

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS

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:: FOR ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN ::

By ALLAN CLARKE

For all the little children
Whose hunger and whose woe
Cry out to us for pity
In every town we know;
For all those little children,
Who best were in the grave—
Oh, fellow-men and women,
Stretch forth your hand to save!

For all the little children
In mill and mine who toil,
Who drudge in dreary work-dens,
And slave upon the soil,
That landlords may heap money,
And master pile up gold—
Oh, have you no compassion
When these your eyes behold?

By love of man and maiden,
That brings the babe to birth,
By all the love of mothers
That sanctifies the earth,
By little ones now dwelling
In wretchedness and slime,
Arise and save the children
That suffer in our time.

For all the little robbed ones,
To whom there come few joys,
No little cakes and kisses,
No music and no toys—
By all that's sweet and righteous,
By all that's just and true,
They are heirs to all that's Eng-
land's—
Let's see they get their due!

Oh, perish all our commerce,
And trade, so dark-denied,
If we must build our Empire
On torture of the child,
What glory in the banners,
Reared on the children's bones?
What triumph in the trumpets
That smother infants' moans?

SOCIALISM ALONE KEEPS ITS HEAD

By George Bernard Shaw

Socialism has lost its leader on the Continent; but it is solid and representative on the main point: it loathes war; and it sees clearly that war is always waged by workmen who have no quarrel, but on the contrary a supreme common interest. It steadily resists the dangerous export of capital by pressing the need for uncommercial employment of capital at home: the only practicable alternative. It knows that war, on its romantic side, is "the sport of kings"; and it concludes that we had better get rid of kings unless they can kill their tedium with more democratic amusements. It notes the fact that though the newspapers shout at us that these battles on fronts a hundred miles long, where the slain outnumber the total forces engaged in older campaigns, are the greatest battles known to history, such machine-carnages bore us so horribly that we are ashamed of our ingratitude to our soldiers in not being able to feel about them as about comparatively trumpey scraps like Waterloo or even Inkerman and Balaclava. It never forgets that as long as higher education, culture, foreign travel, knowledge of the world; in short, the qualification for comprehension of foreign affairs and intelligent voting, is confined to one small class, leaving the masses in poverty, narrowness, and ignorance, and being itself artificially cut off at their expense from the salutary pressure of the common burden which alone keeps man unspoiled and sane, so long will that small class be forced to obtain the sup-

port of the masses for its wars by flattering proclamations of the national virtues and indignant denunciations of the villainies of the enemy, with, if necessary, a stiffening of deliberate falsehood and a strenuous persecution of any attempt at inconvenient truth-telling. Here there is no question of the Junker being a monster. You must rule ignoramus according to their ignorance. The priest must work bogus miracles for them; the man of science must offer them magical cures and prophylactics; the barrister must win their verdict by sophistries, false pathos, and appeals to their prejudices; the army and navy must dazzle them with pageants and bands and thundering salvos and romantic tales; the king must cut himself off from humanity and become an idol. There is no escape whilst such classes exist. Mahomet, the boldest prophet that ever threw down the gage of the singleness and supremacy of God to a fierce tribe of warriors who worshipped stones as devotedly as we worship dukes and millionaires, could not govern them by religious truth, and was forced to fall back on revolting descriptions of hell and the day of judgment, invented by him for the purpose. What else could he do if his people were not to be abandoned to their own destruction? If it is an axiom of diplomacy that the people must not be told the truth, that is not in the least because, for example, Sir Edward Grey has a personal taste for mendacity; it is a necessity imposed by the fact that the people are incapable of the truth. In

the end, lying becomes a reflex action with diplomatists; and we cannot even issue a penny blue-book without beginning it with the quite unprovoked statement that "no crime has even aroused deeper or more general horror throughout Europe" than the assassination of the Archduke. The real tragedy was that the violent death of a fellow creature should have aroused so little.

The Paris Liberte has discovered the most "nervy" of English tourists—always a self-confident race. This man entered a well-known restaurant, accompanied by two little girls, ordered a bottle of mineral water and three plates, and began to eat sandwiches, which he had brought with him in his pockets.

The manager, overcome by this outrage, approached him and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not a—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the Englishman.

"I am the manager," was the reply.

"Oh, you are the manager, are you? That is good. I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the band playing?"

Shortly after the war began a woman received a letter addressed to her by her husband. She opened the envelope, which had already been opened once by the censor, and instead of the expected letter she found a slip of paper bearing these words:

"Your husband is well, but too communicative."

THE OBJECT LESSON FOR ALL THE FIGHTING NATIONS

(From "The Young Socialist of England")

By ALLEN CLARKE

There comes regularly into our street once a week, on a certain afternoon, a little quiet woman, whose age will be about forty, wheeling one of those perambulating pianos you turn with a handle. She is accompanied by a tall man, who hobbles along on two crutches, one under either arm. His right leg is cut off above the knee. He is also, I gather, partially paralyzed in the other leg. He has a pleasant face—though care-worn—with frank blue eyes. He wears an old sun-helmet—such as the troops in South Africa wear. On his breast are several medals. A printed placard, attached to the front of the street-piano, informs you that this man served in the Boer War, and there lost his right leg. As you look at him, you think what a fine big chap he must have been in the days when he went to the war, and what a pity to see him thus limberless and disabled, and, worse still, having to go round, in a state of semi-beggary, with this musical instrument to eke out his little pension, and earn his livelihood. His wife is humbly dressed; one wonders how often she gets a new hat or skirt—and the ex-soldier's trousers and coat are, though neat, shabby and threadbare.

After they have given their musical repertoire—a mixed performance of hymns and the latest popular rag-time ditties—his wife comes to the doors with a tin can, and we give her our coppers. But, down at the other end of the street, there lives a retired "gentleman"—who, I guess, was formerly a small farmer. He made his fortune during that same Boer War; he had con-

tracts with the War Office—whether for horses, or hay, or something in that line, I know not; but I hope he was honest over the business. He has, however, a close-bested reputation; and this I know by my own observation. I have never seen him put anything in the collecting-can of the ex-soldier who fought in the Boer War. Indeed, the ex-soldier's wife, having, I suppose, become convinced of the futility of appealing at the retired gentleman's door, never proffers her tin can there now. She always passes it by.

Yesterday, the old crippled soldier and his wife were standing playing the street-piano opposite our door, when there came running along the street a company of Territorials—Scottish—in kilts. They were practicing a trot—having a little harrier exercise—and it was warm work, too, as was evidenced by the fact that many of them had pulled their coats off, left them somewhere, and were running in their shirt sleeves.

The street-piano was playing that chaste classic, "Who were you with last night?" as the new soldiers, getting ready for the war, ran past the old soldier supported on his crutches, as he turned the handle of his music machine.

They all looked at him—these fine young lads getting ready for the front; they all looked at the old crippled soldier, begging for his bread, as they scattered past; and their faces grew solemn as they looked. Had this picture of the other side of war, of its ghastly suffering consequences, suddenly raised thought in their minds?

They, strong, full-limbed, were getting ready to go to war, of which they had as yet had no experience.

But the old soldier, feeble, short a leg—he had been through it all, and could tell them the tale. Not only a tale of war, but after, and since.

Whatever the impressions this object of war made upon them, the young soldiers continued their trot down the street. They did not linger to look, nor to ask questions. But as they reached the corner and swung round it, and out of sight, every one of them—and there would be about fifty—turned round as he ran to have another look at the man who had known war.

An Official Fly Catcher

Redlands, Cal., was the first city in the United States to carry on an organized, systematic campaign against the fly nuisance by the use of large-sized out-door traps. A special trap was designed to stand the hard service on the streets, and a new office was created—that of "Official Fly Catcher."

Last summer about one hundred out-door traps were used in the business district of the city and more than four hundred others were scattered throughout the residential sections. During each of the early summer months more than fifty gallons of dead flies were taken from the traps in the business district.

The out-door fly trap used in Redlands is a wire screen cage 12 inches square and 2 feet high. In the floor of the cage are two cones and bait pans. The bait used is stale bread and milk, syrup, Swiss cheese, cantaloupes, and the like. During dry, hot weather the traps are baited daily, and in cool weather every other day.

THE YIPSELS IN THE SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS

By KENDRICK SHEDD

Everybody ought to know by this time that the Yipsels are the members of the Young People's Socialist Leagues or Clubs all over the country. So, since we are agreed upon this point, we shall pass on to talk of the place and the work of the Yipsels in this splendid movement for the inspiration of the kiddies.

The Socialist Sunday School has come to stay. No more important thing in the Socialist movement today. In the West they call them Forums. In some places they go by the name of Schools of Social Science. In Great Britain and in many places in this country they go by the name of Socialist Sunday Schools. Though titles may vary, the aim is to in-pire the young children to be intelligent rebels against the wrongs and injustices of the present system of barbarism.

In these schools there is much work to be done, and so, as real Socialist workers well know, there must be much personal sacrifice. The Socialist movement is filled with those who are unselfishly giving up their lives and their prospects for the advancement of the cause they love and believe in with all their heart.

Who is going to do this important service? Who would be better able to do it than the Yipsels? Below will be found several good reasons, among others, why you, O Comrade Yipsel, should enter this work and give it the benefit of your life and strength and enthusiasm.

(1) Yipsels make natural teachers and helpers. They are not so learned as to be technical. Their vocabulary is still smaller and more easily comprehended than that of

the old-liner who has drunk in Marx for years. They are therefore nearer to the child-mind. Also they are not so set in their ways as the older comrades, and are more adaptable. Besides, they are still fresh and young and hopeful and full of life. They are natural optimists. And, last, but not least, they acquire easily.

