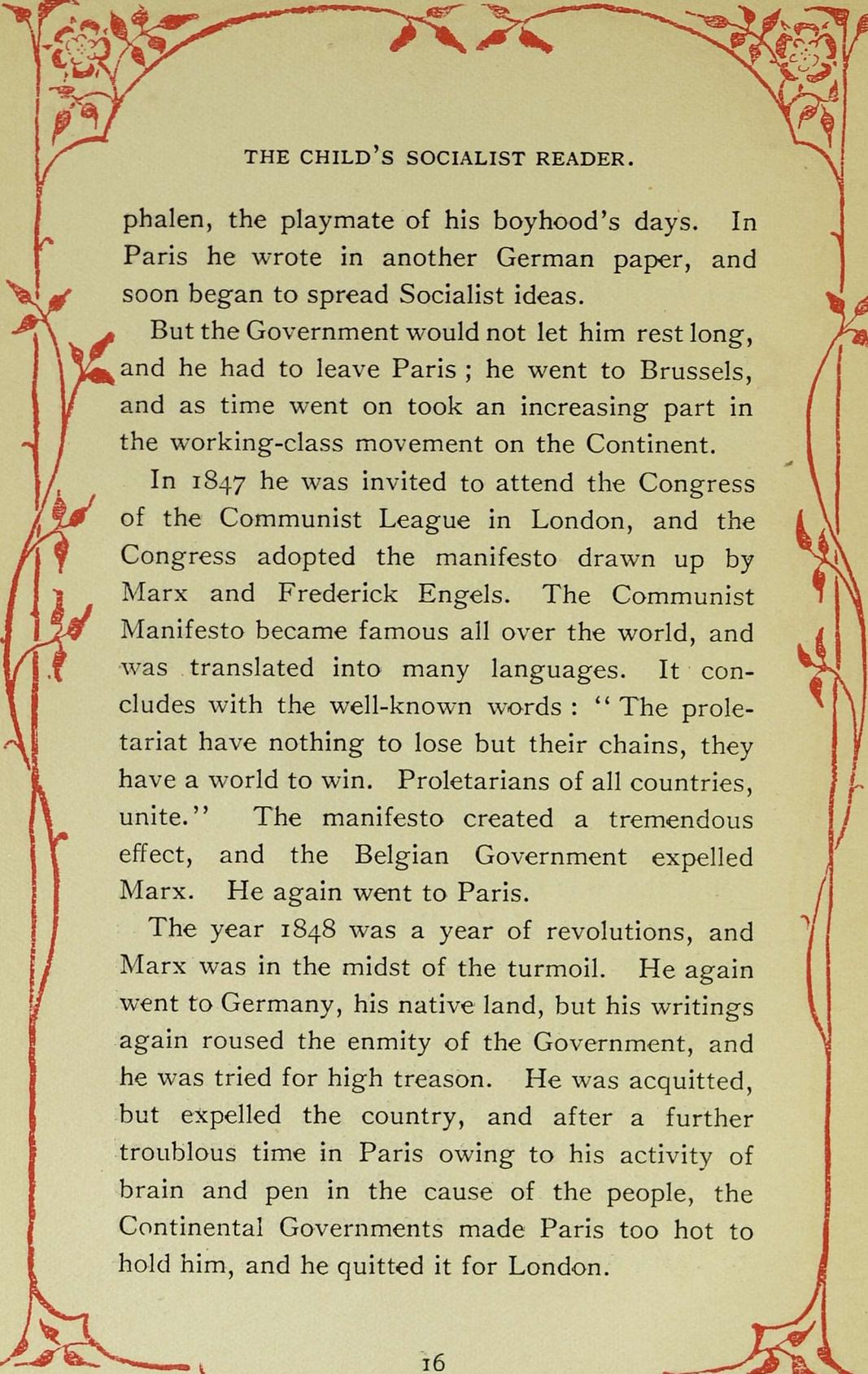
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KARL MARX.

It is not possible for you children to understand this book until you grow up to be women and men, but it is necessary you should know something about the great man who gave us the foundation on which to build.

Karl Marx was born at Treves, in the Rhenish Province of Prussia, on May 5th, 1818. He belonged to that race which has produced some of the greatest of the world's thinkers and leaders: he was a Jew. His father held a high official position, the future leader of the working-class movement being, therefore, one of the upper middle class. Young Marx was sent to the University of Bonn, where he made great progress in his studies, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1841, and he seemed marked out for an eminently respectable and successful career as a professor.

But that was not to be. He was born a rebel, and the action of the Prussian Government in forcing the Jews (Marx's father among them) to renounce their faith or give up their posts, sowed the seeds of that hatred to Prussian rule which the lad never lost. In his twenty-third year he became a writer on a Radical paper, the "Rhenish Gazette," being made editor the next year, and his writings against the Government were so effective that the paper was suppressed. He went to Paris, and here he married Jenny von West-



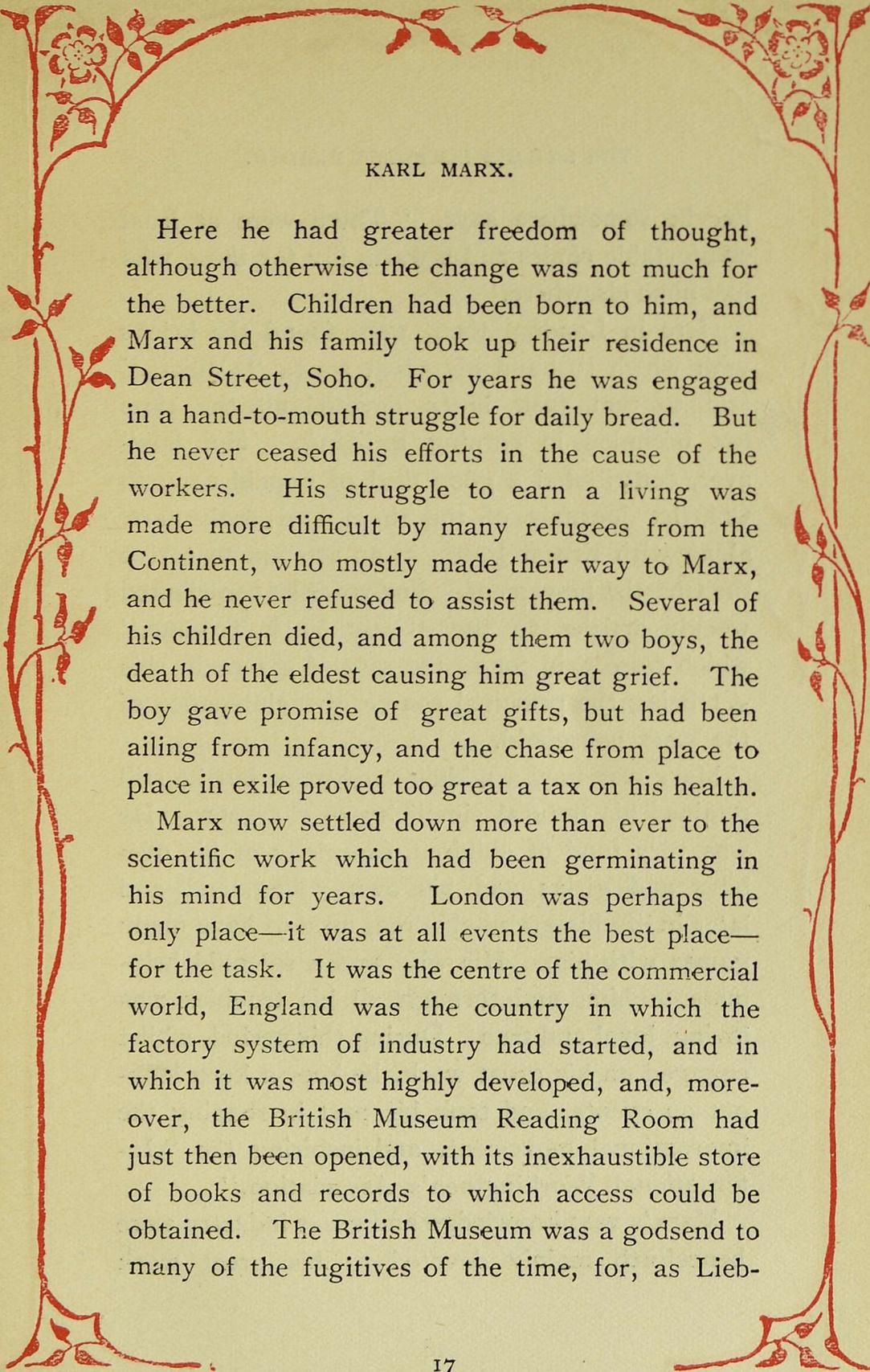
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

phalen, the playmate of his boyhood's days. In Paris he wrote in another German paper, and soon began to spread Socialist ideas.

But the Government would not let him rest long, and he had to leave Paris; he went to Brussels, and as time went on took an increasing part in the working-class movement on the Continent.

In 1847 he was invited to attend the Congress of the Communist League in London, and the Congress adopted the manifesto drawn up by Marx and Frederick Engels. The Communist Manifesto became famous all over the world, and was translated into many languages. It concludes with the well-known words: "The proletariat have nothing to lose but their chains, they have a world to win. Proletarians of all countries, unite." The manifesto created a tremendous effect, and the Belgian Government expelled Marx. He again went to Paris.

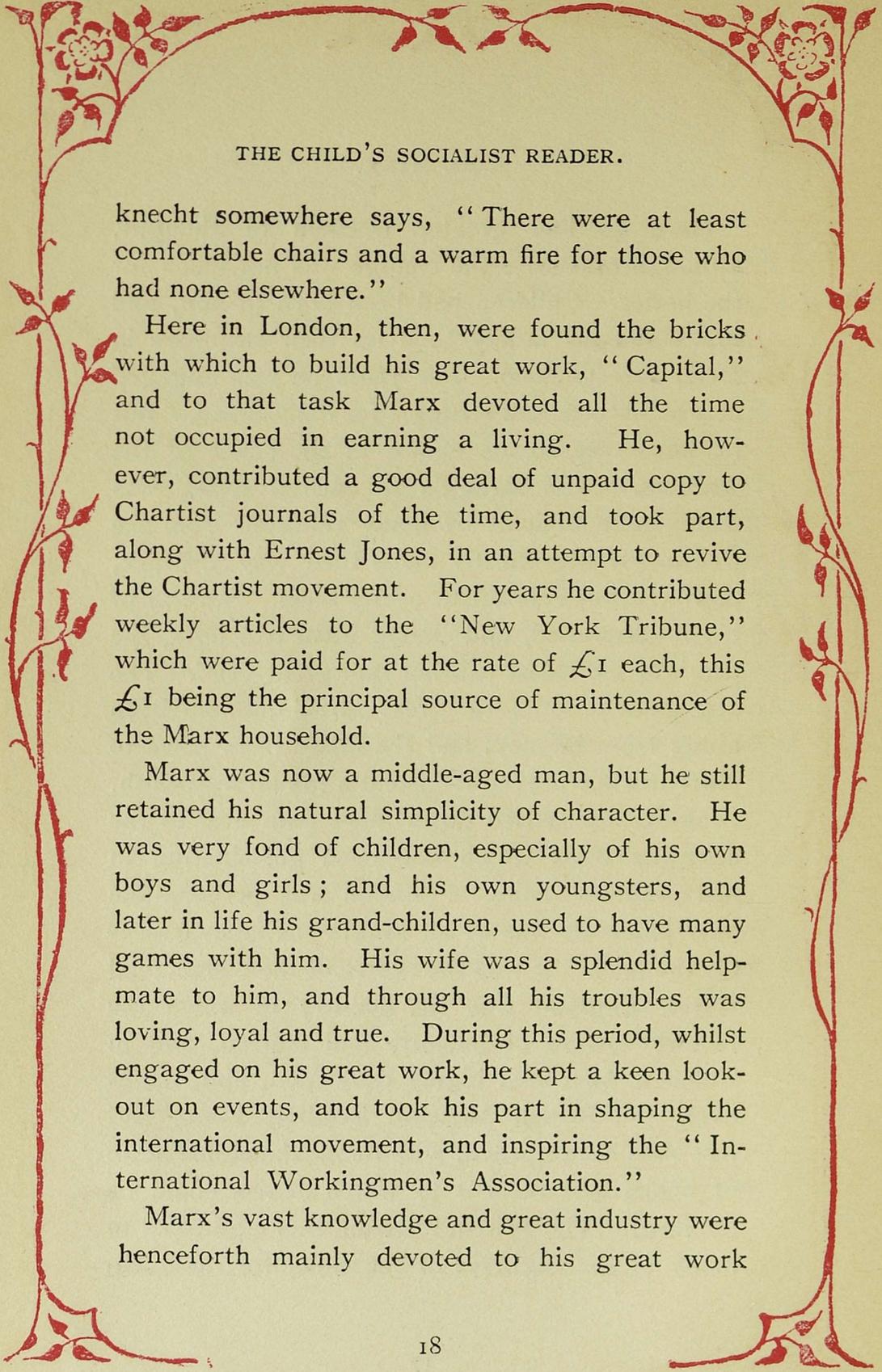
The year 1848 was a year of revolutions, and Marx was in the midst of the turmoil. He again went to Germany, his native land, but his writings again roused the enmity of the Government, and he was tried for high treason. He was acquitted, but expelled the country, and after a further troublous time in Paris owing to his activity of brain and pen in the cause of the people, the Continental Governments made Paris too hot to hold him, and he quitted it for London.

A decorative red border with a floral and vine motif surrounds the text. It features stylized flowers and leaves, with a central arch at the top and a base at the bottom.

KARL MARX.

Here he had greater freedom of thought, although otherwise the change was not much for the better. Children had been born to him, and Marx and his family took up their residence in Dean Street, Soho. For years he was engaged in a hand-to-mouth struggle for daily bread. But he never ceased his efforts in the cause of the workers. His struggle to earn a living was made more difficult by many refugees from the Continent, who mostly made their way to Marx, and he never refused to assist them. Several of his children died, and among them two boys, the death of the eldest causing him great grief. The boy gave promise of great gifts, but had been ailing from infancy, and the chase from place to place in exile proved too great a tax on his health.

Marx now settled down more than ever to the scientific work which had been germinating in his mind for years. London was perhaps the only place—it was at all events the best place—for the task. It was the centre of the commercial world, England was the country in which the factory system of industry had started, and in which it was most highly developed, and, moreover, the British Museum Reading Room had just then been opened, with its inexhaustible store of books and records to which access could be obtained. The British Museum was a godsend to many of the fugitives of the time, for, as Lieb-



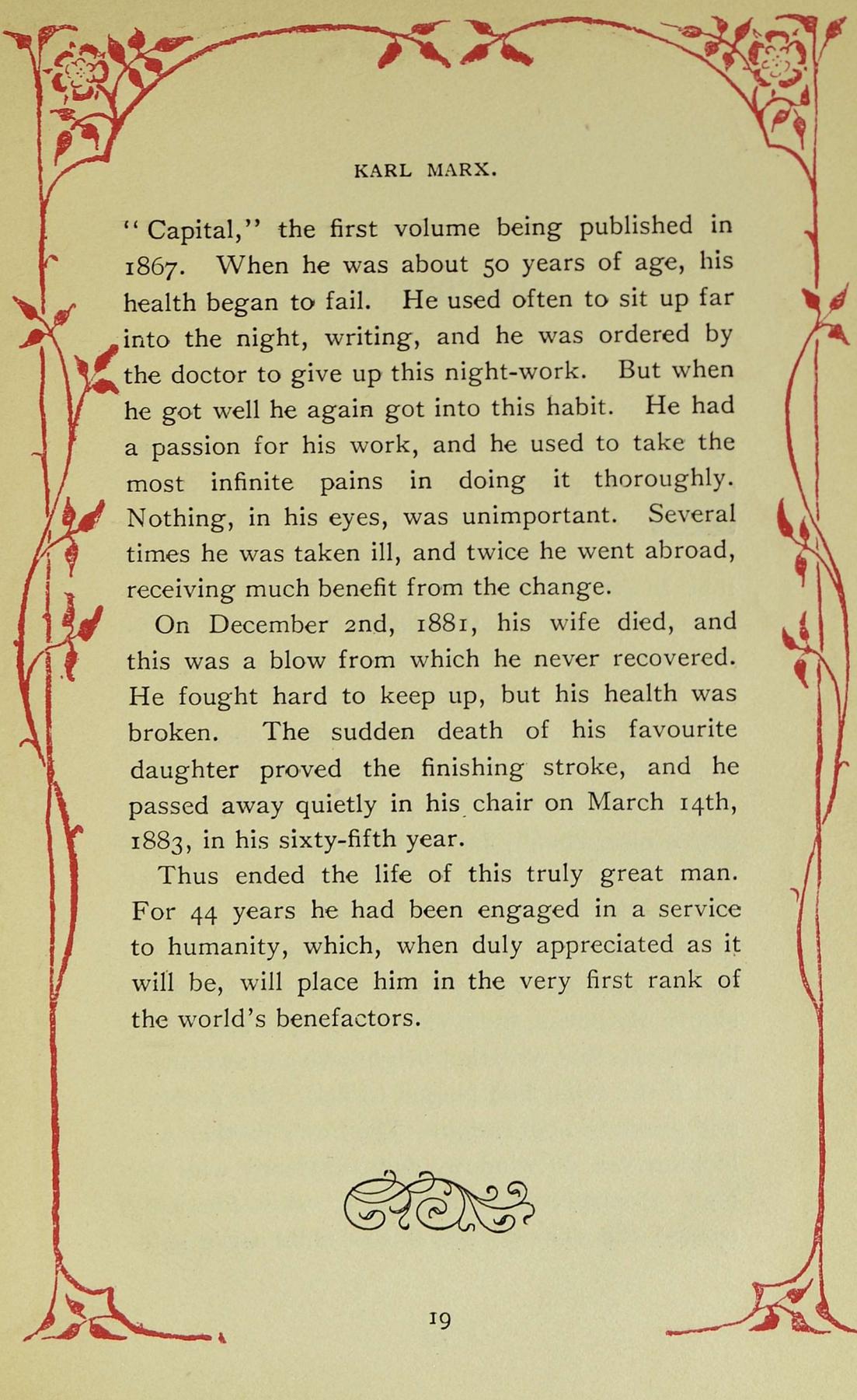
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

knecht somewhere says, "There were at least comfortable chairs and a warm fire for those who had none elsewhere."

Here in London, then, were found the bricks with which to build his great work, "Capital," and to that task Marx devoted all the time not occupied in earning a living. He, however, contributed a good deal of unpaid copy to Chartist journals of the time, and took part, along with Ernest Jones, in an attempt to revive the Chartist movement. For years he contributed weekly articles to the "New York Tribune," which were paid for at the rate of £1 each, this £1 being the principal source of maintenance of the Marx household.

Marx was now a middle-aged man, but he still retained his natural simplicity of character. He was very fond of children, especially of his own boys and girls; and his own youngsters, and later in life his grand-children, used to have many games with him. His wife was a splendid help-mate to him, and through all his troubles was loving, loyal and true. During this period, whilst engaged on his great work, he kept a keen look-out on events, and took his part in shaping the international movement, and inspiring the "International Workingmen's Association."

Marx's vast knowledge and great industry were henceforth mainly devoted to his great work

A decorative red border with floral and vine motifs surrounds the text. The border features stylized flowers and leaves, with a central arch at the top and a similar arch at the bottom. The text is centered within this border.

KARL MARX.

“Capital,” the first volume being published in 1867. When he was about 50 years of age, his health began to fail. He used often to sit up far into the night, writing, and he was ordered by the doctor to give up this night-work. But when he got well he again got into this habit. He had a passion for his work, and he used to take the most infinite pains in doing it thoroughly. Nothing, in his eyes, was unimportant. Several times he was taken ill, and twice he went abroad, receiving much benefit from the change.

On December 2nd, 1881, his wife died, and this was a blow from which he never recovered. He fought hard to keep up, but his health was broken. The sudden death of his favourite daughter proved the finishing stroke, and he passed away quietly in his chair on March 14th, 1883, in his sixty-fifth year.

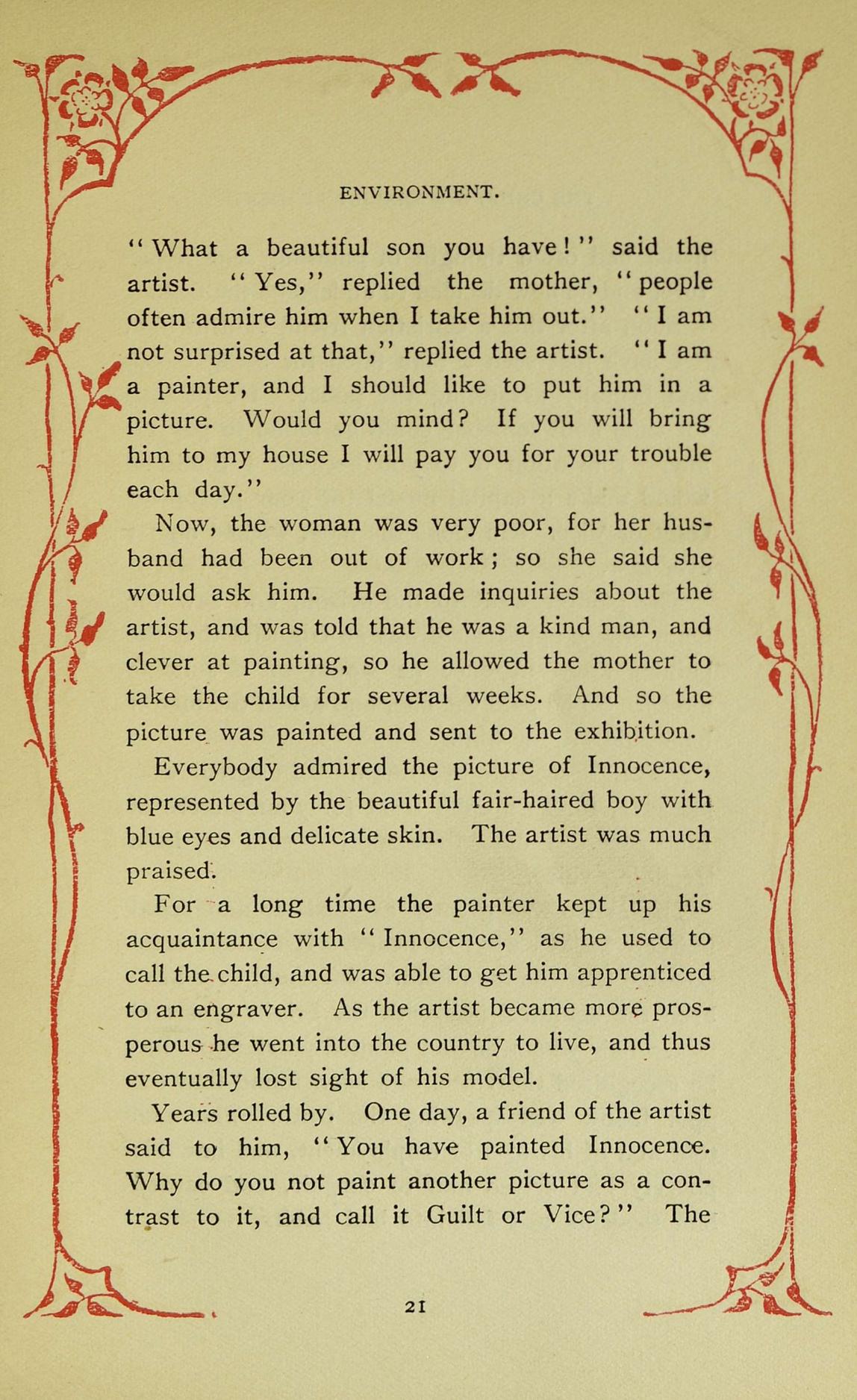
Thus ended the life of this truly great man. For 44 years he had been engaged in a service to humanity, which, when duly appreciated as it will be, will place him in the very first rank of the world's benefactors.



Environment.

THERE was once an artist who wished to paint a picture which should represent Innocence. He thought the matter over, and at last came to the conclusion that Innocence should be represented by a very pretty boy or girl. "Children," he said to himself, "have no need to lie or hide their thoughts, and have not lived long enough to become proud, haughty, and vicious." So he looked about for a very pretty boy or girl who would serve as a model.

It seemed to him a long, long time before he saw a nice, chubby-faced child that would charm you with its sweetness. At last, one day, whilst passing down a street, he saw a little boy sitting on a doorstep. He looked so happy and contented, with his wavy, flaxen hair and beautiful skin. His large, blue, expressive eyes seemed to light up his face with that brightness and sweetness which the artist had longed to find. He stopped and gazed in admiration. The boy's mother was looking out of window, and wondered why the man stopped; half-frightened, she hurriedly opened the door to see if her child were safe.

A decorative red border with floral and leaf motifs frames the text. The border consists of a central arch at the top, with two smaller arches on the left and right sides, and a base at the bottom. The floral elements include stylized flowers and leaves, all rendered in a reddish-brown color.

ENVIRONMENT.

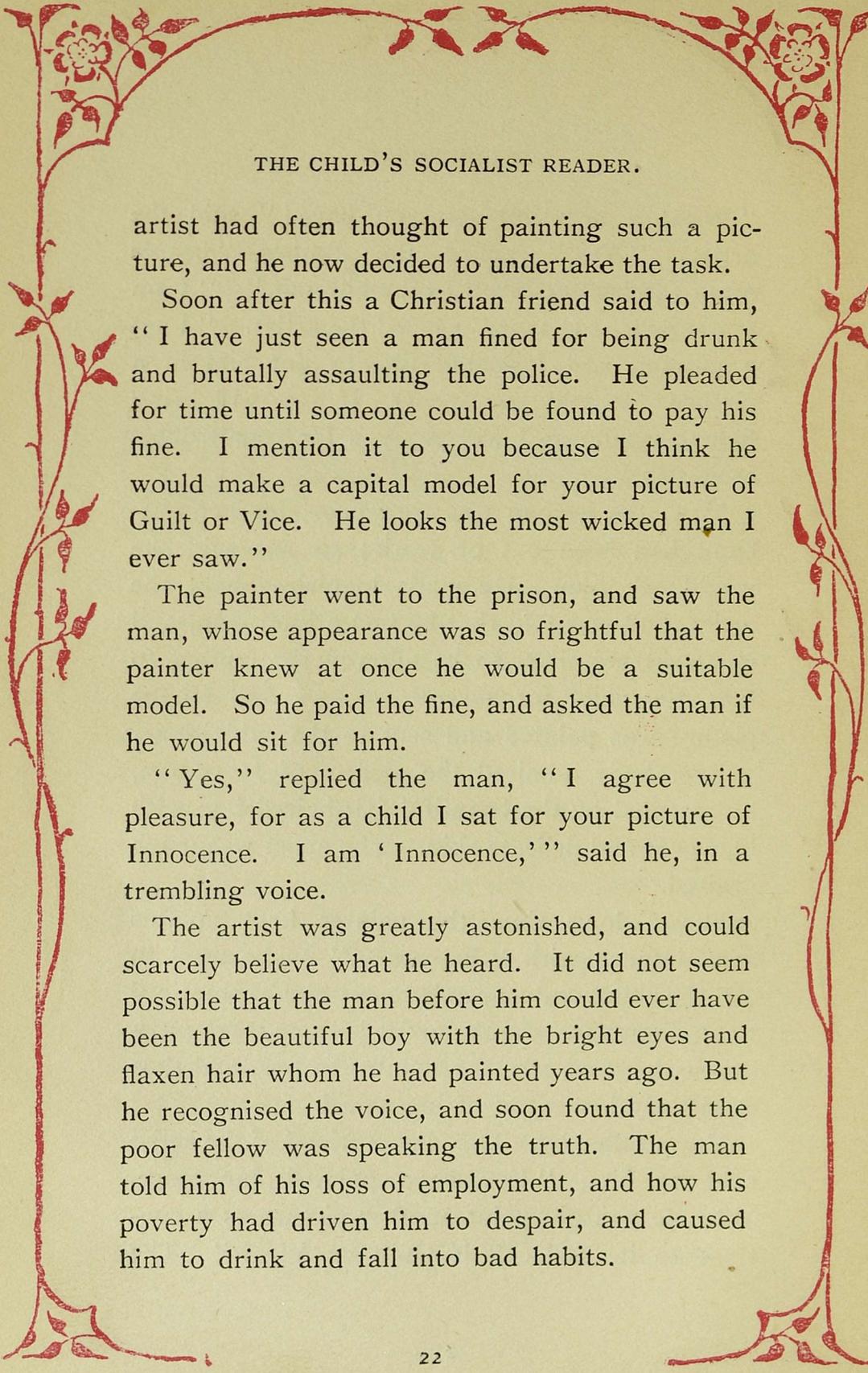
“What a beautiful son you have!” said the artist. “Yes,” replied the mother, “people often admire him when I take him out.” “I am not surprised at that,” replied the artist. “I am a painter, and I should like to put him in a picture. Would you mind? If you will bring him to my house I will pay you for your trouble each day.”

Now, the woman was very poor, for her husband had been out of work; so she said she would ask him. He made inquiries about the artist, and was told that he was a kind man, and clever at painting, so he allowed the mother to take the child for several weeks. And so the picture was painted and sent to the exhibition.

Everybody admired the picture of Innocence, represented by the beautiful fair-haired boy with blue eyes and delicate skin. The artist was much praised.

For a long time the painter kept up his acquaintance with “Innocence,” as he used to call the child, and was able to get him apprenticed to an engraver. As the artist became more prosperous he went into the country to live, and thus eventually lost sight of his model.

Years rolled by. One day, a friend of the artist said to him, “You have painted Innocence. Why do you not paint another picture as a contrast to it, and call it Guilt or Vice?” The

A decorative red border with floral and leaf motifs frames the text. The border consists of a central arch at the top, with vertical lines on the sides and a base at the bottom, all adorned with stylized flowers and leaves.

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

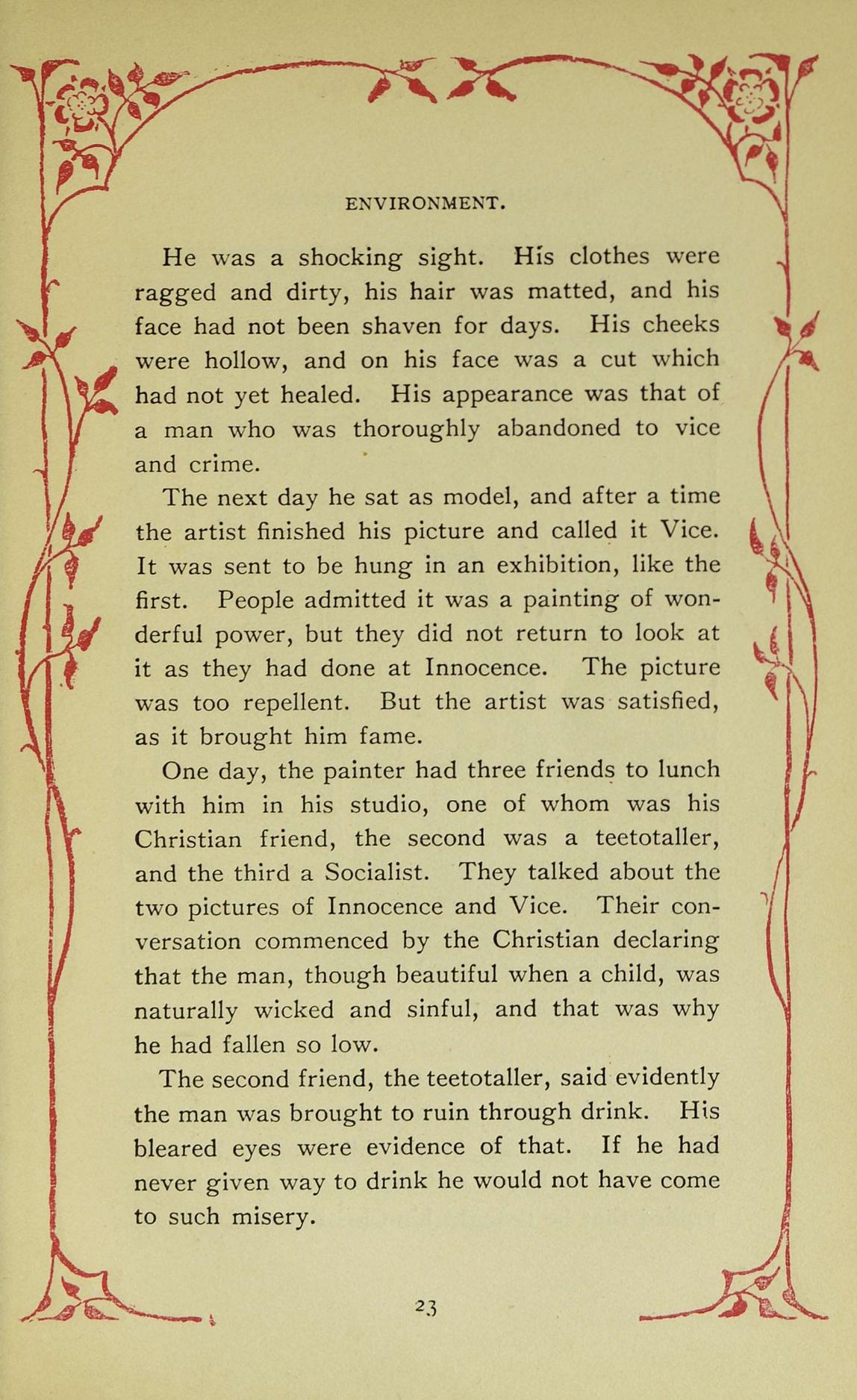
artist had often thought of painting such a picture, and he now decided to undertake the task.

Soon after this a Christian friend said to him, "I have just seen a man fined for being drunk and brutally assaulting the police. He pleaded for time until someone could be found to pay his fine. I mention it to you because I think he would make a capital model for your picture of Guilt or Vice. He looks the most wicked man I ever saw."

The painter went to the prison, and saw the man, whose appearance was so frightful that the painter knew at once he would be a suitable model. So he paid the fine, and asked the man if he would sit for him.

"Yes," replied the man, "I agree with pleasure, for as a child I sat for your picture of Innocence. I am 'Innocence,'" said he, in a trembling voice.

The artist was greatly astonished, and could scarcely believe what he heard. It did not seem possible that the man before him could ever have been the beautiful boy with the bright eyes and flaxen hair whom he had painted years ago. But he recognised the voice, and soon found that the poor fellow was speaking the truth. The man told him of his loss of employment, and how his poverty had driven him to despair, and caused him to drink and fall into bad habits.



ENVIRONMENT.

He was a shocking sight. His clothes were ragged and dirty, his hair was matted, and his face had not been shaven for days. His cheeks were hollow, and on his face was a cut which had not yet healed. His appearance was that of a man who was thoroughly abandoned to vice and crime.

The next day he sat as model, and after a time the artist finished his picture and called it Vice. It was sent to be hung in an exhibition, like the first. People admitted it was a painting of wonderful power, but they did not return to look at it as they had done at Innocence. The picture was too repellent. But the artist was satisfied, as it brought him fame.

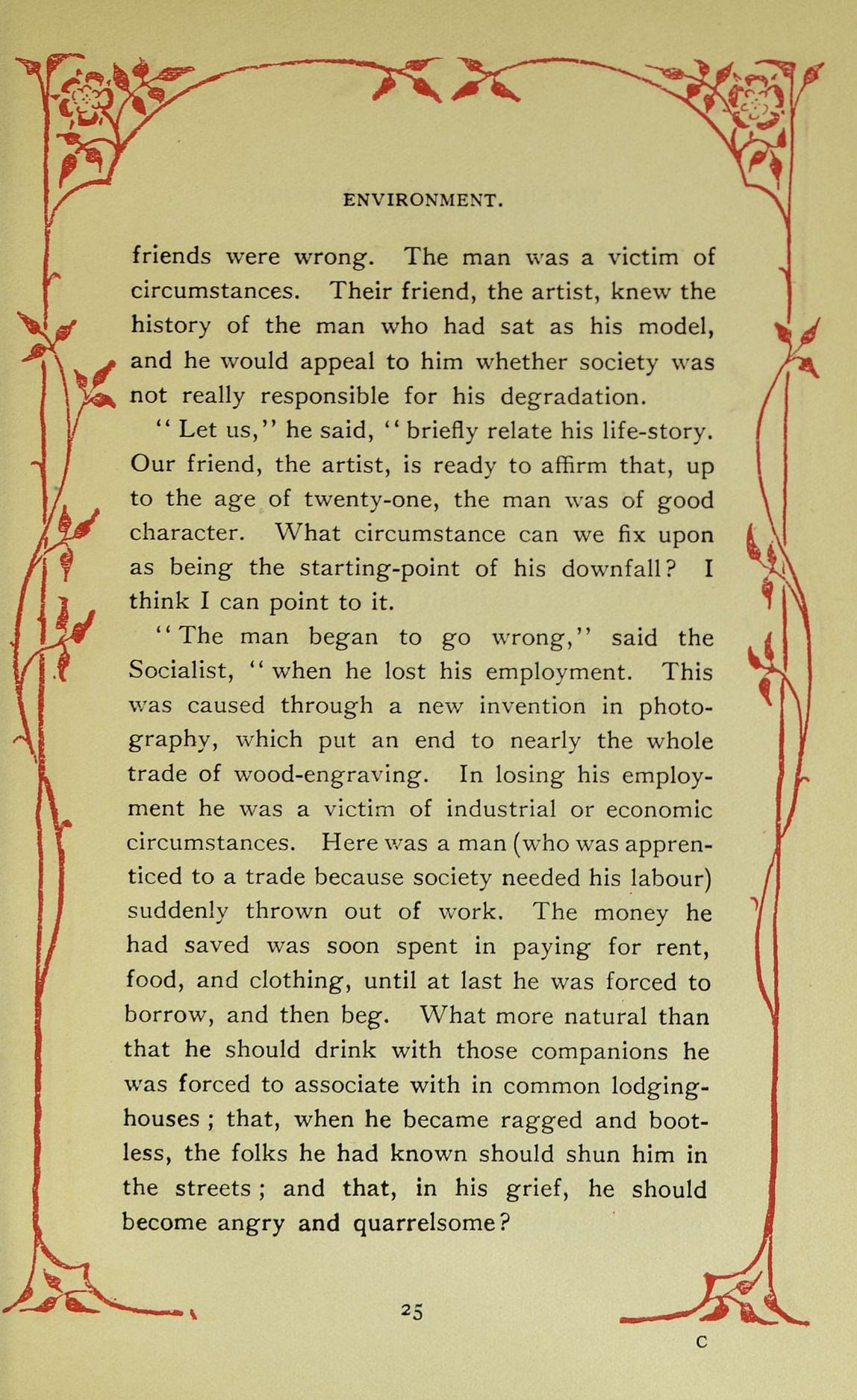
One day, the painter had three friends to lunch with him in his studio, one of whom was his Christian friend, the second was a teetotaller, and the third a Socialist. They talked about the two pictures of Innocence and Vice. Their conversation commenced by the Christian declaring that the man, though beautiful when a child, was naturally wicked and sinful, and that was why he had fallen so low.

The second friend, the teetotaller, said evidently the man was brought to ruin through drink. His bleared eyes were evidence of that. If he had never given way to drink he would not have come to such misery.



THE ARTIST AND HIS PICTURES
OF INNOCENCE AND GUILT

The third friend, the Socialist, was asked his opinion. Could he, as a social student, explain how a man, so fair in his childhood and youth, should fall so low in the social scale of life? He replied that he thought his Christian and teetotal

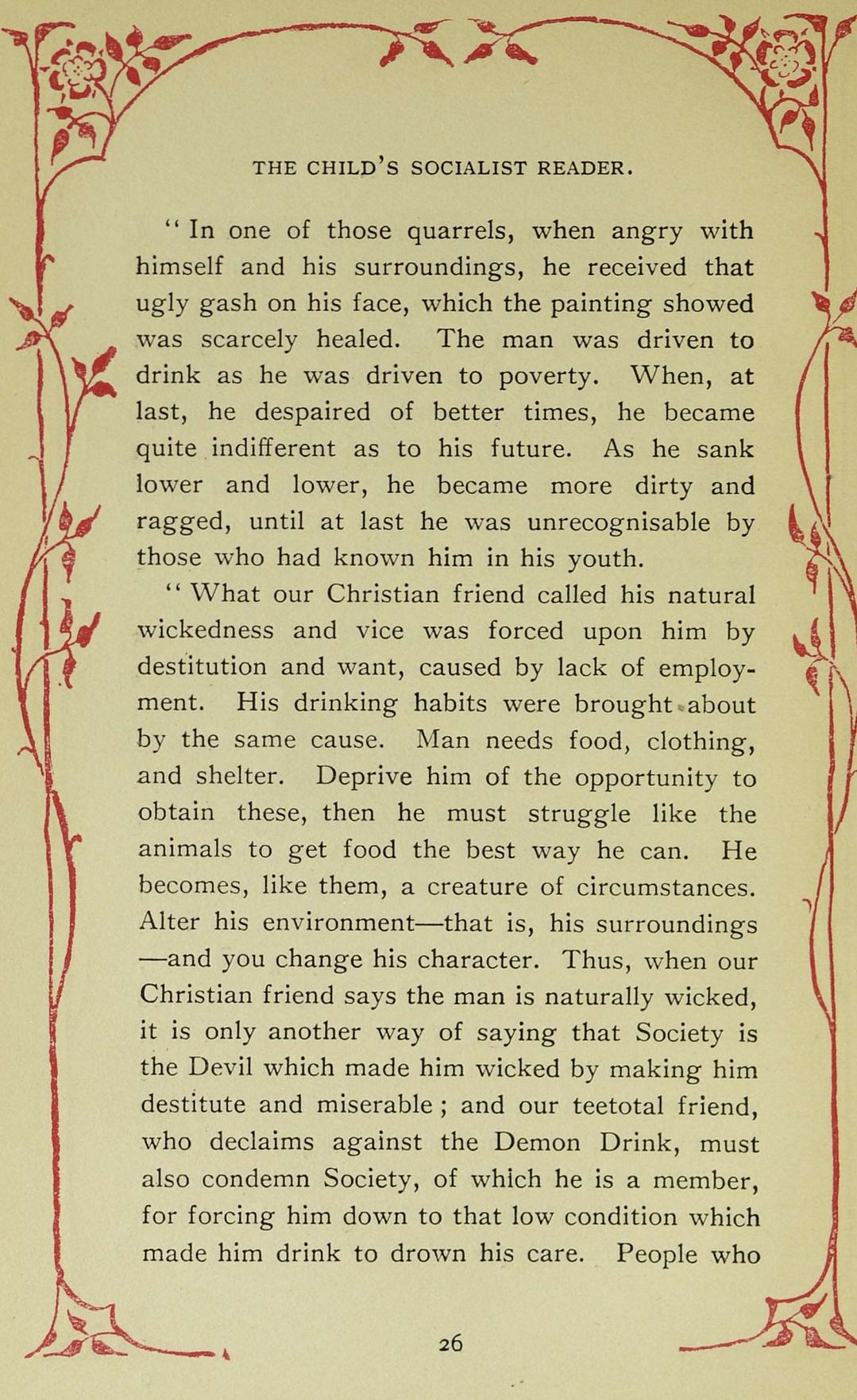


ENVIRONMENT.

friends were wrong. The man was a victim of circumstances. Their friend, the artist, knew the history of the man who had sat as his model, and he would appeal to him whether society was not really responsible for his degradation.

