

# The Young Socialists' Magazine

Vol. IV

JUNE, 1911

No. 6



"THE GREATEST GENERAL OF ALL."

From the Painting by EDGAR BUNDY, R. I.

Designed to aid the cause of international arbitration by showing Death as the only victor in the wars of the world.

## War—Why?

By ARTHUR LAYCOCK.

Give me a gun,  
That I may blaze away  
At him whom I ne'er met before this day;  
Yea, e'en at him whose face I scarce can see,  
He, afar off, a thousand yards from me.  
Mad work? yes 'tis, for both of us poor fools—  
For me and him, both of us merely tools.

Give him a gun,  
That he may fire at me  
If chance he gets. For that—let fate decree!  
He's but a blot, a dot upon earth's crust,  
But now 'tis me or him must bite the dust.  
Quarrel? Not me; ne'er met the man before;  
We're simply fools and tools, I say once more.



Arm both of us,  
That each may shoot at each.  
At home—his home and mine—the parsons preach:  
"All men are brothers." That I don't deny.  
But if 'tis so, then I would ask you—why  
We should be faced now, stranger, friend and me,  
Having no quarrel? 'Cause 'tis fools we be.

Give me my sight!  
That's right!

Mate, give me the hand!  
At last we understand;  
Guns, bayonets, swords, cannon, and all hell's tools,  
These no men need when human reason rules.  
Thy home is thine; sacred thy fatherland,  
Mine double safe, while true to Right we stand.  
Hell's agents only—Vice, Ambition, Greed—  
Thy foes and mine; from these we'll now be freed!

## PATRIOTISM

By RALPH KORNGOLD.

The German Emperor once called the Socialists "Fatherlandsless rascals."

Fatherlandsless we are, all workers are, but it is not the workers who have made themselves so.

The capitalist class, by making the workers propertyless, has made them fatherlandsless.

The workers have no country.

This is no more your country than the shop you work in is your shop or the factory you work in is your factory. You are simply employed here, that is all.

If you can find no one who will give you a job you may be arrested under the vagrancy law. If you live in the South you may be run in as a vag, just the same as if you live in the North. You may breathe here, provided some one will give you the privilege to stand on his land.

Many who so proudly talk about their country do not even own a plot to be buried in.

I can imagine Morgan being patriotic, or Rockefeller, or Weyerhaeuser, but why a workingman, no matter to what country he belongs, should be patriotic is more than I can see.

Some Socialists say they believe in fighting in a war, provided it is a defensive war.

I do not believe in any war.

Supposing the Germans would take America. What is it to you?

You would have an old-age pension when you got old and a sick benefit when you got sick.

You would have the right to boycott, which you do not have now, and you could ride on the railroads for about one-half the price you are paying now.

Domination by the German capi-

talists could not be any worse than domination by American capitalists—indeed it would be better. That conditions are somewhat better for the working class in America than in some European countries is by no means due to our superior laws, but is rather in spite of these laws.

The resources of this nation are so immense and its population, when compared with the population of Europe, relatively so scarce that our law makers have not been able to grind down the working class as much as they would like to.

God knows they and their masters, the capitalists, have made a good enough job of it.

Let Rockefeller and Morgan fight their own battles.

The workmen of the world have but one common enemy—the capitalist class of the world.

## Horrors of Civil War

By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON.

We had come to the end of May, when the eyes of the whole continent turned toward Richmond. On the 31st, Johnston assaulted the Federals, who had been advanced to Seven Pines. It was so near that the first guns sent our hearts into our mouths, like a sudden loud knocking at one's door at night.

The women left in Richmond had, with few exceptions, husbands, fathers, sons and brothers in the fight. I have never seen a finer exhibition of calm courage than they showed in this baptism of fire. No one wept or moaned aloud.

All went about their tasks of preparing for the wounded, making bandages, scraping lint, improvising beds. Night brought a lull in the frightful cannonading. We threw ourselves dressed upon our beds to get a little rest before the morrow.

During the night began the ghastly procession of wounded brought in from the field. Every vehicle the city could produce supplemented the military ambulances. Many slightly wounded men, so black with gunpowder as to be unrecognizable, came limping in on foot. All next day women with white faces flitted bare-headed through the streets and hospitals, looking for their own.

Churches and lecture-rooms were thrown open for volunteer ladies sewing and filling the rough beds called for by the surgeons. There was not enough of anything to meet the sudden appalling call of many strong men stricken unto death. Hearing that my cousin, Reginald Hyde, was reported wounded, two of us girls volunteered to help his

mother to search for him through the lower hospitals.

We tramped down Maine street through the hot sun over burning pavements, from one scene of horror to another, bringing up finally at the St. Charles hotel, a large, old building. What a sight met our eyes! Men in every stage of mutilation, lying waiting for the surgeons upon bare boards with haversacks or army blankets, or nothing beneath their heads.

Some gave up the weary ghost as we passed them by. All were suffering keenly, and needing ordinary attention. Bending down over bandaged faces stiff with blood and thick with flies, nothing did we see or hear of the object of our search, who, I am glad to say, arrived later at his mother's home, to be nursed by her to a speedy recovery.