(2) The Yipsels are good singers. Singing is bound to play a big part in the Sunday Schools and Forums. If it isn't there, so much the worse for the movement.

(3) The Yipsels are good story tellers and excellent actors. Much of the Sunday School work must be done directly through song and story and play and pageant and festival. Who can do this sort of work better than the young Socialists?

(4) The Schools are sadly in need of help. The British comrades complain of the lack of teachers and helpers. We hear this, too, in our own country. Why should there be this lack? Are there not plenty of Yipsels growing up? What are they doing for Socialism if not working in such a cause as this? I'm much afraid that too many so-called Leaguers or Yipsels simply tango or baseballize for Socialism, so to speak! Possibly they sometimes "cinch" or "schafskopf" for Socialism. There are others.

In a School there should be one teacher for every ten kiddies, or even one for seven. So much the better. Lots of places to fill. Where are YOU?

(5) The Sunday School is the feeder for the YPSL's. If this is so, and who can doubt it?—if this is so, then even intelligent selfish-

ness would command the Yipsels to work in these schools, in order that the future of their Clubs or Leagues might be more secure. You should be glad, too, to have a hand—better a mind—in the training of your members-to-be. Think it over.

(6) Working for others deepens the worker's own life. This is a principle of Nature. Those that give something get something. Alas for those poverty-stricken and deluded lives that give nothing and so receive nothing! They know not what they are missing.

The practice of altruism or other-fellowism deepens and widens the channel of a life. It beautifies a character. Doing worth-while things makes worth-while people, and all of the worth-while people I have ever met were beautifully and charmingly unselfish and altruistic. Life has something to offer besides rag-time and hullabaloo, if young people only realized it.

(7) The positive delight of working with kiddies and watching them grow and develop! The fun of singing with them! The satisfaction of hearing them ask questions and answering them! The pleasure of going on hikes or little picnics with them, and so adding to their health and joy! Take notice, Yipsels! What have YOU been losing all of those many days?

(8) Voting is not the chief thing in the Socialist movement. The chief thing is education. Think it over. The Schools and Forums are manufacturing young Socialists. Every Local should be a rebel-factory, so to speak. Are you helping in this glorious work of making intelligent rebels and revolters against the thousands of

wrongs and injustices incident to the system of Capitalism?

(9) There was an old saying of the Middle Age, which ran like this: "Noblesse oblige." It was French, and meant "Nobility imposes obligations." It was another way of saying that it is the duty of those who have received more to give out more. The more you know, the more the world has a right to expect of you. It was true in the Middle Age. It is just as true today.

League or Club member, or Yipsel, YOU have had better opportunities than your parents. You are better educated. Therefore the Socialist Movement naturally and logically demands greater things of you. Why not? You can't get away from the logic of this. Do you want to?

So, Yipsels, get busy. Go to work to-day. Do something for Socialism. Don't wait for year-wondering just what you might possibly be fitted for. Get into the School or Forum at once. Help. Do what you can. Try it once. It will make you stronger, more confident of yourself, more sure of your abilities. You will discover some things that will surprise you. You will enrich your own life, while enlarging and enriching others. And you will have greater, deeper joy and satisfaction. Wake up and get up! The clock is striking the hour of opportunity.

A "cub" reporter on a New York newspaper was sent to Paterson to write the story of the murder of a rich manufacturer by thieves. He spread himself on the details and naively concluded his account with this sentence:

"Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life."

Turning a Tree Into Newspaper

At a woodpulp and paper manufactory at a small town in Austria the question was asked: "In how short a time can you turn a tree into a newspaper?"

The answer was given by actual trial. A notary public and other witnesses were called, and at exactly 7:35 o'clock in the morning operations were begun in a forest near the factory by felling three trees. These were stripped, cut into pieces, and reduced to pulp by mechanical means. The pulp was thrown into a tub and mixed with the ingredients required to turn it into paper. The paste thus formed was passed through the rolling machine, and at nine-thirty-four o'clock—one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the felling of the trees—the first sheet of paper issued from the machine.

The paper was hurried to a printing house more than two miles away, where the type had already been set, and at ten o'clock, two hours and twenty-five minutes from the beginning of the experiment in the forest, a printed newspaper was turned out from the press. The owners of the factory claim that they can repeat the feat in twenty minutes less.

Two Views

Youngleigh—"Don't you think that after a girl has been taken to the theatre, given bonbons, and treated to a good supper, she should let the young man kiss her good-night?"

Grumpy Old Bach—"Huh! I should think he'd done quite enough for her."—Boston Transcript.

Distance Lighting

Distance lighting—or cross-the-street lighting—is an odd development of recent months that has been put into practice in some American cities; and it has possibilities for wide service. Instead of lighting the front of a building with lamps hung above the sidewalk, lamps somewhat like searchlights are set up one or two hundred feet away and pointed at the building to be lighted. An even illumination of the building and of the street in front of it is obtained, and brilliant effects are feasible from comparatively small light sources.

The new gas-filled electric lamps make the idea practicable; for, with comparatively inexpensive reflectors, these lamps of concentrated light operate much like searchlights, and yet consume only small amounts of current.

The distant illumination of billboards, along railroad tracks and on tops of buildings, is another application of the idea. Very bright signs attract attention because of the mysterious source of the concealed light, perhaps two hundred feet away.

There is a cheerful Irishwoman on the East Side whose husband is a confirmed hypochondriac.

"Good morning, Mrs. Clancy," said a friend, as they met at market. "An' how's the family?"

"They's all doin' well," said Mrs. Clancy, "with the exception of me ould man. He's been enjoyin' poor health now for some time; but this mornin' he complained of feelin' better."

THE CONFOUNDED CHATTER-TONGUES.

(Dedicated to all those scatter-brains who haven't sense enough nor sufficient decency to let a speaker have the floor).

By Kendrick Sheed.

Here's to the nuisances, where'er they are
Who go to all meetings the comfort to mar.
Their brains must be lacking; their manners sure be—
Had they penetration, this truth they could see.

Here's to the Comrades (?) who talk all the time;
Their hearts must be hardened; their gall is sublime!
They're mean and they're selfish; they want all the floor;
The speaker needs silence, BUT they are a BORE!

Here's to the fellow who talk over-time;
I'm swearing at them in this foolish rhyme.
They make a man feel just like saying DAMN—
They call themselves Soc'lists, but they are a SHAM!

THE RED FLAG

Air—Maryland, My Maryland

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded off our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their heart's blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

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

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

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

Chorus

Then raise the scarlet standard high,
Beneath its shade we'll live and die.
Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

"TO SELL SHOE-STRINGS"

William F. Kruse

All day long there had been incessant cannonading, broken up at sharp intervals by desperate attacks and counter-attacks; early that morning the word had been passed along from regiment to regiment that, in honor of the Arch-duke's birthday, great things were expected from every man. At home, too, the papers had made big announcements of wonderful achievements to be expected on this day of days—it was of greatest importance that these promises be carried out.

But the enemy had proven a more worthy foe than had been expected. The furious charges were shattered time after time and remnants of the attacking columns and battalions had been torn to pieces by the raking shell fire as they were forced to fall back. No pen can portray, nor brush picture, the deeds of heroism done that day. In a vain effort to distinguish their monarch's birthday thousands of brave men gave up their lives. The dead and dying of both armies were piled up, not only before the trenches, but out in the field, where the shells were still falling and where no doctor or nurse could hope to reach the ghing desperately with the Grim Reaper, wounded—out there men were struggling hard and fighting alone.

The day finally came to an end with-out either side getting the slightest advantage. All the heroic valor had gone for naught, night came on and enshrouded the bloody fields with its inky blackness, unbroken save here and there by the bursting of a rocket or the wheeling arc of a searchlight directed against a possible enemy in the air.

Far out beyond the protection of either trench, where the armies had, for a short time, engaged in mortal struggle in the open fields, the ground lay thickly strewn with corpses. A terrible mix-up that had been, they fought with bayonets, clubbed with rifles, and even with their hand-knives, until the fire from the trenches had wiped out what was left of the little band, friend and foe alike. Many of the men were dead, but here and there bodies would twitch and move and moan. As the night came on and the firing subsided, there was nothing to be heard but the groan of wounded men waiting for Death to put an end to their miseries.

Suddenly the moon burst from behind a thick cloud bank and flooded the plain with a strange, uncanny light. A Lancashire corporal, lying braced up

against a tree-trunk and with a bullet through his stomach, raised his hand to his eyes to shut out the terrible sight. "Ghastly, oh, horrible," he murmured, turning away.

"Yes, it is," said a voice close by, "and what did we do it for?"

Looking around, the corporal saw a Prussian private prone on the ground, his back broken and his shirtfront stained with blood. He was a very young man—as he lay there with his face upturned in the moonlight, he seemed but a boy. It was a good face, too, strong, noble, and refined, the hate of war had left no imprint on that brow.

The older man snarled involuntarily, but checked himself as he saw the plight of his enemy. "I guess you're done for all right—so am I. You speak English. How's that?"

"University of Berlin man," smiled back the other, wanly, "I was to have taken my degree in a few months. I am a student and a teacher, not a fighter. You have nothing to fear from me. There is very little fight left in either of us now, I guess. But tell me, honestly, what did we, and all those other fellows—what did they do it for?"

"It's your ruler's birthday and you wanted to make a record. Not much success you had at it though. We jolly well stopped you. To-morrow we'll come over and drive you fellows off the map. A record!"

"We did make a record," said the other gently, "and so did you. We have both made a record—a record of suffering and death here in the field; and back at home, one of broken hearts and weeping women. We have put a blight on many a home." He looked forward to the older man appealingly, "Have you a home?"