“Let us,” he said, “briefly relate his life-story. Our friend, the artist, is ready to affirm that, up to the age of twenty-one, the man was of good character. What circumstance can we fix upon as being the starting-point of his downfall? I think I can point to it.

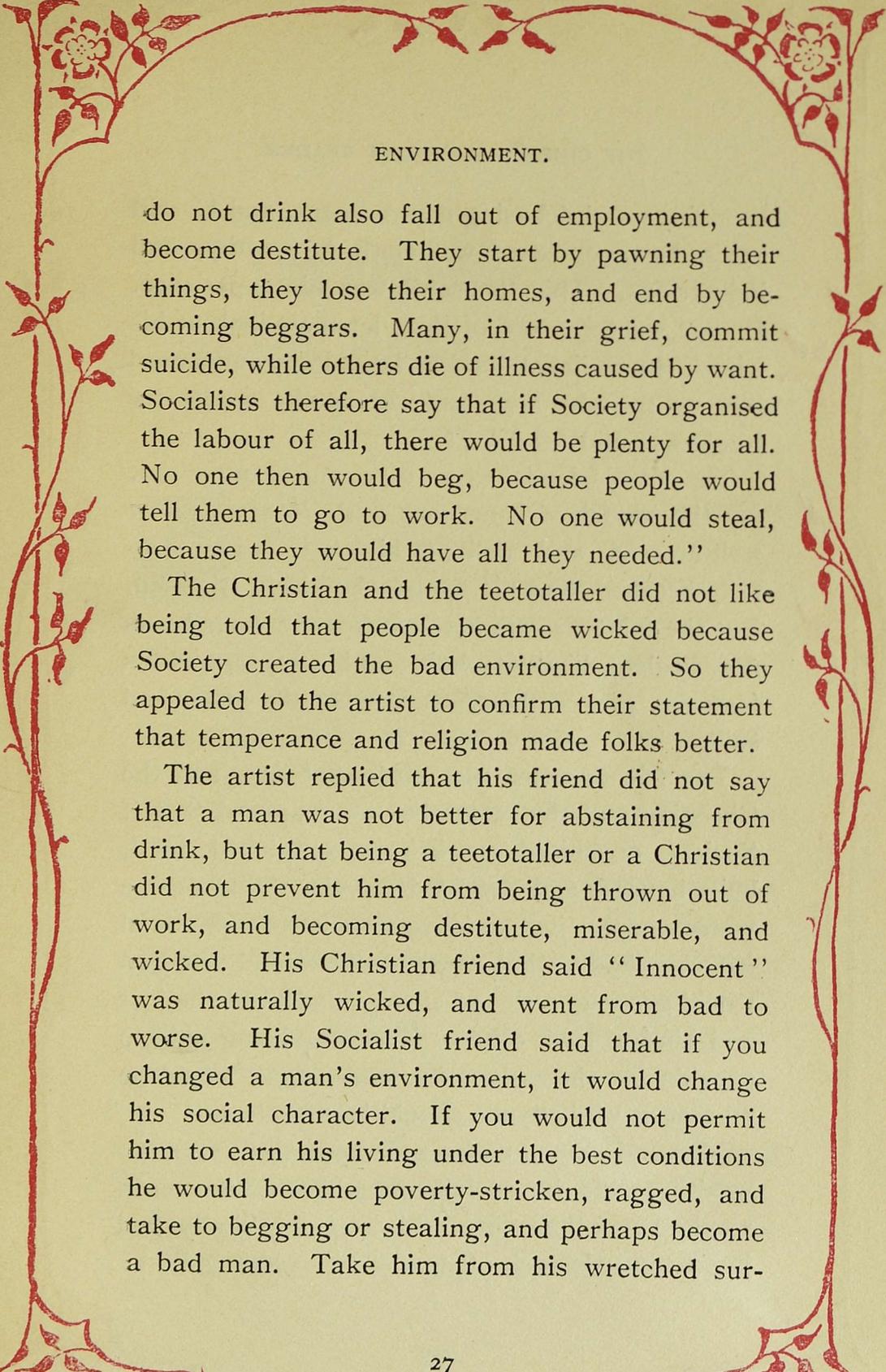
“The man began to go wrong,” said the Socialist, “when he lost his employment. This was caused through a new invention in photography, which put an end to nearly the whole trade of wood-engraving. In losing his employment he was a victim of industrial or economic circumstances. Here was a man (who was apprenticed to a trade because society needed his labour) suddenly thrown out of work. The money he had saved was soon spent in paying for rent, food, and clothing, until at last he was forced to borrow, and then beg. What more natural than that he should drink with those companions he was forced to associate with in common lodging-houses; that, when he became ragged and bootless, the folks he had known should shun him in the streets; and that, in his grief, he should become angry and quarrelsome?”



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

“ In one of those quarrels, when angry with himself and his surroundings, he received that ugly gash on his face, which the painting showed was scarcely healed. The man was driven to drink as he was driven to poverty. When, at last, he despaired of better times, he became quite indifferent as to his future. As he sank lower and lower, he became more dirty and ragged, until at last he was unrecognisable by those who had known him in his youth.

“ What our Christian friend called his natural wickedness and vice was forced upon him by destitution and want, caused by lack of employment. His drinking habits were brought about by the same cause. Man needs food, clothing, and shelter. Deprive him of the opportunity to obtain these, then he must struggle like the animals to get food the best way he can. He becomes, like them, a creature of circumstances. Alter his environment—that is, his surroundings—and you change his character. Thus, when our Christian friend says the man is naturally wicked, it is only another way of saying that Society is the Devil which made him wicked by making him destitute and miserable; and our teetotal friend, who declaims against the Demon Drink, must also condemn Society, of which he is a member, for forcing him down to that low condition which made him drink to drown his care. People who

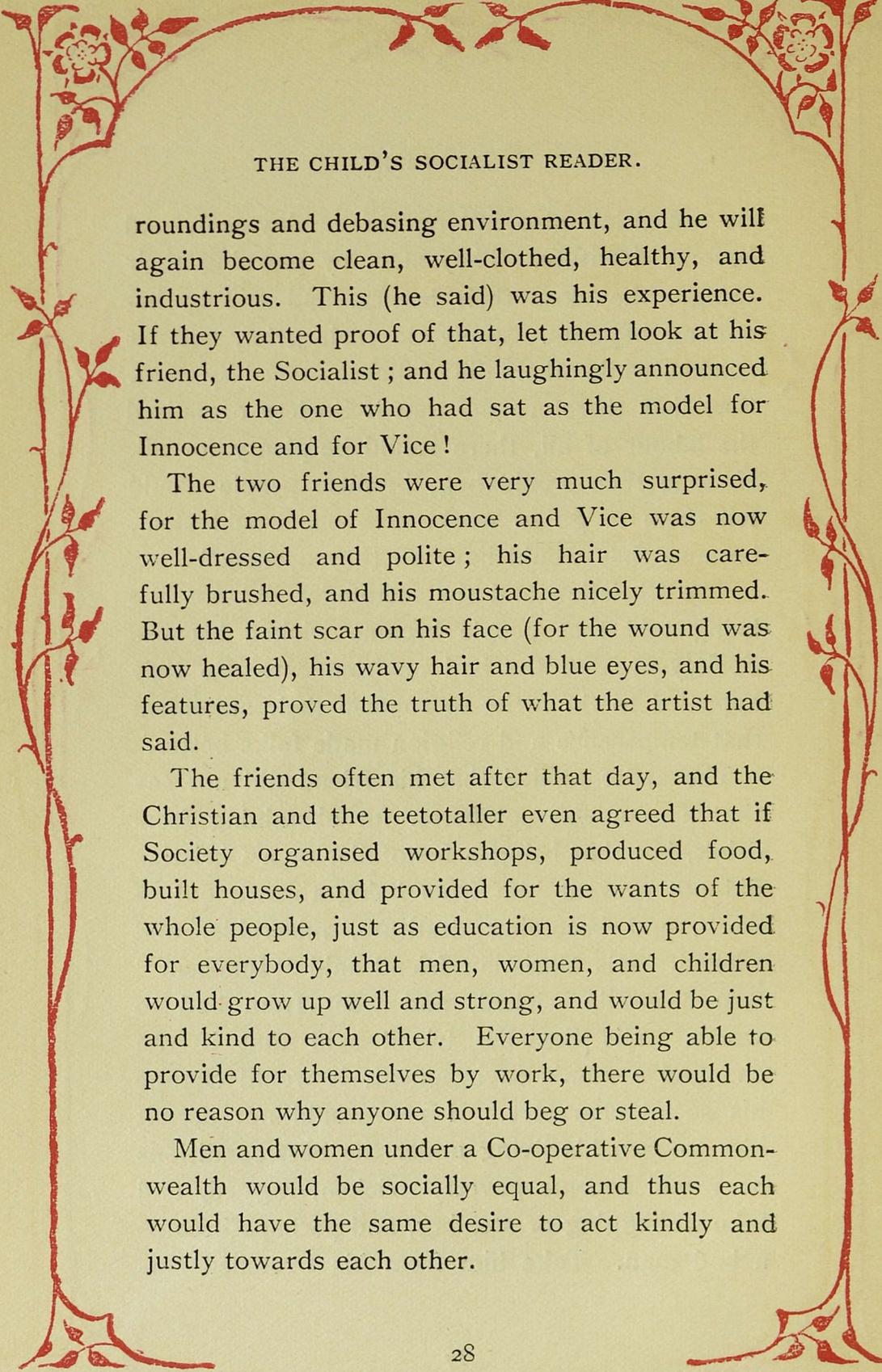


ENVIRONMENT.

do not drink also fall out of employment, and become destitute. They start by pawning their things, they lose their homes, and end by becoming beggars. Many, in their grief, commit suicide, while others die of illness caused by want. Socialists therefore say that if Society organised the labour of all, there would be plenty for all. No one then would beg, because people would tell them to go to work. No one would steal, because they would have all they needed."

The Christian and the teetotaller did not like being told that people became wicked because Society created the bad environment. So they appealed to the artist to confirm their statement that temperance and religion made folks better.

The artist replied that his friend did not say that a man was not better for abstaining from drink, but that being a teetotaller or a Christian did not prevent him from being thrown out of work, and becoming destitute, miserable, and wicked. His Christian friend said "Innocent" was naturally wicked, and went from bad to worse. His Socialist friend said that if you changed a man's environment, it would change his social character. If you would not permit him to earn his living under the best conditions he would become poverty-stricken, ragged, and take to begging or stealing, and perhaps become a bad man. Take him from his wretched sur-



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

roundings and debasing environment, and he will again become clean, well-clothed, healthy, and industrious. This (he said) was his experience. If they wanted proof of that, let them look at his friend, the Socialist; and he laughingly announced him as the one who had sat as the model for Innocence and for Vice!

The two friends were very much surprised, for the model of Innocence and Vice was now well-dressed and polite; his hair was carefully brushed, and his moustache nicely trimmed. But the faint scar on his face (for the wound was now healed), his wavy hair and blue eyes, and his features, proved the truth of what the artist had said.

The friends often met after that day, and the Christian and the teetotaller even agreed that if Society organised workshops, produced food, built houses, and provided for the wants of the whole people, just as education is now provided for everybody, that men, women, and children would grow up well and strong, and would be just and kind to each other. Everyone being able to provide for themselves by work, there would be no reason why anyone should beg or steal.

Men and women under a Co-operative Commonwealth would be socially equal, and thus each would have the same desire to act kindly and justly towards each other.

The Promised Land ;

OR THE POWER OF ORATORY.



HOST of worn and weary men across the
desert passed ;

For years they bore the brunt of war,
the sun-scorch and the blast.

But now their hearts are losing hope, and faint
their march and slow

Through the arid, parching desert, where no heal-
ing waters flow.

The bitter cup is brimming full when courage
clasps despair ;

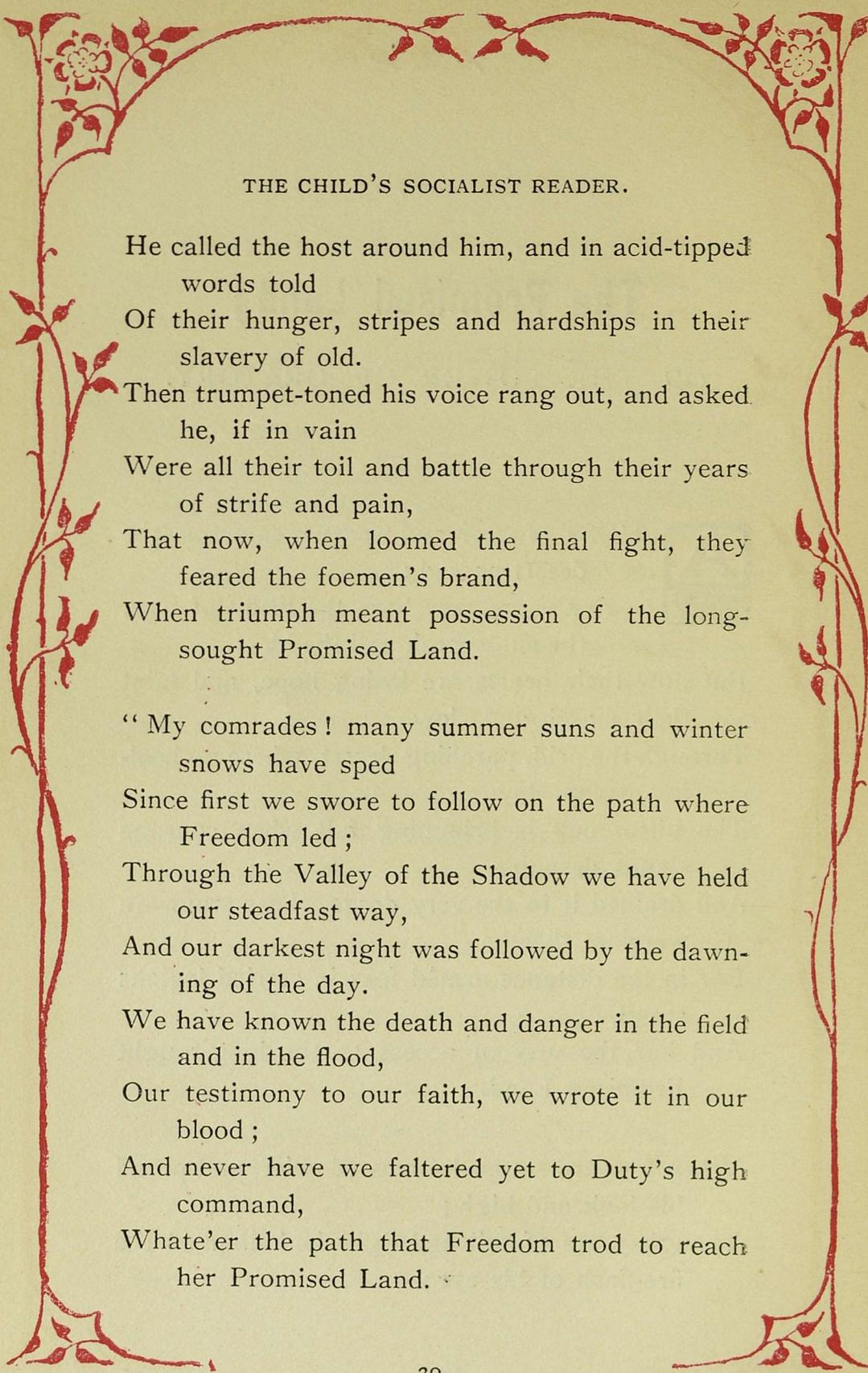
And drained it to the very dregs, those wayworn
warriors there ;

For in the distance armed foes in serried legions
stand,

And bar the way of access to the long-sought
Promised Land.

When forward stepped a trusted chief, and proud
his look and high ;

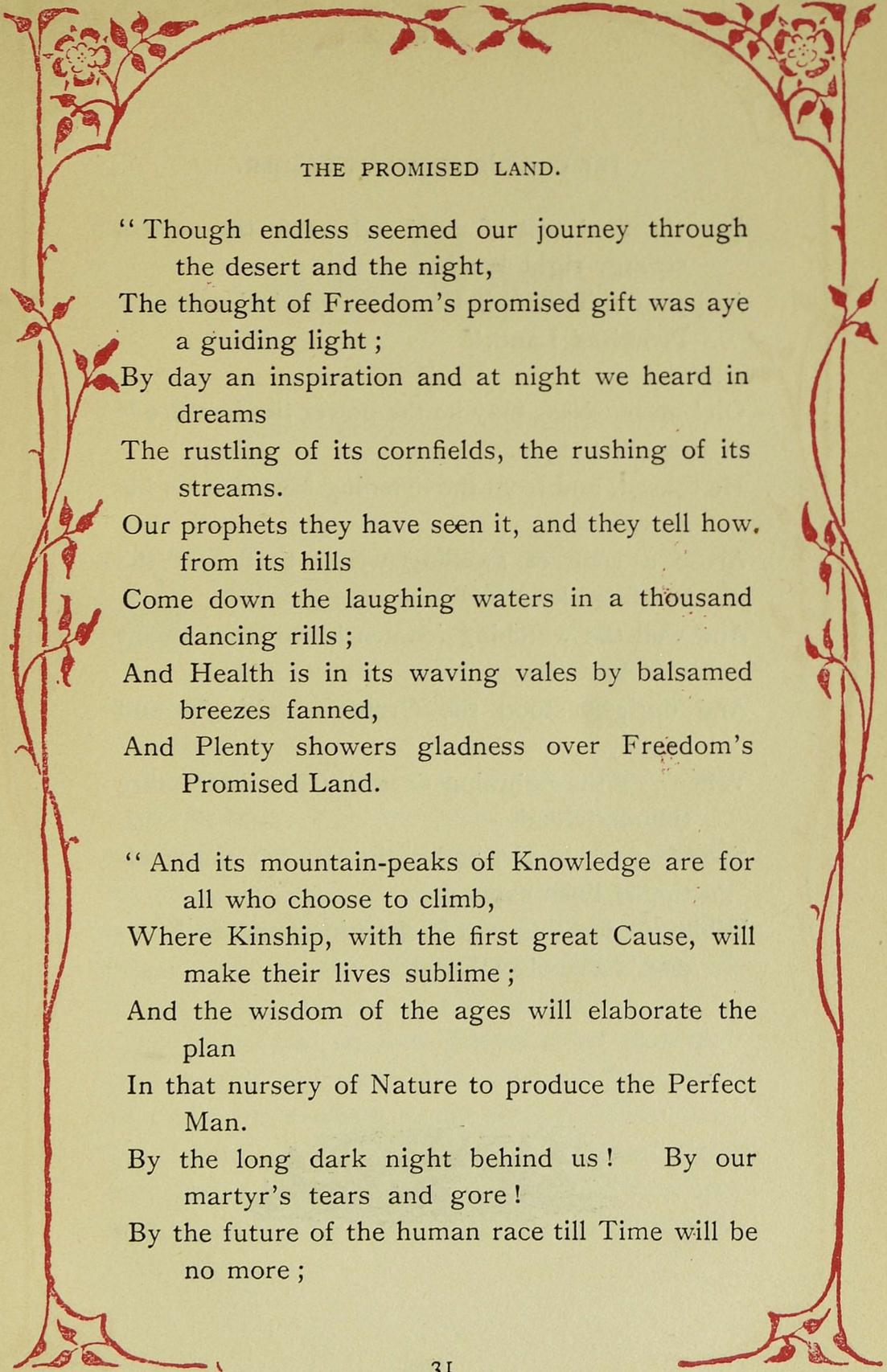
Though years of toil and fight had dimmed the
fire-flash of his eye ;



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

He called the host around him, and in acid-tipped
words told
Of their hunger, stripes and hardships in their
slavery of old.
Then trumpet-toned his voice rang out, and asked
he, if in vain
Were all their toil and battle through their years
of strife and pain,
That now, when loomed the final fight, they
feared the foemen's brand,
When triumph meant possession of the long-
sought Promised Land.

“ My comrades ! many summer suns and winter
snows have sped
Since first we swore to follow on the path where
Freedom led ;
Through the Valley of the Shadow we have held
our steadfast way,
And our darkest night was followed by the dawn-
ing of the day.
We have known the death and danger in the field
and in the flood,
Our testimony to our faith, we wrote it in our
blood ;
And never have we faltered yet to Duty's high
command,
Whate'er the path that Freedom trod to reach
her Promised Land.”



THE PROMISED LAND.

“ Though endless seemed our journey through
the desert and the night,
The thought of Freedom’s promised gift was aye
a guiding light ;
By day an inspiration and at night we heard in
dreams
The rustling of its cornfields, the rushing of its
streams.
Our prophets they have seen it, and they tell how,
from its hills
Come down the laughing waters in a thousand
dancing rills ;
And Health is in its waving vales by balsamed
breezes fanned,
And Plenty showers gladness over Freedom’s
Promised Land.

“ And its mountain-peaks of Knowledge are for
all who choose to climb,
Where Kinship, with the first great Cause, will
make their lives sublime ;
And the wisdom of the ages will elaborate the
plan
In that nursery of Nature to produce the Perfect
Man.
By the long dark night behind us! By our
martyr’s tears and gore!
By the future of the human race till Time will be
no more ;

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

For the final test of manhood, raise the armèd,
strong, right hand ;
And your children will be cradled yet in Freedom's
Promised Land.'''

Oh ! measureless may be the power lies in a brave
man's tongue.
He ceased, and from the listening host that on his
accents hung
Arose a roar of swelling wrath that rent the
bending sky ;
And well the watching foemen knew what meant
that battle-cry.
And upright stood the Orator—exultingly and
proud,
When—as the lightning darting from the sombre
thunder-cloud—
Swords flash in air, and right and left the steel-
tipped lines expand
While the fighting van is charging home to Free-
dom's Promised Land.



The Rain of Gold.

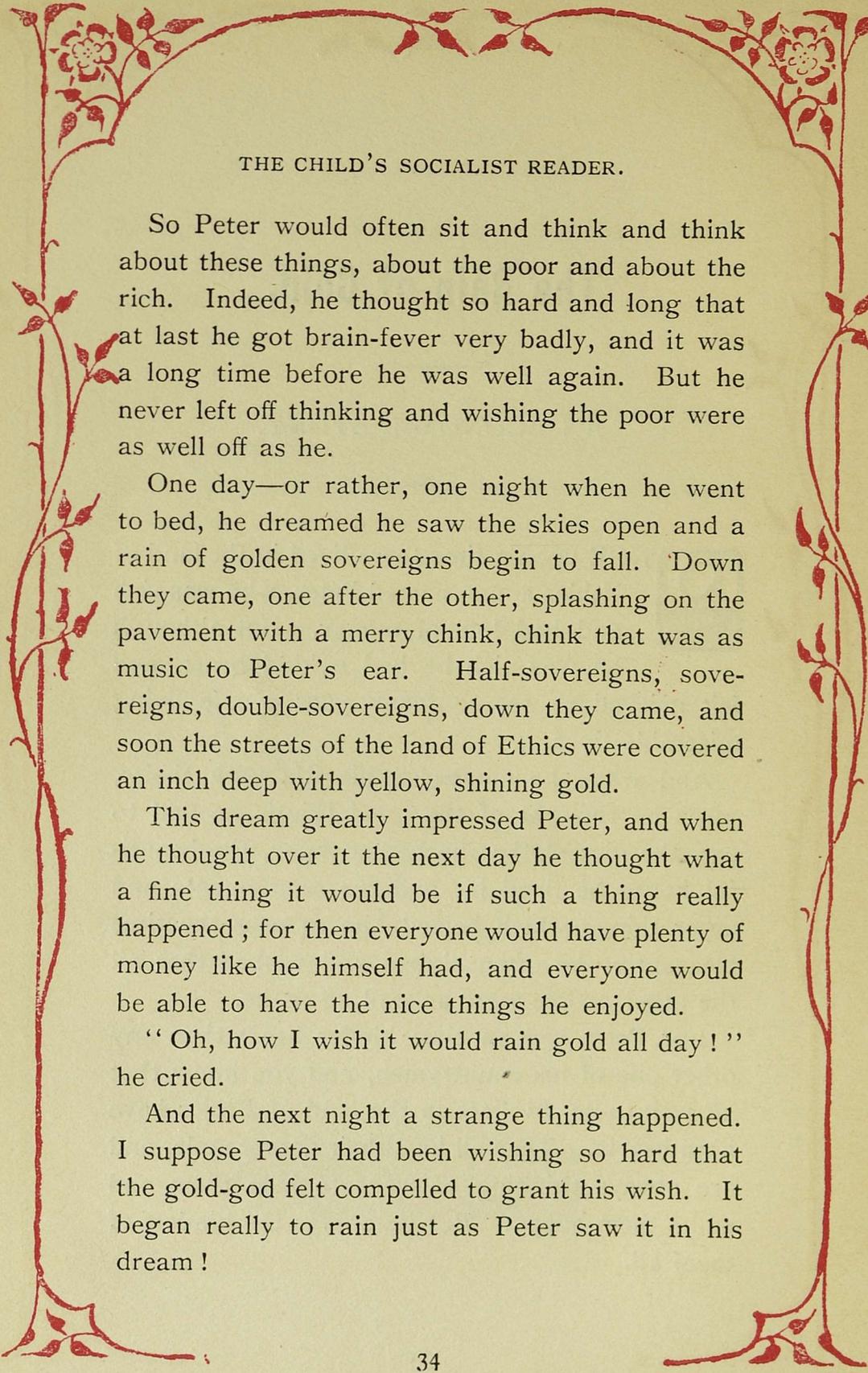
—◆—
AN ECONOMIC STORY.
—◆—



ONCE upon a time there lived in the land of Ethics a man named Peter, who was rich and had lots of money. But although he was rich he had a kind heart, and felt grieved to see so many poor people living miserable lives.

And when he compared his life with theirs, when he thought of the good things he had to eat, the nice clothes he had to wear, the beautiful house he lived in, and the amusements and other things which helped him to pass the time pleasantly—he often sighed and wished that all the other people were as well off as he.

For Peter had an even kinder heart than any other one of his countrymen, and you know that *all* well-to-do dwellers in the land of Ethics have kind hearts. They all love their poor people, and are always thinking of ways to help them and make them happy. But Peter was the kindest of them all.



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

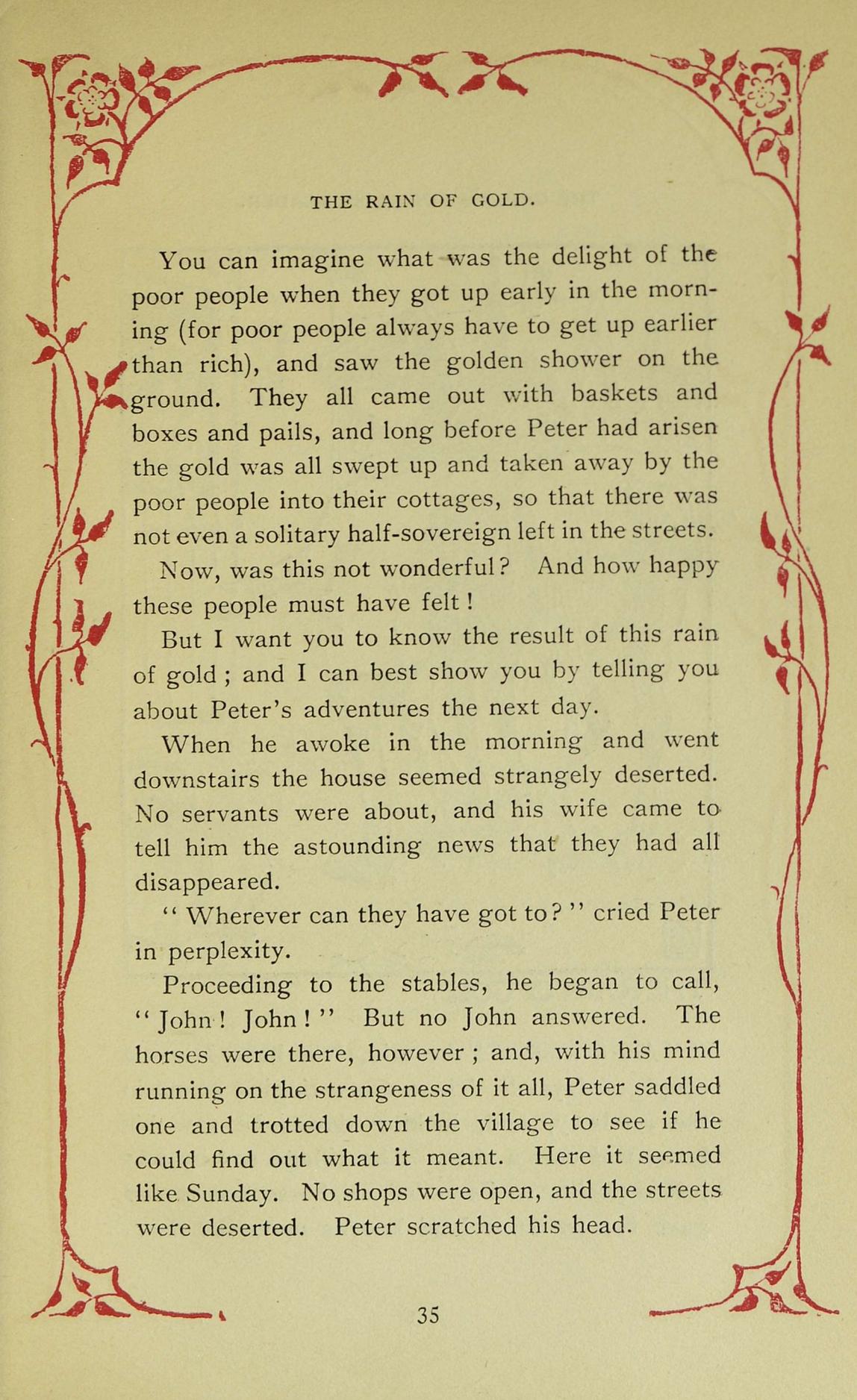
So Peter would often sit and think and think about these things, about the poor and about the rich. Indeed, he thought so hard and long that at last he got brain-fever very badly, and it was a long time before he was well again. But he never left off thinking and wishing the poor were as well off as he.

One day—or rather, one night when he went to bed, he dreamed he saw the skies open and a rain of golden sovereigns begin to fall. Down they came, one after the other, splashing on the pavement with a merry chink, chink that was as music to Peter's ear. Half-sovereigns, sovereigns, double-sovereigns, down they came, and soon the streets of the land of Ethics were covered an inch deep with yellow, shining gold.

This dream greatly impressed Peter, and when he thought over it the next day he thought what a fine thing it would be if such a thing really happened; for then everyone would have plenty of money like he himself had, and everyone would be able to have the nice things he enjoyed.

“Oh, how I wish it would rain gold all day!” he cried.

And the next night a strange thing happened. I suppose Peter had been wishing so hard that the gold-god felt compelled to grant his wish. It began really to rain just as Peter saw it in his dream!



THE RAIN OF GOLD.

You can imagine what was the delight of the poor people when they got up early in the morning (for poor people always have to get up earlier than rich), and saw the golden shower on the ground. They all came out with baskets and boxes and pails, and long before Peter had arisen the gold was all swept up and taken away by the poor people into their cottages, so that there was not even a solitary half-sovereign left in the streets.

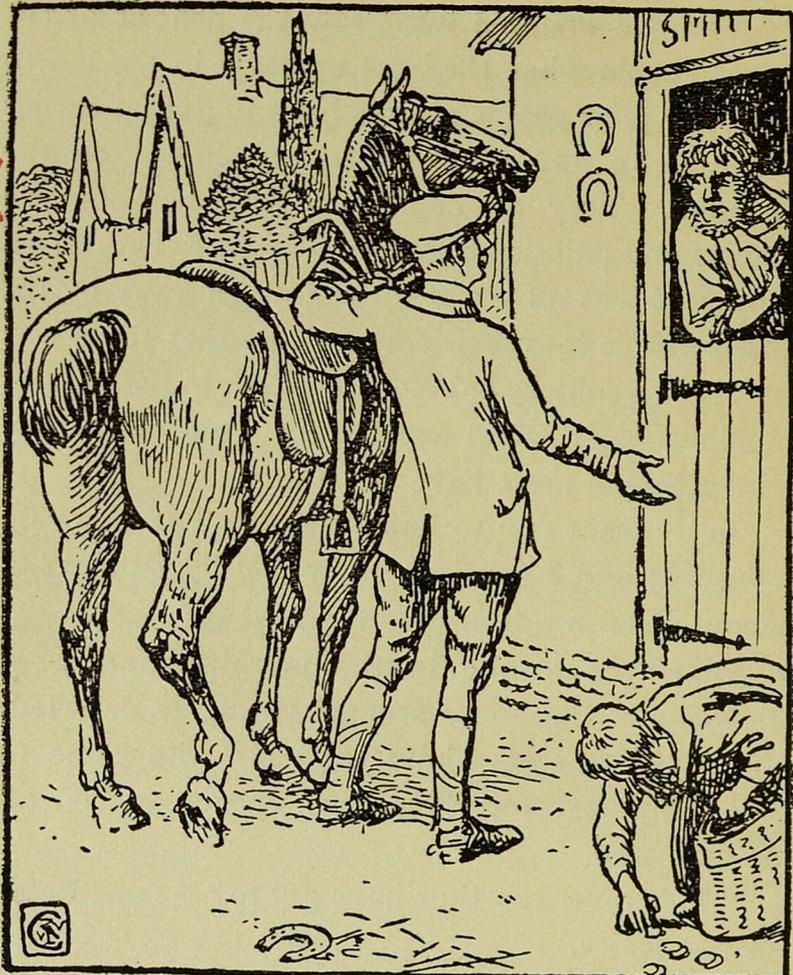
Now, was this not wonderful? And how happy these people must have felt!

But I want you to know the result of this rain of gold; and I can best show you by telling you about Peter's adventures the next day.

When he awoke in the morning and went downstairs the house seemed strangely deserted. No servants were about, and his wife came to tell him the astounding news that they had all disappeared.

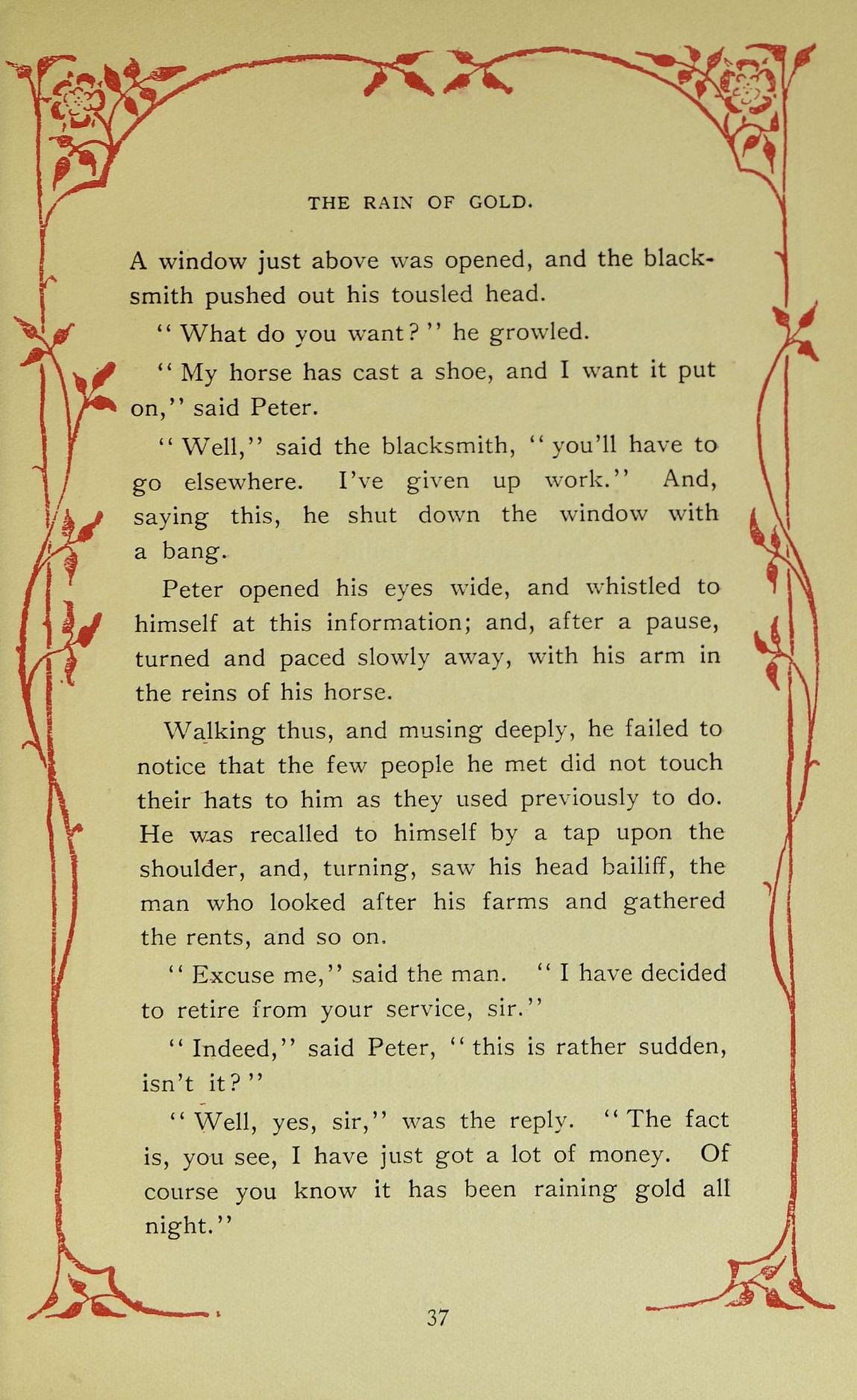
"Wherever can they have got to?" cried Peter in perplexity.

Proceeding to the stables, he began to call, "John! John!" But no John answered. The horses were there, however; and, with his mind running on the strangeness of it all, Peter saddled one and trotted down the village to see if he could find out what it meant. Here it seemed like Sunday. No shops were open, and the streets were deserted. Peter scratched his head.



THE RAIN OF GOLD.

“ Am I awake?” he said, “ or have I lost a couple of days?” There was a ringing sound in the roadway, and, looking down, he saw his horse had cast a shoe. The village smithy was just opposite, so Peter led his horse across and gave two or three loud knocks upon the door.



THE RAIN OF GOLD.

A window just above was opened, and the blacksmith pushed out his tousled head.

“What do you want?” he growled.

“My horse has cast a shoe, and I want it put on,” said Peter.

“Well,” said the blacksmith, “you’ll have to go elsewhere. I’ve given up work.” And, saying this, he shut down the window with a bang.

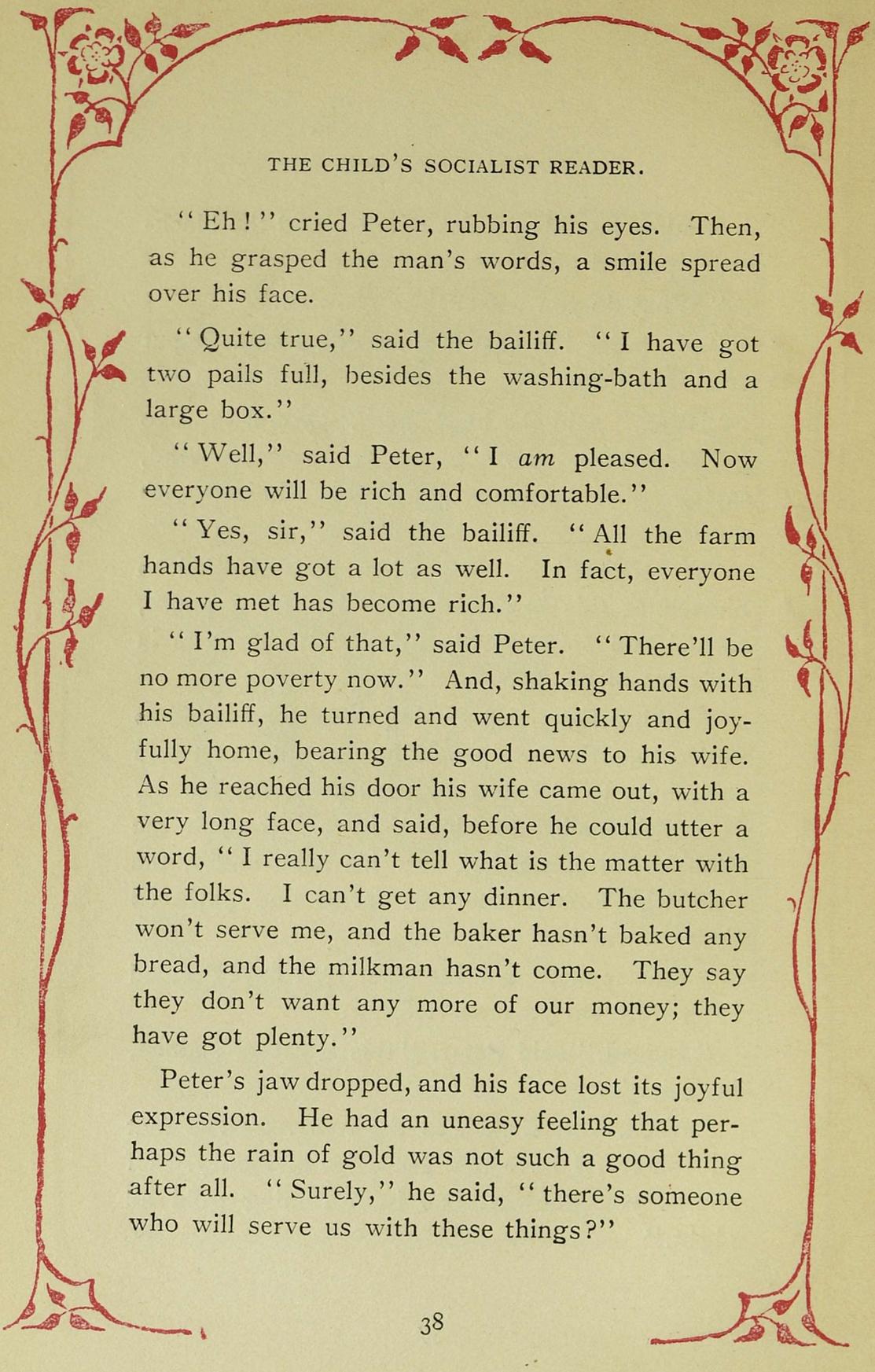
Peter opened his eyes wide, and whistled to himself at this information; and, after a pause, turned and paced slowly away, with his arm in the reins of his horse.

Walking thus, and musing deeply, he failed to notice that the few people he met did not touch their hats to him as they used previously to do. He was recalled to himself by a tap upon the shoulder, and, turning, saw his head bailiff, the man who looked after his farms and gathered the rents, and so on.

“Excuse me,” said the man. “I have decided to retire from your service, sir.”

“Indeed,” said Peter, “this is rather sudden, isn’t it?”

“Well, yes, sir,” was the reply. “The fact is, you see, I have just got a lot of money. Of course you know it has been raining gold all night.”



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

“Eh!” cried Peter, rubbing his eyes. Then, as he grasped the man's words, a smile spread over his face.