BREADWINNERS.

## JUNE

By J. R. LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches

and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace:

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atit like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'er-run

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feeds the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to a wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

## THE BOY SCOUTS PLEDGE

By J. C. HOGAN.

Boy Scouts of America are taught and are expected to kill father, mother, brother, sister or any one else when they become soldiers. Don't you ask for proof?

Here it is: Clause 8 in "The Scout Laws" says: "A scout obeys the order of his patrol leader or scout master without question. Even if he gets an order he does not like he must do as soldiers and sailors do, he must carry it out all the same because it is his duty and after he has done it he can come and state any reasons against it; but he must carry out the order at once." Think of such dirty and damnable doctrine being taught to boys in the name of clubs, churches and Y. M. C. A.'s. Truly, "preaching heaven and practicing hell."

As George R. Kirkpatrick, the splendid man, the eloquent orator and able author of "War—What For?" says:

"Boy, kill one human being, and you will be called a murderer—despised and hanged. But kill a thousand human beings in war—and you become great! Deluded women smile upon you, little children gaze at you, preachers praise you, politicians pet you, orators glorify you, capitalists grin at you, universities honor you, and the government medals and pensions you—but lonely, war-orphaned children and war-rabbed widows, these despise you exactly in proportion as they understand you.

"Which would you rather be, boy, a dead and useless slaughterer of men, or a live and useful man of

peace?—a dead butcher or a live brother?"

"I extend to you my right hand. I make you a pledge.

'Here is my pledge to you: "I refuse to kill your father, I

refuse to slay your mother's son, I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sister's brother. I refuse to murder your wife's husband. I refuse to butcher your little child's father. I refuse to wet the earth with blood and blind kind eyes with tears. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag.

"I refuse to be flattered into hell's nightmare by a class of well-fed snobs, crooks and cowards who despise our class socially, rob our class economically and betray our class politically."

# THE VICTOR

By RODA RODA.

The sheep stood trembling in the fold, crowded close for protection. Their senses, quickened by fear, had detected the approach of the hungry beasts before the shepherds, yes, even before the dogs had noticed anything amiss.

"Wolves," gasped Konjien.

"Two wolves," whispered Melhme, peering out into the darkness through a crack in the beams.

"Three wolves. Let us wake the dogs."

They bleated distressfully until the fiercest dog of all awoke. He listened a moment, sensed the wolves, and without a moment's hesitation, barking furiously, darted to the gate, catching Laryk, the thief who was just about to creep in, at the throat.

Like a flash the dogs were aroused—the shepherds sprang from their beds with axes and guns—shots were fired, shouting—choking cries—howls of pain—the dying moans of the crushed sound through the night.

Far out into the snow dogs and

men chased the fleeing pack of wolves.

Howling with pain the wolf-mother lay in the ditch by the fence.

"I do not wonder that the sheep fear us. They fear for their lives. I do not wonder at the men. They are struggling for their food. But the dogs—why should they be fiercer, more relentless even than their masters, the shepherds. Do the sheep belong to the dogs? May the dogs eat their flesh, drink their milk, shear their wool? Why do the dogs forget us—who are of their own race, their wild, hungry cousins? While they, the well-fed traitors, are growing sleek and fat in their slavery, we roam free through thorns and shrubs—and have no worse enemies than our fine brothers—the dogs."

With these words the wolf died in the ditch by the fence.

The shepherds, heavily laden with pelts, were returning. Barking triumphantly, the dogs sprang up about them.

"That was a lively chase, brothers," cried out the oldest of

the shepherds. "We will refresh ourselves with wine. Boy, fetch the bottle." And they sat down around the fire.

The sheep had put their heads together and were excitedly discussing the chase. Then Konjien forced his head out between the beams and said to the shepherds:

"Thank you, our masters, who feed and protect us. Thanks, fervent thanks to you and to the dogs who have just rescued us from great danger. Thanks in the name of the whole herd."

The old shepherd nodded pleasantly. "I am glad that the sheep appreciate our kind care. We risk our lives for your sake so often that it is but fitting that you should repay our good deeds by love. Go, Konjien, and assure the herd of our good will."

Konjien went.

They drank wine.

"Are you not hungry, brothers, after the chase?" asked one. "Shall we kill Konjien, the old ram?"

And they killed him.

He died a patriot.

## A Good Soldier

By JACK LONDON.

Young men, the lowest aim in your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizen, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the

breast of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, conscience,

aye his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer.

No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go.

## An Interesting Example

Choose three numbers under ten. Double the first, add 1, multiply by 5, add the second number, multiply by 2, add 1, multiply by 5, add the third number, subtract 55. The answer will be the three numbers first chosen.