The corporal's head bowed down over his breast, a great tear rolled down over his wind-tanned face. "Yes, I have a home, and there's a woman in it, too—the finest little woman in all the world. What will she say? How will she take it? And the kids!"—he could go no further, his voice broke, and in the great anguish over the plight of his loved ones even the rankling pain of his wound was forgotten.

"Thank God I have no wife to mourn for me," spoke the youth, "but there is my mother. When my only brother was killed in the first battle of the war she took to her bed. And so soon after poor father, too! Then I was drafted—

poor, grey-haired old mother—her last support, her only consolation must be taken from her, too. This news will kill her. And why? The Emperor needs soldiers, to protect the destinies of the Empire! The Empire! Bah! Destinies—such tommy-rot! To sell German shoe-strings rather than English ones to the natives of Soudan. And for this we die, for this we break our mother's hearts."

"It was work that broke my mother's heart," said the corporal, "work in the mills to make those shoe-strings for Soudan. I thought to do better, though, Margy and I—how we planned, and worked, and slaved—just to do a little better. That's why we worked so hard in the Union, and at the elections—just to make things a little better. And we finally got the little cottage just outside the town, and it was so pretty—the kids should have a better chance, and Margy shouldn't have to go to work any more. And now—to die here in the mud! The grass is green now along the path that leads out to the road, and!"

"The buds are beginning to come out on the early rose-bushes" mused the boy with a far-off look in his eyes. "And the children will be nesting in their beds, thinking of their father across the Channel. And down in the kitchen there's a little woman restlessly pacing the floor, thinking, thinking always of—"

"Stop man! Are you mad, or are you a wizard? What do you know about my rose-bushes, or of my wife pacing the floor? Even my children—who told you this?"

"No one told me, Comrade, but many a man's rose-bush will throw off its fragrance in vain this summer, it will bloom among hearts weighed down with grief and desolation. Many children will have to learn that their father is no more. See those men lying there stiff and cold—there's not a man among them but whose loss will break some woman's heart. Many are the children we have robbed of their bread and comfort by murdering their fathers here to-night. And wives—I told you that I had no wife to mourn for me—it's true, but there is a little maid back in my village home who waits for my return. My mother wrote me just once—and then she said that my little Anna is always the first to reach the Bureau when they post the 'Verlustliste.' And she looks—half-crazed between hope and fears for a name—my name. Can you think of what that means? These two women, representing all that is near and dear to me in all the world, they now live together in comfort one another in these days of their misery, Anna! I think I can see her now, congratulating me after I had

made my first speech for the Party in our district. Her golden hair hanging down her back in a thick braid—the love-fire shining in her beautiful blue eyes—that was a proud moment for me—we were to have been married May first. A fitting day to join our hearts and our hopes in the service of the movement. And now—this! Every hope, every fond dream shattered, broken into a thousand pieces by the blood-crazed war-god. And our world, all our organizations, crushed in the dust—the hopes and aspirations of the workers of the world blown to atoms at the mouths of each other's cannon. Militarism rampant, dragging Love, Peace and Labor at his chariot wheels. Our cause is lost!"

"Not lost, boy, not lost entirely," said the old man. "For us, perhaps all hope is gone, but there is a big work to do for those that survive. I only wish that I had been spared to take part in it. This day, it's true, our kings and rulers have their fling, this is their day, they are the rulers of the hour—but their hour has almost struck. To-morrow, the coming day, is the day of the workers. And all their hopes and dreams, seemingly so forlorn to-day, will rise to-morrow—only they will no longer be dreams, our sons will make them real. This is a lesson to all mankind. For long years we have played with the fire of the war-god, now we are being burnt. Let our children take heed of the warning and, at the first opportunity, put an end to the fire entirely. And the women—bereaved of husband, son or lover—let them bear up in their grief to sound this warning, to carry out this work so that war may disappear from the earth forever. This is a dark day of reaction, but to-morrow—"

Just then, wafted on the wings of the soft south wind, the sound of chimes floated across the battlefield. It came from an old chapel, half a mile away, almost entirely ruined by the cross-fire of the contending armies, it hung in some miraculous way, kept its tower standing—and in that tower still hung the old bell.

The boy broke in excitedly, "What day is this? The Thirtieth? No, it's the First—the First of May! May Day! The day of the workers is here, it is here now. This is the time for work. Let those who are free from our turmoil heed the message. May Day—what memories—the parades, the speeches, and—oh, my God!—I was to have been married to-day! Anna, An!"

A convulsive shudder ran through the boy's frame, his hand stretched out toward the veteran who, with a desperate effort, managed at last to clasp it within his own. "Comrade, the—worker's—day—"

oh! Mother—Anna!— And then there was silence.

The corporal lay still for a long time with the hand of his dead enemy in his own—he shook his head sadly. "Poor boy. Poor boy," he murmured to himself over and over again. "The worker's day is here." And then his fancy flitted to the gravel path leading to his cottage, then back to a little hut in the enemy's country where two women were weeping—Anna's sharp eyes had been the first to see the name of names included in the 'Verlustliste.' Then their eyes flashed into the picture a third face, that of his own dear wife. They were tear-stained and deeply lined with grief, the faces of these women—grey-haired mother, weeping sweetheart, broken wife—she looked into their faces and saw desolation there, and loneliness—such loneliness. He saw them sitting before a fire, bright though it was, it sent no cheer into their starving souls—they sat there together, waiting—waiting always for someone who would never return again.

Looking into the fire, a weird fancy suddenly came over him, he saw it living—peopled with armies, cannon, crosses, and kings—for a short space of time they struggled madly with one another, great was their glory and their pompous success—but the women only looked on sorrowing, their heads bent low for the loss of their loved ones.

"Why?" groaned the corporal, "oh, why?" Then he remembered the words of the boy now stark and stiff—"To sell German shoe-strings rather than English ones to the natives of Soudan. And for this men die!"

The woman looked, and understood, and then—the fire—went—out.

An excellent comment on economic conditions in the United States was offered by George W. Perkins to the Commission on Industrial Relations when he said:

"Anyone approaching this country in an airship and looking down on it and seeing our great fertile fields and rich mines and the comparatively small population, and then seeing the number of unemployed—the number of people who are not employed as they should be—would think this was a tinplate asylum."

But what would this airship navigator think, were he informed that the man, who made the statement quoted, solemnly insists that the state of affairs is due to the Sherman law and "unscientific" tariff revision?—The Public.

The south raised too much cotton, therefore she starves. The north raised too much wheat, therefore she freezes. Logical? No. But it is a fact nevertheless.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

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PENNSYLVANIA

INTELLIGENCES

A New League Organized

Simultaneous with the information that the Y. P. S. L. Circles had effected their state organization, comes the news that Glassport had organized a Circle with 20 members. They assert they are going to build a Circle which will be the largest in the state in point of membership. McKeesport now holds that distinction and welcomes friendly rivalry.

Northside, Pittsburgh, will be represented by a Circle of the Y. P. S. L. within a few weeks. County Organizer Mazoo is actively engaged in organization work and reports the possibility of several new Leagues in Allegheny County.

Concerning Due Stamps

The Financial Secretaries of all Circles in Pennsylvania will purchase due stamps from Irvin Weber, State Financial Secretary, 508 N. 13th Street, Reading, Pa., at the rate of 4 cents per stamp.

Send in names of secretary and address to State Secretary Theo. Swartz, 506 Rogena Str., McKeesport, Pa., also the number of members in good standing, so that he may send your Circle State Referendum "A," proposed State Constitution.

Theo. Swartz, State Sec'y,
506 Rogena Street, McKeesport, Pa.

STATE CONVENTIONS OF OUR Y. P. S. L.

ROCHESTER YIPSELS AND THE CONVENTION

As mentioned in the previous issue of the Y. S. M., the Rochester League members are at work in preparation for the convention next month, and it may be of interest to know something about the program of events for July 3d, 4th and 5th.

Following is a program which has been temporarily drafted up, though, of course, this is subject to changes between now and July:

Saturday, July 3d—Afternoon, reception of visitors. Evening, 7 o'clock, banquet tendered by the Rochester League in honor of all delegates and visitors, followed by general reception and dance.

Sunday, July 4th—Morning, opening session, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 12:30, group pictures of delegates and visitors. Dinner, 1; session, 2 to 5; supper, 6. Evening, 8 o'clock, lawn fete in honor of all delegates and visitors. (Detailed program of entertainment is being prepared by the committee.)

Monday, July 5th—Morning, session, 10 to 12; Dinner, 12:30. Afternoon, session, 2 to 5. Formal close of convention.

It is hoped by the Rochester League that all visitors can arrange to reach this City in time for the banquet, which is scheduled for 1 o'clock. Those coming from up-state leagues can, no doubt, be with us, but it is feared that delegates and visitors from down-state may be late, owing to the lengthy trip. We would be pleased to hear from the down-state members as to just when it would be possible for them to reach the "Flower City," and, if possible, we shall arrange our time accordingly. We should certainly consider the banquet or supper incomplete if all leagues were not represented.

Relative to the convention sessions as scheduled above, it is understood, of course, that the time and number will probably have to be changed, all depending upon the amount of business to be transacted, and further, the rapidity and conscientiousness with which it is carried out.

It may also be mentioned that the Buffalo Y. P. S. L. has challenged the Rochester League to a baseball game, to be held during the convention days. Nothing definite has been decided upon to date of this writing, but should we be able to work up a suitable team, the game will probably be held Sunday afternoon, or Monday morning. This is only a suggestion. The Buffalo League is planning to attend the convention in a body. They have a good baseball team, we understand, and of course, are anxious for a game.