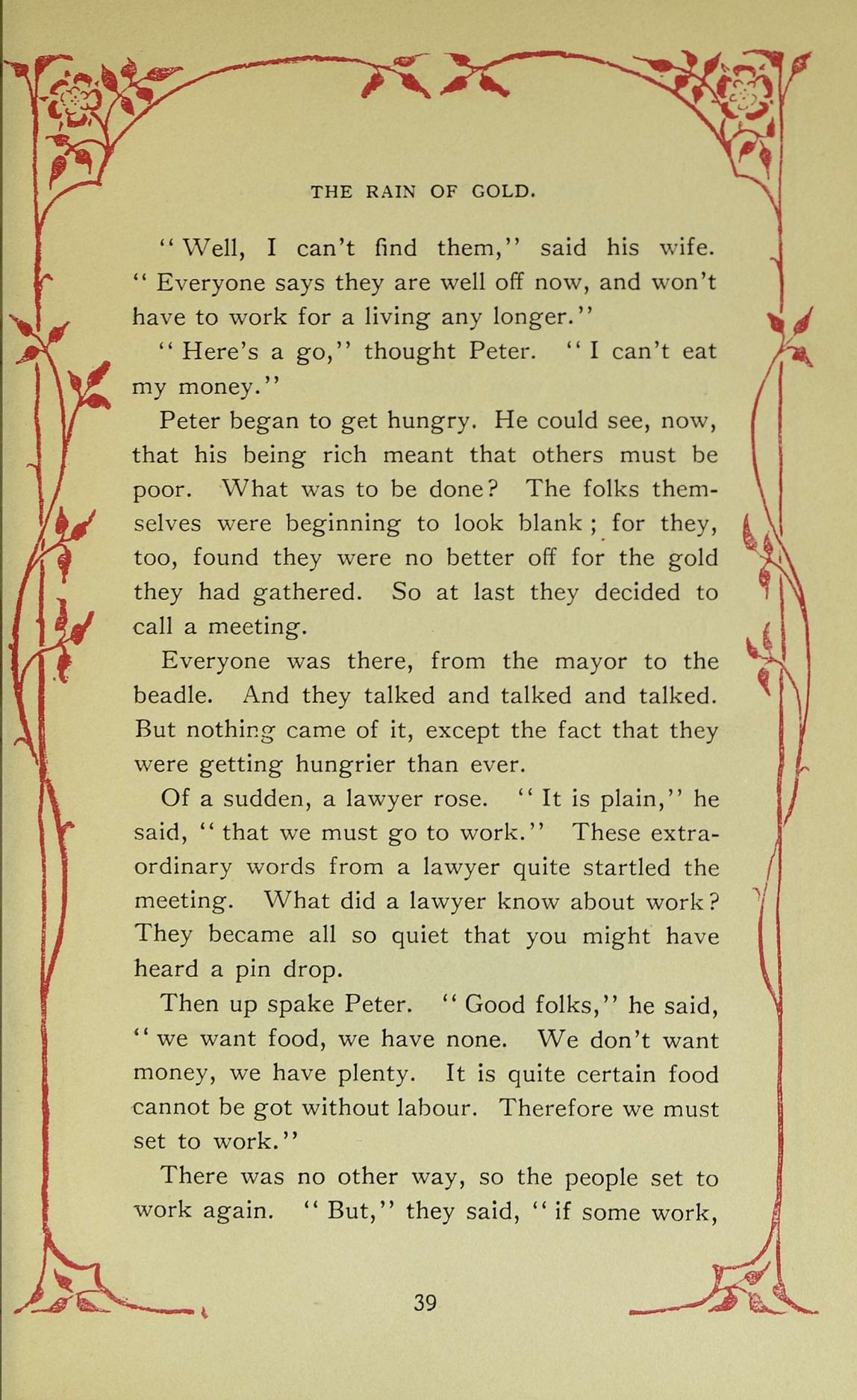
“Quite true,” said the bailiff. “I have got two pails full, besides the washing-bath and a large box.”

“Well,” said Peter, “I *am* pleased. Now everyone will be rich and comfortable.”

“Yes, sir,” said the bailiff. “All the farm hands have got a lot as well. In fact, everyone I have met has become rich.”

“I'm glad of that,” said Peter. “There'll be no more poverty now.” And, shaking hands with his bailiff, he turned and went quickly and joyfully home, bearing the good news to his wife. As he reached his door his wife came out, with a very long face, and said, before he could utter a word, “I really can't tell what is the matter with the folks. I can't get any dinner. The butcher won't serve me, and the baker hasn't baked any bread, and the milkman hasn't come. They say they don't want any more of our money; they have got plenty.”

Peter's jaw dropped, and his face lost its joyful expression. He had an uneasy feeling that perhaps the rain of gold was not such a good thing after all. “Surely,” he said, “there's someone who will serve us with these things?”



THE RAIN OF GOLD.

“Well, I can’t find them,” said his wife. “Everyone says they are well off now, and won’t have to work for a living any longer.”

“Here’s a go,” thought Peter. “I can’t eat my money.”

Peter began to get hungry. He could see, now, that his being rich meant that others must be poor. What was to be done? The folks themselves were beginning to look blank; for they, too, found they were no better off for the gold they had gathered. So at last they decided to call a meeting.

Everyone was there, from the mayor to the beadle. And they talked and talked and talked. But nothing came of it, except the fact that they were getting hungrier than ever.

Of a sudden, a lawyer rose. “It is plain,” he said, “that we must go to work.” These extraordinary words from a lawyer quite startled the meeting. What did a lawyer know about work? They became all so quiet that you might have heard a pin drop.

Then up spake Peter. “Good folks,” he said, “we want food, we have none. We don’t want money, we have plenty. It is quite certain food cannot be got without labour. Therefore we must set to work.”

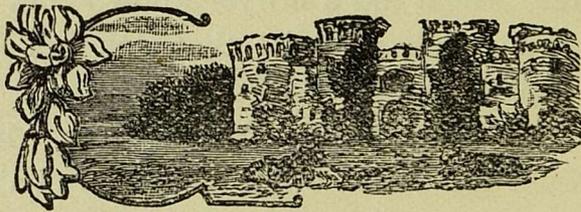
There was no other way, so the people set to work again. “But,” they said, “if some work,

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

then *all* must work. It is not fair that some should work and others should idle.”

The poor had previously borne with their poverty, because they had always been taught that if they were industrious and thrifty they could all become rich, but when they found out this was not true they determined that no one should live on the labour of others, but all should be of equal state.

And so there was never any more poverty in the land of Ethics, because the people prevented the good things produced by labour being taken by those who did no work.



William Morris.

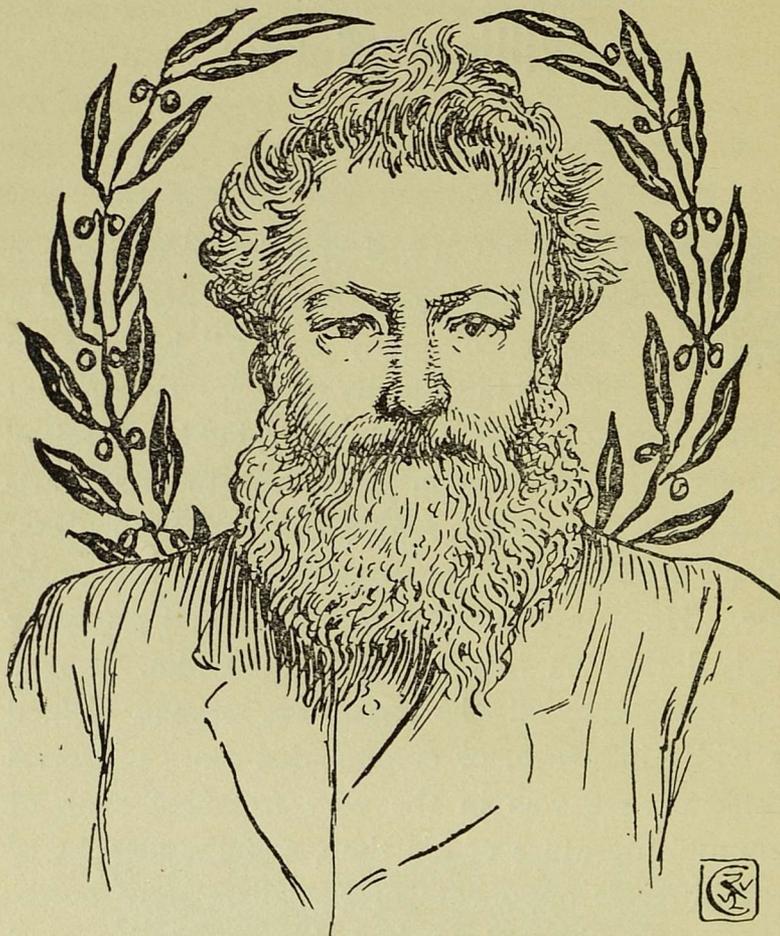


WILLIAM MORRIS was in all respects a remarkable man. He has been called a "master of many crafts," because he excelled in so many things. He was not only an artist, a poet, and a writer, but he exercised a very great influence in many departments of art—furniture, decoration, wall paper, coloured glass, block printing, book printing, tapestry, ironwork, etc. He was above all an artist, and anything ugly jarred on him and disgusted him. Loved and revered by all who knew him, no man wielded a wider influence, or commanded more universal esteem. He was in the very foremost rank of art and literature of his time, and the attacks of the bitterest opponents of Socialism were harmless when directed against his reputation and splendid genius.

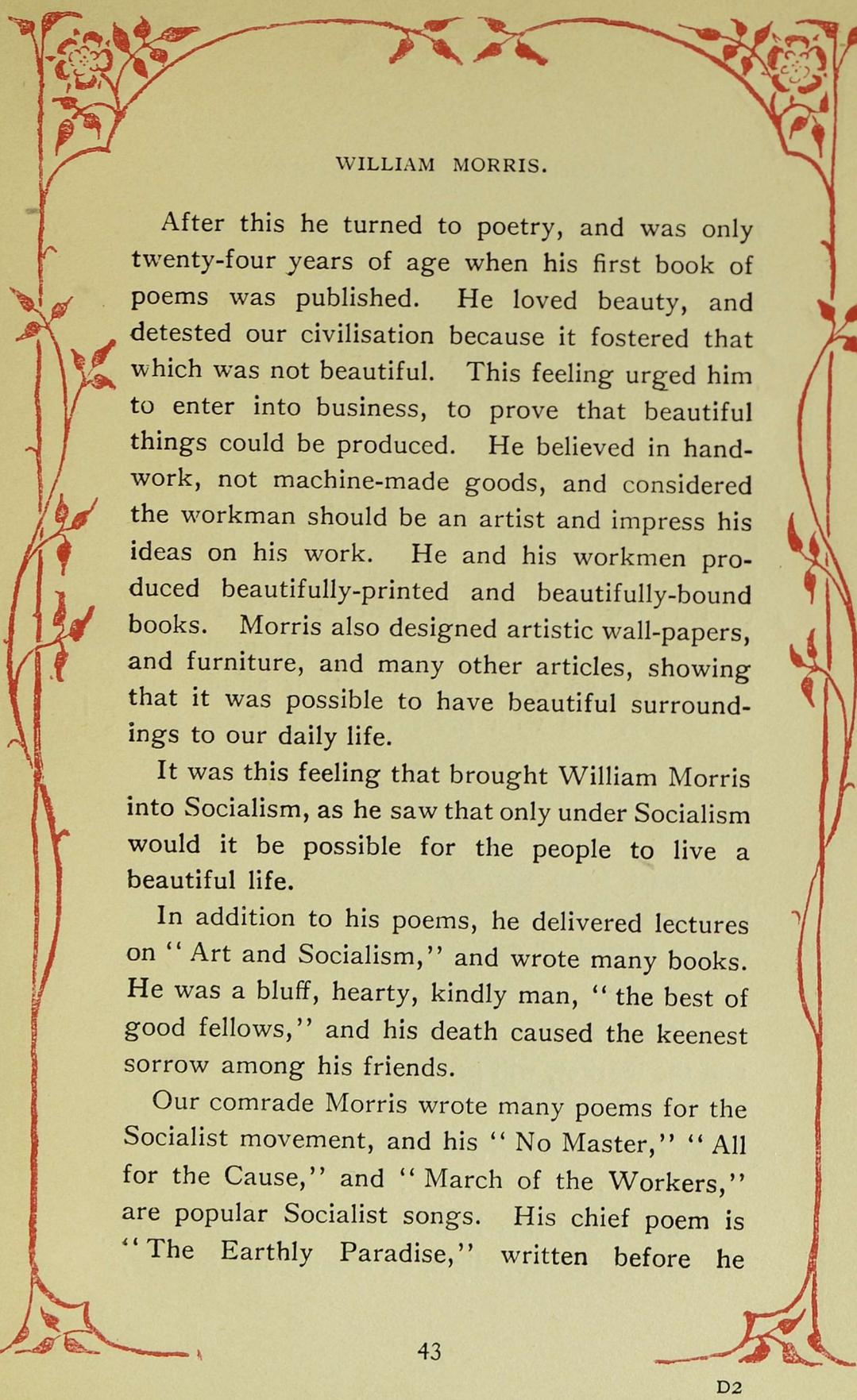
He was born at Walthamstow in 1834, and died on October 3rd, 1896, after being in failing health for several months. His father was a prosperous merchant, who died in the prime of life, leaving Mrs. Morris and his family well provided for. Our comrade received a good

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

WILLIAM MORRIS



education, first at Forest Gate School, then going to Marlborough and Oxford. At Oxford he became acquainted with several men who became his life-long friends. One of these was Edward Burne-Jones, the famous artist. Upon leaving Oxford he entered the service of Mr. Street, an architect, remaining there for about two years.



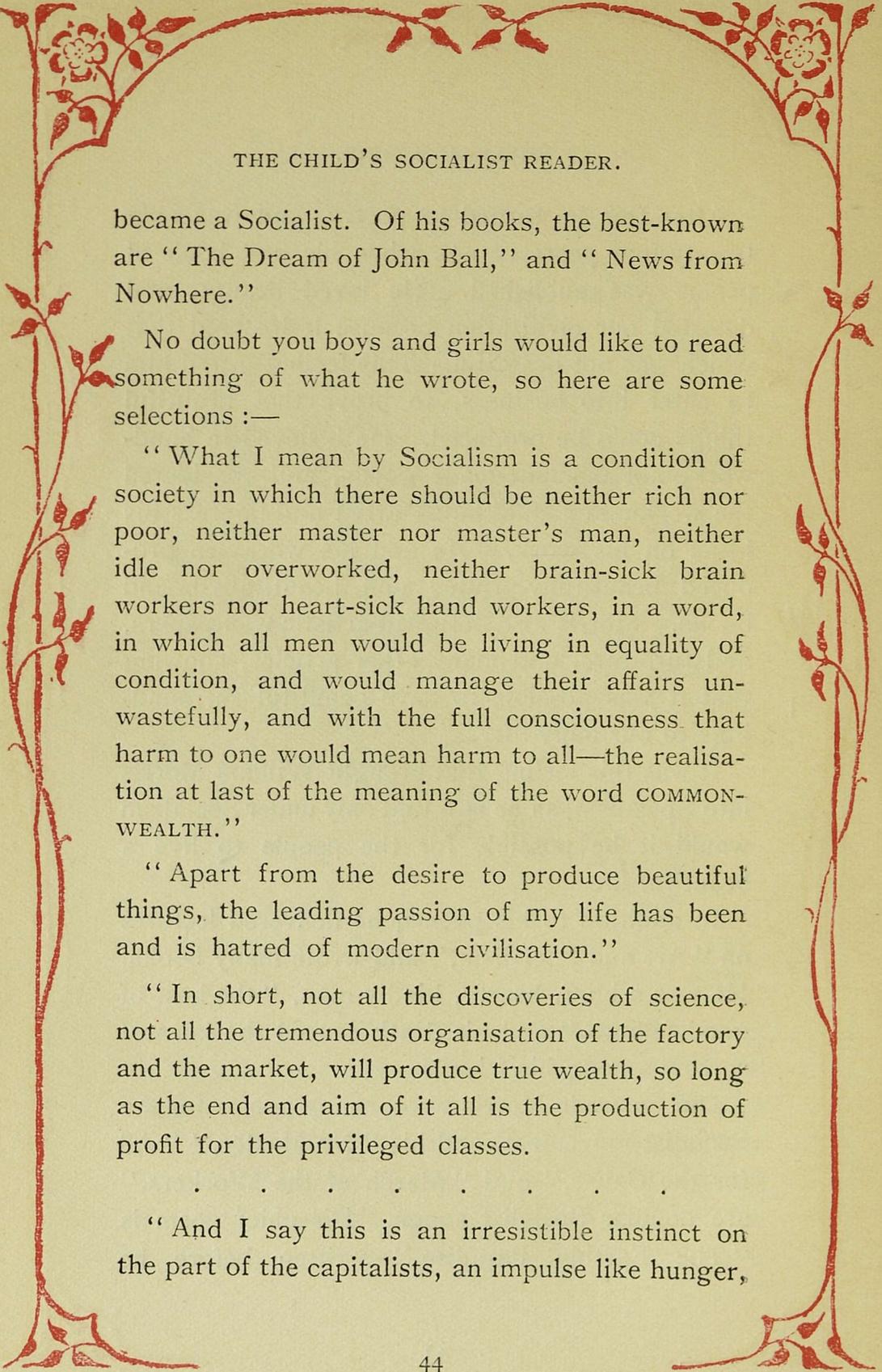
WILLIAM MORRIS.

After this he turned to poetry, and was only twenty-four years of age when his first book of poems was published. He loved beauty, and detested our civilisation because it fostered that which was not beautiful. This feeling urged him to enter into business, to prove that beautiful things could be produced. He believed in hand-work, not machine-made goods, and considered the workman should be an artist and impress his ideas on his work. He and his workmen produced beautifully-printed and beautifully-bound books. Morris also designed artistic wall-papers, and furniture, and many other articles, showing that it was possible to have beautiful surroundings to our daily life.

It was this feeling that brought William Morris into Socialism, as he saw that only under Socialism would it be possible for the people to live a beautiful life.

In addition to his poems, he delivered lectures on "Art and Socialism," and wrote many books. He was a bluff, hearty, kindly man, "the best of good fellows," and his death caused the keenest sorrow among his friends.

Our comrade Morris wrote many poems for the Socialist movement, and his "No Master," "All for the Cause," and "March of the Workers," are popular Socialist songs. His chief poem is "The Earthly Paradise," written before he



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

became a Socialist. Of his books, the best-known are "The Dream of John Ball," and "News from Nowhere."

No doubt you boys and girls would like to read something of what he wrote, so here are some selections:—

"What I mean by Socialism is a condition of society in which there should be neither rich nor poor, neither master nor master's man, neither idle nor overworked, neither brain-sick brain workers nor heart-sick hand workers, in a word, in which all men would be living in equality of condition, and would manage their affairs unwastefully, and with the full consciousness that harm to one would mean harm to all—the realisation at last of the meaning of the word COMMON-WEALTH."

"Apart from the desire to produce beautiful things, the leading passion of my life has been and is hatred of modern civilisation."

"In short, not all the discoveries of science, not all the tremendous organisation of the factory and the market, will produce true wealth, so long as the end and aim of it all is the production of profit for the privileged classes.

• • • • •
"And I say this is an irresistible instinct on the part of the capitalists, an impulse like hunger,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

and I believe that it can only be met with another hunger, the hunger for freedom and fairplay for all, both people and peoples. Anything less than that the capitalist power will brush aside, but that they cannot; for what will it mean? The most important part of their machinery, the 'hands' becoming MEN, and saying: 'Now, at last, we will it; we will produce no more for profit but for *use*, for *happiness*, for *LIFE*.'"



The Two Steamers.

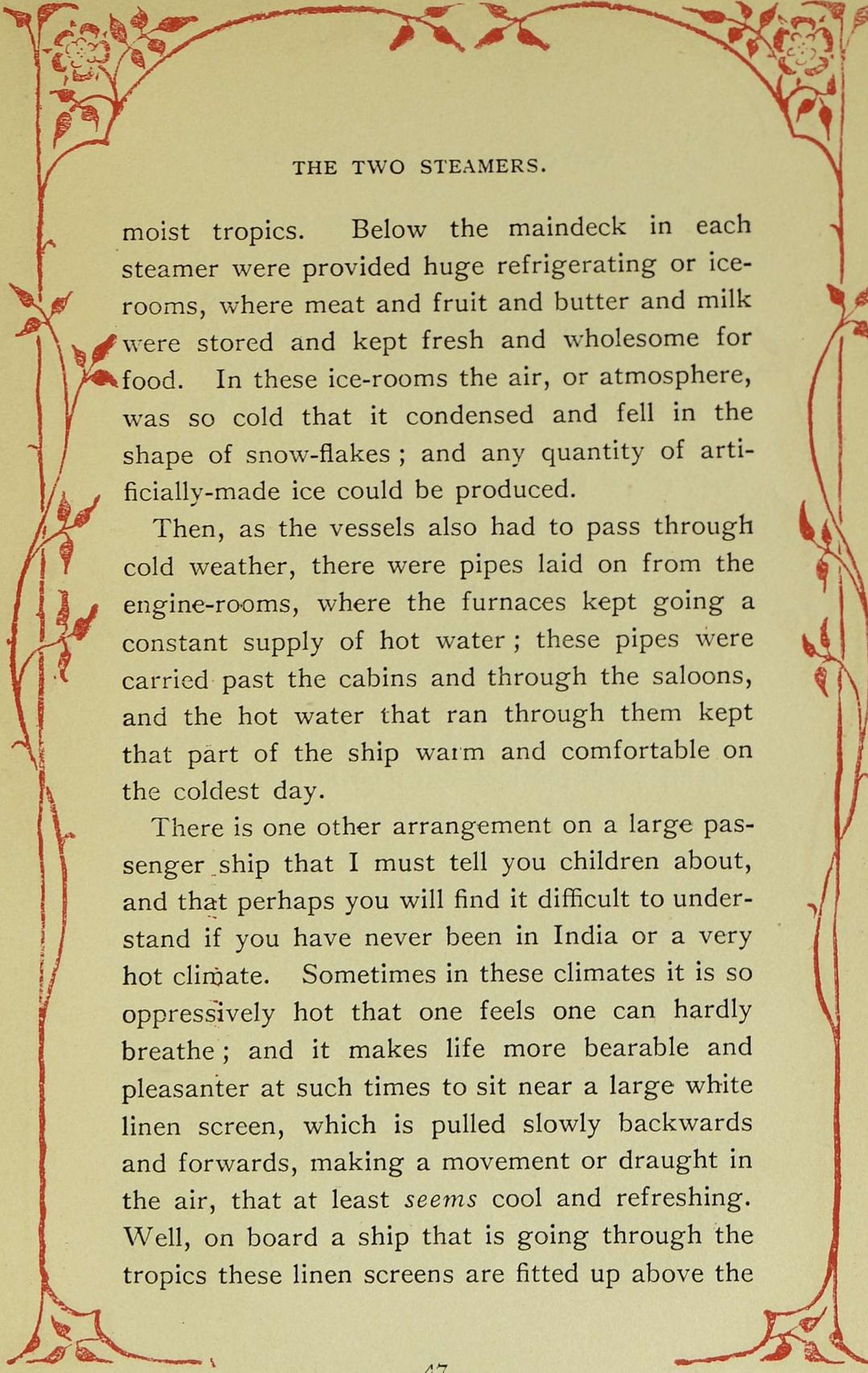
—◆—
A STORY WITH A MEANING.
—◆—



ONCE upon a time two steamers were bound for New Zealand. If you will look at a globe or map of the world you will see that New Zealand is situated on just the opposite side of the globe to England, and that these steamers had therefore to go half way round the world.

The name of one ship was "Capitalism," and the name of the other "Socialism. They were both strong steel vessels, with powerful engines that worked day and night turning the crankshafts that moved their propellers round and round in the water; leaving, as the ships travelled along, tracks of white sparkling foam.

Each ship had a deep hold, stored with merchandise for other countries, and with food for the thousand or more men, women and children that each steamer carried. They both had broad white decks, and luxurious hurricane decks, with double awnings to keep off the sun in the hot,

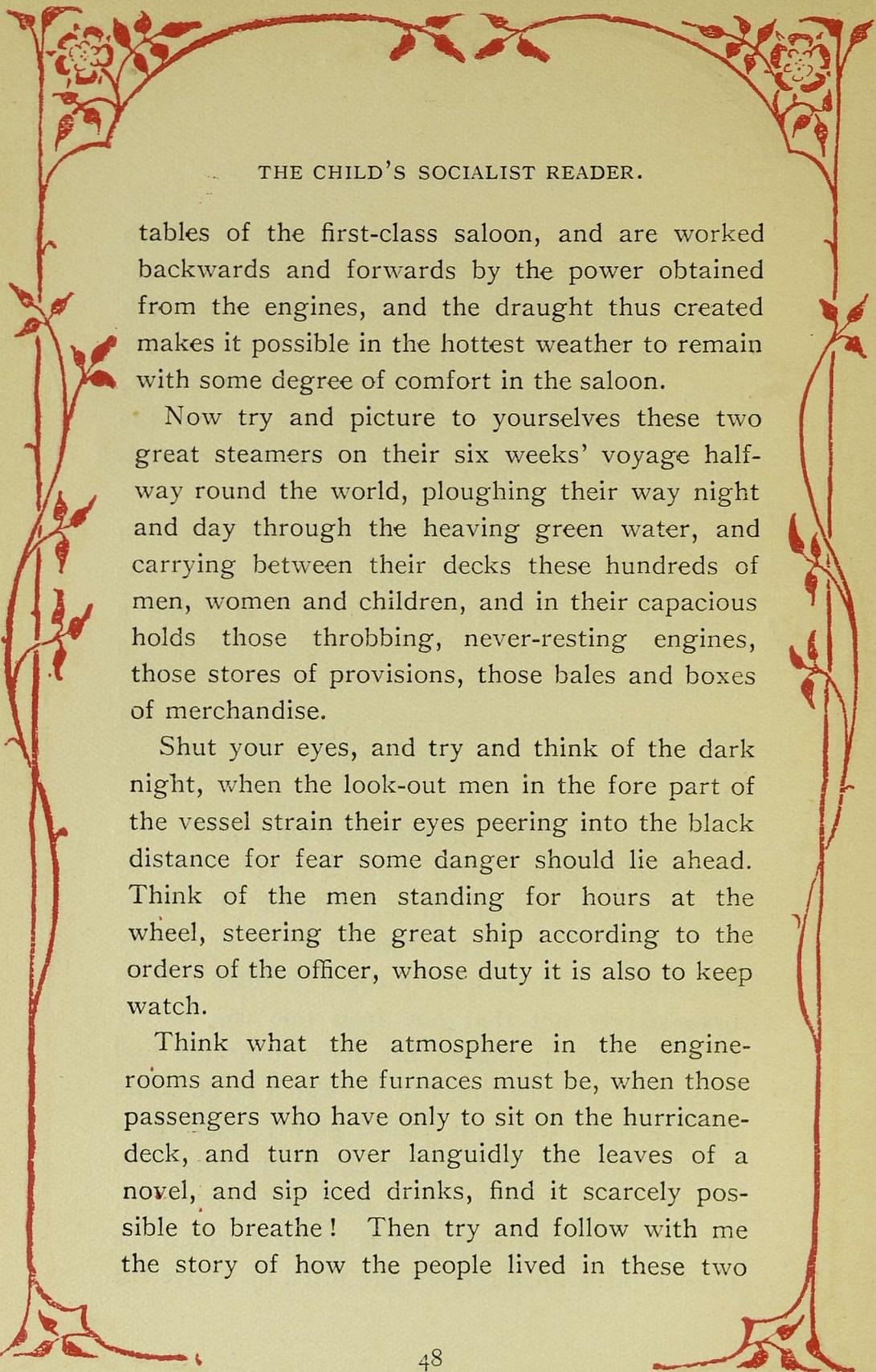


THE TWO STEAMERS.

moist tropics. Below the maindeck in each steamer were provided huge refrigerating or ice-rooms, where meat and fruit and butter and milk were stored and kept fresh and wholesome for food. In these ice-rooms the air, or atmosphere, was so cold that it condensed and fell in the shape of snow-flakes; and any quantity of artificially-made ice could be produced.

Then, as the vessels also had to pass through cold weather, there were pipes laid on from the engine-rooms, where the furnaces kept going a constant supply of hot water; these pipes were carried past the cabins and through the saloons, and the hot water that ran through them kept that part of the ship warm and comfortable on the coldest day.

There is one other arrangement on a large passenger ship that I must tell you children about, and that perhaps you will find it difficult to understand if you have never been in India or a very hot climate. Sometimes in these climates it is so oppressively hot that one feels one can hardly breathe; and it makes life more bearable and pleasanter at such times to sit near a large white linen screen, which is pulled slowly backwards and forwards, making a movement or draught in the air, that at least *seems* cool and refreshing. Well, on board a ship that is going through the tropics these linen screens are fitted up above the



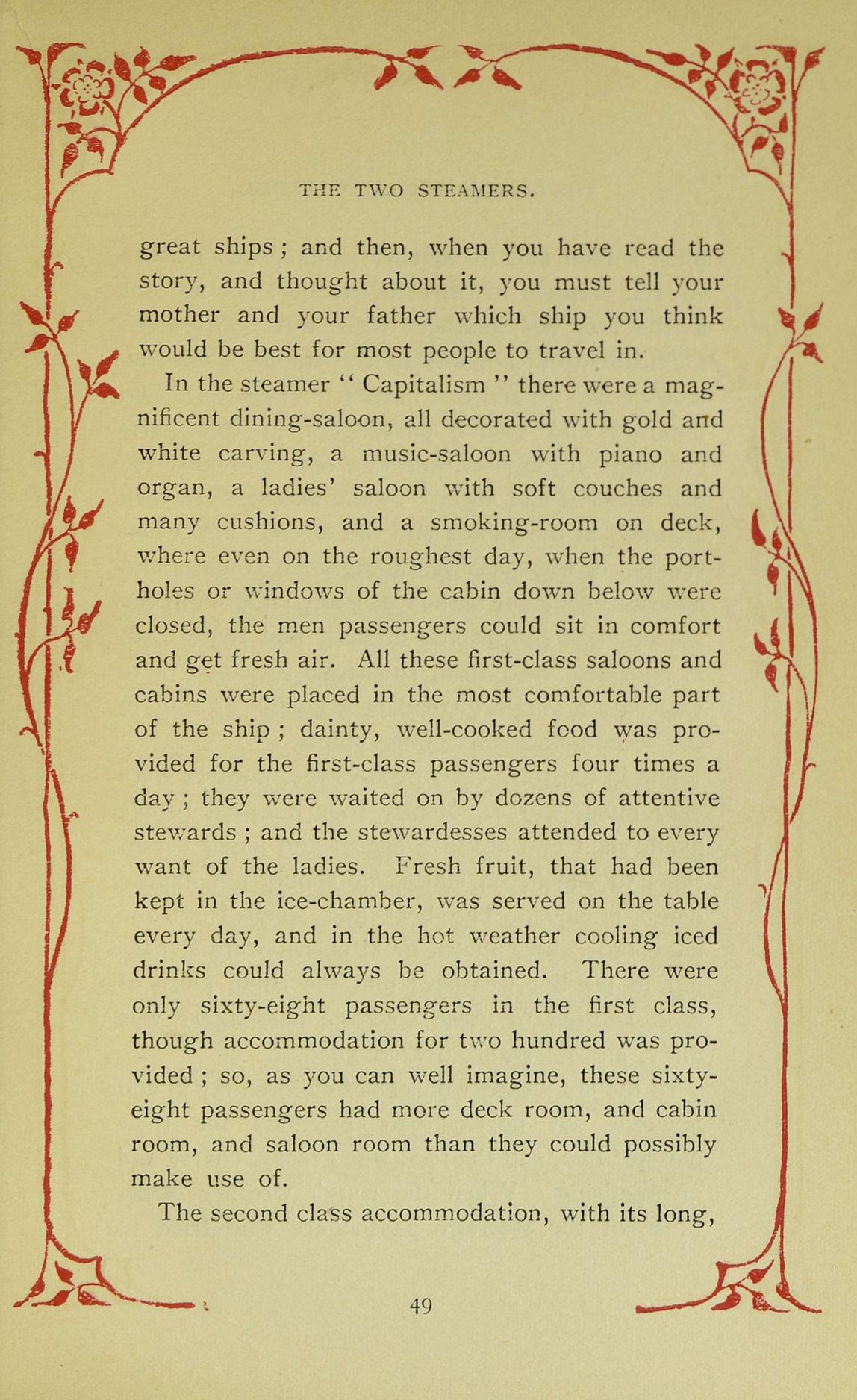
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

tables of the first-class saloon, and are worked backwards and forwards by the power obtained from the engines, and the draught thus created makes it possible in the hottest weather to remain with some degree of comfort in the saloon.

Now try and picture to yourselves these two great steamers on their six weeks' voyage half-way round the world, ploughing their way night and day through the heaving green water, and carrying between their decks these hundreds of men, women and children, and in their capacious holds those throbbing, never-resting engines, those stores of provisions, those bales and boxes of merchandise.

Shut your eyes, and try and think of the dark night, when the look-out men in the fore part of the vessel strain their eyes peering into the black distance for fear some danger should lie ahead. Think of the men standing for hours at the wheel, steering the great ship according to the orders of the officer, whose duty it is also to keep watch.

Think what the atmosphere in the engine-rooms and near the furnaces must be, when those passengers who have only to sit on the hurricane-deck, and turn over languidly the leaves of a novel, and sip iced drinks, find it scarcely possible to breathe! Then try and follow with me the story of how the people lived in these two

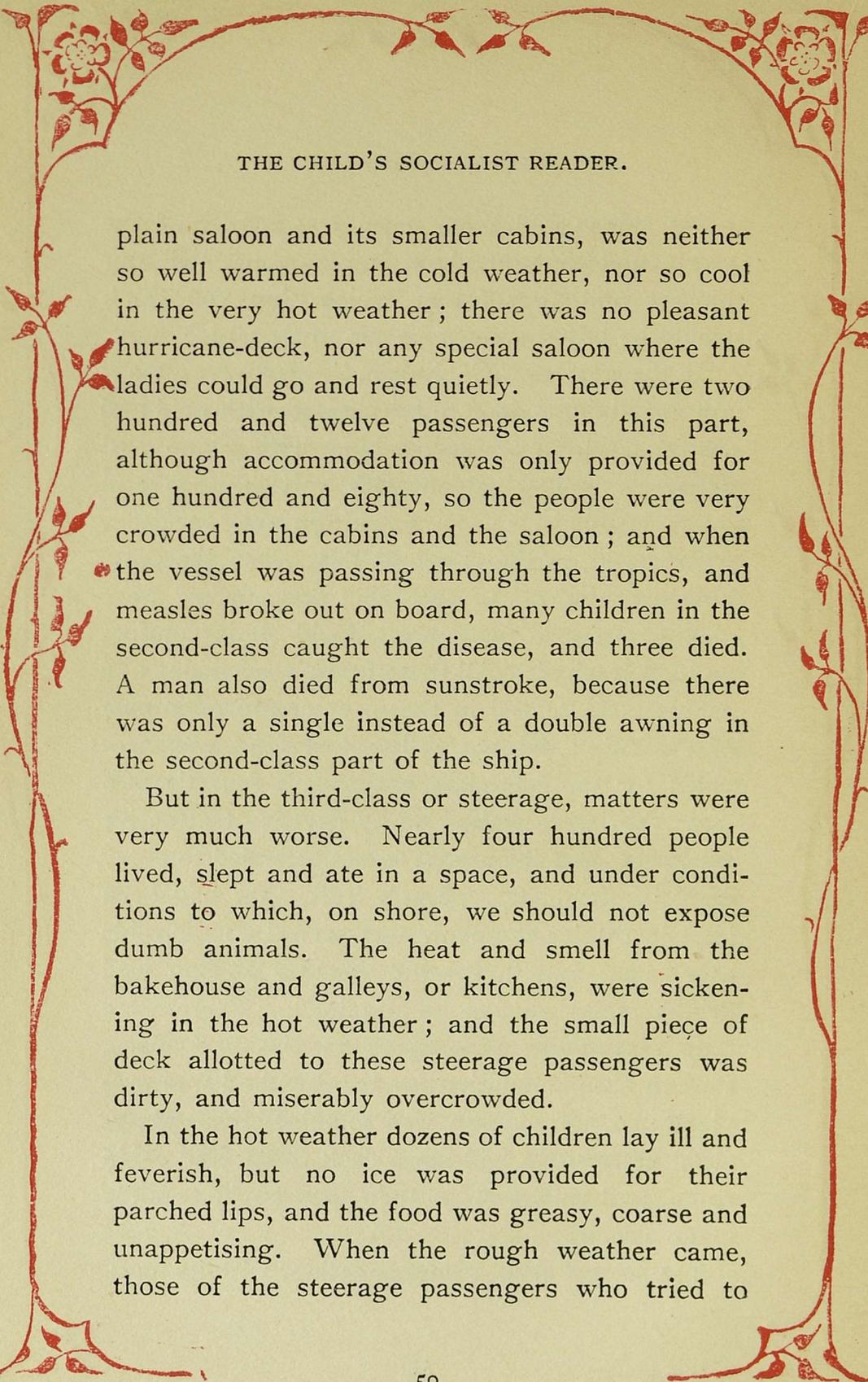


THE TWO STEAMERS.

great ships ; and then, when you have read the story, and thought about it, you must tell your mother and your father which ship you think would be best for most people to travel in.

In the steamer " Capitalism " there were a magnificent dining-saloon, all decorated with gold and white carving, a music-saloon with piano and organ, a ladies' saloon with soft couches and many cushions, and a smoking-room on deck, where even on the roughest day, when the port-holes or windows of the cabin down below were closed, the men passengers could sit in comfort and get fresh air. All these first-class saloons and cabins were placed in the most comfortable part of the ship ; dainty, well-cooked food was provided for the first-class passengers four times a day ; they were waited on by dozens of attentive stewards ; and the stewardesses attended to every want of the ladies. Fresh fruit, that had been kept in the ice-chamber, was served on the table every day, and in the hot weather cooling iced drinks could always be obtained. There were only sixty-eight passengers in the first class, though accommodation for two hundred was provided ; so, as you can well imagine, these sixty-eight passengers had more deck room, and cabin room, and saloon room than they could possibly make use of.

The second class accommodation, with its long,

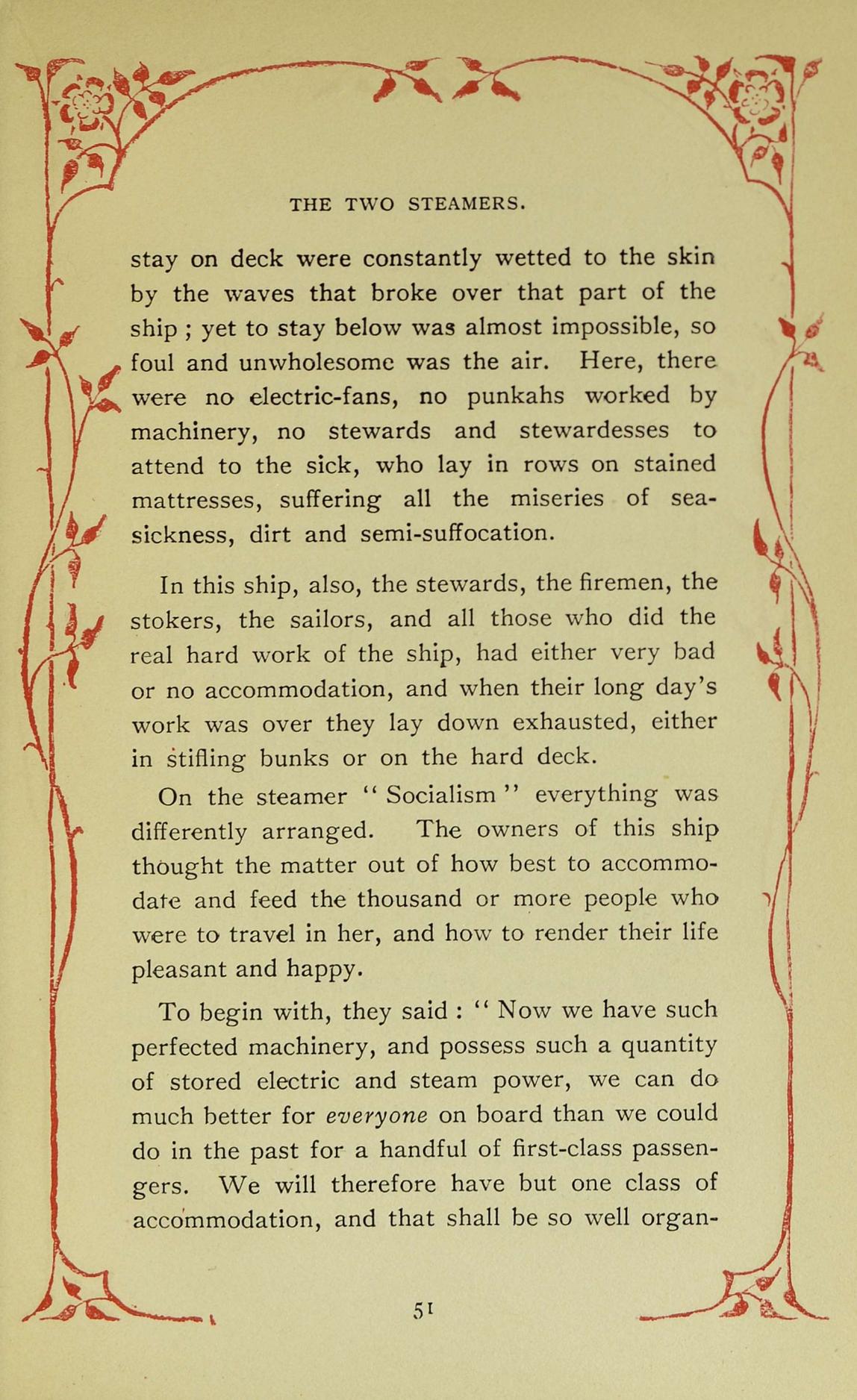


THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

plain saloon and its smaller cabins, was neither so well warmed in the cold weather, nor so cool in the very hot weather ; there was no pleasant hurricane-deck, nor any special saloon where the ladies could go and rest quietly. There were two hundred and twelve passengers in this part, although accommodation was only provided for one hundred and eighty, so the people were very crowded in the cabins and the saloon ; and when the vessel was passing through the tropics, and measles broke out on board, many children in the second-class caught the disease, and three died. A man also died from sunstroke, because there was only a single instead of a double awning in the second-class part of the ship.

But in the third-class or steerage, matters were very much worse. Nearly four hundred people lived, slept and ate in a space, and under conditions to which, on shore, we should not expose dumb animals. The heat and smell from the bakehouse and galleys, or kitchens, were sickening in the hot weather ; and the small piece of deck allotted to these steerage passengers was dirty, and miserably overcrowded.