# The Mexican Revolution

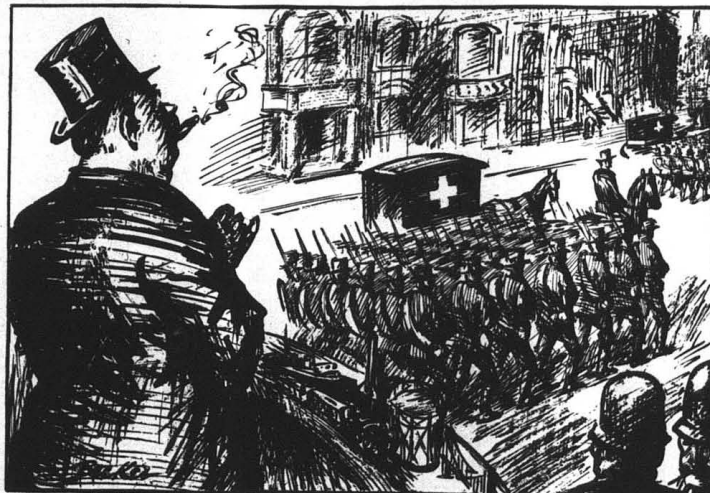
The history of Mexico for the last century has been one of continual struggle for power on one hand and relentless oppression and exploitation on the other.

The government of Mexico is republican, that is, the president is elected by the votes of the people. But as a matter of fact, the votes cast have but very little influence on the elections. Their

outcome is always the result of a bitter contest between the candidates in which armed forces often play no small part. The defeated candidate then collected his followers and a revolution was generally the result. In order to hold his office the president had to have a trustworthy following. To secure this he usually robbed the poor of their small pieces of land

and bought the assistance of some man, politically very powerful, by making him a great land-owner.

In the course of years this developed in Mexico a land-owning class, a class similar to the old feudal lords of Europe. The poor, robbed of all they possessed, had to go into the service of the owners of the land and are forced to



"MY MEN."

From The Masses.

live a life of misery and poverty in order to satisfy the greed of the lords of the country.

But during the last few years a change has been coming over Mexico. Machines are finding their way into the country. Like the United States, like all European countries, it is gradually changing from an agricultural, farming country to a people of manufacturers.

The president of Mexico, Diaz, formerly a general of the army,

saw this change coming on, and owes his great power to the fact that, instead of fighting against it, he is using this change for his own gain. He has invited American capitalists into the country to develop it. He has given them the privilege of exploiting the Mexican people in return for enormous bribes which are being paid by the American capitalists.

The revolution which is being fought so bitterly in Mexico today is a desperate struggle of the

land-holding class of the last century against the capitalistic class of to-day. Madero, the defeated candidate, is a wealthy land-owner, belongs to an old aristocratic family in Mexico. He is fighting against Diaz as the supporter of capitalist interests.

But Madero is being supported by the workmen! Yes, because they feel the terrible oppression of the capitalist system already over them and are willing to fol-

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## What the Young Socialists of Europe are doing

By ROBERT DANNEBERG, Vienna.

The annual conference of the Socialist Young People's Union was held at Luzern on the 19th of March. Fourteen branches were represented by 40 delegates. According to the committee's report, 2 sections came to an end and 8 have been founded or joined the Union. The membership increased considerably, especially as far as the girls are concerned. The shape of the Union paper, *Freie Jugend*, (*Free Youth*) has been increased and the circulation is now 2,500 copies. The receipts during the year 1910 have been 3,942 francs, the expenditure was 2,572 francs. The congress decided to introduce a uniform membership card and to start a propaganda of anti-militaristic education. The main point of the agenda was the attitude of the Union towards the "committees for the education of the youth," which have been started by the Socialist party in several towns. The congress decided with a majority of 29 votes to 5 not to recognize such committees, whatever circumstances there might be, and voted a motion asking the congress of the Socialist party to respect the principle of self-administration of the young people's organisations.

### BULGARIA.

The "broad" organisation. The Young People's Union belonging to the so-called "broad" (moderated) Socialist party numbered at the end of 1910 24 branches with 850 paying members being more than 18 years of age. Apart from these, there are about 1,500 members who are younger than 18 years and who pay a small local contribution only. In July, 1910, the Socialist societies for physical education founded a union.

The "narrow" organisation. The Young People's Union affiliated

with the "narrow" (revolutionary) Socialist party and created in 1909 now numbers 835 members in 20 branches. At the last congress of this party, held in July 1910, a motion was adopted calling the attention of the members of the party to the necessity of organizing the youth, especially since the bourgeois parties try to take hold of the youth in sporting societies.

### GERMANY.

The struggle for the youth is getting more and more violent. The police authorities are dissolving our young people's organisations and prohibiting our meetings on a large scale. In Berlin they even try to put an end to the existence of the "Homes of the Youth." The police is so zealous that it dissolves even societies which have ceased to exist since two years. On the other hand, the Prussian government is promoting the anti-Socialist young people's movement with all its might. Only a few days ago, a new royal decree was issued asking to create and to promote anti-Socialist young people's societies. The Prussian government asked the diet for *one million of marks* for that purpose (under the pretext of promoting the patriotic education of the youth), and the diet agreed to the expense.