Should any other leagues of the State be planning to attend in a body, or should any group of league members, aside from delegates, be considering this, we should like to be advised, as we are endeavoring to arrange for accommodations for all delegates and visitors, with our local comrades.

Other matters may come up between now and next month, which will probably effect the program as outlined, and we hope to be able to make a more definite report in the July issue.

In the meantime, we shall be pleased to hear from our comrades, offering suggestions or advice in the matter. Same will receive due consideration, and will be appreciated. Kindly address any communications to the undersigned at 580 St. Paul St., and same will be referred to the proper committee.

The Reception Committee has asked that notation be made here, calling attention to the fact that as soon as delegates have been elected by the various leagues, and they, as well as other visitors, have decided upon the time of leaving their respective cities, that we be advised accordingly, at least one week previous, so that proper arrangements may be made for receiving the visitors.

We sincerely trust that all leagues will carefully note the above requests, and we assure you that any assistance given us along these lines will be greatly appreciated. It will help to make our work lighter, and co-operation always brings the best results.

Bertha Vossler,

Ass't Mgr. Rochester Y. P. S. L.
May 18th, 1915.

NEW JERSEY Y. P. S. L. CONVENTION

The Y. P. S. L. of New Jersey held its second annual convention on May 9th in the headquarters of the Hudson County Socialists. The old "converted" church, decorated as it was by the red banners of many progressive organizations, certainly looked its best, while the fresh green insignia of the most progressive of all—Mother Nature—made the meeting hall look like a spring bower. The decorations probably had quite a bit to do with the jolly spirit that possessed the delegates, for though outside sounded the call of a beautiful spring day, the cheerful surroundings within made it possible to keep to seats without too great a sacrifice.

This convention, it must be admitted, was more of a jubilee than a business session. The grinding work had been done last year, the really important struggles were disposed of, and since during the year such wonderful progress had been made, everybody just naturally felt happy. From the first call to order by the State Secretary until long after the meeting had adjourned, a note of jollity—reckless, care-free jollity—prevailed. There were sharp differences of opinion, to be sure—several times a roll call vote showed a proposition carried or lost by a very small margin. But there was no bitterness or dissatisfaction of any kind throughout the day, comradeship and harmony reigned supreme.

Reports of officers were received with great enthusiasm. The secretary read a report in which the activities of the year were reviewed and the progress noted. They had doubled their membership, increased the number of circles and vastly extended their influence. Membership was now about 600, number of Leagues, eleven; cash in treasury about \$45.00. The routine work had all been systematized, and the whole organization was working smoothly. Reports from individual Leagues from all over the state amply bore this out and proved the movement to be in very healthy condition. Telegrams from National Committeeman Goebel and from the Schenectady Y. P. S. L. were received with great enthusiasm.

Resolutions were adopted reaffirming loyalty to the Socialist Party and to the Labor movement. Militarism was scathingly denounced. All members of the Y. P. S. L. were urged to support only union-made goods. A telegram of greeting was ordered sent to the National Committee, then in

session in Chicago. It read: "Comradely greeting. Work among young of greatest importance. Keep it up." All members were urged to support the party press and especially the Y. P. S. L. official organ—the Young Socialists' Magazine.

Most of the recommendations of the Ways and Means Committee were accepted. That dealing with the national organization was adopted as follows: "That we join the National Y. P. S. L. at once, that we continue to use our own dues cards until same have been exhausted, that we purchase national stamps and sell them on all orders received after May 20th, that no order for more than fifty stamps (at old rate of 2 cents) be accepted up to May 20th, that thereafter the new rate of 4 cents prevail, and that the national stamp system be put in use beginning June 1st."

Constitutional amendment accepted; raising price of dues stamps from 2 cents to 4 cents; raising basis of representation in convention from 10 to 15; putting party qualification on the nucleus of leagues in danger of disbandment.

Officers elected: State Secretary, Erna A. Semner, Elizabeth; organizer, William F. Kruse, Jersey City; financial secretary, Flora C. Frackenkupf, Newark, (re-elected); treasurer, Augusta Blechschmidt, North Bergen (re-elected). Following nominees for the national committee (to be submitted to referendum): Eugene Brock, Chas. Fishbeck, Wm. F. Kruse. Two out of three to be elected. William F. Kruse designated as Associate Editor to the Young Socialists' Magazine.

All organizations are requested to note change in the secretaryship and to address all official communications to Miss Erna A. Semner, 40 Port St., Elizabeth, N. J.

The next State Convention is to be held on Sunday, May 7th, 1916, at Elizabeth, N. J.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION

Another State has swung into the line of Y. P. S. L. State Organizations. Pennsylvania is the new arrival to join New York and New Jersey, and, if we can judge by the enthusiasm and efficiency manifested at their Convention, we must predict a very rosy future for them.

The convention was held in Philadelphia on May first and second, in one of the largest and most beautiful halls in all that big city. Mercantile Hall—history has it that, the hall was built a long time ago as a private club house for a

group of the most exclusive merchants of the city of brotherly love. From an aristocratic hang-out to the Young Socialist Convention is quite a step, we must all admit, but it merely goes to show the great leveling tendency of the times. The workers are climbing up stronger and stronger, they are encroaching more and more on the sacred precincts of the master class—the time is not very far distant when they shall have conquered the world.

There are two things, at least, if no others, that the convention achieved. In the first place, it served to convince the older comrades that a Young Movement was a big, and a very real thing; that it was here, and it was here to stay. That is a big lesson—but to judge from the speeches and opinions ventured by the older veterans, the backbone of the Philadelphia movement—they had learned it once and for all time.

The other great achievement of the convention lays the very foundation of any worth while state movement—it served to make the people from all over the State acquainted with one another. They certainly went at this task with a will—and my—they sure did succeed. Before that group broke up late Sunday night the various delegates had built up a mutual understanding that a lifetime will not efface. I am sure that I speak for every out-of-town delegate when I say that the Philadelphia young Socialists deserve the highest recognition for the great part their hospitality played in the important work.

Now, as to the work of the convention proper. They have formulated a sound, and seemingly very workable constitution. There may be some improvements that will suggest themselves as time goes on, but in the main, it would seem as though they had a real foundation for an efficient State Organization. If they will carry out the routine work of their movement in the same spirit that characterized all their doing in and out of the convention, there can be no doubt on this score.

Next, they elected a splendid cast of officers (who also constitute the State Executive Committee). Each of them seems to have been selected for their qualification to adequately fill his place, rather than for any personal popularity. The officers are as follows: State Secretary, Theo. Swartz, McKeesport, Pa.; Organizer, Al Snyder, Philadelphia; Financial Secretary, Erven F. Weber, Reading; Treasurer, Sam Young, Harrisburg; Educational Director, Paul Hrazan, Philadelphia. Upon the work of these comrades will depend, in a large measure, the success of the work of the

(Continued on Page 14)

THE BEST THING WE HAVE DONE!

What is it? What do you think it is?

Personally, we are just a wee bit inclined to think that the best thing of all was to have the young Socialists themselves begin to feel that they had an interest in this paper. That helped some, but not nearly enough. We want to make this a **YOUNG PEOPLE'S** Socialist magazine—and we want your help. Will you give it?

As one step in this direction we contemplate starting a new department, headed as this is headed, "**THE BEST THING WE HAVE DONE.**" But we don't want to talk about ourselves and we don't want to talk about you—we want you to do it. See?

Every League has, in the course of its career, done a great many things—it has done some of them well, some not quite so well—but generally one achievement is remembered as the "best of all." That's what we want to know about. All of us! It will make you feel good to tell about it, it will do us all good to learn and to profit by your example.

Some time in the future we will run a gloom column—we'll call that "The worst mistake we ever made." That will also be valuable to us, and we hope that our young people will be absolutely honest in both cases.

This is how to do it. First make up your mind as to what the best thing was. If there is any serious disagreement, you'd better submit it to the vote of your Circle. Then sit down and write just how you went about it. Give us the details, those are the things we all, and the young Socialists particularly, must learn to respect—and give us nothing but the truth. If there were any shortcomings, let's have those too, we'll know how to steer clear of them next time. These articles will have to be limited to five hundred words, you can say a good deal in that amount of space, just sit down and try it.

Now I know that every League will want to tell about itself—there's a little bit of vanity in the best of us. Some may write about the same kind of an affair—that means that only one will be printed—and that will be the first one that gets here. So don't lose any time, get busy right away. Let us see which Circle gets in first. We'll expect a good many answers and they will all have to wait their turn—first come, first serve. So get busy at once and let us know about the "**BEST THING WE HAVE EVER DONE.**"

DEBATING DEPARTMENT

Edited by NATHAN BICKS,
518 East Houston St., N. Y. C.

Resolved: That nationalism is a menace to a permanent Socialist International.

Affirmative by Editor.

The present catastrophe has once more demolished the International.

The war that devastates Europe, breaks asunder nations, butchers people, is considered by the leading Socialists as either not incompatible with International Brotherhood or more important than a world-wide Socialist organization. At any rate, their activity makes it clear that they repudiate the principles of International Socialism, notwithstanding their declarations to the contrary.

It is painful to note that the very friend of Marx, Germany, has denounced its obligations to the organization and turned traitor to the economic and political truths formulated by their immortal compatriot. The Social-Democrats of Germany, with the exception of the brave Liebknecht, have voted for the war budget which finances the Kaiser's forces. Thus the German Parliamentary group is an accomplice in this international murder campaign. The French Socialists have accepted portfolios in the War Cabinet that is responsible for the miseries and misfortunes the French soldiery inflicts on the comrades and workers of the opposition. Vandervelde, the chairman of the Socialist Bureau at Brussels, has accepted a place in the Belgian War Cabinet. In the United States the leading Socialist, Hillquit, has verbally and in numerous magazine articles defended the treason of the foreign comrades. He improved on their doctrines by declaring that some varieties of war are compatible with the ideals of Socialism.