In the hot weather dozens of children lay ill and feverish, but no ice was provided for their parched lips, and the food was greasy, coarse and unappetising. When the rough weather came, those of the steerage passengers who tried to



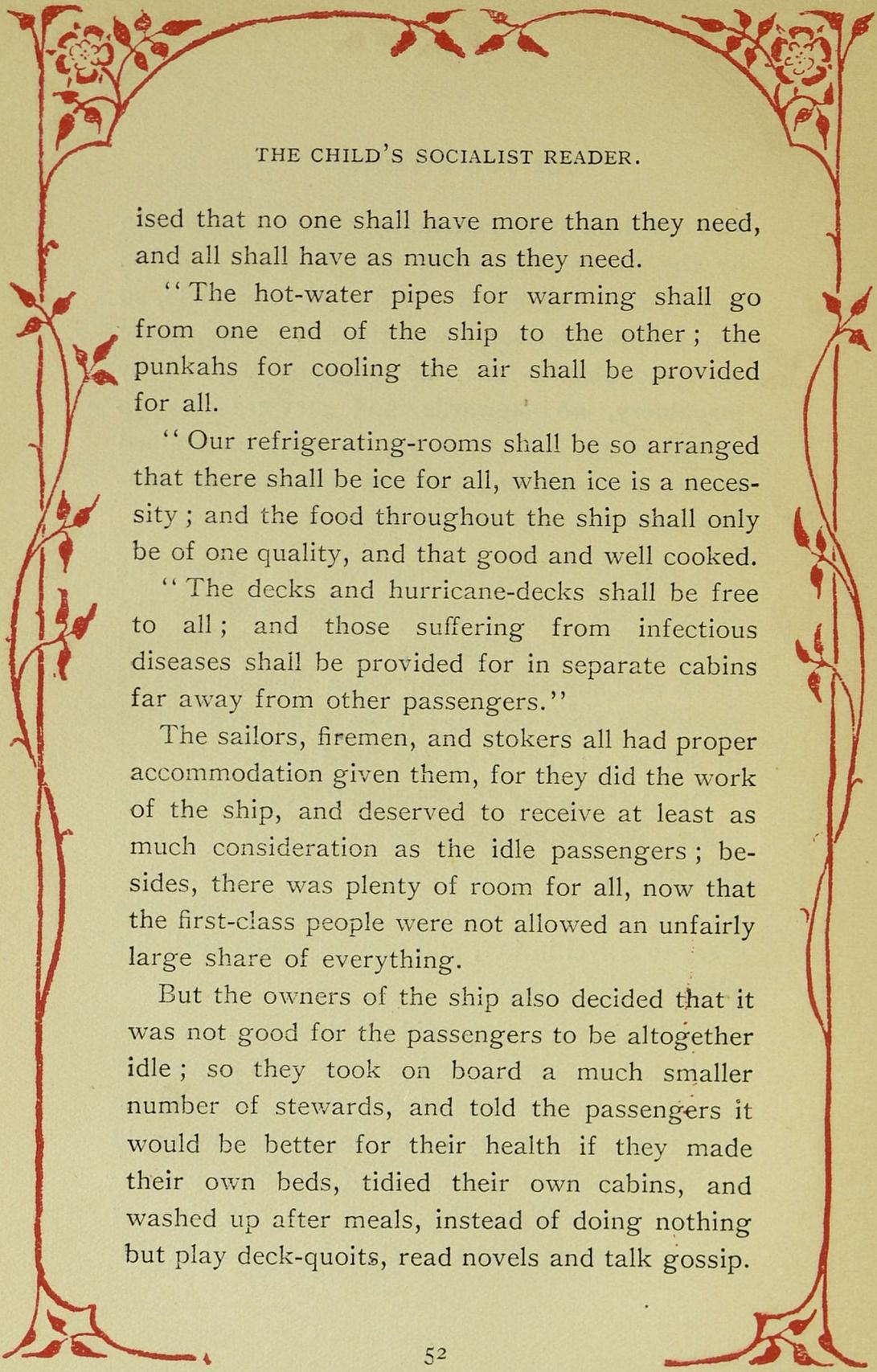
THE TWO STEAMERS.

stay on deck were constantly wetted to the skin by the waves that broke over that part of the ship ; yet to stay below was almost impossible, so foul and unwholesome was the air. Here, there were no electric-fans, no punkahs worked by machinery, no stewards and stewardesses to attend to the sick, who lay in rows on stained mattresses, suffering all the miseries of seasickness, dirt and semi-suffocation.

In this ship, also, the stewards, the firemen, the stokers, the sailors, and all those who did the real hard work of the ship, had either very bad or no accommodation, and when their long day's work was over they lay down exhausted, either in stifling bunks or on the hard deck.

On the steamer " Socialism " everything was differently arranged. The owners of this ship thought the matter out of how best to accommodate and feed the thousand or more people who were to travel in her, and how to render their life pleasant and happy.

To begin with, they said : " Now we have such perfected machinery, and possess such a quantity of stored electric and steam power, we can do much better for *everyone* on board than we could do in the past for a handful of first-class passengers. We will therefore have but one class of accommodation, and that shall be so well organ-



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

ised that no one shall have more than they need, and all shall have as much as they need.

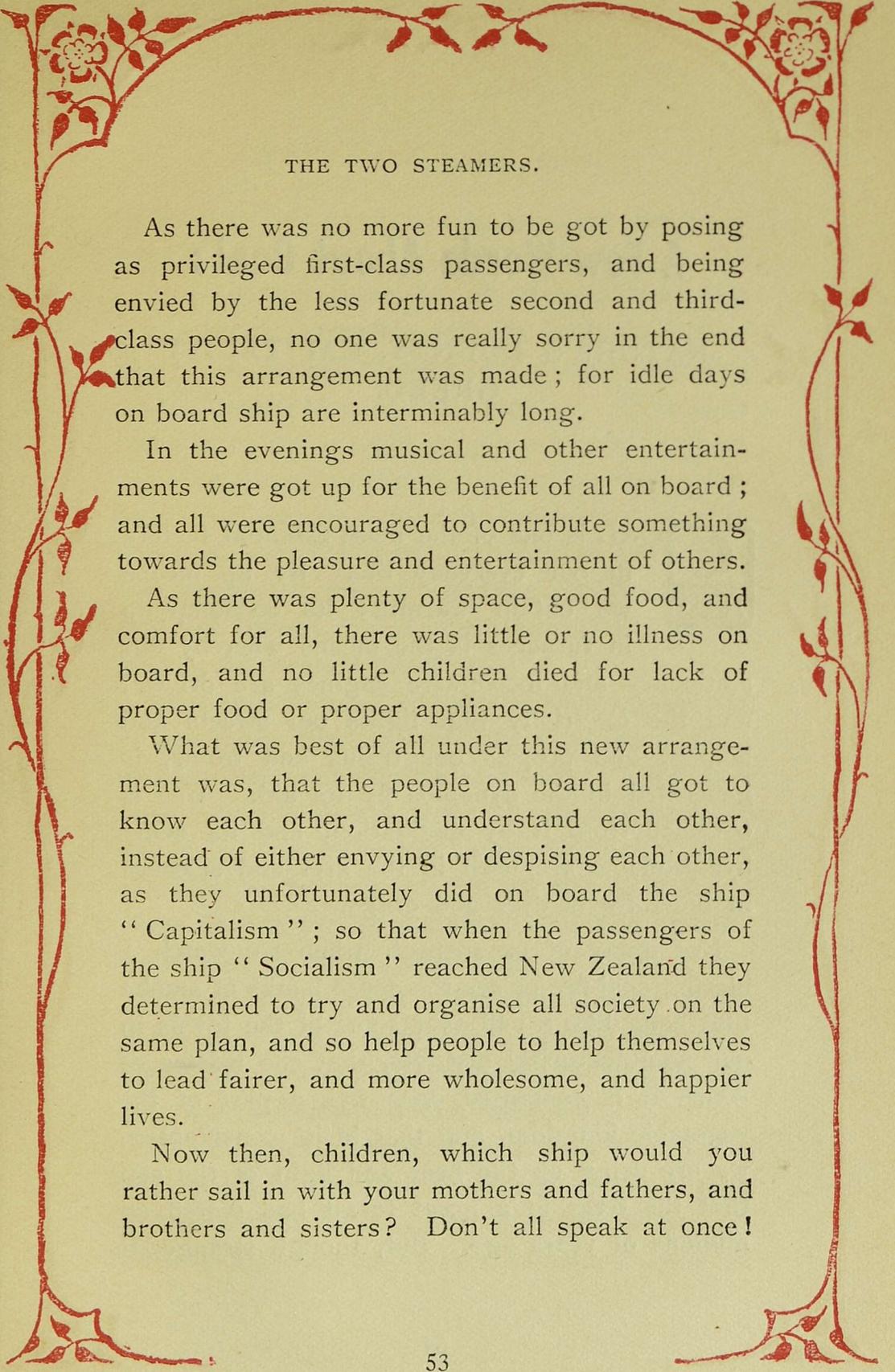
“The hot-water pipes for warming shall go from one end of the ship to the other; the punkahs for cooling the air shall be provided for all.

“Our refrigerating-rooms shall be so arranged that there shall be ice for all, when ice is a necessity; and the food throughout the ship shall only be of one quality, and that good and well cooked.

“The decks and hurricane-decks shall be free to all; and those suffering from infectious diseases shall be provided for in separate cabins far away from other passengers.”

The sailors, firemen, and stokers all had proper accommodation given them, for they did the work of the ship, and deserved to receive at least as much consideration as the idle passengers; besides, there was plenty of room for all, now that the first-class people were not allowed an unfairly large share of everything.

But the owners of the ship also decided that it was not good for the passengers to be altogether idle; so they took on board a much smaller number of stewards, and told the passengers it would be better for their health if they made their own beds, tidied their own cabins, and washed up after meals, instead of doing nothing but play deck-quoits, read novels and talk gossip.



THE TWO STEAMERS.

As there was no more fun to be got by posing as privileged first-class passengers, and being envied by the less fortunate second and third-class people, no one was really sorry in the end that this arrangement was made; for idle days on board ship are interminably long.

In the evenings musical and other entertainments were got up for the benefit of all on board; and all were encouraged to contribute something towards the pleasure and entertainment of others.

As there was plenty of space, good food, and comfort for all, there was little or no illness on board, and no little children died for lack of proper food or proper appliances.

What was best of all under this new arrangement was, that the people on board all got to know each other, and understand each other, instead of either envying or despising each other, as they unfortunately did on board the ship "Capitalism"; so that when the passengers of the ship "Socialism" reached New Zealand they determined to try and organise all society on the same plan, and so help people to help themselves to lead fairer, and more wholesome, and happier lives.

Now then, children, which ship would you rather sail in with your mothers and fathers, and brothers and sisters? Don't all speak at once!

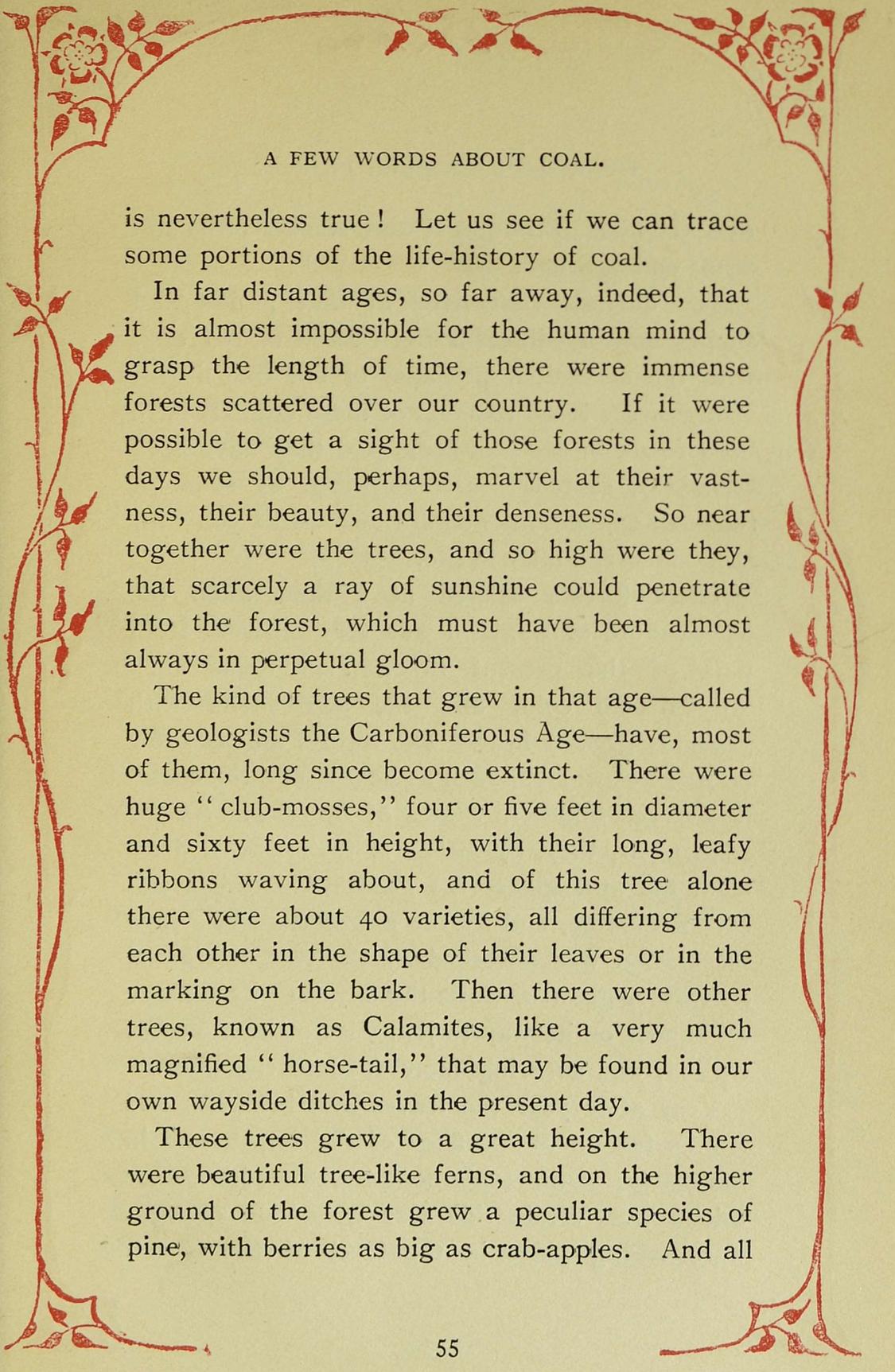
A Few Words About Coal :

NATURE'S BOUNTY, CAPITALIST GREED.



COAL is one of the most essential factors in our everyday life. By its means we obtain warmth; its consumption in furnaces is the means whereby our stationary and locomotive engines are driven; and the electricity that lights our streets and houses, and propels our trains and trams, is generated in the dynamos by its aid. Gas is obtained from it by distillation, and its many bye-products are used in the arts and sciences in the form of dyes and drugs.

Not many of us suspect, when we watch a blazing coal-fire or see the dense banks of smoke that hang like a pall over some of the towns in our manufacturing districts, that the matter of which it is composed once was a part of the vegetable kingdom, and that in its consumption we are using up the heat and light of the sun that the trees in a great forest had stored up millions of years ago. But, though strange, it



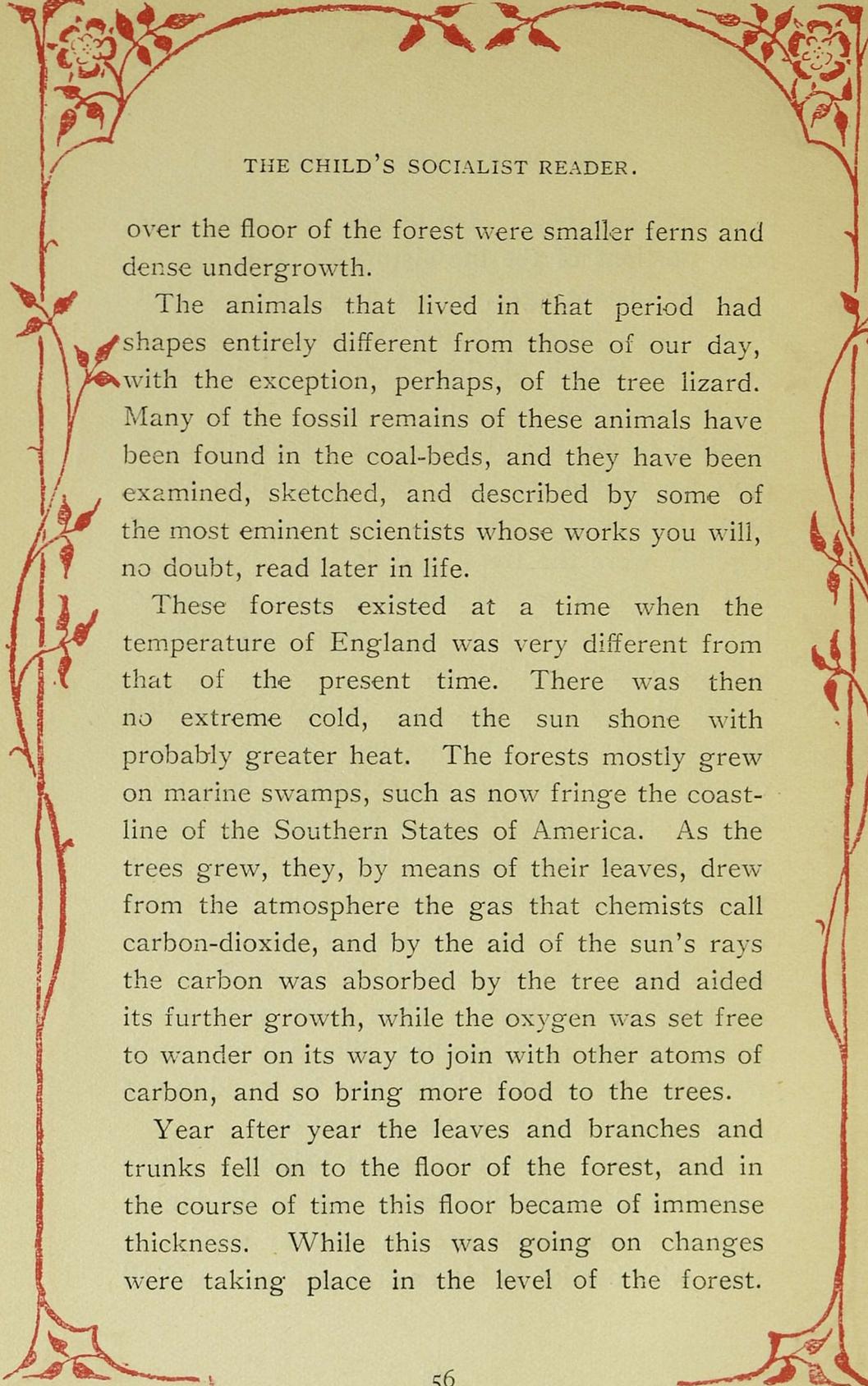
A FEW WORDS ABOUT COAL.

is nevertheless true! Let us see if we can trace some portions of the life-history of coal.

In far distant ages, so far away, indeed, that it is almost impossible for the human mind to grasp the length of time, there were immense forests scattered over our country. If it were possible to get a sight of those forests in these days we should, perhaps, marvel at their vastness, their beauty, and their denseness. So near together were the trees, and so high were they, that scarcely a ray of sunshine could penetrate into the forest, which must have been almost always in perpetual gloom.

The kind of trees that grew in that age—called by geologists the Carboniferous Age—have, most of them, long since become extinct. There were huge “club-mosses,” four or five feet in diameter and sixty feet in height, with their long, leafy ribbons waving about, and of this tree alone there were about 40 varieties, all differing from each other in the shape of their leaves or in the marking on the bark. Then there were other trees, known as Calamites, like a very much magnified “horse-tail,” that may be found in our own wayside ditches in the present day.

These trees grew to a great height. There were beautiful tree-like ferns, and on the higher ground of the forest grew a peculiar species of pine, with berries as big as crab-apples. And all



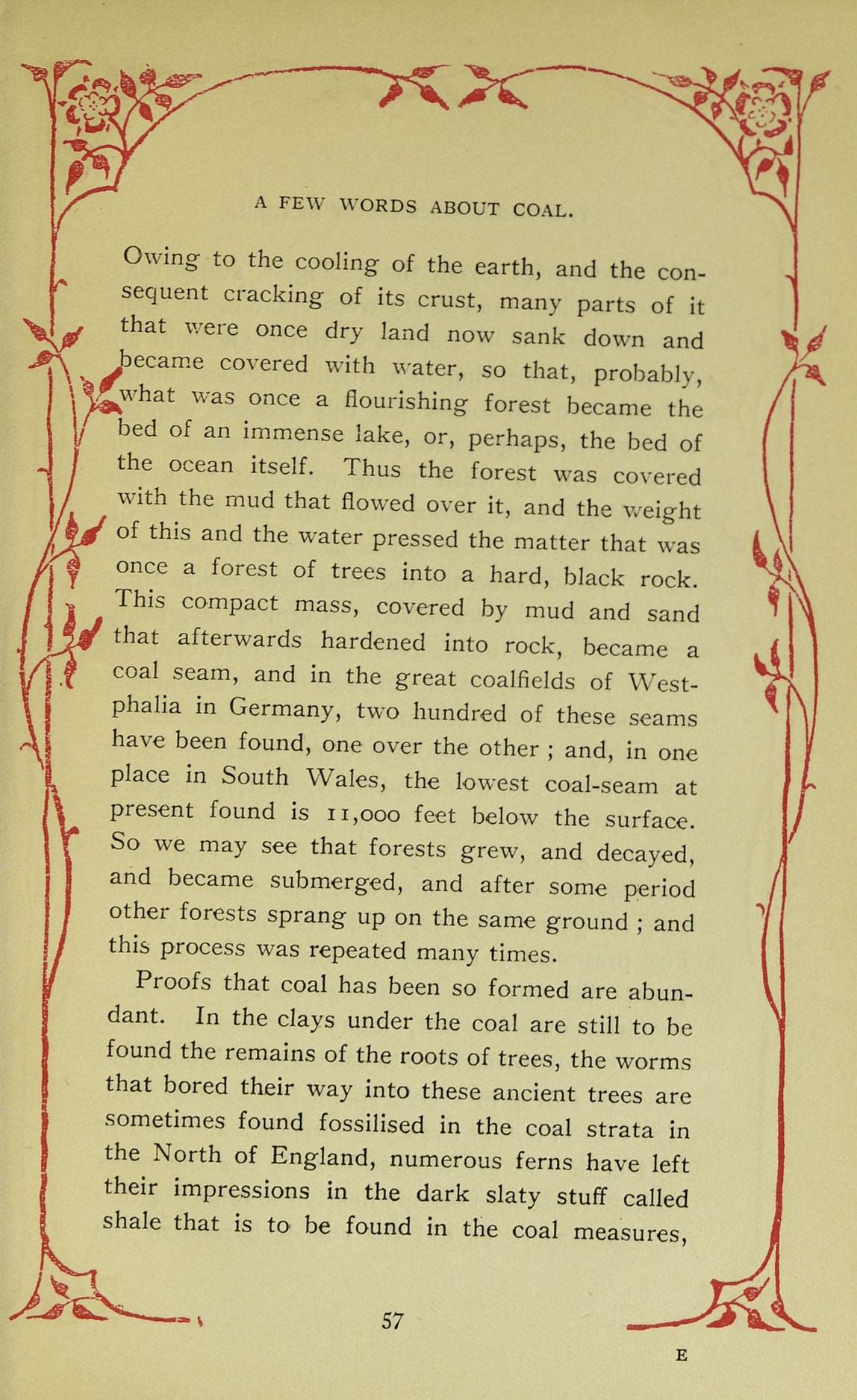
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

over the floor of the forest were smaller ferns and dense undergrowth.

The animals that lived in that period had shapes entirely different from those of our day, with the exception, perhaps, of the tree lizard. Many of the fossil remains of these animals have been found in the coal-beds, and they have been examined, sketched, and described by some of the most eminent scientists whose works you will, no doubt, read later in life.

These forests existed at a time when the temperature of England was very different from that of the present time. There was then no extreme cold, and the sun shone with probably greater heat. The forests mostly grew on marine swamps, such as now fringe the coast-line of the Southern States of America. As the trees grew, they, by means of their leaves, drew from the atmosphere the gas that chemists call carbon-dioxide, and by the aid of the sun's rays the carbon was absorbed by the tree and aided its further growth, while the oxygen was set free to wander on its way to join with other atoms of carbon, and so bring more food to the trees.

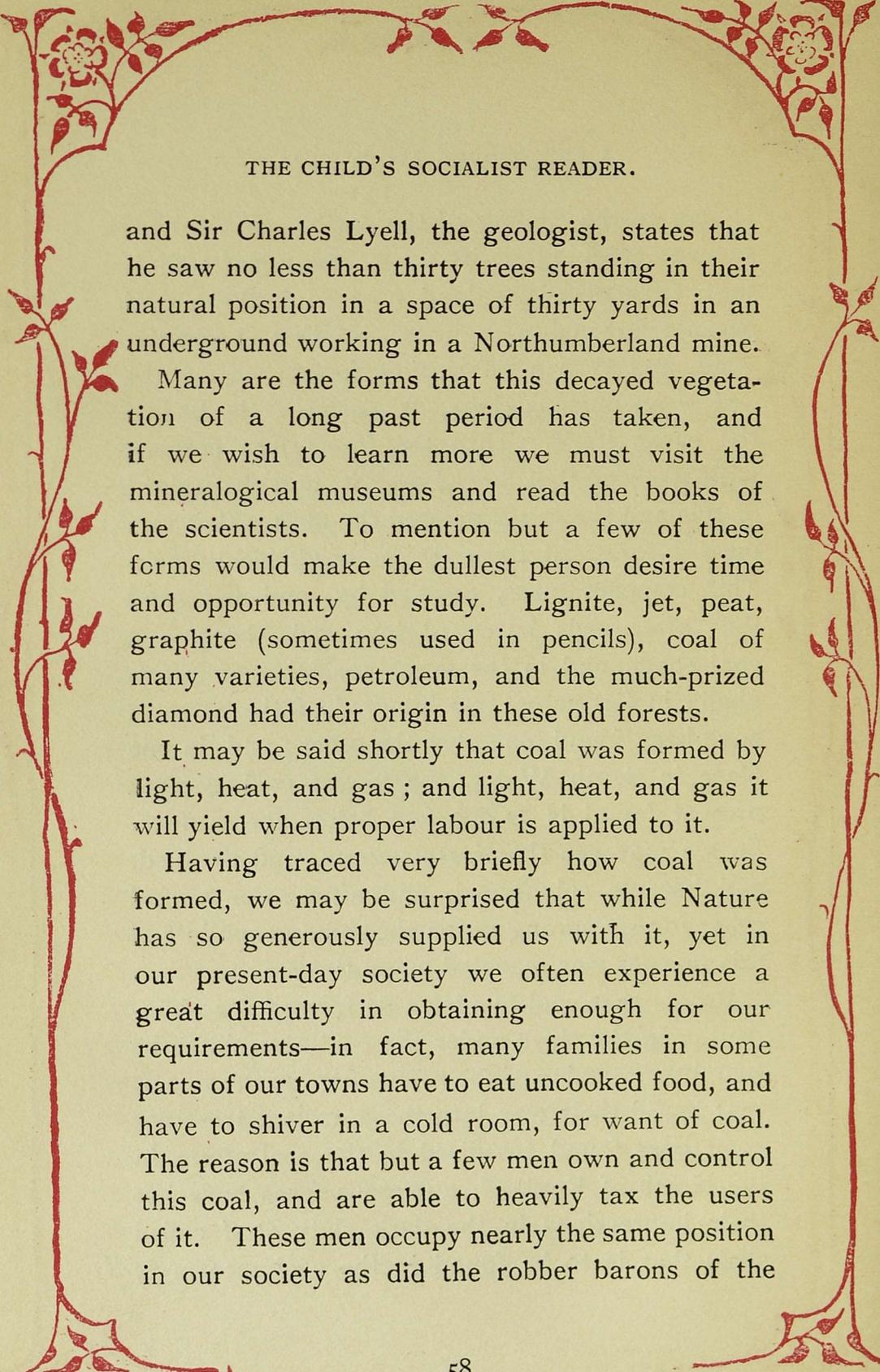
Year after year the leaves and branches and trunks fell on to the floor of the forest, and in the course of time this floor became of immense thickness. While this was going on changes were taking place in the level of the forest.



A FEW WORDS ABOUT COAL.

Owing to the cooling of the earth, and the consequent cracking of its crust, many parts of it that were once dry land now sank down and became covered with water, so that, probably, what was once a flourishing forest became the bed of an immense lake, or, perhaps, the bed of the ocean itself. Thus the forest was covered with the mud that flowed over it, and the weight of this and the water pressed the matter that was once a forest of trees into a hard, black rock. This compact mass, covered by mud and sand that afterwards hardened into rock, became a coal seam, and in the great coalfields of Westphalia in Germany, two hundred of these seams have been found, one over the other; and, in one place in South Wales, the lowest coal-seam at present found is 11,000 feet below the surface. So we may see that forests grew, and decayed, and became submerged, and after some period other forests sprang up on the same ground; and this process was repeated many times.

Proofs that coal has been so formed are abundant. In the clays under the coal are still to be found the remains of the roots of trees, the worms that bored their way into these ancient trees are sometimes found fossilised in the coal strata in the North of England, numerous ferns have left their impressions in the dark slaty stuff called shale that is to be found in the coal measures,

A decorative red border with floral and leaf motifs frames the text. The border consists of a central arch at the top, with two vertical lines extending down to the bottom corners, where they meet a wide base. The design includes stylized flowers and leaves in a reddish-brown hue.

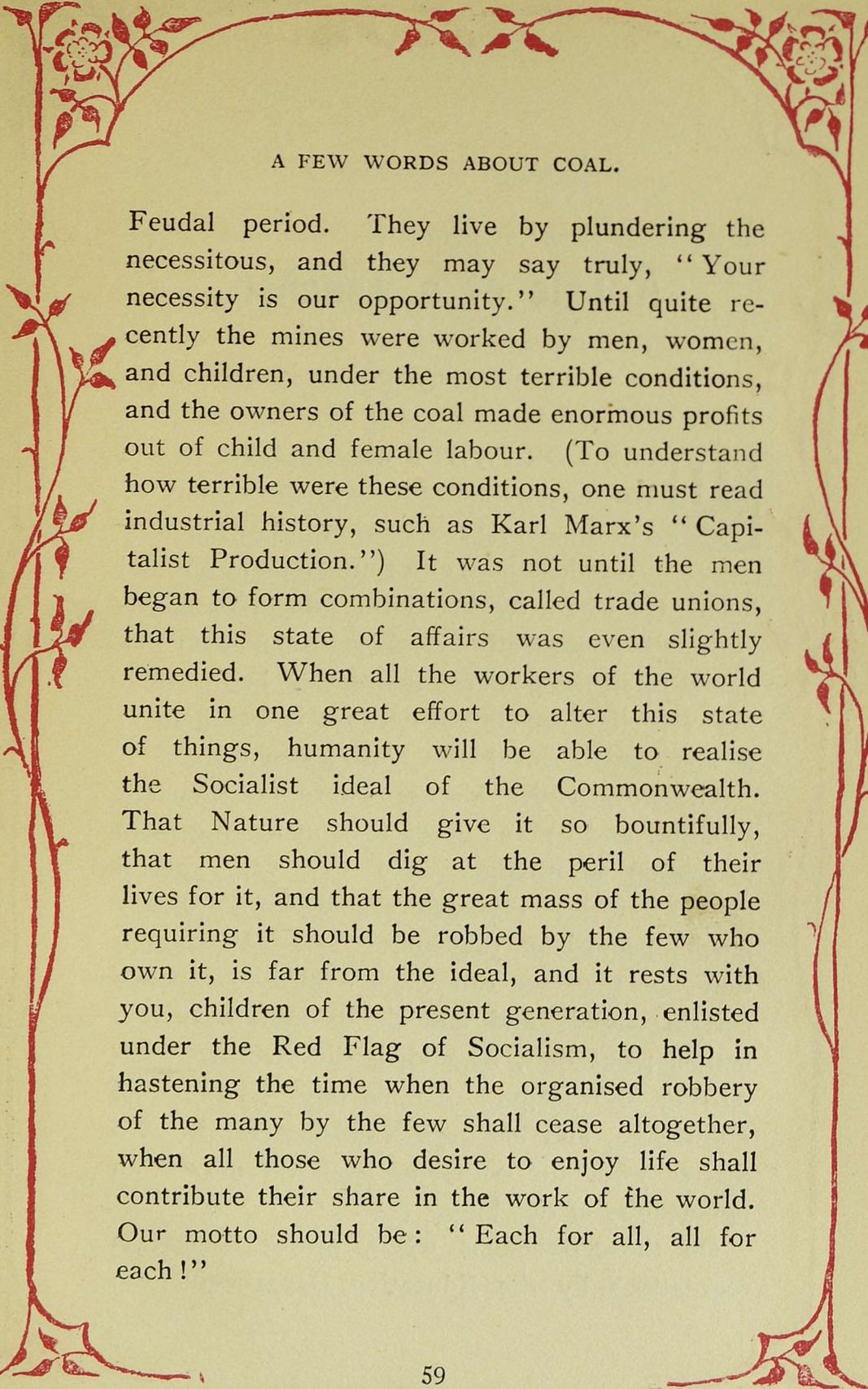
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

and Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, states that he saw no less than thirty trees standing in their natural position in a space of thirty yards in an underground working in a Northumberland mine.

Many are the forms that this decayed vegetation of a long past period has taken, and if we wish to learn more we must visit the mineralogical museums and read the books of the scientists. To mention but a few of these forms would make the dullest person desire time and opportunity for study. Lignite, jet, peat, graphite (sometimes used in pencils), coal of many varieties, petroleum, and the much-prized diamond had their origin in these old forests.

It may be said shortly that coal was formed by light, heat, and gas; and light, heat, and gas it will yield when proper labour is applied to it.

Having traced very briefly how coal was formed, we may be surprised that while Nature has so generously supplied us with it, yet in our present-day society we often experience a great difficulty in obtaining enough for our requirements—in fact, many families in some parts of our towns have to eat uncooked food, and have to shiver in a cold room, for want of coal. The reason is that but a few men own and control this coal, and are able to heavily tax the users of it. These men occupy nearly the same position in our society as did the robber barons of the



A FEW WORDS ABOUT COAL.

Feudal period. They live by plundering the necessitous, and they may say truly, "Your necessity is our opportunity." Until quite recently the mines were worked by men, women, and children, under the most terrible conditions, and the owners of the coal made enormous profits out of child and female labour. (To understand how terrible were these conditions, one must read industrial history, such as Karl Marx's "Capitalist Production.") It was not until the men began to form combinations, called trade unions, that this state of affairs was even slightly remedied. When all the workers of the world unite in one great effort to alter this state of things, humanity will be able to realise the Socialist ideal of the Commonwealth. That Nature should give it so bountifully, that men should dig at the peril of their lives for it, and that the great mass of the people requiring it should be robbed by the few who own it, is far from the ideal, and it rests with you, children of the present generation, enlisted under the Red Flag of Socialism, to help in hastening the time when the organised robbery of the many by the few shall cease altogether, when all those who desire to enjoy life shall contribute their share in the work of the world. Our motto should be: "Each for all, all for each!"

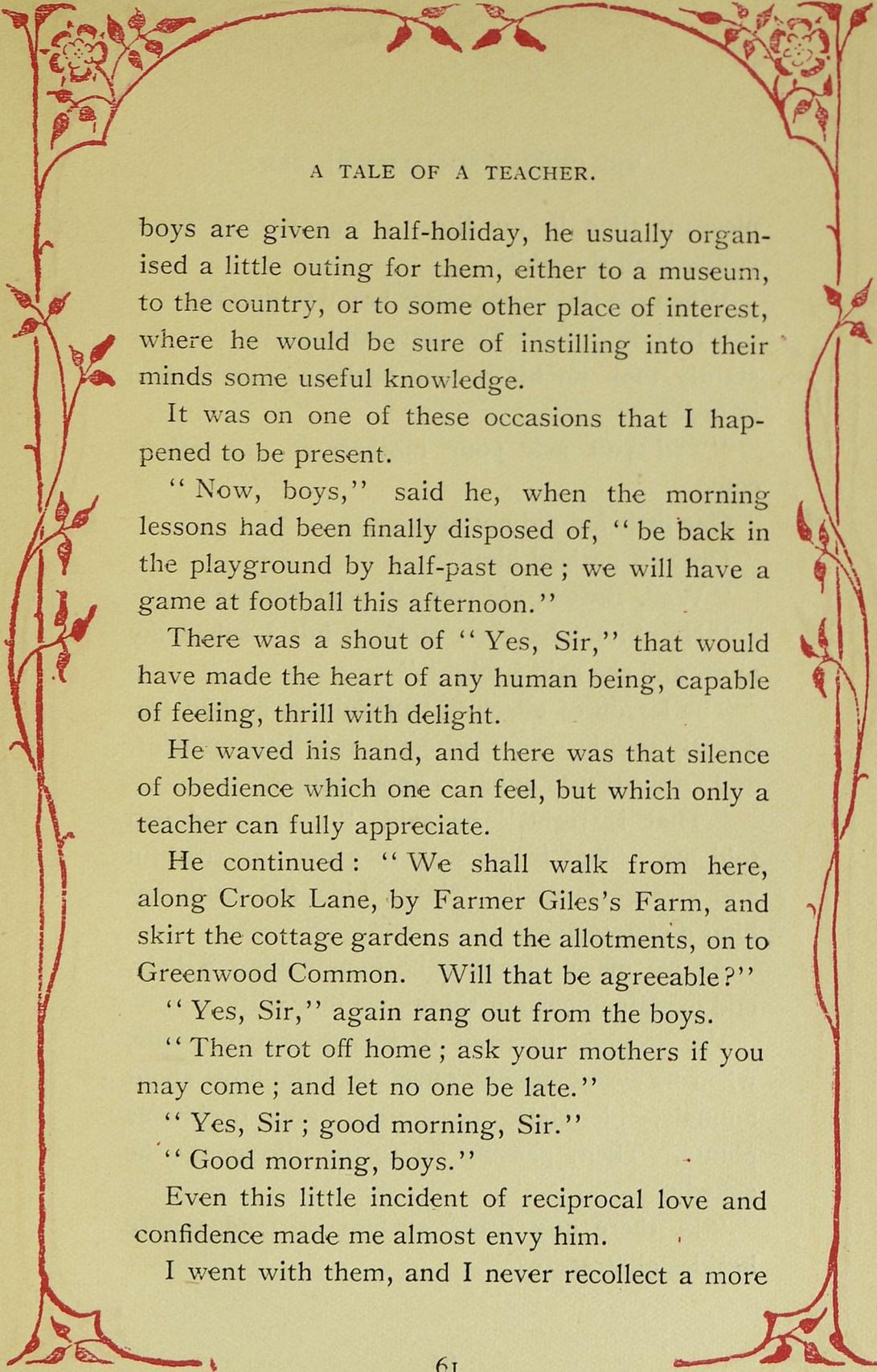
A Tale of a Teacher.



AMES DREWETT was a teacher in one of the Council schools in the County of Middlesex. He was one of those very rare instances of a round man in a round hole. He was a teacher born. He loved teaching; and consequently his whole life and soul was bound up in the genial occupation he had chosen. He chose his occupation because it was genial; it was genial because he had chosen it.

The boys under his care were his constant thought, and he was never tired of helping them to obtain knowledge. He was very careful always to insist on the difference between ordinary teaching and imparting knowledge. His contention was that one can teach a bird to produce certain sounds and animals to imitate certain actions; but that, he said, is different from imparting knowledge. To his boys he imparted knowledge, and his boys loved him for it. No matter what the occasion, he never missed an opportunity of this kind.

On those occasions when, owing to certain regulations by the Education Department, the



A TALE OF A TEACHER.

boys are given a half-holiday, he usually organised a little outing for them, either to a museum, to the country, or to some other place of interest, where he would be sure of instilling into their minds some useful knowledge.

It was on one of these occasions that I happened to be present.

“Now, boys,” said he, when the morning lessons had been finally disposed of, “be back in the playground by half-past one; we will have a game at football this afternoon.”

There was a shout of “Yes, Sir,” that would have made the heart of any human being, capable of feeling, thrill with delight.

He waved his hand, and there was that silence of obedience which one can feel, but which only a teacher can fully appreciate.

He continued: “We shall walk from here, along Crook Lane, by Farmer Giles’s Farm, and skirt the cottage gardens and the allotments, on to Greenwood Common. Will that be agreeable?”

“Yes, Sir,” again rang out from the boys.

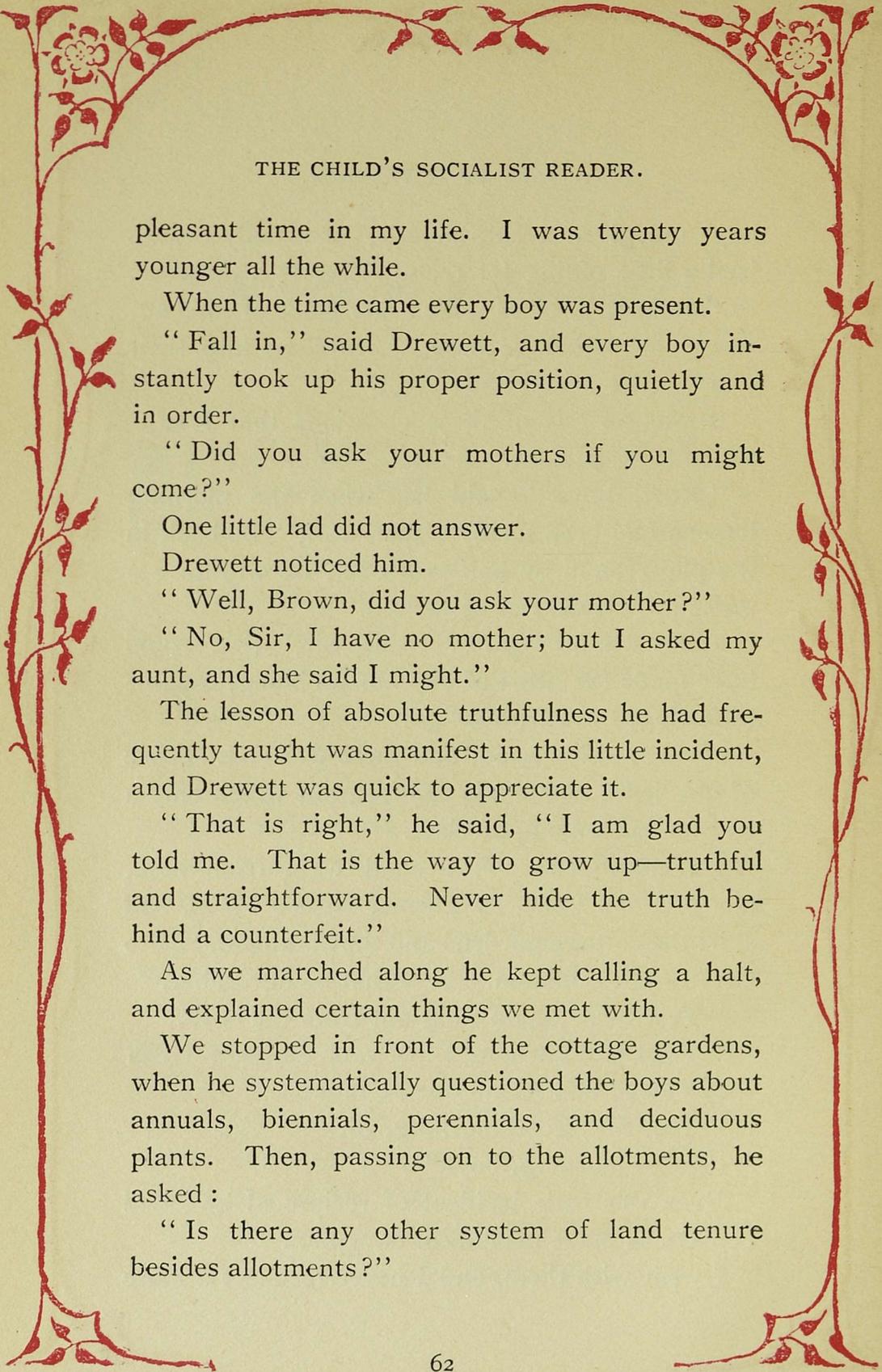
“Then trot off home; ask your mothers if you may come; and let no one be late.”