### AUSTRIA.

In the beginning of March the government put a bill before Parliament, for the purpose of regulating the so-called right of association. According to Section 10 of this bill, the public authorities may forbid people under 24 years old to belong to societies with a political character. This article is of course directed against the Socialist young people's organisation,

which would at once be declared "political" and prohibited, while the bourgeois young people's unions would be left intact, as the government may forbid young people to join political unions but is not compelled to do so in all cases. In the meantime, the dissolution of the Parliament has suspended the bill, which has nevertheless shown how much the government would like to strangle our union.

### FINLAND.

The Socialist young people's movement is progressing steadily. Since the last congress, held in May, 1910, 22 new branches have been created, so that the union numbered 125 branches at the end of 1910. The membership is now more than 4,000. The central committee has organized lots of propaganda meetings. The book of our German comrade Liebknecht on militarism has been issued in 1,000 copies. The paper of the union first appeared monthly and has a circulation of 1,000 copies. It is now issued every week with an increased circulation. The editor of the paper begs the managers of all similar papers of the world to send copies of their paper to the editor of *Työläisnuoris*, Kauppakatu 18, Tammerfors, Finland.



Mother: "What are you doing, Harry?"

Harry: "I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

Mother: "Yes, so I did."

Harry: "Well, I've counted 237, and I'm madder'n when I started."



While poor criminals go to jail, the rich criminals go to England to see the coronation.

## The Children's May Day

By FRANCES M. GILL.

There's a story that, once upon a time, a Piper played such beautiful music that all who heard it left what they were doing and followed him. One day, because the people of a city tried to cheat him he began to play his pipe in the streets and all the little children of the city came out of their houses and gathered around him. And then, still playing his soft, sweet music, he marched out of the city, the children following him, until they came to a mountain that had a great hole in the side of it. And the Piper went into the hole in the mountain and took all the children with him so that there was no child left in all the city, except one, a little lame girl who couldn't walk fast enough to keep up with the rest. When she was asked why she wanted to follow the Piper she said that the music sang of a lovely land and that she heard a voice saying: "Come, come," and she had to go.

On Sunday, April 30th, another Piper sounded a note in the streets of our city, which was heard in the home of many a child. They heard the call and they obeyed. From all quarters they came—from the north, the south, the east and the west, for this was the Piper's message:

"It's May Day, the time of beauty and flowers. Spring has wakened the earth, she has put on her prettiest green dress embroidered with pink and purple and gold and the sky is bending over her in a blue arch. Come! And for you, too, little ones, there's coming a Springtime that will last forever—a time when there will be plenty and happiness for all. Come and celebrate the Spring that is here and the eternal Springtime of the glad new World that is going to be, the World that you, children, will be the conscious builders of."

It was Children's Day. They came to the great hall from the lower East Side and from the extreme boundary of the city on the north, from East Harlem and West Harlem, from the part of the city that lies beyond the river and from Yorkville, the hub of the town. Proudly they came, banners flying, flags waving, with bright faces and

happy hearts. A little knot of red, the Socialist emblem of the Brotherhood of Man, rose and fell with the joyous heart-beats of its wearers, while the new Socialist School button—a red flag emblazoned with the school initials, flying on a field of white—said plainly to all: "I belong to the School Brigade of the Socialist Army."

But hark, they are singing. It is the Rallying Song, chanted by more than a thousand voices. The Powers of Darkness may well have trembled, for their doom is sealed! There is an awful portent for them in revolutionary sentiments warbled in clear childish treble. We thought of the women who knitted in 1793!

### In Punishment

By ANNA NORTHEED BENJAMIN.

Bub and I are being punished—Bub, he is my mammy's boy—We were playing in the garden And Bub broke my newest toy.

Then I told him, "You're a nigger!"

"You're anoder!" then says he; And I thought that very foolish For I'm as white as white can be!



Father heard us as we quarreled, Set us 'fore the stable door, Said, "You stand there, you two youngsters, 'Till I get back from the store."

I feel quite sure that Bub is sorry, Though he'll never make first sign, And now I 'member mother's saying, "Bubby's soul's as white as mine."

(From *The Forecast*.)

Then little Isadore Endres, of the East Side School, made a pertinent inquiry as to "Who Owns The Earth?" Mr. Morgan was not present to put in his claim, but the applause that came said plainly enough: "We do, and we're going to have it, too." Beatrice Goldsmith gave an up-to-date interpretation of Mother Hubbard's "Four and Twenty Blackbirds," after which the Williamsbridge School sang the action song, "Comrade-ville," which, by the way, is going to be the name of New York City by the time the children are grown up. A violin solo by Walter Freudenfeld was the next number. Then came a debate on: "Is the Boy Scout Movement a Menace to Society?" the negative of which simply didn't have a leg to stand on, and the embryo soldiers were put out of commission in short order.

Then the children of the East Side School danced their way right into the hearts of those who saw them. It's concerted action, just like those dances, that's going to

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## The Young Socialist's Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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



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**COUPON**

**1**

## Current Events and Editorial Remarks

This month has been peculiarly full of incidents which affect the working-class, especially those workers who are organized in the trade unions. Of greatest importance is the arrest of John J. and James B. McNamara for complicity in blowing up the *Times* building in Los Angeles and for many other similar dynamite outrages.