When the leading Socialists of the world have turned traitors and war-jingos, it is high time that the rank and file commence thinking.

We are not concerned with the causes leading to the conflict. Neither do we care to determine whether Germany is the aggressor and France and Belgium the victims. Above all, we lend no sympathetic ear to the Socialist and anti-Socialist jingos who proclaim Russia's inferiority to the other nations. What does absorb our interest is the big fact that Socialists have abandoned their anti-military and

anti-national principles. Scheidemann, the successor to the beloved Bebel, has announced that Germany is above the International. International solidarity is secondary to national achievements.

From the presented facts, it is self-evident that nationalism arrays the working class of one nation against the comrades of another. Can a permanent International be built on such foundations? The old International was built on nationalism and it gave way to the winds of Socialist patriotism. The new International should be established on a solid rock basis. What is that basis? Surely it is not nationalism which incites the brutal and criminal ambitions in the worker! The basis is a true international bond between worker and worker. The laborers of the world should declare their comradeship in time of war as well as in peace. They should live their ideals and not abandon them in critical periods.

Conclusion

It logically follows that:

1. Nationalism is the antithesis of Socialism.

2. The new International demands the exclusion of reformist tendencies from the platforms of Socialist parties. For that is responsible for the lamentable fact that German and French Socialists aid their governments to achieve their purposes.

3. The new International should adopt a severe policy against militarism, to prevent destruction of comrades by comrades in the roar and clamor of battle.

4. The Socialists, whether they are able to prevent the outbreak of war or not, should not vote for war appropriations. Let them follow the bold example set by the Russian Social-Democrats, who bolted and refused to approve any war measure.

5. Nationalism is a menace to a permanent International. For we have seen the International go to pieces twice—once during the Franco-Prussian War and now in 1914. Why? Because the national spirit predominated.

Here is presented the affirmative side of the problem. Undoubtedly there are many who differ. Will those who have the courage of their convictions reply? It is desired that the answer be the negative, but you are allowed to present arguments pro and con. Your letter should not exceed 300 words.

OUR STUDY CLASS

Edited by ALGERNON LEE, Educational Director of the Rand School of Social Science

J. L. writes: "Our class has been trying to get at the real meaning of the word 'progress' as applied to social changes, and would like your help. What is the test of progress? When we say that a certain change is a forward step or a backward step, on what basis do we judge? Is progress the same as improvement? The trouble with this is that two persons may differ in opinion as to whether a given change is for the better or for the worse. Some may think that savages are happier, on the whole, than the masses in civilized society; others may think the reverse. On what ground, if any, can they agree in speaking of man's 'progress' from savagery to civilization?"

It is better to think of social progress, not as meaning improvement of social conditions, but rather as meaning the normal growth of society.

An illustration may help. Many grown people think that they were happier in childhood than they now are, and wish they could become boys and girls again. Whether or not children are really happier than adults—that is, whether the change from childhood to maturity is an improvement or betterment—may be a disputable question; or rather, it is a subjective question, a matter of feeling or opinion. But it is not worth disputing over. It is a futile question, because the process of "growing up" does not depend on our will. The man or woman cannot go back to childhood; and the child, if it continues to live, cannot remain a child. Only abnormally, through disease, is the process sometimes partially halted or reversed; an idiot remains childish in some respects, and a parrot becomes childish in some respects; but no one wishes for this sort of prolonged or renewed childhood. Considering only normal cases, the sensible thing is to recognize that the change is inevitable, to adapt ourselves to it, to act in each stage of life in such a manner as to get as much as we can of the kind of happiness peculiar to that stage.

In much the same sense, there is a normal course of development for society. Regardless of their will, even without at all understanding the process they are undergoing, savage peoples pass into barbarism and thence to the successive stages of civilization. If any people fails to develop in this manner, or if it develops too

slowly, it gets crushed out of existence by more progressive peoples.

The change from feudalism to capitalism seemed to some of the people an improvement, to others a change for the worse. The sure thing is that it was an inevitable change, that feudal society could not maintain its existence once the material conditions for the rise of capitalist society had appeared. It is in this sense, regardless what any one of us may feel as to the relative desirability of the two systems, that we may all agree in speaking of the rise of capitalism as a step in progress.

Within the last three or four centuries the peoples of the civilized world have been becoming clearly conscious of the fact of social progress and learning to understand it. What is more, we now begin to see the possibility of more or less controlling our future progress and directing it according to our desires. In so far as this can be done, social progress will also be social betterment.

F. B. S. asks further explanation of the following topics in Lesson 5, Course 1:—

"If one dish is worth as much as one hat the same amount of socially necessary labor time has been expended on each."

"If each is worth \$1.00 then the same amount of labor time is spent in producing the metal in a standard dollar that is spent in producing one dish or one hat."

He asks especially, suppose it was a paper dollar.

Let us take up the main question first, and then that of the dollar.

To make the matter clearer, let us transpire the statement.

Say that, as a general rule, a day's labor will produce either a hat or a dish. Now suppose that the haters are getting two dishes for each hat they dispose of. What is the result? By a week's labor the latter can provide himself with six hats or (exchanging them) with twelve dishes; while the dish-maker, by an equal amount of labor, can provide himself with only six dishes or three hats. Obviously, men will be tempted to quit making dishes and turn to making hats. The supply of hats will be increased and the supply of dishes reduced. Those who have dishes to sell will be able to demand

more for them, while those who live by selling hats will be forced to come down. If, on the contrary, one dish buys two hats, men will be driven out of the hat-making trade and drawn into that of dish-making; the supply of hats will fall and the supply of dishes will rise, increasing the purchasing power of hats and diminishing that of dishes. Thus, through the continual operation of what we call the "law of supply and demand," hats and dishes will be kept at or near an equality in the market so long as the amounts of labor required to produce them remain equal. And so with all other commodities, provided only that it is possible for labor to be shifted from one line of production to the other, so that high price shall result in larger supply and low price in reduction of supply.

Now, why bring in the dollar? Well, because in actual practice, both haters and dish-makers sell their products for money, and with this money buy each other's products or whatever kinds of goods they desire.

If it takes as much labor, in general, to produce a dollar as to produce a hat or a dish, then a dollar will exchange for a hat or for a dish. In that case we say that the hat is worth a dollar and the dish is worth a dollar. The thing will work out just the same as in the former case. If a given amount of labor spent in producing dollars will buy more hats or dishes than can be produced by the same amount of labor, then it will pay better to produce dollars than to produce hats or dishes; the result will be an expansion of the supply of dollars and a contraction of the output of hats and dishes, until an equality is reached.

But how about paper dollars? The answer is, that a "paper dollar" is not a dollar, any more than a street-car transfer is a ride on the street car. A dollar is 23.22 grains' weight of gold; a dollar bill is merely an order for that much gold, if the government should break its word and refuse to recognize its own dollar bills as promises to pay gold (directly or indirectly), those bills would instantly become so much waste-paper.

But how about paper dollars? The answer is, that a "paper dollar" is not a dollar any more than a railway ticket is a ride on the railway; it is an order for a dollar, or a promise to pay a dollar.

A dollar is 23.22 grains' weight of gold. The government makes up gold into pieces of this size and stamps them, so that we may be sure of the amount without weighing and testing each piece. Then, because it is a nuisance to handle actual gold in ordinary transactions (and also for other reasons not necessary to mention here) the government prints paper notes which can be exchanged directly or indirectly for such pieces of gold. So long as the government keeps its faith, these notes will pass as if they were gold coins, but no longer.

To illustrate again, we may compare paper money with the wheat certificates issued by the companies which own the elevators or warehouses where wheat is stored. A sells B a thousand bushels of wheat. Does he hand over the actual wheat? Usually not. He hands over a piece of certificate, a piece of paper authorizing the bearer to get a thousand bushels of wheat from the elevator. It has taken very little labor indeed to make this piece of paper. The labor has been spent in producing the wheat. The possession of the certificate is desirable only because, so long as the elevator company is solvent, it enables the bearer to get the wheat if he wants it. We say that the certificate "represents" the wheat; and in the same way, a paper dollar represents 23.22 grains of gold.

How many hats or dishes a paper dollar or a certificate for one bushel of wheat will buy, depends on the proportion between the amount of labor required to produce the hat or the dish on the one hand and the amount of labor required to produce 23.22 grains of gold or a bushel of wheat on the other.

Jersey City

Second Annual Chowder Party and Outing of the Comrade Club, Y. P. S. L., is to be held at Orchard Grove, Fairview, N. J., on Sunday, June 20th, Y. P. S. L. Baseball League game, Elizabeth vs. Comrade Club. Everybody invited. Participation (including chowder) twenty-five cents. It is to be better even than last year, if you can imagine such a thing!

Paterston

First Annual Picnic of the Young People's Socialist League of Paterston, at Willard Park, on Saturday afternoon and evening, July 10th. Games, prizes, and full Union Bell Orchestra. Tickets 20 cents, at the gate 25 cents. Support of other Leagues and party members is desired.

HOW OFF THE TRUTH IN JEST BE TOLD

Edited by JACK WEISS, 1748 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Send in Your Favorite Campaign Yarns

The campaign has fairly started and is strong on its way now. The Socialist soap-boxers of every vicinity are undoubtedly falling back on the old, "It reminds me of a story" stuff. Some of those stories and jokes are real good—and we may have space for them in this column. Send them along. We will publish those worth while with contributor's name.

—What are some of the greatest inventions of the age?

—Some of the reasons given by some Socialists for not reporting to work on May Day.