“Yes, Sir; good morning, Sir.”

“Good morning, boys.”

Even this little incident of reciprocal love and confidence made me almost envy him.

I went with them, and I never recollect a more



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

pleasant time in my life. I was twenty years younger all the while.

When the time came every boy was present.

“Fall in,” said Drewett, and every boy instantly took up his proper position, quietly and in order.

“Did you ask your mothers if you might come?”

One little lad did not answer.

Drewett noticed him.

“Well, Brown, did you ask your mother?”

“No, Sir, I have no mother; but I asked my aunt, and she said I might.”

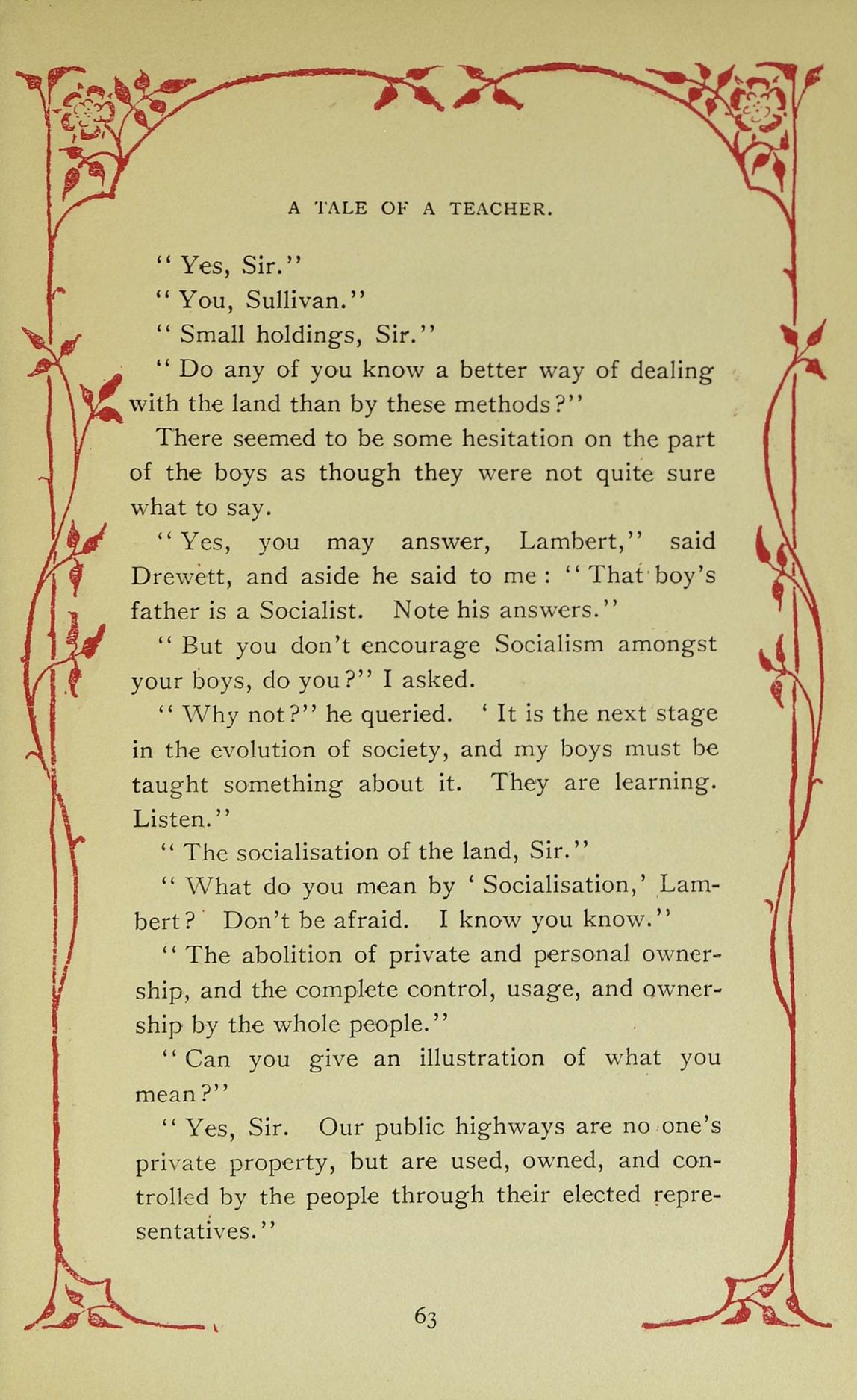
The lesson of absolute truthfulness he had frequently taught was manifest in this little incident, and Drewett was quick to appreciate it.

“That is right,” he said, “I am glad you told me. That is the way to grow up—truthful and straightforward. Never hide the truth behind a counterfeit.”

As we marched along he kept calling a halt, and explained certain things we met with.

We stopped in front of the cottage gardens, when he systematically questioned the boys about annuals, biennials, perennials, and deciduous plants. Then, passing on to the allotments, he asked:

“Is there any other system of land tenure besides allotments?”



A TALE OF A TEACHER.

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ You, Sullivan.”

“ Small holdings, Sir.”

“ Do any of you know a better way of dealing with the land than by these methods?”

There seemed to be some hesitation on the part of the boys as though they were not quite sure what to say.

“ Yes, you may answer, Lambert,” said Drewett, and aside he said to me: “ That boy’s father is a Socialist. Note his answers.”

“ But you don’t encourage Socialism amongst your boys, do you?” I asked.

“ Why not?” he queried. “ It is the next stage in the evolution of society, and my boys must be taught something about it. They are learning. Listen.”

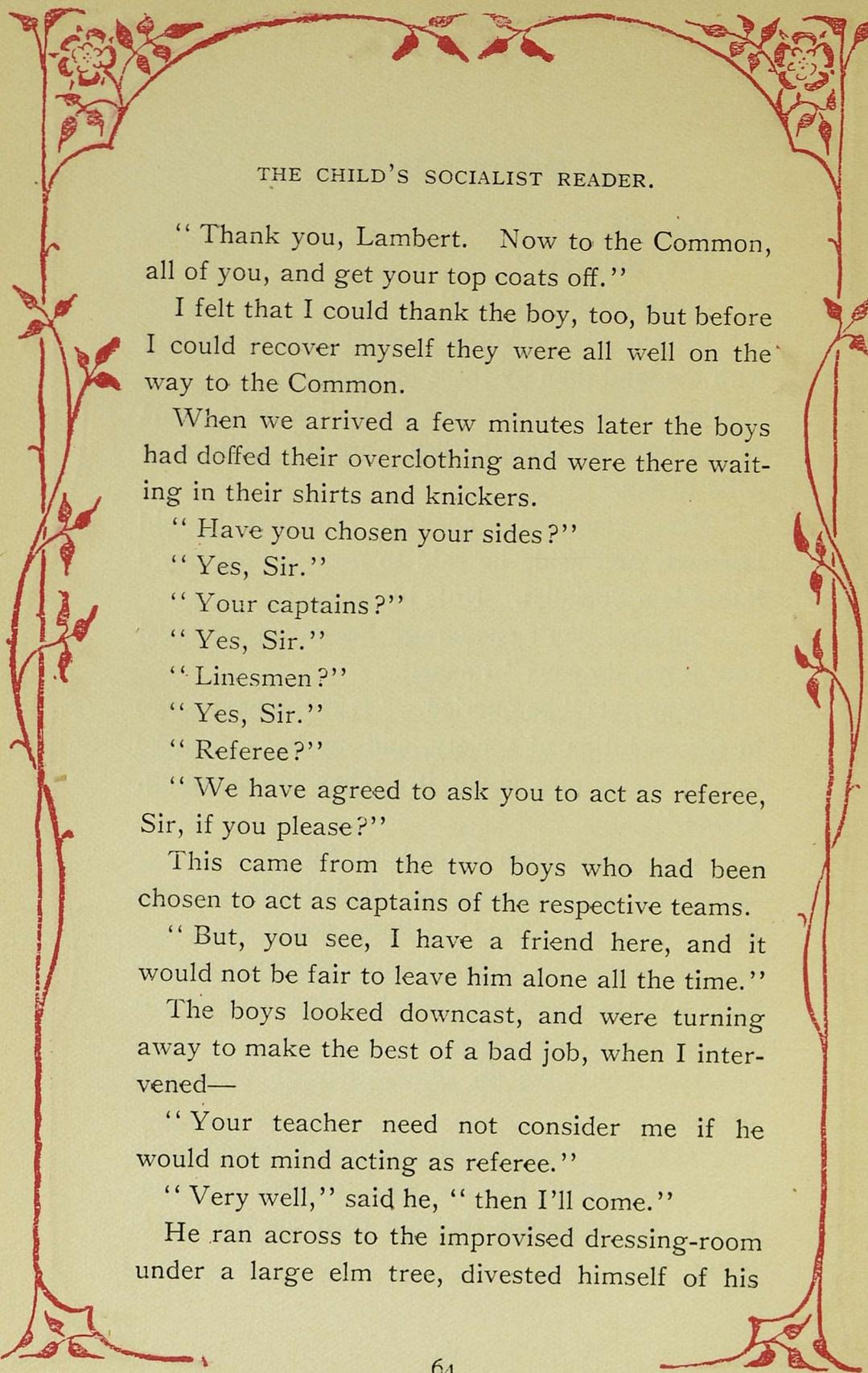
“ The socialisation of the land, Sir.”

“ What do you mean by ‘ Socialisation,’ Lambert? Don’t be afraid. I know you know.”

“ The abolition of private and personal ownership, and the complete control, usage, and ownership by the whole people.”

“ Can you give an illustration of what you mean?”

“ Yes, Sir. Our public highways are no one’s private property, but are used, owned, and controlled by the people through their elected representatives.”



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

"Thank you, Lambert. Now to the Common, all of you, and get your top coats off."

I felt that I could thank the boy, too, but before I could recover myself they were all well on the way to the Common.

When we arrived a few minutes later the boys had doffed their overclothing and were there waiting in their shirts and knickers.

"Have you chosen your sides?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Your captains?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Linesmen?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Referee?"

"We have agreed to ask you to act as referee, Sir, if you please?"

This came from the two boys who had been chosen to act as captains of the respective teams.

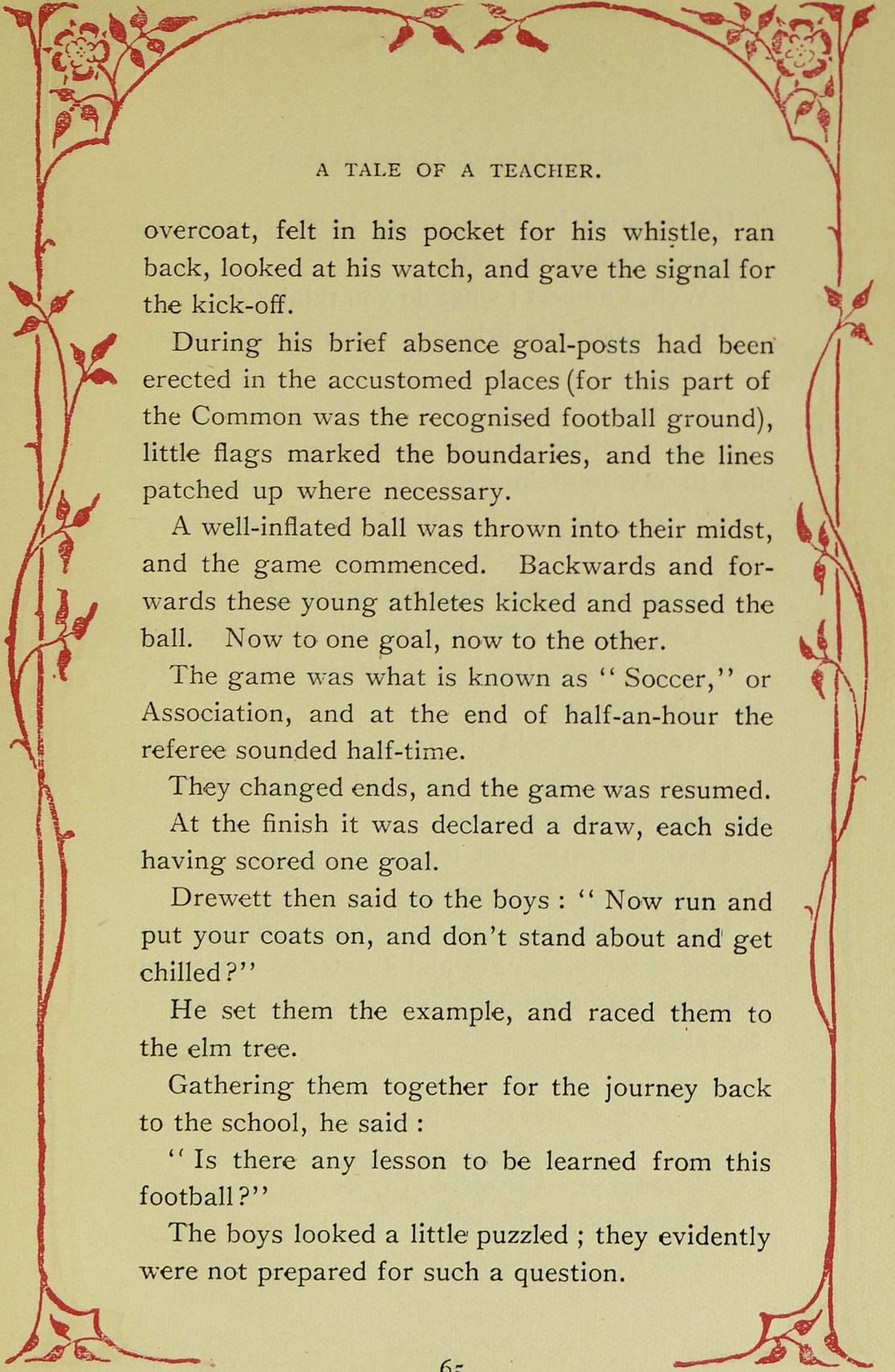
"But, you see, I have a friend here, and it would not be fair to leave him alone all the time."

The boys looked downcast, and were turning away to make the best of a bad job, when I intervened—

"Your teacher need not consider me if he would not mind acting as referee."

"Very well," said he, "then I'll come."

He ran across to the improvised dressing-room under a large elm tree, divested himself of his



A TALE OF A TEACHER.

overcoat, felt in his pocket for his whistle, ran back, looked at his watch, and gave the signal for the kick-off.

During his brief absence goal-posts had been erected in the accustomed places (for this part of the Common was the recognised football ground), little flags marked the boundaries, and the lines patched up where necessary.

A well-inflated ball was thrown into their midst, and the game commenced. Backwards and forwards these young athletes kicked and passed the ball. Now to one goal, now to the other.

The game was what is known as "Soccer," or Association, and at the end of half-an-hour the referee sounded half-time.

They changed ends, and the game was resumed.

At the finish it was declared a draw, each side having scored one goal.

Drewett then said to the boys: "Now run and put your coats on, and don't stand about and get chilled?"

He set them the example, and raced them to the elm tree.

Gathering them together for the journey back to the school, he said:

"Is there any lesson to be learned from this football?"

The boys looked a little puzzled; they evidently were not prepared for such a question.

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

He repeated it, when young Lambert made as though he would answer.

“ Well, Lambert ; what do you think ? ”

“ It teaches the principle of collective ownership, Sir. ”

“ Explain. ”

“ The football belongs to no one in particular, but to everyone in general. It is collectively owned for collective use and for collective enjoyment. ”

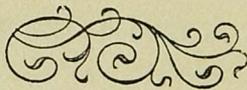
“ But does it not belong to the school ? ”

“ Yes, Sir ; but the school is a collective body—a society—and the ball is owned and used for the collective good. ”

Drewett then told the boys to march on, and we could hear them discussing the pros and cons of collective ownership.

I took his arm and together we chatted over the afternoon's experiences.

He then told me he was a Socialist, and that no course of teaching gave him greater pleasure than when he was teaching the boys the principles of Socialism.



A Dastardly Deed.

FREE and joyous a speckled thrush
Sat aloft on a laurel bush,
Wood and garden and orchard rung
With the liquid notes of the song he sung.

The air, vibrating, my spirit stirred,
I swam the music around the bird,
And near, and nearer I fain would press,
That I might share in his happiness.

I sat me down on a rough pine plank,
And long and longer I drank and drank,
The morning sunbeams attuned his lute,
The dew-drops sparkled on leaves and fruit.
I felt the soul of my childhood flow—
A sweet relapse to the long ago,
The scene was a fairy's fond device,
Or else a foretaste of paradise.

Then came a crash like the burst of hell,
The singing ceased and the songster fell,
Among the bushes I saw a head,
“Man or monster, come forth,” I said.
In human shape is the figure cast,
A smoking gun his red hands hold fast,
He, heartless, shameless, the deed admits,
“He stole my cherries and now we're quits.”

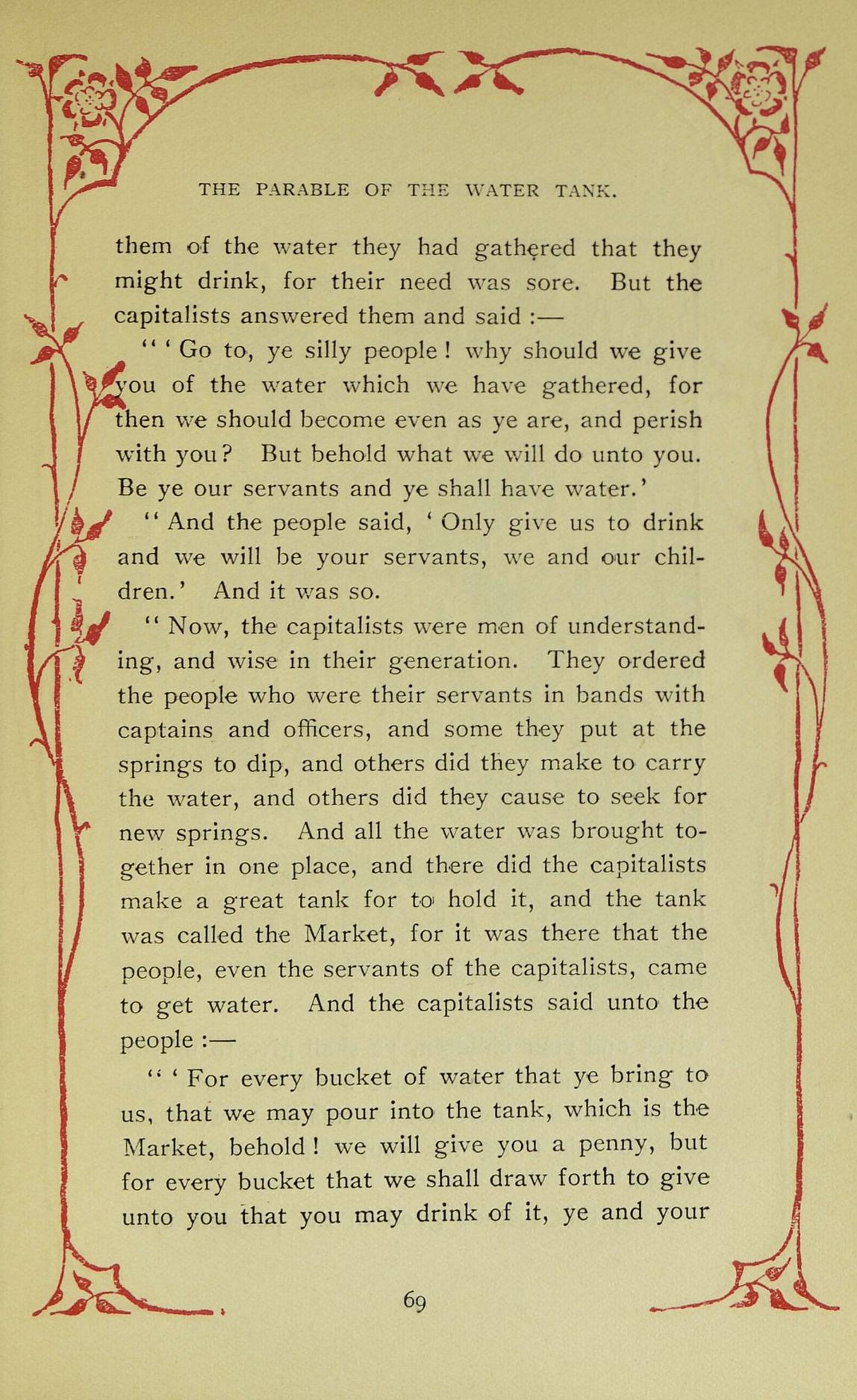
The Parable of the Water Tank.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE is a chapter in Edward Bellamy's book, "Equality," with the above title, and it is such an admirable description of present-day society that I should like to give it here in full for you boys and girls. But as space would not allow of this, I have compressed portions of it, giving Mr. Bellamy's own words where possible.

"There was a certain very dry land, the people whereof were in sore need of water. And they did nothing but seek after water from morning until night, and many perished because they could not find it.

"Howbeit, there were certain men in that land who were more crafty and diligent than the rest, and these had gathered stores of water where others could find none, and these men were called capitalists. And it came to pass that the people of the land came unto the capitalists and prayed them that they would give



THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

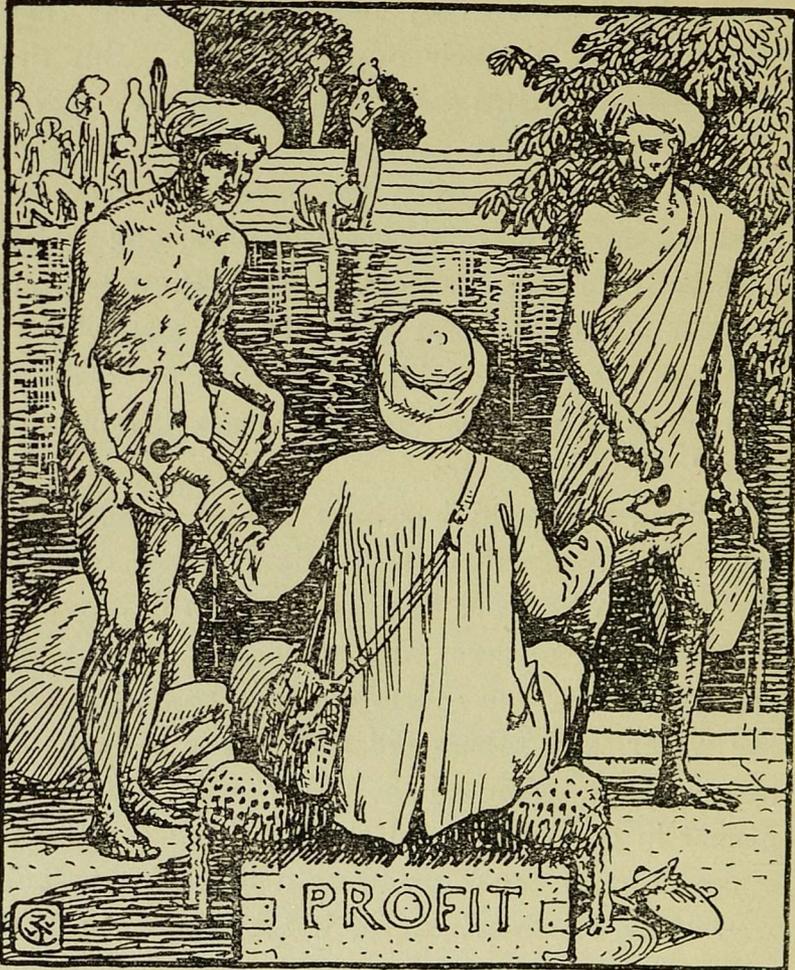
them of the water they had gathered that they might drink, for their need was sore. But the capitalists answered them and said :—

“ ‘Go to, ye silly people! why should we give you of the water which we have gathered, for then we should become even as ye are, and perish with you? But behold what we will do unto you. Be ye our servants and ye shall have water.’

“ ‘And the people said, ‘Only give us to drink and we will be your servants, we and our children.’ And it was so.

“ Now, the capitalists were men of understanding, and wise in their generation. They ordered the people who were their servants in bands with captains and officers, and some they put at the springs to dip, and others did they make to carry the water, and others did they cause to seek for new springs. And all the water was brought together in one place, and there did the capitalists make a great tank for to hold it, and the tank was called the Market, for it was there that the people, even the servants of the capitalists, came to get water. And the capitalists said unto the people :—

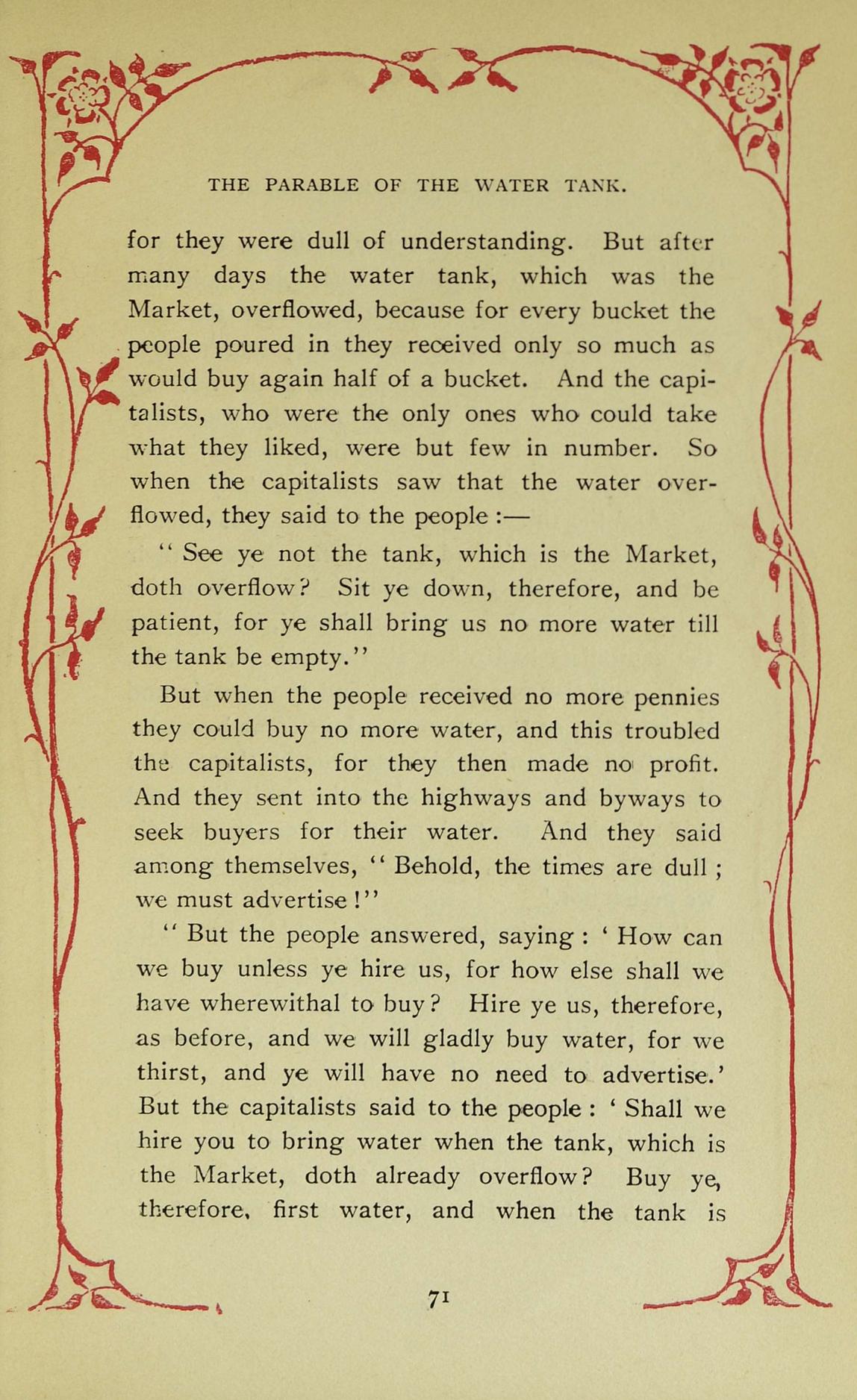
“ ‘For every bucket of water that ye bring to us, that we may pour into the tank, which is the Market, behold! we will give you a penny, but for every bucket that we shall draw forth to give unto you that you may drink of it, ye and your



THE PARABLE OF THE
WATER TANK

wives and your children, ye shall give to us two pennies, and the difference shall be our profit, seeing that if it were not for this profit we would not do this thing for you, but ye should all perish.' ”

Now, this seemed good in the people's eyes,



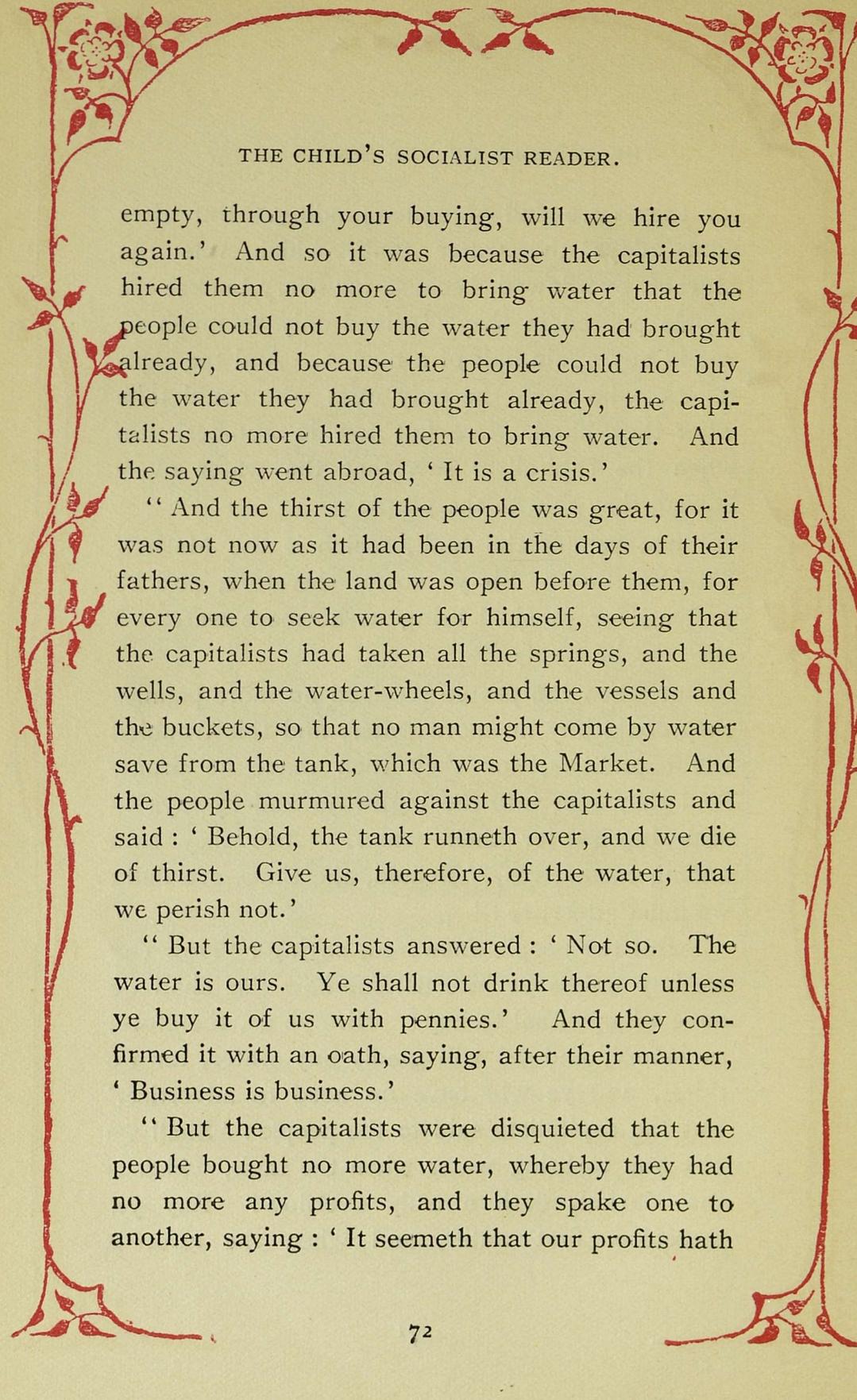
THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

for they were dull of understanding. But after many days the water tank, which was the Market, overflowed, because for every bucket the people poured in they received only so much as would buy again half of a bucket. And the capitalists, who were the only ones who could take what they liked, were but few in number. So when the capitalists saw that the water overflowed, they said to the people:—

“ See ye not the tank, which is the Market, doth overflow? Sit ye down, therefore, and be patient, for ye shall bring us no more water till the tank be empty.”

But when the people received no more pennies they could buy no more water, and this troubled the capitalists, for they then made no profit. And they sent into the highways and byways to seek buyers for their water. And they said among themselves, “ Behold, the times are dull ; we must advertise !”

“ But the people answered, saying : ‘ How can we buy unless ye hire us, for how else shall we have wherewithal to buy? Hire ye us, therefore, as before, and we will gladly buy water, for we thirst, and ye will have no need to advertise.’ But the capitalists said to the people : ‘ Shall we hire you to bring water when the tank, which is the Market, doth already overflow? Buy ye, therefore, first water, and when the tank is



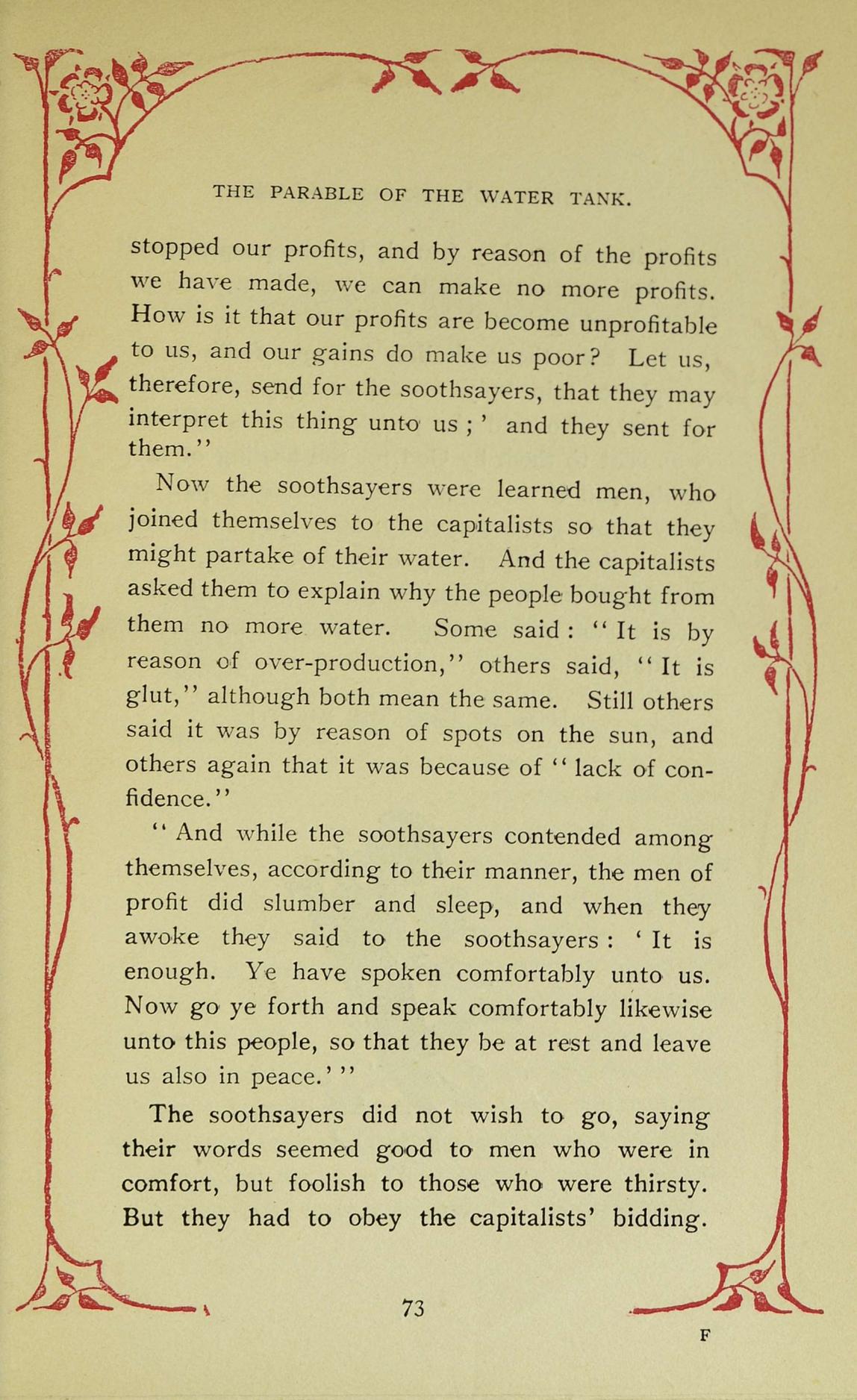
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

empty, through your buying, will we hire you again.' And so it was because the capitalists hired them no more to bring water that the people could not buy the water they had brought already, and because the people could not buy the water they had brought already, the capitalists no more hired them to bring water. And the saying went abroad, 'It is a crisis.'

"And the thirst of the people was great, for it was not now as it had been in the days of their fathers, when the land was open before them, for every one to seek water for himself, seeing that the capitalists had taken all the springs, and the wells, and the water-wheels, and the vessels and the buckets, so that no man might come by water save from the tank, which was the Market. And the people murmured against the capitalists and said: 'Behold, the tank runneth over, and we die of thirst. Give us, therefore, of the water, that we perish not.'

"But the capitalists answered: 'Not so. The water is ours. Ye shall not drink thereof unless ye buy it of us with pennies.' And they confirmed it with an oath, saying, after their manner, 'Business is business.'

"But the capitalists were disquieted that the people bought no more water, whereby they had no more any profits, and they spake one to another, saying: 'It seemeth that our profits hath



THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

stopped our profits, and by reason of the profits we have made, we can make no more profits. How is it that our profits are become unprofitable to us, and our gains do make us poor? Let us, therefore, send for the soothsayers, that they may interpret this thing unto us ;' and they sent for them."

Now the soothsayers were learned men, who joined themselves to the capitalists so that they might partake of their water. And the capitalists asked them to explain why the people bought from them no more water. Some said: "It is by reason of over-production," others said, "It is glut," although both mean the same. Still others said it was by reason of spots on the sun, and others again that it was because of "lack of confidence."

"And while the soothsayers contended among themselves, according to their manner, the men of profit did slumber and sleep, and when they awoke they said to the soothsayers: 'It is enough. Ye have spoken comfortably unto us. Now go ye forth and speak comfortably likewise unto this people, so that they be at rest and leave us also in peace.'"

The soothsayers did not wish to go, saying their words seemed good to men who were in comfort, but foolish to those who were thirsty. But they had to obey the capitalists' bidding.

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

And it was as they feared, for the people would not believe them, and threatened them, and still murmured against the capitalists.

And then the capitalists brought forth to the people certain holy men (but they were false priests), who told the people that this affliction was sent to them by God for the healing of their souls, and if they bore their trouble in patience they would go to a country, after they were dead, where there was plenty of water. But, fortunately, there were some true prophets who had compassion on the people, and spake against the capitalists.

[END OF PART THE FIRST.]

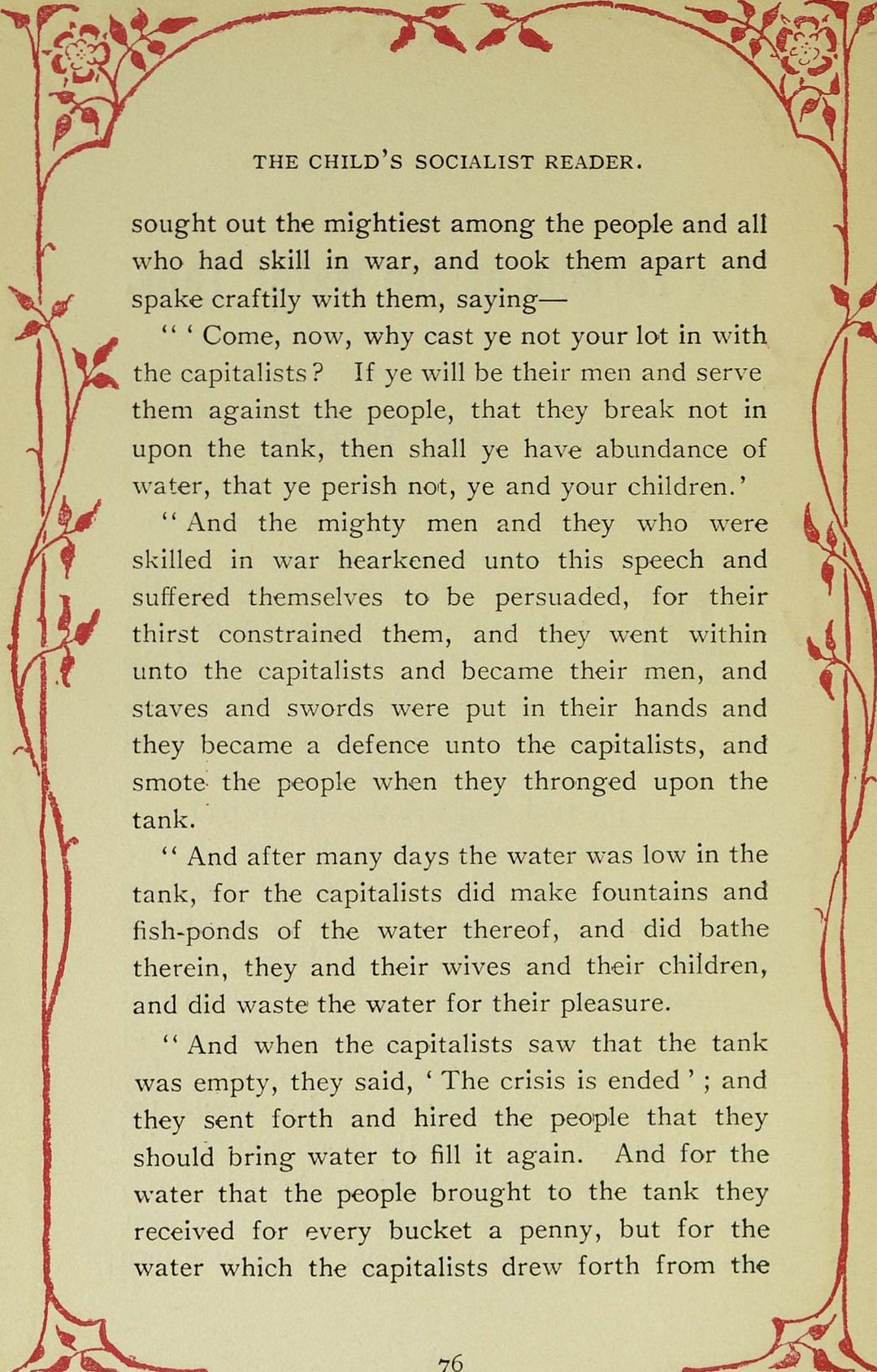


The Parable of the Water Tank.