The *Times* of Los Angeles is the most reactionary capitalistic paper of the West. It has for many years been noted for the persistent hatred with which it pursued the trade-union movement and is owned by one of the greatest "labor-haters" of the country, General Gray Harrison Otis. Last October the building of this paper was destroyed by an explosion, which caused the death of 22 men at the time in the building. The capitalist papers all over the country immediately tried to fasten the blame on the trade-union movement, although it was almost conclusively proven that the explosion had been caused by escaping gas.

Gradually the clamor died down, and the disaster had been almost forgotten. Suddenly, on the 22nd of April, John J. McNamara, Secretary of Structural Iron Workers' Union, and his brother were arrested. Detective Burns, in the employ of the National Erectors' Association, a capitalist organization of boss builders, had secured papers from a Los Angeles judge commanding the police of Indiana to arrest them and to deliver them to the Los Angeles authorities. According to law they should have been granted a hearing, but as is the custom of capitalist law-breakers the law was absolutely disregarded. They were sent to

Los Angeles and are now awaiting their trial.

The evidence presented by Detective Burns proves to the fair-minded observer the innocence of the prisoners. In fact there is very little evidence beyond the statements of a man, McManigal, a former union-man who claims to have been paid by the McNamara brothers to do a series of dynamiting jobs which have occurred all over the country within recent years. Would not a man who is capable of destroying great structures and even human lives for money, tell a few lies for money?

The whole case is peculiarly like the celebrated Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case which brought all labor to arms not so many years ago. There, too, the officers of the Western Federation of Miners were arrested on the charge of the murder of an ex-governor of Idaho—there, too, the accused were kidnapped from Colorado and taken to Idaho without due legal procedure, there, too, the evidence had been gathered by a great detective, McPartland, who was in the employ of the capitalist Mine-Owners' Association. There, too, the whole complaint was based upon the statement of a beast in human form, Harry Orchard, who claimed to have committed countless murders at the direction of the accused. There, too, the whole working-class rallied its forces, collected unheard of funds to vindicate its comrades in distress. There the trade-union movement was gloriously vindicated. In spite of the vast sums expended by capitalist organizations, in spite of the constant cry of the capitalist press,

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## A Story about Fairies which really exist

By Dr. ANTOINETTE KONIKOW.

How many children know why they should have clean hands, clean faces, clean bodies and clean clothes. Why do we like clean bright things? Is it only for the looks of it?

No, children, there is yet another reason for it and I want to tell you about it.

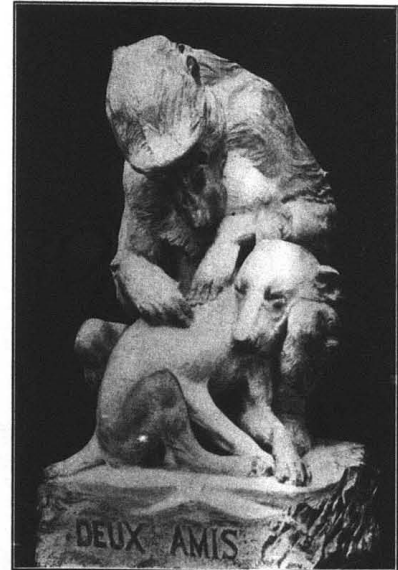
You see there are some little bodies (germs) in the world that behave just like the fairies you like so much to read about. Some of them are good and some are bad to us. Just like the good fairies are always bright and beautiful, all dressed in white or other light stuff and the bad fairies are dark and black, surrounded by dark threatening clouds—the little good germs like to live on sunshine and light and the bad germs love to be in dirt and darkness and filth. These little germ-fairies are very small, you cannot see them with the naked eye. They are invisible like all real fairies ought to be. To see them you must use something that looks almost like a magic glass. It really is not magic at all, but it is more wonderful at that. It is a glass through which you can see the smallest things on earth, for it magnifies (enlarges) the looks of things many hundred times. These little germ-fairies (bad or good) are some of them so small, that you could place 24,000 of them upon one square inch and they would not be crowded. They look quite innocent, some of them like little points, others like commas, some like little sticks. These little germs are always around us. They are in the air, upon the walls, the floors and our bodies. If some of the bad germs enter our bodies they can do us a lot of harm; they give us colds, sore throats, diphtheria,

pneumonia and all the sicknesses you can think of. There are a good many of them even in clean places, but in dirt there are millions and millions. They are only afraid of soap and water and sunshine and some special medicines, which the doctors use to get rid of them. When your hands are dirty—you have millions of these bad germs upon them. If you cut your finger, some of them slip right into your wound and make your finger swell, get red and painful. That is why your mamma washes out so carefully every little cut you get, sometimes she puts on a solution of carbolic acid or sulph-naphthol. This will kill off all the

bad germs. Then the wound must be tied up with a clean cloth to prevent the germs from getting in later on. Remember, children, dirt, dust and filth is the favorite abode of all bad germ fairies.