The Revised Dictionary

Agriculturist—a farmer who owns an automobile.

Capitalism—get what you can, and can what you get—quick.

Piker—a fellow who is living without in his means.

A patriotic protest, appeared in a local paper against the successful parade held on the evening of May Day by the Bronx Y. P. S. L. After denouncing Socialism and the red flag the contributor signs his name as "pro bono publico," or was it a typographical error for pro bonehead publico?

In response to Comrade Shedd's offer we offer a suggestion for making a sentence of the letters Y. P. S. L.

In speaking of the New York League we may give it distinction by reading the letters N. Y. Y. P. S. L. interrogatively, accentuating the second "Y," giving a short sound to the "P" and a quick ending to the letters "S. L." and note the effect after repeating a few times.

The most conspicuous thing at the convention of the New Jersey Yipsels was the absence of their friends across the river.

The delegates had a hot time; so did some fraternal. We could tell that by the way they clung close to the bar to keep cool.

Of course, "Billy" Sunday had to make his influence felt upon the Paterston delegates. They were "saufing"

sink-water to the new cabaret toast, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Introducing his favorite candidate for the office of State Secretary, Gene Brock of Newark emphasized the fact that he was "an honest fellow."

As though there was money to plunder in that job.

"Billy" Sunday does not believe in evolution, in spite of his ape-like appearance when he is addressing an audience.

Stake Hoss Jake's Filosophy

When a feller gits a peep inter th' lobster palaces of th' Gay White Way he knows dere's not much ter be afraid of th' town goin' dry after wimmin git th' vote.

Jolly Jingles

(The Board of Control of the N. Y. State Federation of Y. P. S. L. received a communication requesting the indorsement of William F. Kruse of Jersey City and John Hughes of Rochester, N. Y., for the position of National Director of the Young People's Department of the S. P. L.)

Both "Billy" Kruse

And "Johnny" Hughes,

They appealed for indorsement, 'tis said;

But they got it, by heck,

Right straight in the neck,

The committee indorsed Comrade Shedd.

One of "Mother" Jones' pet stories is of a case where a Baptist minister who converted a colored man to his faith. After baptizing him and presenting him with a bottle of holy water he ordered the new convert to faithfully obey his religion and not to eat meat on Fridays.

To be sure, the next Friday the minister observed the colored man standing in the yard and making a feast of a chicken.

"Jasper, you sinner," demanded the clergyman, "are you eating chicken on Friday?"

"No, sah," replied the colored man. "Ya see, Reberend, dis yere bottle ob water ya giv me? Well, sah, I caught dis yere chicken, an' hold its head out, dis yere spilled some ob dat 'ere water on his head, sayin', 'Now, chicken, you am no more a chicken, you am a fish now.'"

ALL ABOUT SPORT

Edited by EUGENE J. BROCK, 38 Hill St., Newark, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Bronx Circle has taken the initiative in the matter of athletics. What has been the fond hope of many comrades for a long time at last has materialized in the shape of an athletic meet, and as this is the first time such a thing has been attempted it behooves every Circle, every member, with red blood in their veins, to exert themselves to the utmost and do their share in making this affair a success. Much depends upon the outcome of this affair. In fact, it is going to indicate whether the Y. P. S. L. can enter the field of athletics and make an impression there. So let's all make one strong effort; let's all pull together now and show our comrades of the Bronx Y. P. S. L. that we are with them. Altogether now for the big meet!

New Jersey Y. P. S. L. Baseball League Schedule for May 23, 1915—Newark at Paterson; Jersey City at Elizabeth.

ANNUAL FIELD BRONX

Y. P. S. L.

What purports to be the biggest athletic meet ever undertaken by a Y. P. S. L. at any time will be the grand annual field day exercises and outdoor games for all the leagues and circles within a radius of 75 miles around New York.

The Bronx Y. P. S. L. has gone into great expense of time and money to make this meet an event long to be remembered, and one that will infuse pep and ginger into every circle participating.

The meet will be held at Pelham Bay Athletic Field, Bronx, N. Y., on Sunday, July 11, 1915; music to start at 1 P. M., games to start at 1:30 P. M. There will be 70-, 100-, 220-, 880-yard dashes for boys, and 50-yard dashes for girls. Among the field events listed will be running high jump, running broad jump and 8-pound shot-put, a 440-yard relay for boys and a 220-yard relay for girls.

A list of feature events include a potato race for girls and a half mile walk for boys and a three-legged race for boys.

The prizes will be gold and silver medals for individual winners and a big silver loving cup, guilt lined, with

suitable engravings to the circle securing the greatest number of points.

The entry fees are nominal; 10 cents for single entries and 40 cents for relay teams, including substitutes. Many of the circles have already made their entries and will be on hand to root for their members in a body. HOW ABOUT YOUR CIRCLE? Let us hear from you NO LATER than July 2d. For further information communicate with

Phil De Young, Athletic Director,
450 E. 139th St., Bronx, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY SPORT

The baseball team is fast rounding into form, and already the "boys" are claiming the N. J. Championship. The Elizabeth Y. P. S. L. was bowled over after ten strenuous innings, the final score reading 10 to 8. Manager Weiss discovered a new phenom in "Matty" Horning, who worked five innings, helping 11 men, and allowing two hits and no runs. With the score 7 to 0 in our favor, Manager Weiss tried a change of pitchers, with the result that the Betsytown boys seemed to recover their batting eyes, and by some brisk stickwork tied up the score. Due to the tireless efforts of Manager Weiss a league has been organized and a schedule arranged, the opening games being Newark at Paterson and Jersey City at Elizabeth. There is no doubt that the league will prove a success and it is hoped that 8 teams will join in the race next season. New York Circles who wish to book games with the Newark Y. P. S. L. should communicate with Sam Weiss.

Captain Gus Breuninger.

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"What are you giving you?"

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"Ask the missus!"

MASK AND SONG

Edited by HERBERT MORAL,
80 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

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A dollar is 23.22 grains' weight of gold. The government makes up gold into pieces of this size and stamps them, so that we may be sure of the amount without weighing and testing each piece. Then, because it is a nuisance to handle actual gold in ordinary transactions (and also for other reasons not necessary to mention here) the government prints paper notes which can be exchanged directly or indirectly for such pieces of gold. So long as the government keeps its faith, these notes will pass as if they were gold coins, but no longer.

To illustrate again, we may compare paper money with the wheat certificates issued by the companies which own the elevators or warehouses where wheat is stored. A sells B a thousand bushels of wheat. Does he hand over the actual wheat? Usually not. He hands over a piece of certificate, a piece of paper authorizing the bearer to get a thousand bushels of wheat from the elevator. It has taken very little labor indeed to make this piece of paper. The labor has been spent in producing the wheat. The possession of the certificate is desirable only because, so long as the elevator company is solvent, it enables the bearer to get the wheat if he wants it. We say that the certificate "represents" the wheat; and in the same way, a paper dollar represents 23.22 grains of gold.

How many hats or dishes a paper dollar or a certificate for one bushel of wheat will buy, depends on the proportion between the amount of labor required to produce the hat or the dish on the one hand and the amount of labor required to produce 23.22 grains of gold or a bushel of wheat on the other.

Jersey City

Second Annual Chowder Party and Outing of the Comrade Club, Y. P. S. L., is to be held at Orchard Grove, Fairview, N. J., on Sunday, June 20th, Y. P. S. L. Baseball League game, Elizabeth vs. Comrade Club. Everybody invited. Participation (including chowder) twenty-five cents. It is to be better even than last year, if you can imagine such a thing!

Pateron

First Annual Picnic of the Young People's Socialist League of Pateron, at Willard Park on Saturday afternoon and evening, July 10th. Games, prizes, and full Union Bell Orchestra. Tickets 20 cents, at the gate 25 cents. Support of other Leagues and party members is desired.

HOW OFF THE TRUTH IN JEST BE TOLD

Edited by JACK WEISS, 1748 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Send in Your Favorite Campaign Yarns

The campaign has fairly started and is strong on its way now. The Socialist soap-boxers of every vicinity are undoubtedly falling back on the old, "It reminds me of a story" stuff. Some of those stories and jokes are real good—and we may have space for them in this column. Send them along. We will publish those worth while with contributor's name.

—What are some of the greatest inventions of the age?

—Some of the reasons given by some Socialists for not reporting to work on May Day.

The Revised Dictionary

Agriculturist—a farmer who owns an automobile.

Capitalism—get what you can, and can what you get—quick.

Piker—a fellow who is living within his means.

A patriotic protest appeared in a local paper against the successful parade held on the evening of May Day by the Bronx Y. P. S. L. After denouncing Socialism and the red flag the contributor signs his name as "pro hono publico," or was it a typographical error for pro bonohead publico?

In response to Comrade Shedd's offer we offer a suggestion for publishing a sentence of the letters Y. P. S. L.

In speaking of the New York League we may give it distinction by reading the letters N. Y. Y. P. S. L., interrogatively, accentuating the second "Y," giving a short sound to the "P" and a quick ending to the letters "S. L.," and note the effect after repeating a few times.

The most conspicuous thing at the convention of the New Jersey Yipsels was the absence of their friends across the river.

The delegates had a hot time; so did some fraternalers. We could tell that by the way they clung close to the bar to keep cool.

Of course, "Billy" Sunday had to make his influence felt upon the Pateron delegates. They were "saufing"

sink-water to the new cabaret toast, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Introducing his favorite candidate for the office of State Secretary, Gene Brock of Newark emphasized the fact that he was "an honest fellow."

As though there was money to plunder in that job.

"Billy" Sunday does not believe in evolution, in spite of his ape-like appearance when he is addressing an audience.