PART THE SECOND.

“ **N**OW, when the capitalists saw that the people still murmured and would not be still, neither for the words of the soothsayers nor of the false priests, they came forth themselves unto them, and put the ends of their fingers in the water that overflowed in the tank and wet the tips thereof, and they scattered the drops from the tips of their fingers abroad upon the people who thronged the tank, and the name of the drops of water was charity, and they were exceeding bitter.

“ And when the capitalists saw yet again that neither for the words of the soothsayers, nor of the holy men who were false priests, nor yet for the drops that were called charity, would the people be still, but raged the more, and crowded upon the tank as if they would take it by force, then took they counsel together and sent men privily forth among the people. And these men



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

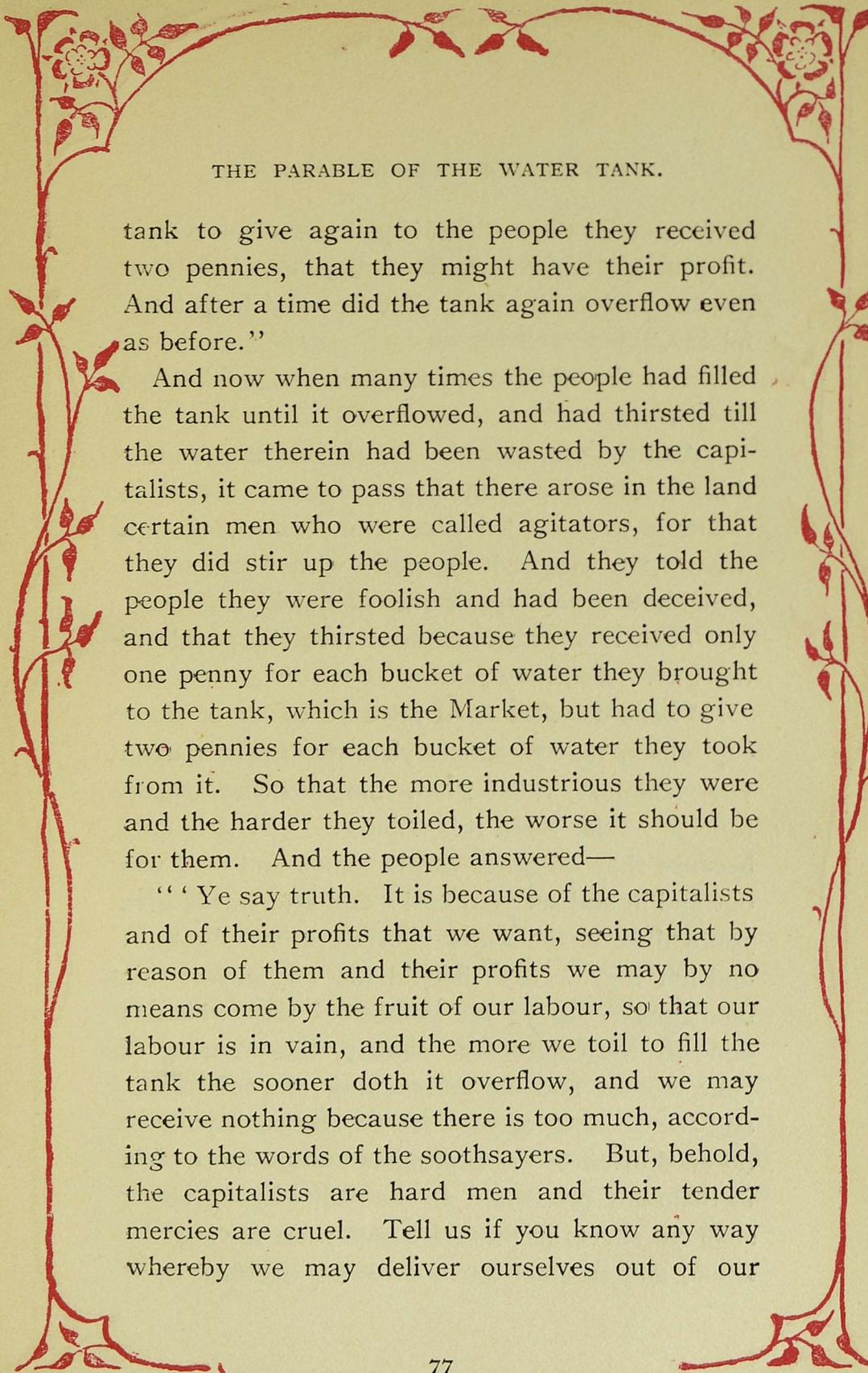
sought out the mightiest among the people and all who had skill in war, and took them apart and spake craftily with them, saying—

“ ‘ Come, now, why cast ye not your lot in with the capitalists? If ye will be their men and serve them against the people, that they break not in upon the tank, then shall ye have abundance of water, that ye perish not, ye and your children.’ ”

“ And the mighty men and they who were skilled in war hearkened unto this speech and suffered themselves to be persuaded, for their thirst constrained them, and they went within unto the capitalists and became their men, and staves and swords were put in their hands and they became a defence unto the capitalists, and smote the people when they thronged upon the tank.

“ And after many days the water was low in the tank, for the capitalists did make fountains and fish-ponds of the water thereof, and did bathe therein, they and their wives and their children, and did waste the water for their pleasure.

“ And when the capitalists saw that the tank was empty, they said, ‘ The crisis is ended ’ ; and they sent forth and hired the people that they should bring water to fill it again. And for the water that the people brought to the tank they received for every bucket a penny, but for the water which the capitalists drew forth from the

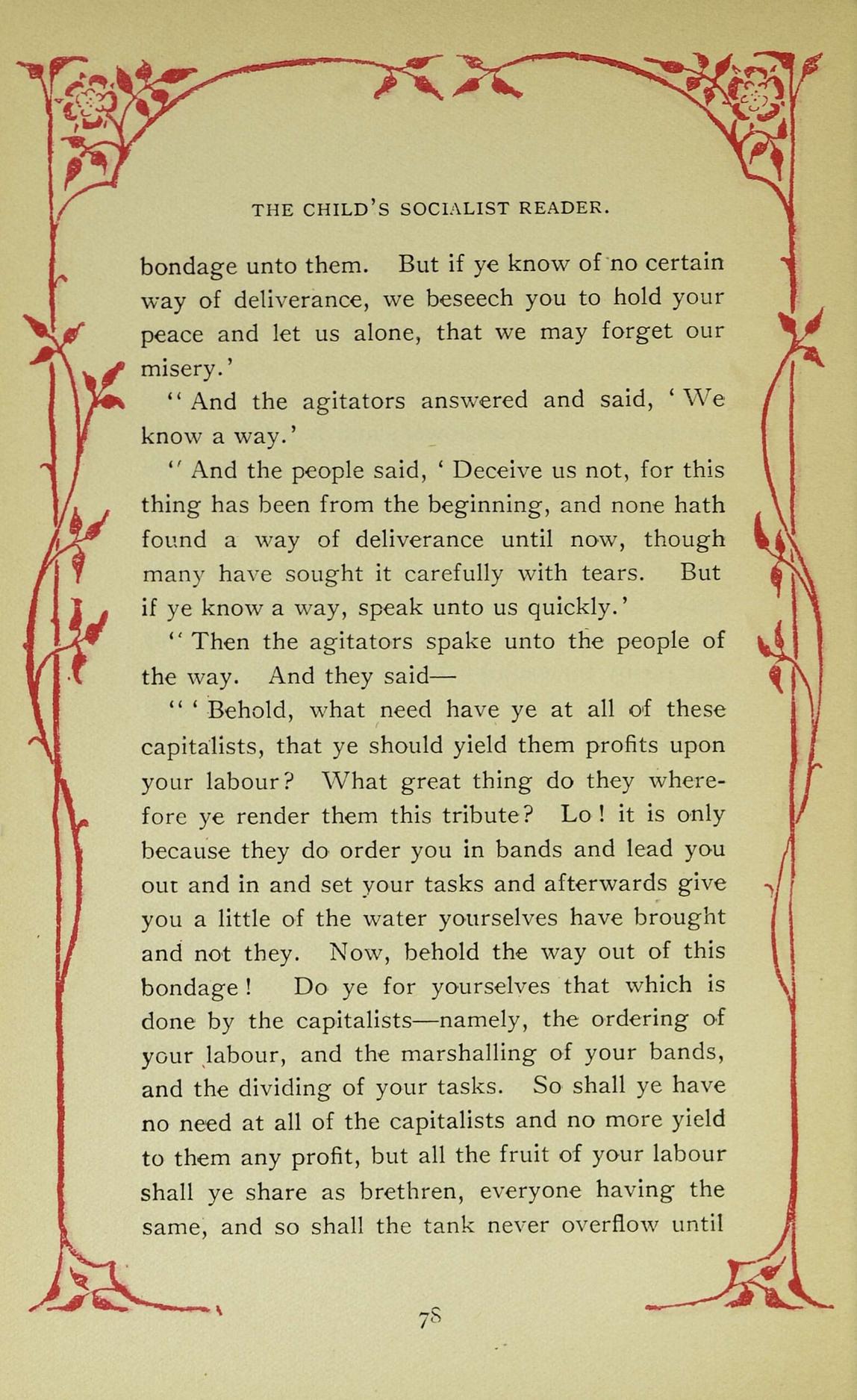


THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

tank to give again to the people they received two pennies, that they might have their profit. And after a time did the tank again overflow even as before.”

And now when many times the people had filled the tank until it overflowed, and had thirsted till the water therein had been wasted by the capitalists, it came to pass that there arose in the land certain men who were called agitators, for that they did stir up the people. And they told the people they were foolish and had been deceived, and that they thirsted because they received only one penny for each bucket of water they brought to the tank, which is the Market, but had to give two pennies for each bucket of water they took from it. So that the more industrious they were and the harder they toiled, the worse it should be for them. And the people answered—

“ ‘Ye say truth. It is because of the capitalists and of their profits that we want, seeing that by reason of them and their profits we may by no means come by the fruit of our labour, so that our labour is in vain, and the more we toil to fill the tank the sooner doth it overflow, and we may receive nothing because there is too much, according to the words of the soothsayers. But, behold, the capitalists are hard men and their tender mercies are cruel. Tell us if you know any way whereby we may deliver ourselves out of our



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

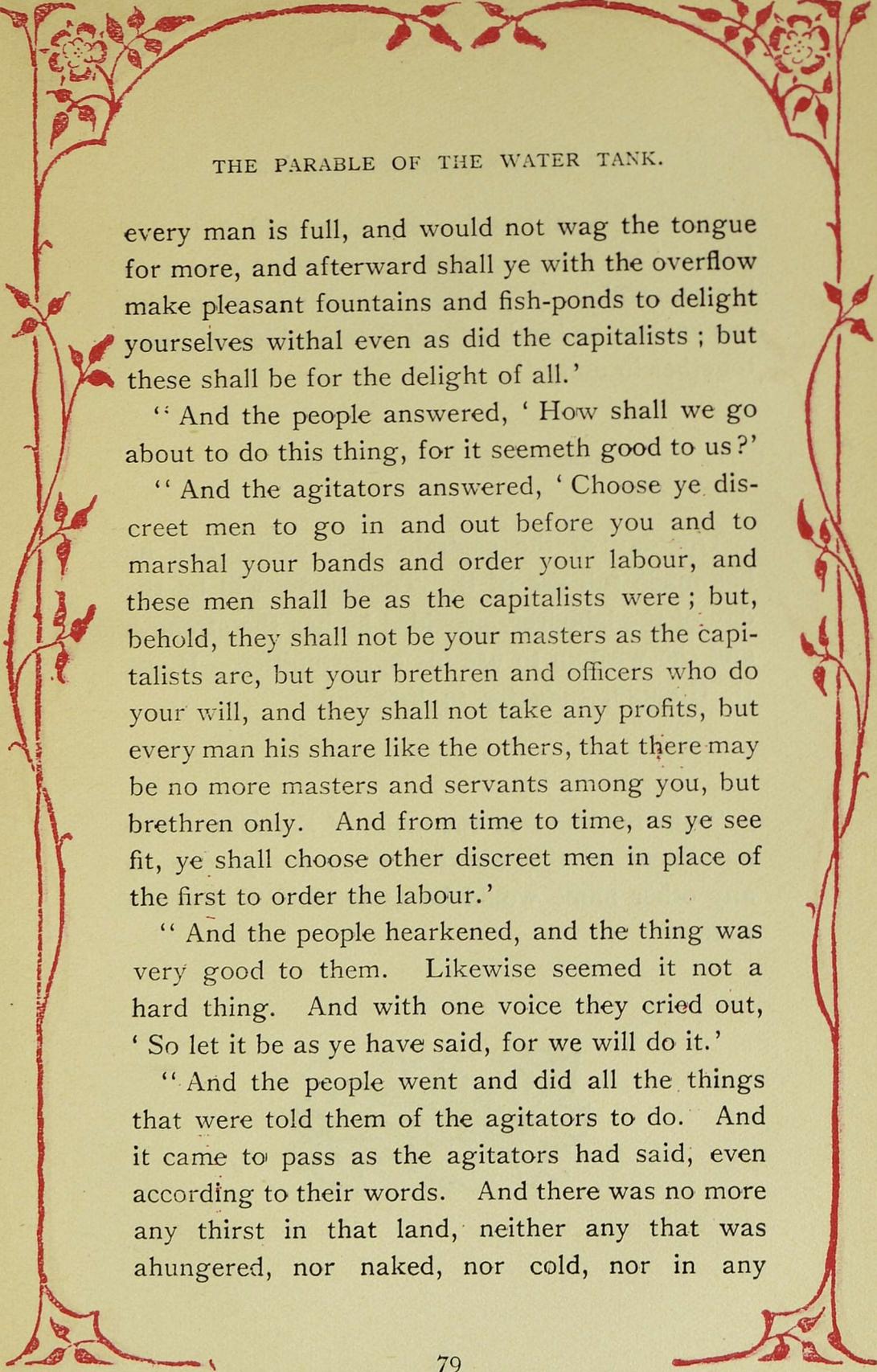
bondage unto them. But if ye know of no certain way of deliverance, we beseech you to hold your peace and let us alone, that we may forget our misery.'

“ And the agitators answered and said, ‘ We know a way.’

“ And the people said, ‘ Deceive us not, for this thing has been from the beginning, and none hath found a way of deliverance until now, though many have sought it carefully with tears. But if ye know a way, speak unto us quickly.’

“ Then the agitators spake unto the people of the way. And they said—

“ ‘ Behold, what need have ye at all of these capitalists, that ye should yield them profits upon your labour? What great thing do they wherefore ye render them this tribute? Lo! it is only because they do order you in bands and lead you out and in and set your tasks and afterwards give you a little of the water yourselves have brought and not they. Now, behold the way out of this bondage! Do ye for yourselves that which is done by the capitalists—namely, the ordering of your labour, and the marshalling of your bands, and the dividing of your tasks. So shall ye have no need at all of the capitalists and no more yield to them any profit, but all the fruit of your labour shall ye share as brethren, everyone having the same, and so shall the tank never overflow until



THE PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

every man is full, and would not wag the tongue for more, and afterward shall ye with the overflow make pleasant fountains and fish-ponds to delight yourselves withal even as did the capitalists ; but these shall be for the delight of all.'

" And the people answered, ' How shall we go about to do this thing, for it seemeth good to us ?'

" And the agitators answered, ' Choose ye discreet men to go in and out before you and to marshal your bands and order your labour, and these men shall be as the capitalists were ; but, behold, they shall not be your masters as the capitalists are, but your brethren and officers who do your will, and they shall not take any profits, but every man his share like the others, that there may be no more masters and servants among you, but brethren only. And from time to time, as ye see fit, ye shall choose other discreet men in place of the first to order the labour.'

" And the people hearkened, and the thing was very good to them. Likewise seemed it not a hard thing. And with one voice they cried out, ' So let it be as ye have said, for we will do it.'

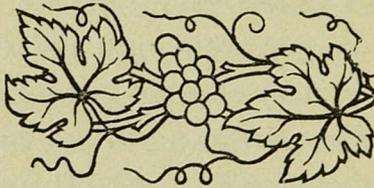
" And the people went and did all the things that were told them of the agitators to do. And it came to pass as the agitators had said, even according to their words. And there was no more any thirst in that land, neither any that was ahungered, nor naked, nor cold, nor in any

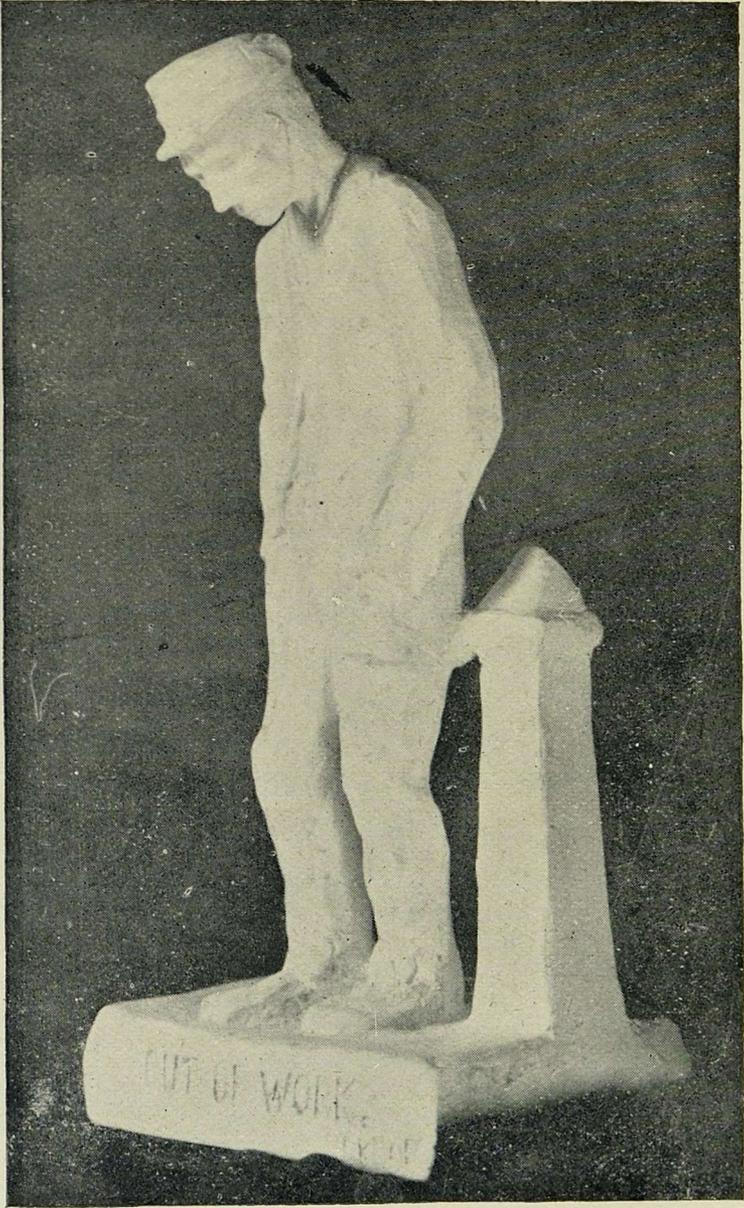
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

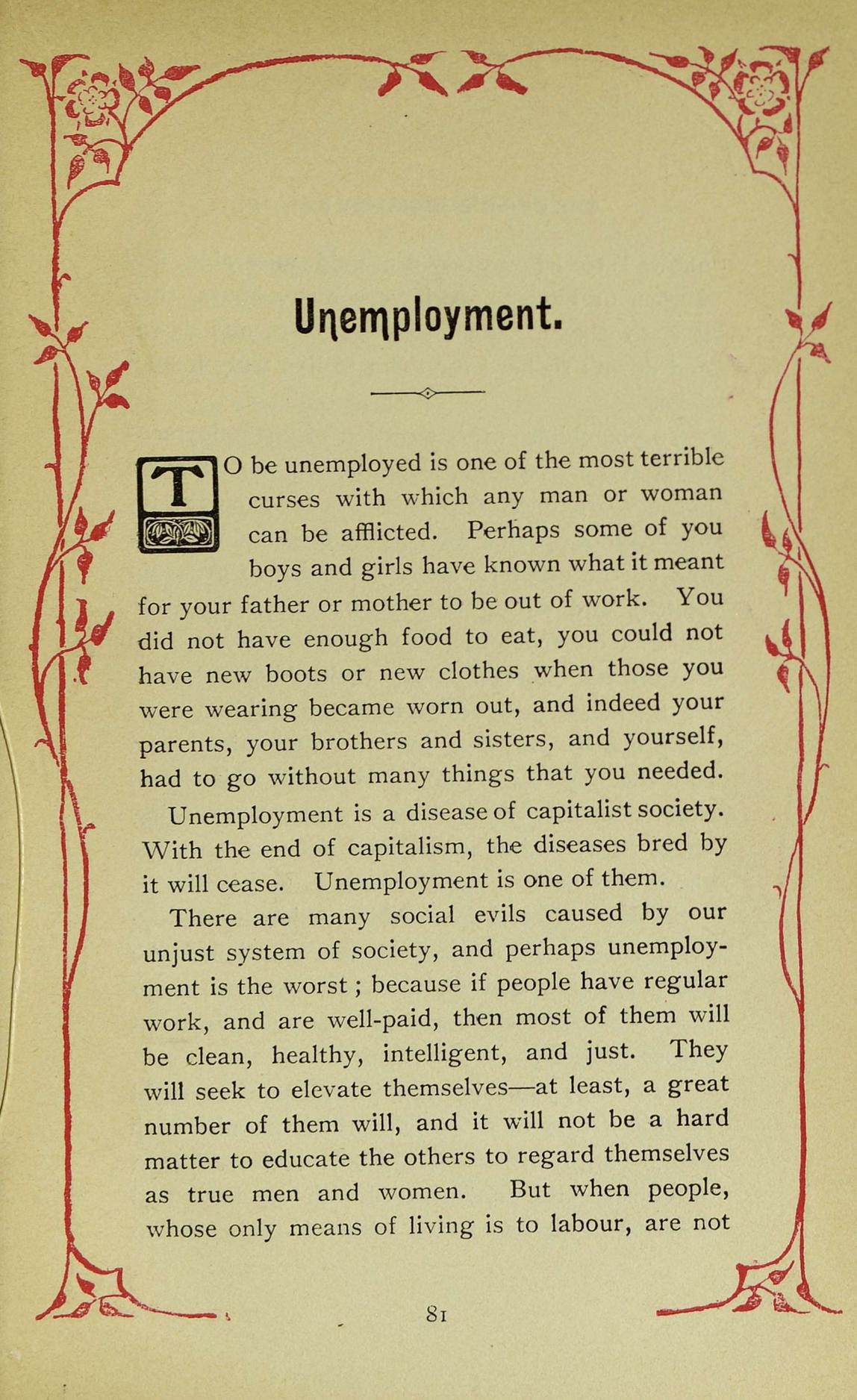
manner of want ; and every man said unto his fellow, ' My brother,' and every woman said unto her companion, ' My sister,' for so were they with one another as brethren and sisters which do dwell together in unity."

THE day of the capitalist has come, and he has made full use of it. To-morrow will be the day of the labourer, provided he has the strength and the wisdom to use his opportunities.—H. DE B. GIBBINS, *Industry in England*.

"LET no man fear the name of Socialist. The movement of the working class for Justice by any other name would be as terrible."—FATHER BARRY.





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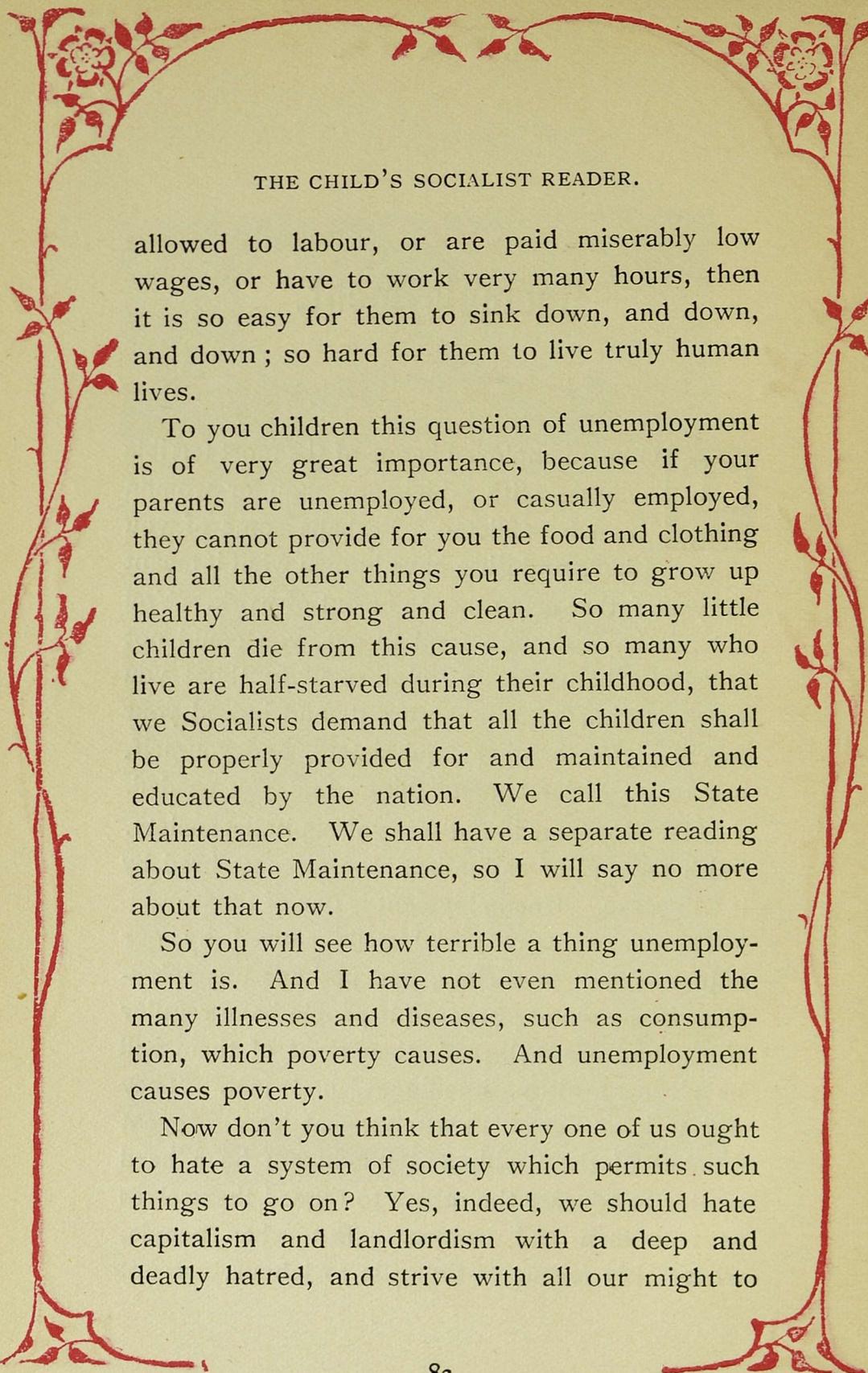
Unemployment.



TO be unemployed is one of the most terrible curses with which any man or woman can be afflicted. Perhaps some of you boys and girls have known what it meant for your father or mother to be out of work. You did not have enough food to eat, you could not have new boots or new clothes when those you were wearing became worn out, and indeed your parents, your brothers and sisters, and yourself, had to go without many things that you needed.

Unemployment is a disease of capitalist society. With the end of capitalism, the diseases bred by it will cease. Unemployment is one of them.

There are many social evils caused by our unjust system of society, and perhaps unemployment is the worst; because if people have regular work, and are well-paid, then most of them will be clean, healthy, intelligent, and just. They will seek to elevate themselves—at least, a great number of them will, and it will not be a hard matter to educate the others to regard themselves as true men and women. But when people, whose only means of living is to labour, are not



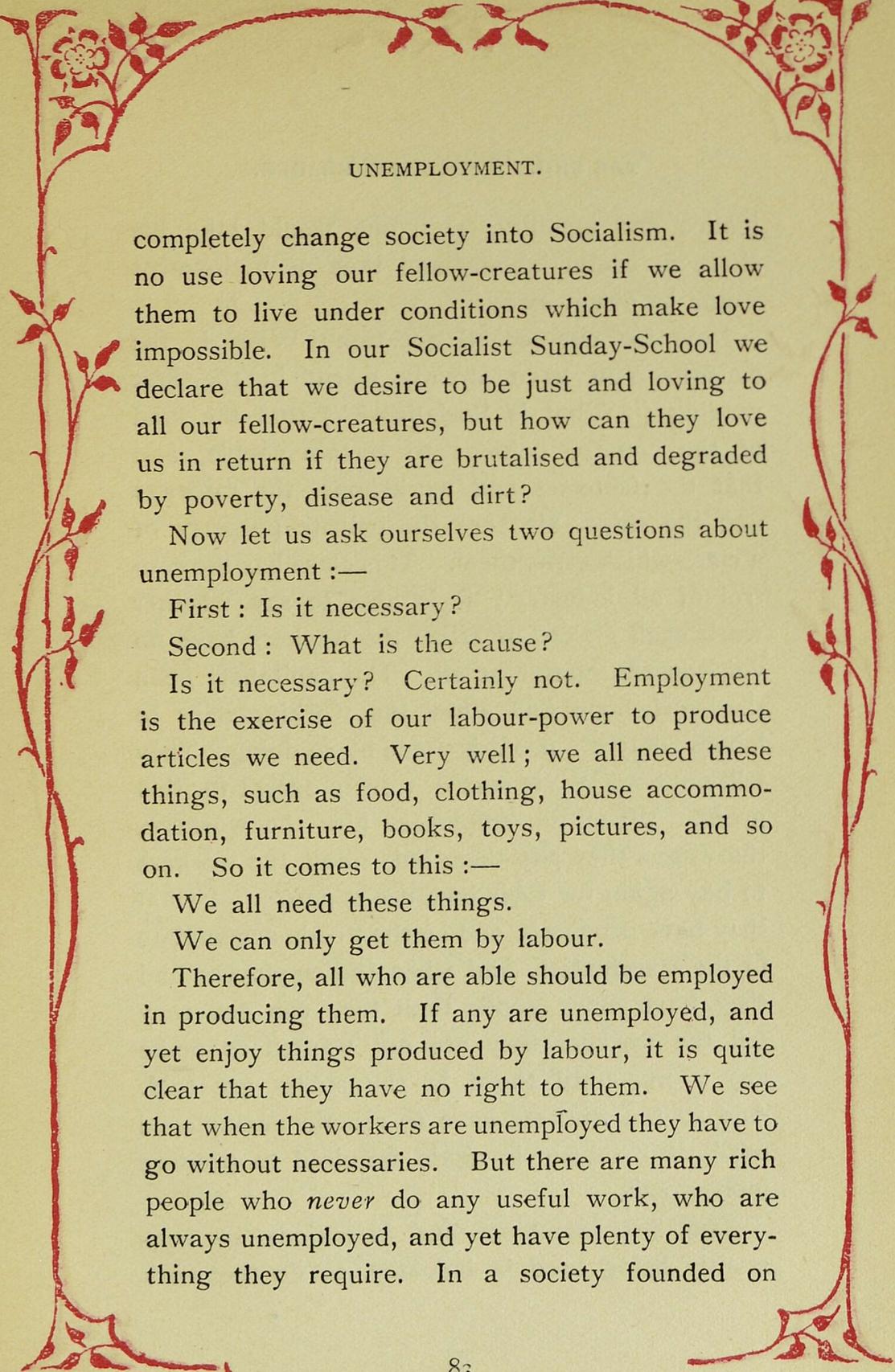
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

allowed to labour, or are paid miserably low wages, or have to work very many hours, then it is so easy for them to sink down, and down, and down; so hard for them to live truly human lives.

To you children this question of unemployment is of very great importance, because if your parents are unemployed, or casually employed, they cannot provide for you the food and clothing and all the other things you require to grow up healthy and strong and clean. So many little children die from this cause, and so many who live are half-starved during their childhood, that we Socialists demand that all the children shall be properly provided for and maintained and educated by the nation. We call this State Maintenance. We shall have a separate reading about State Maintenance, so I will say no more about that now.

So you will see how terrible a thing unemployment is. And I have not even mentioned the many illnesses and diseases, such as consumption, which poverty causes. And unemployment causes poverty.

Now don't you think that every one of us ought to hate a system of society which permits such things to go on? Yes, indeed, we should hate capitalism and landlordism with a deep and deadly hatred, and strive with all our might to



UNEMPLOYMENT.

completely change society into Socialism. It is no use loving our fellow-creatures if we allow them to live under conditions which make love impossible. In our Socialist Sunday-School we declare that we desire to be just and loving to all our fellow-creatures, but how can they love us in return if they are brutalised and degraded by poverty, disease and dirt?

Now let us ask ourselves two questions about unemployment:—

First: Is it necessary?

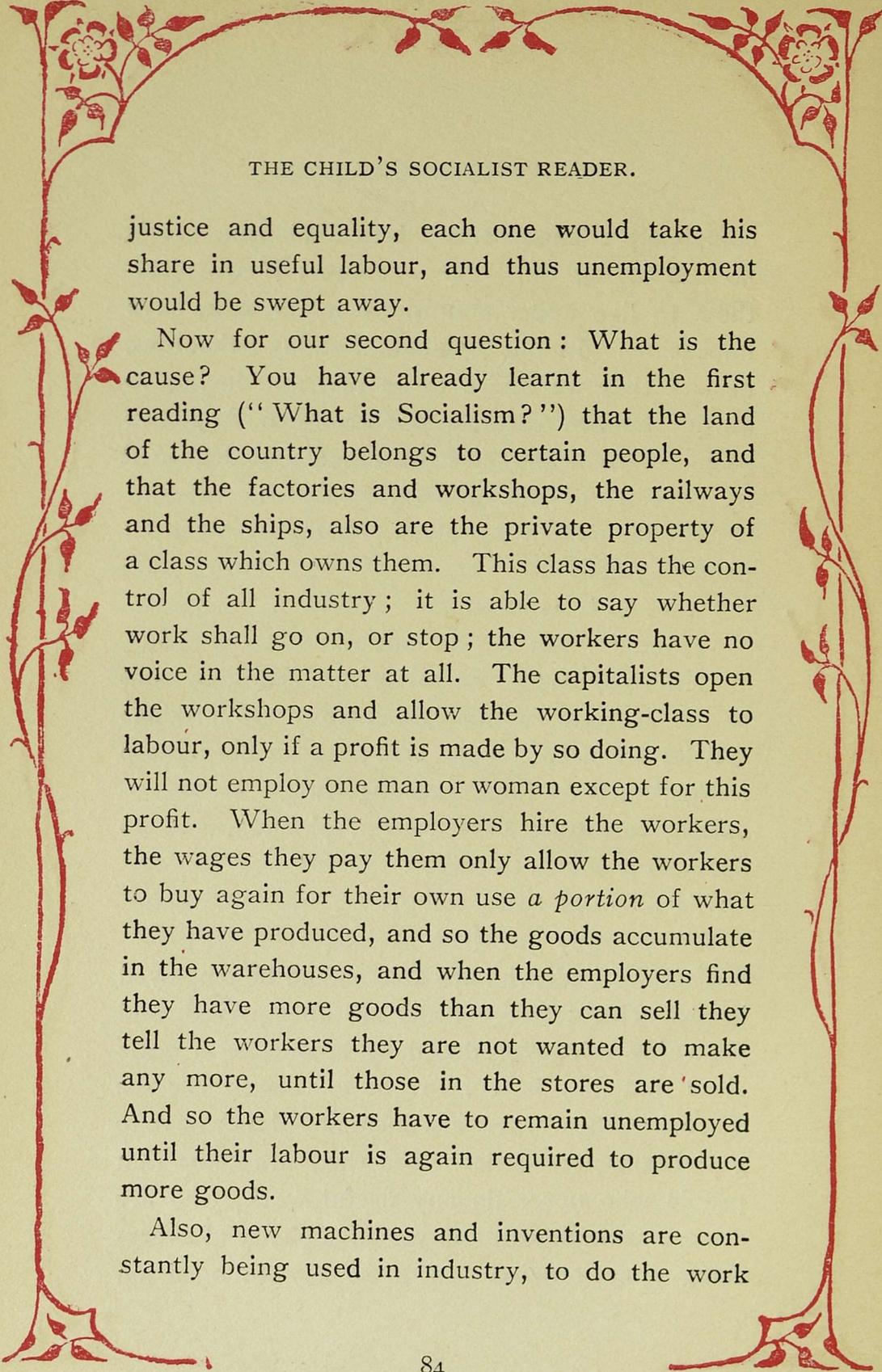
Second: What is the cause?

Is it necessary? Certainly not. Employment is the exercise of our labour-power to produce articles we need. Very well; we all need these things, such as food, clothing, house accommodation, furniture, books, toys, pictures, and so on. So it comes to this:—

We all need these things.

We can only get them by labour.

Therefore, all who are able should be employed in producing them. If any are unemployed, and yet enjoy things produced by labour, it is quite clear that they have no right to them. We see that when the workers are unemployed they have to go without necessaries. But there are many rich people who *never* do any useful work, who are always unemployed, and yet have plenty of everything they require. In a society founded on

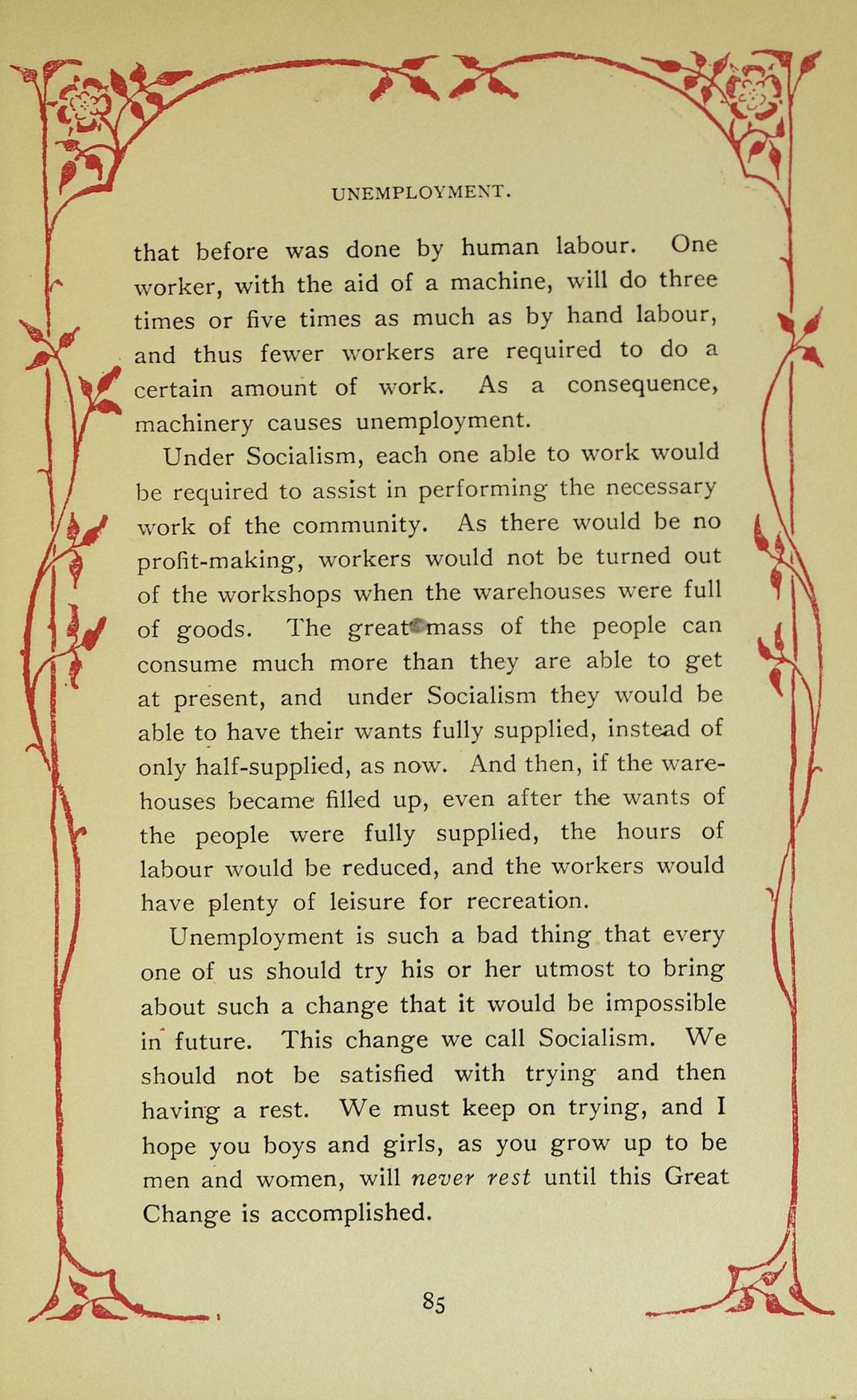


THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

justice and equality, each one would take his share in useful labour, and thus unemployment would be swept away.

Now for our second question: What is the cause? You have already learnt in the first reading ("What is Socialism?") that the land of the country belongs to certain people, and that the factories and workshops, the railways and the ships, also are the private property of a class which owns them. This class has the control of all industry; it is able to say whether work shall go on, or stop; the workers have no voice in the matter at all. The capitalists open the workshops and allow the working-class to labour, only if a profit is made by so doing. They will not employ one man or woman except for this profit. When the employers hire the workers, the wages they pay them only allow the workers to buy again for their own use *a portion* of what they have produced, and so the goods accumulate in the warehouses, and when the employers find they have more goods than they can sell they tell the workers they are not wanted to make any more, until those in the stores are sold. And so the workers have to remain unemployed until their labour is again required to produce more goods.

Also, new machines and inventions are constantly being used in industry, to do the work



UNEMPLOYMENT.

that before was done by human labour. One worker, with the aid of a machine, will do three times or five times as much as by hand labour, and thus fewer workers are required to do a certain amount of work. As a consequence, machinery causes unemployment.

Under Socialism, each one able to work would be required to assist in performing the necessary work of the community. As there would be no profit-making, workers would not be turned out of the workshops when the warehouses were full of goods. The great mass of the people can consume much more than they are able to get at present, and under Socialism they would be able to have their wants fully supplied, instead of only half-supplied, as now. And then, if the warehouses became filled up, even after the wants of the people were fully supplied, the hours of labour would be reduced, and the workers would have plenty of leisure for recreation.