Now you know, that dirt is not only disagreeable to look at, it actually is harmful and must be therefore avoided in all ways and by all means.

Next time I will tell you why so many children get sick by playing with powders and pistols on the Fourth of July. There is one of the most dangerous germ-fairies with you right on the Fourth of July and the powder and caps give it the best chance to enter your body.



TWO FRIENDS.

## The Children's May Day

(Continued from page 7)

bring the Social Revolution and the New World, so go on, children, learning how to do things all together. There's good teaching a-plenty in dances, besides their expression of rhythmic joy.

Next came the Weaving Song—sung and danced by the Williams-bridgers—who declared at its ending, with outstretched arms and emphatic fingers, that only "the weavers should wear the best cloth." This will be news to some of the broadcloth habited "friends of labor." But the children could tell them a lot more than that about what "the reward of labor" should be. Let's go on with this work, comrades, so that there won't be so much for the grown-ups to do ten years from now! The plastic minds of workers' children are going to be molded to the servile ideals of the Masters of the Bread if we are remiss in our duty.

And how it did stir the emotional foundations, which give impulse to action, when Nancy Abrams recited "The Banner," "the flag that would give each child its due," while three girls from Williams-bridge held aloft the great red symbol of International Labor and Human Brotherhood. Tears that no one was ashamed of mingled with cheers for Our Flag.

Then the West Harlem School marched on the stage and executed a "Flag Drill," with all the precision of veterans on parade, though they sang of bloodless battles and peaceful victories.

More dancing, and then a host of children bade the "Toilers Arise." Themselves the children of toil, they sang of the signs of the dawn of a better day—of the faint light in the east that heralds its coming—of the passing of the long dark night—they entreated Labor to wake out of its dulled sleep of the ages with the refrain,

"Arise, oh toilers, for the day is here," and ended with the triumphantly prophetic strain, "Labor is risen!—and the day is here!" Listen, Labor, to this message.

A short sketch, "The Strike," written by a couple of boys of the East Side School, was acted with a nice sense of values, and conclusively proved that the lads and lassies who participated in it knew the meaning of solidarity and the class struggle.

Then came a charming little play which thoroughly expressed the feelings that brought that goodly audience to the hall, "Best of All Is First of May," given by the Bronx School. A new holiday asked admittance, and First of May, a fine, sturdy youngster, gave good reasons why he should be one of the Family of Holidays, incidentally giving Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday some solar plexus blows. Of course First of May had the best of the argument, and came off victorious, as First of May always will. But, listen, big Comrades, it has truly been said that "Out of the mouth of babes cometh forth wisdom." Now why not make a demand that the First of May be made a legal holiday? The children have given you the hint.

Among the other good things were a very fine chorus by the children of the East Harlem School and a characteristic dance; a recitation of Russell's "Fatherland," by Florence Robbins of the Yorkville School, and "The May Day Parade" by Ida Nachim, of the same school. Lawrence Russo of Williamsbridge gave a spirited rendition entitled, "Come, Pledge Now," the intention being to have it followed with the singing of The Marseillaise by the audience. Owing to the lateness of the hour this could not be done, but the next time the audience must be ready for their cue. And we must not forget "The Bugle Song," given by

the indefatigable Italians, with its adjuration to the workers to "March on!" Nor yet the May Pole dance of the West Harlem School. How merrily the children kept step to their song of the Social Revolution. And it's coming, just as surely as the children foretold in dance and song.

Well, we once heard of a woman who wanted to make a very rich cake, and who put so much fruit in it that it wouldn't hold together—it just fell apart of its own surfeit of good things. Something like that happened to our program toward the end, for it was so crowded, time being such an inelastic thing, that some of the goodies had to be left out. With great regret, therefore, it was decided to omit the Italian Workingmen's Song, which was a serious disappointment to some who had come expressly to hear it. Other numbers also had to be cut out.

With the singing of The International, that grand song of the class struggle, which tells that, on one side or the other, all will be enlisted in that "final conflict" which must take place before the full day of the World's Eternal Springtime, the dawn of which was the theme of "Toilers, Arise," can be ushered in, the celebration closed and hundreds of tired but happy children went back to their homes.

But the message of the Piper was still in their ears, and it told them that—though the Springtime of the earth is perennial—another Springtime is coming when the New World, of which they too shall be conscious builders, shall be the happy habitation of both child and man.



If you can be led to victory, you can be led to defeat.



The working class is being punished for the crime of contentment.

## News from Socialist Schools

The teachers in the Socialist Schools of Greater New York held a supper at the Women's Trade Union League, May 13, 1911. Although the program was entirely impromptu the talks were clever and interesting and covered a wide range of subjects from the "Need for lesson outlines in the schools" to "The School and the church."