Stake Hoss Jake's Filosophy

When a feller gits a peep inter th' lobster palace of th' Gay White Way he knows dere's not much ter be afraid of th' town goin' dry after wimmin git th' vote.

Jolly Jingles

(The Board of Control of the N. Y. State Federation of Y. P. S. L. received a communication requesting the indorsement of William F. Kruse of Jersey City and John Hughes of Rochester, N. Y., for the position of National Director of the Young People's Department of the S. P. L.)

Both "Billy" Hughes, and "Johnny" Hughes. They appealed for indorsement, 'tis said;

But they got it, by heck, knight straight in the neck. The committee indorsed Comrade Shedd.

One of "Mother" Jones' pet stories is of a case where a Baptist minister who converted a colored man to his faith. After baptizing him and presenting him with a bottle of holy water he ordered the new convert to faithfully obey his religion and not to eat meat on Fridays.

To be sure, the next Friday the minister observed the colored man standing in the yard and making a feast of a chicken.

"Jasper, you sinner," demanded the clergyman, "are you eating chicken on Friday?"

"No, sah," replied the colored man. "Ya see, Rebernd, dis yere bottle ob water ya gib me? Well, sah, I caught dis yere chicken, an' hold its head out, and spilled some ob dat 'ere water on his head, sayin', 'Now, chicken, you am no more a chicken, you am a fish now.'"

ALL ABOUT SPORT

Edited by EUGENE J. BROCK, 38 Hill St., Newark, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Bronx Circle has taken the initiative in the matter of athletics. What has been the fond hope of many comrades for a long time at last has materialized in the shape of an athletic meet, and as this is the first time such a thing has been attempted it behooves every Circle, every member, with red blood in their veins, to exert themselves to the utmost and do their share in making this affair a success. Much depends upon the outcome of this affair. In fact, it is going to indicate whether the Y. P. S. L. can enter the field of athletics and make an impression there. So let's all make one strong effort; let's all pull together now and show our comrades of the Bronx Y. P. S. L. that we are with them. Altogether now for the big meet!

New Jersey Y. P. S. L. Baseball League Schedule for May 23, 1915—Newark at Paterson; Jersey City at Elizabeth.

ANNUAL FIELD BRONX Y. P. S. L.

What purports to be the biggest athletic meet ever undertaken by a Y. P. S. L. at any time will be the grand annual field day exercises and outdoor games for all the leagues and circles within a radius of 75 miles around New York.

The Bronx Y. P. S. L. has gone into great expense of time and money to make this meet an event long to be remembered, and one that will infuse pep and ginger into every circle participating.

The meet will be held at Pelham Bay Athletic Field, Bronx, N. Y., on Sunday, July 11, 1915; music to start at 1 P. M., games to start at 1:30 P. M. There will be 70-, 100-, 220-, 880-yard dashes for boys, and 50-yard dashes for girls. Among the field events listed will be running high jump, running broad jump and 8-pound shot-put, a 440-yard relay for boys and a 220-yard relay for girls.

A list of feature events include a potato race for girls and a half mile walk for boys and a three-legged race for boys.

The prizes will be gold and silver medals for individual winners and a big silver loving cup, quilt lined, with

suitable engravings to the circle scoring the greatest number of points.

The entry fees are nominal; 10 cents for single entries and 40 cents for relay teams, including substitutes.

Many of the circles have already made their entries and will be on hand to root for their members in a body. HOW ABOUT YOUR CIRCLE? Let us hear from you NO LATER than July 2d. For further information communicate with

Phil De Young, Athletic Director,
450 E. 139th St., Bronx, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY SPORT

The baseball team is fast rounding into form, and already the "boys" are claiming the N. J. Championship. The Elizabeth Y. P. S. L. was bowled over after ten strenuous innings, the final score reading 10 to 8. Manager Weiss discovered a new phenom in "Matty" Hornung, who worked five innings, fanning 11 men, and allowing two hits and no runs. With the score 7 to 0 in our favor, Manager Weiss tried a change of pitchers, with the result that the Betsytown boys seemed to recover their batting eyes, and by some brisk stickwork tied up the score. Due to the tireless efforts of Manager Weiss a league has been organized and a schedule arranged, the opening games being Newark at Paterson and Jersey City at Elizabeth. There is no doubt that the league will prove a success and it is hoped that 8 teams will join in the race next season. New York Circles who wish to book games with the Newark Y. P. S. L. should communicate with Sam Weiss.

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STATE CONVENTIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

Y. P. S. L. during the coming year. They are entering upon the work with a good spirit; we all wish them every success.

Many resolutions were passed expressing the aims and ideals of the Y. P. S. L. Our loyalty to the Socialist Party and to the labor movement. Condemning the excessive use of alcoholic liquors on the part of young Socialists. Condemning militarism and many other evils of Capitalism. And finally adopting the *Young Socialists' Magazine* and the *American Socialistist* as the official organs of the Pennsylvania Leagues.

The social end was certainly not neglected. On May 1st a majority of the delegates (all who were not engaged in committee work) attended the big Suffrage parade. In the evening there was a big dance at the same hall, and the delegates were all convinced of the beauty and activity of Philadelphia's girl comrades. On Sunday afternoon there was a concert, in which the German Karl Marx Liedertafel played the principal part. Comrades Birtwhistle and Paul Minassian spoke. But Sunday evening marked the gala event of the occasion—a magnificent banquet at which most of those who had taken a prominent part in the convention as well as some of the leaders of Local Philadelphia made addresses.

BRONX Y. P. S. L.

Well, comrades, we're at it again. Did you think that the Bronx League had died a horrible death? Perish the thought. We were too busy living, to let you know we were alive. We thought that perhaps some kind angel would blow our trumpet for us. But as this did not occur, we're at it again, blowing the trumpet called "Take Notice" ourselves.

Our membership has been steadily increasing. However, that does not seem to satisfy one comrade, Anton Foders, who claims that we should now begin a real membership campaign. This is the summer season, when most social clubs disband, leaving the field open to any active young people's organization. We ought to get to work and double our membership. Soon we will have outing, picnics, etc., which should attract all youths on the lookout for a good time. Once we have attracted the outsider it is comparatively easy to make them Socialists. Because of the foregoing thoughts Comrade Foders is offering a set of "Kipling's Works" to the member getting the most new members.

Our lectures have been surprisingly well attended. Though the weather has

been rather warm, Comrade Paul Douglas of the Columbia I. S. S. spoke to a full house. It was his second lecture on the "Socialist Movement in America."

During the first week of this month we had a debate on the question, "Resolved that Socialism is impracticable and destructive to the best interests of society." Both sides were upheld by members of our League and, strange to relate, the affirmative side was declared victorious. It was some debate; you can believe me. Miss Hendel of the affirmative did exceptionally well.

Say, what did you do May Day? Know what we did? We made the Bronx populace set up and take notice. With the Queens' Five and Drum Corps at our head, flags of all nations flung to the breeze, everybody carrying an illuminated lantern, a brass band to attract attention, we marched down to Harlem River Casino, a distance of about three miles, and there we had a good time with the rest of the comrades from near-by towns. Next morning, what met our eyes? A letter to the Editor of the "Bronx Home News," a local paper, saying that "the city ought to put a stop to those crazy Anarchists and I. W. W. nuts that were parading last night." Isn't that a dandy recommendation to the youths of the Bronx? Betcha we get ten new members as a result of that letter. Did we answer it, say you? Did we!

Comrade Philip De Young, leader of our Athletic Division, took us on a "bike" two Sundays ago. Know where we landed? At the Yonkers Y. P. S. L., at 8 P. M. We stayed there until 10 and rode home. That was one fine time, believe me. Last Sunday we went to Queens Y. P. S. L., "hiked" around a bit, and then had a good feed; thanks to the Queens comrades.

On Friday, May 14, our Dramatic Division presented Comrade Shedd's play, "Distributing Literature." We had to put up a sign, "Standing Room Only." As guests we had the Queens Y. P. S. L. Comrade Hendel made a hit as Mrs. Flynn. Nuff said. Let's get down to something vitally important.

On Sunday, July 11, we are to hold a monster athletic carnival under the supervision of our eminent athletic director, Philip De Young. The place is Pelham Bay Athletic Field.

One word more. You know we have a little paper of our own, called the "Critic." It is run off on a duplicating machine and comprises eight pages. There is an illustrated cover and a cartoon in every issue. If you'd like to see a copy, address Harry Sein, 976 Union Ave., Bronx, New York.

Well, so long. See you again next month. Isidor Engel, Press Agent.

McKeesport, Pa., Y. P. S. L.

The above League was organized July 19, 1914, by Theodore Swartz and nine other comrades. Under their able guidance it developed very rapidly and at present writing has over 225 members and boasts of a twelve-piece orchestra, composed of League members only.

Also has a Glee Club which entertains the entire membership very often.

A magazine which is devoted to humor and wit called the *State Philosopher*, is published monthly by members of the League.

They have a club house which they rented sometime ago and same is used to hold business and educational meetings in.

But, as this club house is too small, they are going to launch a campaign on May Day to raise \$5,000.00 with which they intend to build a larger club house. They expected to realize at least \$1,000.00 during "Red Week" by securing pledges and through a "Mile of Nickels" contest.

The energy displayed by this League far surpasses any other in the East with the possible exception of Rochester.

Last Sunday (April 18) I accompanied Jack Britz Gearty, who was the principal speaker at their regular Sunday educational meeting, which was held at a local theatre. At least 450 people attended. Comrade Gearty's subject was, "What I Saw in Europe." To-day (April 25) he again will speak there on, "The War and How It Affects the Labor Movement in Europe."