Unemployment is such a bad thing that every one of us should try his or her utmost to bring about such a change that it would be impossible in future. This change we call Socialism. We should not be satisfied with trying and then having a rest. We must keep on trying, and I hope you boys and girls, as you grow up to be men and women, will *never rest* until this Great Change is accomplished.

A Call to England's Youth.

Tune—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

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

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

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

Rouse ye, etc.

A CALL TO ENGLAND'S YOUTH.

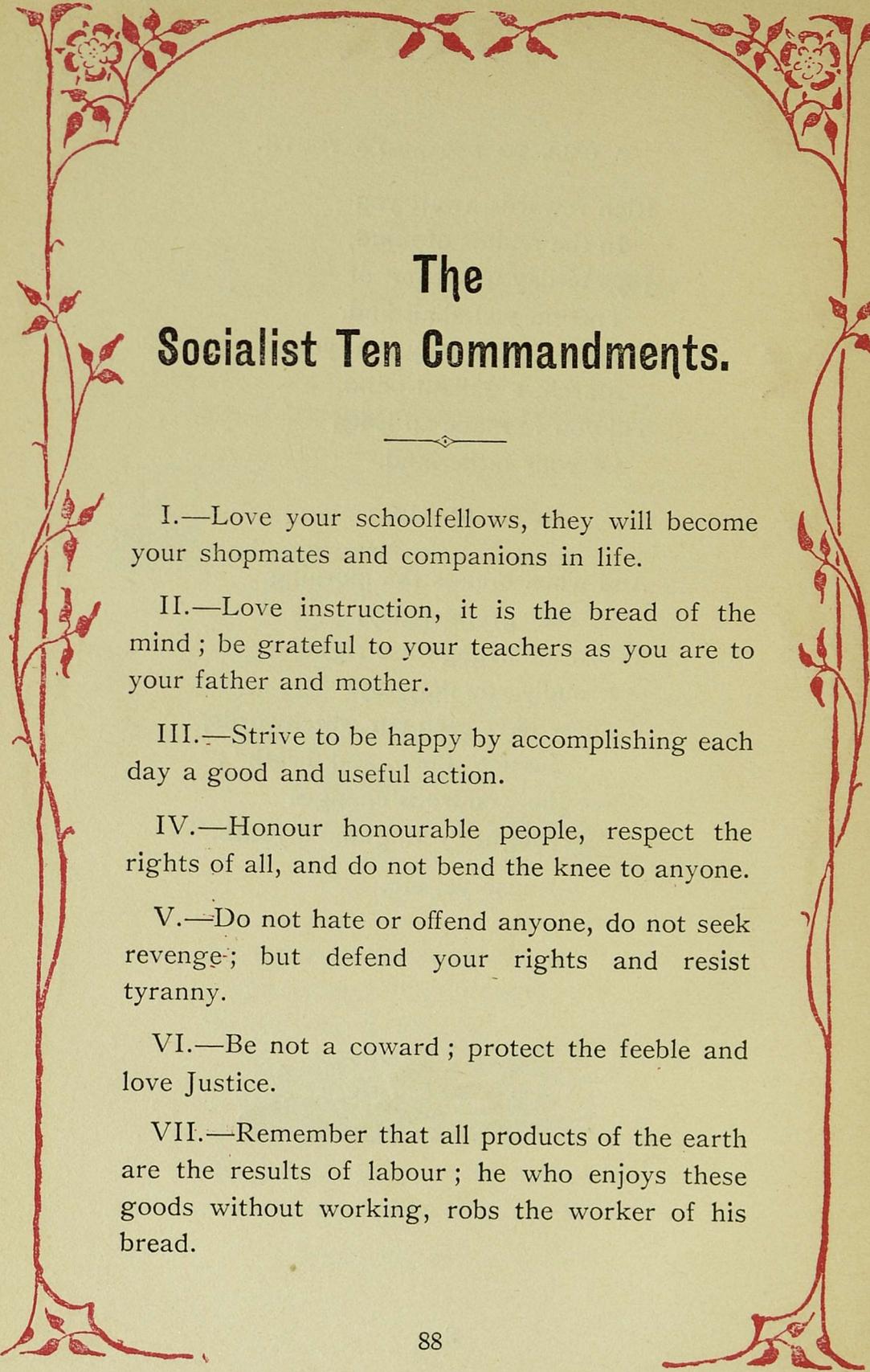
Rich rewards await you
In the realms of mind,
Joys to-day undreamt of
Therein you shall find.
Whither Truth may lead you,
March, a gallant band,
Till you've made an Eden
Of your fatherland.

Rouse ye, etc.

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

Rouse ye, etc.





The Socialist Ten Commandments.

I.—Love your schoolfellows, they will become your shopmates and companions in life.

II.—Love instruction, it is the bread of the mind ; be grateful to your teachers as you are to your father and mother.

III.—Strive to be happy by accomplishing each day a good and useful action.

IV.—Honour honourable people, respect the rights of all, and do not bend the knee to anyone.

V.—Do not hate or offend anyone, do not seek revenge ; but defend your rights and resist tyranny.

VI.—Be not a coward ; protect the feeble and love Justice.

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

THE SOCIALIST TEN COMMANDMENTS.

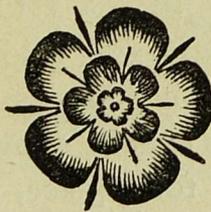
VIII.—Observe and reflect, so as to know the truth. Do not believe that which is contrary to reason : do not deceive yourself or others.

IX.—Do not believe that he who despises other nations and desires to wage war against them is a good patriot. War is a remnant of barbarism. Fight only in defence of your own country.

X.—Help to bring about the day when all men and all peoples shall live fraternally together in peace and prosperity.

DECLARATION.

We desire to be just and loving to all our fellow men and women, to work together as brothers and sisters, to be kind to every living creature, and so help to form a New Society, with Justice as its foundation and Love its law.



Readings in English History.

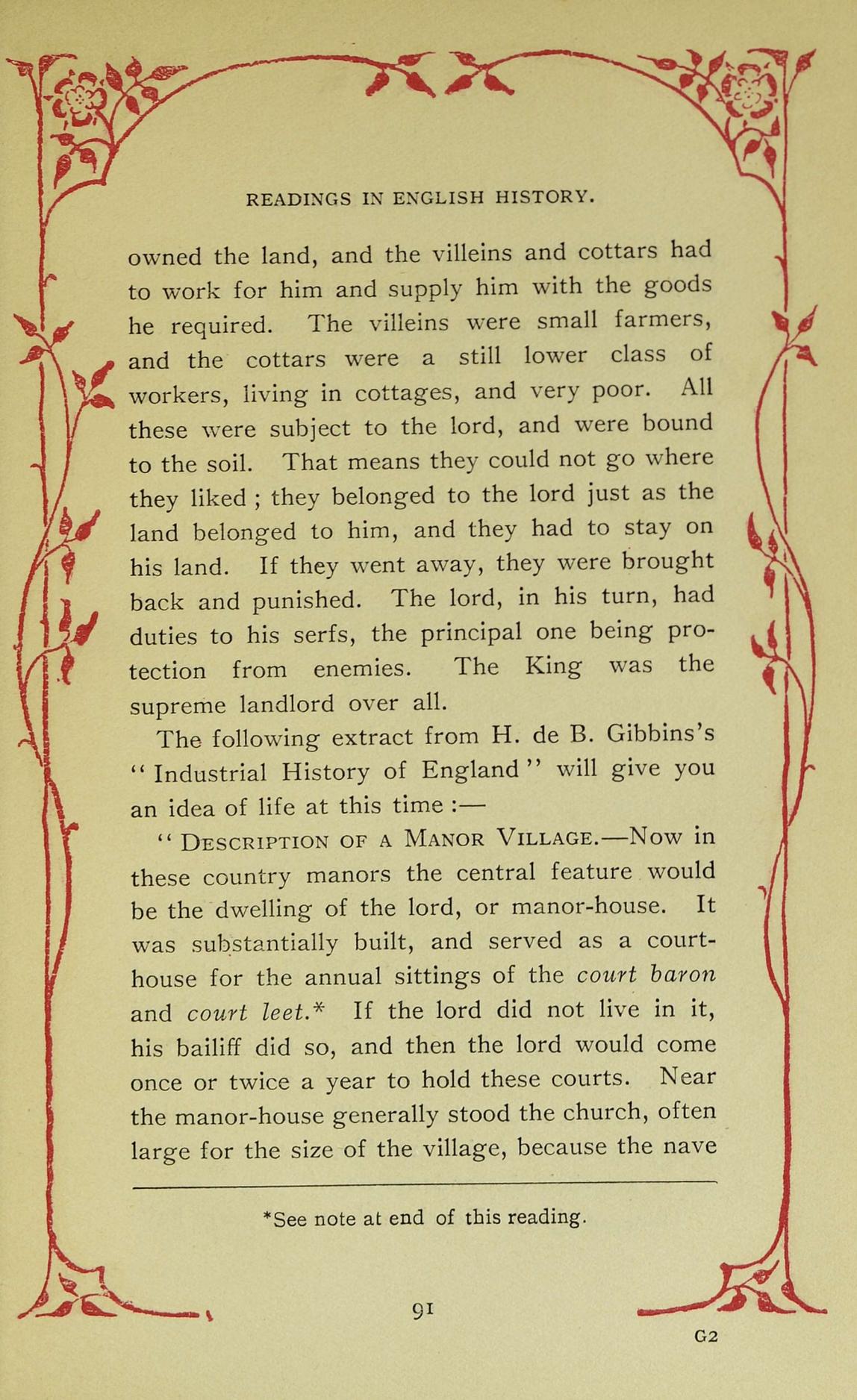
I.—EARLY DAYS IN ENGLAND.

THE history of a nation is the history of its people.

You boys and girls nowadays are more fortunate than we grown-ups, because you can learn whilst you are young about the real history of the English people—their life and labour; but when we were boys and girls the history books were principally about the kings and queens, and the battles that were fought.

All that is altered, and there are many histories now that tell us how the people lived and laboured, tell us of their joys and sorrows, their struggles, victories, and defeats.

The further we go back into history the less we are able to learn. The very early days are hidden in darkness, but we know that most of the people worked on the land or in connection with agriculture. In the very early days there is no doubt the land was held in common—that is, it belonged to nobody as their private property, but all were equally allowed to use it. But later on changes took place, and the manorial system grew up. “The lord of the manor”

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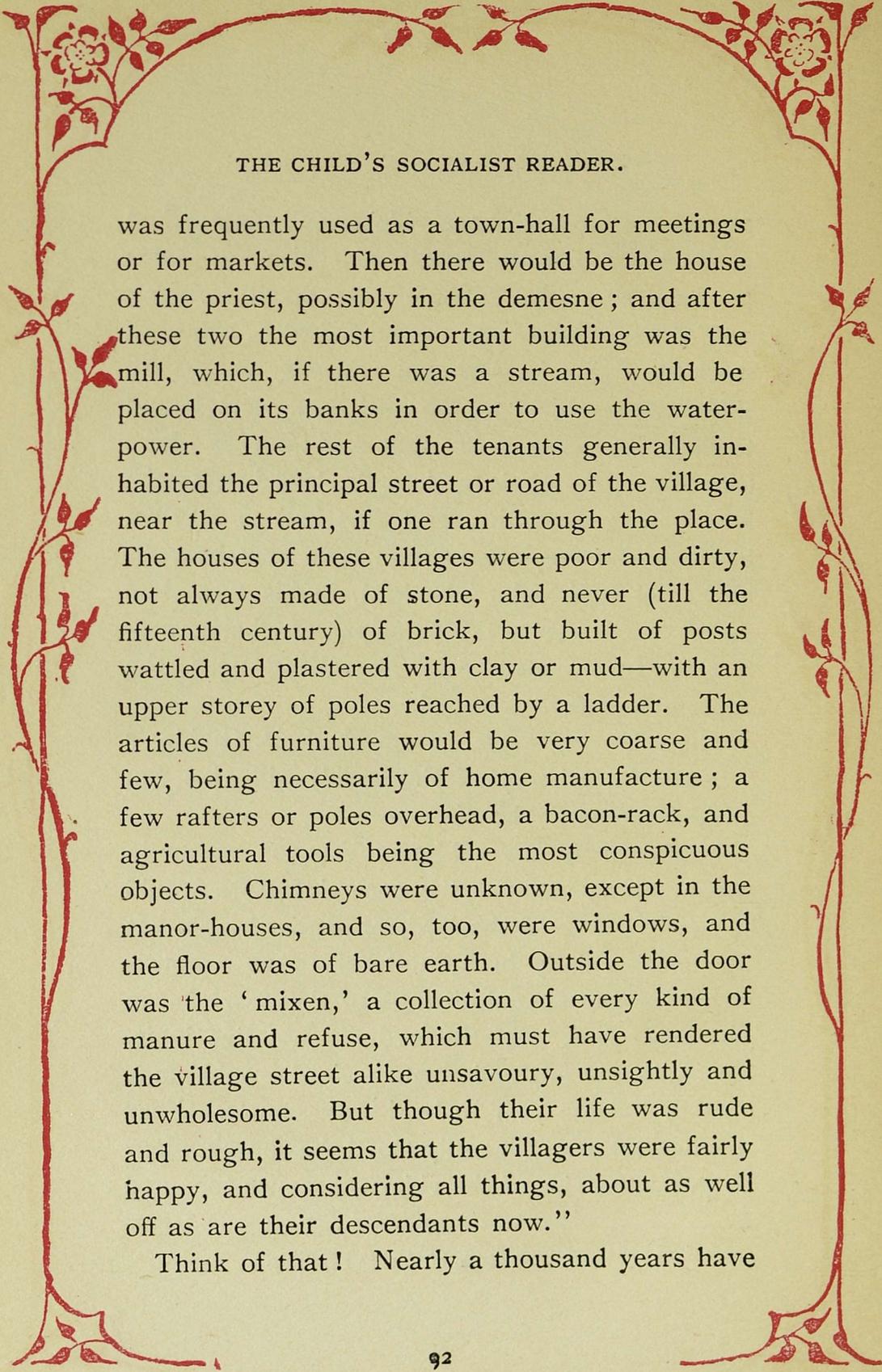
READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

owned the land, and the villeins and cottars had to work for him and supply him with the goods he required. The villeins were small farmers, and the cottars were a still lower class of workers, living in cottages, and very poor. All these were subject to the lord, and were bound to the soil. That means they could not go where they liked; they belonged to the lord just as the land belonged to him, and they had to stay on his land. If they went away, they were brought back and punished. The lord, in his turn, had duties to his serfs, the principal one being protection from enemies. The King was the supreme landlord over all.

The following extract from H. de B. Gibbins's "Industrial History of England" will give you an idea of life at this time:—

"DESCRIPTION OF A MANOR VILLAGE.—Now in these country manors the central feature would be the dwelling of the lord, or manor-house. It was substantially built, and served as a court-house for the annual sittings of the *court baron* and *court leet*.* If the lord did not live in it, his bailiff did so, and then the lord would come once or twice a year to hold these courts. Near the manor-house generally stood the church, often large for the size of the village, because the nave

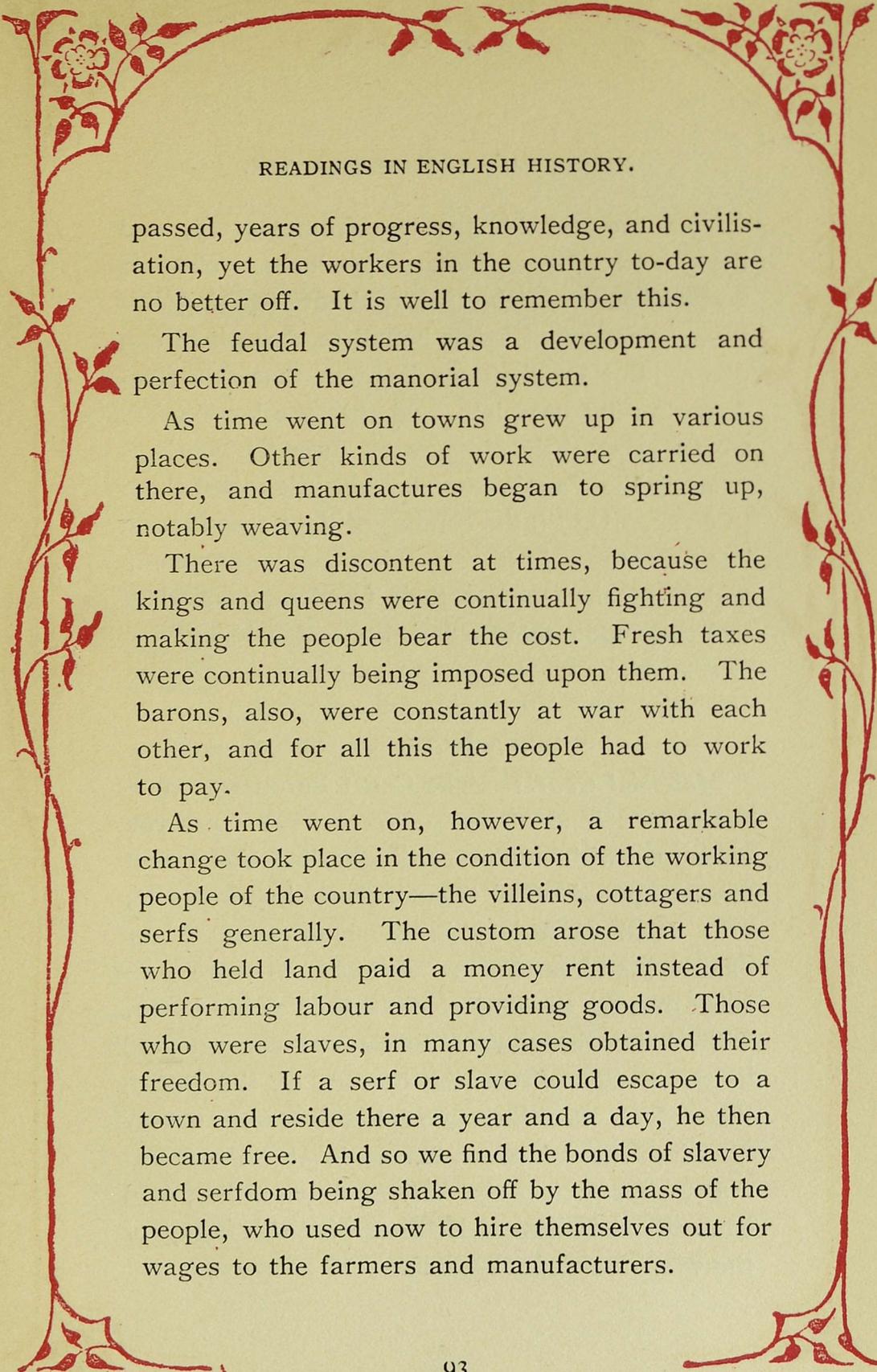
*See note at end of this reading.



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

was frequently used as a town-hall for meetings or for markets. Then there would be the house of the priest, possibly in the demesne; and after these two the most important building was the mill, which, if there was a stream, would be placed on its banks in order to use the water-power. The rest of the tenants generally inhabited the principal street or road of the village, near the stream, if one ran through the place. The houses of these villages were poor and dirty, not always made of stone, and never (till the fifteenth century) of brick, but built of posts wattled and plastered with clay or mud—with an upper storey of poles reached by a ladder. The articles of furniture would be very coarse and few, being necessarily of home manufacture; a few rafters or poles overhead, a bacon-rack, and agricultural tools being the most conspicuous objects. Chimneys were unknown, except in the manor-houses, and so, too, were windows, and the floor was of bare earth. Outside the door was the 'mixen,' a collection of every kind of manure and refuse, which must have rendered the village street alike unsavoury, unsightly and unwholesome. But though their life was rude and rough, it seems that the villagers were fairly happy, and considering all things, about as well off as are their descendants now."

Think of that! Nearly a thousand years have



READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

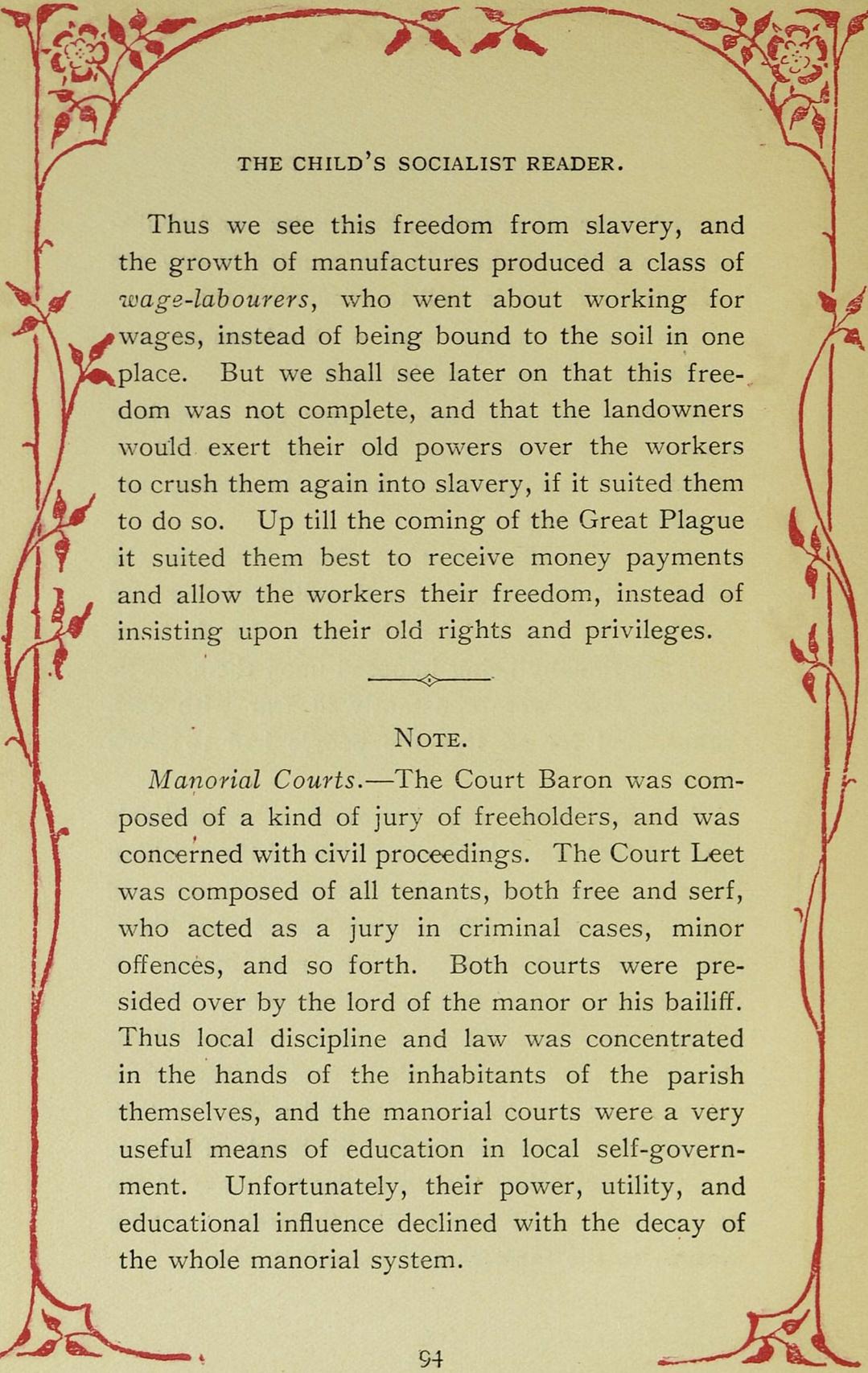
passed, years of progress, knowledge, and civilisation, yet the workers in the country to-day are no better off. It is well to remember this.

The feudal system was a development and perfection of the manorial system.

As time went on towns grew up in various places. Other kinds of work were carried on there, and manufactures began to spring up, notably weaving.

There was discontent at times, because the kings and queens were continually fighting and making the people bear the cost. Fresh taxes were continually being imposed upon them. The barons, also, were constantly at war with each other, and for all this the people had to work to pay.

As time went on, however, a remarkable change took place in the condition of the working people of the country—the villeins, cottagers and serfs generally. The custom arose that those who held land paid a money rent instead of performing labour and providing goods. Those who were slaves, in many cases obtained their freedom. If a serf or slave could escape to a town and reside there a year and a day, he then became free. And so we find the bonds of slavery and serfdom being shaken off by the mass of the people, who used now to hire themselves out for wages to the farmers and manufacturers.

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THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

Thus we see this freedom from slavery, and the growth of manufactures produced a class of *wage-labourers*, who went about working for wages, instead of being bound to the soil in one place. But we shall see later on that this freedom was not complete, and that the landowners would exert their old powers over the workers to crush them again into slavery, if it suited them to do so. Up till the coming of the Great Plague it suited them best to receive money payments and allow the workers their freedom, instead of insisting upon their old rights and privileges.

NOTE.

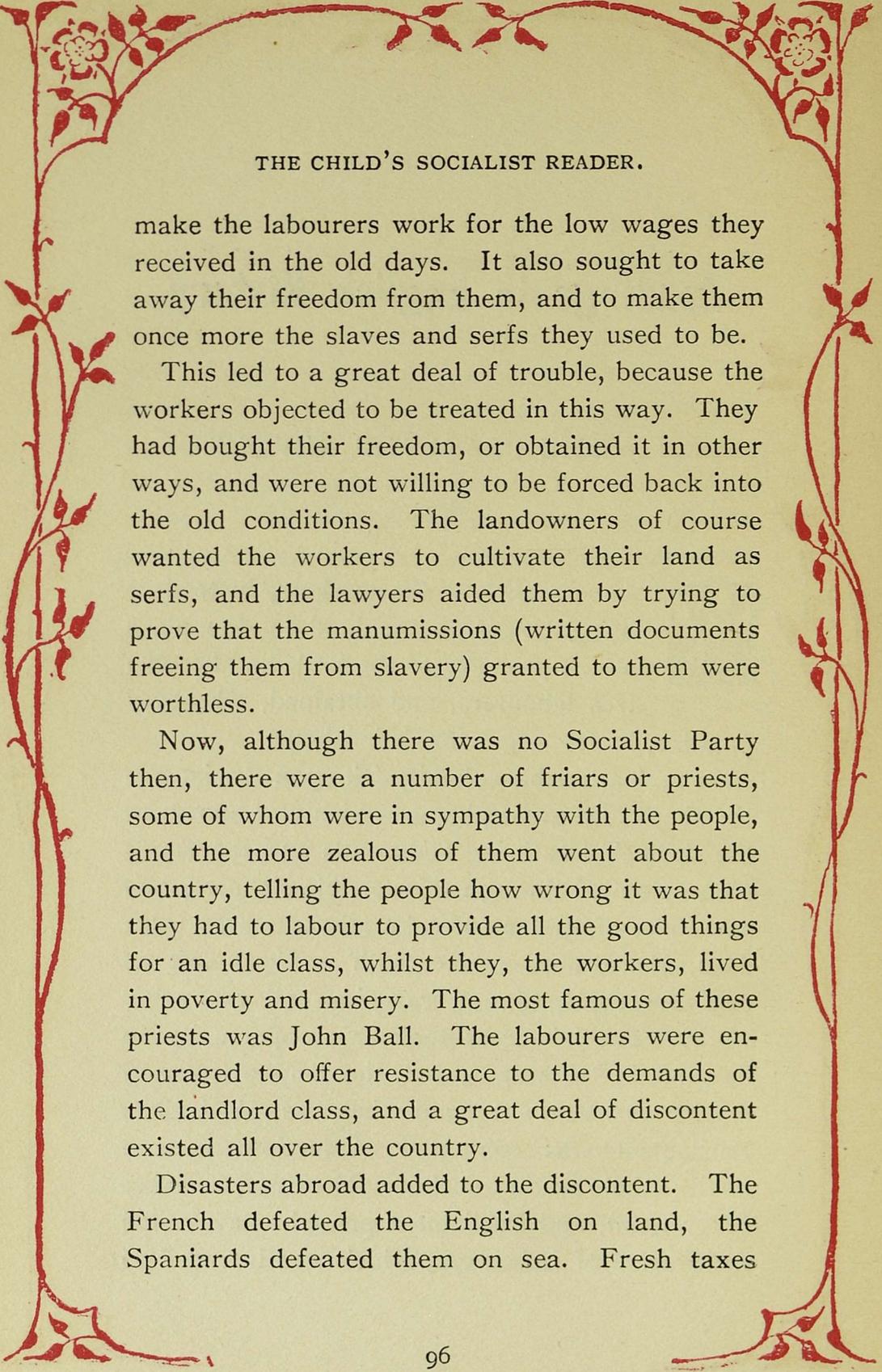
Manorial Courts.—The Court Baron was composed of a kind of jury of freeholders, and was concerned with civil proceedings. The Court Leet was composed of all tenants, both free and serf, who acted as a jury in criminal cases, minor offences, and so forth. Both courts were presided over by the lord of the manor or his bailiff. Thus local discipline and law was concentrated in the hands of the inhabitants of the parish themselves, and the manorial courts were a very useful means of education in local self-government. Unfortunately, their power, utility, and educational influence declined with the decay of the whole manorial system.

Readings in English History.

II.—THE PEASANTS' REVOLT.

WE have seen how the workers, instead of being bound to the land in one place as the property of the lord, had become free labourers, and obtained, whenever possible, better wages for their labour.

In 1348 a terrible calamity fell upon England in the shape of a great plague, which was known as the "Black Death." Thousands and thousands of people died through this terrible sickness, and one effect of it was to make labour scarce. Indeed, there were not enough workers left to cultivate the land and carry on all the other work. The labourers took this opportunity to demand better wages, but the landowners and employers would not grant what was asked. The Parliament was composed of landowners and nobles (there was no Labour Party nor Socialist Party then), and Parliament passed a law called the Statute of Labourers, which was intended to



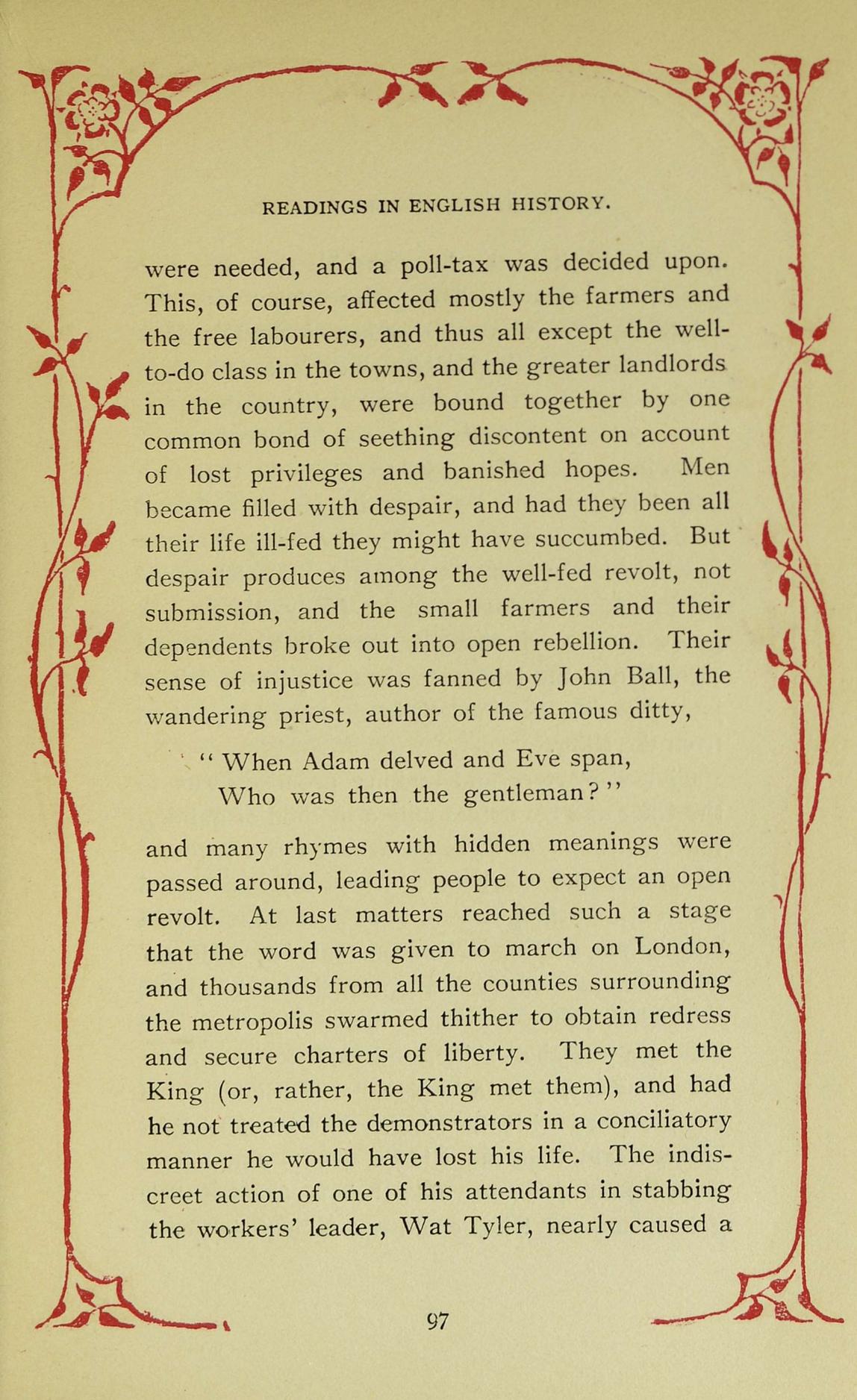
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

make the labourers work for the low wages they received in the old days. It also sought to take away their freedom from them, and to make them once more the slaves and serfs they used to be.

This led to a great deal of trouble, because the workers objected to be treated in this way. They had bought their freedom, or obtained it in other ways, and were not willing to be forced back into the old conditions. The landowners of course wanted the workers to cultivate their land as serfs, and the lawyers aided them by trying to prove that the manumissions (written documents freeing them from slavery) granted to them were worthless.

Now, although there was no Socialist Party then, there were a number of friars or priests, some of whom were in sympathy with the people, and the more zealous of them went about the country, telling the people how wrong it was that they had to labour to provide all the good things for an idle class, whilst they, the workers, lived in poverty and misery. The most famous of these priests was John Ball. The labourers were encouraged to offer resistance to the demands of the landlord class, and a great deal of discontent existed all over the country.

Disasters abroad added to the discontent. The French defeated the English on land, the Spaniards defeated them on sea. Fresh taxes

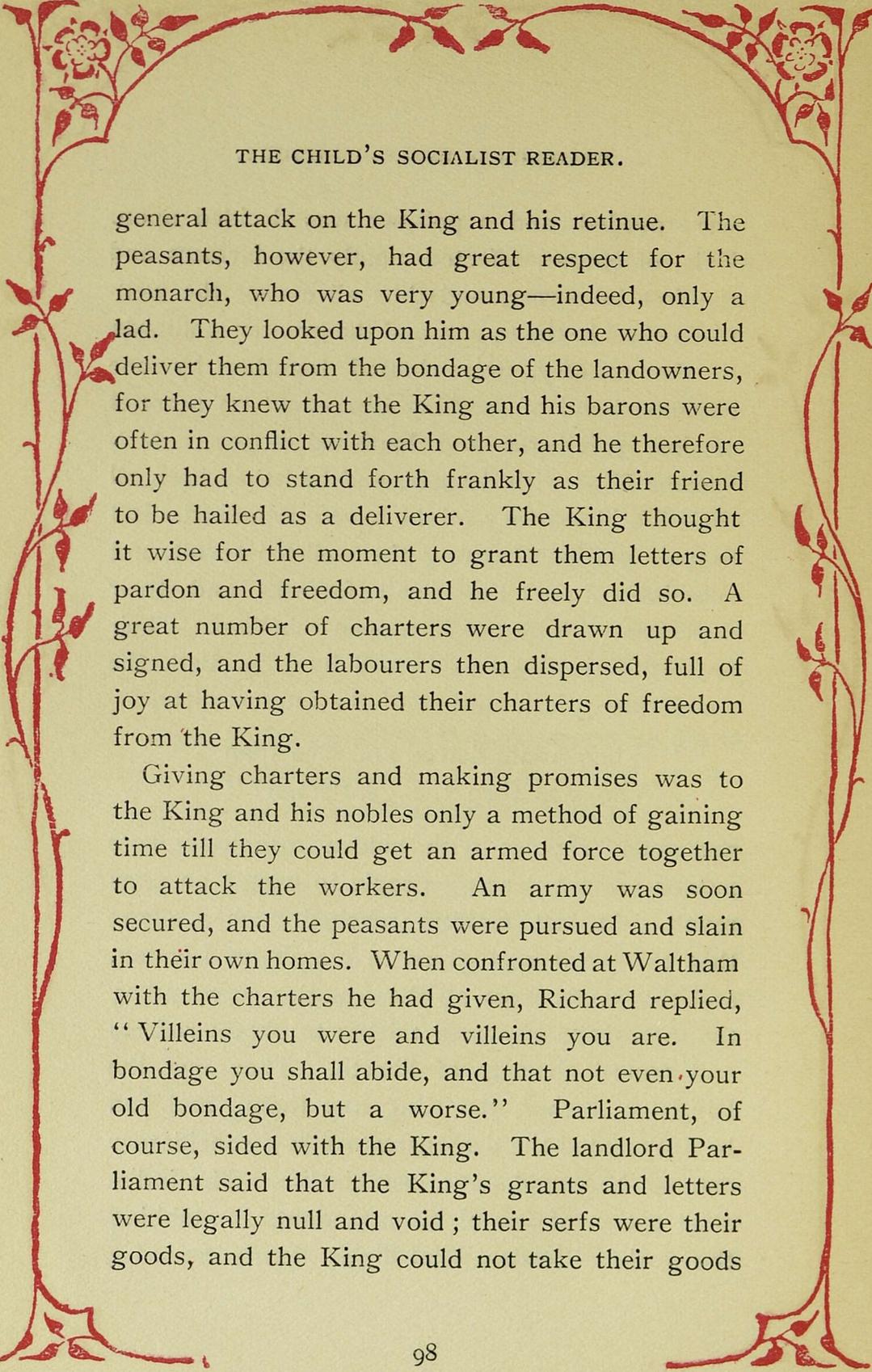
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READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

were needed, and a poll-tax was decided upon. This, of course, affected mostly the farmers and the free labourers, and thus all except the well-to-do class in the towns, and the greater landlords in the country, were bound together by one common bond of seething discontent on account of lost privileges and banished hopes. Men became filled with despair, and had they been all their life ill-fed they might have succumbed. But despair produces among the well-fed revolt, not submission, and the small farmers and their dependents broke out into open rebellion. Their sense of injustice was fanned by John Ball, the wandering priest, author of the famous ditty,

“ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman? ”

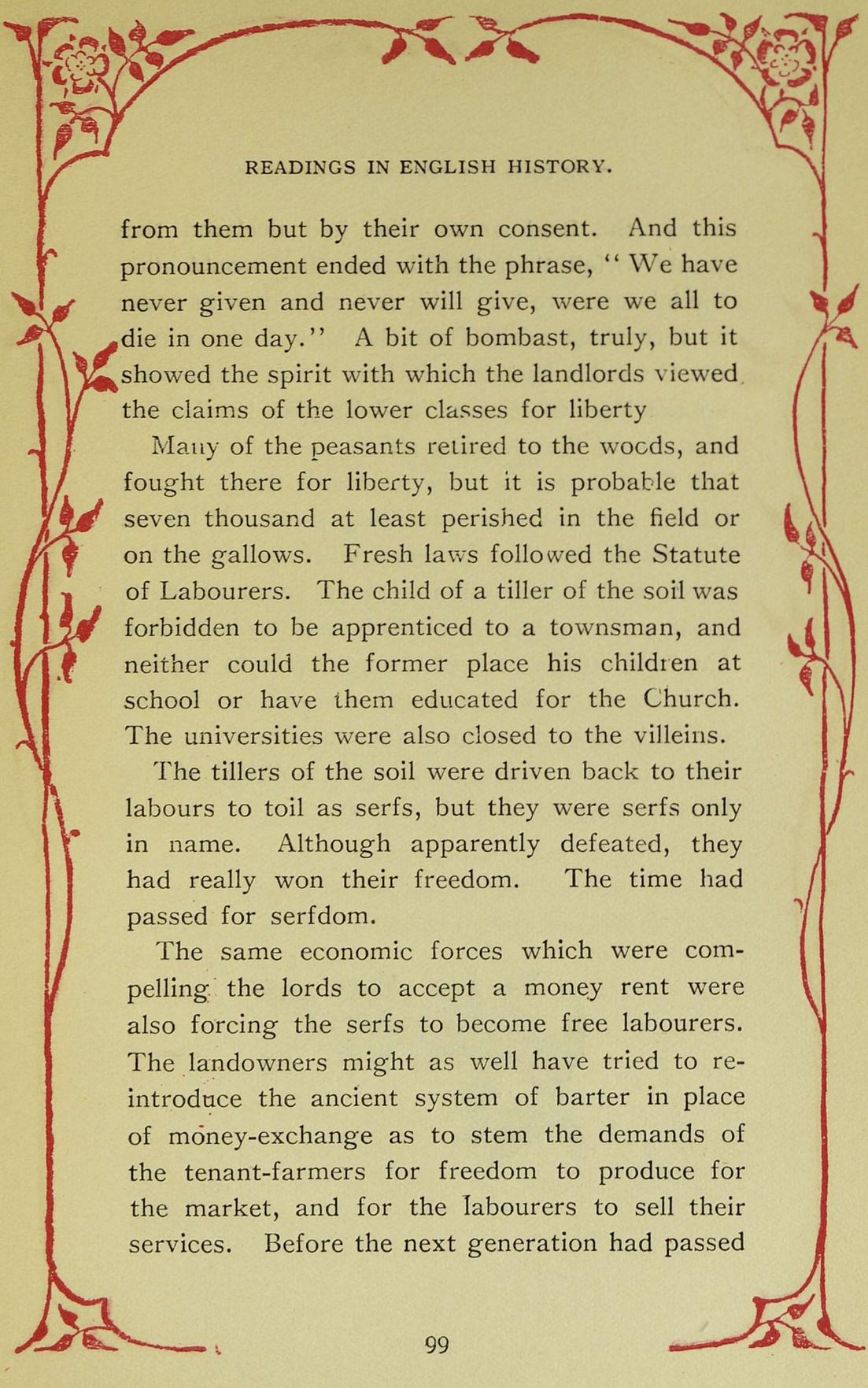
and many rhymes with hidden meanings were passed around, leading people to expect an open revolt. At last matters reached such a stage that the word was given to march on London, and thousands from all the counties surrounding the metropolis swarmed thither to obtain redress and secure charters of liberty. They met the King (or, rather, the King met them), and had he not treated the demonstrators in a conciliatory manner he would have lost his life. The indiscreet action of one of his attendants in stabbing the workers' leader, Wat Tyler, nearly caused a



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

general attack on the King and his retinue. The peasants, however, had great respect for the monarch, who was very young—indeed, only a lad. They looked upon him as the one who could deliver them from the bondage of the landowners, for they knew that the King and his barons were often in conflict with each other, and he therefore only had to stand forth frankly as their friend to be hailed as a deliverer. The King thought it wise for the moment to grant them letters of pardon and freedom, and he freely did so. A great number of charters were drawn up and signed, and the labourers then dispersed, full of joy at having obtained their charters of freedom from the King.