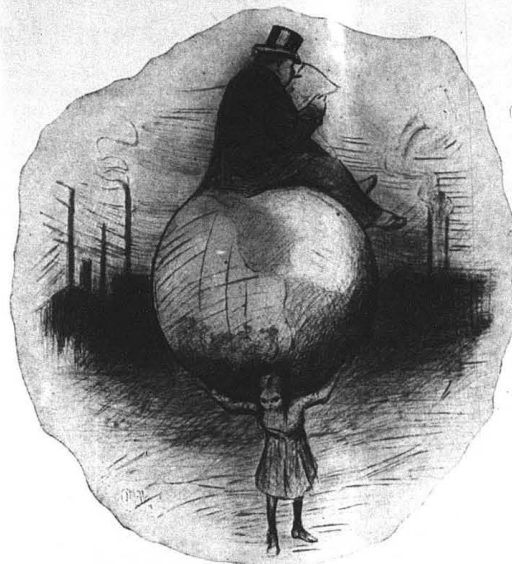
A spirited discussion closed the speaking on the subject of a strong and efficient organization of the Socialist Schools for next year. Final action on the resolution introduced was postponed until Saturday evening, May 20. In the next issue of THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE the form of this organization will be fully given.

\* \* \*

Now is the season of the May Party and the June walk. The Socialist Schools have almost without exception arranged outings for the children. Beginning with the outing of the East Side Socialist School at Van Cortlandt Park on May 14, all the schools of Manhattan and the Bronx, Kings County and Queens County, either singly or combined, have held outdoor sessions or picnics, where the children have sung, played, danced, eaten and marched with all the joy of happy children.

\* \* \*

During the sessions of the annual convention of the Workmen's Circle at Rochester, N. Y., the Socialist School children appeared in a large chorus and sang for the delighted members of the Workmen's Circle. There are no more devoted workers for the Socialist Schools than these same members of the Workmen's Circle.



ACCORDING TO LAW.

Lyle.

One of the directors and teachers of a Socialist School failed in health and was obliged to give up her work with the children and to go to the mountains. After arriving there she wrote the following letter back to the children in the school, whom she loved and hated to leave:

Dear Children:—

I have been thinking of you all day and wishing you could be up here in the mountains. How much good it would do you all! I am up in the Adirondack Mountains only three miles from Saranac Lake, in a beautiful little place called Ray Brook. It is 1,600 feet above the sea level. If I just stretch a wee bit, I believe I could touch the clouds.

Now I am going to tell you something. These wonderful mountains

you hear so much about are very ill-bred, they have awfully bad manners. They all wore white caps when I came and not one of them saluted me. They just stood there as stiff as they could and looked terribly proud. But I didn't care, I wanted to salute them, and just as I was going to wave my hat and shout, it began to snow. I almost cried.

Dear old Mother Sun saw me and she came out the very next day. I think she was very much ashamed of the way the mountains behaved, for she made them take off their caps right then and there, and so they have been standing ever since, still a little stiff but otherwise looking very pleasant. Mother Sun intends to stay right here and tend to them, so I think that within a few weeks they will

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## Your Own Page

We received several contributions from young Socialists, the best of which we print on this page. We were especially pleased with the composition by Celia Rosatstein and awarded to her as this month's premium George Kirkpatrick's great book "War—What For?", which the winner, to judge from her article, will surely enjoy.

Certainly there are many young people among our readers who can write just as nicely. For the next number we would suggest that you write on the subject, "How can I best spend my vacation?" Of course if you have some other subject you should like very much to write about we should be just as pleased to receive your letter.

### Why Boys Should Not Join The "Boy Scouts."

By CELIA ROSATSTEIN.

Throughout the schools of the United States, boys are asked to join the Army. Of course, the capitalists do not call it the Army. They claim that these boys are not being gathered to be trained for future soldiers but rather to be taught to become *gentlemen*. The boys are formed into regiments—each regiment having a number and called, for instance, "Regiment 4" of "The Boy Scouts."

Boys, the capitalists are enticing you by promising beautiful things: such as guns, uniforms, camp life, etc. Many of you have already joined. During the Civil War were not the people of the North and those of the South human beings—all brothers and sisters? Still they killed each other, and why? Because someone told them to. They were so used to obeying commands that they did not stop to think what they were doing, fathers thus being murderers of sons and sons

murderers of fathers. Brother killed brother; cousin killed cousin. And still you want to learn to do the same thing. Could they not have settled peaceably and prevented the spilling of blood? Francisco Ferrer, a man loved and admired by the whole world, was shot down like a dog because he tried to teach the people. The soldiers had nothing against him. At the bottom of their hearts they knew he committed no crime. And yet because they had to obey the commands of the Spanish officers, they were compelled to shoot so noble a man like Francisco Ferrer.

Do not join the scouts. You will be taught to stand up for your master, to respect your master, to obey your master, and in case of a strike to shoot to kill. They will teach you that the workers are fools; that they don't know what they are talking about when they want their rights. And when your parents who had struggled hard to support you that you may grow up to be good and healthy men, rise up and still struggle that you and your brothers and sisters may live in plenty, you, being on the side of the capitalists, will crush them. And yet you want to join an army where you will be taught to do the same. And then you say, "In case of war, will not my country need me?" You are justified in saying this because you have always been taught that war is good.