The League holds such meetings every Sunday at a large theatre and are meeting with success, the attendance never falling below 400 and they occasionally turn hundreds from the door.

They have joined the National Y. P. S. L. in order to become a chartered organization.

A county committee was recently formed by all the Leagues in Allegheny County, which includes the Pittsburgh Y. P. S. L.

Theodore Swartz was elected delegate to the Pennsylvania State Y. P. S. L. Convention, which was held in Philadelphia on May Day.

The members of the League are "promoters of Sociability, Mental and Physical Culture."

They fall in line with other wide-awake Leagues and have ordered 50 copies of the *May Young Socialist's Magazine*, which they will undoubtedly adopt as the official Y. P. S. L. Organ.

Fraternally submitted,

Alex. J. Frackenhohl,

Fin. Sec. N. J. Y. P. S. L.

:: DIE TOTEN ::

Für Tugend, Menschenrecht und Menschenfreiheit sterben,

Ist höchst erhabener Mut, ist Weiterlösertod;

Denn nur die göttlichsten der Heldenmenschern färben

Dafür den Panzerrock mit ihrem Herzblut rot.

Für blanke Majestät, und weiter nichts, verbluten,

Wer das für gross, für schön und rührend hält, der irrt.

Denn das ist Hundemut, der eingepfeitsch mit Ruten

Und eingefuttern mit des Hofmahls Brocken wird.

Sich für Tyrannen gar hinab zur Hölle balgen;

Das ist ein Tod, der nur der Hölle wohlgefällt.

Wo solch ein Held erliegt, da werde Rad und Galgen

Für Strassenräuber und für Mörder aufgestellt!

Bürger.

Der Riese und seine Rüstung

Ein Märchen von Oculi

Es war einmal ein Riese. Den hatten buckelige Zwerge, als er noch ganz klein war, eingefangen und zu ihrem Sklaven gemacht. Er ackerte ihnen das Feld und wob ihnen die Kleider, er mahlte das Mehl, buk das Brot, schlachtete und kochte. Der Riese baute den Zwergen Häuser, fällte dazu die Bäume im Wald und brach die Steine aus dem Felsen. Er holte die Kohle aus der Erde, das Eisen und das Gold. Er hütete die hässlichen Kinder der Zwerge, trug sie auf seinen Armen, wusch ihre beschmutzten Windeln und liess sich alle ihre Lau-

nen gefallen. Er war ein sehr fleissiger, gutmütiger Riese.

Dafür hatten ihn auch seine buckeligen Herren mit schweren Ketten an Händen und Füssen gefesselt, schlugen und pöfften, schalten und verspotteten ihn nach Herzenslust. Wenn sie sich gütlich taten an den kostbaren Weinen und schmackhaften Speisen, die er ihnen bereitet hatte, musste der Riese im Winkel sitzen und trocken Brot kauen. Die Zwerge kleideten sich in Samt und Seide, aber dem Riesen, der ihnen die Kleider gemacht hatte, liessen sie nur ein paar schmutzige Lappen. Während die Zwerge in den behaglichen Stuben sasssen und in den weichen Betten schliefen, die der Riese verfertigt konnte, kauerte dieser in einer elenden Höhle, der glühenden Hitze des Sommers und dem eisigen Frost des Winters gleichermassen preisgegeben. Es waren eben böse, harte Herren, die buckeligen Zwerge.

Einmal in seiner Jugend hatte der Riese den Versuch gemacht, seine Ketten zu brechen. Die Zwerge hatten ihn wund geschlagen und fast verhungern lassen. Da war er brüllend aufgelaufen, hatte die Fesseln gesprengt und die Zwerge in grossen Schreicken gejagt. Aber aus der Ferne hatten sie ihm mit Pfeilen und Wurfspessen so lange zugesetzt, bis er ohnmächtig und blutend zusammenbrach. Als er aufwachte, war er noch mehr gefesselt als zuvor. Wie ein geprügelter Hund hatte er sich zurück in seine Höhle geschlichen.

Mit der Zeit wurde der Riese älter und nachdenklicher. Immer mehr verdross ihn sein Elend. Er begann bei der Arbeit nachzusinnen, weshalb wohl alles so wäre. Die Zwerge freilich sagten, es müsse so sein und sei auch nie

anders gewesen. Aber dem Riesen wollte diese Auskunft nicht gefallen. Einmal, als er einsam auf dem Felde ackerte, war ein fremder Wanderer vorbeigekommen, der hatte ihm erzählt, dass jenseits der Berge auch Riesen wohnten. Die seien aber doppelt so stark als er, trügen den Kopf aufrecht und genössen selber die Früchte ihrer Arbeit. Sie seien nämlich frei und niemandes Knecht. Seit dem Tage war des Riesen Herz voll Sehnsucht und Groll. Tag und Nacht sann er darüber nach, wie er es angreifen müsse, über die Berge zu kommen.

Bald merkten die Zwerge, dass der Riese etwas im Schilde führe. Er brummelte bei der Arbeit öfters vor sich hin, hielt abends lange Selbstgespräche und gab mitunter einem Herrn, der ihn besonders plagte, eine trotzige Antwort. „Wir müssen auf der Hut sein," sagten die Zwerge, verdoppelten die Ketten und stellten bewaffnete Wächter aus, die auf den Riesen aufpassten.

„Wie komme ich nur durch den Ring der Wächter?“ überlegte der Riese. „Ich muss mir einen starken Panzer schaffen gegen ihre Pfeile und Speere.“ Als es Abend wurde, ging er in seine Höhle und begann die Rüstung zu schmieden. Es war ein hartes Stück Arbeit. Viele Abende und Nächte sass der Riese darüber schwitzend und gebeugt. So oft ihm der Schlaf übermannen wollte, fuhr er auf, schlug mit der Faust auf den Amboss und rief: „Ich will frei sein.“ Das gab ihm immer wieder neue Kraft und machte ihn froh.

Einmal merkten die Zwerge, was der Riese tat, kamen in seine Höhle, während er arbeitete und zerschlugen die ganze Rüstung.

Da war der Riese sehr betrübt, aber er verlor den Mut nicht. Er schmiedete eine neue Rüstung, doppelt so fest und stark als die alte. Nun waren die Zwerge nicht mehr imstande, sie zu zerbrechen.

Alles Denken und Sinnen des Riesen galt von jetzt ab seiner Rüstung. Er schuf sich Helm und Brustharnisch, Rückenpanzer und Beinschienen. Dazu ein scharfes Schwert. Manchmal sprach eine Stimme in seinem Innern: Jetzt ist es Zeit! Auf, zerbrich deine Fesseln! Lege die Rüstung an, ergreife dein Schwert und schreite durch den Ring deiner Wachen über die Berge! Aber immer glaubte der Riese die Zeit noch nicht reif. An der Rüstung war hier noch etwas zu verbessern, dort schien eine Stelle noch nicht fest genug, das Schwert war einmal zu leicht, ein anderes Mal zu schwer. So verlor der Riese kostliche Zeit.

Die Zwerge waren inzwischen auch nicht müßig. Sie umzogen ihr ganzes Land mit einem tiefen Graben, legten Fanggruben an und sperrten den Weg über die Berge mit Aestverhauen und verborgenen Fallen. Auch vergifteten sie ihre Pfeile, damit eine einzige Wunde genüge, um den Riesen krank zu machen. Als sie fertig waren, hüteten sie den Riesen, schlugen ihn und zwangen ihn, noch mehr zu arbeiten als früher. Der Riese beugte den Nacken, denn er dachte bei sich: Im Notfall habe ich meine Rüstung. Er arbeitete von jetzt ab doppelt eifrig an ihrer Vervollkommnung.

So vergingen Tage, Wochen und Jahre. So oft die Zwerge ihn schlugen, dachte der Riese: Wartet nur! Und er drohte mit seiner Rüstung. Aber er legte sie nie an. Längst war sie fertig. Doch nun erschien sie ihm zu kostbar, um

sie den Geschossen der Zwerge preiszugeben. „Ich muss mir die Rüstung erhalten.“ sagte der Riese und hütete sie wie seinen Augapfel.

Schliesslich vergass der Riese, weshalb er die Rüstung eigentlich geschaffen hatte. Er vergass auch die Berge und das Land jenseits. Er hielt sich für frei, weil er die Rüstung hatte. Die klugen Zwerge liessen ihm den Glauben und lachten heimlich, wenn er drohte. Sie wussten, die Rüstung war längst zu gross und schwer, als dass der Riese darin hätte über die Berge schreiten können. Auch das Schwert war schon stumpf und scharf. „Du bist ein sehr mächtiger Riese“, sagten sie zu ihrem Sklaven, und der Riese merkte nicht einmal, dass sie ihn zum besten hatten.

Sagt, war das nicht ein sehr törichter Riese?

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the **Ferrer Modern Sunday School-Yorkville**, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you:

Object Lessons (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working class.

Singing of English and German songs with Socialist tendency.

Esperanto. Violin School. **Stenography**.

Kindergarten (Sundays only).

An excellent **German School**. Offerings of eight different nationalities visit this department with the most brilliant results.

Fees are so minimal, that every worker can afford to send his children to this school.

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The Canoe Speaks

On the great streams the ships
may go.
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep;
Of whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may hatch, a hand withhold;
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out,
I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, fustic rivers, navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes;
Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden-end;
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow wood and water-heel
Speedily fleets my touching keel:
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.

—(From The Canoe Speaks, by
Robert Lewis Stevenson.)

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leiteten

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Bronx: Cor. 158th Street and Forest
Ave. Wm. Stellwagen's Hall, Sam-
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Brooklyn: Labor Lyceum, 949 Wil-
loughby Ave., Samstag vor- und nach-
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