Giving charters and making promises was to the King and his nobles only a method of gaining time till they could get an armed force together to attack the workers. An army was soon secured, and the peasants were pursued and slain in their own homes. When confronted at Waltham with the charters he had given, Richard replied, "Villeins you were and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not even your old bondage, but a worse." Parliament, of course, sided with the King. The landlord Parliament said that the King's grants and letters were legally null and void; their serfs were their goods, and the King could not take their goods

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READINGS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

from them but by their own consent. And this pronouncement ended with the phrase, "We have never given and never will give, were we all to die in one day." A bit of bombast, truly, but it showed the spirit with which the landlords viewed the claims of the lower classes for liberty.

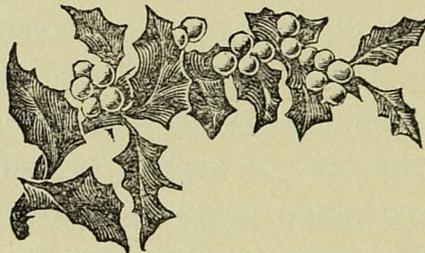
Many of the peasants retired to the woods, and fought there for liberty, but it is probable that seven thousand at least perished in the field or on the gallows. Fresh laws followed the Statute of Labourers. The child of a tiller of the soil was forbidden to be apprenticed to a townsman, and neither could the former place his children at school or have them educated for the Church. The universities were also closed to the villeins.

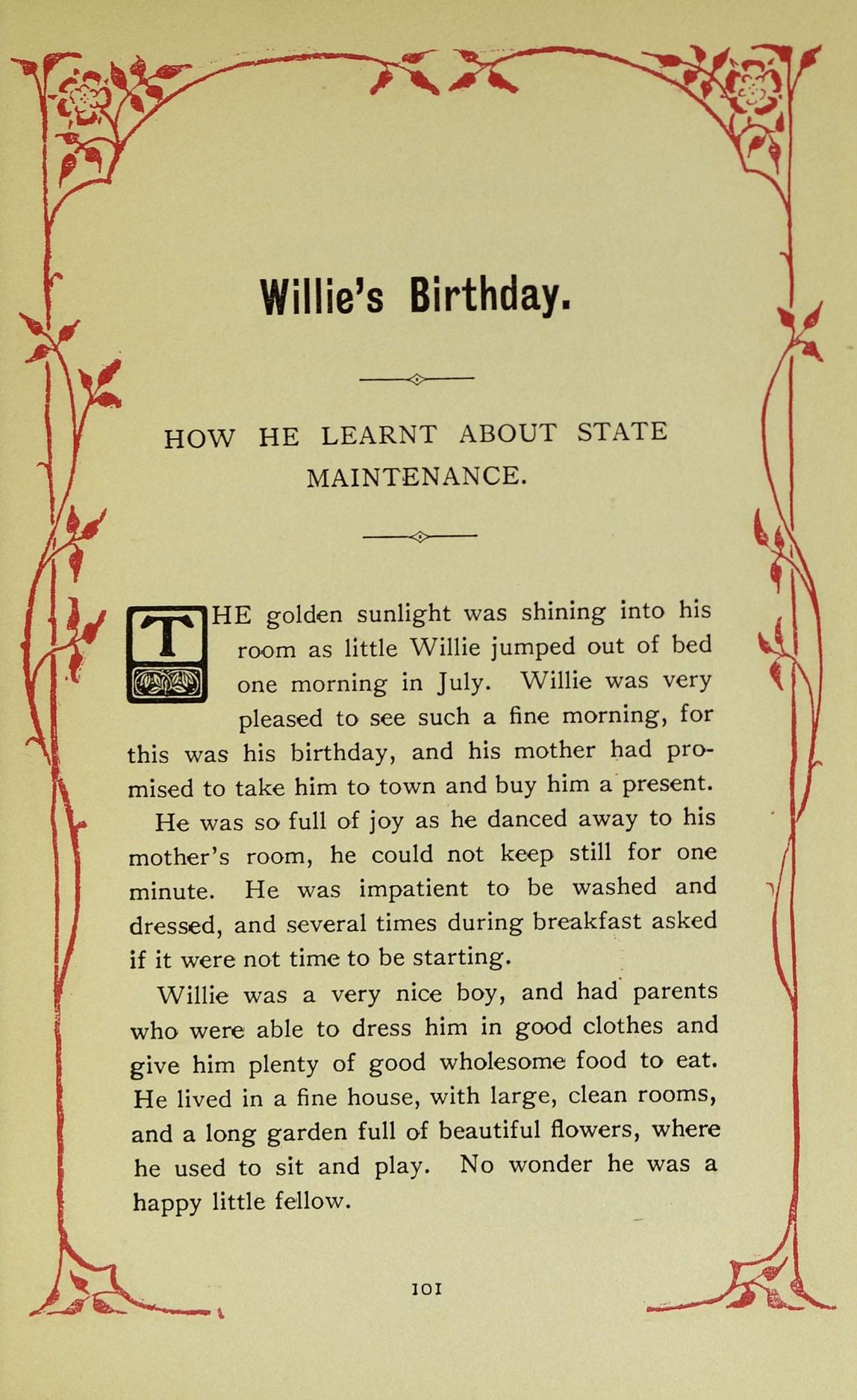
The tillers of the soil were driven back to their labours to toil as serfs, but they were serfs only in name. Although apparently defeated, they had really won their freedom. The time had passed for serfdom.

The same economic forces which were compelling the lords to accept a money rent were also forcing the serfs to become free labourers. The landowners might as well have tried to re-introduce the ancient system of barter in place of money-exchange as to stem the demands of the tenant-farmers for freedom to produce for the market, and for the labourers to sell their services. Before the next generation had passed

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

away, the landowners who had declared they would forfeit their lives before they would allow the labourers to leave the soil, were just as eager to turn them adrift from the land. The war of the Crusades had done its work. It had opened up the East to Europe, and English landlordism now found that rearing sheep to supply wool to the Continent was more profitable than exacting labour services from unwilling serfs. With the rise of the woollen industry villeinage ceased to exist, and in less than seventy years after the most memorable revolt which ever took place in England on the part of the labourers to improve their social conditions, another revolt was headed by Jack Cade, not to claim freedom from serfdom, but to insist upon their political rights, because they were all free men.



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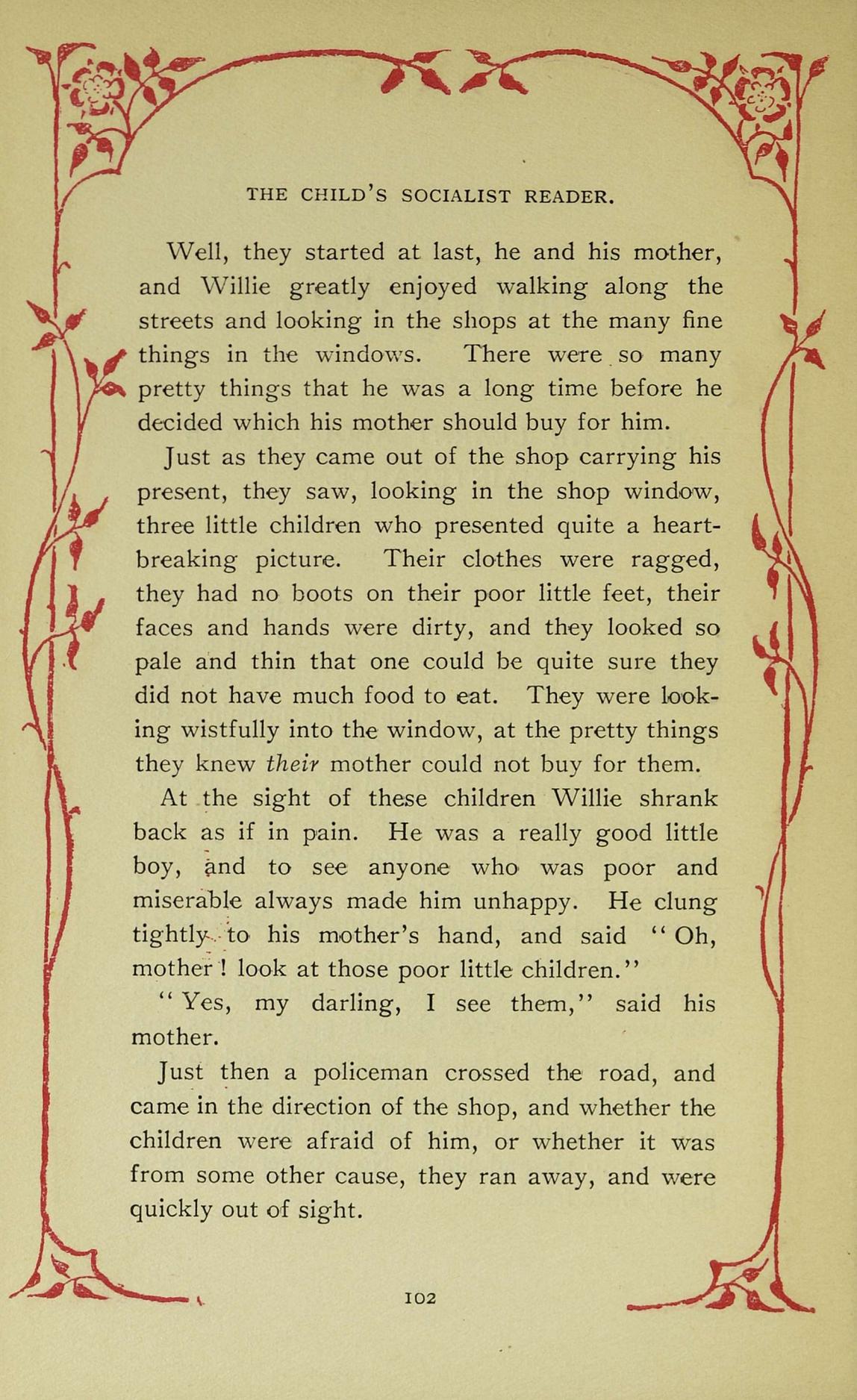
Willie's Birthday.

HOW HE LEARNT ABOUT STATE MAINTENANCE.

THE golden sunlight was shining into his room as little Willie jumped out of bed one morning in July. Willie was very pleased to see such a fine morning, for this was his birthday, and his mother had promised to take him to town and buy him a present.

He was so full of joy as he danced away to his mother's room, he could not keep still for one minute. He was impatient to be washed and dressed, and several times during breakfast asked if it were not time to be starting.

Willie was a very nice boy, and had parents who were able to dress him in good clothes and give him plenty of good wholesome food to eat. He lived in a fine house, with large, clean rooms, and a long garden full of beautiful flowers, where he used to sit and play. No wonder he was a happy little fellow.



THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

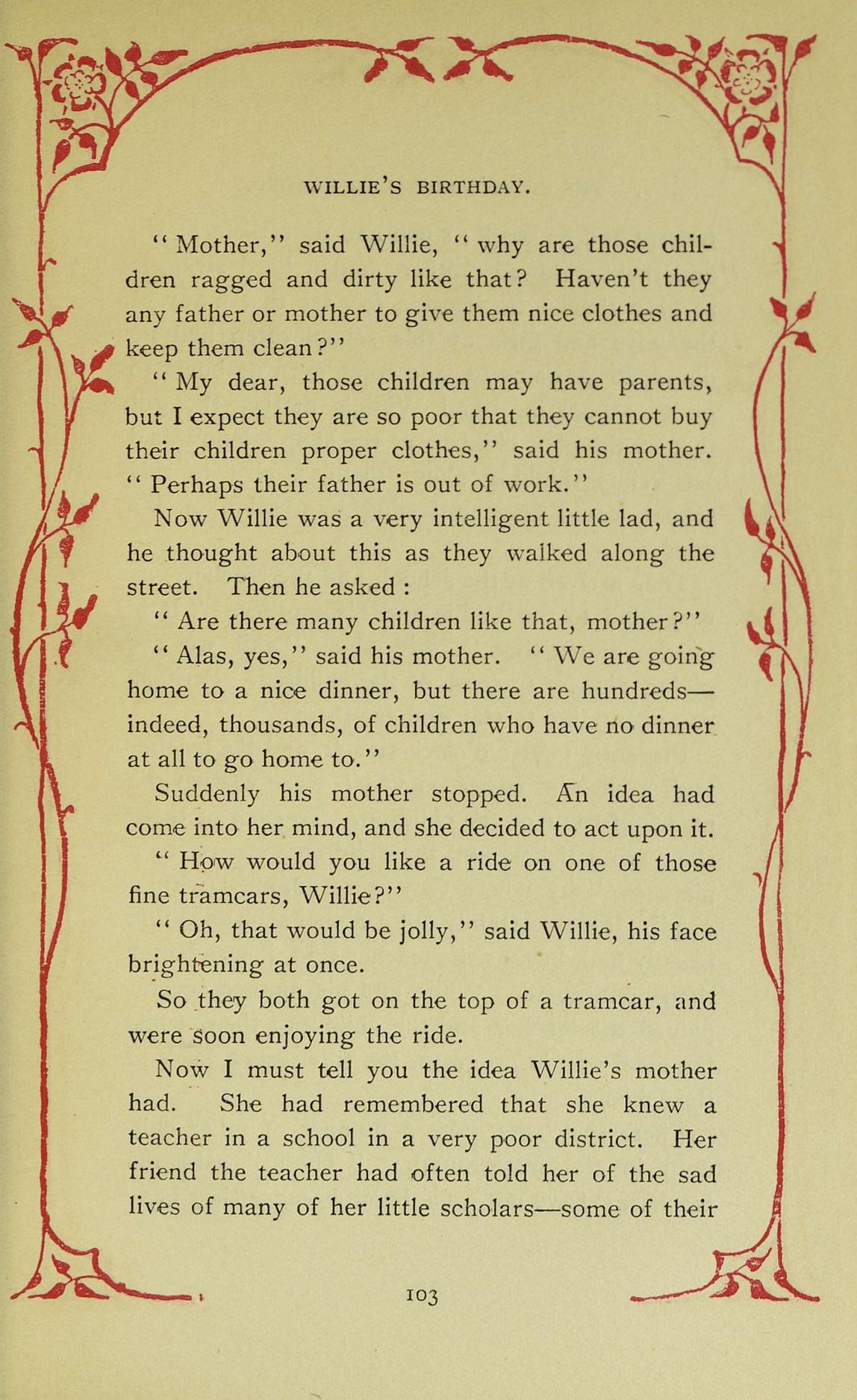
Well, they started at last, he and his mother, and Willie greatly enjoyed walking along the streets and looking in the shops at the many fine things in the windows. There were so many pretty things that he was a long time before he decided which his mother should buy for him.

Just as they came out of the shop carrying his present, they saw, looking in the shop window, three little children who presented quite a heart-breaking picture. Their clothes were ragged, they had no boots on their poor little feet, their faces and hands were dirty, and they looked so pale and thin that one could be quite sure they did not have much food to eat. They were looking wistfully into the window, at the pretty things they knew *their* mother could not buy for them.

At the sight of these children Willie shrank back as if in pain. He was a really good little boy, and to see anyone who was poor and miserable always made him unhappy. He clung tightly to his mother's hand, and said "Oh, mother! look at those poor little children."

"Yes, my darling, I see them," said his mother.

Just then a policeman crossed the road, and came in the direction of the shop, and whether the children were afraid of him, or whether it was from some other cause, they ran away, and were quickly out of sight.



WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

“Mother,” said Willie, “why are those children ragged and dirty like that? Haven't they any father or mother to give them nice clothes and keep them clean?”

“My dear, those children may have parents, but I expect they are so poor that they cannot buy their children proper clothes,” said his mother. “Perhaps their father is out of work.”

Now Willie was a very intelligent little lad, and he thought about this as they walked along the street. Then he asked :

“Are there many children like that, mother?”

“Alas, yes,” said his mother. “We are going home to a nice dinner, but there are hundreds—indeed, thousands, of children who have no dinner at all to go home to.”

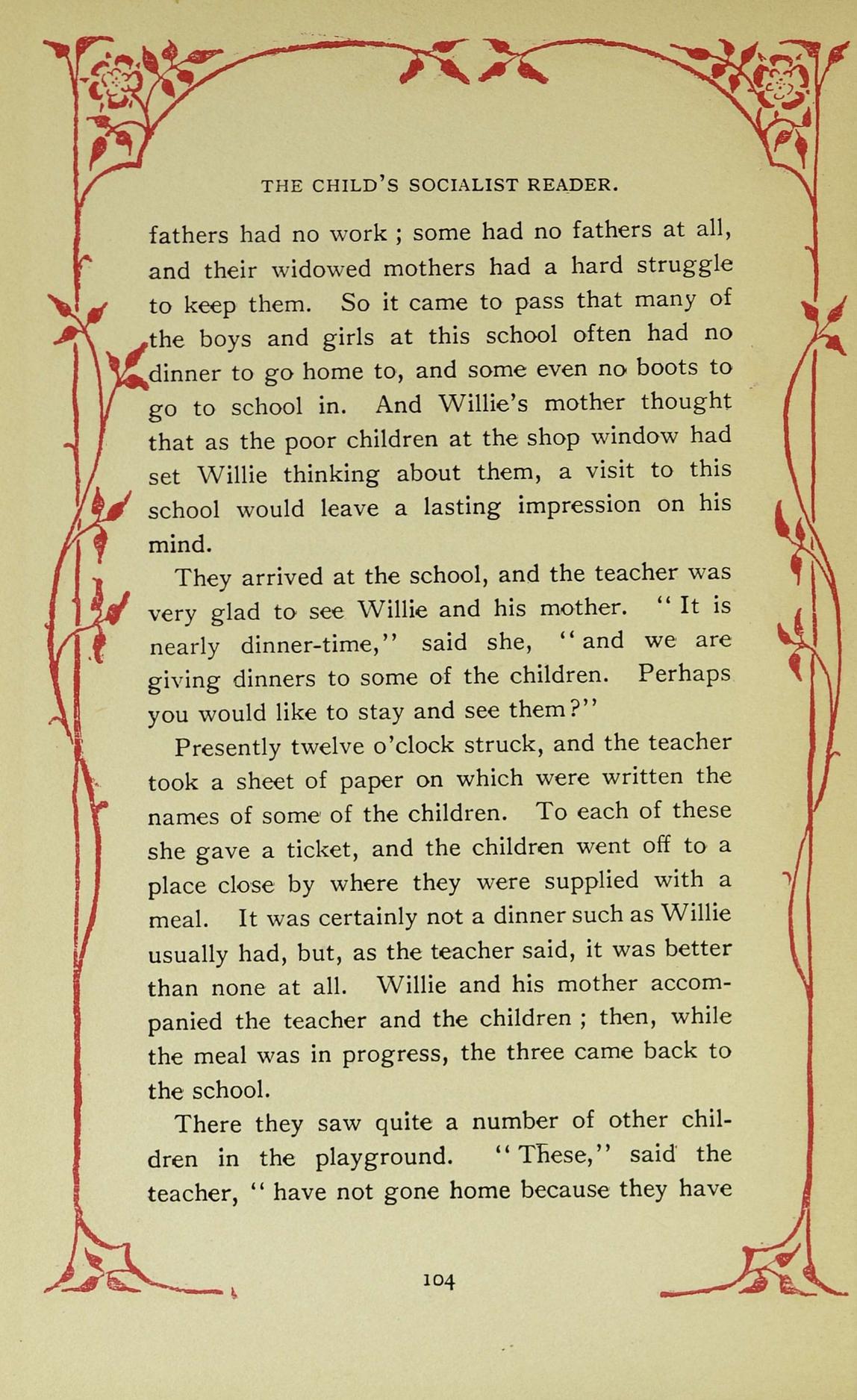
Suddenly his mother stopped. An idea had come into her mind, and she decided to act upon it.

“How would you like a ride on one of those fine tramcars, Willie?”

“Oh, that would be jolly,” said Willie, his face brightening at once.

So they both got on the top of a tramcar, and were soon enjoying the ride.

Now I must tell you the idea Willie's mother had. She had remembered that she knew a teacher in a school in a very poor district. Her friend the teacher had often told her of the sad lives of many of her little scholars—some of their

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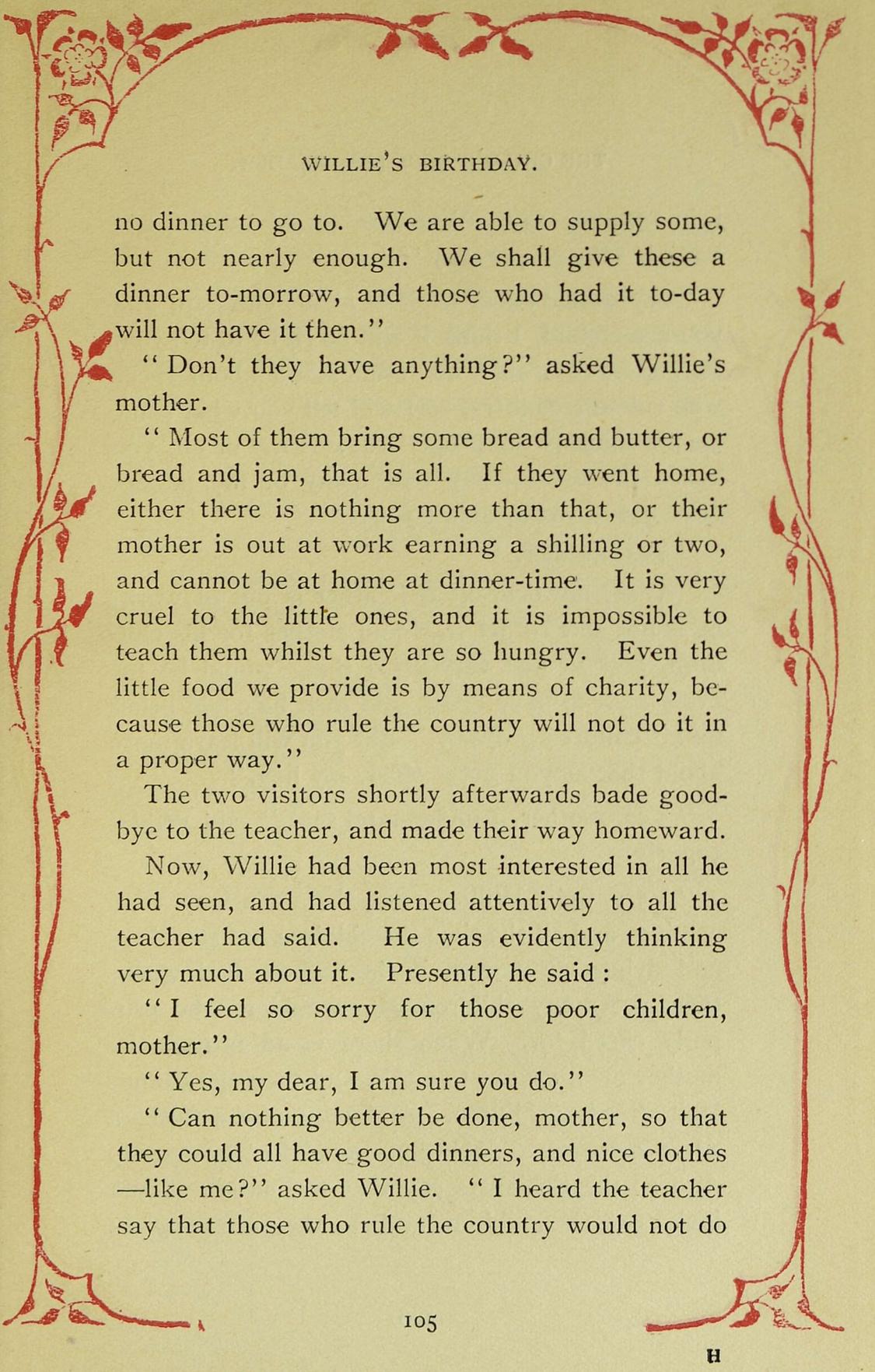
THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

fathers had no work ; some had no fathers at all, and their widowed mothers had a hard struggle to keep them. So it came to pass that many of the boys and girls at this school often had no dinner to go home to, and some even no boots to go to school in. And Willie's mother thought that as the poor children at the shop window had set Willie thinking about them, a visit to this school would leave a lasting impression on his mind.

They arrived at the school, and the teacher was very glad to see Willie and his mother. "It is nearly dinner-time," said she, "and we are giving dinners to some of the children. Perhaps you would like to stay and see them?"

Presently twelve o'clock struck, and the teacher took a sheet of paper on which were written the names of some of the children. To each of these she gave a ticket, and the children went off to a place close by where they were supplied with a meal. It was certainly not a dinner such as Willie usually had, but, as the teacher said, it was better than none at all. Willie and his mother accompanied the teacher and the children ; then, while the meal was in progress, the three came back to the school.

There they saw quite a number of other children in the playground. "These," said the teacher, "have not gone home because they have



WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

no dinner to go to. We are able to supply some, but not nearly enough. We shall give these a dinner to-morrow, and those who had it to-day will not have it then."

"Don't they have anything?" asked Willie's mother.

"Most of them bring some bread and butter, or bread and jam, that is all. If they went home, either there is nothing more than that, or their mother is out at work earning a shilling or two, and cannot be at home at dinner-time. It is very cruel to the little ones, and it is impossible to teach them whilst they are so hungry. Even the little food we provide is by means of charity, because those who rule the country will not do it in a proper way."

The two visitors shortly afterwards bade good-bye to the teacher, and made their way homeward.

Now, Willie had been most interested in all he had seen, and had listened attentively to all the teacher had said. He was evidently thinking very much about it. Presently he said :

"I feel so sorry for those poor children, mother."

"Yes, my dear, I am sure you do."

"Can nothing better be done, mother, so that they could all have good dinners, and nice clothes—like me?" asked Willie. "I heard the teacher say that those who rule the country would not do

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

it in a proper way. Who are 'they,' mother, and what is 'the proper way'?"

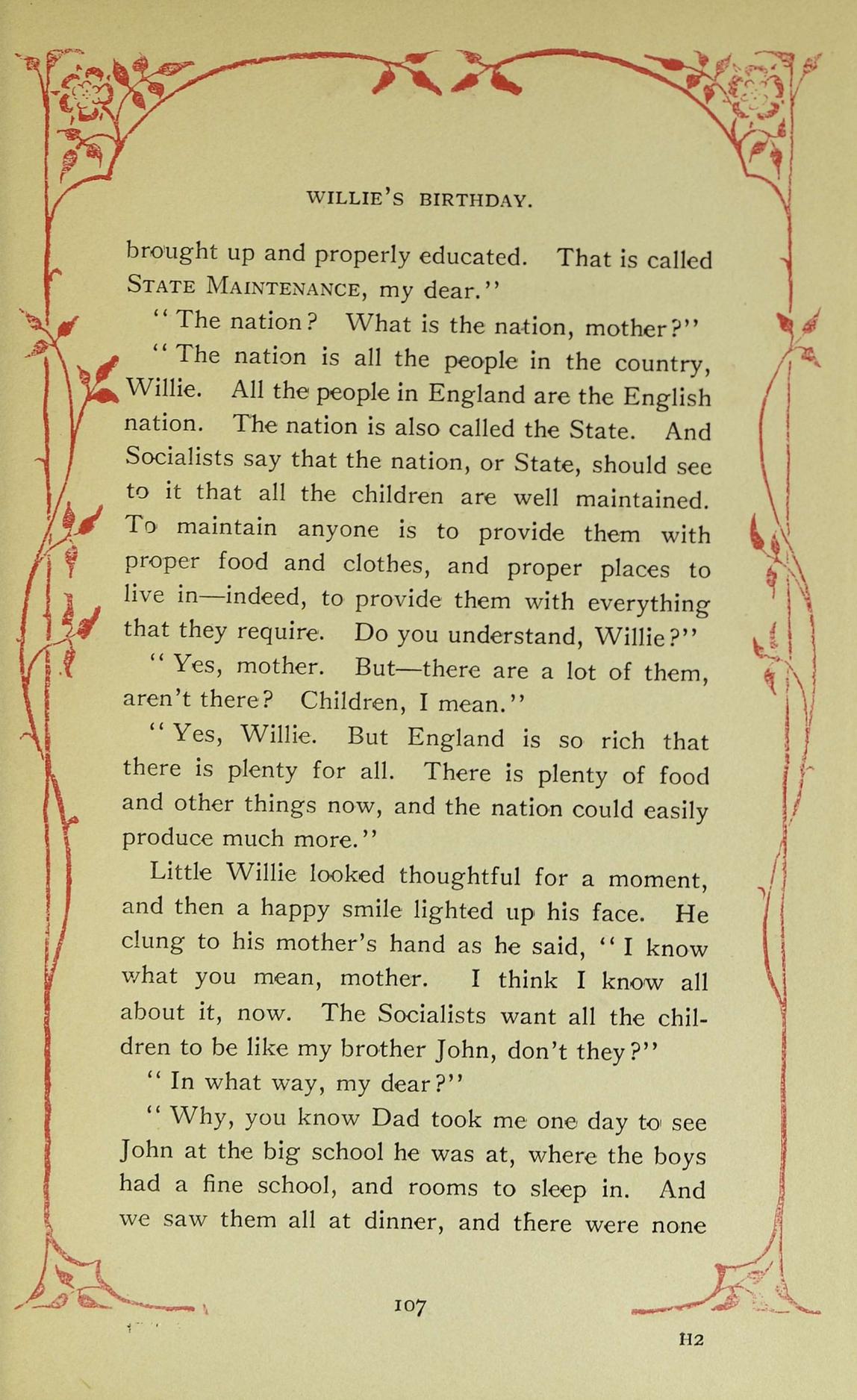
"My dear Willie, as it is about children, and you are a child, I think it will be right to tell you. Perhaps you would not understand about those who rule the country, so I will tell you what some people think is the proper way. First of all, you heard the teacher say that many of the fathers were out of work, didn't you?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, my dear, if the father is out of work, he is not able to get food and clothes for his children, and so one very good thing would be for every man to have work, and then he could bring up his children properly. But you will learn more about that as you grow older, my boy."

"Yes, mother, I understand that," said Willie, eagerly.

"Very well, Willie. But that is a long time coming, and all the time the children are starving, and dying. But even if the fathers had work, there are many children who would not be properly cared for. When there is no father, the mother must go out to work, and then she cannot look after her children. And many of the mothers don't know how to bring up the children properly. And so the Socialists say that the nation should look after the children, and see they are properly



WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

brought up and properly educated. That is called STATE MAINTENANCE, my dear."

"The nation? What is the nation, mother?"

"The nation is all the people in the country, Willie. All the people in England are the English nation. The nation is also called the State. And Socialists say that the nation, or State, should see to it that all the children are well maintained. To maintain anyone is to provide them with proper food and clothes, and proper places to live in—indeed, to provide them with everything that they require. Do you understand, Willie?"

"Yes, mother. But—there are a lot of them, aren't there? Children, I mean."

"Yes, Willie. But England is so rich that there is plenty for all. There is plenty of food and other things now, and the nation could easily produce much more."

Little Willie looked thoughtful for a moment, and then a happy smile lighted up his face. He clung to his mother's hand as he said, "I know what you mean, mother. I think I know all about it, now. The Socialists want all the children to be like my brother John, don't they?"

"In what way, my dear?"

"Why, you know Dad took me one day to see John at the big school he was at, where the boys had a fine school, and rooms to sleep in. And we saw them all at dinner, and there were none

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

who went without. And there were nice fields for them to play cricket and football in, and they all had nice clothes on, and were all clean. Oh, I think it would be better if all the children were like that. Is that what you mean, mother?"

"My darling boy, I am very pleased that you remember that visit so well, and although the school John was at, and the other schools like it, are not quite what Socialists desire to see for the children of the nation, still, they serve to show what could be done. Why, here we are nearly home! I hope you have enjoyed your birthday, my son."

"Oh, yes, mother. I shall not forget this day very soon."

"I hope not, Willie. And when you get older I will tell you more about STATE MAINTENANCE, so that when you grow up to be a man you will help to make more beautiful the lives of those children whose days have now so little of joy."



A Chat About Hospitals.

GOING to work rather earlier than usual, one morning, I espied a young lady with a box outside the railway terminus, collecting funds for a hospital. Being the last passenger to come out, I saw that I could not escape her.

“Will you kindly give me something towards the hospital fund?” she asked, her face wreathed in smiles, as if she had only to ask to receive.

“No, Miss, I can hardly do that, as I am a Socialist,” I replied. “In common with other Socialists, I think that hospitals should not be left to the charity of chance individuals, but that they should be a national charge upon the State, or community.”

The young lady seemed slightly embarrassed at my remarks. To put her at her ease I continued:

“It is very kind and charitable of you, I am sure, to come out early in the morning and devote yourself to collecting funds for the hospital. I suppose you often find workmen need a hospital in this neighbourhood?”

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

"Oh, yes," she answered at once. "Men often meet with accidents about here. I know personally of two cases of men who were caught in machinery only this week, and although their masters have never contributed to the hospital, the men were of course taken there."

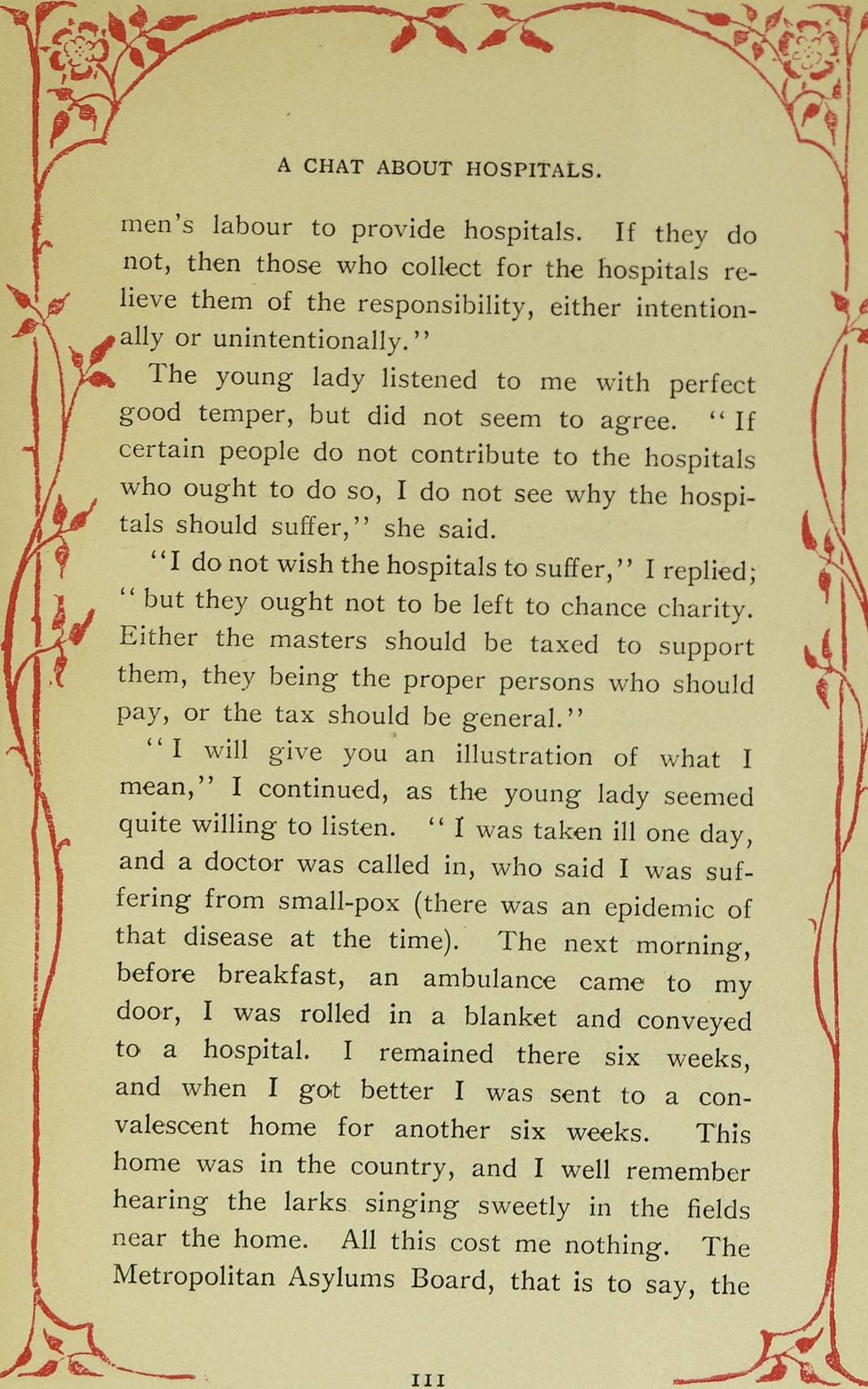
"They were poor, I suppose, and could not afford to pay for a doctor?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say they are both very poor, even when in work," said the young lady.

"If that is so, Miss, you actually justify the position Socialists take up, namely, that hospitals should be State-maintained, and that people who collect money in the streets really collect it for the capitalist masters, not for the poor sufferers."

"Oh, I am not collecting for the 'capitalist,' as you call him," she answered quickly. "I am sure you will believe me when I say that I collect in the interests of the poor."

"My dear young lady, I quite recognise your kindness," said I. "But that does not alter the facts. You admit that the workers are poorly paid, and you must also admit that the capitalists, or masters, are rich as a consequence. You know the workers cannot provide for accidents, and, as the masters do not provide hospitals for their workmen, you come out to get the funds to support these institutions. Surely it is the duty of the men who get rich on the poor



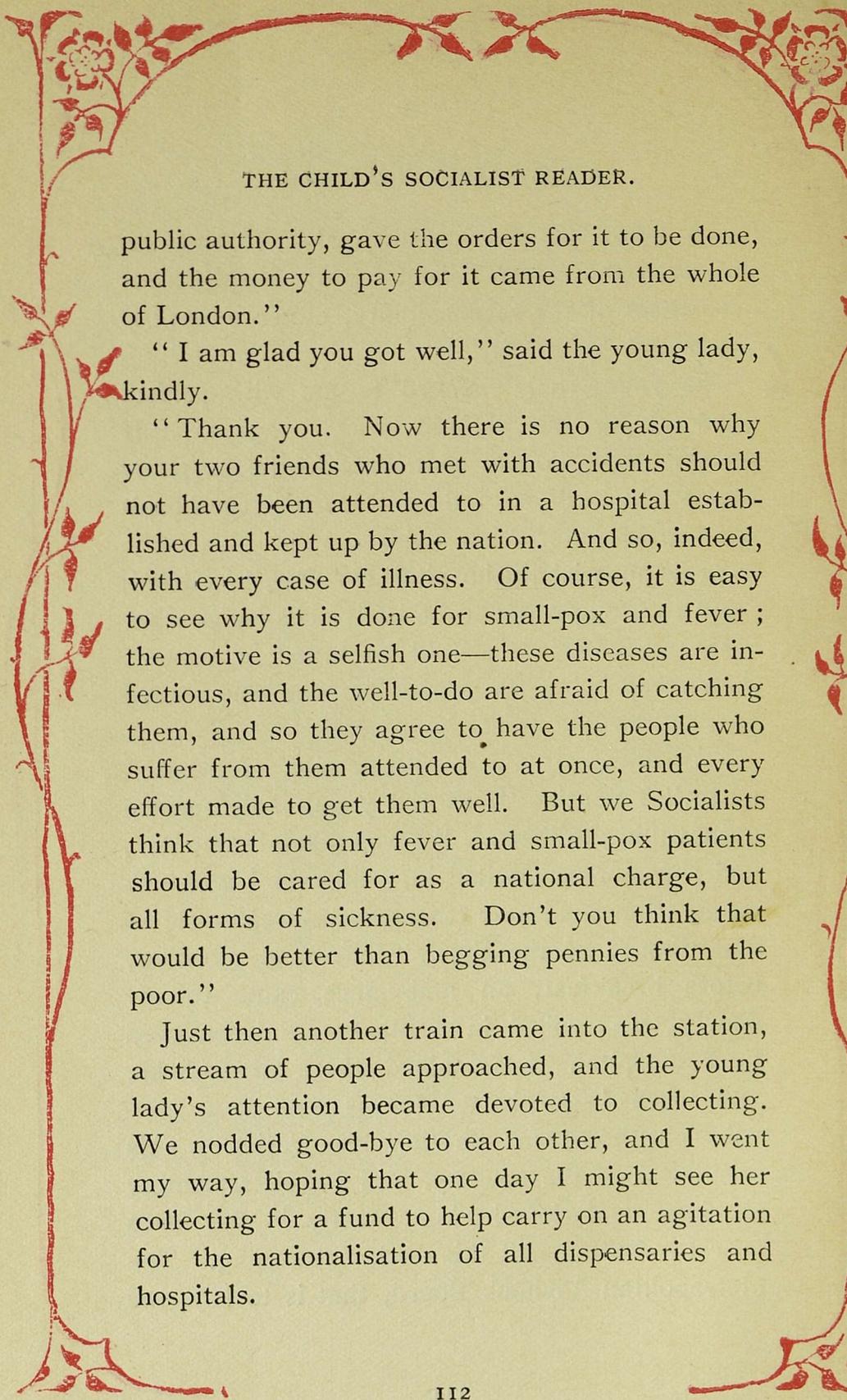
A CHAT ABOUT HOSPITALS.

men's labour to provide hospitals. If they do not, then those who collect for the hospitals relieve them of the responsibility, either intentionally or unintentionally."

The young lady listened to me with perfect good temper, but did not seem to agree. "If certain people do not contribute to the hospitals who ought to do so, I do not see why the hospitals should suffer," she said.

"I do not wish the hospitals to suffer," I replied; "but they ought not to be left to chance charity. Either the masters should be taxed to support them, they being the proper persons who should pay, or the tax should be general."

"I will give you an illustration of what I mean," I continued, as the young lady seemed quite willing to listen. "I was taken ill one day, and a doctor was called in, who said I was suffering from small-pox (there was an epidemic of that disease at the time). The next morning, before breakfast, an ambulance came to my door, I was rolled in a blanket and conveyed to a hospital. I remained there six weeks, and when I got better I was sent to a convalescent home for another six weeks. This home was in the country, and I well remember hearing the larks singing sweetly in the fields near the home. All this cost me nothing. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, that is to say, the

A decorative red border with floral and leaf motifs frames the text. The border consists of a top arch and two vertical side borders, all connected at the bottom. The floral elements include roses and smaller blossoms on stems with leaves.

THE CHILD'S SOCIALIST READER.

public authority, gave the orders for it to be done, and the money to pay for it came from the whole of London."

"I am glad you got well," said the young lady, kindly.

"Thank you. Now there is no reason why your two friends who met with accidents should not have been attended to in a hospital established and kept up by the nation. And so, indeed, with every case of illness. Of course, it is easy to see why it is done for small-pox and fever; the motive is a selfish one—these diseases are infectious, and the well-to-do are afraid of catching them, and so they agree to have the people who suffer from them attended to at once, and every effort made to get them well. But we Socialists think that not only fever and small-pox patients should be cared for as a national charge, but all forms of sickness. Don't you think that would be better than begging pennies from the poor."

Just then another train came into the station, a stream of people approached, and the young lady's attention became devoted to collecting. We nodded good-bye to each other, and I went my way, hoping that one day I might see her collecting for a fund to help carry on an agitation for the nationalisation of all dispensaries and hospitals.