But in the world that the Socialists are striving to build there will be no war. Peace will reign throughout the world. Instead of factories where guns, powder and other implements of war are made, large buildings will be built for those who have no homes, and instead of the money being spent for large battleships, it will be spent for bettering the conditions of the working class. In the places where the soldiers are drilled large

schools and colleges will be put up and instead of being taught to be ready for war we will be taught to become good men and women and to live in peace and brotherhood.

Especially you boys of the Socialist Sunday Schools, do not join the "Boy Scouts." Persuade your friends not to do so but instead to join the Socialist Schools where they will be taught to stand for Liberty, Peace and Brotherhood.

### The Rose and the Clover

By IDA WEITZMAN.

In a rich man's garden dwelt a beautiful rose. Outside of the palings of that garden dwelt a little red clover.

Even though the rose was much prettier than the clover, it always wished it would have been the little clover.

For every day when the rich man's children played in the garden they didn't care very much about the rose, for there were many more roses there.

But the little clover was differently cared for. For, every day, about noon time a little cottage girl passed the road where the clover grew. She always stopped near the little humble flower and would say many loving words to it. She loved it so much. She didn't ever think of tearing it out. She rejoiced very much when she noticed that the little clover grew larger and more beautiful.

If the day had been very hot and dry, she brought some water to it in a little can from a brook nearby. And when her time was up, and she had to leave it, she would stoop down and kiss it. And with a hearty farewell she would leave it, hoping to see it again on the morrow. Don't you think the rose ought to envy the clover?

### The Mexican Revolution

(Continued from page 5)

low any leader against Diaz and his favorites. If Madero wins in this struggle it will be due largely to these revolutionary workmen who look to him to right their wrongs.

Will Madero do this? We doubt it. He has already promised to help American capital in Mexico. And although Madero enjoys the support of the workers he is fighting for his own interests alone and will sell out the rights of those who have helped him win if by doing so he can gain for himself.

The workers of Mexico still must learn the lesson which capitalism teaches, the lesson of Socialism. As yet the Socialist movement in Mexico is very weak. For it would be impossible to introduce a Socialist state of society there to-day. Only when it has great industries will this be possible.

We must not make the mistake of regarding this as a revolution of the workers of Mexico. It is the fight of capitalism against the feudal age—it is the revolution which is preparing the country for that great social revolution of the future which will make Mexico a Socialist state.

### Current Events

(Continued from page 8)

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were released.

The years which have since passed have marked a great strengthening in the working-class movement. If they were strong enough then to force the capitalists to give up its victims, surely they will demand, with ten times greater insistence, that justice be done to the brothers McNamara.

Just a few days ago the decision in the boycott case against Gompers, Mitchell and Morisson was

rendered by the Supreme Court. It was just exactly what we had expected. The great judges, not daring to provoke the trade-unionists by imprisoning their leaders, used a subterfuge to dismiss them, declaring that imprisonment was an illegal punishment for the offense committed. But it expressly upheld the right of the authorities to persecute all trade-unions who make use of the boycott, and so deprived the working-class of one of the most necessary weapons.

The growing strength of the labor movement in the United States has brought our capitalist rulers to the conclusion that something must be done to stop the workers of the country from growing even more dissatisfied. With this end in view they have begun a series of prosecutions against the most powerful trusts of the country. The first and greatest of these was ordered dissolved a few days ago. When we consider that this same trust was fined 29 million dollars two years ago, and that not one cent has been paid, we will see how much influence this order will have upon the Standard Oil Trust.

On another page in this issue you will find a short article telling about the revolution in Mexico. Since this article was written the revolution has practically come to an end. Diaz has resigned and the Prime Minister, De la Barra, has taken his place. In November a new election will take place. Although it is very improbable that Madero will be a candidate, still the people of the country will be forced to decide between the two capitalist sides. The working class of Mexico will in no case be the winner.

The country launched a "Dreadnaught," a humble man launched a thought; in ten years the "Dreadnaught" was on the scrap-heap, the thought was on the throne.

### News from Socialist Schools

(Continued from page 11)

look very lovely and behave excellently. We have the finest kind of air, it is so clear and smells so sweet.

I am feeling very good and I hope that some day you will all have a chance to see these giant hills. Maybe by the time you grow up, you can all come up here for your vacation, and you won't have to wait until you get sick either, in order to do it.

You won't know me when I come back, I'll have such rosy cheeks and my I'll be so fat!

Be good children and here is a big bear hug for you all. (For you know I look like a bear in my big fur coat.)

With hearty greetings to you all,

ALVIE.

Capitalists are liberal in advice to the workers, because they profit on it.

Socialism does *not* mean equal division of wealth; it means equal opportunity to live a free and full life.

Capitalists of all hands unite; you have a world to chain, and nothing to lose but your (stolen) gains.

### The Little Plant

In the heart of a seed,  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,  
"And creep to the light."  
"Wake!" said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,  
And it rose to see  
What a wonderful  
Outside world might be.





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